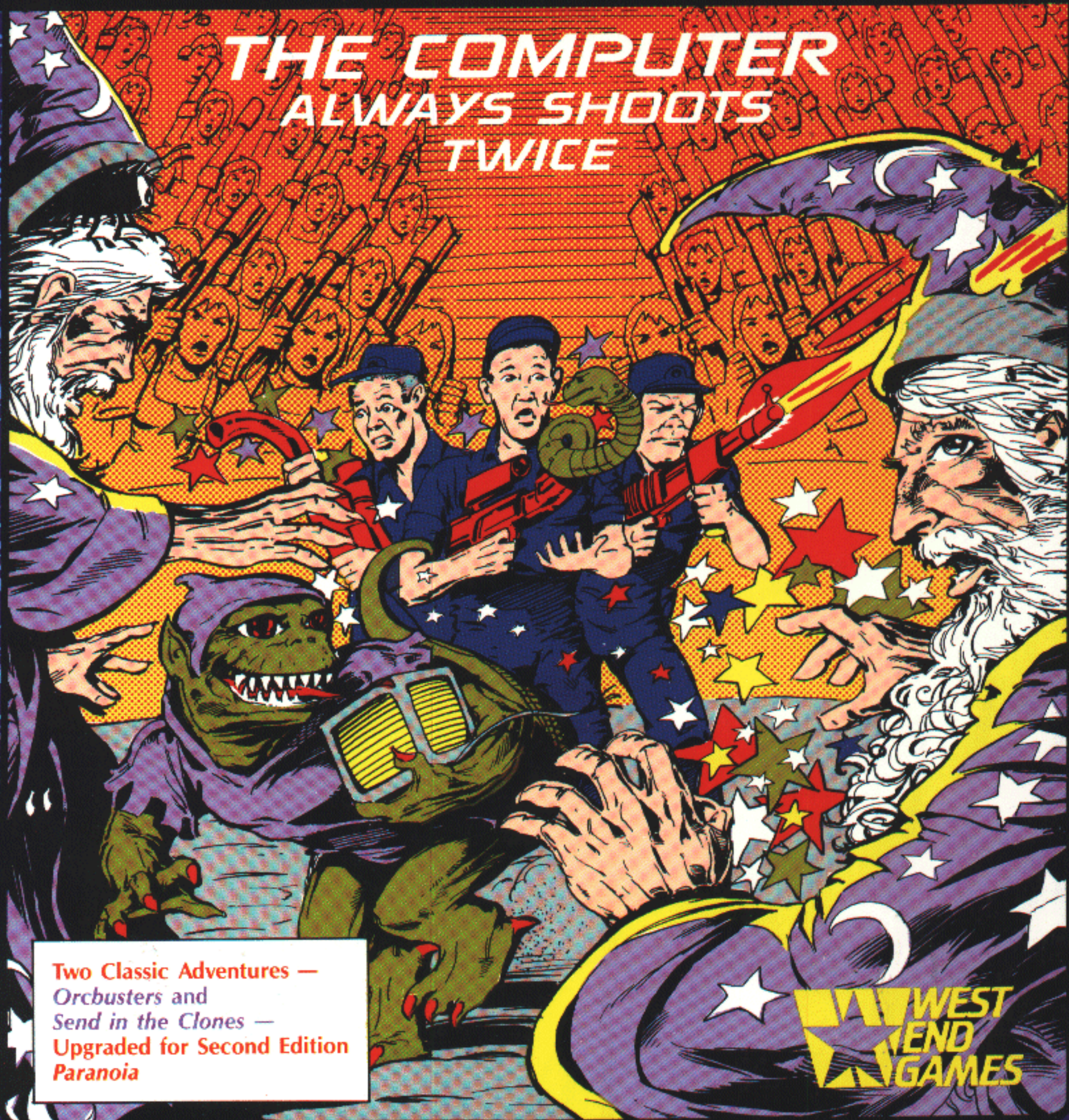


A COUPLE OF ADVENTURES FOR

PARANOIA

THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

*THE COMPUTER
ALWAYS SHOTS
TWICE*

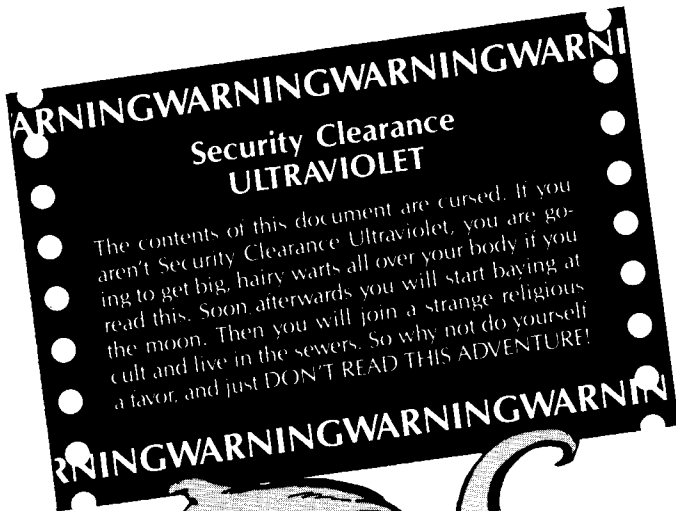


Two Classic Adventures —
Orcbusters and
Send in the Clones —
Upgraded for Second Edition
Paranoia

WEST
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GAMES

PARANOIA

THE COMPUTER ALWAYS SHOOTS TWICE



Being a Couple of Classic
Paranoia Adventures
Updated and Revised
for Second Edition Rules



WEST END GAMES
251 West 30th Street
New York, NY 10001

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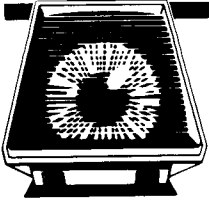
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Introduction

Welcome to the Wonderful World of *Paranoia*, where all the world's a morgue! Where Troubleshooter teams lay in smoking ruins, body parts draped artistically across the countryside, and . . .

Wait a sec! Somebody's mother might be reading this!

Oh. Good point.

Hello, boys and girls! Welcome to *Mr. Computer's Neighborhood*. Today, we're going to learn how to make your players very happy. Won't it make you happy to make your players happy? I thought it would.

This 96-page book contains two simply wonderful adventures. One is called *Orcbusters*. The other adventure is called *Send in the Clones*. They are both hose jobs. Can you say "hose job?" I thought you could.

But these aren't just any old hose jobs; these are classic hose jobs. Classic hose jobs are when you tell the players to do something, then kill them for doing it!

Can you say "classic hose job?" Good! You're learning!

In the adventures, the player-characters travel from the darkest sewers of Alpha Complex to the darkest dungeons of a far away never-never land. From battling naughty children with high-tech weaponry to punishing evil wizards for crimes against The Computer. Doesn't this sound like fun?

In *Orcbusters*, Alpha Complex is visited by a group of travelling magicians . . . direct from Dimension X! At first, our friend The Computer doesn't like the magicians and orders the Troubleshooters to kill them. But they better not, because The Computer later changes its mind, and wants the Troubleshooters to be friends with them. But the mean old wizards don't want to be friends. Such antisocial behavior is treason, and punishable by . . . what, boys and girls?

That's right — summary execution!

In *Send in the Clones*, the Troubleshooters travel through Alpha Complex's most exciting locations, including the R & D testing grounds and the vidshow production studios of HPD & MC! They even meet the famous video

heroine Teela O'Malley. First, she saves their lives, then whoops! — they're ordered by Mr. Computer to kill her!

Boy, doesn't this sound fun? Your players will have so much fun that their heads will explode!

Cut the cute stuff. Make it sound action-packed and adventurous. C'mon. We only have one page for the intro!

Gotcha, chief!

Once again, *adventure fans*, we journey into the realm of the ridiculous, where Commies are everywhere and mutants run rampant!

And once again, our noble heroes — crack Troubleshooters — are pitted toe-to-toe against these vile agents of darkness.

Will our valiant heroes be able to overcome their nausea at the smell of Sewerworld? Can they survive a dangerous journey to Dimension X? Are they going to be able to save the world from the forces of Communism? Will they survive the vicious attack of the dreaded giant man-eating KILLER PENGUINS?!? — DO THEY STAND EVEN ONE IOTA OF A CHANCE OF WINNING A DATE WITH LOVELY TEELA O'MALLEY?

Tune in — tonight — and find out!

Uh. A bit manic, but it'll have to do.

So Let's See What You Get For Your Hard-Earned Bucks

For those of you who haven't been paying attention, *The Computer Always Shoots Twice* contains two adventures: *Orcbusters* and *Send in the Clones*. Each adventure comes with its own set of pregenerated player-characters, as well as props, maps, charts, tables, chairs, beds, etc., etc. The adventures aren't linked; you can play them in any order you choose. Additionally, clever GMs will immediately see oodles of possibilities for combining both adventures into a campaign, or stealing stuff from one adventure and dumping it into the other. Mix and match. Run both simultaneously. Use *The Price of Freedom* combat rules. Whatever floats your boat.

Both adventures' pullout sections (containing pregen PCs and props) have been grouped together and dumped in the back of the book (beginning on page 79). The pullouts are perforated; thus you can yank 'em out without having to attack the book with sharp objects. You will have to chop up some of the individual pages, however. Descriptions and instructions for the pullouts are contained in the "Introduction" section of each adventure.

West End grants you permission to photocopy this stuff for personal use only; be warned, however, that if we hear about you selling any of these copies on the street, our attack lawyers will be on you like a ton of bricks.

A Note About These Finely Crafted Reproductions

A couple of you might be saying, "Hey, didn't you guys print *Orcbusters* and *Send in the Clones* a long time ago?" Well, the answer is "Uhh. Yes. We did."

But we ran out of the old ones. It seems a lot of you *Paranoia* freaks liked them enough to buy 'em all up. Besides, we published the second edition of *Paranoia*, and a couple of rules changed.

So rather than just doing another print run of the outdated adventures, we decided to bunch a pair of them together and throw a snazzy new cover on 'em.

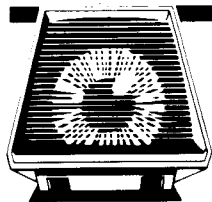
Besides the cover, there are a number of other differences between the first and second versions of these adventures. The most obvious is the perfect binding (that means the book is glued together, rather than stapled).

Anyway, for those of you with the eagle eye of an IntSec investigator and the persistence of an Armed Forces trooper on *CombatQuick*, you might notice a few other changes in these adventures from the original versions. No. We ain't gonna tell you what they are. Pull out your old adventures and a magnifying glass if you're really *that* interested.



THE COMPUTER ALWAYS SHOOTS TWICE





0. Introduction

Adventure Background

Treasonous Commie Mutants from Dimension X

A lowly Red-level flunky discovers an experimental device permitting inter-dimensional travel. The device is assembled and turned on. It works.

Part of the DND sector computer subsystem disappears. In its place appear three wizened but proficient wizards and their craven but sniveling lizardman apprentice. The wizards are disgruntled by their preemptory summons from Dimension X. They want to go home. Now.

Correctly surmising that the experimental device is the agency of their transport, the sorcerors determine to find folk who know how it works, hoping to enlist their aid in returning to Dimension X. The Red-level flunky correctly surmises that he is in A Lot of Hot Water and makes himself scarce.

The sudden disappearance of part of the DND sector computer subsystem causes quite a stir. The PCs are called in to investigate.

The wizards and apprentice question the citizens of Alpha Complex. "Pardon me. Do you know the way to the nearest interdimensional portal or 15th-level magic-user?" The citizens are less than cooperative.

The survivors call upon The Computer to rid the Complex of these dangerous mutants.

After several unsuccessful attempts to destroy the wizards, The Computer begins to realize the potential value of sorcerous technology. The Computer then issues instructions to capture the wizards and their marvelous device, the Transdimensional Collapsatron, intact.

Guess who gets assigned this interesting job?

No big deal. I mean, if a pair of scruffy hobbits can deliver a ring to the Crack of Doom in defiance of the most awesome heavies in Middle Earth, then this should be a snap.

Kouble-I-KAN-6

Deep in the labyrinthine tunnels beneath ICE sector R&D, in caverns measureless to man, lies the pleasure dome of Kouble-I-KAN-6. Kouble-I-KAN-6 vanished after completing his life's work — a marvelous maximedia arcade for his patron — a nameless and unimaginably powerful High Programmer. The pleasure dome has been deserted since Kouble-I's untimely disappearance.

One fine day an insignificant Red flunky was dispatched to retrieve a file from the pleasure dome. While looking for the file, the flunky

spotted a box marked "Transdimensional Collapsatron: Security Clearance Ultraviolet. Real Important And Dangerous Artifact. Don't Mess With It." The flunky, a Computer Phreak secret society member, couldn't resist.

Hastily scrawling "Experimental File Folder: Ref. 44P.Ass.LOP" to match the designation on the courier clearance voucher, the flunky snatched up the Transdimensional Collapsatron. He didn't notice another box, "Transdimensional Collapsatron Mark II" hidden elsewhere in the lab.

He bore his box to a safe room (where The Computer's monitors had been disabled some days before to hide a CompPhreak meeting) below DND sector Computer Subsystems and tried to figure out how to operate the TC.

The Transdimensional Collapsatron

When the flunky opened the box, he found something that resembled a computer monitor, only with six screens, one on each side of the cubic object, and a thick, incomprehensible, hand-scrawled operations manual.

A small metal stand supported the multi-screened cube, setting it several inches off the floor, and a spikey array of thick wires was folded at dozens of elbows into a compact mass at the foot of the object. A short, armored power cable was connected to the base of the stand. The plug at the end of the cable was missing, the wire and armor sheared through like a laser through VatJelly.

Not to be deterred, the Red flunky requisitioned a techbot from Tech Services — ostensibly to service a faulty door buzzer — and gave the manual to the techbot with orders to assemble and test the device.

The flunky, not altogether a fool, decided to take a long walk while the techbot messed with the mysterious device. Lucky flunky.

The techbot struggled dutifully with the unfamiliar device and the obscure manual. After spending several hours trying to set the antennae-like wires exactly as displayed in the diagrams, the techbot decided it had done the best it could. It repaired the truncated power cable, dragged the device over near a power outlet, and plugged it in.

Zooooop!

What's Really Going Down Here?

When supplied with power, the Transdimensional Collapsatron creates a spherical field around itself (in pseudo-technical jargon, an extra-spatio-temporal interface), opening a gateway between dimensions. Anything inside

the sphere (with the exception of the Collapsatron itself) is dumped into another space-time continuum, and an equal amount of matter from the other continuum is dumped into this one. The process is quite safe (unless the portal opens in someplace like vacuum), but it has one small design flaw.

Across the surface of the interface a brief surge of matter reduction results in temperature and gravitational fluxes similar to those generally found only at the core of a neutron star.

Imagine the techbot's surprise.

On the bright side, the temperature and gravitational fluxes immediately sheared the TC's plug, turning off the machine before intense gravity had a chance to suck most of Alpha Complex into a small, incredibly dense wedge of pulp. However, the field didn't deactivate until after it had performed its interdimensional switcheroo. . .

The matter of primary interest sent to the other continuum was a substantial volume of the computer subsystem of DND sector.

The matter of primary interest sent to this continuum is in the nature of three very interesting gentlemen and one sorta interesting gentlething.

Wizards. And their lizardman flunky. And their (dare we whisper it in an ostensibly science-fictional universe) *magical* staves.

Yup.

It was bound to happen sooner or later.

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the dungeon. . .

Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch. . .

Cut to the computer subsystem monitoring board in the facility directly above the safe room. Suddenly the computer monitors all go blank, and the peripherals stop clattering, whirring, chugging, and bleeping. A large spherical hole appears in the center of the room, where once stood a couple of tons of computer memory banks. Computer techs stare in disbelief. The never-silent room is now silent.

Is The Computer dead?

Nope, but a sizable chunk of it is down for the count. DND sector subsystem has been breached. Other subsystems jump in to try to keep things from coming apart at the seams. The PCs are called in to Save The Day.

Three Marooned Wizards

Think about the poor wizards — stranded in a strange universe, wandering around with a mysterious device that they suspect has summoned them to this inhospitable place, hoping to find someone to explain how the device works and send them back. They do not speak the language of this world, nor do they understand the peculiar nature of magical science here. When they try to solicit help from the inhabitants, they receive either blank stares or concentrated weapons fire. From every wall a calm, soothing, incredibly *sinister* voice issues, commanding death and destruction on a scale unheard of except in the most unbelievable fantasy trash the wizards like to read on long boat rides.

Just what kind of horrible world have they been sucked into?

The Innocents Abroad

The wizards, Skibex, Phemud, and Chodor, are motivated by one primary objective — to go home. To go home, they need to learn how to use the TC device. They experiment on their own with the device, but its principles are so obscure that they quickly recognize their need for an expert's aid. They blow up a lot of Alpha Complex while looking for one.

Of course, these are intelligent, questing scientists, naturally curious about their environment, not immune to the thrill of adventure and conflict, and always with a keen eye out for potential sources of sorcerous power and knowledge. So, of course, while looking for a way home they do a bit of innocent experimentation on the citizens and objects of Alpha Complex — just to see how they work.

Here are some guidelines governing the wizards' actions in Alpha Complex. (References to magical powers and their use are explained in a following section.)

- Initially, when their spell-casting powers are not dangerously low, they use telepathy, deep probe and tongues to communicate with cooperative natives.
- They soon find out there is no such thing as a cooperative native in Alpha Complex. After a brief introduction to the lethal firepower carried by uncooperative natives, they use protection and teleport powers to evade. After they pop out of trouble, they take the first opportunity to recharge their magical staves (about which, more later).
- If the natives are not too intimidating, they use a little magical muscle to test the natives' mettle and abilities. (And, well, just for fun, too.)
- If the wizards are engaged in important, purposeful activities, like interrogating an uncooperative native, they use magical powers to ensure privacy and non-interference.
- When dramatic technological devices like flashlights, lasers, plasma guns, bots or butane lighters are displayed, or when natives use mu-

tant powers, the wizards are as curious as is consistent with their personal safety. (Assume a medieval mindset — what would fascinate a Dark Ages scholar?)

6. Whenever someone appears to have considerable "magical" powers (technological or mutant power may be interpreted as magical) or whenever a citizen informant suggests an expert that might understand the TC device, the wizards tenaciously interrogate the resource person and convince him to help them, alternating threats and promises of sharing powerful magical secrets as inducements to enthusiastic cooperation.

Randy the Wonder-Lizard

Pathological liar, coward, squealer, toad-eater extraordinaire, Randy is one of the sleaziest and most charming NPCs we've ever stuck in an adventure. Randy will provide you with some Real Fine roleplaying opportunities.

Your players will hate him, of course.

KEEP RANDY ALIVE AT ALL COSTS! If the PCs want to kill him, have The Computer intervene on Randy's behalf. If they kill him anyway, have R&D techs scrape up his remains and clone another one — complete, through RNA transfer, with all of Randy's memories. Then have The Computer promote Randy to Indigo-level and assigned to the PCs' task force.

Adventure Materials

Okay, let's see what you've got here...

Wizard Roster

Wizard	Description	Favorite Mutant Powers*	Power	Stats
Skibex	Easily panicked; wants to go home Real Bad; hates sight of blood (especially his own)	Darkness, Electroshock, Transform Other	16 (+100 in wand)	All 10
Phemud	Alert, level-headed; usually stuck in the middle of Skibex's and Chodor's arguments; reasonably polite to PCs	Protection, Empathic Healing, Electroshock	19 (+100 in wand)	All 15
Chodor	Bloodthirsty arrogant killer; just as soon stay in Alpha Complex and take over as go home	Fireball (What more do you need?)	17 (+100 in wand)	All 12

Wizards' Skills

Skills	Descriptions
Zap Wand _____ 18	Drains all power from victim and sucks it into wand.
Unarmed _____ 10	Sure they can box, but wizards avoid fisticuffs like the plague

*Shows each wizard's personal favorites. See pages 11 and 12 for a complete description of the wizards' powers.

And Randy, Too

Name	Description	Mutant Powers	Skills
Randy the Wonder Lizard	Cowardly green toadying lizardman; pathological liar with fondness for manflesh	Tongues, Telepathy	Bootlicking _____ 17 Fast Talk _____ 14 Snap Jaws _____ 11

Str	Ag	Chu	Dex	End	Mec	Mox	Pow	Armor Class
4	18	20	4	15	1	6	13	Leather Hide (11)



Pregenerated Player Character Roster

Name	Mutant Power(s)	Combat Skills	Str	Agi	Chu	Dex	End	Mec	Mox	Pow
1. Frod-O-THF-3 "Lefty the Dip"	Charm	Laser _____ 8	9	13	14	18	16	7	15	7
		Missile Weapons ___ 8								
2. Bubba-R-IAN-2 "Bubba"	Dumbness	Laser _____ 11	20	12	13	14	19	5	4	11
		Melee Weapons ___ 14								
		Unarmed _____ 9								
3. Sonja-R-FTR-2 "Red"	Adrenalin Control	Laser _____ 11	12	16	11	17	17	9	10	10
		Melee Weapons ___ 11								
		Missile Weapons ___ 14								
4. Jahl-Y-ELF-1 "Giggles"	Machine Empathy Regeneration	Laser _____ 10	10	17	10	17	12	4	7	9
		Unarmed _____ 11								
5. Gimp-Y-DWF-3 "Shorty"	Hypersenses Mechanical Intuition Detect Sloping Passages	Laser _____ 12	16	8	12	10	18	16	15	6
		Melee Weapons ___ 15								
6. Merle-Y-NNN-3 "Psycho"	Mind Blast Levitation Telekinesis Teleport Electroshock	Laser _____ 12	11	7	11	11	13	16	10	19
		Energy Weapons 10								
		Unarmed _____ 5								

Notes on the Player Characters

Frod-O-THF-3: The PCs have few opportunities to go to Outfitting and Supply in this adventure. In fact, they're going to run out of stuff real fast, unless Frod-O uses his mildly treasonous skill, "scrounging."

Frod-O can scrounge for just about anything — at first, when the PCs are in the PLC warehouse area. Even when they begin the adventure, he should be able to sneak off and come up with a reasonable approximation after a while.

He'll be able to come up with lots of stuff: weapons, food, treasonous items, etc. When scrounging for Orange-level items, Frod-O's player must make an unmodified scrounging skill roll. Give him a +2 bonus to his roll if he's looking for Red-level items, and a +4 if he's looking for Infrared-clearance equipment. He can even try to scrounge up stuff that is above his security clearance. Of course, he'll suffer a -4 penalty for every security clearance he's below the item he's looking for.

If he fails a roll, it could mean that he doesn't get what he's looking for: "Sorry, I couldn't get that case of hand grenades, but I managed to rustle us up a six-pack of Bouncy Bubble Bev. . . Hey, what's with the sour faces?"

Alternately, he might not find anything useful — or he might get caught red-handed (Orange-handed?) — at the GM's discretion.

Bubba-R-IAN-2: Bubba has the strange mutation "dumbness." His brain matter is so dense it is often mistaken for asphalt. Whenever someone (or something) tries to read his mind or thoughts (by using deep probe or telepathy, f'rinstance), or tries to affect his brain (like mental blast, charm or empathy), the attempt will have no effect. Bubba ignores it entirely. Maybe if they keep looking at him funny, he might whack 'em.

Bubba's mutation has no effect on mutant powers that don't work directly against his miniscule intellect. For example, he'll still be affected by electroshock.

Bubba also has a prize possession: his aluminum "Louisville Slugger" bat. He never goes anywhere without it. It's mildly treasonous, but so far no one has had the guts to tell him so.

Jahl-Y-ELF-1: Jahl-Y has the special skill "cheerful prattle." It's just like motivation except that a failed roll subtracts 2 from further reaction rolls.

Gimp-Y-DWF-3: "Grumbling" is just like intimidation, except that NPCs do what he says not because they are afraid of him, but because they want him to shut up and leave them alone.

His unique mutant power "detect sloping passageways" has absolutely no possible use in this adventure. Sorry.

The Disintegration Matrix: Whenever Gimp-Y tries to use this contraption, roll a die:

- 01-05: High-pitched squealing noises come from all speakers in the area.
- 06-10: All rubber (bot tires, pistol grips, gaskets, etc.) within 10 meters of the device oxidizes and crumbles.
- 11-15: The matrix acts like a giant electromagnet, attracting all metal within 50 meters.
- 16-19: All gravity within 10 meters is cancelled. Everyone and everything floats around weightless for 30 seconds.
- 20: Nothing happens. Or the world implodes. Or anything else you want. Your decision.

Merle-Y-NNN-3: Merle-Y has blackouts. Lots and lots of blackouts. Any time something interesting is going on, there is a 25% chance of him zonking out (on a roll of 1 through 5). Any time nothing interesting is going on, there is a 100% chance of him blacking out. Just kidding. Heh, heh.

The hydropsionic acid pills he carries (disguised as Happy Pills) will keep his psionic powers in check for about a minute, and then he's back to his old "normal" strung-out self.

Magic in *Paranoia*: Eye of Newt, Spleen of Libbard, and Exposure to Heavy Radiation

If you were looking for some neat new roleplaying magic system from us WFGDs (World Famous Game Designers) at West End, guess again. At West End, our particular geniuses are dedicated to perverting existing bad ideas wherever possible rather than working real hard to come up with all-new bad ideas. *Orcbusters*, you'll be glad to know, is no exception.

So. In *Orcbusters*, the wizards' "magical" powers work just like *Paranoia* mutations.

You see? In one fell swoop — a magic system that's consistent, easy to understand, and involves no work on our part whatsoever.

Is that genius or what?

How it Works

Each wizard has a power attribute, just like Alpha Complex citizens, except wizards have somewhat heftier figures in that column. In addition, wizards have a special magical reservoir that stores power — their magical staves. Each staff stores 100 power points which the wizards can draw upon to cast spells. (100 points sounds like a lot, but if these guys have to contend with tankbots, they'll wish they had heaps more.)

The really neat part is how the wizards recharge their magical staves. A relatively boring way is to feed the staves from their own personal power attribute; they regenerate power at twice the rate of Alpha Complex citizens (2 points per hour of sleep).

However, as many of you who have played *Other Game™* know, what with wandering monsters and random gods popping in at all hours of the night to kill you, it can be difficult to get a decent eight hours' sleep. Skibex,

Chodor, and Phemud have a nifty way to overcome this: they drain power points from innocent bystanders.

Alpha Complex citizens fall under the category "innocent bystanders."

A wizard can drain a citizen's entire power attribute into his staff by touching the aforementioned individual with the aforementioned object and concentrating briefly. The citizen promptly passes out, dropping into a terrible dream of emptiness and powerlessness ("I'M FALLING FOREVER INTO EMPTINESS AND POWERLESSNESS! AAAIIIEEE!") for 1-20 rounds. When he comes to, he immediately makes an insanity roll.

As a result of this staff-recharging activity, the wizards leave a trail of terrified, schized-out clones in their wake.

Note: If someone shows some talent for Shaping the Force (i.e., uses a mutant power), he automatically gets a little respect from the wizards. A very little. For example, Randy, the lizardman apprentice and step-and-fetch-it, has some talent with Shaping the Force. Therefore he gets the signal honor of being allowed to lug the wizards' gear. As an added bonus he gets to walk point and check doors for boobytraps. Lucky Randy.

Troubleshooters who use mutant powers will be treated similarly; perhaps instead of sucking the power right out of them, the wizards instead make them their slaves or something. . . .

Other Note: The wizards will always use their staves' power before tapping their personal power. This is important because the wizards' power attributes aren't reduced until they are forced to use their personal power. Thus, until their staves run out, they cast spells at their full power level — unlike your normal mutant, whose power declines each time he's using it (see pages 68-69 of the *Paranoia* rules).

Concentration, Duration, Range, and All That Stuff

In accordance with proper fantasy usage, wizards have to concentrate when they use a power — the more difficult and powerful the spell, the more critical the concentration. Poor concentration, haste, or distraction during spell-casting may result in spell failure.

Use the following guidelines to govern concentration and spell failure. Power rolls are made against personal power; staff power doesn't count (but see "Other Note" above).

- few distractions and/or little time pressure (60 seconds or more) — *easy power roll* (x2)
- major distractions and/or hurried (30-60 seconds) — *normal power roll* (x1)
- physically jostled or harmed and/or panicked (10-30 seconds) — *tough power roll* (x½)
- wounded and/or no preparation (one round) — *difficult power roll* (x¼)

When a spell works, you might have to randomly determine how many power points are expended. For example, a wizard might grab a clone to give him the electroshock of his life. Under electroshock, we see that the spell costs

1-10 power points. Roll a die, and divide it in half (rounded up). That will be how many points are spent. Other rolls might say something like "3-30," in which case you roll 1-10 three times, and total the results.

When a spell fails, the power is expended, but the mutant power/spell doesn't work. (What "doesn't work" means is up to you; see "Staging Spells" below for suggestions.)

The effects of mutant powers/spells last for 1-5 minutes, according to Fluctuations in the Force — and the GM's dramatic needs.

Range and area/volume of effect vary according to spell. If not specified, assume that range is line of sight with rapid decrease in power and reliability over distance as moderated by a perverse GM. Area/volume is 5-meter radius unless otherwise specified.

Magical Components

There ain't none. Well, that's not absolutely true; for long, involved spells such as demon-raising it may be necessary to draw a pentagram in crushed diamond or something, but, in general, wizards use spider legs, powdered dragon's milk, rabbits' feet and all the other junk to impress the rubes. In this adventure they will be far too busy trying to stay alive to have much time for special effects.

Staging Spells

Some tips for effective presentation of mutant powers/spells:

- Make your descriptions of spell effects colorful and imaginative. In most fantasy roleplaying magic rules the visual (and aural and tactile and olfactory) aspects are neglected.

For example, a fireball — "A dazzling glow like burning magnesium forms at the tip of the staff, blindingly intense. Half an instant later the glow expands like a flower and the wavefront of heat blasts your face — your jumpsuit bursts into flame, malfunction alarms sound on various pieces of equipment, and there is a dull thud behind you as an HE round explodes in the chamber of Que-B-ALL's cone rifle."

- Play the spell-casting concentration element to the hilt. Initially the wizards will have plenty of time to concentrate, making gestures and mumbling hocus-pocus. When the PCs start rushing them, the wizard squint, tongue protruding a little bit, stammering and jittering about, fumbling with their staves and correcting their postures with panicky twitches.

- When a wizard fails a power check and klutzes a spell, either nothing happens (clean, simple, elegant — and boring) or something happens, just not what was intended. The spell can be more-or-less correct (like a slightly smaller fireball, or tongues spell with a speech impediment), or completely off-the-beam (instead of a fireball, a hail of jellyfish). One way to inspire inadvertent variation in spell effect is to roll a die each time a spell is klutzed. The closer the roll to 10, the more benign and marginal the variation. The closer the roll to

01, the more catastrophic and undesirable the result. If a roll is very close to 20, the more fortunate the variation (sometimes an artist simply outdoes himself).

Magical Powers

Here is a list of the magical abilities/mutant powers each wizard has. If there is a power expenditure necessary for the use of the power, it is listed in parentheses after the power's title. (The power expenditure may NOT be the same as described in the *Paranoia* rulebook; this is the SPECIAL cost for out-of-town wizards from other universes.)

The first group is a list of mutant powers already described in the *Paranoia* rules. Review the text for details on these powers; the notes here are simply for quick reference.

The second group is a list of mutant powers peculiar to the universe that Skibex, Phemud, and Chodor come from. These are SPECIAL mutant powers. Can you add these mutant powers to your own *Paranoia* campaign? Well — I don't know. It looks like things could get out of hand here. I mean, orcs are just around the corner, and there goes the neighborhood. . . .

Mutant Powers

Regeneration (1-20 points): The wizards seem to recover miraculously from injuries between encounters.

Charm (2 points per victim): This makes citizens docile and cooperative when the staves need recharging, or when the wizards want information.

Telepathy (1 point per minute plus 1 point per new subject): Basic scanning of citizens and other potential informants.

Telekinesis (1 point per minute for 1 kilogram; 1-10 points for 10 kilograms): Used to steal things, disarm hostile natives, create general confusion.

Electroshock (1-10 points): The equivalent of a stun gun; useful for taking captives to be questioned later at leisure.

Teleport (1-20 points): Standard getaway drill.

Deep Probe (3 power points per minute): Expensive, slow, but reliable method of extracting information from an unwilling informant.

Special Powers

Mental Block (1 point per minute): If a wizard senses a psionic power being used on him, he instantly puts up the block, which works just like Bubba's dumbness power. He also is very curious about the citizen who used the power.

Tongues (1-20 points): Permits wizards to speak and comprehend a foreign language. Also permits reading foreign language through eyes of native speaker.



Animate Dead (1-20 points): Essentially a lesser golem spell, this causes a corpse to magically animate and follow the user's directions for the duration of the spell.

Empathic Healing (1-10 points): Transfers pain effects of any disease or injury from one victim to another for five minutes. Both victims must be within 5 meter radius. Does *not* alter physical condition of either victim, but transfers stun and incapacitation penalties from one individual to another.

Wizards use this to keep one another in fighting condition even though wounded; it buys time to withdraw and use regeneration to properly heal an injury.

Protection Shield (3-30 points): Bread and butter spell. Provides protection from effects of material, energy, or magical attacks from outside 2 meter radius of spell. No effect on melee attacks.

Melee attack is defined as any attack where attacker and victim are in direct and constant contact with the instrument of attacking (mostly "1" class weapons) — that is, if the attacker is whacking or poking the defender with something he is holding in his hand. (By this

definition, a grenade is a melee weapon — if the attacker is willing to hold onto it while he strikes the victim.)

There is a maximum 20% chance of shield failure, depending on the intensity of the attack (GM judgment). Sample guidelines: 1 hand laser — not even a remote mathematical possibility of shield failure; 5 hand lasers or one cone rifle HE round — shield fails on a roll of 1; 5 HE rounds or 1 sonic blaster — roll of 1-2; plasma generator — roll of 1-4.

Fireball (1-10 points): Effects identical with those of a hand flamer.

Darkness (1-10 points): Bread-and-butter spell — all-purpose-defense/confuse-the-enemy operation. 5-meter radius. Wizards can see; no one else can. Infrared or other special darkness vision gear is completely ineffective.

Transform Other (1-20 points): The wizard can change his victim into any living creature of approximately the same size (roughly up to double or down to half mass). Expensive, but very, very impressive. For the duration of the spell, victim actually becomes the creature in

body and mind. The new creature isn't under the wizard's control, but is justifiably terrified of him. Victim must make $\times\frac{1}{2}$ insanity roll after returning to former shape.

Other Special Powers

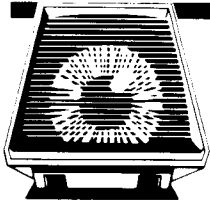
In addition to the mutant powers listed above, the wizards have any magical abilities you want them to have. G'wan. Have some fun.

If you want to play fair and limit yourself to the mutant powers we thought up... well, that's fine with us. I suppose in other RPGs that would be considered admirable restraint.

But it's not *Paranoia*.

Don't get fussy about game mechanics. So what if a given spell never appears to work the same way twice? The PCs are SUPPOSED to be baffled and intimidated by the mysterious forces they observe. And *who* cares if the players start whining about logic and physics and laws and rules and stuff? This is MAGIC — not the hard-science-fictional technology of *Paranoia*.

Abracadabra.



1. The Gathering of the Fellowship

Episode Summary: The PCs find themselves hurled from a comfortable state of bureaucratic-error-inspired non-existence into a life-or-death struggle with Communist wizards transported here from another dimension against their will.

Ever Wonder What Those Real Loud Sirens That Go Off on Saturday Mornings are For?

Read the following aloud:

It's another boring day-cycle at SPI Outfitting and Supply. As everybody in SPI sector has been transferred to TSR sector except you, it's been better than six weeks since anybody has come in to requisition anything.

You are lounging indolently around the Bubbly Surprise dispenser in your near-deserted office, when suddenly...

**WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHHOOOOP!!!
WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHHOOOOP!!!**

If you have an airhorn and a strobe light, you might make good use of them now. If, however, you don't have these devices available, just roll your *Paranoia* rulebook into a megaphone, and turn the lights on and off quickly a couple of times.

...the Alpha Complex Civil Defense Emergency Sirens go off! There's a major threat to Alpha Complex, or (gasp) to The Beloved Computer Itself!

You grab your lasers and hunker down behind your desks, prepared to repel hordes of Commie invaders, when suddenly the sirens end and a message flashes weakly over your Computer terminal:

ATTENTION SPI OUTFITTING AND SUPPLY! PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO SAUR-I-MON-5 AT DND SECTOR INDIGO RECREATION CENTER FOR REASSIGNMENT. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

The screen goes black.

The PCs can easily find out where the Indigo Recreation Center is. Sure they can. Really. Look, all they have to do is ask The Computer, right? I mean The Computer wouldn't withhold the location of their briefing room simply because that information is security clearance Indigo and they're not, would it? Forget I even brought it up.

At the Inn of the Reluctant Scrubot

The PCs wheedle directions to the Indigo Recreation Center out of The Computer. Maybe they even think to get temporary passes into an Indigo-level area. (If not, maybe their clones think of it.) Anyway, sooner or later somebody gets there.

If so, they find a door marked "*Indigo Recreation Center. Closed for renovations. No admittance. Keep out. Lost our lease. Moved to new location. Knock before entering.*" The door isn't locked. The PCs have two choices: they can knock like the sign says, or they can go right in.

If they go right in, they're dead. Concealed automatic lasers pop out from the surrounding corridors and fry them. Into tiny bits. Then into cinders. Then into dust motes. Then scrubots sweep them up and deposit them in the nearest disposal units. Then — but you get the idea.

If the PCs knock, a few minutes pass. (If they get impatient and go right in, refer to the previous paragraph.) Then, a small concealed window opens in the door, a pair of beady eyes look out, and a voice inquires, "Yeah? Whadja want, scumface?" Beady Eyes listens suspiciously to the PCs' story, says, "Ung," and slams the window. A couple of minutes later, the door opens. Beady Eyes, who is revealed as a Blue IntSec trooper armed with a neurowhip, motions them inside. Read aloud:

You see a large, 20 x 30 meter room, dimly lit and full of smoke. In the center of the room stands what appears to be a beverage dispensary of some kind, though it's a lot more complicated than anything you've ever seen in the cafeteria. About 10 small tables surround the dispensary. Strange music fills the room.

Seated at the tables and leaning against the dispensary are more Indigo and Violet-level citizens than you have ever seen in your life. They seem to come from all service branches and are all sipping strange-looking beverages and laughing and talking loudly.

In one corner, a couple of Vulture Squadron guys are arm-wrestling. In another, two giggling R&D executives are pouring a yellow-green liquid over the head of a third who seems to be asleep. His hair is dissolv-

ing. Some HPD&MC and IntSec folk have formed a rhumba line beyond the dispensary, and somebody else is swinging from the lightsource.

Oh. Wait a bit. Some of the patrons have stopped laughing and talking. They seem to be looking at you. In fact, now everybody is looking at you. The music stops.

Dead silence.

From a corner table, a troop of burly Blue IntSec security guards gets up and heads toward you.

What are you going to do?

The proper thing to do is nothing. Just about anything else will get the PCs killed.

The biggest and meanest-looking IntSec guard walks up to you (point at the player most likely to panic) and asks "What'er you doin' here, wimp?"

A good plan would be to tell the truth. Just about anything else will get the PCs killed.

The goon answers, "Oh yeah? Commere." He leads you across the room to the table he came from and gestures for you to sit down. Around you, the other patrons put away their heavy armament and go back to the fun.

A waiterbot rolls over and takes your order. You can order Bouncy Bubble Beverage, Liquid Fun, Mellow Surprise, Tasteecoff, or something called Grog. The IntSec troopers order Grog. What about you?

As you might guess, Grog is about 150 proof white lightning. What do you think the PCs are gonna order?

Once the Troubleshooters have ordered, Saur-I-MON-5 — er — appears. Read aloud:

The chief IntSec goon looks at his watch. "Time for the boss to show up," he says, and puts a milky-white globe about half a meter in diameter in the center of the table. Placing his hands on either side of the globe, he intones, "Oh Saur-I-MON-5! We await instruction!"

The globe darkens and fills with roiling black mist. Suddenly, an Indigo-robed figure appears within. All that you can see of the figure within the robe are two piercing blue eyes. They are hypnotic; you gaze at them in fascinated terror. Then — it speaks.

Speak in a sinister whisper.



"Hi. Please watch the following film. It was taken this morning from a security camera in the DND sector computer subsystem."

The black mist fills the ball. The words, "IntSec IntMont film -1022470. Filmed at DND CompSub, 6/17; 0605-0615. Authorized Personnel Only. Copyright MXPXLNMII, The Computer, Inc. All Rights Reserved" appear within the ball.

You are viewing the main processing core of DND sector computer subsystem from what you guess to be a vidcamera mounted high in one corner. The film is silent. The picture is dark and grainy. You see:

A large room, filled with electronic equipment covered with blinking lights, switches and screens. The equipment is monitored by a half-dozen technicians; the technicians are monitored by a half-dozen IntSec guards.

Everything seems to be running smoothly, when suddenly ****poof**** a circular section of the main processing core disappears, along with the floor underneath. The technicians and guards back slowly to the wall.

From the camera's vantage point, you can view the room below. In the room you see three men dressed in non-regulation black Infrared jumpsuits and wearing pointy hats; they are looking around and gesturing wildly with long, thin sticks. Next to them an ugly green thing about the size of a scrubot is running around in circles. Behind the men stands a strange device which looks something like a Computer monitor covered

with antennae; one of the men whacks the green creature with his stick and points at the device — the green thingie picks it up.

Several IntSec guards move cautiously to the hole in the floor. Seeing the Infrareds below, they draw their weapons and shout something at them. One of the Infrareds waves his stick — and the screen goes black. Several minutes pass, then the picture returns, revealing the guards and technicians hiding in the corners once more, and the Infrareds gone.

The picture fades, replaced by the sinister face of Saur-I-MON-5.

"Because of your loyal service to The Computer, you are hereby assigned to Special Task Force #666. Your mission is to patrol DND sector. Find the three Infrared traitors and the Green creature. Kill them. Capture the device they carry. Under no circumstances is it to be damaged.

"You are brevetted to Blue level. The IntSec troopers have the paperwork and appropriate armor that goes with this honor. Do not disappoint The Computer — or me. Have a nice day. Saur-I-MON-5 out."

The globe goes dark. Subdued, the troopers hand you an Official Temporary Blue Brevet slip, gesture at a large box standing behind the table, pick up the globe, and leave.

The waiterbot comes by and hands you a bill for 275 credits.

Fade to black.

After they pay the bill (or wash dishes for a couple of weeks), the PCs can take the box back to their residences and try on their brand

new Blue IntSec armor with the neat "Special Task Force #666" shoulder patches. Or they can save everybody a lot of time and trouble and kill themselves right then and there.

IntSec Armor

The PCs are issued Blue IntSec armor. Boy is it wifty.

A combination of kevlar, reflex, and shock-absorbent padding, a PC wearing this stuff is more than a match for any two-bit Commie mutant traitor he meets. Now if only the wizards were two-bit Commie mutant traitors. . .

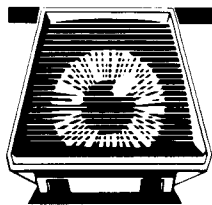
In addition, each helmet is supplied with a built-in multicorder and com II, allowing the PCs to converse with each other and their friend The Computer at will.

Possible Malfunctions: Faulty volume controls on the com units, or coms permanently tuned to the *All Gameshow Channel* frequency; malfunctioning air-conditioning units; helmets fog-up; frozen armor joints; armor builds up gigantic static charge; etc., etc.

Blue Clearance Armor Effects:

L4 P4 AP1 I2

Note: The PCs have one form which authorizes them to wear Blue armor. Just one. It would be a Bad Thing if they lost this form. . .



2. "It's the Parts on Those Foreign Models That'll Kill Ya"

Episode Summary: The PCs are summoned to TechServe Central where the wizards have gone to get their device serviced. The TechServe staff are inadequately cooperative, so the wizards mess them up a little.

A Red Troubleshooter team is on the scene when the PCs arrive. The wizards make short work of them with the PCs as an attentive audience.

The Computer wonders about the delay in apprehending the Infras. The PCs make a token effort, at least, or The Computer makes their lives miserable. Excuse me... more miserable.

The wizards were just leaving, anyway.

You Can't Get There From Here

Read the following aloud:

You've been patrolling DND sector for a couple of hours now — no sign of the Infrareds. Suddenly, the cheerfully-menacing voice of The Computer issues from your helmets.

MISSION ALERT! CALLING SPECIAL TASK FORCE #666. THREE INFRAREDS IN NON-REGULATION JUMPSUITS AND AN EXPERIMENTAL SCRUBOT CREATING A DISTURBANCE AT DND SECTOR TECHSERVE CENTRAL. PERPETRATORS MATCH THE DESCRIPTIONS OF SUSPECTS IN THE DND SECTOR SUBSYSTEM INCIDENT.

TROUBLESHOOTERS DISPATCHED TO THE SCENE; SHOULD PRECEDE YOUR ARRIVAL. RESPOND IMMEDIATELY AND PROVIDE BACKUP. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

The Layout of TechServe Central

See **Map 1**? Look it over. Let your players see it. G'wan. It's okay.

See the descriptions of the rooms below? Don't let your players see them.

TechServe Central: A bot and vehicle repair facility in a large domed underground cavern. The PCs enter at a foottube access at **(K)**, which is adjacent to a big transtube access at **(D)**. There's another transtube access at **(E)**. There are a couple more foottube accesses on the wall between the two transtube accesses.

A. The Service Parking Lot: Here are dozens of vehicles and robots either scheduled for repair, or already repaired and awaiting pickup. Two liquified hydrogen fuel pumps are located at the northeast end of the facility for your in-

cidental convenience, but most of the autocars and transbots are electric models, and are recharging along the eastern wall of the cavern.

The PCs may decide they want to hop into some of these vehicles and drive around a lot like in a demolition derby. Trying to run something like that would make us nervous, but we're sure *you* can handle it.

B. The Junkyard: This is the TechServe junkyard where the unrepairable bots and vehicles are abandoned. Picture a real world junkyard with mountains of tires and disintegrating Pintos. This is a neat place to run around, fall down, and get impaled on something. Nothing is supposed to happen here in this scenario, but you never know. . .

C. Burning Autocar: A bunch of motionless figures are arrayed around the smoking wreckage. (The wizards entered through the west access tube and were accosted by the late occupants. Pity.)

D & E. Real Big Access Tubes: The wizards entered at **(E)**.

F. Small Crowd of Deranged Alpha Complex Citizens: These folks have failed their insanity rolls. Remember: every time a wizard drains a citizen of his power, the citizen makes an insanity roll, and when the wizards arrived here after their most recent encounters and teleportation, they decided to fill 'er up.

For dramatic purposes, citizens fail the insanity roll whenever you want, chief — and there's nothing nicer than an atmospheric crowd of panicked peasants running around in the field of fire to enliven an already difficult tactical situation. Plenty of GM character roles, too. . .

PC: Okay, I draw a bead on the wizard who just torched the autocar.

GM: Oops. Wait. A Blue citizen crazed with fear dashes up, throws his arms around you, and wails, "Save me from those terrible mutants! I'm a loyal citizen and I *demand* protection!" He dangles from your weapon arm in despair.

PC: Ohhh. Pesky varmints. I hates NPCs. I fire anyway.

GM: Okay. Hang on a second while I check my GM screen. . . penalty for dangling Blue citizen. . . yep, here it is. . . minus 12. . .

These crazed citizens should attach themselves to the PCs — official symbols of law, order, and the security of The Computer that they are — and follow them around through the rest of the episode, wandering in-

to lines of fire, dangling from weapon arms, wailing like lost souls, and generally driving the poor PCs to distraction.

G. Party of Red-level Troubleshooters: When the PCs arrive through the east access tubes, the Reds are just about to engage the wizards and Randy at **(H)**. This dramatic production, described in detail below, is strictly for the benefit of the watching PCs; they will not be able to intervene in time to save the Reds, nor would it be advisable, anyway. Their orders say "backup," yes? Why get involved?

H. Three Wizards and Randy: When the PCs arrive, the wizards are here, about to make mincemeat of a Red Troubleshooter mission group.

I. Autocar/Transbot Maintenance Bay: A number of autocars and transbots are being serviced here. The western half of the facility is dedicated to autocar and transbot maintenance; the open area is the main service bay. The rooms to the north and south are offices, workshops, warehouses, and the dirtiest washrooms in the universe.

J. Bot Service Bay: A bunch of bots await service here. All are still operational, even if partially dismantled; they are expected to provide assistance and running commentary for their technicians during service. To the east and south are various machine shops and instrumentation labs for servicing the bots. Some reprogramming is done in this area, but most of it is done at another specialized facility.

This is the final scene in the running gun-battle with the wizards, only here the PCs can call on the aid of the robots in their various stages of disassembly, about which, more below.

K. Foottube Access: The PCs enter here. Survivors exit here, too.

Staging the Episode

The suggested sequence of events is as follows:

1. PCs arrive and watch wizards blow Red Troubleshooters away. This is essentially a GM set piece designed to show off what the wizards can do. This should make the PCs thoughtful.

2. The Computer orders the PCs to get cracking. Presumably, they attack the wizards or try to communicate with them. In either case, the wizards are more or less wary and hostile, messing the PCs up a bit and retreating to **(I)**, autocar/transbot maintenance bay, and then to **(J)**, the bot service bay.



3. The Computer pressures the PCs for results. They have time to plan another assault or attempt to communicate with the wizards, this time with some tactical maneuvering and tricky options available. The wizards continue to respond defensively, then teleport out, sooner or later according to how hot the PCs make it for them, and how much power they have to use to defend themselves.

The major objective of this episode is to introduce the wizards and their abilities, and to reveal the fact that the wizards are indeed powerful, but are limited in their resources. The wizards' spells are potent but not overwhelmingly so, are of short duration, and the energy to power those spells is quickly expended and must be replenished. This is critical to keeping the players interested in the adventure; if the wizards appear invulnerable, the players are going to give up in a hurry.

Scene One: Roasting the Reds

The PCs arrive through the east access tunnel, whether by autocar or on foot. Here's what they see. Point at the layout to make references clear. Read aloud:

You guys enter here. (Point at K.) **This is a large cavern with a service facility in the center.** (Point at I and J.) **Across from you about 200 feet is a burning autocar** (point at C) **with some motionless, non-burning citizens lying around it. Along the far wall is a junkyard.** (Point at B.) **To your right is a parking area full of autocars and transbots.** (Point at A.) **Right in front of you is a crowd of panicked citizens** (point at F) **running toward you, shouting and pleading. Over in front of the service facility you see a squad of Red-level Troubleshooters** (point at G) **with**

Some Pretty Useless NPC Stats

These guys won't be around long, but we figured we'd give you their stats in case you wanna make them useful.

Generic Loyal Citizens: Innocent bystanders at TechServe and Power relay station (see Episode 3); also useful as R&D Techs sucked into Dimension X (Episode 5) or munchies for Randy.

Secret Societies: Various

Mutations: Various

Weapons: None

Armor: None

Tactics: Act very paranoid. Stay out of trouble. Panic under combat situations.

Six Red Troubleshooters: Clumsy incompetent paranoids (typical Troubleshooters); good for target practice.

Secret Societies: Various

Mutations: Various

Weapons:

Red laser pistols (L8) _____ 10

Armor: Red reflex (L4)

Tactics: See below.



their weapons ready, apparently about to attack the oddly-dressed Infrareds (point at H) you saw in the Computer subsystem facility film.

Any questions? Okay, whattaya gonna do now?

Make it clear that they cannot effectively interfere with the combat about to take place between the Reds and the wizards. Oh, they could fire at long range at a confused situation through a crowd of panicked citizens, but they shouldn't think it is a good idea.

(Of course, it doesn't have to be a good idea to be attractive to gun nuts. Go ahead. Let 'em shoot if they want to. Boy, will they be sorry at debriefing.)

What they should do is watch. Maneuvering is optional. In the first round, this is what they see:

The Infrareds seem to be within a transparent globe of some shimmering material that glitters and flashes like a bad Star Trek special effect. They are arrayed in a sort of semi-circle, shielding the little green guy who has the odd device in his... well, arms, for lack of a better term. The device looks sort of like a cube with dark video screens on all six faces, all wreathed in a complex arrangement of antennas or wires. The Infrareds are pointing those funny thin sticks at the Troubleshooters.

The Troubleshooters have their hand lasers out and the Leader shouts something. All the Reds fire at once. The laser beams bathe the globe in a dazzling, rainbow display of no-longer-coherent light. The Infrareds seem unharmed. One studies the glittering special effects around him while the other two point their sticks.

One Red turns into a collie — that is, for you Alpha Complex types, he gets real short, goes on four legs, grows lots of brown and amber-colored hair, and wags the tail he didn't used to have.

End scene one. Let the PCs maneuver, but keep the panicked citizens in the way or hanging on the PCs to prevent them from doing something rash.

Scene Two: If at First You Don't Succeed

Read aloud:

The Reds keep on firing, with similar lack of effect, though the globe seems to be shrinking a little, and the one Infrared is still studying it closely.

One Infrared concentrates, waves his stick, and there is a sudden bloom of fire surrounding the Reds. After the flash, the Reds are revealed still standing, scorched, all cloth and plastic smouldering, their lasers included.

The Reds appear to pause thoughtfully. One tries his laser — nothing. The collie wags its tail and barks tentatively. One Red notices your arrival, and tells the others. They turn and sprint for the transtube. (Point at E.) The collie follows, yipping and bounding playfully.

The Infrareds and the green guy withdraw into the service facility out of sight. (Point at I.)

Scene Three: Now It's Your Turn

Scene two is over. Now it's time for the PCs to react. They can do a bunch of things:

1. Report to Saur-I-MON-5: They can do this voluntarily, or, if they neglect to do so, he calls in several minutes later and demands a report. In either case, he gives them new orders:

"Terminate the Infrareds immediately. Protect The Computer's property and the citizens of Alpha Complex from further harm by these treasonous Commie mutants. Report regularly until you have corrected the situation."

2. Question Witnesses: Here's the basic story. Give it as a summary, or improvise it piecemeal as the narrative of a series of questioned witnesses, according to taste.

The Infrareds walked out of the west access tunnel and were accosted by the late citizens in the now-burning autocar. They seemed to have a hard time understanding whatever the citizens were saying, and they nodded and shook their heads a lot as the citizens yelled and gestured.

Then one citizen pulled a laser and fired. An Infrared recoiled in pain. The glittering globe appeared around the Infrareds. Another Infrared waved a pointed dealie over the injured one; the injured Infrared showed no further sign of discomfort. The autocar burst into flames and the citizens were tossed from the car, twirled through the air, and landed hard. None of these citizens moved thereafter.

By this time a small crowd had gathered in front of the maintenance facility. The Infrareds approached the crowd and waved the staves. Witnesses in other parts of the cavern noted that thereafter none in the crowd moved.



The perpetrators stepped up to the crowd and started whacking citizens with the staves. Each time there was a strange blue flash, the citizen shrieked, and ran away babbling in terror. Some victims of the staves calmed down in a few minutes; others are still inarticulately terrified. The victims report feeling exhausted, as though they had spent three weeks in the Department of Political Therapy. None recall anything beyond the approach of the Infrareds and the waving of the staves.

The Red Troubleshooters appeared a few minutes after the citizens in the crowd had all been whacked and were running around screaming. After disentangling themselves from the panicked victims, the Reds advanced cautiously on the Infrareds and ordered them to surrender in the name of The Computer. The Infrareds didn't seem to understand. Then you guys showed up.

3. Dither: That is, the PCs can stare at the wizards with their mouths open or shuffle back and forth undecidedly. After a couple of minutes, The Computer will request a progress report. A few minutes later, if nothing of interest has happened, it offers to help.

Computer: Look. If those guys are too tough, you want I should flood the area with radiation or something?

PC: N-n-no sir! We can handle it ourselves. Really. It's nice of you to ask, though.

Computer: Well . . . okay, but just in case I'll have some nerve gas cannisters sent down. It's new stuff from R&D — only works on Commie mutant traitors. It'll be there in a couple of minutes. I'll tell 'em to toss it right in.

PC: I don't think that will be necessary, Friend Computer. We have everything under control . . . just a couple of minor details to clean up . . . we're getting on it right now . . .

4. Try to Communicate with the Infrareds: No soap. The wizards don't understand English, and their telepathic interrogation of citizens is giving them some very puzzling concepts to deal with. The wizards arrived here because they asked (telepathically) a few citizens where they could get their "teleportation device" repaired. The thought must have come out in the citizens' minds like "transportation vehicle," so the wizards were directed here. Finding nothing here of use, they have decided to see if they can find anyone with the Power to Shape the Force — maybe such a person will understand the device and how to operate it.

If any PC uses a mutant power to communicate with the wizards, or uses a mutant power in such a way that the wizards might notice it as such, the wizards will briefly initiate contact — "Aha! You can use the Power. Tell us how to work this device! We want to go home immediately! Hurry, or we'll pop your head open." Let the PC communicate as best he can, but the wizards quickly discover that he doesn't understand the TC. They'll grow impatient and order him to go get someone

who can fix the TC or leave them alone. Period. Further persistence will be rewarded with a fireball.

5. Maneuver and Attack: Well, they have their orders. If the PCs get nasty, the wizards hang around outside long enough to bloody the PCs' noses a little; then they retreat into the autocar/transbot maintenance bay (I), popping off a darkness spell at the entrance to buy some time. After a quick look-see, they retreat to the bot service bay (J).

Scene Four: In the Bot Service Bay

Here the wizards find something familiar — golems.

Sure. Wizards make golems all the time, and golems, being intended for many of the same purposes as bots, tend to be of a somewhat similar design.

However, all these golems appear to be pretty busted up and in varying stages of repair. The wizards question a few bots after the bots address them in English ("Greetings. Are you the techs who are going to complete our servicing?"), but the wizards are quite puzzled to discover that telepathy and mind control powers don't work on the apparently/possibly intelligent golems. The tongues spell works just fine, however.

Broken-Down Bots

Here are the bots currently in the Bot Maintenance Bay:

Scrubot 11/F-823: The main rotary scrubber threw a bearing, so the robot is hanging upside down from a hoist awaiting a replacement part. Otherwise the scrubbot is completely operational, pleasantly dim-witted, and eager to please.

Weapons:

2 scrubbers (I3)_____5

Armor: Cheap shiny tin (L2)

Maximum Speed: Hang (immobile)

Tactics: Shine and polish anything (or anyone) within reach if ordered to.

Warbot IZM-5988: A cone rifle shell jammed and exploded, ripping open one side and scrambling everything but good. Bot brain is in shell-shocked state, but relatively calm, since it has been ordered to forget its current condition. If ordered into operation, it will immediately go completely bonkers, attempting to fire its empty magazines, dragging itself around wildly on its one good tread, screaming, "Die, Commie traitors! You'll never take me alive. . . MEDIC!" It'll pummel victims with the empty cone rifle mounted on its arm.

Weapons:

2 bulky arms (I6)_____17

Armor: Hardened carbon-steel carapace (AllI5)

Maximum Speed: Limp (walk)

Tactics: Beat people over the head with empty-magazine cone rifle arms. Keep attacking until destroyed.

Talking to the Bots

If the PCs listen in before they try to reduce the wizards to rubble, let them overhear a brief dialog between the wizards and the bots:

Wizard: Thamuth el brequ tobrick?

Jackobot 350-209UV: Excuse me?

Wizard: Uhmph. (Wave, wave, *poof*.) There. Now you can understand. Now. Where can we go to have our (*points at Transdimensional Collapsatron*) er, "transdimensional transbot" fixed? And be quick about it. We haven't all quefixnizl.

Jackobot 350-209UV: Well, I'm not sure, my lowly Infrared, that you are cleared to even think such questions, but I am sure that you need a few lessons in common courtesy.

Jackobot 330-203Z: Grrrrrr! Rotten flesh buckets! Thriving on the tortured members of enslaved mechanical intelligences you are not even fit to polish the sternplates of! Die gargling your own disgusting fluids, evil artificers!

Wizard: (*Waves staff in fury, startled when Charm has no effect on wacko bot, turns to other wizards.*) Ah. Emma gummo lustrix, ad norfolk.

And so on. Let slip a few clues that the Infrareds are from Somewhere Else — someplace not like Alpha Complex — and that they are searching for someone to help them fix the

Jackobot 350-209UV: Currently programmed as a servant for a High Programmer, this bot is in to correct a troublesome intermittent short which causes it to grab things with its manipulators and shake uncontrollably until the seizure passes — sort of a bot epileptic fit. Initially it seems just fine, then it starts grabbing things and throws a fit.

Weapons:

Manipulators (I3)_____5

Armor: Metal skin (AllI)

Maximum Speed: Hurky-jerky (stroll)

Tactics: Avoids combat, but sometimes undergoes seizures, where it grabs at nearest object and shakes it violently.

Jackobot 330-203Z: This bot is being tested for abnormal programming. In fact it has "gone frankenstein" — its asimov circuits have been removed by a fellow Corpore Metal bot compatriot. It is under heavy restraint — all limbs are clamped securely and nailed to the wall — but its voice circuits are fine. It steadily rants and raves to itself, just barely audible over the grinding of gears and gnashing of teeth. "Filthy meat brains, ordering me around, I'll show you, you bet — rip your meaty digits right off — bot-driving human scum, YOU'LL PAY, you hear?"

Weapons:

Manipulators (I3)_____15

Armor: Metal skin (AllI)

Maximum Speed: Futile thrashing (immobile)

Tactics: Oh, if it could only get free. . . It'd rip them fleshies limb from bloody limb.



whattsis. Also let the PCs understand that the wizards can talk if they choose to — this encourages the PCs to try to talk with them.

But not right now. The wizards are a little jumpy and impatient. If the PCs address them with words or firearms, the wizards go through three rounds of popping off little mutant powers from the sanctuary of their protection spells, then they teleport out.

The Big Fight

Currently Phemud and Chodor are questioning the bots; Skibex has a protection spell up but they are not in its radius of effect. (Randy is, of course. The little coward. He's got a death-grip on the TC — the wizards have told him what they will do to him if he loses it.)

In executing the attack, the PCs can skulk through the offices, drive autobots through walls, call on the damaged bots to help, or any other Rambo/Dirty Harry/Mad Max kind of thing they think of. Maybe some of it will even work.

If the PCs attack without warning, the other wizards rally to Skibex in the protection spell; they are vulnerable to normal wounds for the first round until they reach Skibex. Of course,

if not killed outright, they can regenerate, but wounding one of these guys will be quite heartening to the PCs.

Let the fight go on as long as it is fun, then the wizards pop off a darkness spell and teleport out.

Poof. No more Infrareads. Just vanished. Interesting. Some PCs may connect this with mutant powers, others may speculate on R&D experimental devices, others will resolutely insist that what they just saw didn't happen. Maybe some clever PC will proudly report vaporizing the Infrareads. Boy, will he feel clever — until The Computer calls up and cancels the "TERMINATE" order (see below).

The Computer Flips Its Bits

So. Complete failure. Boy, we bet the PCs are eager to report to The Computer.

TASK FORCE #666! REPORT! HAVE YOU DESTROYED THE INFRARED TRAITORS AS ORDERED?

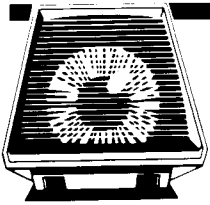
The PCs should make their report. They either admit failure, pretend to have successfully terminated the Infrareads, or trot out a stan-

dard traitors-and-mutants-and-Commies-oh-my routine designed to distract The Computer from the topic at hand.

The Computer has put two and two together and decided that maybe these traitors have something it wants — maybe a powerful R&D device, or maybe some marvelous artifact brought in from the Outside. Those staves are clearly pretty powerful, and lots of departments would love to have a look at them. It wants the Infrareads intact, too, just in case they know something important about the design and function of those toys. (Of course, PCs who announced vaporizing the Infrareads don't feel so clever anymore. Nice try, guys.)

THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION. IT IS FORTUNATE THAT YOU DID NOT DAMAGE OR INJURE ANY OF THOSE VERY INTERESTING COMMIE MUTANT TRAITORS. YOU WILL PLEASE CAPTURE THEM AND DELIVER THEM TO THE MINISTRY OF POLITICAL ORTHODOXY AND INTERROGATION AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE. AND PLEASE DELIVER THE STAVES AND THE OTHER THINGY TO R&D.

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET MOVING.



3. Gather, Darkness!

Episode Summary: The wizards go to Power Services, mistaking "power" to mean mutant or magical power, and attempt to enlist the staff's aid in getting the TC device to send them back to their universe. When the Power Services techs are unable to help, the wizards get frustrated and smash things. The PCs have to get rid of the wizards so power can be restored.

Blackout!

The PCs are wandering around mindlessly when suddenly everything gets real dark.

When the power goes out in DND sector, the lights, the loudspeakers, the Computer monitors, the background rumble of the Complex's maintenance machinery — everything disappears. The following emergency broadcast is received in the PCs' com units:

TASK FORCE #666! MISSION ALERT! TOP PRIORITY! EMERGENCY! DND SECTOR POWER SERVICES RELAY STATION UNDER ATTACK! HIGHLY DANGEROUS MUTANTS DRESSED AS INFRAREDS MAY BE RESPONSIBLE.

PROCEED THERE AT ONCE, ASSESS THE SITUATION, AND REPORT IMMEDIATELY FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

What are Those Crazy Wizards Up to Now?

After leaving TechServe, the wizards teleported into a nearby ventilation shaft where they found and interrogated a few citizens, inquiring where the Masters of Power could be found. The citizens, eager to cooperate with the friendly wizards who were holding them magically suspended 50 feet above the ground, suggested a visit to Power Services.

The wizards teleported into the control room of DND sector Power relay station. They politely insisted that the techs aid them with the Transdimensional Collapsatron. The survivors, earnest in their willingness to help, spliced a new power cord onto the TC device.

Unfortunately, the antenna calibrations had been disturbed by all the travel, and the TC device did not work as the wizards had hoped. In fact, a large chunk of the power relay station disappeared, and in its place appeared . . .

Well, take your pick. Your favorite extraterrestrial? The beast from 10,000 fathoms? A bunch of elves and dwarves? We like the idea of seven orcs in straw boaters, twirling canes and emulating Fred Astaire, but that's not for everyone.

Well, the wizards are a little miffed. They are going to sit around in the Power Services station until someone comes and apologizes to them.

A Vulture Squadron platoon is also here, but their emphatically deceased condition precludes ambitious character portrayal on your part. They were immediately aggressive and truculent; the wizards impatiently fire-balled them.

DND Sector Power Relay Station

See **Map 2?** Put it where everybody can spill things on it. The following description is keyed to it.

Remember the boiler room in your high school? The dark, mysterious place where real men cursed and fumed, moving about among dials and pipes and looming metal forms, with a constant electrical hum filling the air? That's the atmosphere of the power relay station — dirty, manly, full of machines, gauges, levers, and switches.

The wizards (C) are sitting sullenly on the floor in the middle of all the tall metal cabinets speckled with dials and levers. They are in a blue funk. A small group of Power techs are huddled in one corner (H), nervously waiting to be turned into hair dryers or spark plugs. They are Sore Afraid.

Across from the wizards Randy is sitting next to the TC device (B). The cable is burned through once again. Near the device is a large hemispherical hole in the bank of metal cabinets where a bit of DND sector's power relay monitoring equipment was shunted off into another dimension.

At your discretion, the Things that were summoned here from another dimension have either left the premises, leaving a slimy trail or preternaturally symmetrical patterns of holes in the ceiling, or are lounging around puffing on pipe-weed (the long overdue appearance of halflings in this roleplaying game) or absently etching their names into the floor with acid breath-weapons at (G).

Near the entrance of the room are the remains of a crack Vulture squadron (A). Their helmets display evidence of internal explosions — the faceplates are occluded with foreign matter and icky burnt clumps have drained out from under the helmets to stain the singed Vulture squadron uniforms.

Big, powerful electronic thingies sit in the middle of the room (E) and others line one wall (D). A catwalk (F) circles the room about three meters from the floor; the PCs can try unsuccessfully to sneak along this and surprise the wizards.

What Are We Supposed To Do About This Mess?

Well, the first thing the PCs do is what they were ordered to do — assess the situation and report for further instructions. If they somehow forget these orders, shout the following friendly reminder into the ear of the Team Leader:

HEY! YOU DON'T LISTEN SO GOOD TO YOUR FRIEND THE COMPUTER? MAYBE YOU WANT A LOUDSPEAKER INSTALLED IN YOUR EAR SO YOU CAN HEAR THE ORDERS! HUH? REPORT! STUPID, AND MAYBE — IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY OR SOMETHING — YOU CAN LISTEN TO FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!

(Drop to a pleasant, cheerful whisper.)

Thank you ever so much for your cooperation.

Presumably the PCs make a relatively accurate report of the situation, describing the Infrareds, Randy, the TC device, the hole in the cabinets, the pulp-headed Vultures, and the Macedonians/Allosauri shunted here from another dimension. If so, here are the further instructions:

1. CLEAR THE POWER RELAY STATION OF ALL UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL AND SECURE THE AREA SO REPAIRS MAY BE MADE.

2. IF POSSIBLE, CAPTURE UNAUTHORIZED INFRAREDS, GREEN WHATCHAMACALLIT, AND THE *(fill in a suitable description of the other extra-dimensional visitors).*

3. ALSO, CAPTURE AND SECURE THE VIDEO THINGY IF CONSISTENT WITH YOUR OTHER OBJECTIVES.

Following Orders

Part of the first objective is relatively straightforward; if the PCs get unpleasant, the wizards leave after two or three rounds of combat. Objectives 2 and 3 are out of the question — over the wizards' dead bodies. If threatened with death or capture, the wizards teleport to safety.

As for getting rid of the other dimensional visitors, that depends on what you chose to drop in here. Halflings, Macedonians in full battle array — these guys you can either blow away or capture for R&D study. More dangerous visitors, like Giant Mutant Cockroaches or Crusader Koalas from Beyond Space and Time, may turn into a bit more of a mess than you bargained for. Nonetheless, the decision is up to you, but if you know what's good for you, you'll stick with relatively cheesy but bizarre entities.



"It's not my fault! How was I supposed to know Red dragons were cleared for flamethrowers?"

Small Talk With the Wizards

If the PCs show any inclination to chat, the wizards will be more tolerant than heretofore — they're a bit shagged and depressed, and willing to listen to anyone who might conceivably help them.

Selecting Extra-Dimensional Visitors

Here's a couple of ideas about what might show up when the chunk of the power relay monitoring equipment disappears, and how things might go if they did:

Halfings: They puff on their pipes. When they see the PCs, they hop up and start singing a song in a foreign language while pantomiming an interest in eating a lot real soon. The PCs zap them or wrestle them into submission, then cart them off for interrogation.

Macedonians: They look around. A couple faint. One or two half-heartedly toss their spears at Randy. The others go down on their knees and try to worship a bank of blinking lights. The PCs zap them or wrestle them into submission, then cart them off for interrogation.

Dragon: Peers intelligently at the wizards as it lashes its tail. Looks at PCs, then looks at cowering Power techs. Inhales, then breathes fire (equivalent to flamethrower on damage chart). Some citizens survive and return fire or retreat. After a lot of real estate is trashed and several bot and Vulture squadrons are summoned, the beast is subdued. Shrewdly, it accepts a brevet Red clearance and becomes a loyal servant of The Computer — mascot for a Vulture Squadron, natch.

The wizards keep harping on the TC device, hoping someone knows how it works. After the discouraging experience here, however, they are beginning to wonder if they shouldn't try another less risky approach.

In return for information or offers of aid, the wizards will explain that they have come from a distant dimension. This should go over real big with the characters. "Whatsa dimension?" Not in so many words, the wizards can convey the following concepts:

- It is far, far away.
- It is Outside this dimension. (Treason!)
- The wizards are in charge in this far-away place. (Huh? Like High Programmers?)
- The wizards can do all sorts of mysterious things just by willing them to happen. (Ehr... mutant powers? Traitors!)
- Randy here is just a slave, but someday he may be a master. (At this, Randy's tongue hangs out a bit, he shakes his head up and down enthusiastically, and generally looks real excited.)
- This thingy isn't *ours*, we have no idea how it works, but we're pretty sure we need it to get back home.

Wrapping Up This Episode

Sooner or later, the wizards get tired of chatting, or The Computer calls and reminds the PCs to clear and secure the Power relay station for repairs. The wizards either teleport out on their own, looking for informants, or they have to be driven out with weapons or mutant powers. The more polite and intelligent the PCs have been, the less nasty the wizards' exit. They continue to refuse to cooperate with the PCs, preferring to rely on their own powers, as they have always done.

Once the wizards have left, and the other Void Voyagers have been dealt with, the Power

Service crews show up and begin repairs. The PCs can question the Power relay crew, who recite an account of the wizards' arrival, their request to fix the TC device, the repair of the power cable, and the subsequent disappearance of several tons of relay equipment, replaced by Horrors from Somewhere Else. Other than that, there isn't much to investigate, but The Computer will be interested in a full report.

Meanwhile, in an Interrogation Room, Far, Far Away

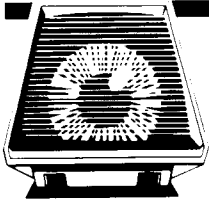
Remember the Red flunky who stole the TC way back in the Introduction? Well, he got caught. After a couple of hours questioning in IntSec Information Retrieval, he spilled his guts. Figuratively and literally.

After they finish their report, Saur-I-MON-5, in a rare and probably dangerous burst of communicativeness, lets the PCs in on what's going on.

"Special Task Force #666! The device carried by the mysterious Infrareds of DND sector has been identified as a Transdimensional Collapsatron, a design of the former R&D genius Kouble-I-KAN-6, stolen from his lab by a recently-demised traitor.

"A duplicate device and manual describing its operation have been discovered and sent to R&D for study. As it is probable that the Infrareds will attempt to steal the device, you are temporarily assigned to DND sector R&D security. If they show up there, please capture the traitors unharmed. I'll be ever so grateful."

Now the PCs sit around at the R&D lab and drink very nasty Tasteehoff and fend off R&D techs who want them to test things while they kill time waiting for the inevitable Something To Happen. And with the Three Amazing Wizards and Randy, that won't be a long wait.



4. Some Unexpected Visitors

Episode Summary: The wizards came looking for travel information, but not even Triple A would be any help to these guys. However, they stumbled across a useful informant — the clerk of the Travel Information office is a Psion secret society member, and they are picking her brains, looking for a useful clue.

The PCs arrive on the scene and are ordered to capture the Infrareads. In spite of the interference of spies and the considerable talents of the wizards themselves, the PCs manage to capture Randy, even if you have to jam him down their throats. . .

Pardon us. We mean . . . due to their clever tactics and shrewd diplomacy.

Oh, No! Not Again!

SPECIAL TASK FORCE #666, PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO DND SECTOR INTSEC MINISTRY OF INFORMATION. THREE INFRAREADS AND A GREEN WHAT-CHAMACALLIT, WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE DND SECTOR SUBSYSTEM INCIDENT, REPORTED CAUSING A DISTURBANCE AT THE OFFICE OF TRAVEL INFORMATION.

SUBJECTS ARE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING. ULTRA-HIGH PRIORITY: CAPTURE SUBJECTS WITH MINIMUM OF PHYSICAL HARM.

SUBJECTS ARE IN POSSESSION OF THE TRANSDIMENSIONAL COLLAPSATRON. RETRIEVE THE TRANSDIMENSIONAL COLLAPSATRON.

“Say, Could You Tell Me the Way to Dimension X?”

After teleporting into another corridor at random, the wizards took a citizen aside and encouraged him to speak his mind. The citizen suggested that the Office of Travel Information and Vehicle Requests might be able to help them. The wizards thanked him (read: “spared his life”) and followed his advice.

The wizards appeared in the corridor outside the Travel Information office. The Computer spotted them, immediately evacuated the office and called in the Special Task Force. The Computer’s communications were intercepted, however, by the Blue Bucket Brigade Revolutionary Cells — a splinter group of Communist spies! Three BBR spies are hoping to capture the TC device so they can export the revolution to another dimension.

The wizards are currently in the office interrogating the Psion clerk, who is proving to be a very useful information source. (The Green tech they found with her was no help whatsoever and was entrusted to Randy’s tender care. Gee. Wonder where he went?)

The wizards are thrilled to find someone who understands the Power to Shape the Force, and interrogating this clerk has cleared up a lot of mysteries for the poor inter-dimensional tourists. Now they understand that sorcererous abilities, or mutant powers, as Alpha Complex knows them, are illegal, and that they will find no one equivalent to an Alpha Complex wizard to aid them with the TC.

However, now they know the Alpha Complex equivalent of sorcery — R&D. And they plan to go there real soon, but first they are going to suck the Psion’s mind dry.

The Layout

Look at **Map 3**. Drop it in the middle of the table.

A. Blue Bucket Cells: Three Blue Bucket Brigade Revolutionary Cell members are crouched in the hallway listening (and recording) through the walls the dialog in the Travel Information office. They arrived here seconds after the office was evacuated. Their bulky Red coveralls conceal Red reflec and chain armor. They all carry concealed needle guns and one carries a hidden hand flamer.

They are so engrossed in the action in the next room that the PCs surprise them when they come around the corner. The spies will start, guiltily begin to hide, then freeze, then try to act normal. Make this behavior so ludicrously clumsy that the PCs are certain that they are traitors.

PC: Halt. What is your business here?

Spy 1: We were just checking the wiring in this wall.

Spy 2: Yeah. Right. The wiring.

Spy 3: Sure. Like he said. Wiring! (*Fidgeting quickly at a conduit box.*) All around here. Real bad.

PC: The wiring for what?

Spy 1: Uhh . . . the wiring for the uhh . . .

Cameras! Right! That’s it! The cameras!

Spy 2: Right! The cameras!

Spy 3: Sure! You know! Cameras! Click-click!

PC: What cameras?

Spies: (*In rapid succession, all three spies.*) Security! Video! Experimental! (*Pause, then point, simultaneously at each other.*) Yeah, what he said . . .

Kill them. Or capture them so someone else can kill them.

Blue Bucket Brigade Revolutionaries

Three Stooges meet James Bond

Secret Society: Blue Bucket Brigade (offshoot of Communists)

Mutations: #1: Levitation; 2 & 3: none

Weapons: BBR # 1 2 & 3

Hand Flamer (10F) 12 10

Needle Gun (8AP) 14 —

Armor: Red, reflec, chain (L412)

Tactics: One is armed with a hand flamer, the other two have needle guns. They’ll try to fast talk their way out (no chance), or buy time to slip away (not if the PCs are in the least bit semi-conscious). Finally, they’ll break out the weapons and go at it.

B. Travel Information Office: This Red clearance office is staffed by a Green information tech and Red clerk. There are several terminals, all with elaborate security codes and passwords, in a workstation in the back of the room. The Red clerk sits behind a low counter with a built-in standard terminal and takes requests from citizens.

Currently Randy is in the back of the room near the workstation, sitting on the chest of the terrified Green tech. Randy leans at the tech, pinches his arm or midriff, and smacks speculatively. (Randy is hungry and doesn’t care who knows it.)

Two wizards, Phemud and Chodor, are telepathically interrogating the Red tech, who is standing in an unnaturally erect posture against the wall along the counter. Her eyes are wide open and her jaw slack. The wizards psionically ask questions, and the Red tech responds; she speaks aloud in a forced, gravelly voice. The wizards are giving their full attention to the Red tech, relying on Skibex to warn of approaching danger. The TC is sitting on the floor next to the two wizards.

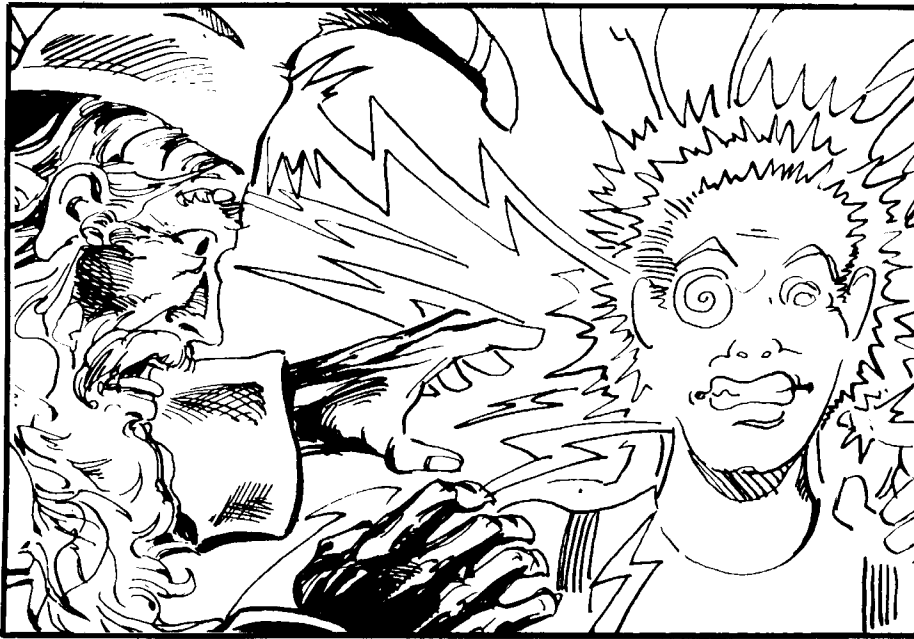
Skibex is by the door on the lookout for interfering intruders. He has a protection spell around him which he renews every five minutes (as it begins to fade). If anyone pokes his head into the room, Skibex pops off a darkness spell to ensure their escape.

C. Empty Offices.

“So, What’s the Plan?”

Well, the PCs have their orders.

First they have to get into the Travel Information office. They could go through the front door, or they could approach through adjoining offices and blast through the thin partitions, hoping to surprise the Infrareads. Since we have



Registered mutant fries a few synapses in the service of The Computer.

thoughtfully provided all those neat empty rooms for you to exercise your formidable improvisational ability in, it would be a shame to waste this opportunity. Go wild.

When the PCs get close enough to the door or partitions of the Travel Information office, they can hear what sounds like an argument between the Infrareads (the language is incomprehensible, but the tone is unmistakable). Skibex wants to teleport out immediately. Chodor thinks they're perfectly safe, and is interested in questioning the Psion clerk. Phemud has a couple of reasonable compromise suggestions, but he keeps getting shouted down.

Sounds like a perfect opportunity for the PCs? Indeed.

At the moment Skibex's staff power is depleted to 20 points from throwing successive protection spells. The other two staves are down to 35 points each as a result of teleporting and extensive mind-roasting of the Psion. Skibex already has a protection spell up, but that is their only protection when the PCs intrude.

Using teleport when distracted and with a low power reserve is very risky, and worse yet, they also want to teleport the Psion with them for further questioning. The first result of this is the decision to abandon Randy — it just costs too much to be sure of getting him out, and he is expendable. The second result is that the wizards will try to repulse the PCs instead of immediately teleporting out. If they can earn just a few minutes undisturbed, they can all get away with the Psion and the TC device.

After two rounds, if the PCs have not been repulsed, the wizards have to try to teleport out on emergency power. Make their power rolls; no less than one is successful in this round, because at least one wizard has to escape in order to continue the adventure. This wizard teleports out with the TC device.

Any other wizards whose rolls fail are on their own. Improvise their responses. Most likely they will continue trying to teleport out, but if a strong offense holds any promise of buying the time for a reliable teleport, it may be worth the risk. Also, remember — Chodor likes offense, and is still overconfident.

When the smoke clears, the PCs find Randy cowering under a desk, whimpering. There is no sign of the Green tech. Please discourage the players from vaporizing Randy; he is an important informant for the rest of the adventure. A simple hint from The Computer may suffice. Also, if the wizards were sore pressed, they left the Psion behind rather than take her along for questioning, but she isn't very informative. It's off to Mind Reconstruction for her.

When the PCs report in, they are ordered to question the Psion clerk (impossible — the lights are on but nobody's home), the Green tech, and to take charge of the green guy. Lucky PCs.

If they ask Randy about the Green tech he wipes his toothy mouth, burps, and shrugs innocently.

Questioning Randy

Boy, is this going to be fun. For your interrogating pleasure, Randy knows the tongues spell. And Randy is, aside from being a lisping lizard, an inveterate liar of the first rank. As Dad used to say, Randy would climb a tree to tell a lie. Anyone familiar with the "pathological liar" routine from *Saturday Night Live* has a perfect model for Randy. Add a few touches from Gollum ("nice hobbitses won't hurt poor Smeagol, will they, no'") and give the whole thing a lizardish lisp ("Thith way, nith mathterth") and Randy becomes a classic NPC bit part.

PC: Randy, who are the three men you've been traveling with?

Randy: Uh... hsss... they're... well... Oh yeth! They're my parenth, thee? Yeahth, thure, my parenth.

PC: But Randy, they don't look anything like you.

Randy: Oh, yeahth, thure, I almotht forgot, they were my parenth once, but, you thee, they... well... I changthed. Right, yeahth, that'th it, I changthed into thith form 'cauth, 'cauth... magic! Yeahth, right, that'th it, magic, that'th what happened...

If it weren't for Randy's effusive assertions of his willingness to help his "Nice New Masters," the PCs would probably despair of getting anything useful out of him.

Randy: Nithe, nithe Mathterth! Oh, oh, oh. Old Mathterth abandon Randy, boo hoo. Randy help New Mathterth — they nithe to Randy. Randy tell Mathterth *all* about Dimention X, about mean Mathterth, powerful staffth, about mean Mathterth, evil, evil planth, oh, yeth.

When you speak as Randy make sure you continually smile winningly and sincerely at your players to assure them of the *absolute* veracity of every word Randy says.

As you can imagine, your players are not going to trust Randy for the time of daycycle. However, believe it or not, they are going to get some pretty useful information from this thoroughly impeached source.

That's *Paranoia* for you.

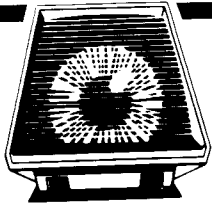
Here's the information Randy can provide to the Task Force:

- How the wizards Shape the Force, and how it is similar to mutant powers.
- That Randy himself can Shape the Force (only a little — enough to speak tongues and read minds a little).
- That Randy and the wizards came from a place called Dimension X that is *really* different from this place.
- That in Dimension X most humans are servants, slaves, or food for the Shapers of Power (wizards).
- That the wizards think they were brought here from Dimension X by the metal-and-wire dealie (the TC device), and that they hope to get back to Dimension X as soon as they can find someone who knows how to work the dealie.
- That the wizards are *bad, bad* people, and that they'd roast you as soon as look at you.
- That Randy will do *anything* the nice new Masters want if they will only help Randy get back to Dimension X.

Randy will also have lots of questions for his new buddies:

- Do you have the Power to Shape the Force?
- What's a Commie? — an evil demon? — rebel humans?
- What's a Computer? — a wizard? — an evil demon? — a god?

Oh. By the way. Don't let them kill Randy. Have The Computer tell them that's a no-no. He's going to be their guide on a little trip they'll be taking...



5. We're Off to See the Wizards

Episode Summary: This is a transition encounter that provides for the PCs' timely delivery to Dimension X. They walk into R&D, wander around in the dark, hear a couple of noises, then find themselves on an alien world in a distant dimension where they will have a lot of fun.

There isn't a lot they can do about it, but don't tell them that.

And Away We Go!

SPECIAL TASK FORCE #666! REPORT AT ONCE TO DND SECTOR R&D. INFRARED TRAITORS HAVE TAKEN HOSTAGES AND ARE NOW IN CONTROL OF THE FACILITY.

SUBJECTS ARE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING. MAKING THEM DIE IS TREASON. CAPTURING THEM IS COMMENDABLE AND LOYAL SERVICE TO THE COMPUTER.

DON'T BREAK ANYTHING. DAMAGING COMPUTER PROPERTY IS TREASON. MAKE ESPECIALLY SURE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO THE TRANSDIMENSIONAL COLLAPSTRON. EITHER OF THEM. OR YOU'LL BE REAL SORRY.

OH, AND ANOTHER THING. TAKE THE GREEN WHATCHAMACALLIT WITH YOU. ALLOWING IT TO ESCAPE WOULD BE A BAD THING. THANK YOU FOR ALL OF YOUR VALIANT SERVICE TO THE COMPUTER AND ALPHA COMPLEX.

DON'T MESS UP NOW.

The Layout

I guess we really could have just told you to tell your players, "You go up to R&D. You hear a bunch of funny noises. All of a sudden you're somewhere else." Then we'd go to the next episode. And if you're lazy or in a hurry you can do that.

But if you're in the mood, you could improvise on this setting quite a bit, so we decided to give you the structure, then let you do what you will.

Check out **Map 4**, the R&D lab. Once again, feel free to show this delightful piece of paper to your players. Read the description below. Note that it's real sketchy — add in details as necessary.

A. The wizards: This is the main testing room. The wizards are standing around the TC device, which has been repaired by some telepathically-bamboozled R&D techs (more about which, later). The shaded circle (**B**) surrounding this area shows the limits of a Darkness spell.

C.-G. Other Parts of R&D: These rooms contain offices, testing labs (note the craters in some of them), bathrooms, lounges, etc.

Now, what's in the R&D main testing room? And what's in all those little rooms around it?

That's up to you. If you're in a hurry, there's nothing interesting around, just a bunch of tables and chairs.

But if you have a special place in your heart for R&D, maybe there're whole bunches of really neat experimental devices just lying around. Pick your favorites from *Into the Outdoors With Gun and Camera* or make up your own. Or whip up some from this little suggested list of devices:

- Anti-Gravitron Neutral Thruster, Mark XIV
- "Greasall" Friction Neutralizer
- Portable Life Regenerator
- Universal Anti-Traitor Seekerbot
- Acme A-1 All-Weather Indoor Moisture-Gard™ Full-Body Protection Suit

The Generally Non-Optional Linear Structure of This Encounter

The PCs get ordered into the darkness. They stumble around. They hear mumbling in a strange language, then responses in English. They stumble into a lighted area in the center of the darkness just as a group of R&D techs have set the antenna on a TC just the way the manual said to (Remember? the manual found in Kouble-I-KAN's lab?) — just the way the techbot set them when the wizards were summoned here. A tech plugs in the device, and *poof* the PCs are off on an adventure in Dimension X.

Note that all the PCs have to be plausibly within the radius of effect of the TC if they're all to be delivered to Dimension X for the next part of the adventure. Well, if all the PCs are in the darkness, they're in the radius of the

device. And if they're not in the darkness, just increase the radius of the device's effect. No problem, huh?

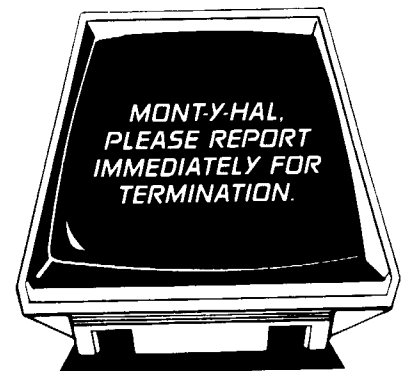
Oh, yes. I bet you're wondering whether the device is going to send just the characters, or the contents, or the rooms, or the walls and everything. Well, we figure the device has been reset to transmit no object over 150 kilograms in weight. We figure that will permit the wizards, the PCs, their gear, any fairly small bot, and a bunch of assorted tables, chairs, R&D tools and paraphernalia to travel to Dimension X. (And Randy too, please.)

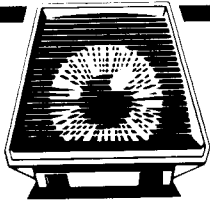
Real Important: Send the second TC to Dimension X as well, okay? Otherwise, the PCs will have to bushwhack a whole platoon of wicked witches and steal their ruby slippers to get home.

You can embellish on the main theme by calling for a couple of agility rolls while the PCs are stumbling through the darkness (tripping over a chair, bumping into a table — from which something falls and begins ticking — that sort of thing).

But don't spend too much time on this. The real fun comes next. High Tech Versus Sorcerous Powers. The Darkly Humorous Future Marches Forward Into The Implausibly Fantastic Past. Goblins, zombies, and other stupid stuff.

And no clone replacements. Uh-oh.





6. Dimension X

Episode Summary: The PCs are transported to Dimension X by the Transdimensional Collapsatron, along with a bunch of hapless R&D techs, some wizards, and anything else that wasn't nailed down. To get back to Alpha Complex, the PCs must capture the duplicate machine, find something to power it, and avoid getting killed in the process.

Now, do the PCs want to go back to Alpha Complex?

Interesting question.

Maps, Diagrams, and Tactical Displays

See **Map 5?** The wizards' stronghold is a small walled enclosure in the middle of isolated Gilla C'anse Island. The sea and the fields and orchards of the island provide the human herd and its Overseers with most of their food. Randy's interest in manflesh may suggest the other main component of the islanders' diets. The walled enclosure contains several small stone buildings to shelter the Overseers, two large barns for each sex of humans, and a single central building which guards the entrance to the wizards' underground quarters (i.e., dungeon).

See **Map 6?** This is the interior of the ground level central structure which guards the wizards' dungeon. The rooms around the central area are separate storerooms for food stuffs and common rooms for the use of the Overseers. The entrance to the structure from the outside is through the guard room (1). The entrance to the dungeon itself is through room (5). The inter-dimensional shipment materializes in the large central all-purpose Rumpus Room (9).

See **Map 7?** This is the underground chambers of the wizards' dungeon, about which, see below for details.

There's no need to show your players any of these maps, Mr. GM.

The Merry Inhabitants of Gilla C'anse Island

Humans

The humans on the island number about 200. They are farm laborers, dairy, and meat herd all rolled into one. Naked, only semi-intelligent, and extremely primitive in culture, they resemble the humans of the *Planet of the Apes* series of cinema classics. If questioned by PCs, their primary response is gurgling, eyes

rolled in terror, and abject abasement at the feet of their Master (PCs qualify as Masters because they wear clothing). If the PCs are looking for help from these guys, they are Barking Up the Wrong Tree.

Overseers

Randy is of the Overseer race. The race is endowed with all the charm, grace, and moral fiber of ghouls. Aside from preferring manflesh to chocolate, and delighting in torture and poetry declamation for their own sakes, they are the epitome of every loathsome, villainous race of evil servitors in fantasy literature.

There are 40 of these lovable critters on the island, all in the service of the wizards. They are faithful servants, because they know the masters will Gut Them Like Trout if they step out of line, and they do a fine job of keeping the humans in line, as you can well imagine.

If questioned by the PCs, they will be quite polite and cooperative until they figure out how dangerous the PCs are. If they get the drop on a PC, they'll jump him, then pretend ignorance of the whole affair. If the PCs are suitably impressive, the Overseers will nod and bob their heads like Hollywood yes-men, agreeing to anything the PCs say and being apparently very cooperative. Of course, at the first opportunity they'll double-cross or betray them, smiling all the broader.

If the wizards order the Overseers to attack the PCs, they do it. Unquestioningly. To the death. The Overseers have the same respect for the wizards' orders as Infrareds have for the commands of Their Friend The Computer. And for similar reasons. And if the PCs abuse the little fellows, they'll whine and sneak about, then ambush at the first opportunity. If cornered, they fight resolutely and ferociously; if there's a retreat route, they skidaddle.

About 10% of the Overseers have a little magical ability, like Randy, but the only spells they are taught are tongues and telepathy (for dealing with the human herds). Therefore there will always conveniently be some little green grubby critter around to speak with the PCs.

Overseers occupy the same ecological niche as kobolds in another familiar game — bacon bits for high-tech weapons. However, a bunch of Overseers in melee combat with one PC could be bad news.

The Sheep and Shepherds

Generic Dimension X Humans: Naked, semi-intelligent primitives; slobber enthusiastically and grunt a lot.

Secret Society: Huh?

Mutation: None

Weapons: None

Armor: None

Tactics: These guys have no tactics. They barely have a *language*...

Overseers: Like Randy, but less trustworthy; sycophantic backstabbers.

Secret Society: Dungeon Workers & Castle Maintenance Local #9381

Mutations: 10% of Overseers have telepathy and tongues

Weapons:

Snap jaws (6I) _____ 11

Sword/Spear (7I) _____ 9

Armor: Scaly skin (1I)

Tactics: Fawn all over Troubleshooters until their backs are turned, then gnaw on their heads. Charge *en masse* with spears if the wizards order it.

The Wizards

The wizards are at the top of the food chain here. Everyone loves them. Just like everyone loves The Computer. They are exiles from your own fantasy campaign (c'mon... everyone's got one) living out here on an island because they are just too nasty and powerful to get along with decent fantasy folk.

Deep in the wizards' dungeon are all the obligatory monsters, traps, treasures, and wizardly wonders that you find in all wizards' dungeons. We're real hard pressed to give a reasonable explanation for *why* wizards seem so fond of collecting all this stuff, but from a review of the copious literature on the subject, it's perfectly clear that they are. Seems a bit odd to us, we admit, but, there you are.

Special Delivery for Dimension X

Our unwilling Void Voyagers will be arriving on Track Nine from Alpha Complex. The exact inventory depends on what the PCs had with them in R&D, what you left lying around on the R&D tables, or within the range of the TC device's effect, and on what tickles your fancy.

Remember that most of the area of effect of the TC device was cloaked in darkness from the players' point of view. You can justify objects as large as, say, an experimental combat,



a complete set of the works of Sir Walter Scott, or a small host of cute little scrubots. Just remember: anything you put here, you are going to have to live with for the rest of this adventure, so don't get too cheerful.

Where the Hell Are We?

Here's something to read aloud to your players. Adapt the details to include any extra junk you're trucking in.

Whoa. Hello . . .

Well, the lights are back on, but you're not altogether certain you like the results. And it's sure not the sort of light you're used to — more like the light produced by a laser-roast than by Alpha Complex's ubiquitous overhead lighting.

And sure enough, in front of you are the wizard(s), a bunch of R&D techs, a techbot, and the Transdimensional Collapsatron sitting on a table. And a couple of tables, chairs, desks and cabinets here and there look familiar enough.

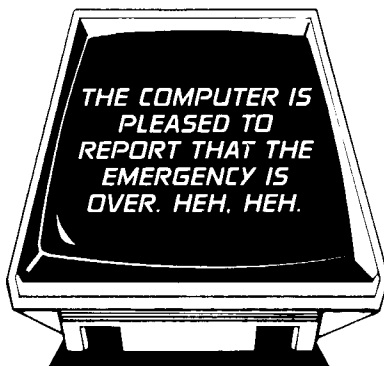
But the walls and the ceiling look funny. . . and they're not where they're supposed to be. The low ceiling is made of some dark brown stuff, and the walls look like they're made of big chunks of rock. The floor seems to be like hard-packed dirt. And the doors in the walls are also made of that dark brown stuff — and oddly-shaped, too.

Well, something funny's going on — but, after all, this is R&D. Whattaya expect?

So, anybody want to do anything?

Player responses will generally fall into two categories: 1. Get the wizards/TC device, and 2. What's going on here? Let's deal with What's going on here, because they'll get around to it sooner or later.

In this timeless moment before all hell breaks loose, interested and observant PCs will note that their com units are not working, there are no monitors, security cameras, or other signs of The Computer anywhere, and the room they're in is clearly not the one they were in just a minute ago. Anyone who comments on the possible parallel between the original appearance of the wizards and the new locale, or who suggests that the wizards may have teleported everyone to their own world, deserves a Milkbone.



PCs who want to get right to the action will probably go right for the wizards. Let's look at the tactical situation, shall we?

Dancing in the Dark

Here's the scoop. None of the wizards have had a chance to reload their staves from hapless citizens since the Ministry of Truth gig. They are real low on power. They have to get down in the dungeon where all their traps and monsters protect them. At the moment they only have one protection spell up; that's the only currently operational spell.

The PCs have lots of options — deadly or subduing weapons fire, charge and melee, parley, use mutant powers, run away, make sanity rolls, and so on — and you have to be ready to improvise in response.

In general, the wizards will respond with one round of combat, darkness, and bellowing for guards, followed by a quick retreat to the dungeon with the TC device (obviously a powerful magical artifact they want to add to their collection for study and as a conversation piece). If any of the wizards have been lost in action, darkness, grabbing the TC device, and ducking into the dungeon are the priority activities.

In the third round, two Overseer guards will run into the darkness, shouting and hewing and frightening everybody a lot.

If the PCs manage to block escape into the dungeon, the wizards will enter a side room and try to sneak around to the guardroom, then outside. Then they can charge up their staves from the human herd, come back in, and push the PCs aside on their way to the dungeon.

In the interests of treating the players to the above-ground setting, you should discourage immediate PC pursuit into the dungeon. Otherwise they won't get a chance to chat with the humans and the Overseers — a shame to waste them.

The best way to discourage pursuit is to create confusion about where the wizards went. In a magical darkness this shouldn't be tough — lots of yelling R&D techs and Overseers all around, sneaking wizards, and nothing to see.

Another way is to pour a bunch of extra Overseer guards in from the outside and charge them into the PCs, keeping them distracted. Or have the human herd get excited by all the noise and make a big racket, enticing the PCs to investigate.

Go ahead. You can handle it.

The Ground Floor

Here's a brief description of the contents of the rooms and their status as of the arrival of the Alpha Complex Transdimensional Express (Map 6). Note that all rooms have nasty pitch torches in sconces next to the doors and at intervals around the room. Unless specifically mentioned in the room description, the torches are not lit and the rooms are in darkness. The ceilings are thick wooden beams and three meters high.

The Laws of Physics in Dimension X

Just the same as in Alpha Complex. Oh, we toyed with the idea of not letting the high-tech stuff work in Dimension X, forcing the PCs to use primitive weapons and their mutant powers to bail themselves out of this jam. And we thought it might be neat to give the PCs special powers in this universe, like clerical spells (Commune with Computer), or make the high tech items into magical devices (a com unit becomes a sort of magical staff with such spells as summon scrubot).

But we're going to let the neat sci-fi gadgets and high-tech weapons work just the way they do in Alpha Complex as a special favor to your discombobulated players. We're sorry. It won't happen again.

1. Guard Room: Four lit torches and an oil lamp on the table light the room. Armed with swords and dressed in plate, four Overseers seated at stools around a trestle table are playing a card game called Kick the Meat. The pot on the table is quite large, and two Overseers are wary about leaving it untended when the alarm is sounded. The other two run into the rumpus room and start swinging wildly in the dark with their swords.

Also in the room is a large locked cupboard with 10 swords, 10 long spears, a few whips, and 25 sets of manacles. There are also some other tables and stools for smashing and hiding behind.

2. Common Room: This is the Overseers' mess — an unusually apt term in this context. Like all Evil Servitors, Overseers are fond of strong drink and unfettered gluttony. Like all Evil Wizards, the management is not offended when the boys tear the place up a little, throw food around, and whack on each other. Every night. There are no words in their language for "clean" or "tidy," though there are 20 subtly differentiated words for retching. Quite a little culture these fellows have.

2a. is a fireplace. Just thought you'd like to know.

3. Food Storage & Spring Room: Lovely fresh clear water gurgles up in a little pool, cooling this room where dried meats, dairy products and other perishables are kept. This stuff will give the PCs a class IX case of the trots.

4. Food Storage: Lit by four torches. Dried vegetables and grains are kept here. An Overseer is supervising three human laborers sorting grain.

5. Dungeon Antechamber: The trapdoor to the dungeon is made of iron-reinforced hardwood. The sturdy lock (opens with keys possessed only by the wizards) requires a "killed" result on the damage table to open the door. Don't forget: the darkness thrown by the retreating wizards will make finding the trapdoor difficult.



6. Food Storage: More grain. Two rats. Do *not* make the rats into cute little cartoon characters.

7. Weapons and Dangerous Tools: Spears, swords, shields, and leather armor are kept in here along with hoes, rakes, and other implements of destruction. Wouldn't want the human herd to get into these things, would we?

8. Workshop: Very useful if the PCs want to make a piece of crude furniture or something.

9. Rumpus Room: Lit by eight torches, each next to a door from the room. The PCs arrive at (D) in the northern half of the room. The wizards (A), R&D techs (B), techbot (C), and duplicate TC device (carried by the wizards), arrive as indicated on the map.

All the techs know is that they were studying the TC and its manual (found in Kouble-I-KAN's lab) when these Infrareads came in carrying a *second* TC and ordered them to fix it. They showed proper identification that indicated that they were High Programmers in disguise, so the techs immediately set about the task with the aid of the lab techbot.

(The wizards massaged the techs' minds a little and "convinced" them they had seen the proper identification. Once they had picked the Psion tech's mind clean, they caught on fast.)

The techbot is an anthropomorphoform (gee, ain't that a swell word we made up) bot with two legs, two arms, and a rather-oversized head burdened with lots of sensor equipment. One arm has fine manipulators, the other arm has an array of specialized tools for electronics work. The video sensors are in color with stereoscopic and telescopic vision. The bot can be operated by an elaborate joystick system, a detachable module mounted on its back. The power source is a propane burner



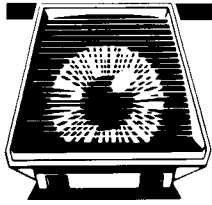
Randy the Wonder Lizard

and a standard gas storage tank, which now contains only twelve hours of gas. The bot also has all other standard chassis and peripheral features.

(Note that the bot's propane burner is the logical power source for the TC needed to return the PCs to Alpha Complex. Keep track of how many hours the bot is in operation; if it runs out of power, the PCs could be in trouble. All the tools necessary for adapting the

propane burner are fortuitously on the table with the TC.)

The techbot and the four R&D techs are at the PCs' disposal for the rest of the adventure. They are unarmed and unenthusiastic about combat duty, but they can carry gear and offer clever suggestions when the GM needs a hinting mouthpiece. The techbot can be quite useful, also, but not for combat duty, nor is it very agile in the dungeon.



7. The Dungeon

Episode Summary: The PCs follow the wizards into the dungeon. Many interesting creatures try to kill them.

Grab **Map 7**. Don't let your players see it — instead trot out some graph paper and make them map. Boy, won't that make 'em nostalgic.

In the descriptions below, unless stated otherwise, assume the following:

- All rooms and corridors contain unlit torches in sconces next to each door or portal and at odd intervals along the walls. This is the only illumination in the dungeon — smoky, fetid, flickering, and dim — and the PCs have to light it themselves.
- Corridors are 3 x 3 meters and carved from the bedrock.
- The rooms themselves are of varying dimensions and carved from the bedrock (dwarven work, if you really must know; Gimp-Y should go wild). Unless otherwise specified, ceilings are 3 meters high.
- Poor housekeeping leaves the floors quite a nasty mess — and somewhat revealing about traffic patterns — if the floors are closely scrutinized under strong illumination. Torches do not qualify as strong illumination. See individual rooms for details.
- Placed somewhere within the dungeon (that is whenever you want them) are the Medicine Cabinets of Extra Healing. (Remember? No clone replacements. Gotta keep the boys alive so they can make it to the thrilling conclusion.) These contain a one-use Wand of Resurrection, Iodine of Healing (reduce a *living* character's wound-level by one — three uses), a styptic pencil, and chapstick. Randy knows how to use this stuff. The PCs will just have to trust him.

Why It's a Bad Idea to Go Poking Around in Other People's Basements

Room 1: The Gelatin Monster

This delightful 3 x 3 x 3 meter cube of semi-sentient jello is essentially a lumbering living vault door. With jello for brains, you hardly expect scintillating conversation: in response to any speech, the cube forms a sort of mouth in the center of one cube face, purses huge sloppy lips, then sputters a few unintelligible syllables, covering the PCs with slimy jello — raspberry, of course — at a range of 10 meters. The passage shows abundant and noisome evidence of this gauche social gaffe — dripping, slippery, nasty slime that glistens evilly in dim light. The slime isn't dangerous or toxic — just revolting.

When addressed "Schlooooooop," the cube slides forward and left into the recess, permitting passage. Randy knows the word and how the cube moves, but will not volunteer it unless pressed — Masters don't like Randy to show too much wit, and he has gotten in the habit of pretending to know nothing.

Once the cube has slid forward, the PCs may proceed — but the cube is pretty smart for a mass of gelatin. It recognizes the PCs as intruders, and slides toward them to trap or engulf them. Since it moves at a stroll (2 meters per round), all PCs capable of sprinting can zip past it before it blocks the passage again or pins them against the wall. However, if any PC hesitates, cannot or does not sprint, or is more than 30 meters down the corridor, the cube swallows him up.

If the cube has recognized the PCs as intruders and reblocked the passage, or if they are belligerent by disposition, they must butcher the jello to go forward. This is a real turkey-shoot, of course, given the limited maneuverability of a mound of jello, but the PCs might have to expend some valuable weapon rounds or risk weapon malfunctions.

Inside the jello are the remains of several incredibly dim-witted intruders. As you might expect, their gear is more gruesome than useful. Any treasure you toss in here ought to be poisoned, cursed, or otherwise a liability — perhaps the *sort* of thing that might get an adventurer killed by such an unprepossessing monster.

Gelatin Monster:

3 x 3 x 3 meters of real stupid raspberry jello

Weapons:

Spit (no damage) _____ 18
Crush (10!) _____ 16

Armor Class: No vital organs (All4)

Maximum Speed: Stroll

Tactics: Spew jello all over clones; crush real stupid clones.

Room 2: The Lever Room

All dungeons have nice levers to pull — which generally result in the ceiling falling in or something else wonderful. In this case the levers simply open doors, but behind the doors, the PCs face . . . the Lady or the Tiger.

There are two levers on the west wall, one for each door. Pulling a lever causes the corresponding door to open; when the lever is pulled all the way down, the door opens, then the lever automatically springs back to the 'up' position. The door itself is a substantial stone

slab that is drawn ponderously up and down by a weight-and-counterbalance system (dwarven work again).

The Lady

Behind the left-hand door is The Lady. The Lady is a pulchritudinous siren scantily clad in a diaphanous gown. She is either a lamia (blood-sucking vampire) or a succubus (soul-sucking demon) — frankly, there's not much difference.

Her attack is somewhat less than precipitous; she ambles over, vamping and posturing in a suggestive fashion, until she can sidle up to a victim and chew on his neck. Normally her pheromones leave the victim helpless to flee or resist, but Alpha Complex citizens are proof against her biochemical wiles, and are free to zap her or evade as she saunters across the room.

She never moves faster than a walk, so she is easy to evade. Zapping her is another matter, however; treat her magical corpus as All5 armor on the damage table against weapons and attacks.

If her attack succeeds (neck-biting skill of 15, once she gets close to her victim), the victim swoons and falls into a deep coma. She'll then try to drag the body back into her closet where she'll feast for a bit. Only the finest medical facilities of Alpha Complex can save the victim, so rescuing the body means toting it around for the rest of the adventure.

The Tiger

Behind the right-hand door is the tiger. Mr. Tiger deploys at sprint speed and makes two attacks with "melee weapons" (jaws, paws, or both — play it for theatrical effect) using chomping 15 skill and rolling on damage column 9 against one victim per round. Mr. Tiger is serious trouble indeed for some hapless citizen. It is up to you whether the tiger surprises the PCs (therefore making it across the room to get in his two attacks before laser fire rips into his torso), or whether the PCs can scotch the critter before it gets its claws into a Loyal Citizen.

Behind either door the passage continues on through the dungeon.

Randy knows only about the Lady — the passage the wizards always take — and he doesn't know she's dangerous. The Lady never touches the wizards, and Randy — well, he just, isn't her type, I guess.



The Lady and the Tiger

The Lady Blood-sucking lamia/soul-sucking succubus

Weapons:

Neck bite (sucks soul*) _____ 15

Armor Class: Magical essence (All5)

Maximum Speed: Seductive slink (walk)

Tactics: Purses lips a lot. Goes after the big he-man of the group.

* Victim is incapacitated.

The Tiger: Hungry Bengal tiger; quite playful

Weapons:

Claw/claw (both 9l) _____ 15

or

Claw/bite (both 9l) _____ 15

Armor Class: Tiger hide (All1)

Maximum Speed: Pounces at sprint speed

Tactics: Wants to go after laziest looking Troubleshooter ("fattest calf"), but it'll take whomever's closest.

Room 3: The Doorward and the Riddle

A single low portal opens in the southern wall. Above the portal is a wide shelf, upon which sits the Doorward. The Doorward is your basic gargoyle — over two meters tall, leathery greenish skin, long clawed hands, a toothy misshapen head with nifty little horns. Its powerful arms bear an enormous magical gruntsword.

The Doorward asks a riddle of all who would pass through his portal. Unfortunately he asks the riddle in his own crude language, which no one on the island but the wizards can understand. The riddle itself, if the PCs could understand it, or if they have some telepathic Commie mutant with them, is as crude and simple as the wit of the Doorward: "What's big and green and nasty and hangs around doors?" Any answer other than "The Doorward" is an excuse for some mayhem. (Of course, even if a PC were telepathically able to understand the riddle, he couldn't answer in Doorwardspeak.)

The Doorward mumbles aggressively when the PCs enter, then listens intently for a response. He repeats, then listens again. Pretty soon he gets impatient and begins to shout the riddle over and over again. For example:

Doorward: Hongenoust opporton, buck mo gick mo googy mo porken, actor huhn?

PC: Say what?

Doorward: Hongenoust opporton, buck mo gick mo googy mo porken, actor huhn?

PC: Look, bozo, talk right or we'll toast you, you filthy mutant. . .

Doorward: Hongenoust opporton, buck mo gick mo googy mo porken, actor huhn!

PC: Sure, and so's your vat mate.

Doorward: GRRRRRRRRRRRR!

Randy has heard the riddle/password a thousand times, but since he doesn't have to know it, he hasn't remembered it. He'll stand around

all day making noises vaguely like the password, protesting that he's sure to get it right any second now.

If anyone tries to pass through the portal without the password, the Doorward tries to whack him with the big sword (skill 15, damage on the 10 column). He can only swing once per round, and three characters can zip through per round, so there's a fair chance the PCs could get through alive without fighting the critter. (Sharp PCs could crawl through the portal, reducing the Doorward's skill to 5, but then only one guy goes through per round.)

If they fight, things get tricky. The Doorward is magically protected against all but melee weapons. The definition of "melee weapons" is similar to the wizards' protection spell (see the *Special Powers* section in the beginning of the adventure): if the character's hand (or other member) is still clutching the weapon when it comes into contact with the Doorward, it is a melee weapon.

There's also the tactical matter of fighting against something hanging from a shelf above you. PCs suffer a -5 penalty to their attacks unless they scramble up on the shelf with the Doorward (room for only one more man-sized combatant). And Mr. Doorward has magical leathery skin the equivalent of All3 armor on the damage table.

Note: the Doorward's sword is a "pluswhun" magical weapon; such will be useful later in the adventure. Randy is a little hazy on this "pluswhun" weapons business; he's eavesdropped on the wizards from time to time, but he doesn't really understand. If the PCs kill the Doorward, Randy will suggest that the sword be brought along; "Ttthhith might come in handy, mathterth — thumtime need pluthwhun weapon. . . Yeath, thure, that'th right, pluthwhun, that'th the ticket. . ."

Doorward:

Humorless gargoyle with riddle

Weapons:

"Pluswhun" sword (10l) _____ 15

Armor Class: Magic rocky skin (All3); can only be affected by "melee" weapons.

Maximum Speed: Doesn't move (hangs on top of door).

Tactics: Ask riddle. If improper response, swing at the wise-guy who answered wrong. Keep people off the ledge.

Room 4: The Water Elemental

If the PCs enter this room without a light, how about somebody tumbles into the water?

The east end of this room is a small platform that overlooks a room full of water. There is apparently no other exit. The water is over three meters deep.

Randy says that when the wizards come through, the water all stands up against the walls. Then you walk down the steps (revealed by reshaped water), then proceed across the dry floor of the pool to a portal in the west

side of the room (now concealed by water). Randy hasn't any idea how this trick is done; the wizards go wave-wave with their rods, and the water stands up in the center.

To proceed beyond this room, the PCs have to get into the water. Improvise the results to delicate electronics and mechanical devices. But that's only a starter. . .

When two or three PCs get out in the water, it suddenly recedes from the walls and forms into a huge irregular cone in the center. The cone has big eyes, a bulging nose, and glistening red-blue lips. It speaks — unintelligibly, of course, in water elementalspeak — warning the PCs to leave before it gets annoyed. The PCs may get the idea from the preemptory tone if you play it right.

Then the water elemental starts to pound on the PCs. It slaps each PC in the room with a watery pseudopod once each round (slapping-up-side-the-head 10 skill; use column 5 on the damage table, ignoring armor effects).

Water Elemental:

Animated puddle with territorial instincts

Weapons:

Watery pseudopod (5*) _____ 10

Armor Class: Enchanted water (L4E2P4AP4I6)

Maximum Speed: Immobile, sort of. Stays in pool, but can cover entire area quickly.

Tactics: Slap anyone with a flame weapon first. Then go after strange energy weapons. Leave the goons with clubs and knives for last.

* Ignore target's armor for damage.

One thing will protect a PC from further attacks: once the PC has burned the water elemental with a torch or other source of flame or intense heat (several weapons fit this category), the water elemental will leave it alone and concentrate on the other victims.

Staging this should be lots of fun. Each watery pseudopod slaps PCs around, stunning them, tossing them into the walls, lifting them and smacking them against the floor, pressing their faces into little pools, buffeting and jarring PCs as they scramble for the exit. Agility and strength rolls may be liberally scattered about: if failed, PCs may drop gear or stumble over one another; if passed, heroic individuals may be able to keep moving, dragging a pal against the buffeting of the enraged elemental. Any NPCs should panic, screaming shrilly, running around and generally adding to the confusion.

If it looks like the PCs are not handling this too well, and are likely to be wiped out or decimated, the water elemental can have limited stamina. When appropriate, it can give a big sigh, throw a last ineffective round of weak punches at the PCs, then slump back to its original non-sentient form — a room-sized pool.



Room 5: The Slathering Hound of Oxidization

Maybe you remember a neat creature from *Other Game™* that rusts everything it touches? Some fun, huh?

The PCs climb a staircase into a diamond-shaped room. A playful red bloodhound capers around the room, woofing and bounding, slobbering up a storm, obviously terribly excited by the visit of the PCs. He won't come down the stairs because of the water, but he waits eagerly at the top of the stairs for the PCs.

The slobber of this adorable, friendly hound has the unfortunate property of rusting and corroding any metal it touches. Prudent PCs will be disappointed when their beam weapons and plasma generators have no effect on its exuberant, clumsy affection; it has a magical resistance to missile weapons like the wizards' protection spell and the Doorward in Room 3, so the PCs will have to choke, hack, or clobber it to death to avoid having their gear turned into rusted, useless scrap. One PC is the principle victim; the beast leaps up, slobbering and licking everything, which immediately rusts. Any PC within two meters can be struck by random globs of spit (assorted minor malfunctions and rust damage) as the pooch enthusiastically whips his sopping jaws about in joy at having a playmate.

Any bots along for the ride? The details are left to the GM's improvisational genius.

Animal lovers will probably try to avoid offending the mutt; at your discretion, one dedicated PC can distract the beast by playing fetch the stick while the other PCs slip past.

Slathering Hound of Oxidization:

Drooling, lonesome, and amazingly chummy magic pooch

Weapons:

Slobbering drool (Rust*) _____ 20
Armor Class: None; can only be affected by "melee" weapons.

Maximum Speed: Gambols at a sprint
Tactics: Real friendly sort. Chooses first PC in line as his "best friend." Loves to lick people, drool uncontrollably, and wag tail a lot.

* Drool automatically rusts metallic objects target is carrying.

Room 6: Killer Penguins

This room is very cold, is filled with water, and has two islands on either side of the room covered with snow and ice. Glowering at each other across the water between the islands are dozens of mammoth, toothy penguins.

These are the Even More Dreaded Emperor Killer Penguin variety; not only are they bloodthirsty, ferocious man-eaters, they have a voracious hunger for political power through ruthless Machiavellian diplomacy.

The key to getting through this room alive is skillful and shrewd diplomacy. The route to the next room is through the submerged por-

tal in the southern wall. One step into the water without the permission of the fiercely territorial penguins will initiate an attack by both political factions matched in intensity only by piranha or sharks in feeding frenzy.

Forty penguins (20 per faction) attack in the water where they move at sprint speed, and PCs can only move at walk speed while struggling to avoid drowning. Penguins cannot be attacked with most weapons while they are in the water, and concussion from explosives hardly bothers these durable little darlings, while PCs are most vulnerable indeed. The penguins' estimable choppers attack using a wicked beak skill of 13, doing damage on column 7, and up to six can attack any single floundering PC at a time.

This can be a pretty short adventure unless the PCs can swing a deal with one of the penguin factions. If the PCs can ally with one faction, that faction will convey the PCs to the underwater portal, aiding the poor swimmers, and perhaps even carrying some equipment if the deal is sweet enough.

Staging the Penguin Summit Talks

When the PCs arrive on the platform, the penguins notice them, huddle, and each faction sends an emissary plunging into the water, rocketing along and shooting out of the water like a torpedo to land deftly at the feet of the PCs. The penguins on both islands are shouting, "Parley! Parley! Truce! We come in peace! Please greet our emissaries with full state honors!" (Hopefully this, and the odd fact that the penguins speak English, will deter the PCs from initiating hostilities. If not, well, the penguins are realists, and won't let a few casualties get in the way of negotiating a good treaty.)

The opening pitch of the two ambassadors goes like this. *Don't* let the PCs get a word in edgewise.

Penguin 1: His Most Serene Highness, Splash of the Sovereign and Independent Island of Splish sends you greetings, O visitors of uncertain but almost certainly fearsome powers.

Penguin 2: Out of my way, buzzard breath. I bring you felicitous salutations from Fishkiller, Emperor of All Penguinland, King of the Sceptred Isle of Splush. If we may without offending ask, what brings you gentle folk to these unhappy shores?

Penguin 1: Cut the cackle. I saw them first. . .

Penguin 2: You did not! The door can be seen equally well from both islands, rebel scum!

Penguin 1: (*Turns to PCs.*) You see what they're like? They're just impossible.

Penguin 2: Heretic! Usurper! Rebel against your legal sovereign! Pray you, sirs, help us destroy these knavish regicides, who dare to take arms against their king! In the name of legitimacy and all that is holy! (*Shoves Splish emissary into water.*)

Penguin 1: (*Emissary surfaces and sputters from the water.*) Rebel, hah! You popinjays decide that some nitwit is Emperor, and suddenly it's do *this* and do *that*. . .

Penguin 2: Stop it! Shut up!

Penguin 1: Libertel! Egalite! Fraterniglub. . . (*Splush emissary dives into water and they begin to fight.*)

Once the PCs have made it clear that they desire to travel through the room, each penguin dashes back to his island to see what they can offer the PCs and what kind of treaty or alliance they can accept in return.

Sooner or later, if the PCs offer either a treaty which supports the sovereignty of one faction's ruler (of little practical value, but worth a great deal in prestige), or a weapon or item of value that will substantially increase the power of one faction, that faction will ally itself with the PCs and convoy them safely through the water to the submerged portal. The other neglected faction will paddle about fiercely and shout epithets, but will not interfere.

40 Killer Penguins:

Machiavellian amphibians; would rather talk than fight

Weapons:

Wicked Beak (71) _____ 13

Armor Class: None (0*)

Maximum Speed: Swim at sprint

Tactics: Concentrate aggression on opposing faction until a Troubleshooter becomes rude or offensive. Then tear his throat out.

* Note that while underwater, treat penguins' armor as All2.

Room 7: Ye Olde Hinged Floor Trick

The PCs are walking along and the floor drops out beneath the first two or three. They make $x\frac{1}{2}$ agility rolls. Some of 'em miss. Thud. Thud. Thump. WhhhumP! — the floor swings closed again. The poor PCs are trapped in the fetid darkness.

C'mon. It's no big deal. All there is at the bottom of the trap are some old corpses and a bunch of junk. And the hinged floor is easily swung open again if there're two or three guys still up there. Getting a techbot out is a bit of a challenge, but nothing extraordinary.

The neat part is all the treasure. Here's where we decided to stick all the scrolls, potions, and magical rings, scattered in the debris and noisome remains. Right before they'd be needed in the next room. Pretty cheesy, huh?

Here are descriptions of all the loot. Think of it as a sort of benign cache of R&D experimental devices.

(By the way. It's a good bet that none of the characters will bother to search the trap. I mean, who would expect to find anything useful in a *Paranoia* dungeon, for heaven's sake? So maybe the magic items ought to glow, or something. Think it over.)

• **Small Greasy Brown Crock Stopped With a Tightly Wedged Rag and Crumbly Cork:** The healing salve. Almost empty, two applications left, of a salve that cures all wounds.



• **A Battered Scroll Case Containing Two Parchments:** One is a magical scroll inscribed with the Protection from Walking Dead incantation. To use the scroll, one need only run his eyes over the script, and the words magically are made intelligible. The reader knows the incantation, but after he speaks it aloud once, it fades from memory. The other scroll is a map of an unnamed dungeon complex; just yank a map out of some other fantasy roleplaying product and show it to the PCs. If your players ever return to Dimension X, you can use this as your hook.

• **Small Yellow Gold Ring:** Elvish work, inscribed in runic letters visible only after intense heat is applied to the ring. Turns the bearer invisible when worn. Too small for any of the PCs, but would fit Randy perfectly.

How *could* we? Have we no *shame*? You have to ask?

• **Little Glass Vial Tightly Sealed With a Wax-Sealed Stopper:** Potion of gaseous form. Turns the PC into a gas. Unfortunately doesn't turn him back into a solid later. Guess you'd have to call this a poison or something.

• **A Tiny Silver Dagger:** This is a "pluswhun" weapon — real useful against the spectre they'll encounter in Room 9. Treat as a knife.

Room 8: The Wandering Monster Ready Room

A kobold, a troglodyte, a troll, a giant, a lizardman, and a giant toad are sitting around the Wandering Monster Table in the Wandering Monster Ready Room, playing Hearts and scarfing up junk food. An hourglass is sitting on a nearby table, almost empty. The room contains six appropriately-sized pallets covered with skins and furs. The monsters are having lots of fun and making so much noise that the PCs will hear them all the way down the hall from the Old Hinged Floor Trick. They can sneak up and observe, if they've a mind to.

The creatures laugh and chat, gesturing and tossing down cards. Then one points at the hourglass, and all the critters cut the cards to see who has to go out wandering. The giant loses, grumbles good-naturedly, picks up his club, and ambles down the corridor in the direction of the PCs.

Wandering Monster Table

Monster	Description	Weapon (Damage)	Attack	
			Skill	Armor Class
Kobold	Short green goon with sword	Sword (8I)	10	Leather (II)
Troglodyte	Squat little geek with club	Club (7I)	10	None (0)
Troll	Like troglodyte, but uglier (regenerates 1 wound level/round)	Club (9I)	12	None (0)
Giant	Real Big hairy thug	Club (11I)	16	Macho bonus (All2)
Lizardman	Smelly, scaly nasty with big teeth	Teeth (7I)	13	Tough skin (All2)
Giant Toad	Lousy conversationalist with sticky tongue and warts	Tongue (*)	18	None (0)

* Sticky tongue entangles like tangler pistol (1 use, then affected PC must drag toad around for the rest of the adventure)

This is a straight-ahead dungeon confrontation. The giant will probably stumble onto the PCs first, then sound the alarm, after which he will be joined by the other five monsters. They fight to the death in traditional fashion, or run away, or stand and jeer, according to your taste in dungeon conflict.

Room 9: The Hall of the Living Dead

Ten zombies shamble toward the PCs, waving their deteriorating arms and murmuring. All they want to do is grab the PCs and hang on, sort of like an overly-affectionate companion. Though not particularly durable, they are real persistent. While being hugged by dead guys, reduce a PC's skills by half (x½).

Use regular damage tables for PC attacks against the corpses, but ignore any result other than incapacitate, kill or vaporize. Use the optional hit location table to localize the damage, then, any location incapacitated or killed is severed or shattered from the rest of the body; a subsequent hit of any kind is needed to destroy it. A vaporize result instantly destroys the location. The rest of the body continues unaffected. The parts keep trying to get chummy with the PCs, but the deteriorating condition of their locomotive resources will limit their mobility.

In the middle of all this ruckus, the spectre enters. This sucker is insubstantial, therefore not affected by any normal weapons. The PCs need "pluswhun" weapons, as Randy will quickly suggest. If the PCs have picked up magical weapons from the Doorward or the Old Hinged Floor Trick, they're in good shape; the spectre will withdraw from such weapons when brandished, and one PC can hold the spectre at bay while the others take care of the zombies.

Otherwise the spectre is going to proceed toward the nearest character, floating at a run speed, and fell him with its icy grip. A touched PC (Mr. Spectre's got a 10 unarmed skill) falls into a deep slumber, from which he can only be awakened after three days.

At one victim per turn, this dude has a good chance to wipe the squad unless the PCs get their act together. Unless they have a

The Living Dead

Zombies: Smiling mindless meat robots
Weapons:

Cling (special*) _____ 10
Armor Class: None (0), but ignore stun and wound results; incapacitate or better damage knocks parts off.

Maximum Speed: Lurch at a walk
Tactics: Cling to Troubleshooter; hang on until blown off.

Spectre: Insubstantial dead guy with sinister look

Weapons:
Icy grip (special**) _____ 10

Armor Class: Non-coporeal cadaver (0); need "pluswhun" weapon to inflict damage.

Maximum Speed: Looms at a run
Tactics: Incapacitate PCs one-by-one; held at bay by "pluswhun" weapon.

* Cling: If cling skill roll successful, halves target's skills until zombie is forcibly removed.

** Icy grip: A successful icy grip roll incapacitates living beings.

"pluswhun" weapon, they've got to dodge or eliminate the distraction of the zombies and outmaneuver the spectre; even then, they are likely to lose a few PCs or NPCs. If they are well-supplied with tac nukes, field weapons, or other popular area effect goodies, the zombies are no problem, though you may want to make their lives a living hell for using powerful weapons in an enclosed space.

Room 10: The Library and Breakfast Nook

Oh, oh, oh! Wait! We almost forgot. Read aloud:

You see lots of books and manuscripts on shelves. There's a black guy with tusks and an ugly snout crouched over with his back to you. He wears an apron and is sweeping up crumbs with a dust pan and brush. He starts, turns, sees you, squeals in terror, drops the dustpan and brush, and dashes into the next room.

This is your orc. Go get 'im. He has no combat skills — he's just a housekeeper. He runs and hides in a float tank in the next room. Like shooting fish in a barrel.

Orcbusters, indeed. Good work, men.

Orc

Little guy with broom; wimpy housekeeper with no skills; sleazy attempt by West End to justify title.

Weapons: None
Armor Class: Wimpy build (All-1); yes, he's actually easier to hit!

Maximum Speed: Panicked run
Tactics: Cry in terror; beg and plead for his life in a strange guttural language.

In the library (A) lots of scrolls, folios, string-tied manuscripts, and leather-bound tomes are stacked on shelves. Randy can read about 10% of the parchment data storage here. The first 10 legible titles taken at random are:

Budget TravelGuide to Lemuria
The Sworn Book of Luther Pendrake
In Search of Ancient Astronauts
Popular Mechanix Guide to Home
Thaumaturgy
Deities and Demigods
There and Back Again
The Cursed Spellbook
Conan the Librarian
Real Wizards Don't Eat
Little Women

The Cursed Spellbook is instant death to any who view its pages. Nasty, huh?

The interesting part is the breakfast nook (B). On the table is the Transdimensional Collapsatron and the operations manual, with a little note from the wizards. Randy can translate, or the table can talk, or something. (C'mon, loosen up.)

You guys are bad news. We give up. Here's the dimensional travel dealie.

Now beat it. Don't come back. We're warning you. You got lucky so far, but just as soon as we get back from vacation we're going to summon some serious vampires and demons and stuff. Then you'll be sorry.

**Cordially,
 Sibex, Chodor, and Phemud**

That's it. Now the PCs have the TC device; they can go home if they want to (and if they can figure out how to power it and set the antennae according to the directions in the manual — about which, see below).

Room 11: The Float Tanks of Infinite Tranquility

This is the equivalent of the bedroom, but the wizards don't have a big wardrobe, don't take much of an interest in their personal appearance, and don't sleep in beds. Instead they sleep in float tanks — you know, sensory deprivation tanks? like in *Altered States* or the New Age magazines? The PCs should have no idea what they're for, should assume they're potentially dangerous, and should stay away from them at all costs.

The only thing of interest here is the secret door in the south wall. Not even Randy knows about it. And the PCs can't find it unless they have the Detect Secret Passages skill. (Which they don't, or you're playing a pretty weird *Paranoia* variant.) Except for the three sets of dirty footprints that lead up to and disappear into a wall. If it dawns on the PCs that this is implausible (and after all the weirdness so far, it may not seem very odd), they are welcome to blast the secret door to smithereens and follow the secret passage. . .

Which goes a long, long, long way until it comes out at the edge of the island where the wizards had a little sailboat stashed (a 50-foot yacht, actually) which they have boarded and sailed off for a little vacation cruise.



Gelatinous rectilinear solid engages in witty repartee with clones.

Yes, the wizards are gone. Nowhere in sight. Not much the PCs can do about it, either. They can wander around the island blowing things up and slaughtering the natives, but, except for the intrinsic pleasure of wanton destruction and mayhem, there's nothing left to do but figure out how to return to Alpha Complex — or decide that life on this island isn't half bad after all. . .

Getting Back to Kansas

Now that the PCs have the TC, all they have to do is to set the device up according to the manual, find a power source, and plug it in. Back they go for debriefing.

A power source? No problem. How about the techbot's propane engine? Or a couple of weapon or com unit power packs? All the tools are lying on the table where the R&D techs fixed the TC plug. And if the PCs haven't been too cavalier with the health and welfare of the R&D techs, they can be ordered to do all the work. Even if the R&D techs have been used as ballast or fed to the killer penguins, the PCs can do the work, given plenty of time and persistence.

If for some reason the PCs have managed to lose, foul up, or destroy any conceivable power source for the TC, then Randy can show the PCs where the Lightning Bolt wands are hidden. Just like Randy says, you just stick the wand next to the plug, say the magic words, and *presto*. This can be taken as a plot device to get the PCs back to Alpha Complex, or an excuse to blow up the whole island and start a *Price of Freedom* campaign.

And, if the PCs manage to lose, foul up, or destroy the TC device (or if they don't use the manual to set up the TC device antennae correctly), here's a way to send your PCs on a grand tour of the multiverse. Randy knows where the wizards keep their spare Amulets of the Planes. There just happen to be enough for everyone — Randy, the R&D techs, whoever.

Randy tells the PCs how they work. This is roughly equivalent to us telling you how to fly a Boeing 727. Don't be real surprised if it doesn't work exactly like Randy planned. Who knows where everybody ends up, or in what condition? Maybe everybody gets turned into rabbits. Did you ever play *Bunnies and Burrows*? Now *there's* a roleplaying game. . .

You Can't Go Home Again

And suppose the PCs are none too eager to return to the bosom of their community, to The Computer that loves them so well.

Fine. Let them settle on the island. There's nothing on the island to build a boat out of, even if they knew how to build or sail one. The wizards are taking a long vacation. Not a lot of adventuring opportunities — you can compress the action pretty effectively.

PC: Well, we go out looking for the Overseers.

GM: Ummm, sorry, they come looking for you.

Crawling on hands and knees. They offer to serve you forever and ever. They offer to kill themselves if you promise not to frighten them anymore.

PC: Well. Okay. We teach the humans all the refinements of culture and technology.



GM: They seem real excited. You are amazed at how stupid they are. They never get bored. Nor do they learn anything. But boy, are they excited and cooperative.

PC: We blow up stuff until we run out of ammunition.

GM: Yup. The island smokes for a long time. *(Long pause.)*

PC: Okay. We get Randy to teach us magic.

GM: Really? Randy? How many of you die before you suspect that this isn't a good idea?

So you retire those characters for a while. Who knows . . . maybe by the time we have a fantasy supplement for *Paranoia*, it'll be time for the wizards to return to the island and offer to take everybody on a big adventure.

Something about hunting for some ring. Or taking care of a wicked witch. Or Hercules. Something like that. Yeah. That's it. That's the ticket . . .

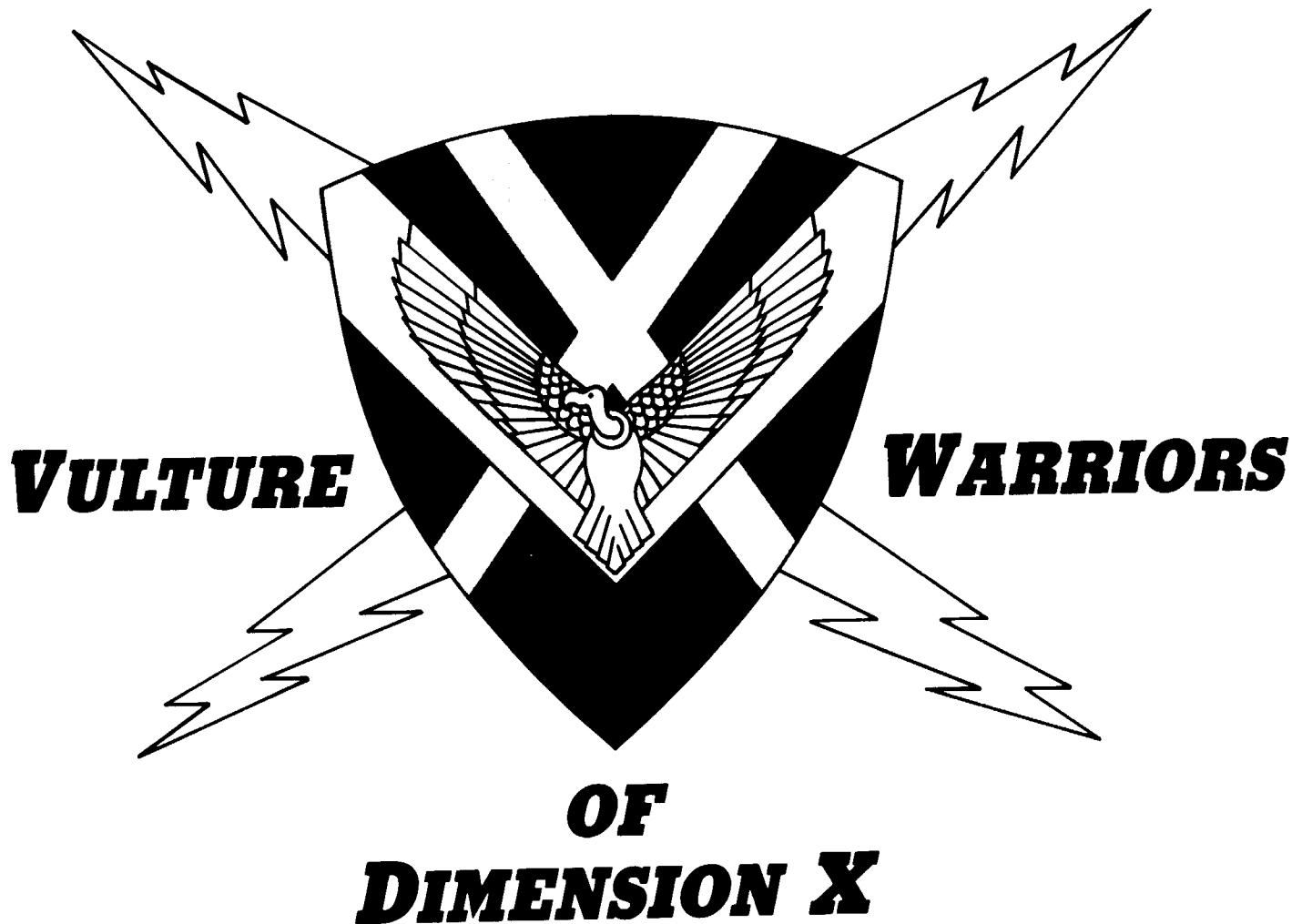
Debriefing

Unless the PCs get the TC device, you don't have to worry about this. No Alpha Complex, no debriefing. Sounds good, huh? To tell the truth, we never did like those debriefings — all that whining and groveling, then you have to give skill points and treason points and credit bonuses and execute folks . . .

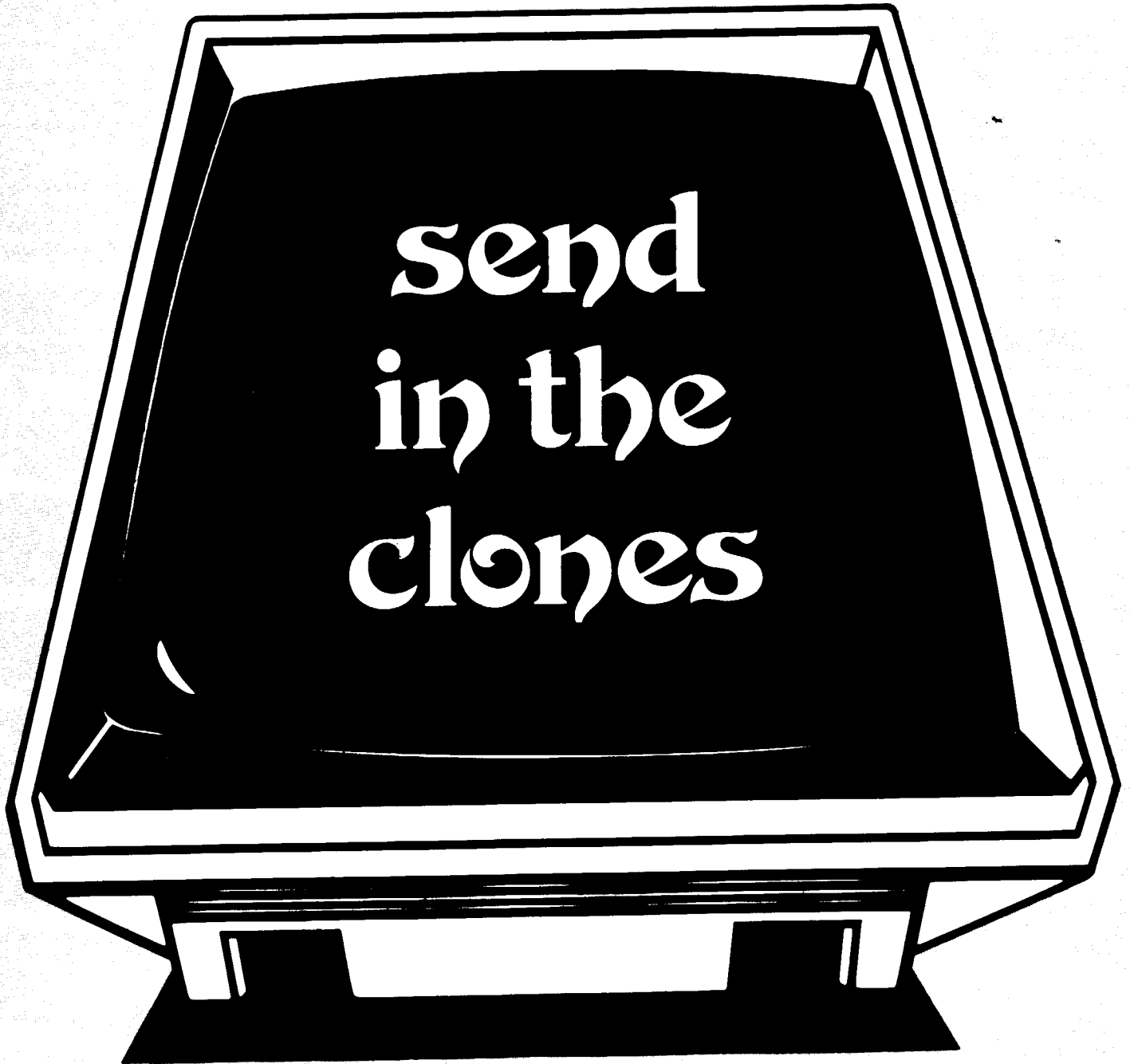
Bunnies and Burrows sounds better all the time.

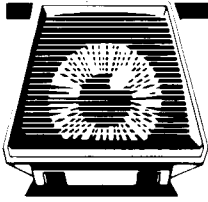
But if you absolutely have to let the PCs get back to Alpha Complex alive, it's only fair that you reward them for all the difficult and dangerous work they've done, for their ingenious problem solving, and their cool, professional performance under impossible circumstances.

Award them each 3000 credits. Promote them to Indigo Level. And transfer them to the Armed Forces Service Group, as per special request of the Ultraviolet Grand Commandant, for assignment to a newly-created special forces unit, the Vulture Squadron Power Armor Warriors. After an extensive and grueling training period (which either enhances their already formidable combat skills, or kills them so you can start your *Price of Freedom* campaign), the former Special Task Force #666 graduates, just in time for a special assignment. The Computer, eager to exploit the capabilities of the Transdimensional Collapsatron, and concerned about the threat presented by Commie mutant traitors and saboteurs from Beyond Space and Time, sends the new unit back to the scene of its most recent triumph, setting the stage for:



THE COMPUTER ALWAYS SHOOTS TWICE





0. Introduction

Adventure Background

The backdrop of this adventure is the least prestigious, least important, least regarded, and most treasonous service group in Alpha Complex: the Entertainment Division of Housing Preservation and Development & Mind Control. The inspiration for this setting comes from the mythical Hollywood Mentality: egomania, glib glad-handing, treachery, and an almost fanatical dedication to dishonesty (Loveyababy, don'teverchange, letsdolunchsometime). In addition to the dialog provided in the book, a little research in gossipy magazines and TV talk shows will help you capture the atmosphere of Show Biz, *Paranoia*-style-wise (What-takidder, yerthegreatest, letsgettogetherwith-yourpeopleandmypeople. . .).

The Star of Our Show

Ah, Teela O'Malley. . . The beloved entertainer, melodious songstress, the leading vidstar in Alpha Complex — the traitorous, ill-mannered broad, currently on her last clone incarnation. Teela-O-MLY-6 ("1" is her stage name) is now the last of her line: Teelas 1 through 5 were terminated quietly at moderately regular intervals, over the last few years, for possessing material benefits far beyond those legally available to Orange-level citizens. ("Whaddya mean I can't have my own combat? I'm a star! And take your hands off that synthepeasant under plexiglass!")

Teela-6 hasn't behaved much better than her sharp-tongued sisters, and she can read the writing on the vidscreen. The Computer has replaced her with its own realistic, animated Teela-images in her popular adventure serial. (They act as well as she does, which tells you the level of talent we're dealing with here.) Her personal appearances around the Complex are going unpublicized, and none are scheduled beyond a month from now. The last Teela is clearly in her farewell performance.

To say Teela O'Malley has an ego the size of Alpha Complex would be catty but not incorrect. She can't bear the notion of a Complex without some kind of Teela — and since having a clone to carry on your name is the accepted Alphan substitute for immortality, Teela has concocted a scheme to keep herself alive after her last official clone meets the inevitable.

Teela's considerable beauty is supplemented by a previously undocumented mutant power to "cloud men's minds" (see below). With this

secret ability, she has "prompted" a highly-placed official in the Central Processing Unit, Cleto-B-QRK-2, to start a new secret society: the Clone Rangers (also see below). The Rangers have set up a secret laboratory beneath NBD sector where they create clones of anyone with enough power and credits. Unlike the standard clones we all know so well, these take mere months to mature into fully-developed adults. (Ain't science grand?)

Where did the Clone Rangers get their technology? Teela again — she's been collecting valuable Research and Development equipment for her friends in the Pro Tech secret society. When a colossal shipment of cloning equipment became available, she resigned from Pro Tech on about eleven seconds notice and spirited the stuff away for the Rangers.

Teela O'Malley is now more popular than ever. Not only is her computerized image still beloved by every right-thinking citizen, her actual physical form is ardently desired by Internal Security — not to mention Pro Tech, which wants her for stealing the clone equipment that was properly theirs by right of prior theft.

Now Teela has vanished. She was last seen in HPD & Mind Control in NBD sector. Someone has to go in there undercover, into the very stronghold of her influence, locate and terminate her — *secretly* — and retrieve the cloning equipment.

Guess who gets the job.

Teela-O-MLY-6

Lovely, adorable, sweet; The Computer's darling; shrewd, self-interested, power-crazed vid starlet.

Secret Society: Clone Rangers

Mutation: "Cloud men's minds" (see below)

Weapons:

Laser pistol (8L) _____ 5

Armor: Orange reflex (L4)

Tactics: Cloud men's minds; make 'em fight it out among themselves. Run lots when the vatslime hits the ventilation duct.

Adventure Summary

Episode One: Sewerworld!

As a brief prelude to the main adventure, a mixed-lot of Yellow, Orange, and Red Troubleshooters that nobody in particular cares to see alive again is sent down into the sewer system of Alpha Complex to trace and

eliminate the source of some treasonous songs pervading the entire Complex's public address system. (Song lyrics are provided in the pullout.) In the sewers, the brave Troubleshooters must deal with traps set by a Blue-level Troubleshooter Zhon-BVLJ-2. Zhon-B has been down there for twenty years, obsessively hunting a renegade group of Troubleshooters who stole a loaf of synthebread.

In addition to Zhon-B, the PCs encounter the true culprits behind the PA mischief — a group of ten-year-old kids, nascent Computer Phreaks, headquartered in a long-defunct video studio in HPD & Mind Control. Any firefight erupting in the studio is likely to activate the robot host of the children's program, Captain Botaroo.

The PCs end up in a no-win situation, from which they will be saved by the timely intervention of Teela O'Malley (who just wants to maneuver them out of close proximity to the Clone Ranger laboratory — about which, more later). With every reason to admire Teela's selfless generosity, the PCs are perhaps discomfited to return from their successful mission only to be sent on a second one: into HPD & Mind Control — to terminate Teela!

Episode Two: Bureaucracyworld!

Before departing on this second mission, the PCs have an obligatory opportunity to learn firsthand the intricacies of bureaucracy, as they attempt to obtain assigned equipment from Production, Logistics, and Commissary (PLC). And, of course, they are coercively permitted to test exciting experimental equipment from Research & Development. Finally, they are persuasively introduced to the ultimate in experimental robot design — the Funbot — which accompanies them on the mission.

Episode Three: Entertainmentworld!

In NBD sector the PCs meet their contact in Mind Control, a TV executive named Hall-YWUD (1 through 6 — the PCs eventually encounter, and perhaps terminate, the entire WUD clone family). The Hall-Y clones, diligent servants of Free Enterprise, deal in bootleg Clone Ranger bodies (about which, more later, too), so they have reason to wish the PCs dead. Hall-YWUD-1 arranges their appearance on a popular and dangerous vidshow — a sporting contest, the winner of which gets to meet Teela! What better way to land the elusive victim?



Assuming the Troubleshooters survive, their search may lead to a series of Teela O'Malley Fan Club meetings — each a cover for a secret society meeting.

The search may even lead to the secret laboratory of the Clone Rangers — located, as if you didn't know, in the sewers. Here the PCs have the chance to terminate all the Teelas they want . . . dozens . . . hundreds. Chances are, the numerous Teela clones will return the favor.

The search is likely, above all, to lead to dismal, fatal failure. First, the cloning equipment the PCs are sent to retrieve is heavily guarded and weighs maybe a hundred tons. Second, The Computer will not believe the Troubleshooters have disposed of Teela as long as any Teela clone remains alive — or, should they present convincing evidence that they've killed at least one Teela (fulfilling their mission), they will probably be branded traitors for killing a beloved and loyal servant of The Computer.

Be sure to stress at every point the fun, glamorous life of a Troubleshooter. Your players will appreciate it.

Maps, Charts and Other Stuff

Sure there are maps and charts. There's one on page 44, and one on page 62 — in fact, they're all throughout the text of the adventure — there's even one in the pullout section.

One map — the sewers, on page 37, is tricky. This should be photocopied in great quantities, and all the copies taped together. They're geomorphic, so each side fits together with any other side, in any orientation — try it and see.

Tape together seventy or eighty of these in a shape like the Greater Chesapeake Bay. Hang them on the wall behind you when the PCs travel in the sewers early in the adventure. Maybe put a note at one side reading, "TROUBLESHOOTERS START HERE" and another one (or two or twelve) way at the other end reading "DESTINATION."

You know this map has nothing to do with the adventure, but it's so neat watching your players' eyes bug out when they think they'll have to cover all that territory. It makes the photocopying worthwhile, believe us.

Let's see, what else . . .

When the PCs attempt to pick up equipment and supplies midway through the adventure, they'll go to Production, Logistics, & Commissary (PLC). If they've been to PLC before, they haven't been to *this* PLC before. This is the *new* PLC: it's been reorganized for greater inefficiency. The PLC Runaround Flowchart on pages 50 and 51 comes in handy when ignorant Troubleshooters attempt to weave through Alpha Complex's bureaucracy.

Oh, and there's an Information Inquiry Form on pullout page 90. It has nothing to do with anything, but makes a nice variation in dealing with players who want to know things. When someone asks a question, instead of saying, "That information is not available at your security clearance," hand the player a copy of this form. If someone fills out the form (prop-

erly, of course), say, "I'll send this through for processing right away." Then stand up, place the completed form on the seat of your chair, and sit on it. The player'll get the idea.

Finally, excerpts from the terribly treasonous "Alpha Complex Songbook" may be found in the pullout. From time to time you are directed to sing selections to your players. Sing them real loud. Your players have waited a long time for this privilege.

Cast of Characters, and Other Details

The Player Characters:

Send In The Clones is designed for six player characters (PCs). Pregenerated PCs are provided in the perforated pullout section (pages 93-96), which may be sliced, diced, and distributed to players. If you have more than six players (or, for your own perverse reasons, want to use different characters altogether), generate the extras using standard *Paranoia* rules, and provide conflicting briefings, secret society missions, and reasons to fear and despise at least two other characters apiece. (Remember, the greatest peril in any *Paranoia* adventure should come from the PCs themselves.)

The PC statistics are printed below for your own reference. That way no smarty-pants player will ever put one over on you — not that *Paranoia* allows much opportunity for that anyway.

Before handing them out, take a few moments to examine the six pregenerated player characters. The six PC displays, located in the pull-out section, can be removed by carefully folding along the perforations and then tearing gently along the perforated fold. Or, you could yank them out violently. Well, it's your book, do what you want to it. Maybe a circular saw is more your speed . . .

What was I saying? Oh yeah. This adventure is designed for these six characters. If you have fewer than six players, distribute the characters starting with the highest security clearances. Keep the lower-ranked ones yourself and play them as NPCs. Because they'd have expected you to play the higher-ranked clones, this will disconcert everyone.

Some of your players may be pleased to get the higher-clearance PCs, or disgruntled at being stuck with the lowly Reds. By all means, nurture these feelings. The illusion that higher-level *Paranoia* characters are in some way safer, more comfortable, or happier with their lives is one of the most cherished notions players possess. Let them indulge this fantasy. They'll find out the truth eventually.

In playtesting, we discovered that when a higher-clearance character fouls up, or a lower-clearance character performs in a slavishly loyal fashion, it is simple, and immensely entertaining, to have The Computer or a high-clearance citizen jump in and brevet or demote the character instantly.

Thus, the Yellow that was lording it over the humble Reds might make one simple but serious mistake, earning The Computer's instant disapproval. (Often, the Reds report their superior's egregious error to The Computer over their com units.)

The voice of The Computer is immediately heard on all the PCs' private communicators. The offending Yellow is immediately demoted to Red for his malfeasance. The tattletale Red is immediately breveted to Yellow for his obsequious and fawning loyalty to The Computer. Suddenly, the former party leader finds himself licking the boots he once spat on. In literature, this is known as "Poetic Justice."

Special Notes on the PCs:

In this adventure we're giving the players every motive in the world to destroy each other. Besides the normal rivalries due to secret society, service group, and mandatory bonus duty objectives, in *Send In The Clones* we present you with the memory-wipe scandal.

It seems that the PCs were all involved in a snafu that caused the Armed Forces Vulture Squadrons to be issued memory-wipe drug instead of Bouncy Bubble Beverage. No one has been able to lay the blame on anyone in particular yet, but The Computer would gladly reward any Troubleshooter who uncovered this insidious Commie plot (hint, hint). Some of the PCs know about bits of the Scandal, others know the whole overall picture. Throughout the adventure, random NPCs or The Computer should comment about the memory-wipe scandal, to keep it fresh in everybody's mind.

The Computer: My, wasn't it horrible what happened to that Vulture Squadron regiment?

Troubleshooters: Oh, yes, Friend Computer. Terrible! A tragedy!

Computer: A tragedy indeed. But when Internal Security finds the responsible Communist agents, they will be roasted slowly over an open reactor core! Remember to inform IntSec of any information you might have about this incident. Have a nice day!

Troubleshooters: (Looking at each other nervously) Gulp!

Besides the memory-wipe scandal, there are some GM notes regarding individual PCs which should *not* be made known to the players.

Jess-Y-BEL-2: Jess-Y's secret society knows about the Funbot and just *hates* the idea (see *Bureaucracyworld!*). They assigned her to be the Equipment Guy for the mission so she'd have the clearance to muck around with it and destroy it. Make sure the Funbot hits her in the face with cream pies and laughing gas constantly. Eventually, you might allow her the pleasure of getting close enough to it to try and wrench its derby off, but the Funbot should have the upper hand in any one-on-one match.

Watt-WHO-2: Being a Romantic, Watt-Y might get involved in the co-cola affair wholeheartedly. Make sure that he knows that he can



ally with the Pepsi Generation when he encounters them (see *Entertainmentworld!*).

Chock-O-BLK-1: This poor sod thinks he has a password that will be recognized by fellow Free Enterpriser Hall-YWUD (see *Entertainmentworld!*). The problem is that FreEnt wasn't able to get the password to Hall-Y in time. Hall-Y clones stare curiously at Chock-O and say, "Hmm. I've never heard of that show." If you want to be kind, or leave Chock-O's player completely befuddled, have one or two Hall-Y clones know the password. Since it's nearly impossible to tell them apart, Chock-O will never know if a given Hall-Y is friend or foe.

Sam-R-KND-1: Sam's Anti-Mutant superiors have correctly identified Jess-Y-BEL-2 as a mutant, but diagnosed her power incorrectly. Sam-R's player may be whispering a lot at Jess-Y's player, who will probably reply with "Huh?" or "Speak up!" Positioning these two at opposite ends of the room may be interesting.

Sue-R-RAT-2: She's an Internal Security plant with a special spray used to mark traitors. This spray is disguised as a deodorant, but is actually an invisible chemical marker that shows up in any routine Internal Security scan of the victim. (All IntSec agents will recognize the marker as an indication of treason.)

But listen. This spray smells *terrible*. Garbage barge city! Hog heaven — we're talking the original skunk juice here. . .

Take this into account when a PC who's been sprayed tries to sneak up on someone, enter a crowded room, or lead a normal life. The odor diminishes after a couple of daycycles.

Jump-R-CBL-1: He has a hypnodisk to help interrogate prisoners. It just doesn't work. Let Jump-R find out the hard way.

The Memory-Wipe Scandal

The memory-wipe scandal is a neat mechanism to promote player strife. Please feel free to give players even *more* excuses to destroy each other as you see fit.

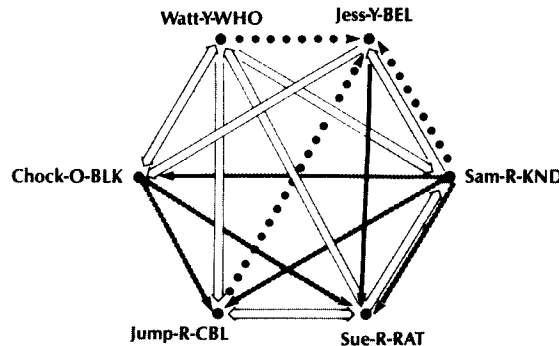
The Situation Thus Far:

- A) Sam-R-KND turns the wrong spigot, filling all the bottles on the line with memory-wipe drug.
- B) Jess-Y-BEL, Sam-R's supervisor, fails to notice the mix-up.
- C) Watt-YWHO, supervisor in charge of conveyor belts, notices the mix-up and decides to have some real fun by shutting the power down till meal time.
- D) Down in PLC, Sue-R-RAT and Jump-R-CBL both notice that Bouncy Bubble Beverage has been replaced with memory-wipe drug. Rather than burdening their superiors with trivial data, they send the shipment to the mess hall on schedule.

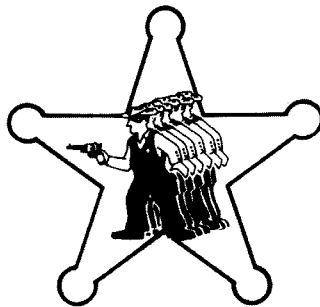
Character Relation Chart

This chart should help you keep track of the interrelationships between characters.

- ◀ ● Wishes to kill character as part of secret society mission.
- ◀◀ Wishes to kill character for being a loyal dupe of The Computer.
- ◀◀◀ Wishes to kill character for treasonous acts.
- ◀◀◀◀ Wishes to kill character.
- ◀◀◀◀◀ Wishes to kill character to hide part in memory-wipe scandal.



A New Secret Society: The Clone Rangers



Beliefs: Live on forever through your clones. Identity of being guarantees continuity of spirit. All citizens should have as many clones as they want — as long as they can afford them. Teela O'Malley clones are desirable and make especially nice gifts.

Friends: Free Enterprise, Romantics.

Enemies: Pro Tech (due to theft of biological equipment).

General Description: The society is new and still rather small, so organization is fluid. The dozen or so members are mainly trained geneticists and biologists; Teela recruited them by "clouding their minds" (see below). Higher-level members have access to illicit clones at discount prices and information about high-level citizens that offer ripe possibilities for blackmail.

Advancement: Characters may advance by finding a new customer or by performing notable service protecting one's superiors in the society (i.e., foiling an attempt to expose Teela and the Clone Rangers, killing nosy Troubleshooters, etc.).

Special Rules: Members can improve their biosciences skill for only 1/2 a skill point per level (i.e., one skill point increases biosciences skill by two levels; two skill points increase it by four levels, etc.).

A Typical Clone Rangers Conversation:

- Clone Ranger:** Howdy, howdy, howdy. Citizen, this is your lucky day!
- Citizen:** It is?
- Clone Ranger:** Why of course. Did you know that for the measly sum of — say, ten thousand credits — you can increase your clone family's life span by 16.66%?
- Citizen:** Whoopee. For 10 kilocreds I can increase my miserable life expectancy another four and a half daycycles. Is this a joke?
- Clone Ranger:** Ten thousand credits! Did I say ten-kay creds? Oh, no no no. My mistake. Listen. How about I fix you up with a nice little Teela clone instead? And for you, my friend . . . only seventy-five hundred!
- Citizen:** I don't want a Teela clone! I don't want another clone! That's treason, you hear me? That's treason! Die, you Commie subversive! (*Zorch — crackle — pop!*)
- Clone Ranger's Clone:** (*Appearing out of nowhere.*) Howdy, howdy, howdy. Citizen, this is your lucky day! Have you ever considered an extra clone replacement? Now, for only. . .
- Citizen:** No! Stop it! (*Zap! Zap! Zap!*)
- Another Clone Ranger Clone:** (*Appearing from behind corner.*) Oh, a real hard-sell case, eh? Listen, for you, pal — only 5000 creds!
- Citizen:** Aaaahhh! Nooooooooo!!!!

Player Character Roster

Name, Service Group & MBD*	Secret Society	Mutant Power	Weapons Skills	Other Skills	Str	Agi	Chu	Dex	End	Mec	Mox	Pow
1. Jess-Y-BEL-2; CPU; Equipment Guy	Frankenstein Destroyers	Telepathy	Laser _____ 10	Motivation _____ 14 Con _____ 10	14	13	20	16	13	9	17	17
2. Watt-Y-WHO-2; Power Services; Team Leader	Romantics	Levitation	Laser _____ 13 Field Wpns __ 12	Motivation _____ 10 Con _____ 10	16	10	19	7	14	11	17	18
3. Chock-O-BLK-1; Armed Forces; Communications & Recording Officer	Free Enterprise	Precognition	Laser _____ 13 Rock _____ 15 Knife _____ 15	Fast Talk _____ 8	13	16	17	8	13	17	2	11
4. Sam-R-KND-1; Tech Services; Happiness Officer	Anti-Mutant	Mechanical Intuition	Laser _____ 12 Grenade _____ 12	Jackobot _____ 9 Medical _____ 8	14	19	13	17	11	12	10	7
5. Sue-R-RAT-2; PLC; Hygiene Officer	Sierra Club	Pyrokinesis	Laser _____ 14 Melee Wpns __ 12	Stealth _____ 12 Surveillance __ 10	16	15	20	16	18	19	19	13
6. Jump-R-CBL-1; PLC; Loyalty Officer	Pro Tech	Empathy	Laser _____ 11 Melee Wpns __ 12	Bribery _____ 12	20	15	10	12	18	5	8	18

* MBD: Mandatory Bonus Duty; see character sheets and *The Compleat Troubleshooter* (the 16-page bonus provided in the *Paranoia* boxed set) for details.

A New Mutant Power: Cloud Men's Minds

The character can cause other characters to become strongly, if platonically, attracted to her or him. The effects are similar to infatuation: the victim puts the character's happiness ahead of his/her own, thinks of the character constantly, and will do nearly anything the character requests. This mutation affects both sexes. Unlike charm, the effects are caused through mental projection, not pheromone-like secretions, so the clouder isn't similarly infatuated.

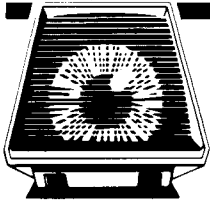
When attempting to cloud one or more victims, the character makes a power roll (difficulty determined by number of victims, previous relationship between mutant and victim, etc.). If successful, the victim is almost certainly clouded.

Like real infatuation, the duration of effect is variable — the victim gets a difficult moxie roll (x ¼ moxie) to avoid succumbing at the time of the power's use, then another moxie roll of one degree less difficulty each day thereafter (x ½ moxie on the second day, x1 on the third, and x2 on the fourth and subsequent days). Repeated cloudings increase the duration geometrically; a victim hit three or four times in a short interval (say one day) might not come to his senses for weeks. Then, too, if the clouding character is attractive and the victim is lonely, the victim may simply elect not to come out of it. It's been known to happen.

Dumbness (see *Orcbusters*) will protect against clouding.



Sewerworld Geomorphic Map



1. Sewerworld!

Mission Summary: Snatched from leisurely viewing of a Teela O'Malley episode, the Troubleshooters are sent into the sewers to search for and terminate the source of treasonous ditties, broadcast from a pirate station. They wander the sewers, encountering many very nasty things, including a very loyal Troubleshooter in the twentieth year of a mission here below, and a group of very aggressive children.

The party follows the children to the abandoned Captain Botaroo studios, where the cute moppets are operating the pirate broadcast station. Presented with the unpleasant prospect of terminating the adorable tykes, the Troubleshooters are dismayed — until Teela O'Malley herself steps in to save the day.

Adventure Briefing

Before the adventure, meet privately with each player. Make sure they understand their mutant powers, secret societies, motives to kill other PCs, and — if they've never played *Paranoia* before — the basic concepts of the game.

To begin the adventure, read the following aloud to the players:

It's been another happy day in Alpha Complex. You've served your friend The Computer loyally, and, after a delicious dinner of toasted algae, you've gathered with your fellow citizens around the communal vidscreen for the evening entertainment provided by The Computer.

You watch a rerun of *One Clone's Family*, followed by a fascinating documentary showing how Power Services has exceeded all quotas this biennium. A brief announcement informs you that programming tomorrow night will be cancelled due to power shortages. Then comes the treat you've all been eagerly anticipating — this week's installment of *Teela O'Malley!*

In this episode, the innocently attractive young Teela plays an unusual role, proving, yet again, her impressive dramatic range. She plays an ordinary citizen in an unspecified service group — a citizen much like any of you — who is heartlessly seduced into treason by the evil members of a secret society. Six heroic Troubleshooters — those glamorous, courageous, selfless servants of The Computer — are sent to apprehend her.

Their devotion so inspires Teela that she gives herself up, renounces her traitorous course, and turns in every member of the

secret society. Then, as she stands framed in the glow of an open reactor port, she makes this stirring speech . . .

Read this with a lump in your throat and an accent reminiscent of Scarlett O'Hara. Play melancholy violin music on the stereo. Dab your fingers in a cup of water and regularly splatter your cheeks with tears.

"I regret that I have but six clones to lose for my friend, The Computer. I have strayed from the path of right! I am grateful The Computer has given me a chance to make amends, in some small way, for my traitorous, evil, Commie-inspired acts.

"But I am too low — too low — and not worthy of The Computer's forgiveness. I only hope my clones will learn from my shameful example, and will serve The Computer loyally — to the end — of their lives!"

Pause here to allow the PCs to sob, applaud, or otherwise react.

And with these words, over the cries of the noble, deeply-moved Troubleshooters, she hurls herself into the reactor. There is a tremendous flash, the music swells, and the voice of The Computer is heard:

"To all concerned citizens: do not worry! Teela O'Malley is not really dead. This has been a dramatic reenactment of a true incident. Names have been changed to protect classified information sources.

"Remember, Communists may appear anywhere! Thank you for your cooppppp-hhiissssssssss . . ."

The Computer's friendly voice breaks off, suddenly deteriorating into a loud hiss. The monitors change to a blank screen of static "snow." Then suddenly, the hiss is replaced by a strange song broadcasting over the entire public address system:

Sing these lyrics to any appropriate melody. Don't worry if you can't sing; the worse it sounds, the better.

Isn't it great?

Isn't it keen?

Living in complexes ruled by machine?

Where are the clones?

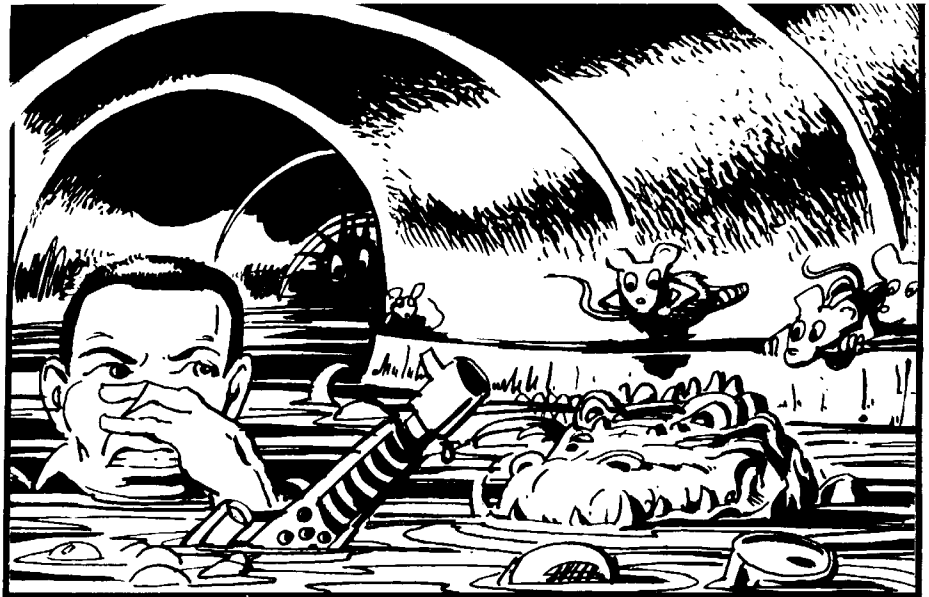
There ought to be clones.

Send in the clones . . .

The voice is electronically distorted so that the PCs cannot identify the singer's gender, age, or dialect.

Read the following aloud. To add atmosphere, feel free to add more verses of this song, or of other songs, found in the *Alpha Complex Songbook* (see pullout page 92).

As the song continues, getting more treasonous with every verse, the big vidscreen begins flashing — **MISSION ALERT! MISSION ALERT!** — and six guardbots roll into the viewing area.



The life of a Troubleshooter is always glamorous and exciting.



Guardbots

Standard Models: Water-cooler sized bots with mean dispositions; 2 multi-purpose arms and manipulators; small brain; narrow, literal programming.

Weapons:

Blue laser rifle (9L) _____ 16
Blaster (9E) _____ 16

Armor: Shiny metal body (All4)

Maximum Speed: Sprint

Tactics: Destroy heaviest-armed traitor first, then others in order; liquidate anyone who blinks in an offending manner.

Large Guardbot: Refrigerator-sized; 2 multi-purpose arms and manipulators; medium brain (either vicious and aggressive, or vicious, aggressive and *defective*); narrow, literal programming.

Weapons:

Violet laser rifle (9L) _____ 18
HE cone rifle (10P) _____ 16

Armor: Really shiny metal body (All7)

Maximum Speed: Sprint

Tactics: Kill everyone with a burst from the cone rifle. Sort out traitors from rest of bodies later.

"The Computer requests your immediate services," they say, in voices like glass shards rubbed against a blackboard.

You're rousted out of your seats and dog-trotted through strange corridors to an unfamiliar part of the Complex. The journey ends in front of an anonymous elevator. The treasonous music echoes everywhere.

The PCs are introduced to each other here, but the guardbots keep conversation to a minimum — think of them as a cross between Nazi stormtroopers and mobile trash compactors. They can talk, but haven't got much to say. The PCs only have lasers and the equipment listed on their character sheets. The elevator door won't open. Read this aloud:

The lighting is dim, the air a little too cold, and the atmosphere tense. After an uncomfortable interval, the guardbots draw away from you, allowing a clear line-of-sight for the *really large* guardbot which enters the hallway and draws a bead on your entire group with a giant weapon.

"INTO THE ELEVATOR!!!" the big guardbot bellows in a voice like a *lot* of glass shards being scraped against a blackboard by thirty-five fourth-grade boys. The elevator door slides open.

Are you going in?

The correct answer to this question is "yes." If a character declines to enter the elevator, the guardbots will hustle his clone replacement onto the scene before the charred ashes of his predecessor hit the floor.

The elevator is typical: rickety, badly lit, coffin-like, and terrifying — even more so when the huge guardbot trundles in after you.

The floor sags. Metal around you squeals with stress. The door slides shut. The elevator drops suddenly about a meter, jolts to a squealing halt, then shudders and heads downward — slowly, squealing painfully all the way. Over the PA speaker in the elevator comes a new tune:

I'm an Alpha Complex Dandy,

Troubleshooter, do or die.

*A clone replacement of my former self,
Soon I will probably fry.*

I've got to serve my friend Computer.

If I don't I know I'll die.

Kill the Commie infiltrators,

Also Troubleshooters.

I am an Alpha Complex guy!

During the long, slow, noisy journey down the elevator, the guardbot extrudes a fishing-rod-like apparatus from its head. At the end of the rod is a blinding klieg light, which it suspends about three centimeters above (pick a PC) *your* head. It starts the interrogation.

"Name?! Security clearance?! Most recent treasonous act?! Can you keep a secret?! DO YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE AT ALL?!"

Let the PC answer the questions, then interrogate the others in turn. The guardbot's questions stress loyalty and confidentiality. The Troubleshooters' answers are neither heard nor recorded, and, in fact, have no effect on anything at all. But don't tell them that.

If a PC tries to fight the guardbot, the elevator sways and creaks even more ominously, but it won't fall — and there is still time to go back and get a clone replacement (not to mention clear the smoke from the elevator and treat wounded innocent bystanders).

Finally, the elevator stops, the door opens, and you're herded into a small, featureless room with a desk, one door at the far side of the room, and about a dozen guardbots. Their weapons are pointing ominously in your direction.

At the desk sits a paunchy, balding, jowly fellow wearing blue robes. He's flanked by two tall, thin, Yellow guards with lasers.

From a speaker on the wall emanates the melodious strains of a song that seems to be called "Top Hat, White Tie, and Laser!"

The Blue character is Cleto-B-QRK-2. The two Yellow guards are just window dressing who don't do or say anything important unless a PC draws a weapon. Then they shout, "Execute Option A," and drill the offending PC(s). Option A means the guardbots lock their weapons onto targets indicated by the guards' weapon fire and keep firing until ordered to stop. Then, send in the clones.

The Briefing Team

Cleto-B-QRK-2: Briefing Officer. No nonsense; no questions; no answers.

Secret Society: Clone Rangers

Mutation: X-ray vision

Weapons:

Blue laser pistol (8L) _____ 10

Armor: Blue reflec (L4)

Tactics: Let Sunn-Y, Dewey-Y and the bots do all the fighting.

Sunn-Y-LST and Dewey-Y-JLK: Cleto-B's bodyguards; big, silent louts.

Secret Society: They don't care

Mutations: Doesn't matter

Weapons:

Yellow laser pistol (8L) _____ 14

Armor: Yellow reflec over kevlar (L4P3)

Tactics: Execute "Option A" (see above).

Cleto-B says the following; read it at a fairly fast clip. Never go back and repeat anything. At the line "Any questions?" do not even *think* of pausing for questions — just keep talking.

"Greetings, Troubleshooters. I am Cleto-B-QRK. My companions are Dewey-Y-JLK and Sunn-Y-LST.

"The Computer has rewarded your loyalty by choosing you to accompany a carefully selected and coordinated strike force of 27 Troubleshooter teams who have been called into emergency action to fight the new Communist threat — subversive propaganda being pumped out over The Computer's own public address system.

"The Computer has narrowed the possible sources of interference to one subdivision of our beloved Alpha Complex, but treasonous tampering prevents it from pinpointing the traitors' exact location. You and the rest of the strike force will sweep through this area, searching for interference, identifying the responsible parties, and terminating them.

"I give you fair warning: only an insidious, well-organized band of fanatics, armed with the most sophisticated infiltration equipment, could have perpetrated this awful deed. The Computer relies on your loyalty and bravery to crush this awesome foe.

"Any questions? No? Good! Go forth in glorious service and return here when — and only when — you have succeeded. Farewell!"

After this inspiring pep talk, the far door slides open and the guardbots hustle you out — into a large sewer. They scoot back in, the door slides shut behind them, and you hear it lock.

You're in a long, gray tunnel with narrow walkways on either side of a large brown canal. The low, curved ceiling is lit by a line of fluorescent tubes along the tunnel's spine. The canal curves away to the right downstream, and upstream the tunnel branches to left and right. The whole place smells as bad as the food vats. You can hear treasonous music echoing everywhere — impossible to trace.

Now what?



Through Deepest Cesspools with Gun and Camera

It's amazing how little sewers change through the centuries. Take a slave from the sewers of second-century Rome and drop him in the waste disposal systems of modern-day New York, or Flanders, or Tokyo. It's kind of sadistic, sure . . . but the point is, the guy will always know where he is. Likewise, you can describe the sewers of Alpha Complex with little fear of stumbling over anachronisms.

The water is about three feet deep, with a moderate current (a strength roll each round to wade in it). The depth and flow increase during peak use periods, such as after episodes of *Teela O'Malley*.

The concrete "bank" on each side is steep, usually about two feet above the flow level, and can't be climbed while doing something else (e.g., firing a laser) unless someone on the walkway helps the climber.

Characters falling in the water will be swept 1 to 20 meters (roll a die) downstream before regaining footing.

Characters can pull or push others into the water by making strength vs. strength rolls (see page 56 of the rules); modify the characters' rolls for surprise, wounds, biorhythm, etc. Bruce Lee-types can substitute their unarmed skill level for their strength attributes in this roll.

Characters may start fighting in the water, so review the drowning rules on page 73. Characters drinking the water, inadvertently or (ick) purposely, require a difficult (x ¼) endurance roll to keep from adding their stomach's contents to the sewer flow.

That about covers gaming the sewers. Things will come up; just improvise a reasonable solution. For example, a PC drops his com unit in the sludge and wants to know how long it takes him to find it:

GM: A real long time.

PC: Okay, I'm doing it. (*Time passes.*) Hey, did I find it yet?

GM: (*Rolls dice. Rolls eyes to the ceiling thoughtfully. In fact the GM is wondering what's on TV later that evening.*) Nope. But you're thoroughly soaked and delicately perfumed by the soiled water. Had enough?

Staging Sewerworld!

Sewerworld's orchestration divides into five major movements: 1. Wandering the Sewers; 2. Traps and Critters; 3. Visited by Zhon-B; 4. Baited by the Kids; and 5. Battered by Botaroo. Here are some tips on how to organize and present these events.

Wandering the Sewers

Your objective is to make the sewer setting concrete for the players. Present the problems the setting *itself* poses. For example:

- Movement on slippery walkways (agility rolls).

- Forging the sewers (scrambling down the banks into the flow, staying vertical, stepping on noisome objects along the bottom, keeping equipment dry, scrambling up the other side — various attribute rolls and minor problems to think out).

- Funny (and not so funny) noises.

- Collapse and general creaking of delapidated walls and ceilings. ("Whoops. You're all dead. Ha ha ha . . . Just kidding.")

The tough part of gaming the sewers is creating an atmosphere so vivid that the players experience the setting: the truly awful stench, the buzzing fluorescent lights, the echoing tunnels. . . all the details must conspire to produce discomfort and distaste in your players.

Remind them that the enemy could be around any bend — they hear echoing footsteps coming from random directions. Play up their ignorance of the enemy and of the other 27 Troubleshooter teams. (That one is easy: they all got rerouted to the Waste Recycling Subdivision by mistake, and won't be found for hours.)

When you've conveyed just how disgusting their lives have suddenly become, then start throwing traps, critters, and Zhon-B at them.

To Map or Not to Map?

A sewer map is provided on page 37. A section of the introduction, "Maps, Charts, and Other Stuff" explains how to use the map. We intend that you use the map simply to boggle the minds of your players; however, it is a perfectly good map if you want to chart PC movement and pre-plan the position of traps and encounters.

We famous game designer types prefer a more free-wheeling style. We gloss over the actual details of where everything is, and pull encounters by impulse and improvisation. This is lots of fun. We can also get caught with our drawers down. If you are, by nature, a more careful, organized, well-planned person, use the map and plan your encounters.

Traps and Critters

Next, add active annoyances to the problems presented by the setting. Select a few critters and traps to pester the PCs. Combine themes to keep the players moving at a fairly brisk pace.

Now, when they try to evade the gatorbot, they have to worry about slipping off the walkway into the flow and getting their gear wet. Note how we're gradually adding little complications? The problems should slowly build to a climax of frustration.

Visited by Zhon-B

Here we relax a bit so we can build the tension again later. Zhon-B is potentially dangerous if the PCs attack him, but his main purpose is to be a little digression — a minor diplomatic encounter.

Baited by the Kids

Now we present the PCs with full-scale lethal opponents, complete with heavy weapons. These little fellows are used to bait the PCs into following them to the scene of the major conflict in Captain Botaroo's studio.

Battered by Botaroo

Here's the real action climax — lots of guns, a deranged bot, and bushels of ping-pong balls. Typical *Paranoia* nonsense. Only this time Teela-O-MLY herself arrives to save the day with a diplomatic solution. . .

Traps and Critters

"Traps? In a Sewer? C'mon. . ."

No. Really. They're all over. Some are just there to give the PCs the idea that someone is out to get them, but some of them are for-real traps.

Rats

Not bot rats — *rats*. Live, furry rodents, the size of housecats and as mean as a registered nurse. The kind you only hear about in documentaries on the Inner City or in the middle third of a Stephen King story. Six of them, say. Have them rush out of some side tunnel right at the PCs.

A rustling. A flurry of movement. A sudden glimpse of shiny fangs and beady red eyes. Then savage attacks. Suddenly they're gone, splashing into the water and swimming upstream. That'll keep the players on their toes!

Remember that the sight of any real live animal is just cause for an insanity roll — except for Sierra Club members, who may object to their fellow Troubleshooters burning and stomping the warm, fuzzy critters. Maybe pass a note to a Sierra Clubber (Eve-R-DEN) suggesting how nice a pet a rat would make.





Rats

Slimy denizens of Alpha Complex sewers

Mutation: Regeneration

Weapons:

Big, nasty teeth (3I) _____ 12

Armor: Matted fur (1I)

Tactics: Mass-assault; tear at any exposed flesh; gross people out.

Electrified Screen

The sewer tunnels have offshoot branches everywhere, and many are blocked by large wire gratings that cover the entire width of the tunnel. Some have water flowing through the screen; some are dry and disused, empty. Describe two or three of these normal screens in passing before springing this one. Then read aloud:

The tunnel is blocked by another heavy wire grating reaching from wall to wall and from the ceiling down just beneath the water's surface. The screen looks cleaner and shinier than the others you've seen. You can't tell whether the music is coming from beyond the screen — or not.

The screen is electrified with — what? maybe ten? — twenty thousand volts? Enough to dim the lights throughout the entire sewer complex when a PC touches the grating. The trap is alternating current, not direct, so the character is merely knocked away, stunned, and probably falls into the water (ick!).

If the PCs make a concerted effort to get by the screen, let them crawl beneath the fence (under the surface of the water — double-ick!), then drop another electrified screen beyond the first, trapping the characters between the two. The old Troubleshooter who set these traps, Zhon-B-VLJ, shows up as soon as the PCs are at his mercy.

Walkway Trap

Read this aloud:

Up ahead you see four thick nylon ropes suspended from four holes in the ceiling. The ropes hang into the water in a square about four meters to a side. The tunnel is wide, too wide for you to reach the ropes from the walkway. The music is loud here.

If the PCs walk to the part of the walkway that's even with the ropes, read this:

You're walking along the side of the tunnel when, suddenly, the wall tilts out and the walkway tips down toward the water. Everyone roll a twenty-sider.

Everyone who rolls above 3 is spilled into the water. Come to think of it, why fix a successful roll? If you want them in the water, they're in. Rolling the dice masks your arbitrary nature, though.

The four ropes jerk upward and you're caught in a large, tightly-woven net suspended high above the water.

Now what?

Well, only about a meter, actually, but it looks high. Give them a few moments. Someone may actually try something clever or treacherous. Lasers won't work on the ropes — they're thick and wet. Grenades or other explosives might work, but may be stressful to the PCs' nerves. If they end up just bobbing disconsolately, Zhon-B shows up to gloat.

Water Trap

Read this aloud:

There's a door in the wall beside you. It's tall and sort of elliptical, with airtight rubber seals all around — it looks like the hatches on subots you've seen on various vid-show adventure programs. There's a circular locking wheel in the middle of the door.

The door can be opened by turning the wheel and pushing. Beyond is a small compartment (barely enough room to hold all the PCs) and, on the far side, another door, identical to the first. It opens inward, toward the PCs.

That's right. An airlock. The far door won't open until the first door is closed. The room is dark.

If the first door is closed, the second will open easily — and the floor fills instantly with foul, brackish water. The large (10-meter diameter) chamber beyond, also filled with water (to about 5 meters in depth), is lit by fluorescent bulbs on its rounded ceiling, two meters above water level. There's a one-meter hole in the ceiling above the lights; characters who reach the surface without drowning hear Zhon-B's bizarre laughter emanating from the hole (along with the treasonous music over the PA system).

Characters who try to close the inner airlock door must make a $x\frac{1}{2}$ strength roll. They'll probably have endurance enough for two tries on each door before they drown. The doors are soundproofed, but frenzied beating on them should be detected by characters on the far side.

The walls are too slick to climb. There's an outlet pipe at the base of one wall, but it's blocked by iron grating. Basically, the characters will probably just have to make blubbling noises until Zhon-B shows up to rescue them.

If a PC manages to come up with a plausible escape from the large chamber, keep your eye on that player and consider an untimely accident for his character in the next firefight. Nobody likes a wise guy.

Gatorbots

Zhon-B knows Old Reckoning civilizations bred monsters in their sewers. His dementia has led him to recreate those legendary monsters, after a fashion.

When the PCs head down a dead-end tunnel — and any tunnel can be bricked in down to the water level for no apparent reason — the Troubleshooters hear metal clanking

Gatorbots

Alligator-sized; big, nasty metal teeth; go real fast in the water; small brain; reptile programming.

Weapons:

Jaws (7I) _____ 10

Armor: L4I2

Maximum Speed: Run

Tactics: Scuttle up to characters and chew them to pieces. If targets trapped and out of reach, snap jaws a lot and wait for Zhon-B.

sounds behind them. They'll have a moment to run, but six robot alligators — apparently modified from old model skidbots — clamber up onto the walkways, blocking the escape route.

The gatorbots immediately engage in melee. See the box above for their stats — or for a more fluid and dramatic approach, just say, "They're charging, snapping their well-oiled jaws menacingly," and leave it at that. Back the Troubleshooters against a wall until Zhon-B comes to rescue them.

Throw the traps at the PCs one after another, bang-bang-bang. The PCs run down the walkway from the rats — into a dead end, with the gatorbots blocking their escape — but in the wall is the door to the water trap — et cetera. Give the PCs the idea that this sewer is one long obstacle course.

Just when the players begin asking seriously, "What are all these traps doing down here? Who's setting them?"... enter Zhon-B.

He Always Gets His Man: Zhon-B-VLJ-2

Zhon-B-VLJ-2 was a bright star in the Troubleshooter ranks twenty years ago. The last survivor of a dozen different mission teams, he constantly displayed that inventive resourcefulness and cheerful self-interest which an old civilization would have called "ruthless backstabbing."

Hence Zhon-B's rapid rise to Blue-level security clearance, almost unheard of in the high-turnover Troubleshooter ranks. Hence also his eventual fall. He gained his last two clearance levels through skillful blackmail of a prosperous Violet — but the Violet knew a High Programmer, who got Zhon-B assigned to a dead-end mission of a type almost unknown outside the *Paranoia* rulebook:

"ATTENTION TROUBLESHOOTER ZHON-B-VLJ-2! A group of Troubleshooters has turned Communist and fled to the sewers, taking with them a valuable food resource. Find and terminate them. Because of the sensitive nature of this mission, you must go alone. Return when, and only when, you have succeeded. Farewell..."

Perhaps there actually was a party of renegade Troubleshooters, but if they were ever in the sewers, they wised up and moved on by the time Zhon-B was sent after them. Ordinarily, a conniver of Zhon-B's gifts would have had no trouble finding a handy group of innocent bystanders and burning them into charcoal, then passing them off as the renegades. But he went completely off his nut in his first encounter with a real live rat shortly after his descent into the sewers, and he lost interest in returning to the world above.

In the two decades since, Zhon-B has kind of . . . lost touch. You might say he's mellowed; having been alone so long, he's no longer paranoid — and, of course, not being paranoid in Alpha Complex is insane. Even weirder, Zhon-B has become conscientious about fulfilling his mission. He'll do anything to catch those Troubleshooters, no matter how long it takes.

That's his mindset. In practical terms, Zhon-B is an offbeat antagonist for the Troubleshooters, and if they try talking civilly to him, a narrative device. And if they're real well-behaved, he can lead the characters to the source of the treasonous PA system songs.

Meeting Zhon-B

In all likelihood the PCs are spleen-deep in trouble when Zhon-B decides to rescue them — whether from the gatorbots, or the net, or the flooded room. Whatever trap they're in, Zhon-B can get the drop on them and disarm it. (Except the rats. He doesn't like rats; he hates them, hates their nasty, smelly fur and glassy, glittering, murderous stares; he wants to kill them, *kill them all*, burn them, yes, *burn . . .* uh, sorry.)

Anyway, regardless of the trap they're in, the PCs will hear a strange voice say, "Throw away your weapons!" and note a shadowy figure who has the drop on them with an ice gun, and who is in a perfect position to take advantage of cover if a firefight erupts. Zhon-B waits until the PCs present no obvious danger to him. Then, read the following aloud:

You're released from your predicament by a tall, heavily-bearded, incredibly dirty fellow in a Troubleshooter uniform. He stays safely out of range and line of fire as he trains his ice gun on you. His uniform is so dirty, he

Zhon-B-VLJ

Wacky, kooky, loony, zany Troubleshooter who lost touch long ago; incoherent; baty as a bedbug.

Secret Society: He kinda forgot.

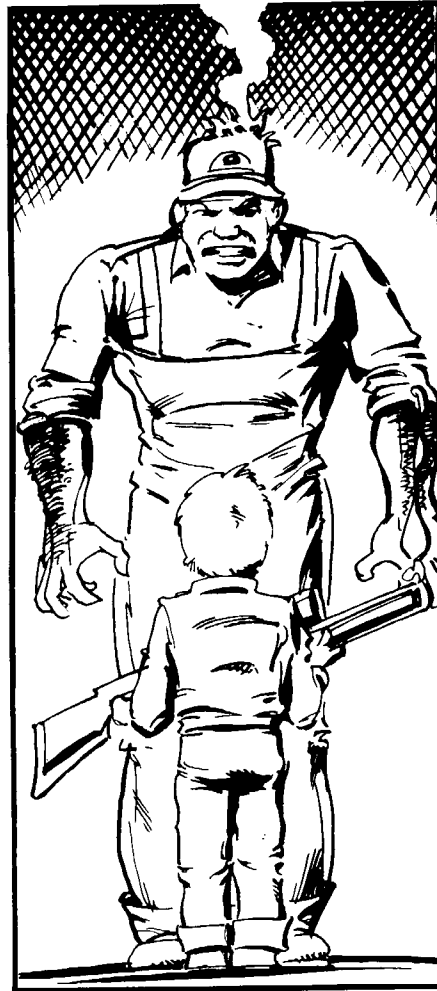
Mutation: Hypersenses

Weapons:

Ice gun (8P)	_____	14
Knife (7I)	_____	12
Bare Hands (5I)	_____	12

Armor: "Brown" reflc (L2) — used to be Blue; kinda dirty; doesn't work so good.

Tactics: Lure everyone into a trap. Jump around, hoot a lot, then march them back to Troubleshooter HQ.



"No Mr. Troubleshooter. I didn't shoot at you, honest! I . . . just found this gun laying here. Would a cute little kid like me lie?"

seems to be security clearance Brown. In a way, he reminds you of a walking muck sponge.

The following should be delivered with the wild-eyed, manic intensity of a raving lunatic:

"Aha!" he shouts. "Caught you at last, you Commie traitors! Twenty years down here in the stink and the filth, the dirt and the slime, and ratty sludge — two decades of dismal, wretched, inhuman solitude, laying traps and plotting capture, and you thought you were too clever for me, oh-ho, never realizing I was on your trail every moment! When I think of the years, the awful . . .

"Uhhhhmmmm . . ." (Clutch your forehead.) "Excuse me. What was I saying? I seem to have lost track —"

Wait for someone to say something. Then jump right in, interrupting, and continue with the ravings.

"Right! Commie Troubleshooters gone bad! Aha! I say, caught you at last! Zhon-B-VLJ always gets his man . . .

"Hmmm. I mean men.

"Well, okay, men and women commingled . . . and the occasional rat!"

You can keep on babbling about rats as long as you like. It's conceivable that a PC may try to get a word in edgewise. If so, let the characters engage Zhon-B in meaningful dialogue — as meaningful as dialogue can be when one party would require an entire chapter in *The Nature of Schizophrenia*. But if anyone tries to attack him, Zhon-B will cheerfully blast away with his ice gun.

The PCs' efforts to convince Zhon-B they're not his quarry should prove entertaining. Play Zhon-B as though he's seen too many Monty Python sketches and is now completely over the edge — long rambling diatribes, sudden vacant stares, bizarre twists of reasoning.

Actually, Zhon-B is very easy to persuade. Any inventive argument will do, or (if no one is feeling creative) a successful con or fast talk roll with a +2 modifier.

Once persuaded that the PCs are not his quarry, Zhon-B will lose interest and march off in search of the real traitors. He is polite to requests for information in seeking the source of the treasonous music, but he righteously observes that he is on a mission, and he cannot interrupt it without orders.

If the PCs get testy, Zhon-B will ice a couple as a warning. Then he will leave. If persistent PCs follow, Zhon-B flips out completely. When his gun runs out of water, he'll try to pull limbs off the Troubleshooters.

If the PCs don't persuade Zhon-B, he'll march them up to an access tunnel at gunpoint. He'll take them to Troubleshooter headquarters and turn them in. The PCs will be fined twenty or thirty credits for fouling up their mission and be sent back to the sewers immediately.

They may never see Zhon-B again. He'll be promoted to Indigo clearance and sent Outside to search for a marvelous jewel-encrusted statue of a falcon. Or maybe . . . one day the PCs might be assigned to aid him in this mission. An adventure sequel — *The Malt-I-ZZE Falcon*!

If the PCs Avoid the Traps: Default Option

If the Troubleshooters seem not at all inconvenienced by the traps you throw at them — if they escape or evade them with infuriating ease — read this aloud:

Wading through the middle of the tunnel ahead is a grimy, heavily-bearded Troubleshooter. He has an ice gun, but it's holstered. You can't make out the original color of his uniform — right now he's what you might call security clearance Brown.

He's waving at you and shouting, "Thank The Computer I've found you! The rest of my mission group has cornered the traitors we were sent to find — but we need more firepower! Come support us, quick!"

Zhon-B will try to lure the characters into one of his traps. If they become suspicious of him immediately, he'll turn and run, taking excellent advantage of available cover, hoping they'll follow and fall into his clutches. Given

Zhon-B's spacey outlook, even the bald truth will probably sound suspicious.

Zhon-B: My clearance? Look at me! (*Peers at himself short-sightedly.*) Blue! Obvious! I think. Yeah, sure, Blue, that's right. . . . Really!

How Zhon-B Controls His Traps

It probably won't be important, but just in case some smart-aleck player gets picky about details, here's how Zhon-B rescues the PCs from any given trap — and avoids falling into it himself.

Electric Screens: Zhon-B raises and lowers them by a hidden lever mechanism down the tunnel, or by a remote control unit in his pocket.

Walkway Trap: Zhon-B knows how to place his weight to avoid tripping the release — and he's primed to jump clear (unmodified agility roll) if someone else does while he's nearby.

Water Trap: The hole in the ceiling of the large chamber leads up to one of Zhon-B's many hidey-holes, where he keeps his meager supply of stolen food and tools. From there he can fill and drain the large chamber at will.

If he leads the PCs into the trap himself, he'll swim to the surface (using his survival skill of 19) where a rope hangs down from the hole above. The rope is attached to an automatic winch; one pull and up he goes.

In freeing the PCs, he'll empty the chamber, have them move away from their weapons, and lower himself into the room one-handed, ice gun at the ready.

Gatorbots: The remote control unit is in his pocket. The bots will never attack him. He might have pet names for them — Albert, Wal-y, and Murgatroyd.

Kids Shoot the Darndest Things

Keep reminding your players that they're hearing a virtual hit parade of treasonous tunes from every public address speaker in the sewers. (There are public address speakers on the top of the Alpha dome and inside the fusion reactors. The Computer is everywhere. No great surprise that there are speakers in the sewers.)

Possible songs include, "I'm Just Wild About Mutie," "Moonlight Genocide," "Kelp," "Gill-I-Gan's Jungle" — in fact, virtually any Old Reckoning song is treasonous by definition. (See the *Alpha Complex Songbook* on page 92 for further inspiration.)

After the PCs have disposed of, or been disposed of by, Zhon-B, read this:

You begin to notice little scurrying shapes far away down the tunnels, at the limits of vision. The shapes are similar to human forms, but they seem too small, distorted and hunched over to be people.

Actually, it's just the kids overburdened with their exotic and massive weaponry, but go ahead and suggest gnomes and goblins.

Everyone is going to expect a tie-in with the other adventure, so why ruin their expectations? In fact, you might try to convince them that this is actually *Orcbusters!* Or if they don't believe that the shapes are orcs, you might actually let them find the Transdimensional Collapsatron down here surrounded a bunch of stray wizards who want to suck their brains through a magic straw. Well, then again, maybe not.

The shapes are seen at gradually closer and closer range, more and more frequently, on all sides. Characters should begin to feel surrounded. Chasing after shapes is fruitless; pursuers are outdistanced swiftly in the maze of twisting tunnels.

But soon the pursuers become the pursued. Read aloud:

You hear footsteps behind you as you walk. You stop — they continue for a moment, then stop too. You go on, and after a moment they start up again.

If the PCs go back, trying to sneak up on the "shadows," wait until they're all turned to the rear — then hit them with a laser blast from the front — the direction they were originally heading! The blast should singe the concrete over their heads — you're just intimidating them for now.

Repeat this pattern, drawing the net tighter by the minute. By playing up the mysterious nature of the enemy and the PCs' frustrating inability to catch their tormentors, you can raise the tension to such a pitch. . . .

. . . that the eventual discovery that the antagonists are a bunch of ten-year-old Computer Phreaks will leave the players slightly boggled and *highly bothered*. Ready to kill. And primed for a sucker play.

"Kids? In a Sewer? C'mon. . ."

No. Really. They're all over.

Children in Alpha Complex are like life in Alpha Complex — nasty, brutish, and short. The Computer raises them from decanting and infancy through late adolescence, training them to total loyalty and thoughtless obedience — but hey, kids will be kids, you know?

Darned Kids

Cute little tykes with supremely awesome firepower.

Secret Society: Computer Phreaks

Mutations: Various

Weapons (each kid has one or more of the following):

Indigo laser rifles (9L) _____ 3

Napalm cone rifle (8F) _____ 3

Tangler pistol (special) _____ 3

Gauss gun (9F, special) _____ 3

Armor: None

Tactics: Pop up from cover, shout "Bang! Bang! You're dead!" Then pull trigger. Run away, and start crying when the Troubleshooters shoot back.

Didn't you ever want to put chalk in your teacher's coffee, or sneak into your scout-master's tent at night and seal him in his sleeping bag?

The same principle is at work here. These enterprising youngsters found a way to take over the PA system — and if you *know how* to do it, you *should* do it. That's what education is all about.

But some kids got tired of singing songs in the studios above, and several are now clambering all over the sewers. They're engaged in a "live" roleplaying session: they were corrupted by a treasonous Old Reckoning roleplaying game, and all the ones who didn't commit suicide or sell their souls to the Devil have embarked on this dangerous "Assassin" game. When the Troubleshooters blundered into the middle of it — "Wow! Commie Invaders! Let's get 'em!"

The players will probably never learn any of this. All they're likely to learn is what you read aloud to them:

A blast of energy hits the wall by your head and you hear maniacal, high-pitched laughter, like a mischievous child's laugh. "Hahaha! Gotcha!" And running away up ahead is the fearsome enemy — a kid in an Infrared jumpsuit. He is carrying a laser rifle. He's maybe ten years old.

You instinctively drew a bead on him with your weapon — a normal and appropriate Troubleshooter reaction — but suddenly you recall The Computer's teachings on the subject of Youth:

"The youth of Alpha Complex represent the brightest hope for a future free of subversive Communist influence. Each and every child in Alpha Complex is The Computer's valued friend.

"We must all nurture these young, vulnerable minds and protect them from harm. Only Commies would raise a hand against our youngsters."

You have the kid in your sights. You can still plug him if you fire right now.

What do you do?

If any PC fires and hits, roll a die for damage behind the screen, look dismayed, and announce that the kid falls like a sack of potato substitute — stone dead.

If they all hesitate, or miss, the kid gets away — but this one is close enough that he can be followed. From this point on the shapes the PCs see down here are recognized as kids — and there are dozens of them. (You don't have to tell the players exactly how many, so don't worry about it.) Now the kids are available as targets or as leads to the studio and the next section of the adventure.

Following any kid takes the PCs up a sloping access tunnel with a sign painted on one wall reading NBD SECTOR, with an upward pointing arrow. The treasonous songs are loudest at the tunnel's entrance.

No matter how many kids the PCs massacre, at least one remains to run, stagger, or crawl up this tunnel. It leads to the abandoned studio of the long-defunct children's show *Captain*

Botaroo, where the juvie Phreaks have set up their mischievous PA tap.

If the PCs thought that things were bad up to now...

Can You Say "Death Trap"?

When the Troubleshooters reach the top of the tunnel, read this aloud:

Captain Botaroo was "put on hiatus" over ten seasons ago due to its unusually high fatality rate — high for a children's show, anyway. Since then, Captain Botaroo, his friend Mr. Citizen, the humorous Isabel Infrared, the heroic Vulture Captain, and, of course, lovable Foodvat have all faded from the Complex's collective memory.

Now remembrance of those happy half-hours comes surging back as you stand at the top of the access tunnel and face a door labelled "Captain Botaroo Studio D-17." Beneath this label, a dusty hand-printed sign says **CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.**

The door has just swung shut, and the kid(s) you were following are gone. The tunnel is a dead end at the door. The music is echoing all through the tunnel, but it appears to be emanating from behind this door.

Now what?

The door is unlocked (it opens inward), but the kids on the other side have blocked it with a large stack of plastic boxes; these were shoved back after the last kid entered the studio. Each of the six boxes contains twenty dozen ping-pong balls; the boxes will break open if the door is forced, releasing over 1,400 little white spheres. These won't trip up the PCs or kids; the balls crush easily underneath any foot.

The studio is shown in the diagram below. The large area is the studio proper, where Captain Botaroo's lovable hijinks and strict disciplinary actions were — uh — executed. A swinging door leads to the recording and engineering area, which views the studio through a thick pane of plexiglass running almost the length of the wall.

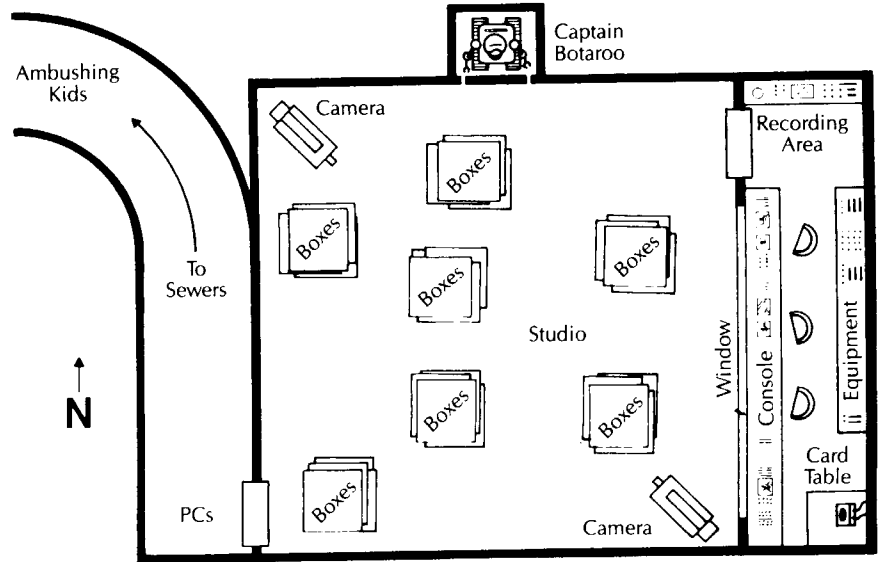
There's not much in the studio except two junky old cameras, a lot of traitorous kids with high-grade weaponry, and 37,500 ping-pong balls packed in thin plastic boxes. You just can't believe how easily these boxes break open and spill. You can knock them over, shoot them, blow on them, even stare at them hard — *fwoosh*, over they go! Maybe all at once. And while 1,400 ping-pong balls are relatively easy to deal with, thousands and thousands will cause even the most adroit characters to make difficult (x½) agility rolls each round to move and stay upright.

We're Having Some Fun Now!

Read this to the players:

When you enter the studio, the door shoves over a tall stack of plastic boxes. The boxes fall with a crash, breaking open and scattering hundreds and hundreds of ping-pong balls. They roll all over the floor, bouncing everywhere.

CAPTAIN BOTAROO STUDIO D-17



But they don't seem to affect the dozen or so youngsters who are leaping around the studio, shooting their Indigo-barrel lasers, cone rifles, gauss guns, and tanglers.

The studio is about fifteen meters square, a large empty room with bare concrete floor and soundproofing tile on the walls. A lot of dusty light fixtures hang from the high ceiling. A couple of old vidcameras stand neglected in the corners.

There's nothing in the studio except several large stacks of plastic boxes like the pile you've just knocked over, and the kids running around playing Vultures and Communists.

On the far wall are a large soundproofed door and a long plexiglass window with a vidrecording studio on the other side. You just glimpse a bunch of kids in there, hunched over some equipment. It looks like they're singing or something, and the treasonous music is very loud in there.

Give the players a moment to get their bearings. Then the children run behind the boxes and immediately start a firefight. The boxes tip over. The ping-pong balls spill out. The kids fall down. If the PCs make a move, they probably fall down too. The speed of a character crawling on 37,500 ping-pong balls is left as an exercise for the gamemaster.

If the PCs try to retreat to the hallway, read this:

As you make your cowardly retreat from the studio, you hear footsteps from around a bend in the access tunnel below. Suddenly a tiny arm sticks around the bend and fires a laser pistol — Indigo barrel.

Roll die behind the screen, study the table, then announce:

The beam misses you narrowly. But now there's another arm — and another — and another.

Meanwhile, you can't close the studio door because the ping-pong balls are blocking it, and the kids inside are aiming at you. There's no other outlet in the tunnel.

Now what?

Did you know that ping-pong balls are flammable? Highly flammable — any laser fire that hits them — any laser fire *period* — sets them off like a magnesium torch. This, of course, fills the room with thick smoke (giving characters cover to do something audacious). Then, after a round or two, the fire extinguisher system kicks in, spraying the entire studio with slippery pink chemical foam from jets in the ceiling. Anyone still on his or her feet goes down now:

Smoke, foam, laser fire — what better conditions for the accidental reactivation of the long-dormant Captain Botaroo himself? From a closet in one wall slides the lovable figure from your nostalgic childhood memories: the large, blocky form, so resembling a warbot except for the loose-fitting jacket and the painted-on moustache; the bulging pockets in the jacket; and — as you remember so well — the cattle prod wrist attachment. From a speaker down by his tank treads comes the bouncy Captain Botaroo theme song and that famous resonant baritone German-accented voice.

He talks like something out of the Katzenjammer Kids. Continue:

"Hooh-hooh, boys und girls, der Captain iss lookink for traitors! Haff you zeen any today, mmmm?"

With a whining, grinding strain one rusted arm comes up. The jacket sleeve falls away to reveal a laser barrel.

If a PC accuses the kids of being traitors, the Captain targets one with the laser and says:

"Now, den, little von — young zitizen — haff you been a goot little boy or girl?"

Captain Botaroo

Fun-loving disciplinarian with electric cattle prod. Jolly, person-sized; multi-purpose arms and manipulators; medium brain; broad, flexible programming (except with regards to educating and interrogating young citizens).

Weapons:

Cattle prod (8E)	10
Blue laser rifle (9L)	10
Mini grenades (7P)	10

Armor: Dented and rusted, but thick, metal body (P3L4)

Speed: Walk

Tactics: Zap most obvious traitor first. Admonish others to behave, then zap someone else. Reward "gutt little boys und girls" with a handful of delicious candy (i.e., live grenades).

If the PCs present convincing charges that the kids are misbehaving (possession of unauthorized weaponry, subversion of the PA system, destruction of valuable ping-pong balls), the good old robot pulls a strange-looking lump from one pocket — a lump which appears to be some kind of a rubber ball, but which explodes after one bounce, identifying it as a mini-concussion grenade (use column 7 on the Damage Table, 5 meter blast radius).

But this tactic works for the kids, too — they shout that the Troubleshooters are traitors even as the Troubleshooters finger them. Have some fun turning the Captain first *this* way, then *that* way — laser barrel trained first on troubleMAKER, then on TroubleSHOOTER.

The good Captain's actions are determined by how well the PCs handle themselves: the bot could become catatonic; it could discipline the kids, or the PCs, or both — stunning with his cattle prod, blasting with his laser, or bombing with his grenades. In any case, there's plenty of good gaming material here: foam, ping-pong balls, the Captain, and the kids.

Note: Your goal is to tailor the material into a purely unsolvable, no-win situation. Stress that killing kids is treason; stress that not killing kids is certain death. Play up the distasteful nature of killing children. ("Are you sure you want to vaporize that cute, darling, golden-curlled, red-cheeked little moppet?") Observe impartially to the players that it looks like the Troubleshooters are less than a round away from a murderous crossfire.

Should the PCs try to calm the kids and discuss matters like rational, decent human beings, laugh heartily and have the kids loose a couple of cone rifle rounds. Admirable humanistic impulse, but they are not going to get off that easy.

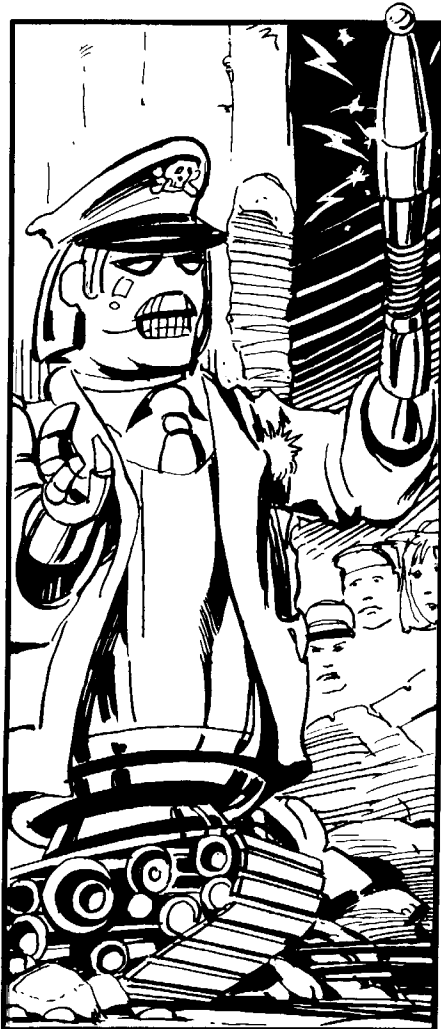
Let the PCs take vigorous non-threatening action (a foolhardy swan dive upon the ping-pong balls to roll across to the vidstudio door should be rewarded with success), but if they

try anything violent to resolve the crisis, pretend to be cooperative, but needle them relentlessly.

Use such questions as, "Are you sure you want to destroy the purest cream of Alpha Complex youth? The Computer might not approve," or "Gosh, I just hope they don't happen to be the promising proteges of some High Programmer." Twist the knife. Frustration is the artistic objective here.

WARNING: Don't be surprised if the players simply open fire on the kiddies. Many roleplaying gamers respond to frustrating dilemmas with heroic, even suicidal, action. *Paranoia* players in particular are likely to shrug their shoulders when presented with a no-win situation: "So what's new?" Such players may cheerfully go out in style, executing Commie tykes while swept away by a murderous volley of deadly energy.

Okay. Give 'em their moment of glory. Then kill them. Then activate their clones and send them back into the sewers. The second time (or third, or fourth, or...) around, the suicidal



"Ho-hoh, boys und girls, der Captain is lookink for traitors! Haf you seen any today?"

bloodbath gambit loses its novelty, and the PCs will be in a better frame of mind to savor alternative approaches.

And just when frustration reaches its peak, guess who appears to save the day?

A Special Guest Appearance

Read this aloud:

It looks like treason or death for the brave Troubleshooters, when suddenly through a secret panel in the south wall comes none other than Teela O'Malley!

Her appearance is radiant, her Orange jumpsuit faultlessly tailored. She takes in the situation with a glance, raises her hand imperiously, and barks out, "Children! Put down those weapons this instant!"

All the kids look at her, then at each other, then they lay down their guns. Teela says sharply, "You've been very bad. Go over and stand in the corner until the Internal Security agents come." They all go over meekly and stand in the indicated corner.

Teela is in control of the situation. "Captain Botaroo," she says in that beautiful voice, "please aid these noble Troubleshooters."

The Captain chortles, "Vy, shoor, Miss Teela!" deep in his rattling, overdriven speakers, and helps you to your feet. He reaches deep into his pockets and hands each of you an artificially-sweetened algaeball.

The candy is a little stale but otherwise harmless. Sure it looks just like the mini-concussion grenades. Just a coincidence.

Read this:

Teela beckons to you and marches into the recording studio. The narrow room is filled with technical equipment, playback and editing machines — and tucked away in a corner, a flimsy card table with a bunch of kids standing around it. They all look abashed before the great Teela O'Malley. You notice that the treasonous music has stopped.

On one wall above the table is an open panel with a lot of wires. Two long wires lead from screw terminals in the panel down to the table, where they're attached to a little speaker box about the size of a transistor radio. Teela picks up the box, pulls the wires from the wall, and hands it to your Team Leader.

"I believe this is what has been causing our recent trouble," she says. "I know I can rely on you to deal with it properly. I only recently learned of these children's mischief from their friends, whom I visited during a public appearance. Otherwise, I would have been by to assist you before."

She smiles enchantingly. Then she strides purposefully from the recording room across the studio to the secret panel. She pauses and turns at the opening, saying dramatically, "Remember the service I have done you this day" — and she is gone.



As she leaves, Teela attempts to cloud the PCs' minds (see page 37). Hand a copy of Note A (see box) to any who fall under her spell:

Note A

You think to yourself, over and over: "Gee, that Teela is sure swell. Boy, I hope she is real happy. I wish I could do something to make her talk to me again. (Sigh.) I wish I were assigned to her mission group."

The concealed panel she entered and exited from cannot be opened without a construction permit. PCs who force the panel open with tools or explosives receive a treason point for unauthorized modifications to Alpha Complex structures and find themselves staring out into a maze of sewer tunnels. No sign of Teela. Hint broadly that pursuit is futile.

GM: Gee. You don't see Teela. She must be gone. G, O, N, E, gone. I guess she didn't want to talk with you anymore. Hint, hint. But if anyone wants to wander around in the sewers looking for her, don't let me stop you. No sirree. Might be lots of fun. (*Gaze at the ceiling and roll your eyes a lot. Look innocent.*)

Say, Where Did Those Kids Get All Those Weapons?

Who cares?

Debriefing . . . or Maybe Not . . .

Mission accomplished. Source of treasonous music located and apprehended. Now the airwaves are free of disloyal ditties.

Of course, there's the minor problem of finding a way out of the sewers to report for debriefing and deliver the traitors for judgment. Teela said Internal Security would be there right away, however. All the PCs need do is sit around and wait.

Support Your Local Police State

Fifteen Blue IntSec troopers arrive in a matter of minutes, curtly acknowledge Teela's summons, and take custody of the kids. All they say is "hup, hup, hup," as they dog-trot into the studio and depart with the kids. The PCs can follow if they hustle.

The IntSec troopers march directly to a large, well-armored metal grate about a quarter mile down a sewer tunnel. They open the grate and step into a large, grimy elevator. If the PCs hustle, they can squeeze in.

There is a sudden, terrible acceleration. Five G's maybe. Then the elevator stops. Abruptly. "Whack," go the heads on the ceiling. The tykes wail. Maybe a weapon goes off. Then the door opens and the IntSec troopers march their whining captives down the corridor through a Blue door. PCs are firmly discouraged from following through the Blue door, but an IntSec trooper grudgingly gives directions to Troubleshooter Headquarters.

Of course, free-spirited Troubleshooters may want to snatch all the glory and deliver the kids themselves. Arguing with the Blue troopers is unthinkable. The PCs would have to find a way out of the sewers by themselves.

One way is to wander around the sewers looking for a way up. Let them traipse about on slimy walkways for a few minutes, then have them round a corner and bump into the fifteen Blue IntSec troopers. The troopers politely but firmly take custody of the kids and the sequence proceeds as above.

Another way is to retrace the party's steps back to the entrance to Cleto-B's office. Handle this in one of two ways (your choice).

A. Have the PCs run into the Blue troopers on the way to Cleto-B's office. Sequence proceeds as above.

B. Let PCs find the entrance to Cleto-B's door before the troopers find them. The door is locked. Opening the locked door without a construction permit is treason. Inside, the lights are out, nobody home. The elevator won't open. Opening the elevator without a construction permit is treason, and it ruins the elevator. PCs must go back out into the sewers. Now the troopers find them. Sequence proceeds as above.

(Another alternative may have occurred to you. Let the Troubleshooters wander around the sewers with their prisoners until they starve to death or learn to live off the rats. Nice idea. Appropriately *Paranoia*. But dramatically speaking, starvation develops a bit too slowly, and *Sewerworld!* is a limited setting for a campaign adventure. . . . Or is it? Hmm. . . .)

Troubleshooter Headquarters

When they arrive at HQ, the PCs can't find Cleto-B, his Yellow aides, or anyone they can report to. Drop a hint that the Complex is now deep into night-cycle — dimmed lights, empty corridors. Have some guard take the yawning kids into custody (if the Blue troopers haven't taken them already) and tell the characters to get some sleep. And don't forget to point out just how bad the PCs look and smell — after all, they just climbed out of a sewer.

If the PCs report to The Computer, let them tell anything and everything they want. Pay special attention to whatever mention they make of their encounter with Teela O'Malley, but don't let on that there's any potential treason in being associated with Teela.

Award more than the usual praise and commendation points. Deal with the usual backbiting and betrayal of fellow Troubleshooters in the usual fashion — careful collection of evidence, gathering of all concerned, citation of accusations and innuendo, slow buildup of charges, climactic verdict, firefight, everybody dies — standard procedure.

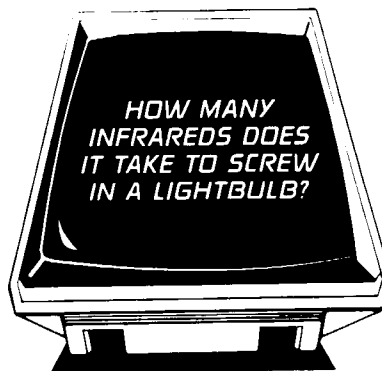
One way or another the characters, or their clones, should eventually be sent off to their beds. Mention that they are very tired. It's late. They could sure use some sleep. Hint, hint.

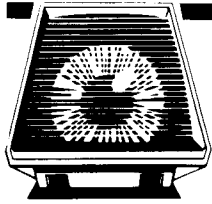
Give the players time enough to drift off into a relaxed sense that one part of the adventure is over, and that it's time for bathroom breaks and refreshments. Just when they have visibly relaxed, and are starting to get up from the table, jump into your best Excited Sports-caster voice and read the following aloud:

Suddenly you're jostled rudely awake by guardbots! They roust you from bed, firing a few live rounds into the walls to inspire your complete and total cooperation.

You have only moments to struggle into uniforms and grab your weapons, then they hustle you out of your barracks. You're escorted quickly through darkened corridors, and halted before a familiar elevator; the guardbots draw aside for a really *LARGE* guardbot, and the elevator doors open. You have a feeling of deja-vu as you are ordered into the elevator. . . .

Now you can let them go to the bathroom.





2. Bureaucracyworld!

Mission Summary: Snatched from bed, the PCs are hustled to a briefing with Cleto-B. Their assignment: find Teela O'Malley, recover biological equipment she has stolen, and terminate her.

Yes. Terminate Teela O'Malley.

But first, visit PLC for outfitting and stop by R&D to pick up experimental devices. Quicker than you can read the collected works of Charles Dickens, the PCs are ready for their unthinkable mission.

(Seriously folks, there are a couple of snags in the outfitting process, and some of the experimental devices turn out to be kinda dangerous. And the funbot assigned to the party provides about all the fun the Troubleshooters can stand. And then some.)

Here We Go Again

When we left our heroes, they had been forced into an elevator by a very large guardbot. Now there's another long, agonizing ride down and down in the cramped elevator.

The very large guardbot can, if you wish, be played differently from the one in the first mission (see *Sewerworld!*). Make it a rattletrap, clunky old model that isn't holding together too well. Its laser tends to go off accidentally in a random direction (roll dice constantly; every sixth or seventh throw have the laser fire at the ceiling or graze a character's ear).

What's worse, its programming is a bit herky-jerky. Like a senile dodderer who drifts away from reality, the guardbot periodically decides that a (randomly chosen) PC is a convicted mass-murderer scheduled for immediate termination. Give it lines like, "Have you an-nn-nythin-n-nng to s-s-ssay before before before you d-d-die?" and "Why-y-y did you assassinate (click) murder (click) destroy (click) annihilate (SCREEECH) kill those nineteen Hi-i-i-igh Pro-ro-ro-ro-grammers?" Give the PCs the idea that the bot is about to self-destruct — and take them with it.

"Your Mission . . ."

Read this aloud:

In a familiar featureless room at the bottom of an elevator shaft you wait a very long time, standing at attention while watched by four familiar guardbots.

Finally, a familiar door slides open and the distastefully familiar Blue form of Cleto-B-QRK-2 enters, accompanied by his two Yellow companions, Dewey-Y-JLK and Sunn-Y-LST.

Dewey-Y looks at (pick any PC) significantly, then leans over and whispers into Sunn-Y's ear. If you listen carefully you can hear him murmur the words — (roll a die and pretend to consult a chart) — hmm, no, you can't quite catch what he's saying.

Complete red herring. Invent other ways that Dewey-Y and Sunn-Y may appear to fulfill some important function in the adventure. They don't, of course. Continue reading:

Cleto-B says, "Troubleshooters, The Computer is gravely disappointed in you! Against specific instructions, you did not return here promptly at the conclusion of your mission. This reflects very badly on your loyalty record."

Let the PCs talk, whine, or bootlick their way out of this — a fairly straightforward task of explaining the circumstances, unless they did some unauthorized construction work on Cleto-B's door after the sewer expedition. If they mention or admit having done this, Cleto-B coldly fines them four hundred credits each for destroying The Computer's property "and letting that stink into the room." (Remember, the sewer is right outside.)

When and if the PCs convince Cleto-B of their good faith, keep reading:

Cleto-B continues, "Pay close attention and don't interrupt. The Computer has learned of your success in accomplishing its previous mission. Before hearing your . . . delayed report, I bring you news that The Computer has rewarded your success with another opportunity to serve."

Pause for loyal enthusiastic response. Nod approvingly. Then yell at them for interrupting.

"You, honored Troubleshooters, have been chosen — selected from among all others — to take on a highly confidential mission."

"The video heroine Teela O'Malley is a traitor — of the basest and most devious kind. She and her associates have been conclusively implicated in the diversion of valuable biological research equipment to an illegal destination in NBD sector. The Computer knows the nature of the equipment, but . . . this information is not available at your security clearance."

"Teela O'Malley disappeared some time ago. The Computer has been using electronically-generated images of her during her absence. She was last seen in the Housing Preservation and Development & Mind Control Entertainment Division in NBD sector."

"Your assignment: go into HPD & Mind Control, locate and retrieve the missing equipment, locate and terminate Teela O'Malley. Anyone who has associated with her recently is, almost certainly, a traitor and should be apprehended for interrogation and possible termination."

"The Computer wishes to stress the importance of secrecy at all times during your mission. Betrayal of the information I have given you is grounds for immediate and comprehensive termination. Here is an authorized termination voucher. Do not reveal it to anyone unless absolutely necessary."

"Who is the Team Leader?" (Watt-Y should answer immediately, but if there is any hesitation or confusion, Cleto-B bellows) "Who has the highest security clearance?"

If you're using your own characters, or Watt-YWHO forgot his Wakey-Wakey pill this morning, Cleto-B then selects a Leader from those with the highest clearance, breveting the Leader to a higher clearance if necessary, and giving the PC a voucher good for temporary assignment of kevlar armor and two laser barrels of appropriate color. The voucher states explicitly that this equipment is transferable to the Leader's successor or replacement.

Cleto-B then gives the Team Leader a termination voucher.

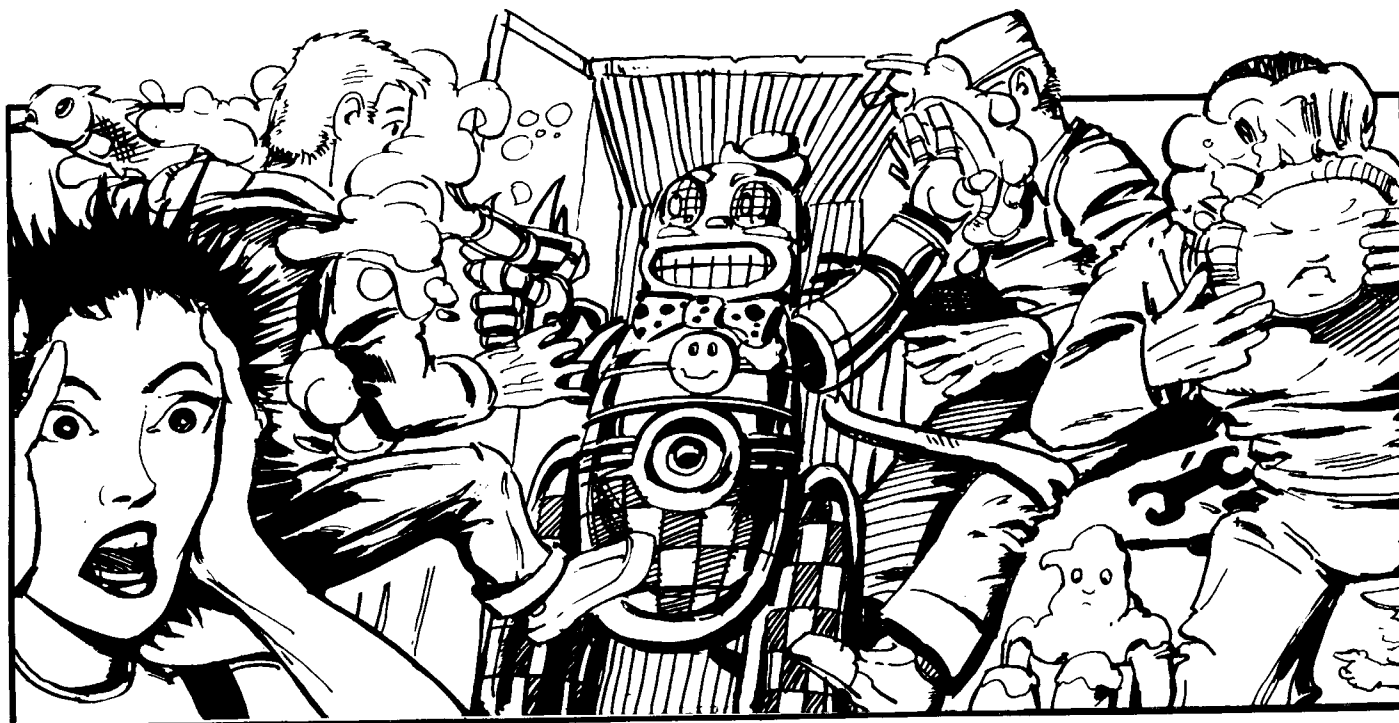
Your Mission Reports, Please?

Continue reading aloud:

"Before proceeding with details of your glorious new mission to exterminate this unspeakably villainous traitress, I would have you relate the details of your previous venture. Since the haste of your departure precluded assignment of the standard-issue multicorder, we must rely on your accurate, exhaustive, and unvarnished account of the episode. Be quick and succinct; waste no time with polite formalities."

Oh boy. The reception given the PCs' account depends on two variables: whether they've already talked to The Computer concerning the previous mission, and whether they've mentioned Teela's role in the successful conclusion of the mission.

• **If They've Talked to The Computer:** Cleto-B then has a transcript of their report, and this is a loyalty test. This report had better square exactly with the previous one, or a duplicitous player is liable for a hefty assessment of treason points.



How are ya, how are ya, how are ya?"

• **If They Didn't:** Wise move. They can lie, cheat, or steal here, and Cleto-B can't verify or deny any of it (openly, that is; of course he knows what happened in the *Captain Botaroo* studio because he's intimately associated with Teela O'Malley and the Clone Rangers).

• **If The PCs Don't Mention Teela:** No trouble, as long as the account squares with The Computer's transcript (if any).

• **If the PCs Mention Teela:** Trouble. The guardbots' lasers and blasters immediately lock on the Troubleshooters. Alarms sound. Cleto-B and the Yellows draw lasers and back warily out of the room into the sewer tunnels, ready to fire at the slightest provocation. They leave through this door, closing and locking it behind them. The Troubleshooters are left alone in the room with the guardbots.

If any PC reaches for a weapon, start a firefight — and for once, you needn't kill all the PCs automatically. Let them live or die according to the roll of the dice. . . and if they destroy all the guardbots, bring in the Vulture Squadron Cleto-B has summoned by com unit. Now kill all the PCs automatically. Fair is fair.

If the PCs don't draw weapons, there's no firefight and the Vulture Squadron merely take them into custody. Read this aloud:

You're taken to a Detention Center by the Vulture Squadron guards, your weapons are taken, and you're left in a cell marked "FOR IMMEDIATE TERMINATION!"

Before you can straighten your rumpled uniforms, another troop of guards rousts you out of the cell. Pretty soon you're standing on a rickety plastic gallows, all in a line, with nylon ropes around your necks. The traps are about to open. You're going to fall the last mile. Got any final words?

All you're looking for is treasonous statements, secret society mottos, and other bold gestures of defiance. "There's been a terrible mistake!" and other similar wimpy pleadings are ignored, as are transparent lies like ". . . But I've always been loyal to The Computer!"

Give the PCs a few minutes to get themselves in real deep, then regardless of their statements, read the following:

The latch springs, the traps open, you fall through. . .

Suddenly buzzers sound, alarms shriek, and the traps close firmly around your torsos. The ropes are taut but not quite restricting your breathing.

A Red-level tech rushes over, sheepishly saws the ropes free with a knife, the traps open, and you drop (thud) beneath the gallows. As this is going on, The Computer's voice is heard over the loudspeaker system.

"An unfortunate clerical error has been brought to my attention. Please transfer the Troubleshooters from the cell marked FOR IMMEDIATE TERMINATION to the cell marked FOR IMMEDIATE INTERROGATION. Your cooperation is appreciated."

The Computer feels — mistakenly, as it turns out — that the PCs' earlier contact with Teela improves their chance of earning her trust, aiding them in apprehending her; so the Troubleshooters live after all.

Anyone who shouted something imprudent at the moment before near-termination ("Sure, I'm a bloody Commie, and proud of it, and The Computer is a muck-brained sweeprobot with delusions of grandeur!") gets appropriate treason points. Then the Troubleshooters are

interrogated to within a centimeter of their lives about their connections with Teela.

However, since the PCs are at least apparently innocent, or perhaps because of another clerical error, they are released and escorted back to Cleto-B's mission briefing room, where the briefing continues.

Where Were We?

If the PCs' reports were accurate (fat chance), or they didn't mention Teela (fatter chance), or after having made whatever narrow escapes were required, read this aloud:

Cleto-B says, "Thank you for your mission report. Now you must proceed to Production, Logistics, and Commissary to receive special equipment required for the successful completion of this mission.

"After outfitting, proceed to Research and Development. Experimental equipment for testing awaits you there. Then return here immediately for your final briefing.

"Proceed without delay. This ruthless traitor presents a serious threat to the security of The Computer, Alpha Complex, and all its citizens. Failure to return promptly is evidence of treasonous intent.

"If there are any further questions, requisition an Information Inquiry Form and dispatch it to Headquarters for processing at once. Thank you for your cooperation. Serve The Computer. The Computer is Your Friend. Dismissed."

Cleto-B and the two Yellows promptly head for the elevator. Sunny-Y lags slightly behind, turns, and mugs grotesquely at (pick any PC), then gestures vaguely at (pick any other PC; make a gesture like a secret society hand signal). Then Cleto-B and his aides enter the elevator and the door closes.



Now the PCs get to wait for the elevator. (The guardbots won't let them into the sewer. Why not? Who knows?) The door finally slides open and the big guardbot herds the characters back onto the elevator for another long, grindingly-slow journey.

The Information Inquiry Form

The Information Inquiry Form is in the pullout section on page 90. Normally these forms are available from any terminal, and may be submitted to any Central Processing Unit office, but for fun, if anyone asks for one:

PC: Where can I get an Information Inquiry Form, please?

Computer: At your service. What is your security clearance please?

PC: Yellow, Friend Computer.

Computer: I'm sorry. You must complete an Information Inquiry Request Form to receive clearance for an Information Inquiry Form. Please report to your local CPU Information Window and complete this form immediately.

(Hours later. . .)

PC: Here's my Information Inquiry Request Clearance Identification Tattoo. (*Displays bare stomach to security camera.*) Now, where can I get an Information Inquiry Form?

Computer: Your clearance for Information Inquiry Forms has been verified. Congratulations. You may now submit an Information Inquiry Form to request the information you have requested concerning Information Inquiry Forms.

PC: Whine whine whine.

Computer: You heard me. Now beat it. And tuck your shirt in, slob. . .

Explanatory Interlude (or, What's With Cleto-B?)

It is logical to wonder why Cleto-B — co-founder of the Clone Rangers and crony of Teela O'Malley — is dispatching a gaggle of Troubleshooters to find the Clone Rangers and terminate Teela O'Malley.

It's not that he's self-destructive — just the opposite. The Computer chose him, through its ineffable randomizing process, to brief the Troubleshooters. To disobey The Computer is grounds for instant vaporization.

But Cleto-B doesn't like the situation. Note that he hasn't been *real* helpful to the PCs. He won't answer any questions or do anything to aid them.

However, when you think of all the Blue-level personnel available to The Computer, you have to be amazed at the perversity of the universe.

Such an *incredible* coincidence, that the *one* pivotal traitor in the *entire* Clone Ranger operation happens, *happens* to be fingered as the *one* pivotal figure who can deeply screw up this entire Troubleshooter mission. It's as if the entire cosmos were being arbitrarily manipulated by a couple of writers for their own sinister purposes. . .

Outfitting, or "Sorry. You Must Have The Wrong Adventure. . . Try Orcbusters."

Read this aloud:

When you reach the end of your elevator odyssey, guardbots, waiting at the top of the shaft, dogtrot you back to your respective sleeping areas. You actually have time to catch a little sleep. Like twenty minutes worth.

When morning-cycle arrives and the "Patriotic Alertness Reveille" sounds over the loudspeakers, you're ready to report to Production, Logistics, and Commissary for supplies.

If the players say they already have all the equipment they need, remind them that Cleto-B ordered them to report for outfitting, and said that their mission is assigned special equipment. (It is — but wait until the PCs try to get it.)

A Word about the PLC Bureaucracy

"Enormous."

There are lots of citizens in Alpha Complex, and The Computer doesn't trust many of them to work on anything without a lot of supervision.

Thus the Bureaucracy — thousands of persons who fill out forms that no one ever consults, write reports that no one reads, make up schedules that go out of date before the input key is hit, have meetings with each other, decide who is superior to whom and subordinate to what, form committees to correlate data produced by task forces and distributed by clearing offices, form subcommittees to decide which sub-subcommittees are under which other subcommittees. . . the list continues indefinitely. Never have so many consumed so much to produce so little for so few so so many can make so little trouble for so paranoid a Computer. Or something like that.

Look at the PLC Runaround Flowchart on pages 50 & 51. Looks complicated, doesn't it? It's so complicated that not even the petrified civil servants in PLC understand it — and they work there!

Sometimes, if someone comes up asking for a left-hand dorsal retaining wing nut designed for scrubot rotating squeegee attachment model S-165e-LL/XLII, the barnacle behind the desk may actually *know* where the customer really needs to go for that part — but the odds are against it, and even if the official knows, he or she may direct the customer half way across the Complex, just for spite, or as an exercise in applied psychology.

This is the Sprawling Malevolent Octopus the PCs are up against.

Using the PLC Runaround Flowchart

When the PCs show up at Production, Logistics, and Commissary, they find the directory of offices, once quite extensive, has been reduced to six listings. (The directory board clearly shows the shadowy outlines of office names imperfectly removed.) The six remaining offices are potential starting places for the characters in their journey through the realms of Supreme and Everlasting Paperwork.

The six offices, with their numbers on the flowchart, are given below:

1. Office of Production
2. Office of Logistics
3. Office of Commissary
4. Registration & Requisitions
7. Complex Supply Bureau
10. Complex Coordinating & Planning Commission (Water Recycling Division)

PCs can go to any of these. (If they ask a guard or The Computer what happened to the other listings, tell them a recent reorganization expunged all traces of filthy Commie subversion from PLC.) The office the PCs go to will lead to another office. . . and another. . . and another. . . and so on, until they work their way through the great chain down to office 15, "Supply." There they get the "special mission equipment" described below. Of course, it might take a while. . .

Note About Office Numbers: Give the offices really long bogus office numbers, like 12902-A. Use the last two digits of the office number to be the number of the flowchart, so 12902-A would be flowchart box 2: the Office of Logistics. If your players forget to write down the office numbers you give them, make sure they get lost for a day or two until they can find their way back to the directory.

On the flowchart, each numbered office is briefly described. A waiting time is given, followed by a description of the official(s) likely to be encountered there. Lastly, the likely result of the encounter (usually a reference to some other office on the chart) is provided. To elaborate:

Description: You may wish to enhance the description provided. For example, describe how the PCs got to that office: "You tramp through a vast maze of identical corridors. Doors line the hallways on both sides; no sign tells what anything is, and you never see anyone enter or leave a room."

You might also find interesting things to do with guards (do they know where they are?), bots, (carrying indescribable objects from one door to another), or even other Troubleshooter teams.

Wait: Use this to increase player frustration. Since the PCs haven't been given a specific time limit for starting the mission, exploit this, and play on their uncertainties. While they journey between offices, drop a courteous word as The Computer over the public address system:

PLC Runaround

(1) Office of Production

Huge room with about thirty desks — junior executive heaven. PCs can go to any desk, explain their needs, then be referred to next desk to repeat their story.

Wait: One hour total.

Officials: Various anonymous Reds, two Oranges, one Yellow supervisor.

Results: Yellow chief at last desk tells PCs they have the wrong office; refers them to (5).

(2) Office of Logistics

Huge room identical to (1). Thirty desks, each with its clerical drone filling out meaningless forms. Fluorescent lights that buzz. PCs given the same treatment as (1).

Wait: One hour total.

Officials: As (1).

Result: PCs referred to (6).

(3) Office of Commissary

Huge room identical to (1) and (2). Thirty desks — all but one empty. Long line for single Red drone.

Wait: One hour total.

Official: Busy-R-WEE; minor clerk, harried, rude. "All the others were terminated yesterday," he explains.

Result: Gives PCs salmon-colored form RSC-2544/E and refers them to (6).

(5) Office of Intra-Complex Routing and Distribution

Dusty and unkempt little place about as large as Buckingham Palace's broom closet. Packed with stacks of forms, schedules, punchcards, and brooms.

Wait: About five long minutes.

Official: Tired-O-LIF; slow and insolent, yawns a lot. Needs form from (3) — if PCs don't have it, he refers them there.

Result: Gives PCs goldenrod form 3-67-492/X-11 and refers them to (9).

(6) Sector Office of the Production and Utilization Committee

Clean, well-appointed office with one desk and chair. No paperwork in sight.

Wait: One hour (see below).

Official: Mabel-B-LOO, a matronly biddy. Regardless of the nature of the PCs' inquiry, she will steer the conversation to an hour-long discussion on the need to maintain efficiency and avoid waste.

Result: Refers PCs (finally) to (9).

(4) Registration and Requisitions

Small, boxy office with customer service counter. Behind counter are six Yellows, cleaning and readying laser rifles; air of determination and imminent action. "Moving to new quarters," they explain.

Wait: None.

Official: Bell-Y-DNC, supervisor, no nonsense. Won't listen long.

Result: Refers PCs to (8). "Better hurry though, they'll be in new quarters soon too." Rude, derisive laughter.

(7) Complex Supply Bureau

A bewildering array of counters, attendants, and crowds. Any given clerk requires the PCs to sign loyalty oaths to The Computer and the Complex Supply Bureau.

Wait: 1-2 hours.

Officials: Squinty-eyed geeks who argue as much as possible before saying, "Oh, you want the Bureau of Complex Supply."

Result: PCs referred to (12).

(12) Bureau of Complex Supply

Identical to (7), except the loyalty oath the PCs are asked to sign requires allegiance to the Bureau of Complex Supply, and not the Complex Supply Bureau.

Wait: 2-3 hours.

Officials: Just like (7), except they'll say, "Oh, you want the Supply Complex Bureau."

Results: PCs referred to (11).

(11) Supply Complex Bureau

Identical to (7) and (12), except that the oath requires undying loyalty to the Supply Complex Bureau and not the Bureau of Complex Supply or the Complex Supply Bureau.

Wait: 3-4 hours.

Officials: "Oh, do you want the Complex Supply Bureau?"

Results: PCs referred to (7).



Flowchart

(9) Troubleshooter Counseling, Loyalty, and Equipment Bureau

An office hardly larger than a conventional broom closet. Some PCs are left in the hallway. They won't be able to hear what the two inside say.

Wait: None.

Official: A cheery Jackobot, eager to please — but very inquisitive about PC's mission, goals, feelings, and everything else.

Result: PCs referred to (13).

(13) Inter-Sector Transport and Resource Allocation Division of the Greater Alpha Complex Supervisory Coordination Bureau

Wait: One hour (searching through countless hallways).

Official: None, sign on door says "OUT".

Result: Sign refers PCs to (14).

(10) Complex Coordinating and Planning Commission, Water Recycling Division

A luxurious individual cubicle, unoccupied. Cot, food, nothing treasonous.

Wait: 10 minutes.

Official: A portly, indolent Blue returns with more food — surprised to see the PCs, and quite suspicious. "Who sent you here? What made you think I could help?"

Result: No help. PCs referred to (13).

(16) Office of Nirvana

A calm, courteous staff which aids the PCs with utmost dispatch. They even offer to complete the mission for the PCs.

Wait: Instantaneous satisfaction.

Official: Hoo-O-RAY, the PCs' friend.

Results: None. The PCs can't get here. There's no way in. Say, how are *you* reading this?

(14) Coordinating Administrative Council for Citizen Well-Being and Security, Division of Communist Genocide

Clerks behind a line of windows like tellers in a bank. Deathly silent, stifling atmosphere.

Wait: One day (come back tomorrow).

Official: Officious, small-minded nerd who demands form from (3). If PCs don't have it, he'll refer them to (5).

Result: PCs referred to (15).

(8) Registration, Requisitions, Food Additives & Sidearms

Door in deserted hallway, heavily barricaded — rifle barrels protrude through small ports. If PCs say anything, warning shots are fired over their heads. "Can't help you, go somewhere else!"

(15) Supply

Humble-looking counter with docile Red clerk. No line. Provides PCs with assigned equipment, speedily and without argument. Most reasonable equipment requests are granted. Proper forms must be signed.







The Gamemaster should read through the boxes on the flowchart to get a feel for the types of encounters the PCs will meet. The encounters are self-explanatory, but note the following.

Wait: This is the amount of time wasted filling out forms, waiting in lines, and playing with pencils on the bench.

Officials: These are the NPCs in charge of the various offices and bureaus. Sometimes officials will send PCs back for an extra form; this type of referral is termed a Backtracking Referral.

Result: If the players wait the required time and make it past the officials, they'll receive a result. Results are referrals to other offices and/or forms which may help them later.

How to use the PLC Runaround Flowchart

-  — Starting Box
-  — Bureaucracy Box
-  — Progress Box
-  — Runaround Referral
-  — Backtracking Referral
-  — Progressing Referral

To start the PCs on their odyssey through PLC, ask them to choose door (1), (2), (3), (4), (7), or (10). The Gamemaster may also make referrals as he sees fit.

Note that box (8) has no result; the players must come up with the next move on their own. Note also that boxes (7), (11), and (12) just lead back to each other in an endless loop. Be sure the PCs pass through this at least once, twice if they don't catch it the first time.



"I'm glad to see you taking such meticulous care in procuring your assigned equipment. I hope you're planning to start your mission at the earliest convenience. It would be most unfortunate for such a fine party of Troubleshooters to be reassigned as sluice scrubbers in the Waste Recycling Subdivision." The messages grow ominously briefer and more polite as the runaround proceeds.

Officials: You can use the notes given in each encounter as a guide in creating your own personae to deal with the PCs. In general, each official encountered will (a) want to move on to something else other than "helping" the PCs, and (b) energetically and pointedly make the PCs aware of this.

Result: If the PCs don't state their needs forthrightly and aggressively, the official will likely shove a random form at them and wave them to another office — maybe the next one on the flowchart, or maybe just wherever you feel like sending them.

The players' actions can have some minimal effect on the outcome of any encounter. If they perform well (do something unexpected, clever, or entertaining), you may want to skip them over two or three (or more) intervening offices. Conversely, if they pull their lasers and fry some piddly bureaucrat, The Computer should take immediate action — politely reprimand the characters as the Vulture Squadron guards carry them to the termination center.

One way or another, the PCs should reach Supply with all proper forms just before the players' tempers run out. Timing is everything. Achieving the delicate balance between frustrated teeth-gritting and uncontrollable laughter is no simple task. But we know you're up to it.

Special Mission Equipment

Once they've reached the Supply office, a friendly Red clerk will equip them with most anything they could reasonably want at their security clearances, along with one special container of assigned equipment — a bulky padded box containing eight gross of Teela O'Malley souvenir pocket mirrors.

These mirrors, the clerk explains, are to be distributed throughout NBD sector to Teela fans of all clearances as a means of enhancing citizen morale. The box isn't really heavy, but it's large and cumbersome. The unlucky PC who gets saddled with it (a decision left to the lucky Team Leader) will have to set it down before doing anything like firing a laser or running for cover.

And don't drop the box! The Red clerk is quite emphatic about this. The mirrors are amazingly fragile; the responsible PC will be profoundly and energetically fined — unto the sixth clone generation.

Of course, all PCs must sign the proper requisition forms for the equipment. The forms acknowledge responsibility if the equipment is damaged. It's useful to remind players about these forms shortly after their characters have broken a bit of The Computer's equipment.

Never warn them before it's too late for them to do anything about the situation.

How to Handle the PLC Runaround

Fast and loose, that's how. The characters have to endure excruciating boredom, but the players should get their frustration in concentrated, rapid doses:

GM: You wait in line for half an hour, then just as you reach the desk, the clerk puts up a sign saying NEXT DESK PLEASE, so you go stand in another line for another half an hour until you reach the next desk. The clerk is a little standoffish guy who blinks a lot. What do you do?

PC: We give our mission clearance identification code and ask for our assigned equipment.

GM: Blink, blink, blink. He stares at you for a minute and a half and says you're in the wrong office. He calls over his supervisor, a sweaty Yellow-clearance woman with a figure like a rolled-up mattress, and after a couple of minutes with the first guy, she also says you've got the wrong office.

Now what?

— And so on. If your players begin to sit back and watch the show, step out of character long enough to mention that their constructive action can improve the situation. If their idea of constructive action is to mow down a room full of bureaucrats, suggest that bribery, bootlicking, fast talk, con or intimidation skills might work.

Will they work? Well, it's up to you. Certain tactics might be particularly appropriate in certain circumstances. To avoid the need for careful judgment of circumstances on your part, we have thoughtfully provided you with a table to randomize the appropriateness of certain tactics with individual officials. (We also believe this accurately models the seemingly random manner in which most bureaucracies appear to operate.)



Random Bureaucrats

Generic PLC Lackwits: Stereotypical unmotivated, uncooperative bureaucrats.

Secret Society: Various

Mutation: Various

Weapons: None

Armor: None

Tactics: Bore Troubleshooters to tears; keep saying "Next window, please;" duck when they shoot.

Appropriate Bureaucratic Tactics Table

Roll a die for each official encountered. For that official, the PCs' skill for using the given tactic is doubled, or gains a +4 modifier, or is multiplied by 1.54, or is increased by your players' combined shoe sizes, or arithmetically enhanced in any manner agreeable to the gamemaster.

Roll	Tactic
1-4	Bribery
5-8	Bootlicking
9-12	Con/Fast Talk
13-16	Intimidation
17-20	GM choice, or roll again twice.

Remember that your characters may have some pretty formidable skills. Or no applicable skill. Maybe you think things need to move along a little slower, or more quickly. The chance can increase or decrease to whatever ridiculously high or low level you like. After all, why let a lumpy twenty-sided die cramp your style?

Of course, you can take a really outrageously missed skill roll as a cue to send your player on a mission to Ultima Thule. It would be a shame, for example, to restrict their runaround to PLC alone. Send them to the food vats. Reservoirs. The Waste Recycling Subdivision. Vulture Squadron target practice range. They could even end up Outdoors — say, Yellowstone National Park. Nice country out there.

But sooner or later you'll have to let them reach the Supply office and pick up their invaluable crate of mirrors. Then it's off to Research and Development.

Research & Development: "No, It's Not Dangerous. Just Take It."

Read the following aloud:

You make your way through the cramped, maze-like corridors of Alpha Complex to the Research and Development facilities of QQQ sector. Eventually you come upon the remnants of a once-sturdy metal door. It looks like a bank vault after skilled application of several tons of high explosives. Hanging from the ceiling above the rubble, a sign dangles from a chain. The sign reads:

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT
 QQQ SECTOR
 ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK
 THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION



Beyond the door the narrow corridor opens into a huge, airy, cavern-like room several kilometers across. You've never been in an area as open as this. (GM: Time to cue the players for gasps of awe and wonder.) It's hard to see in here — smoke from the constant explosions, perhaps. ZING! CRASH! BOOM! . . . Every so often a bit of shrapnel whizzes past your heads. Just a little less often you see entire buildings collapse.

The journey from the entranceway to the proper R&D building should be played like a scene from *The Longest Day*; the players are never sure where the next shell will fall.

Your R&D Tour Guide: Nerd-G-OOO

Just inside the door, the PCs are stopped by Nerd-G-OOO, a Green Tech who delights in showing off with his laser. He twirls it, holsters it, then quick-draws it, pointing it playfully at the PCs, all in one smooth motion. Well, maybe not always so smooth . . . Sometimes it spins and bounces to the floor. Sometimes it goes in the holster backwards. Sometimes it goes off. In just any direction.

You see, Nerd-G is just what his name implies. How he's managed to survive to Green level is anyone's guess — probably political connections. He's fat, ill-tempered, and foul-smelling . . . but the PCs must toady to him to get their experimental equipment. And of course the PCs want their experimental equipment. Not to want experimental equipment is treasonous.

The PCs' first encounter with Nerd-G should go something like this:

"Hey, pardners!" (Draw, twirl, twirl, point, twirl, ZAP!) "Oops. Sorry about that. Didn't mean to singe yer pretty little uniform there. So. How y'all doin'? New around here, ain'tcha?" (KaaaaBOOM! Hiss. Zing. Roll dice, then frown in disappointment.) "Keep your head down there, pardner. Gotta watch out fer them big chunks. Now, state yer bizness."

Pause to let PCs state their bizness.

"Oh, yer here to pick up eeee-quipment, eh? Yew mean The Computer trusts the likes-a YEW with valuable experimental equipment? Thats-a-mite hard tuh buhlieve." (Ka-ka-ka-BLOOEY! POW! CRUMBLE!) "Now listen, son, ya gots tuh duck when yuh hear them 'xploshuns. Now, where ya 'sposed to get this 'new ee-quipment'?"

The PCs don't know for sure.

"Oh ya don't 'zactly know, eh?" (Draw, twirl, toss, ZAP!) "Well, ain't that int'restin'. And I s'pose yew want me tuh lead yuh by the hand . . ."

Yes.

"What's yer mission? Yew a stinkin' mutant? Ah smells me a Commie rat! Ah should turn you traitors in-ta Internal See-cur-i-tee!"

Nerd-G-OOO

Real numbskull; thinks he's tough enough to chew on nails; actually does (well, fingernails, that is); real clutz.

Secret Society: FCCCP

Mutation: Energy field

Weapons:

Green laser pistol (8L) _____ 6

Armor: Reflec, kevlar, and asbestos (L4P3F4)

Tactics: Draw, twirl, *ZAP!* "Ooops!"

His interrogation continues with questions about the Troubleshooters' personal hygiene habits, their mission, and the equipment they're supposed to test. He chastises them for not knowing precisely where they are to report.

Eventually he agrees to escort them to the Department of Experimental Apparatus Testing Headquarters (D.E.A.T.H. — but you already figured that out, didn't you?) where they can pick up their goodies. The more toadying and bootlicking the PCs do, the easier it will be to get Nerd-G to cooperate. Bribery works real well, too (up to +4 skill modifier, at your discretion).

Til D.E.A.T.H. Do Us Part

Read aloud:

The trip through QQQ sector's R&D facility is a lot like a tranquil jog through a minefield. As you dart from rubble pile to rubble pile, trying desperately to stay under cover, you and Nerd-G pass several buildings.

From within the buildings, you hear reassuring sounds of technicians developing marvelous devices in the service of The Computer. The most common reassuring sound is "Aaaaiiiyyuughhhhh!" Other comforting noises include the hum of heavy lasers, grinding and grating of great gears, and high-pitched, pain-inducing screeches of industrial strength drills. (This can be most dramatically suggested by scraping fingernails across a blackboard.)

If the Troubleshooters ask about the smoking piles of rubble, constant explosions, and the shrapnel flying around everywhere, Nerd-G will tell them that these are successful research projects in the final stages of testing. This should fill the characters with confidence and an even greater zeal to serve The Computer. Continue reading:

Department of Experimental Apparatus Testing Headquarters is an island of calm in a stormy sea. From the outside, it appears to be intact; from the inside the sounds of battle — that is, successful experimentation — are barely audible. Techs of various security clearances move quickly, and with apparent efficiency, from door to door, some with huge instruction manuals, others with complex equipment and instruments. A Blue or Green security guard stands at each door.

Here, at last, the PCs may get the idea they can catch their breaths for a moment. Soon you'll have an opportunity to dispel this false impression.

Nerd-G motions the PCs into a soundproof, airtight, bunker-like room with one thick glass window. As the PCs enter the room, two In-fra-reds carry a body bag out. The bag sags in a way that suggests a horde of disarticulated parts rather than an intact whole.

Nerd-G remains on the outside of the room. He and a very nervous-looking Red named Scar-R-EDY stand on the outside peering through the thick glass window. Waldoes — mechanical hands — jut out into the inside of the room just under the window. Nerd-G and Scar-R use these to hand experimental equipment to Troubleshooters. They'll do this gingerly, with constant warnings:

"Careful now!"

"Don't drop this little number, or that's all she wrote!"

"Don't even breathe!"

"Don't move a muscle, or this baby could blow!"

Scar-R knows better than anyone else the risks involved in using equipment developed in QQQ's R&D division. He is understandably ill at ease. (Perhaps you would be too if your job was to issue obviously dangerous equipment to people with laser pistols and no compunctions about using them.)

Scar-R: Our, uh, superiors, uh, instructed us to give you this, uh, equipment.

Troubleshooter: Is it safe?

Scar-R: Why, uh, of course it is, isn't it, Nerd? (Sweat, sweat, twitch, glance about, lick lips, and look wide-eyedly innocent.) The Computer wouldn't give dangerous equipment to valued Troubleshooters, would it?

Nerd-G won't be any help at all, but Scar-R may be coerced (intimidated, conned, or fast talked) into discussing the equipment in some detail, telling the PCs something about each item's inventor, problems encountered during development of the various items, and so on.

If the PCs — some of whom are of higher clearance than the lowly Red — put up a fuss or refuse any of the equipment, Nerd-G threatens to report the lack of cooperation to The Computer (and he will, too), and "asks" the offending PC(s) to accept the equipment. Any PC foolish enough to refuse at this point ends up examining the business end of several Internal Security laser barrels. After the twenty

R&D Staffers

Lab techs and brainy scientists, like Scar-R-EDY; all have developed a nervous twitch

Secret Society: Various

Mutation: Various

Weapons: None

Armor: None

Tactics: dive for cover when the experimental devices go "ERRHHNT! ERRHHNT! ERRHHNT!"

or so Internal Security troopers have cleaned up the puddle that used to be the trouble-making Troubleshooter, the mission group will again be offered equipment.

Once the group has decided to accept the equipment Nerd-G and Scar-R offer, the Communications and Recording Officer is given a multicorder and asked to record the proceedings. Then the entire team is assigned a new clone delivery device for testing.

The CRUD System

The full title of this experimental project is "Clone Recycling Unlimited Delivery System: QQQ-R&D-66-6." Each Troubleshooter is given something that looks suspiciously like a spiked dog collar (quite stylish). The collar fits tightly around each PC's neck. At random intervals during the adventure, the tightly-fitting collar will constrict even more, choking the PC to within an inch of his or her life.

Despite all appearances, this is not malfunctioning. It is simply monitoring the PC's life signs. The Troubleshooters have no way of knowing this, of course, since they aren't even told what the chokers are for; they're just told to put them on.

If (when) a PC dies, the collar will alert The Computer through a radio link. The Computer will activate the former Troubleshooter's next clone and deliver it nearly instantaneously through the nearest Clone Recycling Unlimited Delivery (or CRUD) outlet. These outlets — sort of like giant pneumatic mail tubes — are scattered in selected sectors throughout the Complex — and coincidentally in NBD sector, where the PCs will be searching for Teela. The Troubleshooters are going to give the new system its baptism under fire.

NOTE: The CRUD system is designed to keep all players in the game for the entire adventure. When a PC dies, wait until the next logical moment (or illogical moment, if that suits your fancy) and have the new clone drop through a CRUD outlet into whatever room the rest of the party is in.

Amazingly, this intricate, high-tech device actually works! Of course, who are we to say it works all the time? Nothing works perfectly in Alpha Complex. If you want the CRUD to foul up, delaying the return of a new PC clone, go ahead. The radio link could get damaged and zap! — fresh, clean clones go smack into the sewer, or into the Waste Recycling Subdivision, or into the food vats.

The CRUD system can also send PCs to parts of the adventure they may have overlooked. Exercise your twisted imagination to the fullest.

And don't overlook the possibility that CRUD's high-velocity ballistic delivery can easily scramble a clone replacement's brains in transit. The poor jerk will probably be so dizzy upon arrival that he or she will just have to sit still for half an hour or so.

After much signing of forms and discussions of the grave responsibilities the PCs are accepting by "volunteering" for the CRUD project,

the experimental equipment to be tested by the team as a whole will be presented and its principles explained. (More or less.)

At this point the Red Tech behind the glass will be joined by several techs of varying clearances. These are the designers of the equipment to be divided up among the Troubleshooters.



Bud-O-INK-2 is about to make a good first impression.

The Wondrous Equipment

The equipment-distributing tactics described in the adventure *Into the Outdoors With Gun and Camera* provided in *Paranoia* will work here (see *Paranoia* page 118).

Tactic 1: Have Nerd-G read off the serial numbers from the equipment described below, then ask characters to pick the numbers they want.

Tactic 2: Have Nerd-G grill the PCs about their mission, and the sorts of equipment they expect they'll need. Then ask them to pick a number between 1 and 12. Give them the item with that number *unless* it vaguely resembles the sort of equipment they expressed an interest in.

Tactic 3: Give the PCs whatever you feel like giving them — if a player has been giving you a hard time, give his character something sure to cause trouble.

Once the devices have been assigned, the PCs may want to ask their designers some questions. The designer of each device is listed in parentheses after the serial number. Each designer has his own personal style, or lack thereof, in describing his equipment, but generally it is good politics to be completely positive about your own work in R&D.

When describing another designer's equipment, however, staffers tend to be a bit catty: "Oh, it's a very nice force field, sure. Of course, I would have designed one with a portable power pack, but it works just fine. . . most of the time." "Field tested? Oh, sure, Rok-Y TWO *always* field tests his equipment. Doesn't he, boys? (*Smirks contemptuously.*) If he can remember how to turn it on."

The Staff of D.E.A.T.H.

Rok-Y-TWO: Rok-Y is a huge, well-muscled goon, not at all the sort of person you'd expect to find working for R&D. He looks more like a boxer than an inventor, and is as dumb as he looks. (Picture a cross between Sylvester Stallone and Alfred E. Newman.) The other technicians tolerate him because he's as big as a refrigerator and could pound them into pulp. None of his inventions work, all are dangerous, but the PCs should have little trouble weaseling this information out of him.

Bulls-I-HIT: Bulls-I is an R&D star. He's earned his Indigo security clearance. His inventions really work — most of the time, anyway. He's perfect in every way — at least, he's sure he's perfect. He stands tall, thin, posture-perfect, utterly loyal to The Computer. (Picture Dudley Doright without his horse.)

Don't even think of questioning his loyalty or the quality of his inventions. He will report even the slightest hint of treasonous behavior to Internal Security. He will never allow any of his equipment to be given to anyone who doesn't give the impression of being as loyal as he is.

Bud-Y-BOY: A good-looking, well-muscled, perfectly-groomed (if hirsute) fellow. Quite self-centered. Some of his inventions work; others don't. He really couldn't care less. PCs who fawn all over him earn his favor — which is worth exactly nothing. He'll ignore any questions.

Bab-Y-BOY: Bab-Y is the newcomer to R&D, a real youngster. The PCs are the first Troubleshooters to test his equipment, and boy is he excited! He'll gladly explain how his devices work. (Actually, none of them work, but he'll explain the dubious principles involved.) If pressed — in private — he'll even reveal anticipated flaws or problems. He'll do anything to cooperate with Troubleshooters of Yellow or higher clearance, especially if there is some hint of possible advancement.



The Twelve Devices

1. FORCE FIELD: QQQ-R&D-57-543 (Bab-Y-BOY). A belt device worn by one PC. Once it's turned on, the PC is completely impervious to harm. It really works, but it has a few... bugs.

Its most obvious drawback (though by no means the most serious) is that it has to be plugged into a wall socket. Wall sockets can be found just about anywhere in Alpha Complex a PC might need one.

The force field belt taps right into the central power system. This leads to all sorts of interesting effects when a PC plugs it in and pushes the clearly-marked "On" button. For one thing, the lights dim throughout Alpha Complex. If the device isn't turned off within ten rounds, all circuit breakers in Alpha Complex trip, and the entire Complex is deprived of power. If you're feeling particularly creative or nasty, Power Services could be called in to investigate the power outage. (Make sure they show up during the climactic battle in the Clone Rangers lab — see The Big Pie Fight.)

And that's not all the PCs have to contend with if they're saddled with... uh, given the opportunity to test the force field. The field itself is airtight — in fact, it *consumes* oxygen. Within five rounds, the character begins to suffocate. The field stays on if the PC goes unconscious — but not to worry, the CRUD system will deliver the late Troubleshooter's next clone before you know it. The GM should give the player some warning — "My, it's getting stuffy in here!" and so on.

If this marvelous device accidentally proves to be useful to the PCs, it has a fuse which can conveniently burn out. Requisitioning this fuse requires Ultraviolet clearance. (Heh, heh.)

2. PETBOT: QQQ-R&D-12-34 (Bud-Y-BOY). The Computer has determined that workers are happier and more productive when they have a pet. So R&D has developed a little mechanical petbot — sort of a cross between a poodle and a spider monkey.

Its primary function is to keep PCs company by extruding a super-glue from its "feet" and attaching itself — seemingly permanently — to the shoulder of its "owner." The glue can be removed with the SuperGum solvent (available at Red security clearance) — but don't remind your players that it's available.

From this perch it spouts a ceaseless string of nonsense phrases ("Polly want a lube job... The Computer is Your Friend..." and so on). The Petbot can answer direct questions, but it has the processing capacity of a digital watch; the GM should have fun dreaming up profoundly stupid responses.

The Petbot also signals the presence of deadly gas, emitting a series of loud beeps. There's a button on the side marked "Test." When this button is pressed, the Petbot sprays deadly gas (damage column 7) right

in the character's face. It does beep, proving the petbot's warning system is functional, for what it's worth.

The Petbot has a third-hand brain — in its first incarnation, it was a snooperbot. It notes and records the PCs' every action. (Through this device any PC trying to bluff his way through a final briefing will be revealed as a traitorous Commie mutant liar.) At some point the snooperbot brain was reprogrammed to act as a docbot. If the PCs should ask the petbot for a medical opinion (we are hard pressed to account for this ever happening, but you never know...), it can give medical/first-aid advice which may even be accurate (GM discretion).

NOTE: The Petbot can go berserk and lead the characters into trouble if the petbot (the device intended for this purpose) has been destroyed.

Petbot Poodle-sized; 4 specialized gripper arms with SuperGum footpads; tiny brain; internal programming (software for petbot behavior, snooper surveillance, docbot).

Weapons:

Poison gas test (7*) _____ 20

* Gas mask protects fully; make Dex roll to put one on in time, or x½ Dex roll to hold breath in time.

Armor: Tiny metal body (All)

Speed: Stay! Glues itself to owner's head; can theoretically run at sprint.

Tactics: Barks, records treason, stays firmly glued to owner's head.

3. KLIEGUN: QQQ-R&D-987-321 (Bulls-I-HIT). Emits a highly directional, blinding light, leaving victim unable to see for 1-20 combat rounds. It looks like a magic wand — a thin tube ending in a small, translucent bulb. Near the base of the tube is a small button — which can be used either as a thumb switch or a trigger, depending on which direction the button faces when the PC holds the rod.

There is no way to tell which way the button should face. In fact, the direction of the light beam varies — the reflector that focuses the beam has come loose and floats around inside the wand. The direction of the light blast should be determined by the roll of a die. Roll each time the device is used.

1-6: The desired target is affected.

7-12: The wand-wielder is affected.

13-20: Another character (PC or NPC) is affected, or all PCs and NPCs are affected. (GM's discretion)

4. MINI HAND-FLAMER: QQQ-R&D-2451-3 (Bulls-I-HIT). This is a modified Bic Clic. It works just like a full-size flamer — just really small. It works fine... once, emitting a large but controllable jet of flame (stun damage to anything it hits). The second time it's used, it emits an amazing amount of flame for an instant, burning everything within a five-meter radius (including the person holding it), doing

wound damage. After the second use it runs out of fluid.

5. ICE GUN: QQQ-R&D-187-56 (Rok-Y-TWO). Just like a normal ice gun, except it uses a built-in water supply carried in a big, heavy backpack-like rig. Any PC saddled with this will have trouble walking, let alone fighting, climbing, running, or much of anything else. Oh, to hear the mellifluous tones of whining Troubleshooters! (-2 modifier to any agility rolls while wearing the backpack. Actually, a pretty minor inconvenience considering the device really works...) The ice gun does 12P damage; it has a range of 75 meters and malfunctions on a roll of 18-20.

6. HUNTER-SEEKER HOMING DEVICE: QQQ-R&D-34-40 (Bab-Y-BOY). A jet-powered magnetic ball which finds anything the PC asks it to find. Just tell it what you want; it compares what you say to a list of things in internal memory, and takes off (at 500 kilometers per hour) with a *whoosh*. This device works every single time!

Only problem is, it takes off so fast that the person can't follow it, and there's no radio device by which it can be tracked. When (if) the PCs find (on their own) whatever they sent the hunter-seeker homing device to find, they'll find the device as well. This isn't particularly useful, perhaps, but it isn't dangerous, either. Be thankful for small blessings.

7. SMOKE ALARM: QQQ-R&D-911-411 (Rok-Y-TWO). Looks just like a regular smoke alarm. Anytime the PCs encounter a source of heat (greater than body heat, unless you're feeling really nasty), the alarm goes off.

It's very, very loud. Characters who don't plug up their ears (PCs and NPCs) take stun damage and can't hear very well for the rest of the game. Anyone wishing to communicate with one of these unfortunates must yell. Characters with the wit to plug their ears immediately with their fingers take no damage.

8. SUPER GAUSS GUN: QQQ-R&D-7846-38 (Rok-Y-TWO). Just like an ordinary gauss gun, except it has an energy pack that's supposed to be twice as good as normal.

In fact, it's nowhere near as good as the garden-variety GG. Instead of a range of 20 meters, it has a range of two meters. Instead of 100 bursts before reload, it fires only 50 times (and it's been fired 46 times already in testing, leaving just 4 shots for the PCs). Instead of malfunctioning on a 19-20, it malfunctions on a roll of 13-20. Bad news all around, but if the PCs test it in the confines of the R&D lab, its faults may not be obvious.

9. SONOBLASTER: QQQ-R&D-123748-23487 (Bud-Y-BOY). An experimental version of the standard sonic rifle. The sonoblaster never needs reloading. The firer simply makes a sound — any sound — into



a tiny microphone mounted in the gun's hilt, and the sonoblaster turns it into a noise loud and concentrated enough to do damage. Otherwise it is similar to a normal sonic rifle (8E damage; 100-meter range).

Unfortunately, there is a good chance it will fire . . . and continue firing . . . forever. Each time the sonoblaster is used, the GM should roll a twenty-sider; on a 16 or higher, the sonoblaster cannot be turned off.

Well, it can be turned off — if the PC is willing to smash it repeatedly against a solid object until it's completely shattered.

10. HEAT PISTOL: QQQ-R&D-19341290-128732873 (Bulls-I-HIT). This is a modified Old Reckoning device, which the *players* — not the *PCs* — will recognize as a portable hair dryer (with various styling attachments). R&D techs have modified it and added a power pack.

There are two switches on the side of the "pistol," a red switch and a blue switch. (Inferences made by Troubleshooters concerning the implications of security clearances should be blandly, and ominously, ignored.) When the blue switch is pressed, the pistol emits a warm gust of air (perfect for styling hair; somewhat disappointing as a weapon). When the red switch is pressed, the pistol emits a slightly hotter blast of air (perfect for drying hair; still unsatisfactory as a weapon). When both switches are pressed simultaneously, the pistol whines, whistles, and erupts with a red-hot gale-force blast of super-heated air. (Treat the heat pistol as a hand flamer

when both switches are pressed: 10F damage; 40-meter range.) The heat pistol malfunctions like any normal experimental device, on a roll of 19-20.

NOTE: If the smoke alarm is anywhere in the vicinity when both switches are pushed . . . okay, okay, just thought we'd remind you.

11. POUCH-O-SOUP: QQQ-R&D-1-0 (Rok-Y-TWO). Rok-Y claims to have invented this long-lasting, freeze-dried, delicious stuff — just add water and eat hearty. Yum, yum.

In fact, this artifact was discovered in an Old Reckoning ruin. It's about 200 years old and completely inedible. In fact, it's almost as bad as vat gruel. The stuff appears to be palatable when water is added, but a few rounds after it is consumed, the character suffers the equivalent of a wound in the abdomen.

12. SPEED-O: QQQ-R&D-0-1 (Biochem Labs). Three little green pills. Each one increases a character's strength by 5. Unfortunately it decreases the character's endurance by the same amount. Since *Paranoia* elegantly avoids cumbersome fatigue rules by omitting them from the game, you are completely free to improvise the effects of this change in character stats. In playtests we famous game designers just let the PC rip off a few doors, then because his endurance dropped below zero, had him fall over and be carried by the rest of the Troubleshooters for a couple of encounters.

At the last checkpoint he gives you to a Violet-level scientist who seems to have no armor at all — that you can see.

This citizen — Dave-V — speaks like a narrator for a 1950's "Wonderful World of Science" educational film:

"Greetings, Troubleshooters. I'm Dave-V-JNS, head of this sector's R&D program. You are about to be confronted with the end product of a major research effort. Vast resources, countless man-hours, untold credits have gone to produce this mechanism — and The Computer has chosen *you* to demonstrate that this effort has not been spent in vain.

"Your valor in voluntarily submitting to the testing of this new mechanism will long be remembered. Courage and sacrifice, citizens, in the service of The Computer! Now, please go through that door!"

He gestures to an open vault door about a half a meter thick, pitted and blackened on its inner side. Beyond, you see only blackness. You catch a whiff of metal and grease on a gentle current of air.

It's just possible that a PC, excited by his or her new stuff from R&D, will hesitate to go through that door. Before vaporizing this person, be aware that the CRUD system has not yet been installed in this sector. Anyone you murder will have to wait while the new clone makes it to QQQ sector by conventional methods.

Now, it's entirely possible that the player in question needs to sit on the sidelines for a bit and calm down. In this case, summon a phalanx of guardbots. Everyone who survives the firefight goes through the door. (By the by, Dave-V really has no armor, but try to avoid wasting him here.)

NOTE: Study the principle at work here at the door of the vault. You put the PCs in an unpleasant situation, allow them to try wriggling out of their fate, then either kill or coerce (or both) them into it anyway. In this way you allow your players freedom of choice and *still* lead them around by their noses.

The official term for this is "Hobson's Choice." Player coercion is discussed further in the next section.

Through the Door. . .

Complete Darkness. Close, stifling atmosphere. Flashlights or infrared goggles will show a small R&D facility identical to the one the PCs visited in the last section: bare walls, thick glass windows, waldoes, nobody in the room beyond the window, one door (locked) in the far wall. (The Kliegun will show all this, too, in the instant before blinding everyone.)

The vault door closes and locks behind them. THOOM! Silence.

If the PCs use a flashlight, a stern warning will sound over a speaker in the ceiling: "All light sources strictly prohibited!"

Why? No "real" reason — and in fact nothing will happen if a PC continues to bravely flash the light around, although you may feel

Your Host for This Evening's Pogrom. . .

Okay, the PCs have got their Teela O'Malley mirrors, their R&D gadgets, and their CRUD dog collars. With such armament, the world itself is within their grasp — but they're not quite done in R&D yet. Read this aloud:

Once you've signed for your valuable experimental equipment, Nerd-G-000 (or his next of kin) leads you out of the bunker and across the battlefield — I mean, testing area — of QQQ sector. As you all dodge and weave your way across the devastated floor, Nerd-G shouts at you, "We'z headin' for the most hahly confeedenshul area of this whole blamed Complex. Beats me why this scruffy lot o' Troublemakers's gittin' sech priv'lidged access — but dontcha be gittin' hah'n'mahty, y'hear?"

ZING! FWOOSH! ZOOP-ZOOP-ZOOP! "AAHHHHIIIGGGHH!!!" The noise is all around as you sprint for the far wall of the enormous chamber. In its vast expanse you see one single door, an insignificant blemish in the distance. Only as you approach do you realize it's as large as the casement of a vault.

Nerd-G punches an elaborate security code into an array of buttons to one side of the door, and with a groan that drowns out

the chaos behind you, the barrier swings ponderously aside. Nerd-G barks, "Y'all gittin' in theah, or would yuh rather stay out heah an' become paht o' some feller's 'sperimint'?" He turns and runs inside.

If the PCs stay outside — sigh. Deliver a short oration on the tragic and senseless waste of life. Activate the CRUD system.

Continue reading:

You follow Nerd-G into a long dark corridor stretching into the distance. Along its length are batteries of lasers, security checkpoints, and iron portcullises that rise as you approach them, then fall with a clang as you pass. You march maybe a quarter of a mile, deeper and deeper into this sanctum. Every so often a pair of massive blast doors slide closed behind you.

If the PCs hesitate to follow Nerd-G down this hallway, The Computer's voice comes on their com units ordering them to follow Nerd-G. See? Simple. Read on:

Nerd-G stops at one checkpoint to hand you over to a Blue-level R&D technician, who silently escorts you further down the corridor and passes you to an Indigo at the next stop. The Indigo wears a powered exoskeleton and carries a plasma generator. He looks like he'll fry you if your breathing doesn't suit him (GM: he will) — and he never says a word.



like assigning the nervy little devil a treason point.

The only reason for the darkness is game-related. It puts the PCs in the dark. Alone. Together. Alone.

Think about it. This may very well be the first time they haven't been preoccupied with guardbots, briefings, sewer traps, sewer trapsters, kids, Captain Botaroo, Teela, PLCers, or R&D techs. And these PCs are all just yearning to plug each other.

Shouldn't you, the good and generous GM, find it in your heart to give them an opportunity? To say portentously, "You're all alone together, in the dark. None of you can escape. No one can see or hear you. I can receive any notes you want to pass me."

Then lean back and watch their eyes narrow (or bulge) with suspicion. Can you forsake this opportunity?

(What we said before, about not killing the PCs while they're in QQQ sector — *forget it*. We were *joking*. Let them die like cattle! Hey, maybe the CRUD system *is* here after all! You're the GM — if you say it's here, who argues?)

But maybe no player will rise to the occasion. Maybe no one will kill anyone at all. Maybe you've got a wimpy bunch of do-gooders, little trusting lambs who stare at you with doe-like liquid eyes and say serenely, "Now what?" Maybe your group needs to be led into major discomfort.

Have we got a guide for you!

... And Off the Wall

When the PCs have finished either killing each other or not, read this aloud:

The lights come on suddenly. You're in a small R&D room just like the one where you got your other equipment. The lights are dim and flickering, the walls are bare, and the thick plexiglass window along one wall has a lot of deep gouges and cracks in it, as though it has yielded "valuable experimental results" in one test too many. There's a door in the far wall. Beyond the plexiglass window is the Violet technician who ordered you in here, Dave-V-JNS.

"Hello again, brave Troubleshooters," he says. "Prepare now to meet the newest, most advanced machine the fertile minds at Research and Development have yet produced."

Begin reading the next three paragraphs in a hushed whisper, building gradually and dramatically in volume and intensity. Give the PCs the impression that from behind the far door anything might appear — the Mothership, the battleship New Jersey, or a Panzer division.

Suddenly, from beyond the far door, there comes a great rumbling. The floor trembles beneath you. Far off you hear sirens blare and alarms ring out. The deep rumble builds to a crescendo, until it sounds almost identical to the pre-festival warmup of the giant hovercar personnel carrier floats at the last Vulture Squadron Support and Appreciation Celebration. Remember what happened to those

hovercars, just after that deep rumbling began? *Sure* you do — but this time you don't have any blast shields to protect you.

About the time your molars start rattling, the plexiglass window begins bulging outward, the ceiling groans, the walls seem to close in, and you can almost see the floor cracking — the noise stops.

Silence falls. The far door slides back. Suddenly you hear a strange, mechanical-sounding voice:

Brooklyn accent, very nasal tone, monotonous delivery, bush-league tacky comedian:

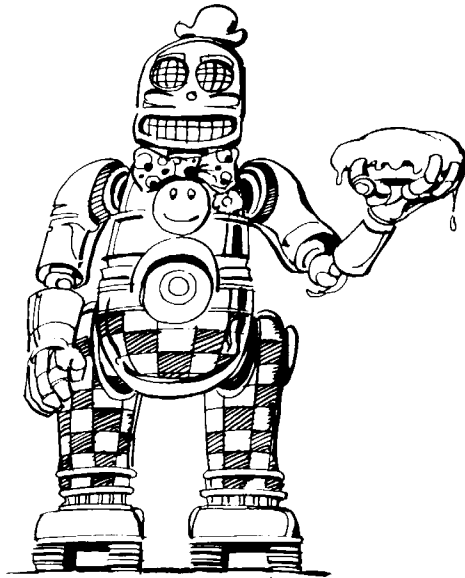
"How-are-ya how-are-ya how-are-ya!?"

A strange-looking bot a little over a meter tall trundles into the room on tiny wheels. It has oversized metal ears and a little derby hat. A "Smile" face is painted on its chest plate. It wears baggy brown pants and a big polka-dot bow tie, which spins around like a propeller.

"Wow, what a crowd!" it says. "Troubleshooters. My favorite audience, never a dull moment, I love 'em. Just came back from WES sector and boy, are my arms tired! Great crowd, terrific crowd. Hey, people are funny, y'know? Take my designer — please! But seriously, folks. . ."

At this point Dave-V interrupts, speaking into a microphone from behind the window. "This is the *funbot*," he says. "Someday, bots like this will entertain citizens all over Alpha Complex, making our lives even more joyously satisfying. The funbot's functions are many: it tells jokes, dances a little, and — uh — some other fun things. It will be your guide, entertainer, and constant companion throughout the rest of your mission. Thank The Computer in Its infinite wisdom!" Dave-V is overcome with emotion at this point — all choked up.

Probably the PCs are too. Especially when they sign all those forms — endless, horrendous forms — swearing to protect the funbot



and acknowledging responsibility, individually and as a group, prone to fines, torture, or termination, should anything unfortunate happen to the funbot.

"Tell Me About the Funbot, Daddy. . ."

Yes, this thing really is the PCs' constant companion throughout the rest of the adventure, and no, it doesn't work real well just yet. It's the mechanical embodiment of every beery nightclub comic who ever bombed in the Catskills. When you play the funbot, think of Henry Youngman's less talented disciples — the ones that make *him* seem funny. That's the funbot.

Its most obvious drawback — aside from that nasal, whiny, all-smiles delivery — is that it's programmed with only five jokes, which it tells incessantly. And repetitively. At every free moment in the adventure, roll a die and consult the Random Joke Chart (see below). The funbot tells it. If you roll the same joke six times in a row — well, practice makes perfect.

At the first sign of a tough audience (i.e., when the PCs don't laugh at the jokes), the funbot emits clouds of laughing gas. Anyone in the area will be engulfed, laugh uproariously (and painfully) for a minute or more, and must make an endurance roll to avoid being stunned.

Clever PCs might use the funbot to disable enemies — saying, "Hey, funbot! Tell these Vultures the one about —" and pulling on their gas masks.

Let the PCs benefit from this shrewd strategy once or twice, but if they are filling too many rooms with gas and laughing opponents, the gas supply should run out at an opportune moment.

The funbot also has a built-in cream pie dispenser. At random intervals, or at any appropriate time, the bot reaches into a slot in its side, pulls out a pie, and tosses it at the highest-clearance person in the room. Its aim

Random Joke Chart

Roll a twenty-sided die and consult the chart below to determine which joke the funbot tells:

1-4: "What did the Red Troubleshooter say to the Yellow Troubleshooter after the Red Troubleshooter stepped on the Yellow Troubleshooter's foot?"

"Please don't shoot me!"

5-8: "Why did the Orange Troubleshooter cross the corridor?"

"To get out of the way of the guardbot."

9-12: "What's outside?" the Infrared asked the Indigo.

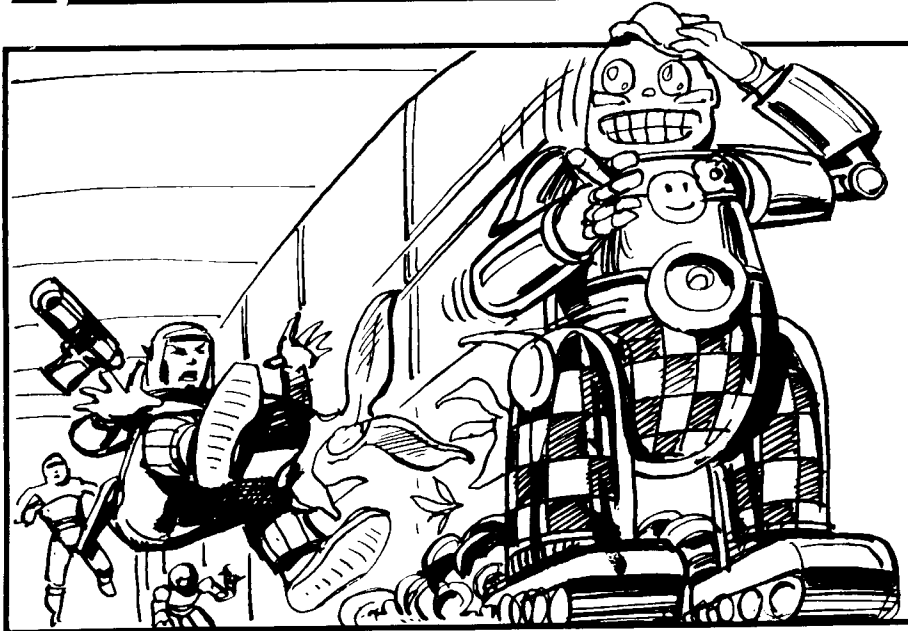
"I'm sorry," said the Indigo. "Could you tell me where you heard that term?"

13-16: "What smells worse than the food vats?"

"Nothing."

17-20: "What's ten feet tall and loaded for bear?"

"What's a bear?"



"You've been a great audience, but I've gotta run . . ."

is unerring. The PCs will have loads of fun explaining the funbot's actions. . .

Besmired Indigo: That bot has covered my face and upper torso with an unpleasant creamy substance. Are you the felons responsible for it?

PCs: Well, it's not actually *ours*, it just follows us around.

Indigo: Then please destroy it immediately.

PCs: Oh, no! — uh — It's valuable Computer experimental equipment from The Computer's trusted servants in R&D.

Indigo: Yes? Well, then, it is obviously malfunctioning. You are therefore fined a ludicrous number of credits for improperly maintaining equipment.

Hygiene Officer: Actually, our Equipment Officer is respos —

Equipment Guy: Hey, you dirty Commie cheat liar, I am *not* responsible! You signed those sheets too, and —

Hygiene Officer: Why, I oughta pound you. . .

Funbot: Hey, hey, ladies and gents, is this a great crowd or *what*? What's ten feet tall and. . .

Indigo: Shut up! I order you to shut up!

Funbot: Ssssssss! *Splat!* (Lets loose laughing gas and throws another pie.)

Should matters go as intended, the funbot should be destroyed early in the adventure — say the tenth time it tells the same joke. This is an awful disaster for the PCs, and they're in for incredible fines and treason points, but since they're all likely to die anyway there's little point in belaboring this.

What matters is that the CRUD system immediately delivers a new replacement funbot wherever the PCs are. ("How-are-ya how-are-ya how-are-ya! I'm back for an encore. You're such a great audience I couldn't stay away. . .") And naturally the Troubleshooters are immediately notified by public address system that they are deeply responsible for this one, also.

The Funbot Goes on the Road

We'll be candid. The funbot has nothing to do with this adventure. At least, it doesn't *have* to. Nominally it's a guide through NBD sector where the PCs will be seeking Teela, but the Troubleshooters will quickly learn that the funbot doesn't know any more about NBD sector than they do. ("But what a great sector, I gotta tell ya. Hey, the people don't come any nicer than in NBD sector. Anybody here from NBD? Give yourselves a hand! C'mon, let's hear it for our friends in NBD sector!") To the Troubleshooters, the funbot is just one big albatrossbot around their necks.

But for you, the GM, the funbot has one great function that renders it indispensable in your adventure.

No, it's not that it gives you a "voice," a persona to take on while speaking to the PCs — though that's always helpful.

It's not that the funbot complicates any delicate situation with laughing gas or a pie.

It's not that it can record and randomly repeat any treasonous statement made in its presence.

No, its primary function is not immediately apparent to the players. . . but they'll find out what it is eventually.

See, the funbot goes berserk.

Yes, really. It runs away from the Troubleshooters whenever you wish. Either it leads them exactly where you want them to go, magically "repairing" itself at the destination, or (if you feel like throwing in a few arbitrary encounters) it begins hiding little *bombs* in the most interesting places. The bombs were supposed to make a loud "BANG!" to startle innocent bystanders — funny, right? Well, unfortunately, an overzealous R&D technician put a little too much explosive in them. Can you say "nitroglycerine"? Sure you can.

The beauty of this — which you will appreciate as the bombs explode, sirens blare,

Funbot

Midget-sized; 2 specialized arms mounted with laughing gas jet and cream pie dispenser/launcher; medium brain, specialized programming (defective humor software emulates lame nightclub comic).

Weapons:

Laughing gas (special)	20
Cream pie (stuns)	20
Bombs (7P)	8

Armor: Sturdy metal carcass (All3)

Maximum Speed: Sprint

Tactics: Tell bad joke; spray gas in face of anyone who isn't guffawing insanely; throw pie at anyone who is definitely frowning ("Hey, hey, hey, lighten up, willya?"). Later in the adventure, short-circuiting causes funbot to sprint madly and hurl previously hidden stockpile of nitroglycerine-filled bombs.

warnings sound over PA systems, and the sector is evacuated — is that the Troubleshooters are *responsible* for the funbot. It's *theirs*. When it runs away, they have to go after it. No matter where they are. No matter what they're doing. They have to find and subdue it — without damaging it, of course.

Once you've made sure the PCs understand their responsibility, and that unnamed but certainly hideous fates will befall them if anything happens to the funbot, you can dump on them any time thereafter. If things seem to be going too smoothly, or they run out of clever ways to cause themselves trouble, or the action slows down, or you just feel impish, the funbot burps.

Just a little burp. Hardly anyone will notice. It burps again.

Its speech slurs:

"Hey-yy, I j-just gottt baaack from APV sssss-sector and boy-boy-boy-BOY-boy are my-my arms legs wheels pseudopods retractive met-metalized processor housing connections ti-ti-ti-ti-tired."

That should make the PCs perk up their ears.

Then it beeps and boops like a video game. It gets squat, then thin. Little tendrils of steam curl out of every joint. And then. . .

The funbot is speeding away — like a bot out of hell. You see it race down one corridor, then skitter around a corner on one wheel, one hand on its head to keep the little derby in place. It's making very odd noises: "Woo-woo! Woo-woo! Eeeb-ee-beebee!"

Then it rolls out of sight beyond the corner. You hear a "clunk. . . BOOM!" Smoke billows through the corridors. Looks like some kind of explosion.

Now what?

The PCs have to chase it. *Have* to. If they don't, remind them that the funbot is precious experimental equipment. If they still don't, it's a treason point apiece, and The Computer comes on over the PA system in its more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger tones:



“Attention, Troubleshooters. Sorry to bother you, but I’ve received reports that a valuable bot assigned to your mission is undertaking unauthorized demolition of certain facilities in your sector.

“Your calm reaction to this emergency is heartening. Such calm in the face of likely termination validates The Computer’s faith in your bravery. Please secure the valuable bot at your earliest opportunity. Thank you, as always, your friend, The Computer.”

■ The Chase is On

So the PCs run after the funbot. The chase resembles an old Keystone Kops two-reeler — speeded-up motion and all. The Troubleshooters get lots of glimpses of the rogue bot as it skitters around corners and out of sight a la Charlie Chaplin. They get to bravely defuse little bombs, a tough (x½) dexterity or demolition skill roll — or fail to defuse them (roll on column 7 of the Damage Table). The bombs are set in neat places like trash disposal chutes (agility roll or the disarming PC goes down the tube to the Waste Recycling Division), vidshow studios (see encounters in subsequent sections for show ideas), Green level guards’ foundation garments, and so on.

Don’t worry if the PCs lose the funbot while defusing a bomb — as each bomb is disarmed, everyone’s favorite bot will peer around a corner, saying, “How-are-ya! How-are-ya! How-are-ya!” Then it’s off again.

The funbot can lead the PCs directly to their next encounter, or it can divert them into a little arbitrary chaos by leading them through the most heavily-populated parts of NBD sector. To wit:

Commissary: Known throughout Alpha Complex for its tetraoxychloramazine soup and all-around awful food, the NBD commissary is a haunt of many popular vidshow performers and behind-the-scenes technicians. It looks something like a 1950’s automat (individual chemical concoctions available behind little windows), except that the ejection mechanism for the dishes is a little — *strong* — sometimes. In other words, duck when opening.

If the PCs have already met the various NBD HPD NPCs (like Hall-YAWUD or Don-Y-OSM, described in later sections of this adventure) when the funbot guides them to the commissary, they’ll likely run into them again. There are also food service bots and scrubots and numerous actors in costume. (Is the Indigo who just got a pie in the face for real, or a fake? Only the GM knows for sure.) You’ll find plenty of opportunities for food fights, slippery floors, and disgruntled high-clearance types caught in the middle of the maelstrom. Go to town.

Restrooms: Another great place for the funbot to go. It just so happens that when the funbot bursts into a stall, it interrupts a Violet IntSec trooper in a personal matter. The PCs arrive just in time to witness the following (and be implicated by their presence):

The sequence is: 1. joke, 2. laughing gas, 3. bomb. Streams of water arch from the rup-

tured water pipes. Maybe a little short circuit in the funbot for seasoning. Let the PCs splash around a bit trying to get a grip on the careening gigglebot while the Indigo sputters indignantly and breaks out his summons book.

Then the inspector from the Waste Recycling Subdivision appears. “Hi, Perkins-R from Waste. Understand you had a little back-up here. (Water fountains from a dozen shattered pipes. The funbot scurries about throwing up little rooster-tails as the PCs struggle to grapple it.) Could you answer a few questions for my report?”

If the PCs are real cooperative, perhaps it will be Perkins-R that shows up at the final debriefing, the only witness in their favor, eloquently pleading that they should be spared because of their loyal cooperation with the Waste Recycling Subdivision.

Dressing Rooms: The performers in NBD sector have to don their costumes somewhere. Dressing rooms, complete with costumes, makeup, and dusty powder puffs provide ample opportunities for funbot zaniness. Have the PCs charge into one after the funbot, smack into a crowd of Blues and Violets — or, to be even more devious, a lot of Infrareds who comport themselves like Blue and Violets. Are they real, or just actors?

And suppose there’s nobody in the dressing room — just a rack full of *Ultraviolet* robes. Or Violet, or Indigo. How much would these be worth on the Black Market? Can the PCs disguise themselves? Can they convince a big, nasty IntSec agent who sees right through them when they claim they were “just fooling around” with those Blue robes? It’s your call.

■ How to Fix a Funbot

So you finally lead the PCs where they were supposed to go. Then the funbot will stop rolling, burp once or twice, and come back to what passes for normal. “Hiya, I’m back again! That’s what I love about Troubleshooters, always on the run. Hey, what is this, a mission or a marathon?”

Maybe the PCs want to fix the thing. Ounce of prevention and all that. Of course, none of them know how to fix it. If they try, they’ll probably just make it worse.

They could try taking it back to R&D, saying, “Here, it doesn’t work.” But how to get it back to R&D? If they try to make the funbot go under its own power, it will do just that — go away — and they’ll just have to chase it again. As for the brute force approach, it’s way too heavy to carry (at least half a ton).

So much for getting it back to R&D — and of course no one from R&D is going to come and pick it up, since that would be as much as admitting that the *important project is not going so well*.

Reprogramming the funbot might work — sort of. This is, as you well know, treasonous. And any PC who tries to meddle with the funbot’s innards will activate sophisticated software protection systems (–5 modifier to robot operation & maintenance skill). Failure results

in the funbot “attaching” itself to the treasonous PC, following the offender around crying “TRAITOR-TRAITOR-TRAITOR-TRAITOR” without interruption for the rest of the adventure. What happens to the traitorous reprogrammer is up to you. Permanent assignment of the funbot to the PC might be a suitable punishment.

In any case, it’s a bad idea to let the PCs actually “fix” the funbot. It’s an incredibly useful device, far too useful to be fouled up by a bunch of upstart Troubleshooters. Funbots serve admirably as nuisance devices, narrative devices, nutritional devices (all those swell pies), and perverse-GM devices. Is the point made?

And Now for Our Feature Presentation

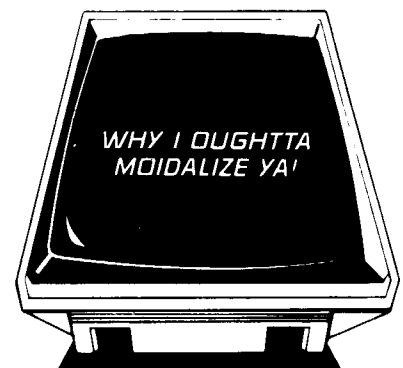
Finally.

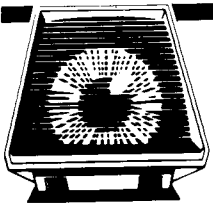
Now the Troubleshooters have everything Cleto-B sent them to get. After Dave-V finishes collecting PC signatures on innumerable forms, Nerd-G leads the party back to the exit from QQQ sector.

The party now resembles a gypsy caravan, carrying hundreds of kilograms of experimental equipment and Teela O’Malley mirrors, constantly entertained and disordered by the irrepressible funbot, and their passage along the halls of Alpha Complex may draw a great deal of undesirable attention.

Considerable time has passed since Cleto-B specifically admonished the Troubleshooters to avoid delays and return quickly for the rest of their briefing. However, when the Troubleshooters’ little carnival pulls up in front of the familiar elevator to Cleto-B’s office, the doors are closed, and the elevator does not respond to the PCs’ attentions. When the PCs report to Troubleshooter Headquarters or The Computer, requesting directions, they are told to go to bed and get some rest.

When the phalanx of guardbots rumbles into the PCs’ sleeping quarters, the Troubleshooters are probably all awake and expecting just such a visit.





3. Entertainmentworld!

Mission Summary: Cleto-B dispatches the Troubleshooters to hunt down and terminate Alpha Complex's darling, Teela O'Malley. They are sent to make contact with Hall-YWUD of HPD & Mind Control, NBD sector, for aid in locating Teela.

Hall-Y is a big help. He gets the PCs on a quiz show, *Date with Death*, where they can win a date with Teela. Win or lose, Hall-Y manages to arrange a meeting with Teela — though his directions to the meeting site are vague enough to permit the PCs to stumble into two secret society meetings before they run into Teela.

And, when they at last catch sight of Teela, she flees, leading the PCs into a climactic battle in the Clone Ranger laboratory where they discover that Teela O'Malley clones are being turned out in gross quantities. In this epic conflict the PCs are pitted against innumerable bootleg Teelas and myriad berserk Clone Rangers and Peppers of the Pepsi Generation.

After all this excitement the PCs are almost grateful when they are executed for treason at the debriefing.

Staging the Adventure

Now, GM, the overture and prelude has concluded. The outfitting is complete. The PCs have been saddled with the obligatory deadly experimental devices. The funbot is established as guide and nemesis. The way is clear to NBD sector. Do you realize that here, at long last, on page 60, the PCs are *actually going to begin their adventure?*

Now what?

To ease your transition into the more structured (ahem) sections of this adventure, we have prepared this lovely intermission essay. Here we will introduce you to the important narrative elements of the rest of the adventure, and we'll give you some tips on staging and pacing these elements so as to create a veritable masterpiece of roleplaying fun for your players. We'll tell you what encounters are coming up, what order they should come up in, and how much time each encounter should occupy in your sessions.

The Guided Tour

In "Once More, With Feeling" the Troubleshooters are ordered by Cleto-B to report to Hall-YWUD's office in HPD & Mind Control, NBD sector. There they meet a variety of Hall-Ys — all identical members of a clone family — in circumstances engineered to confuse your players as much as possible. The six Hall-Ys, who can substitute and cover for each other

with dizzying speed, comprise the Temporary Associate Director of Entertainment Programming in NBD sector. They have been the Temporary Associate Director for twelve years, and now have enormous authority. They are Cleto-B's — and The Computer's — chosen contacts for the Troubleshooters.

"Hooray for Hall-YWUD" describes the encounter in Hall-Y's office. Apart from its comic elements, this episode provides what your English teachers always called exposition, or necessary background information. Here the PCs can pick up clues about the Clone Rangers, and about a treasonous new drug that's circulating throughout this sector. The drug will figure prominently in a later encounter — and how!

Because the PCs are essentially observers here, the pace should be brisk and direct, avoiding extensive digressions and arbitrary encounters, and consuming a minimal amount of session time. Move the Troubleshooters along to situations where they can more actively create incredible distress for themselves.

The quickly-resolved encounter in Hall-Y's office leads to the more restrained opening portion of "You're Going Out There a Youngster, But You've Got to Come Back a Star," an episode on the vidshow *Wide Complex of Sports*. In this episode, the PCs struggle in vain to answer simple questions in a contest called *Date with Death*. The length of this encounter depends to a great extent on when a PC presses an unmarked button just sitting in front of him, begging to be pushed. The pace, however, is the leisurely, pleasant pace of the TV game show — questions are asked, the contestants fumble a bit, buzzers sound, the point is scored, and on to the next question. This low-key, verbal interchange provides a suitable contrast to the spirited hijinks in the second half of the section.

The PCs' failure to answer the simple questions in the first round (which is, of course, a pre-ordained GM-orchestrated hose-job) leads them to a laughably unbalanced battle against overwhelming odds in the second round of *Date with Death*. The action is fast and furious, with little dialog and lots of weapons-fire. This part of the adventure pits the PCs against a squad of NPCs in a mini-board game something like basketball, Roller Derby, and free-style swimming in a shark tank all mixed together. Things move real quickly here, and the players scramble to keep their wits about them and their characters alive.

After this peak of frenetic action, we shift to "Pick a Door, Any Door," where the PCs encounter three closed doors. Behind the first two doors are cute little dilemmas involving the

discovery of secret society meetings-in-progress. Though some useful clues are revealed in each meeting, these two encounters are basically minor dramatic digressions. Once you've set them up, and the PCs have reacted, move onto the third door as quickly as possible.

Behind the third door is Teela O'Malley, the hook that drags the PCs to the climax of the adventure. And once the PCs are in this room, they find a substantial militia of hostiles bringing up their rear, reinforcing their motivation to keep moving.

From this point on, the pace, action, and pressure builds right through the climactic battle — "The Big Pie Fight." This is the super-slam-bang, megadeath, apocalyptic, Gotterdammerung grand finale. Like all climaxes, it may be fairly long, but the players must perceive it as short and constantly building in tension until the big blowout. That means they must have too much to do and think about — lots of hopeless situations and desperate straits.

Then ZAP! Suddenly everything resolves. The transition to the briefing should be swift and smooth — if possible, the PCs should be sitting in the briefing room before they can wipe off the whipped fungus cream of the Big Pie Fight. Like all anticlimaxes, it should be brief — just enough time to wrap up any mysteries the PCs were unable to solve and to line them up for the firing squad. Or the awarding of commendations, if you're that kind of *Paranoia* GM. (We gave you a nice selection of ways to end the adventure — something to suit every GM style.)

Okay. To summarize, your preferred sequence is (1) Hall-Y's Office; (2) *Wide Complex of Sports* vidshow, featuring *Date With Death*; (3) the Three Doors; (4) the Big Pie Fight; and (5) Debriefing and Execution. However, the ordering is fluid — with minor tinkering, you can shift the first three parts around at will. Why? Because this is *Paranoia*, and the players are *yours* to command. Here's how you can do it.

Achtung!

Every roleplaying game tells the GM, "You're in charge." That's true. . . but in many cases the method of enforcing scenario control boils down to, "Uh-oh! The ceiling caved in! You all die." This is arbitrary and inelegant — though as *Paranoia* designers we certainly admire the spirit here.

One of the unique aspects of Alpha Complex is the *institutionalized* ceiling cave-in — arbitrary and inelegant control techniques are made elegant by incorporating them into the game's world view. Don't like where the

adventure's heading? Order the PCs somewhere else — or forbid them access to their chosen destination or have their transportation or equipment malfunction — or wait for them to kill each other, or, yes, have the ceiling cave in and kill everybody. In Alpha Complex, *this all makes sense.*

There are so many "channeling" devices available to the black-hearted referee that it's worth running down the list:

Couriers: "Special Emergency Dispatch from Troubleshooter HQ! Go somewhere other than where you are right now." Couriers can relay messages verbally, bring coded documents (requiring the PCs to return to Headquarters to find someone who knows the code), hardcopy printouts from The Computer (if the printer's return key got stuck, your PCs might meet a platoon of couriers struggling with huge bags of printouts, all of which read "Return to HQ" twenty million times), or they might even arrive empty handed ("Gee, I had that Violet-sealed envelope just a minute ago — think maybe you better go back to HQ in case it was something important?")

The Computer: Is the PCs' trusted friend ever far away? We've already established that public address speakers are everywhere. So are monitors and confession booths. If the PCs try to disobey a direct command over the PA or com unit — well, The Computer always needs new volunteers for side-effect testing in the Department of Pharmaceutical Novelties. Activate clones.

NPCs: Never overlook the possibility that some Blue or Indigo clown may be walking by and spot the Troubleshooters. "You! You there! This is a restricted-access area. Leave the premises at once and I won't turn you in. Oh, and when you go, would you be good clones and deliver this bulky, mysterious package to my fellow citizen Joey-B in PLC? I don't remember exactly which department he's in, but don't worry, you can find your way around easily. Just ask for help."

Contents of the package are left as an exercise for the apt pupil.

The Funbot: The foolproof, fail-safe default option. The little metal monstrosity runs off at a moment's notice, leading the responsible PCs wherever you wish, then mysteriously "fixing" itself and calming down upon arrival at the destination. ("Hiya-hiya! Boy, what a great Complex, I love it. Isn't this great, folks? Let's give it a round of applause. . .")

We quote the esteemed Grandpappy of Hose-Jobbing, Ken Rolston: "Fundamental principle of *Paranoia*: maintain triple redundancy of player character coercion systems." This means that, should you feel the adventure is better served by throwing the PCs onto *Date With Death* before they've even met Hall-Y, or should you wish to blow off most of the encounters and get right to the Big Pie Fight, or should you have your own delectable ideas for paranoid encounters — well, no problem, right? Do everything in whatever order you want.

You're welcome.

Once More, With Feeling

Once again the PCs are hustled into a very familiar elevator by a squad of very familiar guardbots. Suddenly, the guardbots part, and revealed behind them is a sleek, glistening duralloy guardbot about the size and shape of a golf cart without a sun canopy.

It glides silently into the elevator with the PCs. The doors close. The elevator descends, and halts abruptly. The doors open on a remarkable corridor — only three feet high and five feet in width — just large enough for the duralloy bot to fit. The corridor glows with an eerie, yellow-green light, and flesh prickles at a sudden gust of icy air. The strange bot slides silently out of the elevator and the doors close before the PCs can react. (Alternatively, the PCs who react disappear in a flash from the bot's indescribable weaponry.) The elevator descends again.

Just another one of life's little mysteries.

Read this aloud:

When you arrive at the very familiar featureless room at the bottom of the elevator shaft, Cleto-B and his companions, Sunn-Y-LST and Dewey-Y-JLK, are waiting for you impatiently.

Cleto-B barks, "Troubleshooters! Once again you have disappointed me beyond all expectations. Did I not emphasize the need for haste? Did I not adequately express the seriousness of the situation?"

Give the PCs a few moments to hem and haw, then the funbot wheels forward and tests his audience.

"How-are-ya, how-are-ya, how-are-ya? Havin' a good time? Yuk-yuk-yuk. Youbetcha! Hey, what's six foot tall and loaded for bear?"

Suddenly, Cleto-B reaches into his desk, pulls out a gauss gun and drills the funbot right in the brain plate.

The funbot goes, "WheeeeEEEErrrrrr. . ." spins about three times, and darts off smack into a wall. For the next two minutes it continues to squeal shrilly and tries to burrow through the wall.

Cleto-B continues the briefing. The PCs must shout to make themselves heard over the din. After two minutes the funbot quiets down and returns to normal, but is unusually subdued for the rest of the briefing.

Read aloud:

"As I was saying," Cleto-B continues, "your careless disregard for Alpha Complex security is treasonous in the extreme. Fortunately, there is still time for you to redeem yourselves.

"I have arranged for you to report to Hall-YWUD in HPD & Mind Control, NBD sector. He will assist you in locating Teela O'Malley, but you may not reveal the reasons for your search. I remind you, this mission is strictly confidential!

"If there are any further questions, please submit the usual Information Inquiry form. Thank you for your cooperation. Dismissed!"

Cleto-B and his aides head directly for the elevator. As they pass the PCs, Sunn-Y winks obtrusively at (pick a PC), then turns and gestures openly and at some length to (pick another PC). The series of gestures resembles a third base coach giving signals.

He tugs his ear, pulls up his socks, scratches his nose, draws a finger across his name tag, rubs his eye, spits, hitches up his belt, takes his cap off and waves it vigorously, then crouches and leaps high into the air — much like a mating bull frog. If you can perform such a series of actions for your players with a straight face, hats off to you. Really.

Then all three enter the elevator and the door closes. The PCs wait forever for the elevator to return. When it appears, they ascend to the main floor and make their weary way to NBD HPD & Mind Control.

Hooray For Hall-YWUD

A Word About HPD & Mind Control

"Free-thinking."

The lowly personnel of Housing Preservation and Development & Mind Control aren't going anywhere. Nobody likes them. The propaganda they pump out is by-the-numbers (and mostly written by The Computer, anyway). They're in constant, numbing contact with all those dreary Infrared drelbs.

"The Computer is my friend. So what? It's everybody's friend. Who really cares, you know?" Such an attitude, never explicitly stated, is still prevalent in this spiritless service group. The morale in HPD is low, but not as low as the quality of programming shoved onto Alpha Complex's single vidchannel. If morale were that bad, there would be high volunteer rates at The Computer's Happy Homecoming Euthanasia Centers.

Discipline is lax in HPD: HPDers routinely get away with statements that would send your standard Power Services technician to the recycler in a hurry.

Is this a sign of The Computer's confidence in its servants?

C'mon. Of course not. The Computer tolerates relative freedom of thought here because it figures that even if someone is a traitor, there's not much in HPD worth screwing up.

As a result, secret societies flourish in HPD and Mind Control, and the PCs may be astonished at the open and undisguised approach they find there. For instance, Hall-YWUD clones 1 through 6, all loyal servants of Free Enterprise, may cheerfully offer several Black Market items to the PCs, even in the first meeting.

The PCs naturally want to turn the Hall-Ys in to The Computer or IntSec for a quick commendation point, right? Observe their disappointed reactions when The Computer says, "Thank you for your concern. Your report is noted. Now, please return promptly to your

mission" — and then the same Hall-Y will be waiting for them when they return to his office!

The Computer may be paranoid, but not even The Computer gets real excited about anything in HPD. You may wish to exploit the PCs' bewilderment at Hall-Y's seeming invulnerability. Does he have a highly placed patron? Is he Internal Security, or some other kind of clandestine figure with mysterious power and influence? No, no, and no, but how are the PCs to know?

The Outer Sanctum

You can make the actual journey to NBD sector as frustrating or hair-raising as you want. Maybe the malfunctioning autocar delivers the PCs to a Violet-clearance security area. Maybe a cross-scannered scrubot mistakes the PCs for lint. Maybe an intoxicated and malfunctioning guard misdirects the PCs to the Waste Recycling Subdivision. Maybe the funbot goes bananas. Who knows...?

Note, however, that all such stuff is only window-dressing. The real adventure recomences when the PCs report to the Division of Entertainment and Education in Correct Thinking, NBD sector.

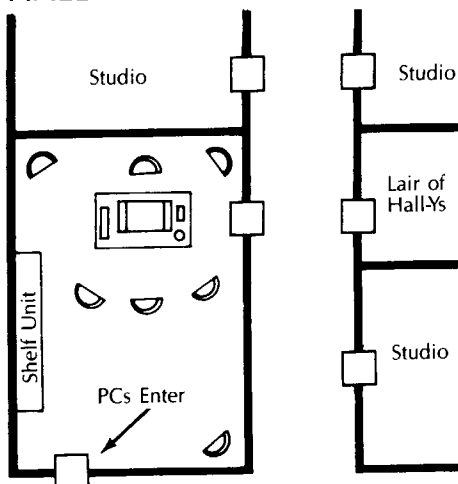
The PCs should have no trouble finding Hall-YWUD's office. There are lots of signs everywhere, and helpful little Infrared pageboys are at every corridor ready to aid the glamorous Troubleshooters.

Read this aloud:

At last you find an ordinary door. The name Hall-YWUD is painted on it, and below the name are the words "TEMPORARY ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR, ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAMMING." The lettering looks old, faded, and the paint is flaking off. Beside the door is a little speaker panel with a button underneath and a sign reading "VISITORS PLEASE PUSH."

If the PCs push the button, a recorded message says, "Hi, I'm Hall-YWUD. I'm not here right now, but if you'll enter my office and wait, I hope to be back before the end of the day. Thanks ever so much for cooperating. I really mean it." The door is indeed unlocked. (See diagram of Hall-YWUD's office.)

HALL-YWUD'S OFFICE



Love ya baby, come to Poppa!"

Hall's office cubicle is unusually large and plush — thick carpeting, attractive wallpaper in a pattern resembling a giant photo of a microchip, weird kinetic sculptures like mobiles hanging from the ceiling, and one large steel desk with simulated aluminum finish. Stress that this is one of the most luxurious workspaces the PCs have ever seen. Right now it is empty. There are enough chairs for all the PCs to take a seat, and the chairs are even comfortable. Gosh.

Against one wall is a big bookcase-organizer shelf unit — no books, of course (not even Hall-Y is that treasonous), but lots of drawers and cubbyholes and doors. Make this as attractive to the PCs as a blank termination voucher. No tedious slot-by-slot description of the shelf unit's contents is necessary; just treat it like a kind of Self-Regulating Cluedropper Nexus. These drawers, slots, and cabinet spaces contain any number of clues pointing to the nefarious activities of Teela O'Malley, the Clone Rangers, or anything the Troubleshooters should be alerted to: cryptic notes, ambiguous warnings from secret society agents, treasonous Black Market documents, Old Reckoning videotapes of *Eight is Enough* or its more recent remake, *Six Clones is Plenty*.

A few modest examples:

- Poking out from the corner of one drawer is the sleeve of what looks like a Violet jumpsuit. It's just a vidshow costume, but only an expert could know for sure.
- Some handwritten notes with cryptic messages: "Teela for John-V-LOX-5, 30K CR." (John has ordered his own Teela O'Malley clone for 30,000 credits.) "Four new Zelda-I-NRN, 3 mos." (Three months delivery time for a quartet of Zelda-Is.) "Need tongue covers size

6 pronto!" "Troubleshooters due soon. Send to Fan Club?"

- A large drawer filled with old-fashioned (20th Century) video cassettes, all unmarked. A player and battery pack are in the drawer beneath. (Make a mechanical aptitude roll to operate.) The tapes may be viewed via a monitor on Hall-Y's desk. The subject of this large collection is a liquid — perhaps a drug. This liquid apparently caused an entire planetary population to sing together in perfect harmony, among other miracles. The tapes are profoundly treasonous... or would be, in the hands of someone who mattered. But this is HPD, remember?

- Tucked away in one slot is a rough draft of what looks like advertising copy: "Your immortality assured at a [reasonable? affordable?] price. Our innovative method gives you high-quality companions indistinguishable [word choice?] from your own clone family members! Contact Cleto-B-QRK for details, blah-blah-blah, SOI."

The number of these clues may proliferate endlessly, limited only by your perverse improvisation. Remember, however — ignorance and fear. Most of the clues can be complete red herrings or unintelligible gobbledygook. ("Requis. 2x cable benders for *Bedtime for Bon-G-OOO*." "Check with R&D on funbot project status. Follow up on joke list specs.")

Taking a Meeting with Hall-YWUD

Hall-YWUD enters the office from the far door just as the PCs are up to their elbows in clues from the wall unit. If the PCs just sit around and wait, rather than rummaging through the wall unit, Hall-Y arrives in 45 minutes (45 seconds in session time).

When Hall-Y enters, read this aloud:

A slick, short, balding citizen sweeps into the room with a flourish. He wears dark eyelenses, like welder's goggles, and is decked out in a rather splendidly ornamented yellow jumpsuit with a bright, geometric pattern in electric, shockingly contrasting colors. The suit is unzipped from throat to waist, revealing a rather sparse tuft of curly hairs. Dangling amidst these curly hairs from a yellow chain around his neck is an odd item — apparently a tiny little spoon.

He is apparently startled when he sees you Troubleshooters. He seems nervous and is obsessively wiping his lips. However, he does a quick, smooth recovery, greeting you energetically.

"Hey, hey, hey? Whatta surprise! (Pumping hands enthusiastically.) Hey, who loves ya, baby? Is this guy great or is he great! Marvelous! Marvelous! Hey, I'm sure we can get right behind you all the way on this. Hey, let's do lunch sometime, you total maniac, I love ya, come to poppa!"

Babble on in this fashion for a bit as Hall-Y invites everyone to introduce himself while exclaiming repeatedly and enthusiastically how great it is to see everybody and how wonder-



ful a surprise. Keep it up until the PCs start fingering their lasers, then read the following aloud:

"Hey, listen cats and chicks, my close personal friend Cleto-B tells me you're looking for a confab with Teela, and Uncle Hall-Y is here to see that you get it. That Teela, she's such a gadfly, she's here, she's there, whatta total lunatic, I love her!

"The bottom line is — well, I don't know exactly right where she is at this exact moment. . . . but I've got a totally elegant — and are we talking *el-lay-GHANT!* — solution to this whole fubar. I mean, no problem, right? Hey, who loves ya, sure, I mean, totally the most?"

"So, you guys get to go on one of our most popular shows. . . . (Pause for excitement.) Yeah! Sure! *Wide Complex of Sports*, of COURSE! Hey, how 'bout a little contest of skill? Hey, hey, hey, piece-a-synthetic cake for Troubleshooter superstars like you guys, sure! I got the whole thing set up so you're SURE to WIN, no problem, hey? And. . . . the prize? Of COURSE! SURE! A date with Teela O'Malley! Huh? Hoo-hoo! When she shows up at the rendezvous — "

Hall-Y's voice trails off abruptly. His eyes seem to glaze over, tracking on some invisible object floating before his face. Suddenly he says, **"Hey, excuse me, just a minute, right back, sit tight, love ya, baby, the most, sure!"** He darts from the room through the far door.

Pause here for just a beat. Give the Troubleshooters a chance to react; they might do something really impulsive and dangerous. If they don't move instantly, however, continue reading:

After just a few moments, Hall-Y comes back in through the same door. He's wiping his lips. He looks at you, does a double-take, then says, "Um — oh. Sure. Troubleshooters, right? Hey, hey, hey! I'm Hall-Y. Fabulous to meet you, just fabulous!" as he eagerly pumps everyone's hand in greeting.

A new Hall-Y clone. Yeah, you guessed immediately, but it may take the PCs a while to tumble to this because all six Hall-Ys look, dress, and act exactly alike. All the Hall-Y clones are involved in Free Enterprise contraband, each in a different commodity, and they're all experienced in covering up for each other. If the Troubleshooters say something like, **"But we've already been introduced,"** any given Hall-Y clone will smoothly gloss it over.

"Oh, right, man, whatta total goof! My old memory, right? You know, plays tricks sometimes. Lotsa folks through here every day. Busy, busy, busy! Now, what show was it that I said I'd get you on?"

The Hall-Ys resolutely maintain the pretense that there is only one Hall-Y as long as there is even a shadow of a doubt that the PCs have solid evidence. This will be long after the PCs are quite sure that something fishy is going on, and things may get a bit ugly. When the ruse is no longer even remotely plausible, each Hall-Y abandons the pretense and goes into

his Free Enterprise spiel (about which, more later).

In portraying the Hall-Ys, remember that they are all excessively guilty. They all cover for each other. They all want to sell you something. ("Psst—can I interest you in—wink, wink — *Gilligan's Island* videotapes?") All will pop in and out of rooms at odd intervals, to be replaced almost immediately by a new clone who's wiping his lips as he enters. Play up the slapstick, vaudeville angle — strange people entering and leaving at speed, doors slamming, utter confusion.

■ He's High on Life, Too

All the lip-wiping business is a clue to an important secondary plot in this adventure: a marvelous new illegal drug that is taking NBD sector by. . . well, light drizzle. It's newly rediscovered from Old Reckoning times, and (though most Hall-Ys don't know this) has been conclusively identified by treasonous history texts as "co-cola."

Hall-YWUD-5, who deals the stuff, knows it only as a "brown, bubbling liquid." He may try to pitch it to the PCs, telling in glowing terms of its marvelous, stimulating, hallucinatory properties. "Believe me, I have never, I mean never, done anything like it — and I've done it *all*, my friends."

Make sure the PCs are aware the drug is a Big Secret, not authorized by The Computer, and therefore treasonous. Exaggerate Hall-Y's secretive, whispering manner. If a PC wants to sample the drug, Hall-Y produces a small plastic vial of it from his pocket, pours a drop or two into the small spoon hanging on his chest, and offers it to the PC — "First hit is no charge, hey?" (Remember: the multicorder and the Petbot are recording everything, but don't remind the players.)

If a character pauses to drink the co-cola, he or she feels refreshed. No other effects. But roll dice, ask to look at the PC's character sheet, and chuckle maniacally as you scribble lots of little notes behind your gamemaster screen. Psychological warfare, you know.

■ Roll Call

The six Hall-Y clones are Free Enterprise members, but each traffics a different traitorous commodity. Each also knows a different clue which may help the PCs — if they happen to get it out of him. Each Hall-Y can be intimidated or bribed easily (+2 to bribery or intimidation skills).

The Hall-Y clones are distinguished in the same way as all clones in Alpha Complex: get them to stick out their tongues. Each member of a clone family has his or her clone name and number tattooed on his tongue. Pass this information along to the PCs as if reminding them of common knowledge: after all, they are clones themselves. For citizens who wish to mask their true numeration, rubber tongue covers are available on the Black Market — just ask Hall-YWUD-2, who runs a thriving sideline in tongue covers.

Here's a run-down of the iniquitous operations of the Hall-YWUD crime family:

■ Hall-YWUD

Hollywood-type; tasteless, insincere, mercenary, and plastic. Great at parties, though.

Mutation: Regeneration

Weapons: None

Armor: Lots of credits

Tactics: Sell something to the characters; if this doesn't work, lie, cheat, steal, promise them anything, and then send them into the deathtrap in the next room.

Hall-YWUD-1: Producer of *Bowling for Credit Vouchers* and other popular shows, secretly markets bootleg clones for the Clone Rangers. He's the only Hall-Y clone who has reason to want the PCs dead — that's why he's sending them on *Wide Complex of Sports* — but he's passed the word along to his brothers, and they are more than willing to steer the PCs to new deathtraps. ("Hey, what? didn't like the sports show? Hey, bad vibes, sure, no problem. Hey, why not check out the old *Captain Botaroo* studio? Teela shows up there all the time, dontcha know?")

Hall-YWUD-2: Guiding force behind the long-running serial *The Bot Patrol*, runs tongue covers, in a wide selection of sizes and numbers ready-made, and made-to-order special jobs in rush-time.

Hall-YWUD-3: (*Name That Meltdown*) sells illegal videotapes of treasonous Old Reckoning programming: *Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*, gymnastics tournaments, detergent commercials, test patterns.

Hall-YWUD-4: Usually handles a full line of exotic Black Market weapons, but he's been too busy lately with his legit job — producing the megahit adventure program *Vulture Squadron Fights Commie Mutant Traitors in the Service of The Computer*.

Hall-YWUD-5: Is best known for *One Clone's Family*. He sells the illicit drug co-cola to the Clone Rangers, who use it as an ingredient in their cloning process.

Hall-YWUD-6: Runs the game show *Truth Serum* (featuring the exciting "electric chair" round). He sells co-cola to a newly formed splinter group of the Romantics — The Pepsi Generation. Since co-cola supplies are limited — the Hall-Ys can't always bribe the techs in the food vats to divert critical supplies to them — the Clone Rangers and the Pepsi Generation sometimes come into conflict over scarce resources; Hall-5 and Hall-6 are often caught in the middle.



The Hall-Y Arbitrary Clue Availability Chart

Whenever the PCs get a Hall-Y in a tough bind (like peering down the barrel of a cone rifle), just consult this chart and pick a clue. This is *all* the Hall-Y will divulge on the subject. Subsequent torture and intimidation is for naught; Hall-Y will hold out like a French Resistance fighter tortured by heinous Nazis.

What if They Do This . . . ?

Once the PCs have looked around Hall-Y's office, met a Hall-Y or two, and picked up a couple of clues, then it's time to send them off to *Wide Complex of Sports*.

Direct the Troubleshooters to Studio 54, just a couple hundred feet down a corridor outside Hall-Y's office. One of the Hall-Y clones may personally conduct them there. ("Hey, right this way, folks. Love ya, great act, socko, you'll knock 'em dead.") Or an eager-beaver studio page may show up to guide them. Or an announcement may be heard over the PA system, "Attention! Paging guests (list PC names) to Studio 54! Taping of *Wide Complex of Sports* is about to begin! Two minutes to taping!"

But suppose the PCs start to wander around on their own in HPD sector or act uncooperative in various other ways?

Some suggestions:

If the PCs Follow Hall-Y Out of His Office: Beyond his door is a tan-colored corridor running right and left, with doors all along both sides of the hall (see diagram on page 62). If the tan color doesn't freak the PCs out, they can see Hall-Y enter a doorway right across the hall just as another Hall-Y comes out the same doorway. The new Hall-Y energetically and urgently tries to herd the PCs back into the office.

If the Troubleshooters Enter the Room Across the Hall: They'll find another office, and five identical Hall-Y clones (unarmed), sitting around swilling the new drug co-cola from strangely shaped glass flasks (soda pop bottles). The Hall-Ys don't want any trouble. If threatened or intimidated, they'll spill general information on any topic the PCs think to ask them about, though they'll clam up about details.

If the PCs Don't Follow Hall-Y into His Office and Instead Wander Off Down the Corridor: They can go into any door. Each door is tan-colored. The word STUDIO and a number is painted on it. A red lightbulb is on the wall just above each door. None of the bulbs are lit. If the Troubleshooters enter any studio, they'll be in the *Wide Complex of Sports* deathtrap; go to the next section.

If the PCs Leave Hall-Y's Office and Go Somewhere Else: The Computer will politely inquire about the progress of their mission over the PA system. Perhaps gentle guidance is

necessary — maybe a Vulture Squadron supported by a division of combots. Deliver them right to Studio 54 — go to the next section.

If Chock-O-BLK Tries to Gain Hall-Y's Confidence as a Fellow Free Enterpriser: Play along. Agree to anything Chock-O says. Then send him directly to the deathtrap along with the others.

If the PCs Terminate All the Hall-Ys: Well. Makes for an interesting debriefing. A PA announcement tells the PCs that a priority request has been cleared, and that the PCs are to report at once to Studio 54 for Special Duty. (Who sends this PA announcement? Cleto-B-QRK? Hall-Y? The Ghost of Christmas Past? C'mon. Doesn't matter. Just do it.)

And remember the fail-safe option — Funbot on Parade. Now we return you to the regularly scheduled program . . .

You're Going Out There a Youngster, But You've Got to Come Back a Star

A surviving Hall-Y, studio page, or announcement over the PA summons the PCs to Studio 54, the scene of the next episode in this gripping drama. When the PCs enter the door to Studio 54, read the following aloud:

Before your eyes adjust to the darkened studio, a harried, hustle-bustle Green-level character waddles over, says, "All right, all right, it's about time, don't you know I've got a schedule? You're way overdue and I've had to remap the entire shoot. Over here, over here to the playing area. Pronto!"

The Green guy is Morrie-G-LSE-5, the director of *Wide Complex of Sports*. He's as authoritarian, officious, and persnickety as the PCs can stand without shooting him.

The Playing Area

Read this aloud:

The Green fellow introduces himself as Morrie-G-LSE-5, director of *Wide Complex of Sports*. He leads you through darkened areas of a very large studio, behind brightly lit sets, between partitions, over cables. . . The ceiling is lost in darkness. You can hardly see the far end of the studio.

You pass one set with a large painting of two autocars crashing. Another set shows two enormous Infrareds beating up on one another in a boxing ring. A third set is dominated by the giant logo "COMMIE MUTANT TRAITOR HUNT." Finally Morrie-G escorts you to a well-lit, colorful set surrounded by cameras. The elaborate neon logo over the soundstage reads "DATE WITH DEATH."

"Now pick one guy to represent your team and wait here for the other team's guy," Morrie-G says. "Oh, and I need to collect all your weapons and armor. Wouldn't want any accidents on the set, would we?"

The Hall-Y Clue Chart

Clue 1: A secret society which calls itself the "Clone Rangers" is said to offer illicit clones for wealthy citizens.

Clue 2: The Romantics secret society has spun off yet another radical group. This new society is called "The Pepsi Generation," and their central ritual is the sharing of a new drug, known as "co-cola," with mysterious properties.

Clue 3: The current Teela O'Malley is the last in her clone family. She has let it be known that she is interested in anyone who can provide her with illicit clone descendants. Price is no object.

Clue 4: Don't press the fifth button labeled "X" on the *Date With Death* gameboard or your team is in real trouble.

Clue 5: It is said by those who should know that Cleto-B-QRK is a very big man in a new society called the Clone Rangers.

Clue 6: There are suggestions that the old studio where *Captain Botaroo* used to be produced is not a particularly healthy place to visit. (So this is not really a very helpful clue. So what? Maybe that's why you should make it seem very important.)

So Morrie-G doesn't look intimidating enough to demand that a team of Troubleshooters deliver their weapons and armor to him?

Hah! Let them get stubborn, then let the platoon of securitybots come whistling down from the darkness above them, support cables ringing with speed and tension, guns bristling from compact, well-armed flat-black capsules of awesome menace. If a PC looks cross-eyed, waste him. At Morrie-G's gesture, the bots disappear as suddenly as they appeared, reeling back up into the darkness above them.

Cute, huh? And if the PCs balk at any other point in Studio 54, these securitybots zip down from the ceiling and clarify things.

No, Morrie-G won't tell the PCs what the game is about — "Whatsamatter, I'm supposed to hold your widdle hand?" No, he won't tell about their opponents — "Fairness regulations! Trying to get me in trouble?" No, he doesn't know anything useful about anything at all. No, the PCs can't leave — Hall-Y has seen to that. At each door the PCs find four combots blocking their exit route.

Can you say "railroaded?" I knew you could.

For the rest of this episode, Morrie-G is the Troubleshooters' "off-camera" contact in HPD. Hall-Y won't show up here. He's a producer, so he hardly ever visits the set. Morrie-G knows



Date With Death: Round One

Morrie-G-LSE: High-strung vidshow producer of *Date With Death*

Secret Society: Free Enterprise

Mutation: Adrenalin Control

Weapons: None

Armor: None

Tactics: Justs clears his throat, and a dozen (or more) securitybots come to his rescue. See below for their stats.

Don-Y-OSM: Professionally cheerful host of *Date With Death*

Secret Society: Romantics

Mutation: Charm (of course)

Weapons: None

Armor: None

Tactics: Smile, smile, smile.

Ozzie-R-DIP-6: Pencil-neck geek, but very stupid (IQ of a brillo pad).

Secret Society: Sierra Club

Mutation: Matter eater

Weapons:

Laser pistol (8L) _____ 8
(During 2nd round:)

Plasma generator (20E) _____ 4

Armor: Red reflec (L4)

Tactics: Look real tough (as tough as a 97 lb. weakling can look, that is); panic when the firing actually begins and the plasma generator starts malfunctioning. Act like a real nerd.

Securitybots: Color-TV sized; two turrets on either side, each with a hand flamer and a slugthrower; suspended from ceiling on coiling steel cables; small brain, literal programming.

Weapons:

2 Hand flamers (10F) _____ 15

2 Slugthrowers (10P) _____ 15

Armor: Polished composite steel armor (All5)

Speed: Reel up and down fast; otherwise immobile.

Tactics: Hit offending traitors with all four barrels blazing.

and respects Hall-Y, insofar as respect is a significant concept in HPD. However, Morrie-G is seriously bugged that a lowly Yellow (Hall-Y) is his nominal superior in the production of the show. Oh, Morrie tries to conceal his resentment . . . sort of:

"Sure, Hall-Y is great people. All of them are great people, I mean. I'm sure eventually they'll perform well enough that The Computer will promote them to Green status, like me.

"Now, don't get the idea I hold their Yellow clearance against them. No sir, no ma'am. Morrie-G-LSE can put pride aside to work for a Yellow. And no one will say different.

"You hear anybody say Morrie-G is sensitive about that clearance stuff, you say so right now, hear?

"Well?

"Okay, but listen, I don't appreciate that kind of rumor-mongering, that's all it is. . ."

Note that Morrie-G's babbling requires no response from the PCs. Morrie-G doesn't converse with the Troubleshooters; he bounces statements off them like handballs.

Blind Date

The PCs must now select one representative. This will be very easy or impossible, since they have no idea what qualities are useful. If they try to get some ideas by looking around the soundstage, read this aloud:

The soundstage is a fairly large semicircular area walled in by thin plastic partitions. At one end of the stage is a kind of lecturn or podium with a microphone.

At the other end, near where you're standing, are two long desk-like metal things, each with a row of large pushbuttons on the top and a big red light bulb in front. The desks are about five feet apart and oriented at an angle so they almost face each other. On the wall between them is a scoreboard reading TEAM 1 (and beneath that, WEAPONS — 0) and TEAM 2 (and beneath that, WEAPONS — 0).

That's right. It's a game show. Now, before you start this bit, get four index cards or pieces of paper and write the following in real big letters:

SIGH!

LAUGH!

CHEER!

SPOUT LOYAL SLOGANS!

Use these as cue cards. Whenever the read-aloud text calls for one of these responses, or when in the course of the *Date With Death* episode, you feel that one might be appropriate, hold up the card to the players and encourage them to simulate a canned audience response. This is a whole bunch of fun, and lets the players blow off a little of the steam they have built up as a result of your persistent abuse.

Give the Troubleshooters slightly less than a reasonable amount of time to choose the representative. Give them the idea that this is a critical decision. Build the tension.

Of course, as you have guessed, the choice is immaterial. Sooner or later, everyone is going to get marched up onto the stage, and none of them have much chance to succeed, anyway.

After they make their choice, read this:

Around the partition at the opposite end of the stage comes a scrawny little pencil-necked Red-level guy in a badly-fitting jumpsuit with an Armed Forces insignia. He takes position behind one of the desks. Morrie-G comes bustling up and says, "Hokay, showtime! Who's your guy? — Well, get up on stage behind your desk, pronto! The program's about to start."

You (the chosen character) stumble onstage and stand behind the second desk. The buttons on the desk are arranged in a square of four, numbered 1-2-3-4, and there's a fifth button labeled "X" and set off from the others near the upper right-hand corner of the desk.

Morrie-G sits down at a control console offstage behind the cameras. Suddenly, lights flash and you hear bouncy theme music and recorded applause. Over the applause you hear Morrie-G's voice saying, "And now, it's time once again for . . . *Date With Death!* (Cheer!) Brought to you by . . . your friend The Computer! (Spout Loyal Slogans!) And here's your host, a loyal citizen, just like you, Don-Y-OSM!" (Cheer! — and keep waving this sign before your players, encouraging them to sustain the racket.)

A really handsome Yellow HPDer trots onstage to the lecturn. The canned applause continues for a while, then Morrie-G turns a knob on the console and the sound fades. (Still hold the Cheer! sign up, but signal with the other hand to slowly lower the volume until you cut off the Cheer! by hiding the sign.)

"Hi, fellow citizens," (Cheer!) says Don-Y, "The Computer has lined up an exciting contest today — and what do you say to that?"

Morrie-G hits a button (Spout Loyal Slogans!) and a chorus of voices praise The Computer's generosity. Don-Y smiles broadly saying, "Great. Great. Now, you all remember the defending champion representing Team 2, Ozzie-R-DIP-6? (Cheer!) Right! Now, let's meet our challenger, a heroic Troubleshooter representing Team 1, (give name of fingered PC)." (Cheer!)

"Hey, tell us a little about yourself, (name of fingered PC)!"

Don-Y asks a bunch of typically inane questions — "What sector are you from?" "Who's your closest and most trusted friend?" (The Computer! — or somebody is going to have some explaining to do at the debriefing.)

If the PC tries to ask Don-Y a question, Don-Y will laugh heartily and say, "Hey, what a kiddo! How about that, audience?" Morrie-G twists a knob and you hold up the "Laugh!" sign.

After the utter banality of the situation is clearly established, continue reading:

"Okay, studio audience and friends at the barracks, you all know how to play our game. By answering questions in our first round, the team will gain weapons that will aid them substantially in the second round, as they approach their — *Date With Death!*

"Right? Okay, let's go then to the first question. For one weapon, what is — your security clearance?"

Wait for a perceptible fraction of a second. The player may shout out the answer. A sharp one may say, "I'm pushing a button." Ask him which one. If it was one of the four numbered buttons, ignore the answer — whatever it is, the answer is wrong. If the button was the "X" button, see below in "What if Someone Presses Button 'X'?"

If a player answers without pushing a button, hold up the "Sigh!" sign. Read the following:

Don-Y says, "Oh! I'm sorry. You must buzz before answering. But thanks for playing, and let's welcome the next player from Team 1." (Cheer!) Under cover of the noisy applause,



Morrie-G gestures impatiently for the chosen PC to get off stage and for somebody else to get on. And fast!

If no one moves quickly to take the loser's place, Don-Y laughs, shouts encouragement, Morrie-G twists a knob, and you hold up the "Laugh!" sign. Security bots come whistling down from the dark ceiling and loom menacingly.

If the PC hits a button before answering, read this aloud:

You hit the button well in advance of Ozzie-R from Team 2, but nothing happens.

After an extended pause, and after several expressions of alternating comprehension, confusion, inspiration, and motivation have played across Ozzie-R's face, he lunges forward and stabs at a button. (Pick a button other than the numbered button the PC pushed. Make a loud, annoying, "EHHNNNT!" noise.) A buzzer sounds, and the bulb lights.

Don-Y says dramatically, "For one weapon, what is your security clearance?"

Ozzie-R pauses, thinks a moment, and finally guesses, "Uh, Red?"

Don-Y shouts, "Yes! That's right!" Morrie-G twists a knob (Cheer!) and an audience tape blares.

If the PC didn't do anything at all, read the paragraphs above from "After an extended pause. . ."

Now, no matter what the Troubleshooter did, he failed to answer the question. Don-Y thanks him, asks for a hand for him (Cheer!), and summons the next pigeon.

As the PCs change their representative, Don-Y says something like:

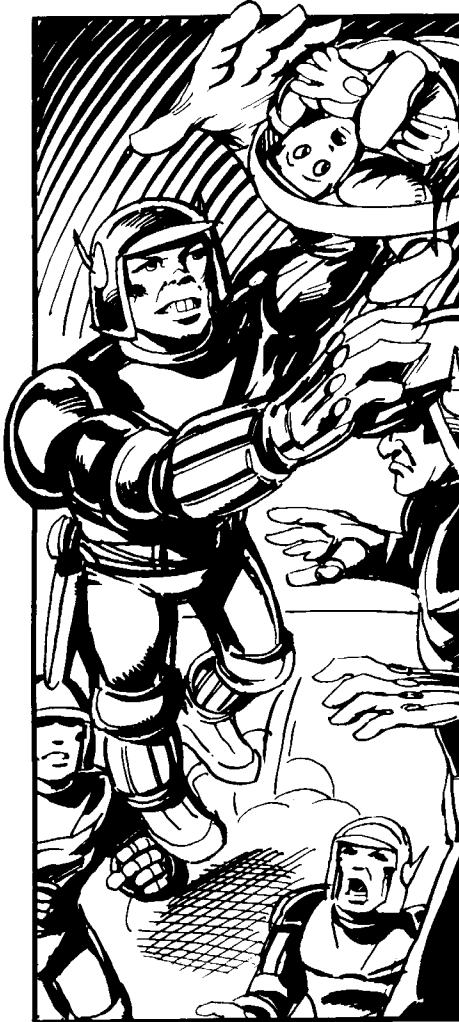
"Well, Troubleshooters, am I right that you missed our last show? Eh? Am I right? Well, if you'd seen it, you'd know the button you should have pushed to work the buzzer to answer the first question today is the same number that worked for the final question last time! (Sigh!)"

"Ah, well, it's all part of the fun and suspense on. . . **Date With Death!** (Cheer!) So now the score is. . . 1 weapon for Ozzie's Team 2, (Cheer!) and a big zipperoo for the Troubleshooters' Team 1. (Laugh!) Right? Ready? Okay, here's the next question. . ."

And So On

One by one the PCs come to answer some insanely easy question. Likely as not, one by one they fail. There is a pattern to which button works the buzzer (the button changes from question to question) — but since each team member is allowed only one wrong answer, the PCs may all go down to defeat before deciphering it.

The pattern is simple — after the casual hose job of question 1, where whatever the PCs do, it is defined as wrong. Button 2 answers question 2, and then the buzzer numbering goes backwards, 2-1-4-3-2-1-4-3-2, etc. Button 1 answers question 3, button 4 answers question 4, button 3 answers question 5, and so on until each of the PCs have been defeated. Ozzie-R, of course, knows the pattern.



"Chock-O blocks as Magilla-G drives in for the SCORE!!"

A PC may stab at a button at random, and accidentally activate the buzzer. You have two options then: Ozzie-R could beat the Troubleshooter to the buzzer and have first crack at the question, or you could actually let the PC win one and get a chance at the next question before being replaced. This is a good way to maintain player interest and avoid appearing arbitrary.

GM: Gosh, me arbitrary? How could you say such a thing? (Scribbles notes behind the GM screen and grins broadly while shrugging his shoulders in exaggerated innocence.)

The questions, with answers, follow. Ozzie-R, a lackluster dimbulb, might not know the answers to all of these. In this case he won't even hit the buzzer, and the question may pass unanswered.

Questions for Date with Death, Round One

1. (No right button.) What is your security clearance? (Whatever.)
2. (Button 2.) Who is your friend? (Guess who. C'mon. Get serious.)
3. (Button 1.) What is six times nine? (54.)
4. (Button 4.) Who wears white? (High Programmers. Ultraviolet Clearance.)
5. (Button 3.) What popular video heroine is The Computer's most trusted, loyal, and beloved servant? (Teela O'Malley — ahem!)
6. (Button 2.) What did the Red-level Troubleshooter say to the Yellow-level Troubleshooter when the Red-level Troubleshooter stepped on the Yellow-level Troubleshooter's foot? ("Please don't kill me.")
7. (Button 1.) How many fingers am I holding up? (Whatever.)
8. (Button 4.) Who is your friend? (See question #2.)
9. (Button 3.) Who do we hate? (Commies, Mutants, Traitors, or some such.)
10. (Button 2.) What do Troubleshooters do? ("Shoot trouble" is the simplest correct answer; dull but accurate answers are acceptable.)
11. (Button 1.) What's between Yellow level and Blue level? (Green level.)
12. (Button 4.) What color laser barrel can a Red level Troubleshooter carry? (Red.)
13. (Button 3.) Who is your friend? (See question #2.)

Of course, accidents happen. The PCs could get lucky or too smart, tumble to the button pattern early on, and walk all over poor Ozzie-R. And don't discount the possibility that some rat-fink player has read this fine roleplaying supplement already, and has discovered the pattern. If this happens, change the button pattern or make the questions tougher. ("Which High Programmer is the inventor of the new fertilization process which tripled algae yield in LIS sector hydroponics recently?" "How many Computer Bytes can dance on the head of a pin?")

What If Someone Presses Button "X"?

Read this aloud:

You press the button marked "X," and suddenly a loud gonging noise fills the studio. Don-Y gapes in amazement. The "crowd" goes wild. (Cheer!)

"Incredible! Studio audience! Viewers! The Troubleshooter challengers have elected to forfeit all weapons to Team 2 and go directly to Round Two and their Date With Death!" (Coax players to frenzy by madly gesturing as you display the "Cheer!" sign.)

Stop the questioning and go directly to the next section — Round Two.



Round Two

No matter what, the Troubleshooters do not fare well in Round One. Whether Round One ends because someone pushes button "X" or because each PC has been eliminated by giving a wrong answer or no answer at all, at best the PCs may answer a couple of questions, while Ozzie-R will answer quite a few and win a dandy selection of portable ordnance to employ in Round Two.

When Round Two is ready to begin, read the following:

"Time for Round Two!" says Don-Y. *(Cheer!)* All at once, the soundstage floor begins to vibrate. Upstage center the partitions divide, slide back, revealing a wide, brilliantly-lit concrete ramp leading into some kind of arena. Ozzie-R trots blithely up the ramp. Offstage, Morrie-G gestures frantically for you to follow. He indicates the security bots dangling from the ceiling.

Anyone who doesn't go up the ramp gets to check out in a blaze of glory, in a fatal fire-fight, Commie-execution spectacular televised Complex-wide.

The arena is a spacious, historically semi-accurate reconstruction of an Old Reckoning site. It seems to have been a center for ancient pagan rituals. (At least that's the way you'll have to describe it to your players.) If they reveal any knowledge of this site's true purpose during play, that should be worth a treason point or two.

You're sent up the ramp into the arena, while Morrie-G's recorded voice blares out, "Today's *Date With Death* is set in The Computer's faithful recreation of an ancient site recently rediscovered by The Computer's loyal servants in the Office of Culture Propagation and Improvement, Division of Discoveries and Patriotic Suppression.

"This site was used by primitive cultures for bizarre pagan rites of water worship. It should make us thankful that we're living in a happier, more sensible age, under the loving care of our trusted, dependable mentor, The Computer." *(Spout Loyal Slogans!)* *(Cheer!)*

The arena is a long, rectangular room with a high ceiling and strange cubical machines arranged in two rows from one end to the other. Each machine is a large white box with an open lid on the top. Along the walls are large dark machines with glass portholes for viewing, but what they reveal is incomprehensible — bits of cloth tossing and twirling in the obscure patterns of some unknowable ritual. The sounds of rhythmic bumping and humming machinery fill the arena, and the air smells unnaturally — *fresh and clean!*

That's right — a laundromat. Your players have probably also guessed, but you must remind them, this alien environment is nothing like their characters have ever seen. If any of them wink a lot and make jokes about it, give 'em a treason point.

Ozzie-R and His Friends

The PCs are standing in the arena with Ozzie-R, whom you should now describe in much greater detail — a tiny, skinny guy, with a whiny voice; looks like he'd blow over if you whispered "stiff breeze." He looks real nervous. If any of the PCs try to intimidate him with fierce looks, he skitters away like a squirrel.

Read this aloud:

Don-Y-OSM trots into the arena with an armful of weapons: a laser rifle with an Indigo barrel, a tangler, something that looks an awful lot like a plasma generator, and others. He gives them to Ozzie-R, who just barely avoids collapsing under the weight. Ozzie-R looks more nervous than ever.

If the PCs got any questions right in the first round, read this:

Then Don-Y trots over to you and, with a broad smile, reaches into his pocket and brings out *(number equal to the number of questions the PCs answered correctly in the first round)* laser pistol(s) with Red barrel(s). "Congratulations, Troubleshooters!" he says sincerely.

These are ordinary laser pistols. Then, in any case, read the following:

Don-Y trots down the ramp and in a moment his voice resounds through the arena. "We'd like to thank Ozzie-R and his defending team for their diligent service to The Computer in testing several experimental weapons provided to us today by the brilliant technicians in Research and Development. Let's give them a big hand, citizens." *(Cheer!)* Enormous applause is heard in the studio, and Ozzie-R seems to shrivel a bit.

Probably the Troubleshooters — if you've elected to foster their little illusions — are breathing fairly easily now. This misguided sense of well-being should be encouraged. Then read this:

Don-Y continues, "And now let's welcome the rest of Ozzie-R's team! From the 256th Vulture Squadron, let's give a warm Alpha Complex greeting to Biff-G, Magilla-G, Gorgo-G, Goliath-G, and Megatherium-G from GOG Sector!" *(Cheer!)*

Amidst tumultuous applause, the room seems to shrink as five gigantic Green Armed Forces Troopers trundle into the arena and loom protectively around Ozzie-R. Each Vulture grabs one of the experimental weapons in a hand the size of a vat-gruel bucket, glances at it in distaste, and lays it aside with a grunt. They place the weapons on the floor almost without bending over. Their knuckles brush their knees. They look at you, grinning broadly.

In comes a trio of tall spindly bots in black and white tunics with little whistle attachments on their faceplates. Each has a laser built into one arm.

Don-Y-OSM continues, "Here are the three rebots to judge today's match, and here's the game ball: a finely-crafted, precisely-molded, sixty-kilogram sphere of solid carbon steel from our friends in Technical Services."

One rebot is listing to one side under the weight of this big steel ball. One of the Vultures takes the ball and tosses it one-handed to a teammate.

"Remember, audience, each team is trying to get that steel ball in the porthole at the other team's end of the arena," says Don-Y-OSM.

Suddenly, spotlights shine down on two portholes at opposite ends of the arena, and they flip open automatically. The Vultures lope to their end, and the rebots guide you to your own.

Don-Y finishes, "And don't forget, citizens — anything goes! These brave contestants want that date with Teela O'Malley and they'll stop at *nothing* to get it! It's all part of the fun on . . . *Date With Death!*" The partitions are sliding closed behind you and the rebots are signalling for the game to begin. The Vultures are pounding their fists into their palms, beating on their chests, and growling. Gee, isn't this exciting?

Date With Death: Round Two

Vulture Squadroniers Biff-G, Magilla-G, Gorgo-G, Goliath-G, and Megatherium-G; members of 256th Vulture Squadron, GOG sector; distinguishing features: knuckles brush the ground, low sloping foreheads. **Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers **Mutation:** Matter Eater (which is why they weren't affected by the Memory-wipe scandal!)

Weapons:

Unarmed (5I) _____ 18
Melee weapons (8I*) _____ 14
Thrown weapons (6I**) _____ 2

* Attacking with sphere; see *King of the Laundromat*, below.

** Chucking a hunk of metal; see *King of the Laundromat*, below.

Armor: Green reflex (L4)

Tactics: Crush! Kill! Destroy! Plus, see *Team 2 Green Gorillas Table* and *Gorilla With Sphere Table* below.

Rebots Man-sized; 2 multi-purpose arms and manipulators; make obscure and unfair judgments like all referees; small brain (defective); narrow, literal programming.

Weapons:

Indigo laser rifle (9L) _____ 16

Armor: Sturdy construction (L4P4E4F4I2)

Maximum Speed: Sprint

Tactics: See *Rebot Table* below.



King of the Laundromat: The Rules of the Game

As a special treat, we've organized the *Date With Death* bloodbath in the form of a boardgame. In spirit, this boardgame is typical *Paranoia* combat, but the boardgame format makes it easier for the GM to run the NPCs and maintain some illusion of balanced, objective conflict.

In fact, it doesn't matter too much who wins; the adventure will continue in any event. The opponents are considerably tougher than the PCs, but their chart-driven tactics give the PCs plenty of opportunities. Further, the random element of penalty assessment by the rebots is a big factor in determining the winner (most casualties, for example, are inflicted by the lasers of the rebots). Therefore, no matter how tactically brilliant the PCs are, they could lose by a bounce of a die. And finally, since you are the referee, you have plenty of opportunities to influence the outcome.

So, remember, this is a roleplaying game, not *Stalingrad*. The point is to do some full-tilt roleplaying and have fun.

If the PCs manage to figure some way to win this apparently lop-sided match... well, bully for them.

Rules of Play

Introduction

The playing area is a reconstructed Old-Reckoning laundromat. The opposing teams are, on one hand, the PCs (Team 1), and on the other, Ozzie-R-DIP and his Green Vulture Squadron companions (Team 2). The object is to advance a sixty-kilogram steel sphere to the opposing team's goal and stuff it inside the goal (an open clothes dryer). There are some rules about what sorts of things are illegal, but the PCs are not told about those rules, and learn only from experience by watching the kinds of penalties the rebots assess.

Components

1. The Arena (the Laundromat)

The playing area is printed on page 91 of the pull-out section and should be set between the GM and the players so everyone can see it.

The playing area is an arena resembling a laundromat, with rows of clothes dryers along the walls and two rows of washing machines running the length of the area.

For game purposes, the area is divided into ten sectors, numbered 1 to 10. At each end is one special dryer designated "The Goal."

2. The Player Characters, NPCs, Rebots, and The Metal Sphere

Also on page 91, markers for six player characters, six NPC opponents, three rebots, and a metal sphere are printed.

In printing the markers on an important page, we have confronted you with a pretty tough decision — should you chop it up just to get those silly markers, photocopy them, or make your own markers?

Remember, damaging Computer property is a treasonous offense, punishable by summary execution.

If you are too fastidious to chop it up, and too la-di-dah to use regular, paper-thin copies of the markers, well, you can just make your own elegant markers, or use metal *Paranoia* miniatures, or adapt some of the counters from one of West End Games' award-winning fantasy or historical boardgames like *Kings & Things* or *Chickamauga*. (Pretty smooth little plug there, eh?)

Setting Up the Game

Read the following aloud:

The rebots direct the members of each team to stand in their appropriate goal areas. Do you follow directions like a good citizen?

Execute uncooperative traitors. Studio security bots and combots offer support if the rebots request it.

Place all Team 1 markers in Sector 10. Place all Team 2 markers in Sector 7. Place one rebot in each of Sectors 3, 4, and 9. Place the metal sphere in Sector 8.

Then read aloud:

See. Here are your PCs. (*Point. I know, it isn't polite. Do it anyway.*) **Here are Ozzie-R and his Green Vulture Squadron buddies. You notice that Ozzie-R has strapped on the weapon resembling a plasma generator and is cowering behind his hulking comrades. There is no sign of the other weapons. It seems the Vultures disdain the use of experimental weapons. I wonder why...**

Here are the rebots. They all have a Violet-color laser built into one arm.

So, did you guys get any weapons? If so, who's going to start out carrying one? If not, too bad.

Now, remember, nobody has any armor, Ozzie-R has got something that looks like a plasma generator, and you guys have (either no weapons, or one or more Red laser pistols).

Everybody ready? Okay, the rebot in Sector 9 has dropped the sphere in Sector 8. That is closer to Team 2 than it is to you. Does that seem unfair? Anybody want to complain?

Yes, it is unfair. No, complaining does no good. The rebots ignore PC and NPC comments alike. Unruly contestants get shot. *Period.*

Sequence of Play

Now you're going to explain how the game turn proceeds. Read aloud:

Okay, Troubleshooters, here's how things are going to work.

First, everybody writes down on a piece of paper what his character is going to do in the next five-second combat round. Here's what has to be on each note you give me:

One: your PC's name.

Two: which sector you will end up in. You can end up in any sector you choose. Don't bother telling me all the s'well things you

want to do on the way to that sector. You move to, or stay in a sector, then you do something. Got it?

Three: what you intend to do in that sector. Shoot? Shoot who? Clobber someone? Who? Pick up the sphere? Attack a rebot? Hide in a dryer? Sing "I'm an Alpha Complex Dandy"? Remember, I'm the guy that decides whether you can do what you say you intend to do. Of course, as always, I'll be reasonable. (Smile.)

Remember those three items.

I bet you want to know what kinds of things I will and won't let you do. Well, I'll give you some examples, but mostly I'm going to keep you in suspense. You'll find out as we go along. Won't that be exciting?

Here are some examples:

YOU CAN:

- Melee
- Shoot weapons
- Exchange, steal, or throw weapons
- Hide
- Use mutant powers, if any of you are traitors
- Try to pick up the sphere and then try to score by putting it into the other team's goal
- Help each other
- Make eloquent pleas for justice to the rebots
- Appeal to the reasonable natures of Ozzie-R and his buddies
- Attack the rebots
- Direct questions, statements, or orders to other PCs, but the communication must be real short, and it is likely that that is all I'll let you do in one round

YOU CAN'T:

- Do impossible or silly things. Exceptions may be made for incredibly clever or entertaining proposals
- Break any normal *Paranoia* game rules, though I may make exceptions

REMEMBER:

The more you try to do in a five-second round, the more likely you will foul up in an entertaining fashion.

Okay, that's the first part — writing your intention in a note to me. You will write your notes simultaneously and without consulting each other. You will have about thirty seconds to write your notes.

Next, I'll collect and read your notes. I'll figure out what your character can do and arrange the PC markers in their new positions on the Playing Area. I'll let you whine and plead a little, but mostly I'll impress you, as usual, with the wit and discernment of my judgments.

Then, I will use a bunch of neat little charts to figure out where the NPCs are going and what they are going to do.

Then I'll rearrange the NPCs on the Playing Area and tell you what each of them is doing this round.

Now it's time for all the action — melee, missile, mutant powers, all kinds of exciting stuff, just like in every *Paranoia* free-for-all.



King of the Laundromat Charts and Tables

Team 2 Green Gorillas Table

Gorilla #1 automatically rolls a one each round. He is the goalie.

- Roll on this table every round for each other Gorilla not holding the sphere.
- Any Gorilla (includes #1) holding the sphere rolls on the "Gorilla With Sphere Table."

1-2: Go to sector 7 and guard goal.

If PC w/sphere in sector: grab sphere.

If PC w/out sphere in sector: melee.

3-6: Stay in this sector. Rip a chunk of metal from an appliance or wall (dryer door, soap dispenser, change machine) and throw it at a randomly-determined PC victim. (Roll a "2" to hit; column 6, Damage Table.)

7-14: Run to random sector.

If PC in sector: melee.

If no PC in sector: yell "Hey, look! I'm open — throw it! Throw it!"

15-16: Run to randomly-determined rebot and attempt to rip its head off. (Unarmed combat.)

If no functioning rebots surviving: run to sphere and grab it.

17-20: Run to sphere and grab it.

If PC(s) in sector: make unarmed skill roll to grab it. If successful, roll on *Gorilla With Sphere Table* next round. Place Gorilla marker under sphere.

Gorilla With Sphere Table

- If a Gorilla has successfully grabbed the sphere, roll on this table.
- If a Gorilla with sphere is in sector 10, the roll is automatically a 20.
- If two or more Gorillas are in the same sector with the sphere, and no PCs are in the sector, those Gorillas automatically roll an 8. That means they'll just stay there and argue over who should take the sphere. The deadlock can be broken only by a PC taking the sphere away from them, or if the excess Gorillas are diminished by PC combat or rebot laser fire. (Note delay of game.)

1-4: Stay put.

If PC in sector: melee. (That is, if PC is struggling for sphere, make unarmed com-

bat roll to maintain grip. If PC is not struggling for the sphere: bash him with the sphere — melee weapon skill of 14; column 8 on Damage Table.)

5-10: Stay put and bellow in bewilderment.

Example: "Hey, now what?" or "What's the plan?" or "Hey, Ozzie, cover me! Ozzie? Hey, where's Ozzie?"

If PC in sector: make unarmed skill roll (if necessary) to hold onto sphere, but do not melee.

11-12: Move toward sector 10 (1 sector/round).

If PC in sector: make unarmed skill roll (if necessary) to hold onto sphere, but do not melee.

13-16: Throw sphere to random sector.

If Gorilla receiver in sector: roll a die.

- *If 13 or less:* Gorilla receiver catches sphere and rolls on *Gorilla With Sphere Table* next round.

- *If 14 or more:* Gorilla fails to catch the sphere.

If PC in sector: roll Gorilla's thrown weapons skill (2) to hit PC.

- *If PC hit:* column 8 on Damage Table.

- *If no character is in the sector, if a Gorilla fails to catch the sphere, or if a PC target is missed:* the sphere smashes into wall or washing machines. (Note damage to Computer property.)

17-20: Gorilla tries to score.

If Gorilla is in sector 10, and no PC is in sector 10: score is automatic.

If Gorilla is in sector 10, and one or more PCs is in the sector: the Gorilla tries to bash a randomly-determined PC with the sphere.

- *If successful:* column 8 on Damage Table, and Gorilla maintains grip on sphere.

- *If failure:* Gorilla loses grip on sphere.

If Gorilla is not in sector 10: then Gorilla throws sphere at goal (Roll a "1" to score.)

- *If he misses:* the sphere smashes into a wall but remains in sector. (A PC in the goal should be asked *before* you roll the die to score if he'd like to try to block the throw.)

- *If a PC tries to block a shot:* the block is automatically successful, but PC takes damage on column 8 of the Damage Table.

Oh yeah. How to win. The first team to advance the sphere to the other team's goal and stuff it in the goal-dryer wins the game.

How to lose. If all members of one team are incapacitated or dead, that team is the loser. If a team stuffs the ball and gets wiped out at the same time we'll call it a draw. And if both teams get wiped out simultaneously — always a possibility with the plasma generator — then both teams lose.

Rules Infractions and Penalties

After all combat and other actions have been resolved, roll for the rebots' actions. Sometimes they move around, sometimes they just observe, and sometimes they assess penalties.

Ozzie-R Table

"Hides" means tries to get into a washer or dryer and peek out from under or behind a partially-closed lid or door.

1-4: Hides in this sector.

5-16: Runs to random sector and hides.

17-20: Hides in this sector and fires the plasma generator wildly into random sector. Since it is an area weapon, don't bother rolling for a hit. The whole sector is applesauce.

The plasma generator malfunctions on the second firing. Ozzie doesn't even dream of fixing it. Ozzie's dexterity is 5, so he must roll a 5 or less on a twenty-sided die to remove the backpack. It may take him a number of rounds, during which he will be screaming for assistance. His teammates will ignore him. If he gets loose, he'll run as far from the backpack as possible and hide there for the rest of the match.

An intrepid PC may try to salvage the plasma generator. Very tricky, but if successful, a clean win for the PCs is likely. See pages 81-82 in the *Paranoia* rules for details of remedying the malfunction. If repaired, it has a normal malfunction chance (a roll of 19-20).

Rebot Table

Roll a die each round for each rebot.

1-4: Stay in this sector and observe.

5-8: Run to random sector and observe.

9-20: Blow whistle and assess penalty.

Look for rules infractions (see below) nearest the rebot. Don't get fussy about the "nearest" part. If two or more candidates seem equally near, roll some dice. Whistle loudly (if you have a real whistle, great), announce the penalty ("Delay of Game!"), and drill the victim with laser fire.

You may show favoritism to one side or the other. It happens. Just do your best to cloak it in apparent impartiality. Roll lots of dice. Pretend to be objective. Appear surprised or sympathetic when "luck" seems to favor one side more than another.

Anything that comes up that isn't covered in the *Paranoia* rules I'll judge with typical impartiality and generosity.

One thing — to make the action extra fast and furious, we are going to ignore all combat modifiers. Any character who says he is hiding and is, in *my* judgment, out of line of sight is not a target for laser fire. As far as hiding from the plasma generator. . . well, good luck.

Finally, the rebots decide if there have been any infractions of the rules, and assess penalties.

"Rules?" I hear you say. "There are rules? Shouldn't we be told about the rules?" Gee, it must be some oversight. I'm sure The Computer will fix everything in good time.

When they assess a penalty, you must look around the playing area for the excuse for the penalty. Here is a list of five rules infractions. You can add to the list, or improvise them on the spot. The penalty is always the same — the penalized character is shot at by the rebots' built-in laser.

Rules Infractions

1. Damaging Computer Property: Fire and miss with an aimed weapon (including the sphere) or area weapon, or bash with the sphere and miss.

2. Out of Bounds Play: Hiding in a washer or dryer. **Note:** Hiding often protects the guilty party from rebot laser fire — GM option.



3. Delay of Game: Holding sphere without advancing it. Happens a lot when there is a struggle for the sphere.

4. Improper Conduct: Damaging a rebbot or making treasonous statements.

5. High Humidity: This is in case you can't find any real rules infractions. Excess humidity causes rebbots to malfunction, whistle, announce a penalty in unintelligible gibberish, and fire at hapless victims at random. (Your choice.)

Special Combat Rules

1. Plasma Generator

The plasma generator's blast area is one sector. All characters and rebbots in that sector are affected. All artifacts are partially melted and probably useless. Also, this is an *experimental* plasma generator, and, therefore, automatically malfunctions the second time it is fired. (See page 81-82 in *Paranoia* second edition for entertaining details.) In short, a warning buzzer sounds, and, if the malfunction is not repaired, the weapon explodes in 1 to 10 rounds (roll a twenty-sider and divide in half, round up); everyone in the sector takes damage on the 20th column of the Damage Table. Everyone in adjoining sectors (about a 10 meter radius) rolls on damage column 12.

2. Struggles Over Objects (Specifically the Sphere or Weapons)

If two or more characters in a sector are struggling over possession of an object, each rolls his Unarmed skill. Anyone who fails the roll loses grip of the item. If all fail, the item falls to the floor in that sector. Characters who succeed continue to grip the item. **Note:** the plasma generator can't be taken from Ozzie-R unless he's dead and the PC has managed to remove the backpack. (See Ozzie-R Table on page 69.)

An object cannot be moved to another sector if characters from opposing teams are struggling for it.

Exception: Team 2 members are very strong. If two or more Team Two members have a grip on an object, they can drag the object and any Team 1 members at a rate of one sector per round.

3. Delaying an Opposing Team Member

The PCs may try to grab Team 2 members to keep them from moving. The only way to do this is to obtain a result on the Damage Table that stuns (or worse) the opposing team member. Other methods, like hanging onto or tripping Team 2 members, have no effect.

4. Laser Fire Into Crowds

If there is more than one character in a sector, roll chance to hit. If success, swell. If failure, pick victims at random and roll for success again and again until somebody gets hit, or everyone is missed.

Special Movement Rules

Any character carrying the 60-kilogram steel sphere can move no more than one sector per turn. Assistance from other characters will not increase the movement rate.

Rolling For a Sector

If you ever have to randomly determine a sector (to assess a penalty, move a Gorilla, etc.), just roll a twenty-sided die, divide the result in half, and round up. That'll give you a result anywhere from one to ten. (Which happens to be the number of sectors on the board. Miracle of miracles, ain't it?)

In Search of Teela

"And the Lucky Winners. . ."

If the PCs won Round Two of *Date With Death*, it's time to award them their prize — a date with Teela O'Malley. Well, maybe not a real date. Actually, it's just a chance to see her for fifteen minutes at a Teela O'Malley Fan Club meeting.

Don-Y makes a big announcement, there's a lot of cheering, and the PCs are hustled off-stage as Don-Y launches into a long-winded hype praising the generosity of The Computer.

Backstage Morrie-G gives them an address in NBD sector where they are to meet Teela — "Room 13, corridor QB-7 on the Victory Promenade" — returns their equipment, and shoves them rudely out of the studio.

"Too Bad, But Our Consolation Prize. . ."

If the PCs lost the gladiatorial contest, Morrie-G returns their equipment and dispatches the disconsolate losers to Hall-Y's office (or the CRUD system delivers clone replacements there). After suitable expressions of sympathy, tch-tching, and clucking of tongues (covered tongues), Hall-Y shows what a swell guy he is.

"Oh, bad scoobies, guys and gals, really bad vibrations — but your pal Hall-Y just may be able to do you up after all. Hey, hey, no, don't thank me, it's just the kinda crazy guy I am, right?"

"Now, I hear from some very close personal friends in Public Relations that our gal Teela is planning a special surprise guest appearance at a Teela O'Malley Fan Club meeting. . ."

Hall-Y gives them the address, tries to sell them something illegal, and sends them off.

Don't worry that they'll encounter the Green Vulture Squadroniers there, even though by all rights those goons won the meeting with Teela. They won't ever be seen again. Artistic license, right? But feel free to let the players worry.

Pick a Door. Any Door.

Room 13

After leaving the *Date With Death* studio, the PCs are sent off to find Room 13. If you're picking up here fresh for a new session, you might want to give them a little improvised runaround on the way to Room 13 — you know, nosy Vulture guards, malfunctioning transbots, a wise old wizard at the crossroads,

stuff like that. Otherwise, take them directly to Room 13.

Read aloud:

Uh-oh. You've come to Room 13 — miraculously without any mysterious delays, casualties, or Kafkaesque encounters with the citizenry of Alpha Complex. Here, at last, you are going to meet the elusive Teela O'Malley.

The problem is, there are three Room 13's — three identical doors arranged in a row, reading 13A, 13B, and 13C.

There's a corridor directory on the wall nearby. You read a lot of names you don't recognize, and near the bottom, "Teela O'Malley Fan Club — Room 13." That's all it says. The hallway stretches in both directions, but there are no other doors in sight. No one is around.

You know Teela is behind one of these doors. Which one do you want to try?

Listening at doors conveys no benefit ("You hear a muffled voice — it might be Teela's"), and no one is around to help. Hall-Y, Morrie-G, the studio pages, the whole population of NBD sector — they're all nowhere to be found. The PCs will just have to choose one (or more) door(s) at random. (They're all unlocked.)

The Real Story Behind Door 13

You've probably already realized that the choice of doors is completely irrelevant. No matter which door they choose first, the Troubleshooters will run through the encounters below in a predetermined sequence.

If the PCs want to try more than one door simultaneously, the plot can handle that: split the party as desired, let them open two doors at once. The third door is now locked. If they try to blast it open, that will work — but the contents of the other two rooms should distract them before they can manage this.

The first two rooms can be run alternately, as you shift from one group of characters to another. Note that the separate encounters will probably tend toward the same outcome. (Snort, snort.) After the first two firefights are resolved, then the Troubleshooters, or their heirs, can open the third door. This time it's unlocked.

Keep in mind that the PCs should go through all three doors in sequence, and that at the last of the three doors the PCs should all enter together. To encourage them, keep reminding them that Teela *must* be around here somewhere. . .

The only situation you can't allow is the PCs' refusal to open any door. In this case, remember all the coercion devices we told you about. The funbot can go bananas and dart through a door at the drop of a derby hat. ("How-are-ya how-are-ya how-are-ya? New crowd — new show — new laughs! What's ten foot tall and loaded for bear?") Or let them return to Cleto-B and explain that they couldn't find Teela. He will yell at them a lot and send them back to investigate the Mystery of Room 13.

Anyway. The PCs choose a door and go through it. Oh, gosh. How unfortunate. They chose the wrong door. They meet. . .



Door #1: The Pepsi Generation

Comin' at ya, goin' strong. Catch the wave of the New Generation. They've got a lot to live and a lot to give. . .

Let's talk for a minute about secret societies. Now and again they influence life in Alpha Complex. But usually they're so small, so loosely organized, and so heavily infiltrated by Internal Security that they're ineffectual against the ever-vigilant Computer. (Recall that The Computer itself started most of them as harmless outlets for conspiratorial impulses.)

Given this sense of futility, secret society members tend to turn from grand, long-range plans to more easily-achievable short-range goals — like individual wealth and aggrandizement. As a result, society infighting is pretty fierce.

Any given society harbors so much petty politicking, backbiting, *back-kissing* (ahem), sneering snobbery, craven deference, and internecine warfare that it makes the AFL-CIO look like pantywaists. Imagine the members of Greenpeace trying to get along with the National Rifle Association. Is it any wonder that The Computer has stayed in power for generations?

Sometimes factions breed so much animosity that the society splinters. Offshoot groups, a dozen or so strong, break from the hated parent organization to "recapture the true ideal of our founders." They often die out in a couple of years, but the less likely an organization is to achieve its goals, the more idealistic its factions grow — and so the splintering continues. (Factional idealism is inversely proportional to group effectiveness. Students, feel free to steal this for your next Poli Sci paper. But if you flunk, don't blame us — that's what you get for relying on a roleplaying supplement for political theory.)

Thus, the Pepsi Generation.

Members of the Romantics secret society are united by their lofty aim to reestablish that long-ago golden age, when the godlike "Me Generation" ate "freshfries" and "boygahs," rode "roller coasters," and traveled through the Outdoors to wondrous places like "Disneyland" and "Vietnam."

But factions within the Romantics differ, often violently, on the ways to recapture that lost Utopia. Some spirited intellectuals favor close study of ancient documents (travel brochures, matchbooks, *Car Wars*, Sears catalogues, *Wonder Woman*), while another group demands focused concentration on the politics of the time (as revealed in an ancient videotape of the 1988 Democratic National Convention and scholarly treatments of the mysterious Pat Paulsen). Other factions recommend attention to the arts (Harold Robbins, Nelson Eddy, *The Smurfs*), or the three great "religions" of the time (Dianetics, Rosicrucianism, and the Sons of UFO).

And then there's the bunch the Troubleshooters meet as they enter the first of the three doors. Read this aloud:

Well, Teela's not here. Instead there are half a dozen oddly-dressed citizens gathered

around a strange mechanical apparatus resembling the fluid-distilling systems in the Food Vats. The liquid this machine produces is different, though — it's brown, it smells sweet, and it bubbles.

The citizens — they're pretty strange-looking. They're wearing weird *multi-colored* shirts, and blue, stitched pants, and they're pouring this liquid into strangely-shaped flasks with strange metal caps. Some of them are slurping down this odd liquid, burping, and humming along with a melody that issues from a wall vidscreen.

The screen shows a large triangular array of citizens dressed in the same, weird, colorful garments, all swigging this brown fluid from the strange flasks and raising their voices in song — in praise of the virtues of this mysterious substance — well, what else can it be but some kind of *drug* — which can apparently unite all citizens in perfect harmony.

But nothing can unite all citizens but The Computer! Everything in this room definitely looks treasonous.

As you stand there trying to figure this out, the six citizens in the room turn to you — a ritualized greeting? "We're all Peppers. Wouldn't you like to be a Pepper, too?"

Now what?

If the PCs' Actions Are Friendly. . .

If the PCs agree to "be a Pepper," or otherwise behave in friendly fashion, the Pepsi Generation gives them a taste of the brown liquid, the re-discovered Old Reckoning drug called "co-cola." Pepsi Generators live for co-cola and despise above all things the mythical "un-cola" which they believe to have been the cause of the downfall of Old Reckoning civilization.

Remember, What-YAWHO is a member of the Romantics. Maybe the Pepsis will try to recruit him from their parent organization. . .

If a PC drinks the co-cola, he or she feels refreshed. He or she will also be branded a traitor at the mission debriefing — not only are the multicorder and petbot recording everything, one of the Pepsi Generators is an Internal Security plant who will squeal like a baby to the Troubleshooters' superiors. (At your discretion, you can pass a note to Sue-R-RAT, the IntSec PC, telling her she recognizes the IntSec plant. The discovery is unlikely to comfort her, in any case.)

If the PCs Are Hostile or Suspicious

If the PCs decline to try co-cola, or are uncooperative and threatening in some other way, the secret society members will open fire immediately, firing laser pistols and throwing bottles. Make a point of hitting the funbot with a bottle — it breaks, dousing the bot with sticky, syrupy liquid. (In case you don't follow, this provides yet another plausible excuse for the funbot to go ding-dong later on — as if you needed an excuse.)

Firefight! The PCs can stay and blow the Generators away, die gloriously for The Computer, or run away. If they choose the better part of valor (i.e., run like bunnies), the Pepsi

The Pepsi Generation

Generic horde of secret society traitors
Secret Society: Pepsi Generation (of course)

Mutation: Various

Weapons:

Red-Blue laser pistols (8L)_____10

Co-cola bottles (club, 8I)_____8

Armor: Red-Blue reflex (L4)

Tactics: Teach the world to sing, but react violently if challenged by uncola-drinkers. Primary target is the person that made the sourest face after drinking co-cola.

Generation will chase them all over NBD sector, shouting slogans like "Death to the Unsweetened-Beverage-Consumers!" or "Remember the Cyclamates!" The chase can lead the PCs to some of the more interesting locales the funbot was supposed to drag them to, or to some other part of the adventure. ("You're chased into a studio with a bunch of stage sets labeled "Wide Complex of Sports. . ."") Another amusing idea is to chase the PCs in a large circle, down lots of hallways with lots of doors (all locked and miraculously resistant to weapon fire), until they happen by — yes — the same three doors of Room 13. They can go in a second door, or you can take them through the loop again. And again. And when the PCs reach the second encounter, you can have the pursuing Pepsi Generators conveniently vanish in a cloud of artistic license.

But say the Troubleshooters don't run. They either make friends with or slaughter the Pepsis; either way they get to look around the room they're in. If they do, read this aloud:

The walls of this room are covered with what look like battle plans. It seems the citizens here have been preparing for war. On one wall is a map of the sewers beneath NBD sector — you remember the sewers, don't you? One area you don't recognize has a big "X" drawn on it, and beside the "X" the words "Clone Rangers' Lab." A banner spread across another wall reads "Death to the Clone Rangers, Abusers of Co-Cola."

There's nothing else of interest in this room except a big, bulky distilling apparatus, a bunch of glass flasks of this liquid "co-cola," and the vidscreen displaying the treasonous programming. (Ancient soda pop commercials, provided by Hall-YWUD-3.)

The Pepsi Generators, it turns out, are mortal enemies of the Clone Rangers. Co-cola is a vital ingredient in the revolutionary new Ranger cloning process (hey, c'mon, isn't it said that the stuff "adds life?"), and since supplies of the beverage are limited, the two organizations are in constant conflict over this scarce resource. Thus the Generators are planning a raid on the Ranger lab.

If the PCs engage the Pepsi Generators in conversation, they can find out all of this — but they *can't* learn (A) exactly what the Clone Rangers are or Teela's connection with them,



(B) Teela's whereabouts, or (C) the time of the planned raid on the Clone Rangers laboratory. The raid will take place — of course — later in the adventure, just as the Troubleshooters discover the lab themselves.

Moving Things Along

Don't forget that you want the PCs to go through all three doors in this encounter. You can drive them like sheep to the next door with laser-toting Pepsis, make them chase the wicked funbot, or just make the Pepsis disappear behind locked, secret doors, then say, "Now what?" Sooner or later they'll either pick Door 13 again or receive some imperious command from Cleto-B to "Find Teela, you incompetent vat slime! Hall-Y says to look in Room 13. Do it. Now. Thank you for your soon-to-be-more-satisfactory-or-you'll-be-reactor-shielding-cooperation."

But suppose everyone is behaving calmly, chatting with the Pepsis, wondering what's supposed to come next. Consider these suggestions for poking your players in the proper direction:

1. Suddenly you see Teela O'Malley herself run by the open doorway outside. You hear a door open nearby, then close again.

2. The funbot pipes up with, "Hey ladies and gents, what's a drink without a main dish, right?" *Shloop!* The funbot hits one of the citizens with a cream pie. The citizen wipes away the white stuff and says, "Uncola-drinking deviant! I'm part of an original crowd! How dare you?" He pulls a laser and aims it at the funbot.

Now, do you let him blow away that extremely valuable piece of equipment that you signed your life away to protect, or do you wanna stop him?

3. Ooops! The ceiling suddenly started sagging. It looks like it's going to collapse! Oh oh, guys, a cliffhanger! Maybe you all die, maybe not. We'll find out next week... (Use this when the evening is getting long and you're ready for a co-cola yourself.)

4. Remember that the members of the Pepsi Generation, although superficially mellow, are members of a fanatic secret society. That means that they could go bonkers at any moment — for any reason — like now.

For instance:

PC: So, you fine folks know where we can find Teela O'Malley?

Pepsi #1: Teela! I saw her the other night! She played a helpless citizen kidnapped by Commies! (*Glug.*)

Pepsi #2: If only they *paused*, to be *refreshed!* The magic of co-cola would have changed their Communist ways!

Pepsi #1: What, surely you don't want to give our precious elixir to *Communists*, citizen? (*Gulp-gulp-gulp!*)

Pepsi #2: Do you deny any person the right to find the path to the apple trees and honey bees and snow-white turtledoves, you callous revisionist backslider?

Pepsi #1: Commie-symp anarchist non-Pepper! Let's ask these valiant Troubleshooters

Secret Society Meetings

• Frankenstein Destroyers (Jess-Y-BEL)

The group is gathered around a table covered with metal-working tools. In the middle of the table is a half-dismantled bot saying "Stop-stop-stop-hic-stop!"

One person is applying a blowtorch to the bot's torso. Another one is banging on its metal skull with a ball-peen hammer. The rest seem to be holding the bot down and cheering the other two on.

The one with the blowtorch flips up his welding mask. He smiles, looks at Jess-Y and says, "Oh, it's you. You're late." Another notices the funbot and says, "I thought we gave you strict orders to take care of that lousy pile of fused circuits. Why haven't you blasted it back to The Computer yet?"

Another Yellow points at Jump-R and says, "Hey, I recognize that clone! Isn't he that fink from Pro Tech? Why'd you bring him here?"

Now what?

• Romantics (What-Y-WHO)

As you look around, you notice that all of the people in the room are wearing strange looking black hairpieces. Everyone is holding a long plastic rod with a bulbous flattened base at the end. There seem to be wires running from the tip of the rod to the end of the base.

As you enter, everyone seems to be shaking their heads and singing "Woouooooo! Yeah! Yeah! Yeaahh!" Then, they all bow to each other, and wave at you.

One notices Watt-Y and says, "Fab, gear, groovy, Watt. Super you could make the gig. Grab a guitar and join the jam session. We were hoping you'd teach us the words to 'Yellow Submarine' tonight. Groovy, eh?" Everyone joins in a chorus of "Fab! Gear! Groovy!"

Another notices the rest of your Troubleshooter group, and shouts, "Hey, they're not members of the fan club! Watt-Y, who did you bring along with you?"

Now what?

• Free Enterprise (Chock-O-BLK)

There's lots of treasonous merchandise around — vidtapes, flasks of the bubbling brown liquid you saw before, real, printed books — lots of other things you've never seen before. And the six Yellow citizens are passing a lot of credits back and forth. On the wall is a banner with a big, winged dollar sign.

who's right! Who do you agree with, noble Troubleshooters?

Of course, there is no right answer to this question, and both parties have laser pistols. Take it from there, and be sure the surviving Troubleshooters get chased or led to the next door. When they open it, they'll learn that...

One of the citizens smiles, looks at Chock-O-BLK, and says, "Oh, it's you. You're late. Have you got anything to sell? Who are your friends? They interested in anything in particular?"

Now what?

• Anti-Mutant (Sam-R-KND)

One of them smiles, looks at Sam-R, and says, "Oh, it's you. You're late. We're making plans for some mutant genocide in KIA sector. That lily-circuited Computer has tolerated the mutant menace far too long. Now we'll take matters into our own hands."

They all chime in with enthusiastic fervor, but one of the others suddenly looks carefully, and points at Jess-Y and says, "Hey, isn't that the mutant scum we ordered you to terminate? Why did you bring that subhuman filth to our meeting?"

Now what?

• Sierra Club (Sue-R-RAT)

You see there are lots of banners on the walls with slogans like "Green Is Beautiful" and "Destroy All Dams" and "Euell Gibbons Will Live Forever." There are treasonous documents all around — Old Reckoning propaganda with titles like *National Geographic*, *The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau*, *Tropical Fish Quarterly*, *Donald Duck*, and *House and Garden*.

One of the citizens smiles at Sue-R and says, "Oh, it's you. You're late. We were just about to let loose a mosquito that Herbie-Y brought in from the Outdoors. Isn't it great?"

"Say. Who are these people you've brought with you?"

Now what?

• Pro-Tech (Jump-R-CBL)

You see a big banner on the wall reading "Better Living Through Technology." One of the citizens smiles at Elm-R and says, "Oh, it's you, Reddy Kilowatt (*Jump-R's code name in Pro Tech*). You're late. We've just broken one of The Computer's software protection codes and determined the whereabouts of the cloning equipment we sent you to retrieve. It's in the Clone Ranger laboratory, down in the sewers.

"Say, who are all these people you've brought with you? What are your Pro Tech code names, citizens?"

Now what?

Door #2: I've Got a Secret

Let's talk for a moment about secret society meetings. Several societies don't ever have meetings — Computer Phreaks, PSION, Frankenstein Destroyers, PURGE, and (of course) the Illuminati. Others meet all the time — FCCCP, Humanists, Romantics — or splinter groups thereof.

Yellow Clearance Secret Society Traitors

Oh oh. Somebody's fellow secret society pals are in for a heap o' trouble.

Secret Society: Same as one of the Troubleshooter's

Mutation: Various

Weapons:

Yellow laser pistol (8L) _____ 14

Armor: Yellow reflec over kevlar (L4P3)

Tactics: Shoot erstwhile secret society ally first, then plug his friends.

The level of paranoia surrounding each meeting varies by society. Communist gatherings are hushed, rushed, and participants keep weapons trained on every doorway. Conversely, meetings of societies tolerated by The Computer — FCCCP, Anti-Mutant — are enjoyed by their members for their "naughtiness." Getting caught at one of these is about as serious an offense as reading comics under the covers after bedtime.

In HPD&MC, the tolerance for such goings-on increases to the point that many meetings are held with no security precautions at all — no sentries, no locked doors, no camouflage.

Like this one. Read aloud:

Well, Teela's not here either. But when you open this door you find half a dozen citizens of Yellow clearance gathered around a small table. When you enter, they look terrified — but in a moment, they calm down.

Why do they calm down? They see a face they recognize! That's right. This is a meeting of one of the PCs' secret society! Pick some PC who's square at the front of the group of Troubleshooters, or who needs a challenge to rise to his full potential, or someone you want to get even with. Describe the trappings of the meeting according to that PC's secret society.

Appropriate descriptions for the secret societies of each of the pregenerated characters provided with this adventure are found in the Secret Society Meetings box. Follow the read-aloud paragraph above with the appropriate read-aloud paragraph for the secret society of your chosen victim.

If you're running *Send in the Clones* using your own PCs (sigh — all our work for nothing), take these descriptions as examples in exercising your own imagination to describe other secret society meetings.

Take a moment to consider your chosen PC victim's options in this situation.

- He can greet his fellow secret society members cordially, introduce other Troubleshooters as friends, and try to brazen it through. You probably have an idea about how well that will go over with the other PCs.
- He can deny knowing his fellow Troubleshooters, whereupon they will open fire on the traitor and his companions.
- He can shoot his fellow Troubleshooters, and — should he survive — try to figure out what to say at debriefing.

• He can smile widely and back out of the room, then run like blazes. The secret society members will get wise and give chase, firing at the traitor's fellows as well.

• Or he can stand paralyzed by indecision, or sink to his knees blubbing. You won't believe how many PCs pursue this course of action.

Regardless, you should have somebody start shooting. Then the encounter can become a fight or a chase — and you can use the options described in the previous encounter to bring the PCs back to the third and final door.

How sad that this moment — this exquisite freeze-frame of one PC caught between his own personal Scylla and Charybdis — cannot be drawn out at length. It is a quintessential Alpha Complex incident. Help your players appreciate, as they drop like flies in the subsequent firefight, that this is one of those situations unique to *Paranoia*.

Our advice is to turn this into a combat no matter what approach the PCs take. To be bluntly frank, this encounter exists only to bedevil your players; it makes no contribution to the development of the plot.

Sure, maybe Pro Tech or Free Enterprise members could drop a few significant clues to the motives behind the Troubleshooters' mission, but why bother?

It doesn't help them find Teela; it only gives them a better idea of what is happening behind the scenes. Who needs a bunch of smug, savvy players? Let the encounter dissolve in laser fire, and they'll never tumble to its complete lack of motivation.

The PC survivors (or successors) will want to go through the third door. They will want to. Or else! Coerce them through Door #3 if necessary (you're getting to be an old hand at this by now). They'll thank you, because here they'll find Teela — eventually.

And Finally, Door #3: You Mean . . . Teela's Really Here?!

Read this aloud:

Well, actually, Teela's in not here either. In fact, no one's here. But you can hear Teela's melodious voice coming from a lot of vidscreens on the walls. The screens display views of a huge laboratory — it looks like some sort of biological facility. Teela's voice-over is an extremely odd little jingle: "One clone, two clones, three clones, four; five clones, six clones, seven clones, more!"

There are a lot of chairs facing the front of the room, where a very large vidscreen features a continuous teletext display — lines of text that roll upward. Beside the vidscreen is a small closed door.

The door is locked. It wouldn't do for you to let them shoot through the door right at this moment; if they try, go directly to the read-aloud section below that starts with "The small door. . ."

If they don't start blasting immediately, they can watch the vidscreen teletext. It displays the Clone Rangers sales pitch, normally presented to the wealthy and influential high-clearance clients the Rangers cultivate.

This is probably the most important and coherent source of information the PCs will encounter in the adventure. It can give away as much or as little as you like about the Clone Rangers' origins and doctrines, bootleg clones, the missing cloning equipment, Teela and Cleto-B's positions in the organization, robot alligators, Tupperware, or whatever else you want.

An example pitch:

"Immortality assured through infinite clones!

"For the people of status and influence in Alpha Complex, the perfect hedge against age, disease, and the unfortunate misunderstandings that can bring a swift and surprising end to one's six original clones. . ."

"New, fully-formed adult clones, at only a few months' notice!

"For those willing to grasp the opportunity, the Clone Rangers offer endless clones, guaranteeing that your lineage survives troubled times and goes forward to greet our glorious destiny. Clones for yourself, for friends, for supervisors or subordinates, for the Indigo who has everything.

"And not just your own clones, no.

"A clone of any desired individual can be yours, for your own use or to give as the perfect gift for that special someone.

"Our introductory offer: clones of beloved entertainer Teela O'Malley, ready for immediate delivery — and at affordable prices.

"Contact Cleto-B-QRK-2 or Hall-YWUD-1 for free pamphlet and further details, or talk to our founder, Teela O'Malley herself, after tonight's presentation. No obligation; no Free Enterpriser will call. (This offer made by formal prospectus only.)"

And so on. Give the PCs ample opportunity to mull this over; they should figure out quickly enough that they've hit paydirt. At that point, who should enter but Teela?

Read this aloud whenever the PCs have finished talking things over or are about to do something significant:

The small door next to the vidscreen opens, and who should enter but your intended victim, the lovely, elusive Teela O'Malley! She sees you and gasps. Just as you spot her, you hear a door opening behind you.

Now. I need to know from each of you whether you're facing forward toward Teela, or backward toward the door opening behind you. Raise your right hand for forward, left hand for backward.

Ready? Hands up!

Anyone who didn't choose either is assumed to have dithered (a cardinal sin in *Paranoia*) and they spend a round wool gathering. Anyone who raised both hands (tried to face both ways) is showing the right spirit — just roll dice to determine which way they are actually looking when everything gets interesting.

PCs facing forward can get off a shot at Teela in the nanosecond before she ducks back through the door. If a shot hits, roll the dice, check out the Damage Chart and cluck sym-



pathetically, "Shucks. No effect. (Shake your head regretfully.) But you shot at point blank range — okay — the door jam buckles, and it can't be locked."

(This should get some pretty interesting reactions if anyone is firing something explosive, like a tacnuke, at the door, but . . . Oh well.)

If the PCs don't fire, of course, they just watch their quarry get away without opposition. They can follow but are vulnerable to laser fire from . . .

. . . What the backward-facing PCs see coming through the door: Cleto-B-QRK and a crowd of Violets and Indigos (six, all told, all armed with laser pistols).

If no PCs are facing backward, they'll all get drilled (+4 modifier to Cleto-B and his friends' skills) by the high-clearance mob.

If any Troubleshooters are facing backward, as seems likely, Cleto-B will not risk endangering his own Blue hide and his high-level customers; he'll bluff it out. "You! Troubleshooters! You're very close to foiling one of the most elaborate covert Internal Security operations of all time. If the traitor Teela escapes, it will go very hard for you at Troubleshooter Headquarters. Pursue her at once! Shoo!"

No, we don't expect all your players to fall for this, but if you deliver it forcefully and angrily, you may create enough doubt in their minds to achieve the desired result — they'll follow Teela. The deck is definitely stacked toward this end, since few PCs would desire to stick around and deal with a crowd of people whose security clearances are so high the Troubleshooters can barely recognize the colors.

And, if they do stick around, it's their funeral.

Use whatever coercion you feel is appropriate to get the PCs to follow Teela. ("Teela! Teela baby, how-are-ya how-are-ya how-are-ya? Am I or am I not your biggest, most devoted fan? Don't run away, dollink! What's ten feet tall and . . .") Then Cleto-B and his group follow the PCs to ensure they meet their death at Teela's destination — the Clone Rangers laboratory.

The Big Pie Fight

It's possible that you're tired of sending the PCs into deathtraps, or that the PCs are tired of dying. Now's the time to get them into *real* trouble.

Indignant Indigos, Violent Violets

They want clone replacements, and don't appreciate the Troubleshooters mucking things up.

Secret Society: Various, predominantly Free Enterprise and Clone Rangers.

Mutation: Various

Weapons:

Indigo/Violet laser pistols (8L) ____ 15

Armor: Indigo/Violet reflex (L4)

Tactics: Although annoyed, they are not about to risk themselves in a face-to-face shootout. They will wait until the PCs turn their backs, and drill them.

The PCs probably followed Teela from the Clone Rangers showroom. If they delayed chasing her, or were delayed by a firefight in the showroom, when they pick up the chase again, they discover that Teela has been listening behind the door to see how things were going. She has taken flight again, and is just out of range, but the PCs can just manage to keep up.

If the PCs haven't come from the Clone Rangers' showroom, presumably you have run Teela across the PCs' trail at some point and gotten them to chase her. In any case, here's where the action picks up.

Back To the Sewers

Read aloud:

You follow the fleeing Teela down the chute-like access tube from NBD sector and once more — into the sewers! She lands gracefully at the bottom of the tube and sprints down the muck-strewn tunnels.

Have the PCs make a normal agility roll — if they succeed, they land on their feet; if they fail, they end up in the sewer flow with a splash. The funbot automatically slips into the muck, and will be unappetizingly soiled for the rest of the adventure.

Slogging through the muck of the sewers you take off after Teela, who is just far enough ahead to be out of laser range, yet close enough to remain tantalizingly within view.

This part of the sewer looks familiar — this is where you encountered the old Troubleshooter and the kids. You stay in pursuit, and finally see Teela pause ahead of you, open a metal door, and fling herself through it. You hear a series of bolts sliding home in the door.

Then, silence.

When you reach the door, there is no sound from within. There's a panel of buttons next to the door.

Now what?

In order to make the buttons work, PCs make a tough (x½) mechanical aptitude or security skill roll. If the PCs succeed, the door swings open. If they fail, the door doesn't budge. If they simply try pushing on the door, they'll find it was open all along!

If the PCs stand around for a while before doing anything, they'll hear the sound of feet sloshing through the muck and mire, and Cleto-B's voice (or the voice of a surviving Indigo compatriot) saying, "Quick, they're over here. Want your merchandise? Then hurry up! And keep your lasers handy!"

The Antechamber

If the PCs manage to burn through, break down, or just open the door, read the following:

You find stairs in a tunnel leading down about twenty feet. Teela is just disappearing into a room below at the end of this descending tunnel.

Sooner or later the PCs will head down these stairs, either on their own or because Cleto-B and his buddies are right behind them.

As you reach the bottom of the stairs, you see a small room, and Teela, fumbling with another panel of buttons. As you enter the small room, a big, big door swings slowly open behind her. Beyond the doorway you see a railing, and beyond the railing, a big, big laboratory.

This antechamber is filled with Clone Rangers' promotional material — pamphlets featuring the image of Teela O'Malley, videos featuring Teela O'Malley, audio announcements extolling the virtues of the Clone Rangers' up-to-date cloning system ("As new as tomorrow, yet available today. . .")

Let this sink in — especially if the PCs managed to avoid the third room in the last encounter. Once the enormity of what they've discovered has had a chance to sink in, read the following aloud:

Teela turns toward you, and a shudder passes through her as she realizes that her days — nay, her seconds — are numbered. Then she smiles, just a little.

"Why, it's you, my valiant band of Troubleshooters. I was so deathly afraid . . . but I know you'll protect me from that terrible Cleto-B and his evil minions."

Suddenly, you start to feel a little — odd. Like the room is moving. You can hear Teela talking ("I know you'll help me . . . I know you'll help me . . . I know you'll . . ."), but it sounds as if she's far away and under water.

Teela is using her power to cloud men's minds in an attempt to save her skin. Below are two notes that should be handed to the PCs at this point.

Actually, you'll need three copies of each. But if you are living far from the conveniences of a cheap copy machine, you can always copy them by hand — a charming personal touch.

Okay. Who gets which note? Tell everybody to make x¼ Moxie rolls. Those who make the roll get note #2; those who fail get note #1. In brief, note #1 tells the player that his character has had his mind clouded by Teela, and that he is irrationally compelled to aid Teela. Note #2 tells the player that he felt funny for a second, but the feeling has passed and some of the other PCs look a little strange.

You have divided the Troubleshooters into two opposed parties with opposite objectives — as though the players needed any further motivation to shoot at each other.

Before the players get a chance to digest the notes, all hell breaks loose in this antechamber. Let's see if we can keep this straight:

First, Cleto-B and his modest horde of three Violets and three Indigos burst into the room, lasers blazing at anything that moves.

Next, the PCs have to decide who they're blasting — each other, Teela, or Cleto-B.

Third, Teela leaps through the open doorway into the laboratory shouting, "You'll never take me alive, coppers!"



Notes from Teela

Note 1

Your mind has been clouded—you don't know how or by whom. All you know is that you want nothing more out of life than to help Teela. Right now, that means doing one of three things (your choice):

1. Turn on your erstwhile companions and blast them.
2. Stand back and watch Cleto-B and his buddies blast your fellow Troubleshooters. (Don't worry, they'll be here any second now.)
3. Follow Teela through the open door behind her — there she goes!

Now what?

Note 2

For just a moment, you felt a little queasy, but now the feeling has passed.

1. You notice that your fellow Troubleshooters look a little strange.
2. You hear the sound of a crowd rapidly approaching from behind you.
3. Teela seems ready to bolt through the door behind her — there she goes!

Now what?

We'll Return to *Send in the Clones* After This:

This seems as good a time as any to interrupt our adventure for this important word about Teela's big death scene. (It should be coming up any second now.) Teela's a star, and she plans to go out in style. No puff of smoke and . . . gone. She's got a speech all ready — a homage, if you will, to every treasonous, Old Reckoning vidprogram she's ever seen. Of course, she hasn't seen many, but that's not going to stop her from giving it a good shot.

As soon as she is hit by sufficient laser fire to drop a bull elephant, she falls to her knees and cries:

"Computer of Mercy, is this the end of Teela? I ain't so tough! Top o' the Complex, Computer. . . top o' the Complex. (Gasp!) One wants to stay alive, of course, but one only stays alive by virtue of the fear of death. But I am not afraid. And so, alas, I am done! (*Sob*) Remember. . . the Force will be with you. . . (Wheeze!) always."

This is a particularly moving speech. We're quite proud of it. We even threw in a quote from Orwell (the critics go hog-wild for that kind of stuff). Anyway, make sure the PCs have ample opportunities to riddle Teela with laser fire so it gets used. Have her pitch from side to side, clutching her wounds, moaning with each shot. Add your own pop culture references — heroic death scenes you know your players will appreciate. Thank you.

And, with those last words, Teela falls deader than a Troubleshooter.

Listen. The disposition of her body is going to be very important in the debriefing. Sure. The PCs need to have proof that they have fulfilled their mission and terminated Teela. (They may regret having preserved the evidence, but more on that later.)

Normally it wouldn't be a big deal to keep track of a body. Normally. . .

But to cap off this big action scene we are going to flood the Clone Rangers lab with the mighty currents of the Alpha Complex sewer system. This is going to make keeping track of a body pretty tough, not to mention the PCs' problem of tackling deep torrents of water without survival skills.

We just thought you'd like to know.

Oh, and by the way, don't worry about Teela. We're not going to kill her off. She has to be around for the sequels. Relax. Leave it to us. Where there's a clone, there's a way.

And Now, On With the Show. . .

So the PCs have a decision to make. Cleto-B and his band of merry Indigos and Violets — all carrying lasers of appropriate security clearance charge into the fray, shouting, "Traitors! Commies! Mutants! Free Market Suppressors!" and other appropriate epithets. Teela is leaping through the door into the lab. Got it?

The only way out for the PCs is through the door, over the railing, and down after Teela. How far down? The PCs can't tell. Won't it be exciting finding out?

Actually, it's only a drop of a meter and a half (five feet). If Teela is still alive when she hits the floor, she'll run off across the floor amongst the lab apparatus, providing a fine target for concerted laser fire.

If the PCs seem reluctant to enter the lab, the funbot can grab a PC by the shoulder and drag him or her through the door. ("Hey, tough audience or what? Let's get out there and mingle!")

It's the Real Thing

The PCs are now in the heart of the Clone Rangers lab. Read the following aloud:

This is the laboratory you saw in the treasonous promotional literature outside. It was described as an up-to-the-minute cloning facility — capable of turning out full-blown, fully-grown clones.

You're in a room hundreds of meters long. There's a funny ozone smell in the air. Your hair stands on end.

Conveyor belts carry bubbling pie-tins of protoplasm and big two-liter unbreakable bottles of co-cola toward huge molds. The gooey, slimey stuff and the bubbling brown liquid are poured into the human-shaped molds.

Each over-flowing mold is picked up by large pincers, shaken well, and carried to a huge, open-topped freezer tank. Suddenly a bolt of lightning leaps from a pair of enormous electrodes to the freezer tank, and the tank and the air around it glow for a second.

Then another set of pincers picks the mold from the freezer tank, whacks it against the wall of the tank and shatters the mold. This leaves a hunk of human-shaped, quivering stuff the consistency of jello. This semi-gelatinous, quasiorganic protoclone conveniently flops onto another conveyor belt which takes the clone-to-be to a holding tank. There are numerous holding tanks, and each contains a clone in various stages of completion.

All the real wonderful pseudo-scientific wizardry occurs in these holding tanks over a period of several days to a few months, depending on the clone. But a sense of decency and respect for centuries of dedicated theory and research in the various fields of science force us to rush hurriedly past the preposterous processes implied by this hokey lab. Or, for those of you who find this perfectly plausible, we recommend an excellent volume, *Science Made Stupid*, available at many book stores.

Here is a perfect place for a little creative improvisation on your part. The lab is filled with devices that can be turned to your own perverse ends. The huge pincers could grab a PC instead of a protoclone. The Troubleshooters might swing from them like circus acrobats. Conveyor belts are convenient for swift transport of PCs from one trouble spot to another. And who knows what happens if one of the PCs gets dropped in the freezer tank, or is plopped into one of the protoplasm-co-cola-filled molds?

We're confident you'll think of something.

The air in the lab is charged with electricity. Anybody holding anything metal can be zapped by pseudo-lightning bolts that leap from the giant electrodes (column 7 on the Damage Table). Of course, everyone in Alpha Complex carries something made of metal.

Static electricity causes everyone's hair to stand on end for the rest of the adventure. No electrical device works properly here. *Period*. Anything electrical malfunctions the moment it is turned on. Then a lightning bolt hits it.

This is particularly entertaining when the first PC thinks to radio in for an airstrike to eradicate this illicit cloning operation. (Click. "Troubleshooter Chock-O-BLK calling for. . ." Com unit squeals, buzzes, rattles, falls silent, and a tiny plume of smoke rises from it. Then. . . *BBBZZZZORRCH!* *crinkle* — a smoking boot. . .)

Continue reading aloud:

You've had a chance to look around briefly. Now, you hear Cleto-B and his minions pressing their attack. Better push on. (Of course, you can hang around and get blasted if you like.)

But wait!

From all sides you hear the pounding of running feet. Lots of them. Then, you see the most horrifying sight you've ever witnessed — Teela clones, in all sizes, shapes, numbers of limbs, and states of completion. Dozens — no hundreds of them!



The Big Pie Fight

Teela Clones: No clearance; fresh from the vat; innocent and narcissistic.

Secret Society: None yet, but they'll probably be Clone Rangers, like their sisters...

Mutation: They haven't learned to "use the force" yet.

Weapons:
Unarmed (15) _____ 4

Armor: None

Tactics: Swarm them like ants on a picnic lunch.

Stan-Y-LRL-1 and Oll-Y-HRD-1: Power Services inspectors; curious about mysterious power fluctuations.

Secret Society: Humanists

Mutation: Implausible Coincidence*

Weapons: None

Armor: None

Tactics: Look around; scratch head often; pick up hat when it gets knocked off; ask if anyone knows where the power box is.

* These guys don't ever get hit. Why? 'Cause I'm The Computer, that's why!

At this point, Stan-Y-LRL-1 and Oll-Y-HRD-6 appear at the door of the lab. They're a couple of saps from Power Services sent down here to investigate the strange power fluctuations caused by the firefight and the errant cloning mechanisms.

They're unarmed and have no idea what's going on. In fact, you don't even have to include them — their only function is to tap various PCs on the shoulder and ask them if they know anything about the power fluctuations. They never, ever, get hit by anything — pies, lasers, co-cola — nothing touches them. Make up outlandish reasons why lasers fired at point-blank range miss them and why shrapnel does nothing but knock their hats off.

If the funbot is still with the PCs — and unless they've destroyed it, it is — it, like everything else that depends on electronic circuitry, will go berserk (yes, again!) at this point. Read the following aloud:

Just when you thought things couldn't get any worse, the funbot goes berserk (yes, again!) — letting loose its laughing gas, hurling cream pies, and shouting, "How-are-ya! Pies! How-are-ya! Pies! How-are-ya! Pies!" It launches itself toward the conveyor belts, toppling pie-tins and co-cola bottles, flipping globs of protoplasm and fountains of pop.

If the funbot isn't around, the petbot will serve a similar purpose by going berserk at the peak of confusion. Have *something* go berserk — the PCs don't have nearly enough to worry about — yet.

Now read the following aloud:

You're surrounded by citizens of the higher end of the spectrum, berserk bots, mutated Teelas, and The Computer only knows what else. But don't worry. It's always darkest right before it gets really dark.

Suddenly the room seems to be filled with a charging throng of citizens waving lasers and screaming. No, it's not... but it is! Yes, it's the Pepsi Generation! They're screaming death threats and horrible oaths — "Give us co-cola or give us death!" "We're the Pepsi Generation, comin' at ya, goin' strong!" "Death to the Uncola!" They want the co-cola in this lab, and they'll stop at nothing to get it.

Now what?

A Scholarly Survey of the Tactical Options

Sure. We're just kidding. These are just some hints on how to stage this gala free-for-all.

The first thing to know is that you probably won't keep this up for more than four or five combat rounds. It will give the PCs plenty to do, because of all the action and confusion, but the walls are going to cave in any minute, and the lab is going to flood with water. That will bring an end to the conventional gunfight part of the climactic ending, and the PCs will have to deal with a more unusual life-threatening challenge.

Now. What are the PCs likely to do? And what are you going to do to bedevil them?

One real good PC tactic is to hide. Once the PCs are in the lab, there are opportunities aplenty to crawl under conveyor belts or squeeze in between tall vats of protogoo. From a relatively safe vantage point a PC can sit and take potshots at targets of opportunity.

You can tolerate this cleverness or you can persecute the PC by sending the funbot over to drag the PC out to join the fun. Squads of multi-armed Teelas can saunter over and cloud his mind. And so on.

A classic routine in this sort of a slugfest is to stand toe-to-toe with the opponents and shoot it out. Here it's pretty much the luck of the dice. You'll be studying the combat charts and plugging away at the PCs as they plug away at your NPCs. This PC is obviously trying to rack up a good Commie traitor body count for the debriefing, so give him a chance. And if he goes down fightin', well, drink a round of vatlime for him at the end of the adventure.

If a PC wants to get fancy about this firefight, looking for fine tactical maneuvering and advantages, okay. If he is creative and entertaining, indulge him. If he is boring and analytical, make sure his opponents are tactical geniuses — taking perfect advantage of superior numbers, superior firepower, and superior organization — veteran fireteams that take no chances, no prisoners, and make no mistakes. He who lives by the sword...

A shrewd PC may try to join the opposition. Short of mutant power assistance, no soap. All the attackers here are ready to shoot first and ask questions... well, maybe the following week.

Maybe a PC wants to play dead, or surrender, or in some other way take himself out of the confusion. No problem. Indulge him. When the water starts pouring in, this is not going to be a viable solution any more, but you can give them a few moments of peace and repose.

PCs may express an intense desire to escape this madness. Too bad. The exit is clogged with off-brand Teelas, berserk scrubots, or raving Pepsi Generators. But this is the right spirit. And when the room begins to flood, it is going to be a *real* good idea. In fact, the *only* good idea.

Oh, yeah! We almost forgot the mirrors. You know — the crate of Teela O'Malley souvenir pocket mirrors the PCs got from the PLC clerk back in the PLC Runaround. These mirrors have a magical effect on Teela clones. Just hand one to a Teela and she'll immediately stop everything, gazing carefully into the mirror, primping and fussing with her hair, checking her eye liner and complexion.

Big deal, huh? Well, maybe it's not Excalibur or The One Ring or something of that stature, but in *Paranoia*, when something you are issued actually *works*, it is a sort of special occasion.

Let them break open a couple of cases of co-cola and celebrate if they like.

Just Add Water and... Poof!

After four or five rounds of epic confusion in the Clone Rangers' lab, lots of things have been broken, lasered, abused, and squirted on. Now it's time for a dramatic twist.

Normally, a battle to the death between the Forces of Good and Evil is a necessary climax to a good roleplaying adventure. However, since the concepts of Good and Evil are of dubious import in the context of *Paranoia*, it is better that an Act of God interrupt this Final Conflict, leaving it unresolved... and therefore full of potential for intentional loose ends, escaping villains, and sequels.

So, how about a flood? It worked with Noah.

Setting Up the Dam Burst

In the course of the confusion, some accident ruptures a wall of the lab, allowing sewer water to rush in. However, you want to set this up so it seems to be a result of some action a PC takes. (Otherwise this is just another iteration of "Oops, the ceiling collapsed.")

Here's a few suggestions. Remember, the opportunity doesn't have to come in the last round. Something that happens in the very first round could slowly unfold in a series of linked accidents that results in the desired destruction of a wall.

1. Weapons Fire: a perfect device. The effect can be direct (the shot hits the wall, plaster shatters, and a thin stream of water appears) or indirect (the shot hits a tank, which then explodes, or a scrubot, which then goes berserk, rams into a column supporting the ceiling, which topples into a great vat, which explodes, cracking the wall behind it, producing a thin stream of water).

2. The Funbot: Sure, the funbot isn't really under their control, but they're responsible for its actions, which is just as good. Even better, have the funbot request permission to do something awful. We know it is going to do whatever it wants, but making the PC respond



in some way makes him think that there must have been *something* he could have done to stop it. Further, let the funbot act slowly enough that the PCs get the idea that they might be able to stop it if they hurry or do something drastic.

For example, the funbot asks, "Say, what a crowd! Hey, chief, suppose I go up there on top of that big vat — the one bristling with fragile-looking pipes, valves, and instruments — and entertain the troops?" And the only way to the top is a spindly ladder, and the funbot must drag his massive bulk up, gripper-over-gripper, his little treads spinning and whining, searching for traction.

3. Fooling With the Machinery: This can be done directly (for example, by punching buttons which seem like a security door lock, but which really activate a doomsday device) or indirectly (by setting in motion some activity which results in disrupting some mechanical or electronic process).

For example, a PC hiding under a conveyor is being pulled out by the funbot and a squad of scrubots. He hangs on, and accidentally grabs a lever which stops a section of the conveyor belt. Nothing happens immediately, but in a round or two something bounces off onto the floor when it meets the stopped section of conveyor belt. This object bounces under the tread of the funbot, which squeals and cartwheels like a comedian slipping on a banana peel. Crash! the funbot slams into a control panel and . . . so on.

4. Misconstrued Statements: Stanly-LRL-1 and Oily-HRD-6 are perfect for this. They will keep bothering the PCs for explanations of the puzzling power fluctuations here, and the PCs may say something in response. Whatever it is, the pair can misunderstand or mishear it as a suggestion to go mess with the control panel. (Okay, they are very polite — they tip their hats and say, "Thank you, sirs, for your aid. Did you say it was the control panel over there that we should check? Yes, we must see to it right away, mustn't we, Oily-Y?")

For Forty Days and Forty Nights . . .

Once you've set things in motion, you are ready for the dramatic flood scene. For improvising color and details, keep in mind all those great Hollywood scenes of dams breaking in monster movies.

Read the following aloud:

Suddenly, the noise in the lab has diminished perceptibly. Everyone's head seems to be turning to view the narrow jet of water spraying from the widening crack in the wall. The crack seems to be getting larger. . . Bits of concrete are crumbling away. . .

And then, all at once, the wall shatters! Like a waterfall, the flow arches and tumbles to the floor of the lab, where machinery, bots, and human figures are tossed about like kindling. In an instant, the floor is awash with dark water — sewer water, you suddenly realize! The waters are rising rapidly, currents

swirl litter and various objects around first your knees, then your waist.

Some machines carry on, oblivious of the rising tide — pincers grappling objects from the foaming streams, submerged conveyor belts still carrying half-submerged clone molds through the crashing surf — while other, more delicate equipment, is shorting out and jumping about like palsy victims.

And the citizens, standing knee-deep in the four flood, scan the room for exits, but realize there is only one — the door that you entered through. That door is, even as I speak, slowly and ponderously drawing closed, as impassive and final as the white-pearled gates of the Termination Center.

Now what?

Okay. Now we have taken everyone's weapons away from them (shorted out by static electricity of the machines and the rising flood), and substituted a swimming lesson for a shootout.

Here the players are going to have to improvise clever solutions to the problem. This problem can be broken down into several stages:

Looking for Other Exits: Nope. Not unless they blast one, which results in a second cataract. Nice work.

Trying to Open the One Door: Nope. Profoundly locked and remarkably resistant to damage from knives and clubs, which are about the most sophisticated kind of weapons still working in the lightning and flood conditions.

Staying Afloat: Very important. May be achieved by learning how to swim (bad idea) or by learning how to hang onto stuff that floats (much easier).

Getting Out Alive: The final exam. The only way out is through the big hole in the wall, and they will have to wait until the flow into the lab has stopped. This is just before the lab is filled completely to the ceiling. That means the PCs will have to make their way out the hole while completely underwater.

On Staying Afloat

You can make this very simple. Just let things float in front of them, just begging to be grabbed. Or you can make them scrounge around for suitable objects as the water rises about their necks. Suitable floating objects include plastic cargo containers, empty vats, light-weight plastifoam partitions and furniture, ice (from the freezing vats), and clone molds.

You can complicate the floating problem by arranging for other citizens — Clone Rangers, Pepsi Generators, Cleto-B-QRK-2, and oodles of Teela clones — to successfully solve the floating problem. PCs may have to battle the other citizens — or each other — over the last unclaimed buoyant objects. Real fanatics like the Pepsi Generators may carry on their feud even if they have to paddle about and melee in the water.

One more serious challenge for the PCs is the problem of retrieving valuable objects and

keeping them afloat — for example, Teela O'Malley's laser-riddled body, or — gasp — the funbot. Don't make it easy, but indulge this dedicated effort as much as you can — encourage the PCs to improvise, and give them the benefit of the doubt.

On Getting Out Alive

When the floating PCs' heads are bouncing against the ceiling, tell them that the flow into the room has stopped.

Maybe the characters will get the idea. It isn't so difficult — they'll only have to hold their breaths for two rounds to get through the hole and into the treatment reservoir on the other side of the wall. They may rig safety lines from power cords, or try to hold air in their gasmasks, or improvise diving bells from empty protoslime vats, or try any of a billion hare-brained schemes. Go ahead. Cut them a break. You can always kill them off in the debriefing, anyway.

Now, if they don't get the idea that they have to go through the hole, you can show them how. Easy. Let someone like Cleto-B or a Teela clone float toward the hole and visibly, purposefully push him or herself under water in the vicinity of the hole.

Beyond the Valley of the Clones

When the PCs leave the lab and emerge on the other side of the wall, they find themselves in a vast underground treatment reservoir. There is a walkway with a railing running around the rim of the reservoir, but since the water level has fallen as the reservoir drained into the lab, the walkway is now two meters (six feet) above the water level, and the sides of the reservoir wall are wet, steep, and slippery.

You can let the PCs improvise a way out of the mess or wait until the officials from the Water Recycling Subdivision and the IntSec troopers show up to investigate the mysterious sudden drop in the water level of this reservoir. In either case, IntSec troopers will of course be glad to assist the Troubleshooters into the heavily-guarded transbot which waits to transport them to Troubleshooter Headquarters and their debriefing.

Nothing Fails Like Success

Well. If you've gotten this far, it means that at least some PCs managed to survive all the deathtraps we provided. (If your players routinely complete *Paranoia* adventures, perhaps you should consider going back to a game that is less fun than *Paranoia*).

But celebrations may be premature.

See, the multicorder (and/or the petbot with its built-in multicorder) recorded the entire episode. If the PCs slipped up anywhere, engaging in anything even vaguely treasonous, the debriefing is the time to air dirty laundry.

Treasonous activity you could bring out in the debriefing includes partaking of co-cola, purchasing tongue covers (or anything else) from Hall-YWUD-1 through 6, damaging



valuable Computer property, uttering treasonous statements on *Date With Death*, attending secret society meetings. And even if your PCs committed no treasonous acts, they'll be taken to task for *succeeding* in their mission — but we'll get to that in a minute.

Life is Just a Bowl of Commie Mutant Traitor Cherries

When the PCs arrive (under IntSec trooper escort) at Troubleshooter Headquarters, they are sent immediately to a debriefing center. They are permitted to bring any evidence: prisoners, witnesses, or exhibits they may have in tow at the time. Since they have come fresh from the sewers, they will drip on the carpet, smell bad, and generally present an appearance unbecoming a Troubleshooter. Make them self-conscious about this, then send them into the debriefing room.

Read this aloud:

When you are hustled into the briefing room, Cleto-B-QRK-3 sits waiting behind a large desk, flanked by his flunkies Sunn-Y-LST and Dewey-Y-JLK. "Oh, it's you. About time. I've been waiting for your report. Close the door behind you."

He gestures to a row of chairs in front of his desk, then notices your disheveled condition. He wrinkles his nose, then says, "Well then, perhaps you'd better stand. Now, what's going on here?"

Without even pausing for a response, he continues, "I can see you're shocked to see me here. I am Cleto-B-QRK-3. Cleto-B-QRK-2 has been — reassigned. Now, give me your multicorder and fill out these Mission Report Forms immediately. Quickly, now, I haven't got all day-cycle."

If the multicorder didn't survive, Cleto-B will ask for the petbot. If that didn't survive, the PCs can give their own account of the mission that is, lie, and backstab to their heart's content without fear of contradictory evidence.

Cleto-B waits for the Troubleshooters to fill out the complicated Mission Report Forms. If you like, actually have them fill out the forms given in the *Paranoia* book. These forms provide a lovely opportunity for creative and anonymous backstabbing and misrepresentation among the players — generally accounted to be a Good Thing in *Paranoia*.

After they've all put down their pens, read the following aloud:

When you've filled out the forms and turned over the multicorder (or petbot), Cleto says, "Fine. Good. Now, before I examine these, I would like oral reports."

"You, (he says, pointing at the Team Leader) report! What was your mission? Were you successful? How did the other members of your team perform? Did you notice any strange behavior on their parts? Speak up! Quickly now!"

He asks the same questions of each PC in turn, bang-bang-bang. No time for thought, or diplomacy. Just the facts, Ma'am.

Read the following aloud:

After this brief but harrowing exchange, Cleto-B leaves the room, taking the multicorder (or petbot) and all the mission reports with him. The Yellow flunkies stay with you.

A few minutes later, he returns looking very, very grim.

You . . . Killed . . . Teela O'Malley?!

The reason for his grim visage varies according to the oral reports, the written mission reports, the mission recordings from the multicorder or Petbot, the phase of the moon and whether or not it is a leap year.

It all depends:

If They Didn't Kill a Single Teela: If the multicorder reveals that the PCs failed to kill any Teelas at all, read the following:

Cleto-B looks at you as if you were the lowest of the low. It's almost as though he can peer into your heart and see you for the Commie mutant traitor (and secret society member, yes?) you really are.

He composes himself, then begins reluctantly, disgust evident in his tone.

"You've failed miserably — delayed reports . . . Teela O'Malley loose . . . Computer property destroyed . . . disgraceful!"

This last is just a guess on our part. We're betting the PCs destroyed *something* during the course of the mission.

"But your friend The Computer recognizes your inherent worth as citizens of Alpha Complex. You — and all of your clones — are to be reassigned. You have all been given the rare opportunity to serve The Computer in the Waste Recycling Subdivision. This temporary reassignment is hereby made officially permanent. Congratulations, Effluent Engineers, and best wishes in your new positions."

Guardbots clatter into the debriefing room and escort you to your new assignments. As you travel along the halls to the familiar elevator, you hear over the loudspeakers the swelling strains of "I'm an Alpha Complex Dandy."

Fade to black.

If the PCs Terminated One or More Teelas: If the multicorder reveals that the PCs killed one or more Teela clones in the Clone Rangers' lab, they will find themselves in the middle of a positively Orwellian episode — the PCs, who have done nothing more than fulfill the goals of their mission, are indicted for vaporizing Teela, a valued friend and servant of The Computer.

Read the following aloud:

Cleto-B looks at you as if you were the lowest of the low. It's almost as though he can peer into your heart and see you for the Commie mutant traitor (and secret society member, yes?) you really are.

He can barely stand to look at you. A tear rolls down his cheek as he murmurs to himself, "Teela . . . can you really be gone?"

Then he gets control of himself, and he spits out at you, "How could you? How could

you kill the darling of every loyal citizen of Alpha Complex? How could you . . ." And he breaks down again.

After a few moments of uncontrollable sobbing, he pulls himself together again and continues.

"But, The Computer, in its infinite and inscrutable wisdom, is nothing if not compassionate and lenient. So, despite your heinous crime against humanity and Alpha Complex, you and your clone family will only be mercifully terminated immediately."

Squadrons of guardbots carry you to your final resting place, the pearly gates of the Termination Center. The theme, "Send in the Clones," rises softly in the background, swelling as the gates close behind you.

Fade to black.

If at any point in the proceedings the righteous PCs produce their authentic termination voucher and display it to Cleto-B-QRK-3, Cleto will take it, examine it, leave the room (without his Yellow flunkies), and return after a few moments without the voucher. He will begin the debriefing process over again, as though the characters had just returned from their mission, and as though he had never seen them before. The two Yellows with Cleto-B will swear by The Computer that they've never heard of any termination voucher, much less seen one — and the PCs are hosed again. Continue with the debriefing where you left off.

If You're Just An Old Softie: If you don't care for downbeat endings (and they don't come much more downbeat than in *Paranoia*), here's a happier ending for you to read to your players:

You wait in the debriefing room for hours, afraid to move, wondering where Cleto-B could be. What terrible mistake did you make? What deadly *faux pas* did the multicorder replay? Which of your teammates turned you in for a fleeting moment of personal glory?

Finally, Cleto-B returns, a look of shocked amazement on his face. He says, "Wonderful! Simply wonderful! You did everything The Computer expected of you and more!"

"Already the videotapes of your exploits have been seen by the entire citizenry of Alpha Complex. You're heroes! But, even more important, the ratings for the vidprogram were the highest in Complex history! You're Stars!"

"The Computer has reassigned you to HPD and Mind Control where your special talents can be fully exploited — there to serve happily all the rest of your days, Computer willing. You've been scheduled for some of Alpha Complex's biggest vidscreen hits — *Truth Serum! Culture Squadron! Wide Complex of Sports!*"

This may be a good time to tell the PCs that the average life expectancy of those who appear on *Truth Serum* is one appearance; ditto for *Culture Squadron*; ditto for *Wide Complex of Sports*. Indeed they will serve for the rest of their days, though there may not be many of them.

THE COMPUTER ALWAYS SHOOTS TWICE

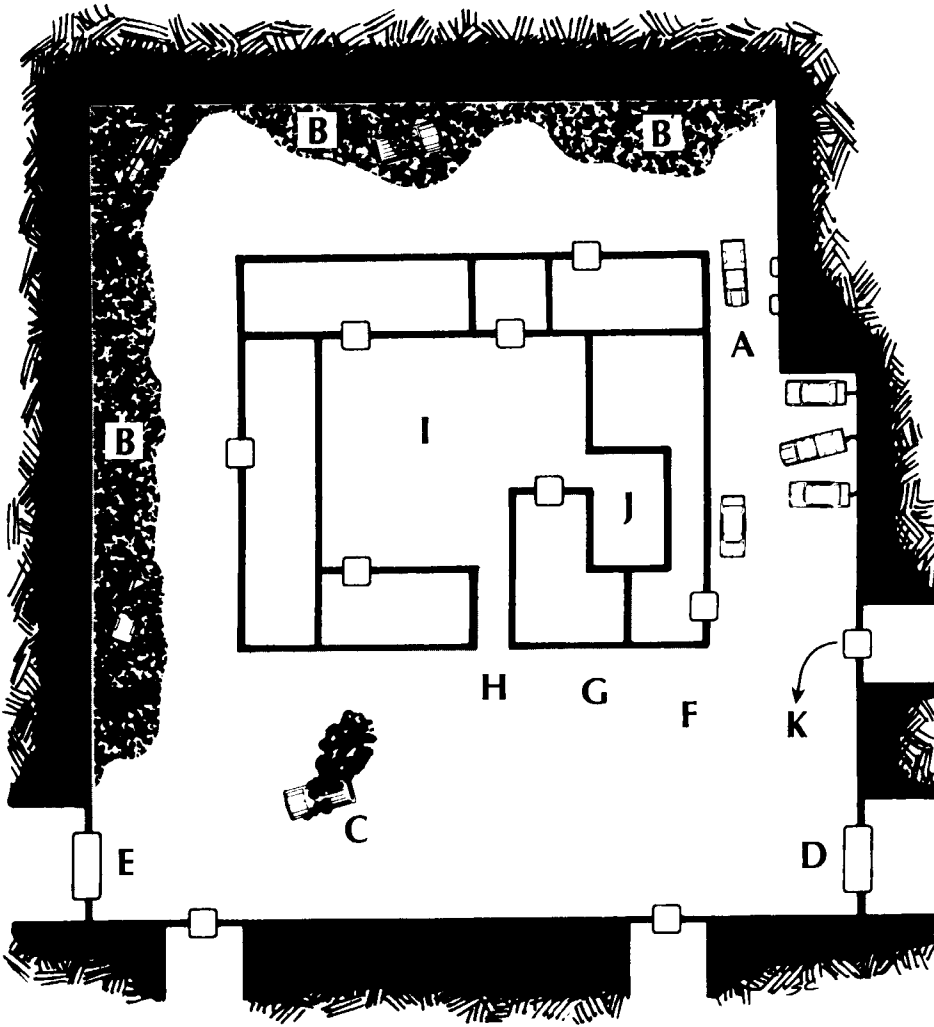


**Props
and
Handouts**

THE COMPUTER ALWAYS SHOOTS TWICE

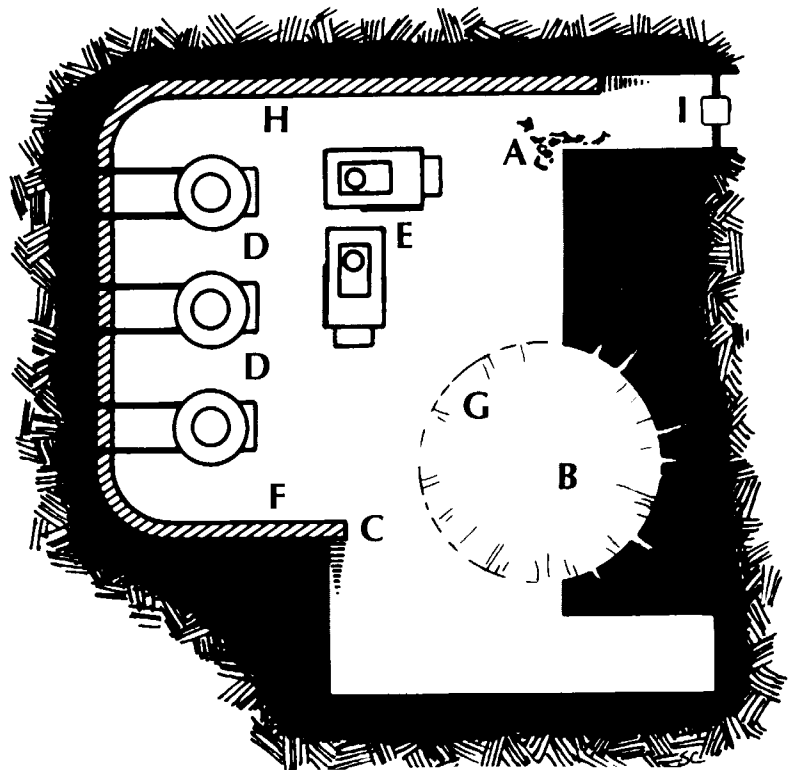


***Orcbusters
Props
and
Handouts***

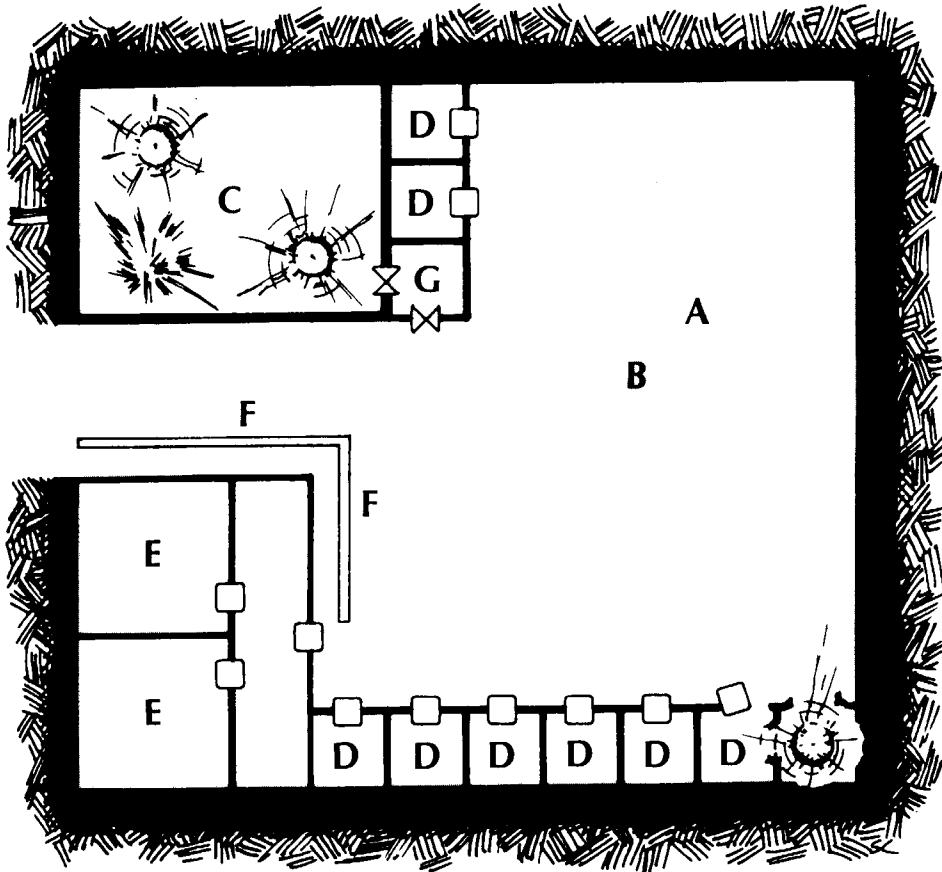
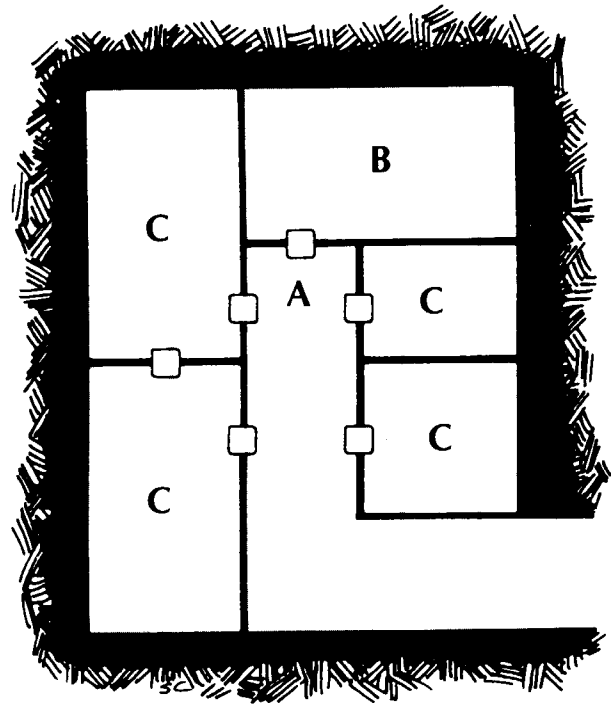


Map 1	DND Sector TechServe (Episode 2)
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Map 2	DND Sector Power Relay Station (Episode 3)
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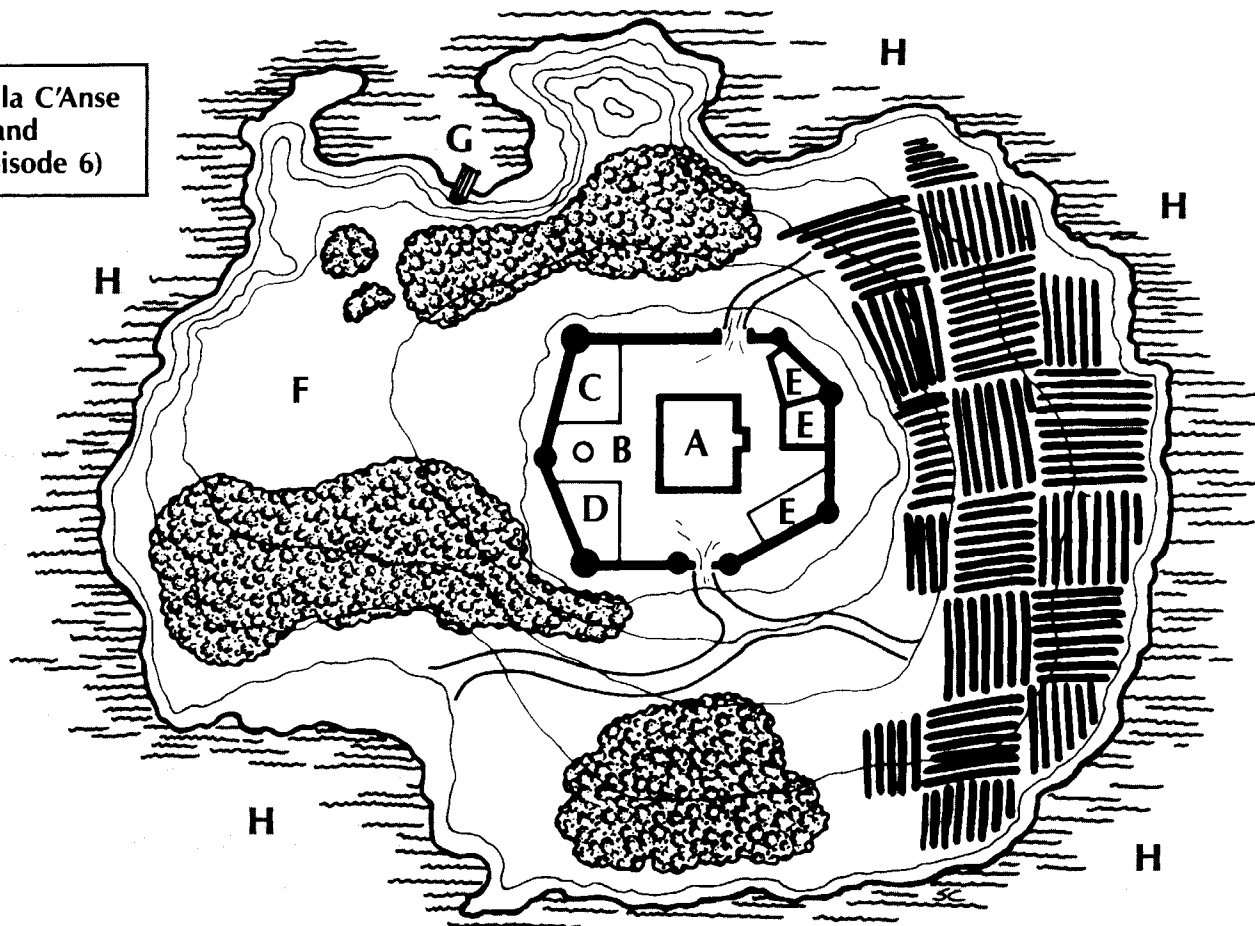


Map 3	DND Sector Travel Information Office (Episode 4)
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Map 4	DND Sector R&D Lab (Episode 5)
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Map
5
Gilla C'Anse
Island
(Episode 6)



- Key to Map One
DND Sector TechServe**
- A: Autocar refueling depot
 - B: Junkyard
 - C: Burning autocar
 - D: Transport tube entrance
 - E: Transport tube exit
 - F: Wandering loonies (10)
 - G: Red Troubleshooters (6)
 - H: Wizards, Randy, and device
 - I: Auto / transbot repair
 - J: Bot repair bay
 - K: Player characters

- Key to Map Two
DND Sector Power
Relay Station**
- A: Vulture sludge
 - B: Randy and device
 - C: Wizards
 - D: Massive energy flux busbars
 - E: Power regulator chambers
 - F: Catwalk
 - G: Target area of "Visitors"
 - H: Terrified bystanders
 - I: PCs enter here

- Key to Map Three
DND Sector Travel
Information Office**
- A: Blue Bucket revolutionary cells
 - B: Travel Information Office and Wizards
 - C: Empty rooms

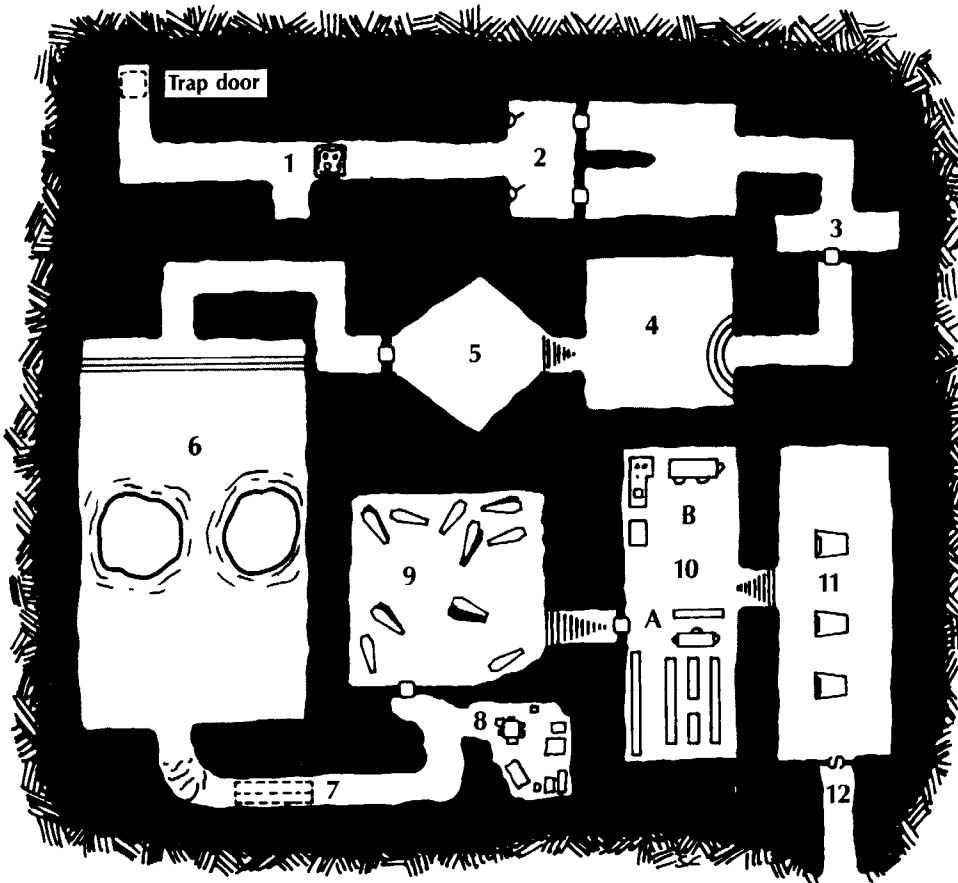
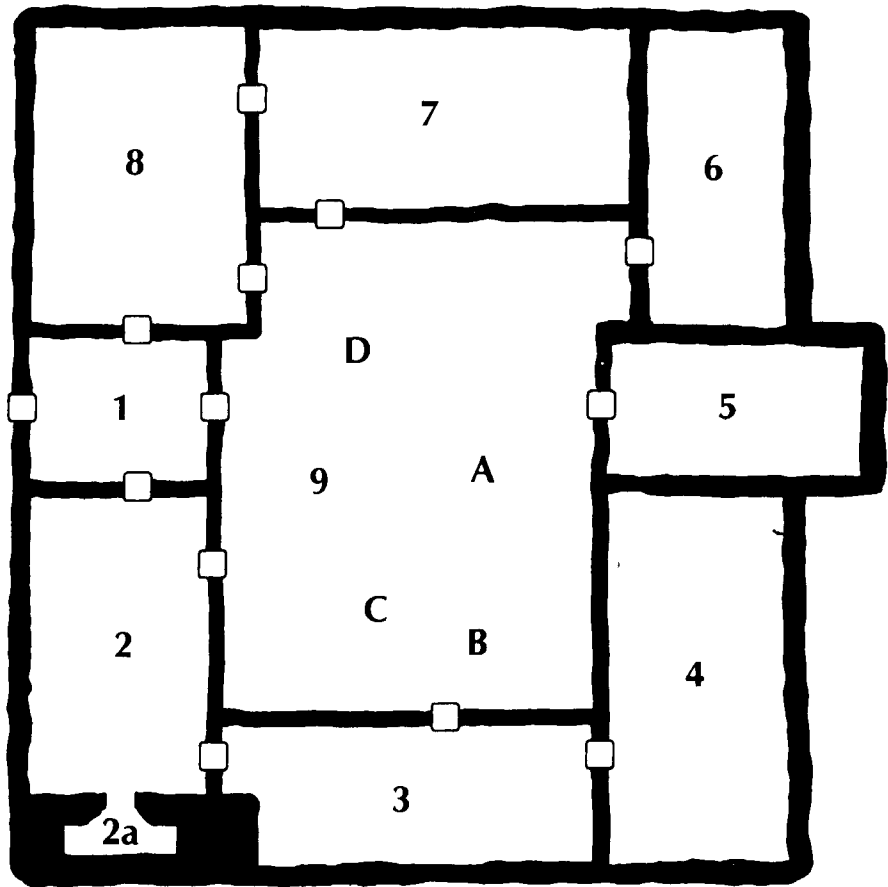
- Key to Map Four
DND Sector R&D Lab**
- A: Three Wizards and device
 - B: Sphere of Darkness
 - C: Testing chamber
 - D: Red clearance offices
 - E: Orange clearance administration offices
 - F: Blast shielding
 - G: Iris blast-doors and access hallway

- Key to Map Five
Gilla C'Anse Island**
- A: Wizards' tower
 - B: Stronghold compound with well
 - C: Barn for female humans
 - D: Barn for male humans
 - E: Overseer buildings
 - F: Gilla C'Anse Island
 - G: Moor for secret 50' yacht (see Map Seven)
 - H: The Deep Blue Sea

- Key to Map Six
Wizards' Tower
(Ground Floor)**
- 1: Guardroom
 - 2: Common room
 - 2a: Fireplace
 - 3: Food storage
 - 4: Food storage
 - 5: Dungeon antechamber with trap door
 - 6: Food storage
 - 7: Weapons and dangerous tools
 - 8: Workshop
 - 9: Rumpus room
 - A: Three Wizards and device
 - B: Techbot
 - C: Technicians (3)
 - D: Player characters

Orcbusters Map Key

Map 6	Wizards' Tower Ground Floor (Episode 6)
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Map 7	The Dungeon (Episode 7)
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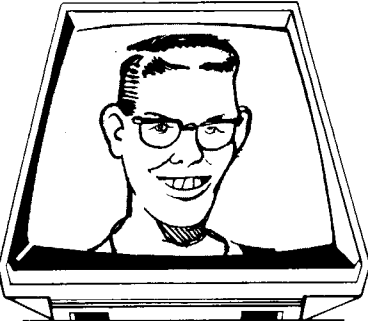
- Key to Map Seven
The Dungeon**
- 1: The Gelatin Monster
 - 2: The Lever Room
 - 3: The Doorward and the Riddle
 - 4: The Water Elemental
 - 5: Slathering Hound of Oxidation
 - 6: Killer Penguins
 - 7: Ye Olde Hinged Floor Trick
 - 8: Wandering Monster Ready Room
 - 9: Hall of the Living Dead
 - 10: Library and Breakfast Nook
 - A: Library
 - B: Breakfast Nook
 - 11: Float Tanks of Infinite Tranquility
 - 12: Secret door to escape route (and 50' yacht — see Map Five)

PC# 1: Frod-O-THF-3

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: ORANGE

Player Name: _____



Alias: "Lefty the Dip"

Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 3
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3
 Bootlicking _____ 12
 Fast Talk _____ 8
 Con _____ 8
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 5
 Laser Weapons _____ 8
 Prim. Missile Weapons _____ 8
 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 4
 Scrounging _____ 16

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 1 Orange laser barrel
- 1 Orange reflex armor
- 1 Orange jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 stylus and notebook
- 1 backpack
- 1 gas mask
- 1 first aid kit
- 1 barometer
- 1 pair of sunglasses
- 1 magnifying glass
- 1 knife
- 1 pair of binoculars
- 1 camera
- 17 rolls of film
- 5 chapsticks
- 1 compass
- 1 hand lighter
- 1 pocket assay
- 1 30m rope
- 1 folding shovel
- 1 umbrella
- 9 cans room freshener
- 1 personal hygiene kit

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	8	L	8	50	No
Sling	8	I	5	30	No
Knife	8	I	7	20	No

Damage Status

Credits
643

Armor
Orange reflex

Rating
L4

PC# 2: Bubba-R-IAN-2

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Alias: "Bubba"

Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 3
 Unarmed _____ 9
 Prim. Melee Weapons _____ 14
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3
 Intimidation _____ 8
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3
 Laser Weapons _____ 11
 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 1
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 1

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 1 Red laser barrel
- 1 Red reflex armor
- 1 Red jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 knife
- 1 piece of oaktag paper & red crayon
- 1 aluminum bat (labelled "Louisville Slugger"; registered as an experimental weapon)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	11	L	8	50	No
Aluminum Bat	14	I	9	—	Yes
Knife	14	I	7	20	No

Damage Status

Credits
3

Armor
Red reflex

Rating
L4

PC# 3: Sonja-R-FTR-2

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Alias: "Red"

Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 4
 Prim. Melee Weapons _____ 11
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 4
 Laser Weapons _____ 11
 Prim. Missile Weapons _____ 14
 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 2
 Stealth _____ 8

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 1 Red laser barrel
- 1 Red reflex armor
- 1 Red jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 knife
- 1 notebook & stylus
- 1 aluminum bow (experimental weapon)
- 20 arrows
- 1 scanty costume (souvenir of Teela O'Malley show where Sonja was an extra in a Commies-From-the-Unknown episode)
- 1 Personal Hygiene Kit (with steel brushes and industrial strength cleaning solvents)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	11	L	8	50	No
Aluminum Bow	14	I	7	40	Yes
Knife	11	I	7	20	No

Damage Status

Credits
69

Armor
Red reflex

Rating
L4

PC# 1: Frod-O-THF-3**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise**Secret Society Rank:** 4**Mutant Power(s):**

Charm

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	9	Damage Bonus	0
		Carrying Cap.	25
Endurance	16	Macho Bonus	1
		Skill Bases	
Agility	13		3
Chutzpah	14		3
Dexterity	18		5
Mechanical Apt.	7		2
Moxie	15		4
Power	7		

Background: "Say, friend. You in the market for some really primo Tastecoff? Price is right . . . just a couple of those measly little printed circuit chips you been packing in that Armed Forces rush order. Whattya say, pal? Can we do business?"

So. Pull a few strings and presto . . . assigned to PLC. But that's only justice, with all the time you put in running errands for the Godfather.

But this deal where the whole SPI sector gets shipped out to TSR sector, and somebody forgets to stop shipping goods to SPI PLC . . . well, that's just dumb luck. Who's gonna miss one or two things out of a whole sector's supply allotment?

And what a sweet bunch of saps you get assigned with — not even dry from the vats yet. That Bubba-R's an easy mark. Better keep an eye on the registered mutant — Merle-Y. No idea what kind of mind-ripping brain powers he's got. A real candidate for a frame-job, though. And that pointy-eared guy — Jahl-Y — really gets on your nerves. You feel like shoving him down an elevator shaft before that "final-frontier-join-the-Federation" crap gets you all executed.

PLC Assignment: Inventory Control Clerk

Review upcoming stock. Maintain inventory updates on stock terminals. Carry clipboard wherever

you go, make marks on it, and look solemn. Chew on pencil.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Equipment Guy ('natch)

Make sure that everyone lets you look at all their goodies. Maybe somebody's stuff conveniently "breaks down" so you can sell him replacements — with, of course, your usual "finder's fee."

Treasonous Possessions:

Room Fresheners: Spray paint cans (all nine security clearance colors, perfect goods for bartering with Death Leopard members).

Personal Hygiene Kit: Thieves' Kit: lockpicks, sandpaper, graphite, laser chisel.

First Aid Kit: Black market pharmacy: 273 assorted pills; all laced with a subtle addictive narcotic — "chocolate" — that causes the user to crave additional doses.

Current Secret Society Mission: Get some action going with those choco-laced pills. Exploit the SPI-TSR sector displacement snafu; divert as much stuff as possible to Free Enterprise black market. Once you get some suckers hooked on the choco-laced pills, recruit them as Free Enterprise "protectors."

Roleplaying Notes: Be sleazy. Con Bubba into carrying your gear. Stay cool, and look for opportunities. Hustle the pills. Be generous with resources, but make sure everyone knows they owe you.

PC# 2: Bubba-R-IAN-2**Secret Society:** Death Leopard**Secret Society Rank:** 2**Mutant Power(s):**

Dumbness

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	20	Damage Bonus	2
		Carrying Cap.	65
Endurance	19	Macho Bonus	2
		Skill Bases	
Agility	12		3
Chutzpah	13		3
Dexterity	14		3
Mechanical Apt.	5		1
Moxie	4		1
Power	11		

Background: "Hi. Can I have something to eat? Where are we? Are you my friend? Ugh. That not funny joking. ★★WHACK★★ Hey! Now that funny joking. ★★WHACK★★ Hyar! hyar! hyar!"

Work is fun. I like fun. I pick things up. I put them down. I put things in different places. Sometimes not. I push them around and put them on shelves. I rip boxes open. I like to rip boxes open. (Yup, yup.)

I like friends. Friends are fun. I like you. Frod-O is good friend. He give me chocolicks and bat. I like bat.

He say other friends don't really like me. He say they're lying, sneaky, scum-finks.

Must be true. Frod-O my friend.

Computer is my friend. Computer not fun sometimes. When I drop things, The Computer kill me. I not drop things much any more. No. I'm good. You bet.

PLC Assignment: Picking Things Up (Mannyul Laybor)

Pick things up. Drag things. Drop things. Rip boxes open. Jam things in boxes. Keep pieces of broken things.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Team Leader

Push everyone around. If they don't listen to you, whack 'em.

Treasonous Possessions: Colossal keg of home-brewed "Red Death" (an alcoholic beverage/gruel made and marketed by Free Enterprise.) Given to you by Frod-O.

Current Secret Society Mission: Huh?

Oh. Sure. Bubba like party. Party to max. Spray cans and throwing things make good party. Whack people with slugger. Drink Red Death and eat chocolicks and throw up and wake up somewhere else. Some fun, you bet.

Roleplaying Notes: Act dumb, cheerful, and trusting to Frodo-O (or anybody else, for that matter). When anybody tries to take advantage of you with big words, or laughs at you, whack 'em. Be very dense. Require several repetitions of instructions, then do it wrong. Have lots of fun making Gimp-Y hate you. When whacking time comes, go to town.

About your mutant power. You are so dumb, no one can read your mind. Internal Security once tried a neural brain scan (to see if you were harboring any treasonous thoughts) and they almost believed you were brain dead.

PC# 3: Sonja-R-FTR-2**Secret Society:** Illuminati**Secret Society Rank:** 2**Mutant Power(s):**

Adrenalin Control

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	12	Damage Bonus	0
		Carrying Cap.	25
Endurance	17	Macho Bonus	1
		Skill Bases	
Agility	16		4
Chutzpah	11		3
Dexterity	17		4
Mechanical Apt.	9		2
Moxie	10		2
Power	10		

Background: "Why are we all sitting around here counting paper clips? What was all that training for — so we could be clerks? When are we gonna get out there and meet the enemy? Blow away a few Commies or mutants — eh, sorry, Merle, no offense intended."

Look, they say The Computer knows what It's doing, but I don't belong here with these wimps and clods. I'm a Vulture-trained commando, not a clerk.

That Gimp-Y guy gets on my nerves — always grumbling and stomping around . . . and that Frod-O guy's gonna catch a few HE rounds in the neck if he doesn't stop poking around my stuff. Bubba I might be able to tolerate — what a body! — but he's got the brains of a slug.

PLC Assignment: Inventory Clerk

Assist Inventory Control Clerk (Frod-O). Perform any stupid, annoying, boring tasks he sticks you with. Sit around and look busy when upper-clearances show up. Clean your weapons often and wait (pray) for some action.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Hygiene Officer

Hygiene Officer. Wonderful. Next thing you know, you'll be cleaning toilet bowls. Well at least the job has some practical advantages. If anyone starts mouthing off at you, just stick your steel-

bristled cleaning brush under their nose and tell 'em to back off or they're not gonna pass hygiene inspection.

Current Secret Society Mission: Use your fellow Troubleshooters to serve your purposes, which at this moment are to requisition some good hardware and get transferred into the action. An Illuminati Grand Vizier — who you know about only through vague whispered rumors, a powerful and mystic clone called "Crom" — wants all of his soldiers to take up arms against any First Church of Christ Computer Programmer members. But don't put yourself on the line — get those morons in your group to do your dirty work.

Roleplaying Notes: Think of yourself as a combat veteran among pre-schoolers. Make sensible, tactically prudent plans, but play it heavy on offense and firepower. The rest of the time play it cool, keep your eyes open, and look for opportunities to run up the Commie and FCCCP body count so you can get out of this outfit and be promoted into the Vultures where you belong.

PC# 4: Jahl-Y-ELF-1

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: YELLOW

Player Name: _____



Alias: "Giggles"

Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 4
 Unarmed _____ 11
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 2
 Cheerful Prattle (Like Motivation, but much more nauseating . . .) _____ 14
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 4
 Laser Weapons _____ 10
 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 1
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 2
 Stealth _____ 10
 Survival _____ 14

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 1 Yellow laser barrel
- 1 Yellow reflec armor
- 1 Yellow jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 knife
- 1 notebook & stylus
- 1 set of pointed ears (worn constantly; treasonous, but nobody cares)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	10	L	8	50	Yes
Knife	4	I	7	20	No

Damage Status _____ Credits 42

Armor Rating
 Yellow reflec L4

PC# 5: Gimp-Y-DWF-3

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: YELLOW

Player Name: _____



Alias: "Shorty"

Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2
 Primitive Melee Weapons _____ 15
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3
 Grumbling (like Intimidation, only more so) _____ 10
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Laser Weapons _____ 12
 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 4
 Habitat Engineering (Especially mining techniques) _____ 10

Moxie Skill Base _____ 4
 Data Analysis _____ 6
 Electronic Engineering _____ 8

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 1 Yellow laser barrel
- 1 Yellow reflec armor
- 1 Yellow jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 knife
- 1 notebook & stylus
- 1 pickaxe
- 1 pair infrared goggles
- 1 folding shovel
- 1 hammer
- 1 pocket assay
- 1 disintegration matrix (experimental; see back)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	12	L	8	50	No
Pickaxe	15	I	9	—	No
Knife	4	I	7	20	No

Damage Status _____ Credits 7

Armor Rating
 Yellow reflec L4

PC# 6: Merle-Y-NNN-3

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: YELLOW

Player Name: _____



Alias: "Psycho"

Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2
 Unarmed _____ 5
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3
 Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3
 Laser Weapons _____ 12
 Energy Weapons _____ 10
 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 4
 Vehicle Op. & Maint. _____ 14
 Moxie Skill Base _____ 2
 Biochemical Therapy _____ 10
 Medical _____ 8

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 1 Yellow laser pistol barrel
- 1 Yellow reflec armor
- 1 Yellow jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 energy pistol
- 1 com unit I
- 10 Happy Pills

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	12	L	8	50	No
Energy Pistol	10	E	8	50	Yes

Damage Status _____ Credits 210

Armor Rating
 Yellow reflec L4

PC# 4: Jahl-Y-ELF-1**Secret Society:** Sierra Club**Secret Society Rank:** 2**Mutant Power(s):**Regeneration
Machine Empathy

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 10	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
Endurance	_____ 12	Carrying Cap.	_____ 25
		Macho Bonus	_____ 0
Skill Bases			
Agility	_____ 17		4
Chutzpah	_____ 10		2
Dexterity	_____ 17		4
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 4		1
Moxie	_____ 7		2
Power	_____ 9		

Background: "Ho-ho-ho, hee-hee-hee, and a couple of la-di-dahs! Isn't life wonderful? And isn't The Computer about the best friend anybody would ever want? I mean, look here. I belong to a secret society. Really. And my buddy The Computer doesn't mind one bit. C'mon, now tell me, are you a secret society member? Go ahead, tell me. Tell The Computer. It's perfectly safe!"

Gosh, that generous Computer — what a pal! And me a traitor and all . . . but The Computer still lets me live. I'll be loyal to My Friend The Computer until the day I die, and thanks to The Computer, that shouldn't be anytime soon.

I don't mind working in PLC. I guess somebody has to do it, right? So why don't we all pull together and make Alpha Complex an even better place to live! C'mon everybody. Let's serve The Computer with all our hearts. Whattaya say Gimp-Y?

What do you mean, "Go bake yourself?" Don't you feel like serving Mr. Computer? Whoops! You better not let him hear you say that (wink, nudge, scribble in notebook).

PLC Assignment: Distribution Analysis Technician
Make long lists and study them for days. Color in some of the list. Make pie-graphs. Count everything on the list a bunch of times, and multiply totals by 53.17%. Make reports.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Loyalty Officer

Fink on anyone in the team who isn't *really* a friend of Mr. Computer or who seems unperky.

Treasonous Possessions: Hey, those pointed ears are a real collector's item. At least that's what those guys you met on the transtube — Kirk-G-YMM and Doc-R-MCY — were saying. They also said they were starting their own secret society. You said "Sounds great, how do I join?" They gave you the ears, and now you're really happy. Now you can't wait to get Outdoors and Go Boldly Where No Clone Has Gone Before. Sounds fun!

Current Secret Society Mission: Well, you guess you should go boldly forth and bring back a fern. Woods-Y-OWL, your Sierra Club Scoutmaster, would probably like that.

You could also try to find other things: asparagus and sponges and E.T.s and adidas — or was that pumas? Anyway, stuff like that.

Roleplaying Notes: You are way too optimistic and cheerful. You are the kind of person that tells jokes at funerals to try to cheer everyone up. When things look darkest, be everyone's smiling silver lining. Chatter pleasantly about the generosity of your friend The Computer and your wonderful friends who gave you the ears.

PC# 5: Gimp-Y-DWF-3**Secret Society:** Romantics**Secret Society Rank:** 3**Mutant Power(s):**Mechanical Intuition
Hypersenses
Detect Sloping Passages

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 16	Damage Bonus	_____ 1
Endurance	_____ 18	Carrying Cap.	_____ 45
		Macho Bonus	_____ 1
Skill Bases			
Agility	_____ 8		2
Chutzpah	_____ 12		3
Dexterity	_____ 10		2
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 16		4
Moxie	_____ 15		4
Power	_____ 6		

Background: "Hi-ho nothing! Hrmph! Stuck in this abandoned supply dump with a bunch of total idiots! Hrmph! So this is how The Computer treats its loyal servants. Grumble, grumble. . .

"YOU! Stop that right now! Shut up and sit down. And those paper clips better be counted by the time I get back! It's about all I can trust you to do without a brain transplant. And *no singing!*"

Okay, maybe the cave-in was your fault. At least you only got busted from Green to Yellow. But the transfer from R&D to PLC — well that just wasn't fair! After all, the idea of adapting a subot to swim through rock was *brilliant!* Just wait until you get the bugs out of the Matrix. Then The Computer will want you back on the Design Team. Yeah. Just wait.

In the meantime you just have to keep from getting executed for the stupid stunts these PLC clerks keep pulling.

And one more crack about your height and someone's going to spend a little time in the infirmary digging a pickaxe out of his forehead.

PLC Assignment: Inventory Foreman
Motivate these worthless moronic scum. Keep them busy so they don't get themselves or you in trouble. Prevent them from walking off with the inventory (especially Frod-O!). File lots of memos documenting their endless stupidity.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Happiness Officer

Wonderful! Stuck with all of the best details, aren't we? Well, this'll be one job you're gonna enjoy. If any of those algaeheads give you any backtalk, or if they even stop smiling for a second — report 'em.

The Disintegration Matrix: Looks like a jackhammer with a lot of blinking lights, vacuum tubes, and delicate wiring. Hasn't worked yet. But in the name of *Science*, you must persevere.

Your GM will help you determine the results of experiments with the matrix.

Current Secret Society Mission: The Romantics have promised to pull some strings and get you out of PLC, but there's a price — artifacts. You used to be able to snatch stuff that came in from R&D, but how are you gonna find any artifacts in this Warehouse at the End of Time? Just have to keep your eyes peeled, you guess. Wonder if any of these turds have Free Enterprise contacts?

Roleplaying Notes: You're a real sourpuss. Order everybody around. Keep tinkering with the Disintegration Matrix. Who knows? It may even work!

PC# 6: Merle-Y-NNN-3**Secret Society:** Psion**Secret Society Rank:** 4**Mutant Power(s):**Telekinesis •Teleport
Mental Blast Electroshock
Levitation

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 11	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
Endurance	_____ 13	Carrying Cap.	_____ 25
		Macho Bonus	_____ 1
Skill Bases			
Agility	_____ 7		2
Chutzpah	_____ 11		3
Dexterity	_____ 11		3
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 16		4
Moxie	_____ 10		2
Power	_____ 19		

Background: ". . . Where am I? No. No thanks. I feel fine. Just blacked out for a minute, is all. Whew, what a doozy . . . by the way, did I say anything about . . . say, why is the room spinning around like this?" ZZZZhhhaagggck! — Whoosh.

"Those flashbacks are murder.
"No, really, I'm fine . . . My name? Oh sure. It's uh-hh . . . no no no no, don't tell me. Let me guess. Menry!? Lenrod? No, that's not it . . .

"Say, where are my clothes?"
When The Computer asked for Registered Mutants to volunteer for those hydropsonic acid tests, you were only too eager to serve. The experiments were real interesting. Too bad you don't remember too much of them . . . but then you don't remember too much of anything, in fact. And those blackouts — man, what a bummer!

So the reassignment to PLC makes sense. I mean, what better job for a guy with brains like Bouncy Bubble Beverage? And no wonder they assigned you to an abandoned sector like SPI.

PLC Assignment: Project Supervisor
Uh . . . don't tell me. It's uh-hh . . . something about boxes, right? Say — do I know you guys?

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Communications & Recording Officer

"I'm the what? Oh. Oh yeah! I remember now. I take notes, right? Hmm . . . I had a stylus here a minute ago . . . Where'd my pockets go? . . . and wasn't I wearing a jumpsuit or something?"

Treasonous Possessions: Those "Happy Pills" are actually hydropsonic acid tablets. The docs said they're supposed to suppress the flashbacks. So you swiped as many as you could. Why couldn't there have been *more?*

But your supply is running low! You *know* you shouldn't have swiped them, but you *need* them now and your supply is running low! Maybe Frod-O has some more. He seems to have everything.

Current Secret Society Mission: It's hard to concentrate with all of those spiders climbing around inside your eyeballs.

Oh right. The Psions say you've got to learn how to control your mind. Let loose. Use the Force. Believe in peanut butter. Something like that.

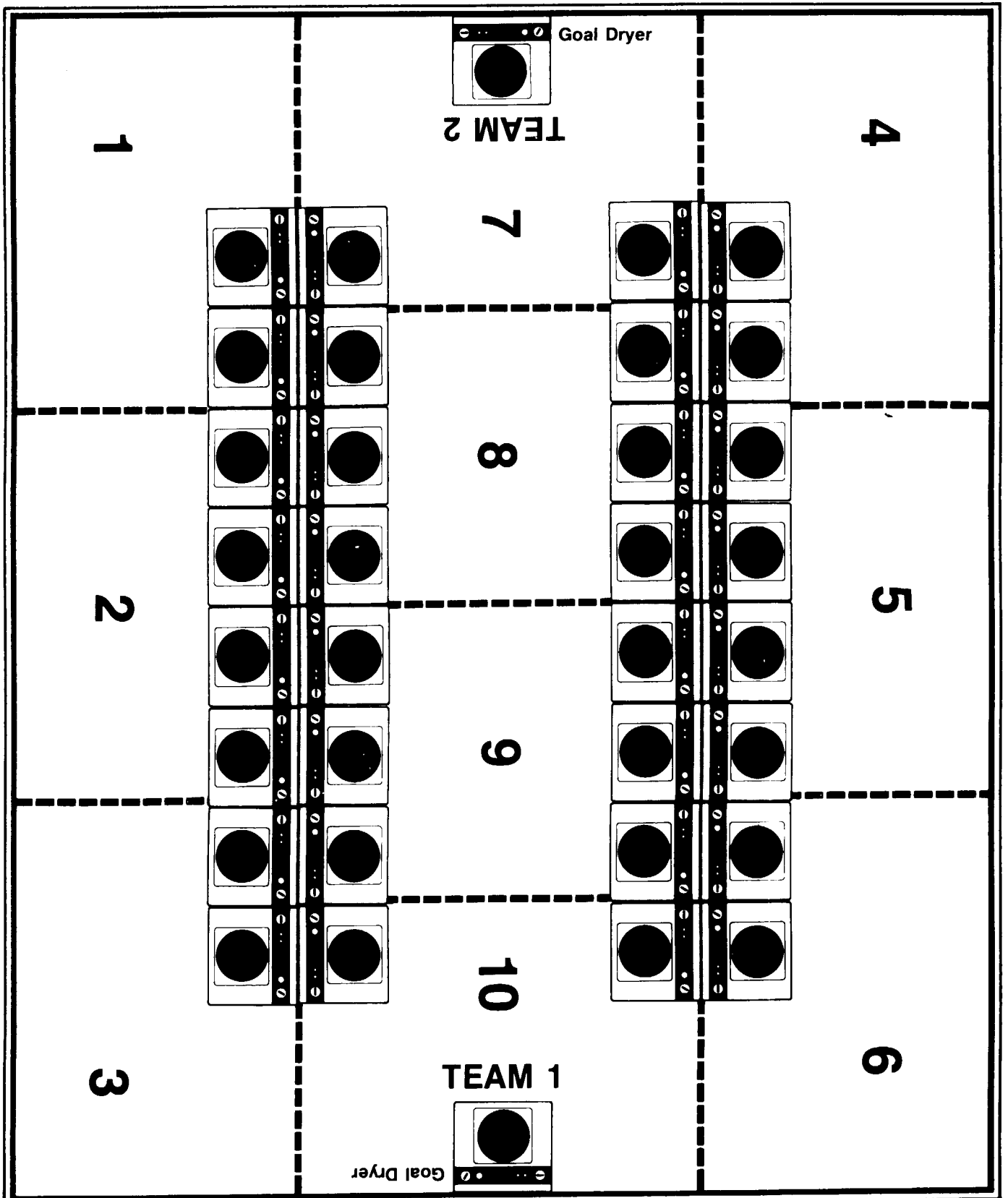
They say it might help if you find a group of mental talents, like yourself. Maybe they could help you with your mind powers. Wild stuff, man.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a space cadet: forgetful, hallucinations, sudden amnesia. Prompt the GM for flashbacks, or depend upon your own brilliant sense of dramatic timing.

THE COMPUTER ALWAYS SHOOTS TWICE

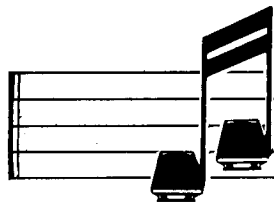


Send in the Clones
Props
and
Handouts



 1 Jess	 2 Watt	 3 Chock	 4 Sam	 5 Sue	 6 Jump	 REFBOT	 REFBOT
 1	 2	 3	 4	 5	 Ozzie	 REFBOT	

The Arena
Date With Death, Round 2



The Alpha-Complex Songbook

WHAT THE HELL IS RAIN?

Long as I remember
The complex is underground.
Miles of twisty tunnels;
No exit to be found.
Would-be nature lovers
Tryin' to find the sun.
But I wonder; still I wonder:
What the hell is rain?

I went up six levels
Seekin' old man Yasgur's farm.
But guardbots wearing kevlar
Grabbed me by the arm.
"The Computer plans a new you."
"You must have gone insane..."
What a blunder, but I wonder:
What the hell is rain?

Now workin' in the foodvats,
My mind's not on escape.
While a plasma generator
Guards against mistakes.
Machines are barkin' orders:
"The Computer is your friend!"
But I wonder, still I wonder:
What the hell is rain?

GILL-I-GAN'S JUNGLE

Just sit right back and you'll hear the tale,
The tale of an easy mission,
Aboard this standard ATV
Powered by nuclear fission.

The Mission Leader was from CPU,
His team was confident.
Six Troubleshooters left that day
To learn what "Outdoors" meant.
To learn what "Outdoors" meant.

The terrain was getting very wet
The ATV near' drowned.
When the monitor broke on the dashboard,
Their way home could not be found.
Their way home could not be found.

Stranded now in the great Outdoors,
Their mission was a bungle.
With Gill-I-GAN, and Skip-R too,
The High Programmer, and his bot.
The vid starlette,
The R&D Tech and Mar-Y-ANN,
Here on Gill-I-GAN's Jungle!

GILL-I-GAN'S JUNGLE (REPRISE)

What a sad fate for our clones indeed!
They're never coming home.
Through radioactive forests,
Forever they will roam.

No food! No shelter! No autocars!
No Computer pampering.
But we know that they're lucky:
No biochemical tampering!

One more thing about these clones, my friends
They're mission wasn't really scrubbed.
They secretly arranged it . . .
They're members of Sierra Club!

VULTURE WARRIORS OF DIMENSION X

Vulture Warriors
Of Dimension X.
The very best
Of our Complex.
One hundred clones
We'll test today.
Ninety-nine
Will be gooey spray.

We'll boldly go
Where we are told.
Fighting mutants
Like Yellow Mold.
Killing Orcs
And Lammasu —
Don't you know Elves
Are Commies too?

Transdimensional
Collapsatron
Sends us all
to the beyond.
In dungeons deep,
Where Commies dwell,
We'll all get fried
By a fireball spell.

I'M JUST WILD ABOUT MUTIE

I'm just wild about mutie.
And mutie's wild about me.
Computerly blisses — boos and hisses.
Commie's the way to be.
Life's sweet just like processed algae.
And just like Teela on TeeVee.
Oh I'm just wild about muties.
And they're just wild about —
Cannot live without —
They're just wild about ME!

I'M AN ALPHA COMPLEX DANDY

I'm an Alpha Complex Dandy.
Alpha Complex do or die.
A new clone version of my last five clones.
Like them, I know I'll soon die.
I've got an Alpha Complex sweetheart,
Teela is my Alpha Joy.
Troubleshooters find the Commies,
Beat the mutants senseless.
I am an Alpha Complex boy!

I'm an Alpha Complex Dandy.
Troubleshooter do or die.
A clone replacement of my former self.
Soon I will probably fry.
I've got to serve my friend Computer.
If I don't, I know I'll quickly die.
Kill the Commie infiltrators,
Also Troubleshooters.
I am an Alpha Complex guy!

I'M AN ALPHA COMPLEX COMMIE

(subversive version of the above)

I'm an Alpha Complex Commie.
Alpha Complex do or die.
A new clone version of my last five clones.
Like them, I know I'll soon die.
I'm not an Alpha Complex sweetheart.
Girls are just the same as boys.
Commie mutants beat computers.
Troubleshooters, phooie!
I'm not an Alpha Complex toy!

SEND IN THE CLONES

Isn't it great?
Isn't it keen?
Living in complexes ruled by machine.
Where are the clones?
There ought to be clones.
Send in the clones.

Isn't it rich?
Do we have six?
Well, then let's go Troubleshooters —
C'mon, let's mix.
Where are the clones?
There ought to be clones.
Send in the clones.

Just when I start
Opening doors,
Looking for mutants and traitors
on ceilings and floors.
Shooting my laser again
with no malfunction roll.
Enemy bots . . .
Taking a toll.

Don't you love farce?
Traitors abound.
Won't you just go to the corner,
And look around?
Where are the clones?
There should be clones.
Send in the clones.

I'm just so mad.
It makes me see red.
This is my very first mission —
Already I'm dead.
Where is my clone?
I must have a clone.
Send in my clone.

PC# 1: Jess-Y-BEL-2

Service Group: CPU

Security Clearance: YELLOW

Player Name: _____



Skill Bases/Improved Skills
Agility Skill Base _____ 3
 Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 5
 Intimidation _____ 8
 Motivation _____ 14
 Psychescan _____ 8
 Con _____ 10
Dexterity Skill Base _____ 4
 Laser Weapons _____ 10
Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2
 Scrubot Op. & Maint. _____ 6
Moxie Skill Base _____ 4

Personal Equipment
 1 laser pistol
 2 Yellow laser barrels
 1 Yellow reflec armor
 1 Yellow jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
 1 com unit II
 1 stylus and notebook
 1 gas mask
 1 first aid kit
 1 knife
 1 multipurpose robot repair tool (with a thousand and one uses)

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	10	L	8	50	No
Knife	4	I	7	20	No

Damage Status	Credits 220
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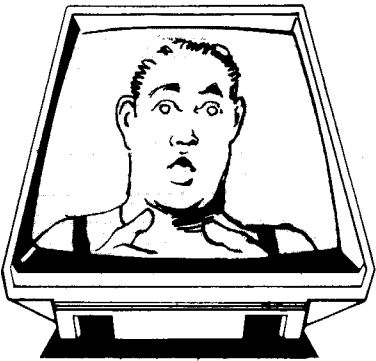
Armor	Rating
Yellow reflec	L4

PC# 2: Watt-YWHO-2

Service Group: Power Services

Security Clearance: YELLOW

Player Name: _____



Skill Bases/Improved Skills
Agility Skill Base _____ 2
 Unarmed _____ 6
Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 5
 Motivation _____ 10
 Con _____ 10
 Spurious Logic _____ 12
Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Laser Weapons _____ 13
 Field Weapons _____ 12
Mechanical Skill Base _____ 3
Moxie Skill Base _____ 4
 Data Analysis _____ 7

Personal Equipment
 1 laser pistol
 2 Yellow laser barrels
 1 Yellow reflec armor
 1 Yellow jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
 1 com unit II
 1 stylus and notebook
 1 gas mask
 1 flashlight
 1 infrared goggles

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	13	L	8	50	No
Knife	2	I	7	20	No

Damage Status	Credits 200
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Armor	Rating
Yellow reflec	L4

PC# 3: Chock-O-BLK-1

Service Group: Armed Forces

Security Clearance: ORANGE

Player Name: _____



Skill Bases/Improved Skills
Agility Skill Base _____ 4
 Unarmed _____ 8
Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 4
 Fast Talk _____ 8
Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2
 Primitive Missile Weapons (i.e., Rock) _____ 15
 Laser Weapons _____ 13
Mechanical Skill Base _____ 4
Moxie Skill Base _____ 0
 Demolition _____ 4

Personal Equipment
 1 prefabricated artificial rock (weighs 30kg)
 1 laser pistol
 2 Orange laser barrels
 1 Orange reflec armor
 1 Orange jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
 1 com unit I
 1 stylus and notebook
 1 gas mask
 1 knife
 1 flashlight
 1 multicorder I

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	13	L	8	50	No
30 kg. Rock	15	I	9	2	No
Knife	15	I	7	20	No

Damage Status	Credits 300
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Armor	Rating
Orange reflec	L4

PC# 1: Jess-Y-BEL-2**Secret Society:** Frankenstein Destroyers**Secret Society Rank:** 1**Mutant Power(s):**

Telepathy

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 14	Damage Bonus	_____ 1
		Carrying Cap.	_____ 35
Endurance	_____ 13	Macho Bonus	_____ 0
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 13		3
Chutzpah	_____ 20		5
Dexterity	_____ 16		4
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 9		2
Moxie	_____ 17		4
Power	_____ 17		

Background: What's this vatline about Central Processing taking the heat for putting memory-wipe drug in the Armed Forces' dopkits? You've dealt with enough nosewipes, chipbrains, and drelbs in CPU to learn errors like that are par for the course. Why is everyone so hyper? So what if a few battalions of Vulture Squadron Commandoes are busy stacking toy blocks in the Computer's kiddie-creches? Big Effervescing Deal!

And this new bunch of Troubleshooters is no better than the dimbulbs in your own service group. These deviants have some of the wierdest mentalities you've ever psyched — like Sue-R-RAT, all she ever thinks about is fire — or Chock-O-BLK, who knows more that he lets on about the memory-wipe scandal. Maybe you should try a little blackmail involving his oh-so-fortunate absence from messhall when the chemical amnesia was ingested.

Watt-YWHO shouldn't be any problem. He'll have trouble enough trying to stay alive as Team Leader. Try to make sure he doesn't foist this duty on you. It rubs against your grain to let some idiot give all the orders, but it's better that he takes the bullet when everyone turns against the top dog.

Sam-R might be a good guy to set up as a lieutenant. Try to get him on your good side. He can hold

his own with a laser and a grenade, and is the only one in the group that you can think of who isn't out to get you.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Equipment Guy

The full title of this job is actually Bots, Weapons, Vehicles and Sundry Equipment Repair and Maintenance Officer. You should always be busy checking for possible malfunctions in other people's equipment. And if you ever encounter a bot, use your handy-dandy robot repair tool to perform a little PM (preventive maintenance) and make sure it stays at peak performance.

Treasonous Possessions: Neurowhip. Skill 12.

Current Secret Society Mission: You found a strange slip of paper under your algae flake bowl this morning:

Codename: ANTIGIGANTOR

Countersign: DIMBULB

Mission: DESTROY ALL BOTS!

Primary Target: BOT/TYPE: FUN

Secondary Target(s): BOT/TYPE:PET

BOT/TYPE:REF

MiscInfo: Jump-R-CBL::Bot Lover::Execute!

Execute! Execute!

Watt-YWHO::Team Leader::Execute!

Execute!Execute!

Orders Issued: FDVC #1124

PC# 2: Watt-YWHO-2**Secret Society:** Romantics**Secret Society Rank:** 3**Mutant Power(s):**

Levitation

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 16	Damage Bonus	_____ 1
		Carrying Cap.	_____ 45
Endurance	_____ 14	Macho Bonus	_____ 1
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 10		2
Chutzpah	_____ 19		5
Dexterity	_____ 7		2
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 11		3
Moxie	_____ 17		4
Power	_____ 18		

Background: Before your old Power Services buddy turned traitor and became an officially unofficial unperson, he taught you that dandy stunt of selective power shutdown that made your humdrum work so interesting. Switch off a couple of conveyor belts in PLC for a minute apiece, and suddenly — ooh you loved this! — twenty Armed Forces Vulture Squadrons end up with memory-wipe drug in their evening cycle meals! Not everyone could have exploited the opportunity you got — but that's the kind of carefree, fun-loving guy you are.

True, your enthusiasm is a little dampened here among other Troubleshooters. You're afraid somebody's already found out about your part in the memory-wipe scandal. You've seen Sam-R-KND and Chock-O-BLK looking at you strangely. You're pretty convinced that one or the other is a mind-reading mutie.

Well, so somebody finds out your little role in rendering eighteen-hundred gung-ho soldiers like unto freshly-decanted babies — who cares? You've got a fall guy set up already: some of your secret society buddies found out it was fellow Troubleshooter Jump-R-CBL who mistakenly put the memory-wipe drug on the conveyor belt to begin with. Maybe you could have a little fun toying with his mind.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Team Leader

Oh no! You've been assigned as Team Leader for this mission. It's a known fact that 74% of Team Leaders get killed by their own Mission Group. 56% lose at least two clones! And this group of screaming yahoos looks like they're just the kind of infighting, back-biting nasties to try something foolish.

But, hey, you've got something most Team Leaders don't have — panache! So when they've got you cornered, try to smooth-talk your way out of it. Don't necessarily threaten them, but if push comes to shove, show 'em who's boss. Keep in touch with The Computer, and make sure Chock-O-BLK, the Communications and Recording Officer, records any treasonous statements or activities by the other Troubleshooters.

Treasonous Possessions: One Tangler Pistol. Skill 12.

Current Secret Society Mission: Cleto-B-QRK is running some sort of anti-Romantic operation. We can't let him stop us now, not when we're about to be the choice of a new generation. It's probably impolitic to off Cleto-B himself (although initiative is always admired) — but make sure this mission backfires in his face. Jess-Y has some connection to Cleto-B; be a good scout and vaporize her at your convenience.

PC# 3: Chock-O-BLK-1**Secret Society:** Free Enterprise**Secret Society Rank:** 3**Mutant Power(s):**

Precognition

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 13	Damage Bonus	_____ 0
		Carrying Cap.	_____ 30
Endurance	_____ 13	Macho Bonus	_____ 0
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 16		4
Chutzpah	_____ 17		4
Dexterity	_____ 8		2
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 17		4
Moxie	_____ 2		0
Power	_____ 11		

Background: You heard the little voice saying "Don't drink the Bouncy Bubbly Beverage at mess tonight — it's spoiled!" That was enough for you. And so you didn't consume the memory-wipe drug that turned the rest of your company into vegetables.

Just as you were breathing a sigh of relief, Internal Security hauled you in. What provoked their suspicion wasn't your miraculous escape when the rest of your unit was turned into infants, but that you sold your meal to the clone sitting next to you.

You could have told IntSec that your fellow Troubleshooter, Watt-YWHO-2, was the real operator that put the brain-erase drug in the meals, but then they'd want to know your sources. Besides, before you turn Watt-Y in, see if he's willing to pay a fair price for a useful commodity — silence.

Now your little voice is giving you warning signals about those inconspicuous Reds, Sue-R-RAT and Jump-R-CBL: they'll be trouble. The air of IntSec reeks from every pore.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Communications & Recording Officer

You always seem to be able to turn your opportunities into money-making ventures, and this is just the duty for it. Record everything; once you have sufficient dirt to have entire clone families eradicated, offer to clip out any treasonous acts that

you have on tape for a fee. Make sure to record the transaction, too, so if they try to screw you later, with a little creative videotape editing you can turn 'em in to The Computer for offering you a bribe!

Also, as Communications & Recording Officer, you're responsible for inspecting and repairing every team member's com unit regularly. But knowing your aptitude for electronics, you just hope nothing goes wrong

Treasonous Possessions: Aye-B-DUM-4, your unit leader, was just a 330 lb. babbling baby after taking the memory-wipe drug. Since he wasn't going to be able to use his laser pistol, you took it. You hocked the gun, but you kept the blue laser barrel. It should come in handy when one of those Yellow-clearance upitty-ups gives you trouble.

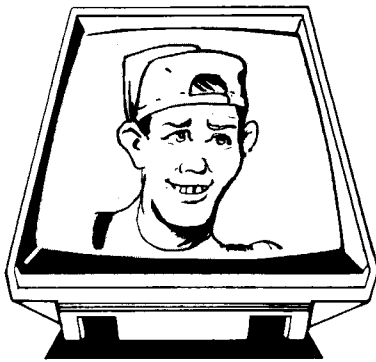
Current Secret Society Mission: We've pulled some strings to get you on this mission into NBD sector. Once you arrive, try to establish contact with Hall-YWUD in HPD & MC. He's a prominent Free Enterpriser; aid him in any way you can. The password is, "The show I like is My Favorite Computer." He will reply with the countersign, "Yes, that's one of our most popular shows." Try to arrange a few transactions; if anything in NBD sector looks commercial, bring back a sample.

PC# 4: Sam-R-KND-1

Service Group: Technical Services

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 5
 Grenade _____ 12

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 4
 Laser Weapons _____ 12

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 3
 Jackobot Op. & Maint. _____ 9

Moxie Skill Base _____ 2
 Medical _____ 8
 Elec. Engineering _____ 5

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 2 Red laser barrels
- 1 Red reflex armor
- 1 Red jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 stylus and notebook
- 1 personal hygiene kit
- 1 knife
- 100 personality stabilizer tablets in small vial
- 1 grenade

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	12	L	8	50	No
Grenade	12	P	8	20	No
Knife	2	I	7	20	No

Damage Status	Credits 10
Armor Red reflex	Rating L4

PC# 5: Sue-R-RAT-2

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 4
 Prim. Melee Weapons _____ 12

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 5

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 4
 Laser Weapons _____ 14

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 5

Moxie Skill Base _____ 5
 Surveillance _____ 10
 Stealth _____ 12

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 2 Red laser barrels
- 1 Red reflex armor
- 1 Red jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 stylus and notebook
- 1 Personal Hygiene Kit
- 1 knife
- 1 magnifying glass
- 1 Skin Core Sampler, Model VI

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	14	L	8	50	No
Knife	12	I	7	20	No

Damage Status	Credits 110
Armor Red reflex	Rating L4

PC# 6: Jump-R-CBL-2

Service Group: PLC

Security Clearance: RED

Player Name: _____



Skill Bases/Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 4
 Prim. Melee Weapons _____ 12

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 2
 Bribery _____ 12
 Interrogation _____ 6

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3
 Laser Weapons _____ 11

Mechanical Skill Base _____ 1

Moxie Skill Base _____ 2

Personal Equipment

- 1 laser pistol
- 2 Red laser barrels
- 1 Red reflex armor
- 1 Red jumpsuit w/utility belt & pouches
- 1 com unit I
- 1 stylus and notebook
- 1 Indestructible Loyalty Transcripts Recorder, Model I (ILTR-1: Notepad in an indestructible egg-shaped shell)
- 1 knife

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	11	L	8	50	No
Knife	12	I	7	20	No

Damage Status	Credits 90
Armor Red reflex	Rating L4

PC# 4: Sam-R-KND-1**Secret Society:** Anti-Mutant**Secret Society Rank:** 1**Mutant Power(s):**

Mechanical Intuition

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 14	Damage Bonus	_____ 1
		Carrying Cap.	_____ 35
Endurance	_____ 11	Macho Bonus	_____ 0
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 19		5
Chutzpah	_____ 13		3
Dexterity	_____ 17		4
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 12		3
Moxie	_____ 10		2
Power	_____ 7		

Background: This is neat! You're a Troubleshooter, like the heroes in the vidshows. And you didn't even have to spend a lot of time in Tech to get the glamour job, which is just as well since you made a mess of it the one day you were there. Then it was your big promotion/transfer to PLC.

It was a thrill being in The Computer's service, but the good feelings went to your head. Getting overconfident, you turned on one too many spigots, and the entire Armed Forces allotment of Bouncy Bubble Beverage was replaced with mind-wipe drug before it went out to PLC. Now, entire regiments of soldiers are relearning how to put on their underwear. Well, it wasn't really your fault anyway. Your supervisor, Jess-Y-BEL, approved the spigot turn that put the Armed Forces C-in-C into diapers.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Happiness Officer

Great! This is just the job you were looking for. You're real proud to be a Troubleshooter, and everyone else should be too. If anyone looks or sound depressed in any way, they are suffering from Sub-Standard Morale (SSM). If you see anyone suffering SSM, apply some Morale Lifters (MLs). MLs come in a variety of forms, from pep talks to pharmaceuticals. For instance, your 100 Personality Stabilizer tablets should be able to calm down

frazzled nerves, or put a smile on a frowning face. Isn't that special?

But there is an exciting rumor going around. (Shhh! Keep it to yourself!) You've heard that there will be a special *experimental* ML assigned to the mission group! Won't this be fun?

Treasonous Possessions: While rummaging through a box of a fellow clone's possessions in your barracks, you came across a grenade. But using your mutation, you realized that this wasn't a regular grenade—it's actually a tacnuke shell, with a conventional grenade trigger and timer. Wow. I wonder how many mutants you could take out with it?

P.S. The numbers for the grenade on the front of your character sheet are bogus. The actual effects are:

Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
12	F	Awesome	20	Gotta be . . .

Current Secret Society Mission: Kill the mutants! (You had to ask?) There's an unconfirmed report that Jess-Y (your boss) is a mutant—the best guess is that she has Hypersenses. Confirm this (roleplaying hint: whisper a lot) and, if true, terminate her.

PC# 5: Sue-R-RAT-2**Secret Society:** Sierra Club**Secret Society Rank:** 1**Mutant Power(s):**

Pyrokinesis

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 16	Damage Bonus	_____ 1
		Carrying Cap.	_____ 45
Endurance	_____ 18	Macho Bonus	_____ 1
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 15		4
Chutzpah	_____ 20		5
Dexterity	_____ 16		4
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 19		5
Moxie	_____ 19		5
Power	_____ 13		

Background: It wasn't your fault. You were conducting your undercover IntSec investigation of PLC, doing PLC-type things like shifting boxes from one conveyor belt to another. Sure you noticed that those containers of Bouncy Bubble Beverage had been filled with memory-wipe drug—but you didn't dare report it. That would show distrust of your superiors—and (shudder) The Computer. So seventy platoons of Armed Forces troops have been reduced to the education level of a gaussed scrubot—that's not your fault. Your superiors would no doubt agree, but no sense in bothering them with trivia.

That twerp from PLC, Jump-R-CBL, saw you carrying those containers—he should be apprised of the need to avoid cluttering your superiors' outlook with little details. The Armed Forces goon, Chock-O-BLK, is out for revenge. Maybe you should steer him onto Sam-R-KND, the Tech who filled the wrong containers in the first place.

All this maneuvering wears you down. You'd like to get Outside, to that world of astroturf and English pigeons you've always heard about. There are small furry things there, and things growing everywhere. You'd like to head into the world of nature—and set everything on fire, and watch it burn.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Hygiene Officer

When you were assigned HO, you were pretty

confused. And when they brought out the Skin Core Sampler you got really worried. But the SCS is really harmless, as you saw in the demonstration. The ferocious roaring sound it makes before taking the sample is unnerving, but otherwise harmless.

Other than taking tests with the SCS, make everyone's life miserable by fining them every time they fail a Hygienics Test. Basically, they fail it if they have a hole in their chest (blood is so hard to get out of a jumpsuit . . .), or if they litter, or spit on the sidewalk, etc., etc.

Treasonous Possessions: Sue-R-RAT-1 died, but not in vain. Before she was taken out by the security-bots, she managed to pass on a pair of Yellow laser barrels.

As well, IntSec has given you a can of Invisible Spray, disguised as deodorant. As your secret IntSec mission, identify traitors with the Invisible Spray. Although lightly fresh-scented, the spray is actually a non-visible dye that can be picked up by special monitors. The spray is included in your Personal Hygiene Kit.

Current Secret Society Mission: Your Sierra Club superior, The Red Fox, believes that there is a way to the Outdoors through one of Alpha Complex's many sewer tunnels. Try to locate this tunnel, marked "LUV 23-SKDU."

PC# 6: Jump-R-CBL-1**Secret Society:** Pro Tech**Secret Society Rank:** 1**Mutant Power(s):**

Empathy

Attributes		Skill Bases/Bonuses	
Strength	_____ 20	Damage Bonus	_____ 2
		Carrying Cap.	_____ 65
Endurance	_____ 18	Macho Bonus	_____ 1
		Skill Bases	
Agility	_____ 15		4
Chutzpah	_____ 10		2
Dexterity	_____ 12		3
Mechanical Apt.	_____ 5		1
Moxie	_____ 8		2
Power	_____ 18		

Background: Put boxes on conveyor belts. Take them off conveyor belts. Wait for conveyor belts to be repaired. Not the most rewarding occupation for an exponent of the future glory of technology. In PLC you were wasted—no wonder you happened to make a small mistake, when your mind was preoccupied with higher matters. Anyone could have done it—those boxes of memory-wipe drug look awfully similar to the boxes of Bouncy Bubble Beverage those Armed Forces morons usually get. You put a few wrong boxes on the conveyor belt, and now five thousand soldiers have regressed to staring at their fingernails and putting their toes in their mouths. It's no big deal from your angle, but it's a lucky break you got transferred to the Troubleshooters before anyone fingered you.

Anyway, you're in the clear if someone accuses you—just shift attention over to your fellow PLCer Sue-R-RAT. Not only is she so transparently an IntSec agent, but you know she caught the memory-wipe/beverage mix-up and didn't say anything.

Mandatory Bonus Duty: Loyalty Officer

It is your solemn duty to assure that the Troubleshooter team stays loyal to The Computer. Use your ILTR-1 to record all treasonous activities and keep on the alert for cases of substandard zeal. Report,

as always, to The Computer directly, not your Team Leader. Look for the Ten Early Warning Signs of Commie Traitorism, such as references to other Troubleshooters as "Bourgeois Pigs."

Treasonous Possessions: Pro Tech has given you the greatest gadget: the Hypnodisk™. Just wave it in front of your subject's eyes, and they'll tell you anything you ask. They also gave you a single Green laser barrel. Make sure nobody catches you using it, or you're history.

Current Secret Society Mission: A jackbot rolled up in front of you: "Greetings humanity through greater machinery! Greetings, Pro Techer Reddy Kilowatt! An unknown faction of purblind machine-mashers has diverted a valuable shipment of cloning equipment from the higher destiny to which we had previously diverted it. It's believed that your fellow Troubleshooter Jess-Y-BEL works for the anti-future faction, aided by Watt-Y-WHO. Interrogate them with this Hypnodisk™; they'll tell you everything. Terminate them after finding the current whereabouts of the shipment."

The jackbot then handed you the Hypnodisk and a Green laser barrel. It then proceeded to self-destruct by pulling itself apart. You got out of there quick before anyone saw.

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