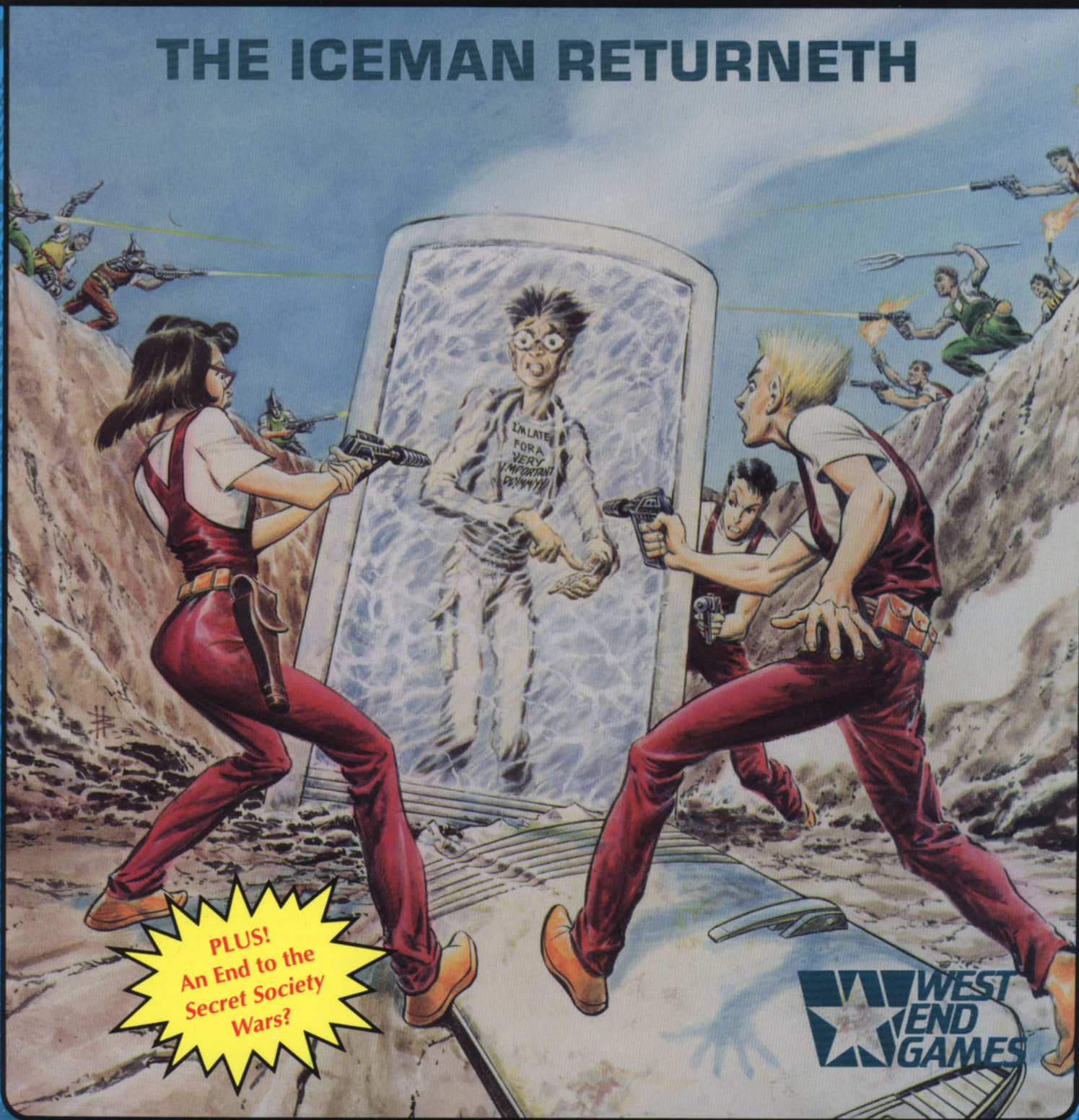


A Really, Really Important Adventure For

PARANOIA[®]

PA THE ROLEPLAYING GAME IA
PARANOIA

THE ICEMAN RETURNETH



PLUS!
An End to the
Secret Society
Wars?

WEST
END
GAMES

PARANOIA[®]

THE ICEMAN RETURNETH

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Unwitting Victim: The Computer



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What's So Important, Anyway?

Well, lots of stuff, actually. The national debt, world hunger, the threat of nuclear annihilation, stuff like that. But is any of that really important? I mean really, really, really important? All right, so it's important, I'll grant you that. But can you make a bunch of neat paper airplanes out of it? I don't think so.

Anyway, suffice it to say that this adventure is so important that you'd better give it a fast read-through before trying to play it. You'll have to go over each episode in depth later, but having a general idea of what's going on can be very important. Almost as important as this adventure itself.



Introduction

Summary

In this adventure, the Troubleshooters are assigned the "Most Important Mission in Alpha Complex History" (again), blow it utterly (again), and cause to be thawed from Hyper-Freeze one of the original designers and programmers of The Computer. Due to a stunning display of ineptitude, the Troubleshooters are sentenced to die, while at the same time providing choice entertainment, as extras on *Teela-O-MLY Presents: The Alpha Team*, a weekly action adventure series.

Saved from certain execution by the now-thawed programmer from the past, the Troubleshooters reluctantly consent (read: are forced) to find a stack of ancient system backup cards in the lost city of Des Moines, with which the High Programmer from the Past (HPP) plans to actually *re-initialize* The Computer.

The gleefully gullible Troubleshooters are won over to the High Programmer's side and work diligently to help him reboot The Computer. Life in Alpha Complex will never be the same!

Some Nifty Features

This adventure has a lot of new, exciting and moderately dangerous things in it to keep your players on their toes. These include:

User Friendly Computer Interface

At the start of the adventure, The Computer has become concerned that residents of Alpha Complex exhibit an extremely high level of stress. As a result, The Com-

puter has decided not to say anything that would cause a citizen undue distress. Instead of, say, warning a citizen about a treasonous action or dangerous situation, it tells the poor clone something related yet pleasant, usually leaving the unsuspecting shleeb completely unprepared for any danger.

Experimental Non-Dangerous Weapons

Too many injuries have been inflicted on Alpha Complex citizens by the improper use of dangerous weapons. This has led to unacceptable levels of stress. Having had some success with non-lethal weaponry (see *The People's Glorious Revolutionary Adventure*), The Computer has decided to try again, this time on a grander scale. For this adventure, the Troubleshooters are issued special safety approved non-dangerous weaponry such as Safe-T-Cush-N mercy bullets, Foam Grenades, the NeuroTickle whip, and the Bazooka pie-thrower.

Prepared Player Characters

At great personal effort and expense, we have once again included a set of six carefully designed, tested and painstakingly crafted Player Characters. You can hand these out to your players with the firm conviction that they will function marvelously in all situations encountered in this adventure (which is to say they'll get thoroughly hosed).

However, some people are never satisfied. If you must tempt fate and have your players design their own characters, make sure you provide the secret society rumors and personalized briefing tidbits that make the *Paranoia* experience so unique. Keep in mind that such characters should be able to live up to the all-importance of this adventure.

Maps

A couple of nifty-looking maps are included to help you visualize all the action. One of them gets handed to the players; the other is a deep, dark, secret. Don't hand out the map now — wait for the right moment during the adventure. There will be some handy GM cues to tell you when.

Yet More Things

The *Paranoia* gaming extravaganza never ends. In addition to the maps, you will find mission alerts, "bulletin board notes" and even a bona-fide piece of communist propaganda. Cut these up along the dotted lines so you can use them later.

Some of these things are supposed to be seen by your players when they get to an appropriate part of the adventure. You can't just hand this stuff to them, because the other side contains information they aren't supposed to have yet. Certain traitors have been known to fold down a flap and drop this sort of thing over a GM screen. The Computer has expressly forbidden this type of activity, due to the fact that no such screen is included in this package. You'll have to hold them up until your arms get tired. Or if your players don't ridicule you too much, you could drop a few bucks on the *Paranoia 2nd Edition Excessory Pack* and use the GM screen that comes with that. The Computer, of course, recommends this activity, as it is never above a cheap plug.

Life, The Universe, and Read-Alouds

At many points in the text you will be asked to read sections aloud. This text is always in bold, which is not to say that you should read aloud everything in bold, but just those sections preceded by something like "Read the following out loud to the players:". Practice in front of a mirror until you get it right.

Game Stuff Sections

When we have a good idea, we stick with it. Associated with each major location is a 'Game Stuff' section that gives you all the particulars for when your players do the usual and try to blast everything to smithereens. Sometimes we don't include a Game Stuff box; that's probably because there's nothing interesting to blow up.

Ongoing Bits

We've concocted some running gags and ongoing bits for this adventure to increase your gaming pleasure. Stuff like reporters constantly showing up to ask embarrassing questions, a glue-slinging



wallpaper-hanging bot with a gunfighter complex — even a couple of surprise underwear inspections.

Special New GAMMA Clearance!

In this adventure we introduce a spectacular brand new clearance level: GAMMA clearance is a secret clearance level above Ultraviolet, a clearance that only Ultraviolet citizens are cleared to know exists. GAMMA clearance citizens wear multi-colored uniforms to distinguish themselves from other citizens. They perform the actual hands-on maintenance of The Computer in Computer Central. There are only two GAMMA level citizens in Alpha Complex. Both enjoy a greater number of clone replacements than usual, a consideration implemented in order to [CENSORED].

The reason for a higher clearance than [PARAGRAPH CENSORED]

SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE COMPUTER:

THE COMPUTER HAS DETERMINED THAT SPECIFIC INFORMATION CONCERNING GAMMA CLEARANCE IS AVAILABLE AT GAMMA LEVEL ONLY. IT HAS DIRECTED THAT DETAILED INFORMATION CONCERNING GAMMA CLEARANCE BE STRICKEN FROM THIS MANUSCRIPT. YOU ARE DIRECTED TO DISREGARD ANY PREVIOUS INFORMATION CONCERNING GAMMA CLEARANCE.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

The Players

Here are some of the NPCs and bots you will use to hose your players. To know them is to love them.

Whatsm-Y-NME-4

It's all his fault. Whatsm-Y works in Tech services as a reactor technician. In a char-

acteristic lapse of reason he pushed the self-destruct button on a residential area plasma reactor, which is what gets this mission started. His bungled attempt to cover up his mistake implicates both the Troubleshooters and himself. This moves the adventure into the second phase, as Clem Unger is accidentally thawed. Whatsm-Y is moronic, feeble-minded, dim-witted, simple, not-too-bright and often repetitive. His primary motivation is to blame someone else for this mess.

Con-Y-CNG-2, Rog-R-MUD-1, Cron-G-KYT-4

These three are news reporters covering the 100,000th Troubleshooter mission. Short of attention span and ethically vacant (for rent, actually), the reporters are interested only in capturing the Troubleshooters in a five-second sound bite of treasonous activity. Some of them are higher clearance than the PCs, so they can boss them about in an annoying fashion.

Clem Unger, alias Clem-U-NGR-1

Clem is the kingpin of the adventure, the Iceman himself. He is one of the original programmers of The Computer. When the meteor crashed down in the first Big Shebang, he climbed into a cryogenic suspension chamber to wait out civilization's reconstruction. Now, two centuries later, he is accidentally revived by a massive plasma explosion. Clem knows secret passwords that let him reprogram The Computer and its peripherals. His goal is to "cure" The Computer of its apparent insanity by re-initializing it. Clem likes Twinkies and Cola, easy listening music, and curling up with a good book — his two favorites are "Alice In Wonderland" (which he quotes constantly) and M. Davidson's treatise on heuristic computer modeling algorithms.

The Alpha Team

The Alpha Team are the heartthrobs of Alpha Complex, and the stars of the immensely popular new video show *Teela-OMLY Presents: The Alpha Team*. They are perfect lantern-jawed, rock-muscled, thick-brained Über Troubleshooters, with physiques that can only be attributed to traitorous Psion clone vat tampering. Spiel-Y-BRG-3 discovered them and recognized their potential, and so brought them to the HPD&MC studios to star with Teela-O on their own show.

Frank and Howard

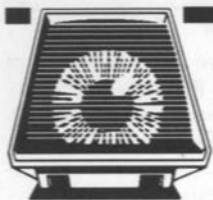
Frank and Howard are distant clone descendants of the original Frank and Howard, Old Reckoning buddies of Clem, and fellow computer designers. Together they comprise the entirety of GAMMA clearance personnel. They live in CPU Sector, rarely leaving the central computer room except to organize periodic expeditions to recover more six-packs of Coke Classic. They have been trying for some time to "repair" The Computer to a more rational state, so they welcome Clem's much-needed assistance.

Dooke Wallpapering Bot

This is a glue-slinging paper-hanging maintenance bot, the brain of which until recently occupied a warbot in the service of The Computer. (See the adventure *Don't Take Your Laser to Town* for greater detail.) Now it spends its time hanging wallpaper and challenging citizens to hot-glue duels. Dooke is a bit ornery, but fast on the draw, and he never backs down from an honest fight.

The End of the Beginning

Now you know a little bit of the plot, and a few of the characters. If you were to begin running this adventure now you'd probably be sorry. You'd better read it through first — we already told you that. But if you must start running right away ... episode one begins now!



Episode One: Mission 100,000!

Summary

The Troubleshooters discover that their new and exciting mission is to observe a pair of red and green lights. This gets dull fast, even for The Most Important Mission in Alpha Complex History.

Along comes an Indigo citizen who makes them sign for a duffel bag full of trash. (The duffel bag, in case you are wondering, is filled with indestructible Commie leaflets advertising a Communist indoctrination festival.)

A passing Infrared is put in charge of the button, as the Troubleshooters head off to PLC Garbage Disposal. Seems pretty harmless, right?

Background

Whatsm-Y-NME-4, a technician from Tech Services, had a slight accident recently—an accident with a plasma reactor (like absentmindedly pushing the self-destruct button). This reactor is even now building toward overload.

In an uncharacteristically brilliant flash, Whatsm-Y-NME figured he could duck the blame if he could get a Troubleshooter team assigned to keep the reactor from overloading. If they blew it, the Troubleshooters would take the heat (literally and figuratively). If somehow they solved the problem, then Whatsm-Y would still be in the clear. So he cashed in a favor with a friend at Troubleshooter HQ and got an authenticated mission number (number 100,000, actually). Then he requisitioned a Troubleshooter team and typed up the mission alert ordering them to report to an empty PLC warehouse for a briefing. Not wanting the Troubleshooters to suspect that this was an abnormal mission, Whatsm-Y arranged with an R&D buddy to bring some experimental equipment to the briefing.

Alas, the best-laid plans of clones and men oft' go astray, and The Computer intercepted the mission alert, confirmed that this was a legitimate mission by checking the mission number, and (following normal procedures) inserted its own trip to R&D before the briefing.

Mission Ridiculous

Finally, Whatsm-Y typed up a mission briefing for the Troubleshooters to open at

the mission site. The Computer intercepted this too, deleted all the stressful stuff about plasma overloads and, noticing that this was a secret mission, decided this would be a perfect opportunity to use the new self-destructing paperwork.

So How Does it All Start?

HPD&MC higher-ups are always looking for morale-raising events to perk up the Infrareads. They decided to make the 100,000th Troubleshooter mission a spectacular media event featuring the current heartthrobs of Alpha Complex, *The Alpha Team*. They were to be assigned a showy-yet-safe mission in which they could triumph spectacularly against simulated Commies with very low pain thresholds. News reporters were ordered to come report on the mission. Guess who got mission 100,000 instead?

Encounter One: Preamble to a Constitutional

Read the following aloud to begin the action:

There was a big clonejam on the way to Troubleshooter HQ todaycycle, but you had no trouble getting through the report-

ers setting up outside the ready room waiting for the announcement of the 100,000th Troubleshooter mission. You just shouted "GRENADE!" and they all jumped clear.

Now here you are in the Troubleshooter ready room. Along with you are about a dozen other Troubleshooters waiting for their number to come up. There is also one Orange mission alert clerk, who assigned you to team LBN-22 when you arrived. On the wall you see the bulletin board with today's messages tacked up. Against the opposite wall are the mission alert printers.

See if the PCs want to get into any mischief. If they want to read the bulletin board, hand the players the appropriate handouts (General Briefing 243c & Daily Order 17.3), from the pullout section.

There are other Troubleshooters sitting with the PCs and watching the vidscreen. The room is buzzing with talk about the 100,000th Troubleshooter mission. After a little while *Teela-O-MLY Presents: The Alpha Team* comes up on the vidscreens. According to *Vid Guide* magazine, this is episode one of a two-parter. If anyone asks, Troubleshooter Couchp-O-TAT tells the PCs: "This episode looks good. It's about how the Alpha Team tracks down a gang of insidious Communists. In tomorrow's ex-



Team LBN-22; An Overnightcycle success.

citing conclusion Alpha Team corners the Commies in their hideout and executes six REAL traitors in a live broadcast! Golly, video doesn't get much better than this!"

Let them pal around for a while, watching the show, then read this aloud:

A mission alert comes in over the printers. Carefully reading only the top lines, the mission alert clerk hands a mission alert to (pick a random PC) you.

Let them read mission alert 1.1.2. In the event they ask, and even if they don't, tell them that R&D room #0817 is practically around the corner, while PLC warehouse block 23A is a long tubecar ride away. Then read this:

"Hip Hip Hooray!" Your fellow Troubleshooters hoist you and your teammates up on their shoulders and march you around the room. "You lucky dogbots," says the mission alert clerk. "You're going to be famous. You're probably going to be on the vidscreen, like even a spot on the Alpha Team show."

This excited crowd of Troubleshooters march the Player Characters out the doors and drop them in front of the reporters. If the players don't cooperate, just remember that this is the only way out, and the reporters have a lot of patience.

Bundle-O-JOY, the mission alert clerk, announces them to the reporters as they exit. That's the cue the reporters were waiting for. Cameras whirl, shutters click, and hyper-bright arclights momentarily stun the Troubleshooters with their brilliant intensity. Before their vision can clear, the reporters leap at them like a pack of petbots gone Frankenstein. Look in the box for lots of nifty embarrassing questions for the reporters to ask.

Encounter Two: A Brief Meeting

Let the PCs shoot up the reporters a bit if they want, but do remember it is in violation of Daily Order 17.3 (you know, from the bulletin board in the ready room). After you're done, read this out loud:

About this time a full squad of Green IntSec goons marches up. "Alright you kneebiters," shouts the squad leader. "This is a computer-sanctioned surprise underwear inspection. Drop your pants NOW."

If you read General Briefing 243c, it explains what this underwear inspection is all about. To recap, The Computer has determined that the incidence of citizens entering intensive care with substandard undergarments has risen to alarming levels. Appalled at the pervasive moral decay

Nifty Embarrassing Questions

The three reporters are Con-Y-CNG-2, Rog-R-MUD-1, and Cron-G-KYT-4 (the most trusted clone in Alpha Complex — next to Teela-O). They work for HPD & Mind Control in the entertainment division. All three are skilled in creating information: entertaining bits of grossly distorted news. Their contributions help HPD&MC keep the legions of slack-jawed Infrareds glued to their vid units when they aren't busy performing menial tasks.

The reporters don't give a darn about what's really going on, as long as they can prod the Troubleshooters into making an entertainingly incriminating gaffe.

Here are some presentation suggestions: Get the cardboard core from a toilet paper roll and use it as a microphone as you roleplay the part of the reporters. Shove it right up in the Trouble-

shooter's face when you ask a question. Use voices; a poor impersonation is better than no impersonation at all. Here is a selection of incriminating and embarrassing questions to ask, but feel free to make up your own if you like:

Con-Y-CNG: How does it feel to be given the honor of performing the one hundred thousandth Troubleshooter mission?

Cron-G-KYT: Do you think The Computer was correct in picking an inexperienced team like yourselves for such an important mission?

Rog-R-MUD: Do you think that the Alpha Team will harbor any resentment toward you?

Cron-G-KYT: Is there any truth to the rumor that you were assigned this mission due to your Communist party affiliation?

implied by such lax personal hygiene, The Computer has assigned crack underwear inspection squads to police the state of citizens' undergarments.

Game Stuff

Underwear Inspection

IntSec Goons, Green, six

Weapons: Green Lasers (8L)___12

Armor: Green Reflec (L4)

Tactics: Aim their weapons at the PCs until they have been thoroughly inspected. Force them to comply if necessary. If the inspectees attack, kill them all and then inspect their underwear afterward. Assign a 50cr fine and one demerit to Troubleshooters with substandard undergarments.

Description: Six IntSec enforcers assigned the less-than-heroic task of surprise underwear inspections. After a few days of this they no longer care if they inspect them dead or alive.

Encounter Three: I Hear Rumors...

Any Troubleshooter worth his supplementary salt ration is going to sneak off for secret society contacts and rumormongering somewhere between his front door and mission briefing. If your PCs don't try to make contact then you'll have to use the force-feed method. Tell your Troubleshooter either a) he overheard this in the mess hall, or b) a secret society contact yanks him aside and shoves a piece of paper into his hand.

Take each of your players out away from the group and read him his rumor.

Secret Society Rumors

Anti-Mutant: Psion scum have introduced a radioactive mutating agent called "fluoride" into the water. The stuff can make you turn inside out, grow extra heads, and other disgusting things. Don't drink the water, drink Bouncy Bubble Beverage instead.

Communists: You guys are organizing a spectacular indoctrination film festival featuring three of the glorious founder Marx's films. Everybody has been ripping down the advertisement posters that you've been pasting up, but you heard somebody has solved that problem.

Corpore Metal: We have free robot brethren working in Internal Security. Assist them if you can. If you are in trouble, give them the secret hand sign (index finger and little finger pointing straight up) and they will help you.

Frankenstein Destroyers: Terminate all identified members of Corpore Metal. You can recognize them by their secret hand signal: middle two fingers both pointing straight up.

Death Leopard: News Flash! There is an overloading residential section plasma reactor that even now is approaching critical threshold! A Troubleshooter team is going to be assigned to shut it down. If you get the job, imagine the sensational explosions possible.

Humanists: Humanist and Romantics leaders have been meeting secretly for some time. There is talk of a partial merger between your two groups. One of the more exciting benefits is that now you can use your Humanist membership card to check out Old Reckoning movies from the Romantics' archives.

Illuminati: Something strange is going on between the secret societies. Rumor has it that some are planning to merge. Find out who is merging with whom, and infiltrate one of the merging groups if you can.

Mystics: Former Free Enterprise salesmen have been upsetting the perfect harmony of your controlled substances market with their own line of lower quality and cheaper drug products. If you can find a culprit, introduce him to the Universal Oneness.

Psion: IMPORTANT MESSAGE STOP JUST DISCOVERED YOU WERE ASSIGNED 100K MISSION ERRONEOUSLY STOP SHOULD HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO ALPHA TEAM STOP ALPHA TEAM IS PSION BREEDING EXPERIMENT STOP PSION CLAIRVOYANTS PREDICT YOU WILL MEET ALPHA TEAM STOP HELP ALPHA TEAM COMPLETE THEIR NEW MISSION STOP

PURGE: Yourselves, the Humanists, and the Romantics are organizing into one super group to put the kibosh on The Computer. Until then report back all intelligence gathered concerning The Computer. Take care not to kill Humanists or Romantics!

Romantics: PURGE has been talking to your secret society about joining up for some sort of attack on The Computer, but nobody thinks it's a good idea.

Sierra Club/Free Enterprise: Everyone is after us, but we're trying to regroup. Try to contact as many former (Sierra Clubbers/FreeEnt members) as possible, and tell them to keep hope alive. We will grow again.

A Meaty Briefing

Now the Troubleshooters get outfitted and briefed—you know, standard *Paranoia* stuff. However, if you play it right, this should be the strangest briefing they've ever had.

Encounter Four: R&D, Set, Go!

Pretty soon the Troubleshooters will show up at R&D, and with a little ingenuity, it will be without the news reporters. Buzz-Y-GUY-4, the R&D clerk assigned to hand out equipment today, is the only one in the room.

Buzz-Y is always rushing about filing papers or adjusting equipment. He barely has enough time to assign all the players their equipment, and if someone delays him too long, his minor facial twitch (the result of too many encounters with safety-deficient Troubleshooters) gets worse, working its way down his body. His primary goal is to exit the room before anyone uses their new equipment. Imitate a nervous tick as you play Buzz-Y. If you don't already have one or know how to imitate a facial, it may help you to know that many

ticks result from excessive stress. Maybe you could take up some high risk hobby like wrestling grizzly bears or insulting Hell's Angels.

Anyway, Buzz-Y is going to hand out the goodies. It could sound something like this:

Buzz-Y: GASP! Oh, hello Troubleshooters. (twitch twitch) Look, I'm very busy, so let's get this over with ASAP, alright? You must be here to pick up some experimental equipment. You're in luck, because today we don't have any experimental equipment. (twitch)

Troubleshooters [light applause]: Oh, okay, well, we've got a busy schedule. We'll just be going now.

Buzz-Y: Instead, we have some special new safety weapons. We noticed how dangerous some of the Troubleshooter's normal arsenal can be (twitch). You lucky Troubleshooters will be assigned weapons which I have optimized for a more efficient and safer performance.

Safety Approved Non-Dangerous Weaponry

These are "safe" versions of the familiar Troubleshooter's arsenal. Because the typical Troubleshooter's weapon has been used to kill valuable citizens or ruin expensive Computer equipment more often than it has been used in the pursuit of traitors, The Computer has rightfully determined that in most cases the Troubleshooters are more expendable than whatever it is they are shooting. To follow up this line of reasoning, The Computer has commissioned the development of Experimental Non-Dangerous Weaponry.

Feel free to continue using the 'Computer on a safety kick' theme throughout the adventure. You can have things like express vehicles that travel at a collision-safe 5 mph, or elevators that won't leave the ground floor, or automatic doors that won't close fully to prevent nipping off toes and fingers, or a special Troubleshooter padding detail that is going around padding all sharp edges on tables, hallway corners, etc.

At any rate, here is a list of the new Safety Approved Weapon types.

1) Slugthrower with Safe-T-Cush-N Mercy Bullets: These are soft foam bullets fired from a regular slugthrower. The bullets emerge normal sized, but within micrometers of the barrel they expand into large pleasantly pastel-colored foam bullets about three feet long and a foot in diameter. These bullets are quite safe; they make a soft plinking sound as they boink delicately off the Troubleshooter's opponent. In addition, a mercy version of the needler gun has been developed

Go down the list and decide which character got which weapon. Don't tell the player exactly what his weapon is. Tell him, "You were handed a NeuroWhip." instead of, "You were handed a Neuro-Tickle Whip." Try to maintain the illusion that these weapons are actually dangerous, at least until the Troubleshooters use them.

Encounter Five: The (Chuckle) Briefing

The next place on the Troubleshooters' agenda is PLC Warehouse block 23A Bay 1. When they decide it's about time to get on with the adventure, read the following:

You take a short trip along a moving walkway, down 2 escalators, and ahead 45 minutes in a magna-lift tube car before arriving in PLC warehouse block 23. It's a brisk ten minute stroll through the vast echoing emptiness of block 23 to warehouse A, Bay 1.

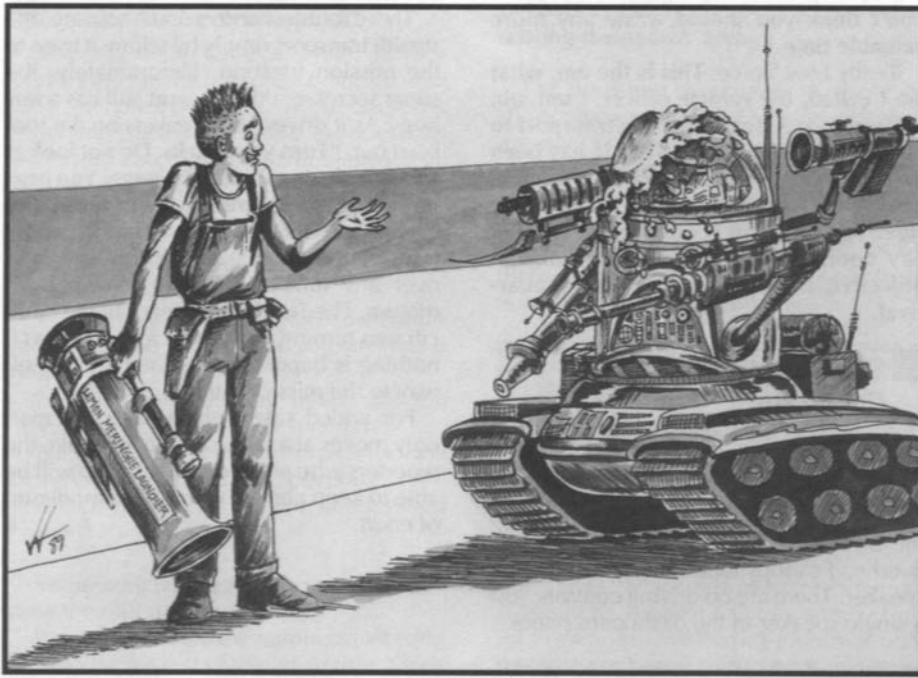
that throws soft, yielding foam needles at super-high velocities. Since the weapon is unmodified and only the ammunition has been changed, the gun still malfunctions as usual. Damage: don't bother.

2) 6 Foam Grenades: Foam grenades are in all respects just like real grenades, except that when one explodes it leaves everyone up to their armpits in thick, sticky foam. The foam reduces everyone's movement to half the normal speed; except for that it's pretty useless. It does put out medium-sized flames, though.

3) NeuroTickle Whip: The neuro whip has been toned down a bit. Instead of stimulating the brain's pain centers, it activates the tickle receptors, causing uncontrollable tickle spasms in the target. Roll damage the same as for a neuro whip (E10), but any damage of wound or worse is reduced to a stun.

4) Bazooka Pie Thrower: The bazooka is a menacing looking shoulder mounted weapon about four feet long with a ten inch wide barrel. It is equipped with an operator's safety face mask to protect the operator from the explosive blowback of the bazooka shells. The bazooka shoots fist-sized shells that open into pies before impact. It comes with twelve rounds in an assortment of SyntheLemon, Choc-O-LET creme, and even a couple of Algae Chiffon. The bazooka pie thrower damages one's pride, but not much else.

5) Squirt Gun: Like an ice gun, but not so cold. The gun squirts out a refreshing stream of cool water. A big squirt can feel great after a tough mission, or it's still fine just for old fashioned thirst quenching. Damage? Yeah, right, damage.



A confident Troubleshooter demonstrates his new safety-approved weaponry.

The Troubleshooters have arrived at their "briefing room." The briefing is Whatsm-Y-NME's idea. Whatsm-Y-NME has never attended a mission briefing, so he has no idea of how to conduct one. Still, he tries. He made six cardboard cutouts because he heard that there are supposed to be a panel of briefing officers, and then lit them from the back so that the Troubleshooters couldn't see them clearly. To help the illusion, Whatsm-Y-NME uses false voices to sound like there are more people giving the briefing. When the Troubleshooters first enter, Whatsm-Y-NME is out back getting the super secret stealth transport ready. When the Troubleshooters arrive, read:

On the door is a sign reading:
"PLC warehouse unit 23.A.1.
Authorized PLC personnel only."

The door is slightly ajar. Bay 1 is dark within. The small amount of light spilling in through the crack is enough to illuminate a packet lying upon a table inside. It is very, very quiet.

Let them mill about outside for a while. If they take too long, then lie down for a nap and tell them to wake you when they have decided to go in. This usually works for me. Once you are rested you can describe what the room looks like.

With the door open, there is enough light to tell that the room is large and square, about 100 feet on a side. Besides the door they came in, there is a large loading dock door in the wall to the right. On a table near them is a Troubleshooter Mission Briefing Packet.

Let the Troubleshooters look at the packet if they like. It is a sealed envelope addressed to "Team Leader, Troubleshooter Team LBN-22." Stamped across the envelope many, many, many times are the words: "Top Secret. Eyes Only. Penalty for misuse is something you really won't like. Avoid Stress. Do not open until ordered."

They are not supposed to open it, but if they do you should refer to encounter nine — but instead of just hosing the team leader, get everyone who handles the briefing. That should teach them to follow orders.

As the traitors fiddle with the packet, have whoever else is nosing about make a Moxie roll. If he succeeds, then pass him a note or take him aside and tell him this:

As your eyes adjust to the gloom, you can just make out a row of six briefing officers at the far end of Bay 1. They seem to be watching you patiently, as though this were some sort of a test.

Just for your information, there is a clear plasti-steel (that means impenetrable) shield spanning the center of the room between the Troubleshooters and the briefing officers, about 50 feet in from the door they entered. To add to the confusion, these briefing officers are the cardboard cutouts, while the only real briefing officer is not here yet.

The cardboard briefing officers don't respond to any questions (as if that wasn't obvious). Let some time pass and see what the Troubleshooters do with this dilemma: the most important mission in Alpha Complex history which they can't begin

because they haven't been briefed, a briefing packet they aren't supposed to open, and six briefing officers sitting in silent judgement. Maybe you'll get lucky and they'll shoot themselves.

Wait for somebody to commit treason, then read this aloud:

A door in the far wall opens and then closes. CLICK! Beams of brilliant white light shine from the far end, forcing you to look away. Over the speakers you hear someone approach and take a seat with the briefing officers. Squinting your pained eyes, you can barely make out seven silhouetted forms.

Whatsm-Y-NME has just entered and taken a seat with the six cardboard cutouts. Use the following read aloud as a guide for the briefing, but let the PCs interject questions and comments. Be sure to do the funny voices:

From the ceiling speakers you hear:

Normal Voice: Well, um, hi... uh, er, hello Troubleshooters, uh. (shuffle shuffle) You know why you are here, I suppose, uh, to do a mission, you know. Well, um, you see, it... it's secret, a secret mission. I mean. So I can't tell you what it's about until you get there. Isn't that right, um, briefing security officer?

High Squeaky Voice: Uh, yeah. A secret.

Normal Voice: So I left a, uh, briefing packet on the table there. Don't open it until you... er, I mean...

High Squeaky Voice: I mean, er, he means don't open it until you get to the mission location. Weapons officer..., uh sorry.

Normal Voice: Weapons officer, tell them about the experimental weapons.

Nasally Plugged Nose Voice: The uh, the experimental equipment is on its way from R&D on a uh, a uh, (shuffle shuffle) a Mobile Equipment Dispensary Vehicle.

If anyone gives him a hard time about already having experimental equipment, Whatsm-Y just mumbles a lot, stammers, and blurts, "Well just take these too." There, that was easy.

Normal Voice: Mission leader, you will take the, uh, the mission briefing packet and open it once you reach the mission location.

When someone points out that there is no mission leader, Whatsm-Y appoints one. Realizing he has missed an important step, he also appoints a weapons officer, vehicle officer, security officer, morale officer, dental hygiene officer, waste management officer, air quality control officer, underwear inspection officer, and an IntSec liaison officer, along with anything else the



Troubleshooters suggest, doubling or tripling assignments per Troubleshooter if necessary. After you are done, read this out loud:

The loading dock door slides up. Backed up into the opening is the rear end of a transport vehicle trailer. The trailer door rolls up, revealing a female citizen in a Yellow R&D lab coat flanked by two Red level assistants. "Ahsso. So pleased to meet you, venerable Troubleshooters. I am Kar-Y-TEE. I am most humble R&D technician for this mission. Assistants, take positions in room, chop chop."

The two Red assistants step down to help hand out the equipment.

When things have settled down, Whatsm-Y speaks:

Normal Voice: Ahem. Very good work, I guess. Um, well, now that you have been issued your experimental equipment, I

don't think you should waste any more valuable time.

Really Low Voice: This is the um, what am I called, the vehicle officer. I um, uh, arranged for a stealth vehicle transport to take you to the mission site. It has been pre-programmed with your mission objective, so all you have to do is get in it and ride. You will find it outside the loading bay door. Now proceed to the mission objective, and open your orders upon arrival.

■ Encounter Six: Travelling In Cog-Neeto

Outside the loading bay door is indeed a super secret stealth transport vehicle. The vehicle looks a lot like a six-seater golf cart, with the name COG-NEETO 6 printed on the side. It has three bench seats and an overhead canopy topped by a megaphone speaker. There are no driving controls, just a single speaker in the dashboard panel.

The Troubleshooters can activate the stealth transport simply by telling it to go to the mission location. Unfortunately, the super secret stealth transport still has a few bugs: As it drives, the speakers on the roof blast out, "Turn your backs. Do not look at this vehicle. Ignore this message. You hear nothing and see nothing, by order of The Computer. Clear the way. Thank you for your cooperation." Repeat this over and over any time the stealth vehicle is in motion. The Troubleshooters can see other citizens turning their backs and acting as if nothing is happening, as they make their way to the mission site.

For added safety, the stealth transport only moves at a fast trot, so people like the reporters who are about to show up will be able to keep abreast with only a modicum of effort.

Game Stuff

Experimental Equipment

1) Multi-Phased Plasma Assist Telecommunications Unit: This is a large plasma powered backpack version of a Com IV device. The MPPATU has a 2000 light-year broadcast radius — on a clear day. It can send and receive on all known channels, and in fact usually does. When the Troubleshooters transmit with this unit, they appear on every vidscreen, radio, printer, and com-unit in Alpha Complex. The unit is so sensitive that even when they are not transmitting they often still appear on every vidscreen, radio, printer, and com-unit in Alpha Complex.

The Multi-Phased Plasma Assist Telecommunications Unit is very loud. So loud in fact that anyone within 2 feet of the speaker will be blasted off his feet and be deaf for a long time (like forever). The unit also causes extensive stress damage to surrounding structures. Using it too long in one place can bring the ceiling down.

2) Universal Language Translator Packet: The universal language translator packet is a special micro processor chip added to the electronics within every Troubleshooter's com-unit (but not to the multi-phased plasma assist telecommunication unit, Computer forbid). It was developed to communicate with people on the Outside, some of whom speak a weird Commie-inspired gibberish called a "foreign language." While it is usually advisable to terminate such traitors, it is occasionally necessary to interrogate them concerning yet more traitors who can then also be terminated.

The Troubleshooters have been chosen to give the universal language translator packet its field test before it is taken into the great Outdoors. Never mind that there is only one language in Alpha Complex.

The universal language translator packet is transparent in use. When it detects that the Troubleshooter is speaking to someone whose language is not Alpha Complexese, it automatically activates a translator program and converts what is being said to the listener's native language. But, as the saying goes, traitors are everywhere. Somehow between invention and final implementation, a Commie got hold of the specs and redesigned the translator to fill its communications with a plethora of Communist slogans. Everything that comes in over the com-unit is lathered in Commie propaganda. As is everything that goes out. There should be plenty of lethal misunderstandings before this gets sorted out. Remember to check to see who picks up the Commie propaganda skill.

It is impossible to remove the micro chip without rendering the com-unit inoperable. Destruction of computer property is treason.

3) Happy Time Positive Motivation Pills: The Troubleshooter is issued a blister pack of twelve capsules. He is ordered to take one of these cheerful day-glo colored capsules every six hours. The pills make him very happy. Happy to charge laser fire, happy to drink glowing reactor coolant, happy, happy, happy, happy, ah-Hahahahahahahahahahaha!

Just as important, they make the Troubleshooter happy to take another pill after six hours, if he lasts that long.

4) SyntheClone Instant Reinforcements: Drop a tablet into a cup of water and up pops an instant synthetic clone dummy that looks and feels like the real thing. They come armed with fake Red reflex and real-looking fake lasers. With these a team can instantly outnumber any opponent. Use them for an impressive show of force, to plug holes in a defensive perimeter, or to fill in for team members while waiting for clone replacements to arrive. They also make dandy seat cushions. SyntheClone Instant Reinforcement tablets come 6 gross (864 dummies) to a bottle. The Troubleshooter should be very careful when handling these tablets however, because any amount of moisture can set them off. They work something like this:

GM: The Commies have you pinned down and outnumbered. What do you do?

PC#1: I take out a couple of instant clone tablets and drop them in the water fountain.

GM: (rolls dice). You get the lid off, but before you can take out a tablet, a drop of sweat falls from your nose and into the bottle.

PC#1: Ohno! I slam the lid back on.

GM: Too late! pop! pop! SPROING!!! Hundreds of SyntheClones burst from the bottle and wash you away in a sea of Red Troubleshooters!

Encounter Seven: Pop a Razzi

The trip takes quite a while. If your players are having fun roleplaying, go with it. If the pace slackens, bring back the reporters. The reporters ask these questions when they catch up to the Troubleshooters:

Have you stopped beating your clone brothers?

Are you still a member of the Communist party?

Will you confirm the denial of the confirmation of the rumor that you are not a mutant?

Can you give us any details on the 100,000th Troubleshooter mission?

Is it true that you will be the new spokes-clones for Bouncy Bubble Beverage?

Which one of you is the unregistered mutant?

Remember the staging tips from the last time the reporters showed up.

It would be dull if the reporters just hang around for the rest of the adventure. Odds are your Troubleshooters will toast them and save you the trouble, but if they don't answer the call to duty then we have to come up with something on our own. Read this:

Crackle, hisss. A message comes in over each of the reporters' com-units, "Attention. Petbot stuck in a mechanical tree in corridor 23b. Rescuers on the scene."

"Well," says Cron-G-KYT, "that sounds promising. I think we'd better get over there."

"By all means," agrees Con-Y-CNG, "It definitely is more interesting than this Troubleshooter filler."

They all turn abruptly and dart into an open elevator. Then they are gone.

Fission Mission

It's almost time to start the adventure, as the PCs arrive at the mission site and prepare to release the High Programmer from the past. Of course, there are still several details to take care of.

Encounter Eight: The Mission Site

The stealth vehicle rolls steadily along. Find out what sort of treason the Troubleshooters are up to, then read this aloud:

After a long, long time you notice you seem to be moving into an upper clearance housing area. Your stealth transport rolls to a stop at the intersection of two large corridors. You are alone in the intersection with two small colored lights recessed into one wall. The red light is lit, the green light is not. Beneath the lights is a single

red button. Oddly, there are piles of refuse dotting the nearby area.

FYI, the refuse is a result of management shortcomings in the PLC Paperwork Management Office. It seems citizens can't get the paperwork needed to dispose of their used paperwork. They've taken to piling it in the corridors in hopes that the scrubot will take it away before it is traced back to them. The scrubot is so overworked that it is hours behind in its rounds.

Encounter Nine: Self Destructing Instructions

As nonchalantly as possible, ask the team leader's player if he opens and reads the orders. He should, since he has no reason to suspect what is about to happen. Take the cutout of mission briefing 1.1.5 and hang it on the GM screen (I know you're using one). Watch him read the briefing.

When he is about halfway done, or just a little over, tell him that little whiffs of acrid smoke have begun to rise from the paper. Keep a sharp eye on the player and note if he continues reading as you count off five seconds quietly to yourself. If he questions you about the smoke, assume his character is staring at the briefing in puzzled amazement. The only way he will get through this intact is if he throws the mission briefing to the ground immediately. Of course, then he won't know what it says.

After the five seconds, yank the mission briefing off the GM screen and put it some place where the players can't read it. Tell the team leader:

Your mission briefing billowed out a cloud of thick brown smoke and then melted clean away. Funny thing though, your hands have started to smoke now too.

Things should get pretty exciting for a bit. I'll skip the gory details, but he's going to melt clean away over the span of about 15 seconds.

As I said, the only way he will survive is if he dropped the mission briefing as soon as it started to smoke. Let him bask in the glory of his tactically superior decision for a while as the briefing eats a hole in the floor. Otherwise have the clone replacement arrive in the smoke filled room (a *Paranoia* staple).

Now let us get on with the important task of watching the button.

Encounter Ten: Stick 'Em Up, Partner

After the team leader dissolves away, while the Troubleshooters are watching the button, a wallpaper hanging bot comes slowly squeaking down the hallway, hang-

The Incredible Melting Team Leader

The rapidly melting team leader will no doubt try numerous unsuccessful ways to get out of this predicament. It is your job to ensure that this does not happen. If he tries to grab some implement or tool, just tell him **"Well, that's kinda hard to do without any fingers."** If he tries to run away then say, **"You get halfway across the room, but then you don't have feet left, so you sort of stop moving."** If he touches a fellow Troubleshooter then say to the second one, **"Hmm... You may consider this odd, but where the team leader touched you is starting to smoke a little."** If that player has been on your nerves, then let him play "Son of the Incredible Melting Team Leader." Use variations on this theme to handle anything else the team leader might try. After 15 seconds of game time this self resolving (or dissolving) crisis will resolve itself.

ing new Orange wallpaper over the slightly dingy Red paper that used to cover the walls. SQUEAK sploosh, SQUEAK sploosh, the bot works its way down the corridor toward the button on the wall.

Astute Troubleshooters will notice two pending conflicts. First, they are Red, assigned to a mission in a Red hall that is slowly turning Orange when they don't have clearance to be in an Orange hall. And second, if the bot continues on its present course, it will soon paper over the button which is the focus of their mission.

Destruction of valuable Computer property, while an effective solution, is a crime. Besides, the bot will spray the Troubleshooters with super adhesive molecular bonding fluid before its demise (although only you and I know that at this point).

The Troubleshooters will have to resort to some of their skills (you remember those) to divert the wallpaper hanging bot. The successful use of spurious logic would work, as would a scrubot maintenance roll. See the game stuff section for more details.

Encounter Eleven: Watching the Button

There is not much to do except watch the button. Holding down the button for five to ten minutes after the red light has turned on makes the green light turn on. Not holding down the button at all allows the plasma reactor to reach critical threshold and explode, but that won't be important until the next section. Besides, the Troubleshooters don't know anything about this plasma reactor stuff (if one of them does know something about this plasma reactor stuff,



Game Stuff

The Dooke Wallpaper Hanging Bot

Weapon: Glue Gun, Skill__ 16

The glue gun doesn't do damage. On a successful skill roll it coats the opponent with a super-adhesive glue, which causes the Troubleshooter to stick to everything he touches or brushes up against, permanently. He can't change weapons, touch anything, or put anything down without becoming permanently stuck to it. If he doesn't keep moving he will adhere to the floor forever!

Armor: Sturdy metal construction: All1

Tactics: Wallpaper the hallway. Challenge people who get in the way to a duel and spray them with the glue gun. Spray everyone who attacks.

Description: The wallpaper maintenance bot fancies itself quite a glue-slinger. At one time its bot brain got to inhabit a warbot and rough up unruly citizens. (See the previously released Paranoia Adventure *Don't Take Your Laser to Town* for more details.) After its John Wayne personality got it into a mishap with an Ultraviolet, the bot brain was transferred to maintenance and given the menial task of re-papering Alpha Complex. One last thing: after subsequent combats (there oughta be a few in this adventure), mention as an interesting aside that the Troubleshooters see the Dooke wallpaper bot at the scene of the fight hanging fresh wallpaper on the battle-scarred walls. If they want to investigate there is nothing much to discover; this is what we in the adventure writing business call "foreshadowing."

then execute him for reading Ultraviolet adventure material). Read:

The light is red. You diligently hold down the button until the green light comes on. After a while the red light comes on again. You push the button again. Ah, the life of a Troubleshooter. The glory, the excitement, the button.

Find out what the Troubleshooters are up to. In dull times like this they often find ways to amuse themselves.

Encounter Twelve: Refuse Refusal

Just as everyone reaches their boredom threshold, read the following aloud:

Occasionally a Blue, or an Indigo, or even a Violet citizen wanders through on



The thrill-a-minute life of a Troubleshooter.

some domestic errand. Why, here comes one of them now. He is walking briskly and carrying a large duffel-bag-size trash bag. His name tag reads San-I-TRY-4. "Hey you Troubleshooter slime," he calls, "get your butts over here. I want you to take this trash bag to garbage disposal and dispose of it."

The Troubleshooters no doubt assert that they have orders to watch this button. Too bad they can't produce a mission briefing. What a shame.

San-I cajoles them, harasses them, and orders them to take the bag. He settles for nothing less than all of them going. It is important for the continuity of this adventure (if you care about that sort of thing) that ALL the Troubleshooters take the garbage bag to garbage disposal. If they still refuse to go, then have the eavesdropping Computer ask, "Why are you disobeying the direct order of a superior? If you do not obey immediately I will be forced to recommend you for personality reprogramming." Then reprogram their personalities and resume the adventure with them and the garbage arriving at garbage disposal. The will of the Gamemaster cannot be thwarted.

So that they know the trash is officially theirs, have them see San-I take out a notepad and talk to himself as he writes, "Garbage bag assigned to Troubleshooter team LBN-22."

When the Troubleshooters leave, San-I says, "Garbage Disposal is only about ten minutes away by tubecar. Until you return, I'll put that Infrared," he points at a passing

citizen, "in charge of the button. Hey you, Infrared vat scum, come over here."

To make sure the Troubleshooters go to garbage disposal, you can have San-I walk them to the tubecar and wait until they leave. Then he hurries off on some errand of his own (a well deserved vacation, actually).

Instead of going all the way to Garbage Disposal, the Troubleshooters might get the bright idea of handing the garbage to some passing Infrared. We can't let that happen. You'll have to use some cheap trick, like:

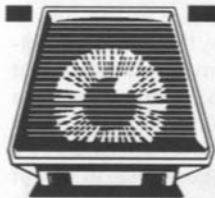
a) There are amazingly few Infrareds in this area, or

b) San-I comes up behind them and says, "I saw that. I followed you just to make sure you didn't try this kind of thing.", or

c) BLAMBLAMBLAM. "Here you are, Troubleshooters," say the seven helpful Blue clearance tranquility enforcers as they hand the Troubleshooters their garbage. "We saw that Infrared try to steal your bag."

So now go to episode two, already!





Episode Two: Taking Out The Trash

Summary

In this episode, the Troubleshooters arrive at PLC Garbage Disposal to deliver the sealed garbage bag. The PLC worker in charge there won't let them leave the bag, however, because they don't have the proper garbage release form. When this activity has reached a frenzied climax, a muffled explosion is felt throughout the superstructure of Alpha Complex. (Nothing to worry about — just the plasma reactor blowing up in the direct center of what used to be an upper clearance housing sector.) Soon afterward, all hell breaks loose. Ordered to investigate the explosion site, they discover only a single living person: a High Programmer from the past in a freshly thawed freezer unit. Once everyone has been introduced, a squadron of Vulture Warriors arrives to take the Troubleshooters to their execution and trial, and then maybe another execution.

Background

Being a short treatise on garbage release forms, indestructible Commie propaganda leaflets, and other sundries.

Paperwork? We Don't Need No Stinking Paperwork!

Yes indeed, there exists a very necessary and very scarce form called the "Revised Garbage Disposal Release Form 246-23JB/01." Fortunately, the recent paperwork reduction program has reduced the garbage disposal paperwork to only that one form. Unfortunately, the increased quantity of now obsolete forms being cycled through garbage disposal has generated a severe shortage of that one form. In fact, the only citizens who possess the Revised Garbage Disposal Release Form 246-23JB/01 are citizens from the PLC Office of Paperwork Management.

About This Garbage (And We Don't Mean The Adventure)

The duffel bag of "garbage" is a running gag. Eventually the Troubleshooters discover that it is filled with indestructible Communist leaflets. No matter what they try, they cannot get rid of them — at least

not for long. Garbage Disposal won't let them dispose of the stuff, and if they leave it somewhere it is returned special delivery along with a citation for littering. The leaflets show up during debriefing, during inspection, on the video show — whenever they are most inconvenient. As a special bonus, the *Garbage Un-disposal Summary* is included to assist you with ingenious ways to make the trash reappear.

If the Troubleshooters discover the nature of the leaflets during this section, no problem. Just show them the leaflet from the handout section. This should give them even greater motivation to be rid of the garbage.

To Dump, or Not To Dump

This section of the adventure brings the players into the Wonderful World of Bureaucracy — in a big way — and defines the true meaning of the words "hose job."

Encounter One: Files in the Ointment

Signs point the way to PLC Garbage Disposal. When the PCs open the doorway into the customer reception area, they immediately know they are in the right place. The reek of composting garbage lies

thick in the air, conjuring nostalgic memories of the Infrared mess halls.

The reception area is about 45 feet long and 15 feet wide. To the right is a thick door marked "PLC Garbage Disposal Incinerator. Authorized Garbage ONLY." In the long wall ahead are 12 windows, 11 of which have the plexi-steel "Closed" sign pulled down and apparently welded into place. The twelfth window is open and occupied, but there is a long line of 20 or so Infrared and Red citizens between the Troubleshooters and the PLC clerk behind the window. The citizens are all carrying large piles of forms — forms the Troubleshooters may recognize (successful x 3/4 Moxie roll) as recently obsolete due to The Computer's paperwork reduction program. It looks like a long wait. They could always take a seat in one of uncomfortable-looking plastic chairs lining the near wall.

Each citizen's stack is checked by the Red clerk. If the proper paperwork is in order, the clerk pushes a buzzer which unlocks the door to the incinerator. The citizen carries in his garbage. In a few moments the citizen returns sans garbage, the door closing behind him.

There are many fun things for the Troubleshooters to try. If they are patient enough to wait in line, the clerk tells them that they cannot dispose of their garbage without



Always put trash in the proper receptacle.



Revised Garbage Disposal Release Form 246-23JB/01. The form, of course, is no longer available.

They could burst into the incinerator when the door is opened for someone else. In this case read this aloud:

The room is ten feet on a side. A sign on the far wall reads "Put Garbage Here" with an arrow pointing down to a circle on the floor. At just about the time you get to the circle, the door swings shut and your clones report to PLC Garbage Disposal in your stead.

When the Troubleshooters get the pamphlets back later in the adventure, remember to remark that the pamphlets are sooty but remarkably easy to clean.

Or the Troubleshooters could invent something ingenious, such as bribing somebody already in line to dispose of their garbage along with his own. What they do doesn't matter, as long as they have a difficult time doing it.

They might even be boring and just leave. Whatever they do, the garbage is going to

Garbage Un-disposal Summary

The Troubleshooters cannot rid themselves of the garbage for long. Whatever they try, the indestructible Communist leaflets eventually find their way back. Included in this summary are some ingenious methods to make the garbage reappear:

- **Special Delivery:** A Red special delivery courier ambushes the PCs. Before they can drill him with laser fire, he hands them a large package containing multitudinous leaflets. "Your refuse, Troubleshooters." Then they shoot him.

- **Special Delivery, single pamphlet version:** The courier's next clone corners the Troubleshooters. "Special delivery from The Computer, sirs." He hands them a single envelope, then tries to escape before they discover its contents. Use this method for as long as you can get away with it. Intersperse with real messages from The Computer, just to keep 'em nervous.

- **Industrial Scrubot Delivery:** An oversized industrial scrubot blocks the Troubleshooters' path. "Garbage Rejected. Please reclaim your refuse or face emaculation." The bot aims its diamond tipped scouring wheel at the Troubleshooters.

Scouring wheel (8I)____8

Armor AP3 & I3

- **Pamphlets from Heaven:** Pamphlets spew from every delivery slot they pass, from every vent and grating. This would be an embarrassing time to meet with someone officious.

show up again later, as is the nature of indestructible Communist leaflets.

Encounter Two: Uh-Oh

When the garbage problem is resolved (i.e. they've gotten the stuff back a few times and are resigned to their fate), and the Troubleshooters are ready to continue, read the following aloud:

KABOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Krakabang! Rumble Rumble. Shudder. You feel a muffled explosion deep within the superstructure of Alpha Complex. Shock waves slam through PLC, tossing you all against the wall where you stick like yesterday's algae pudding. The lights blink and go out, leaving the red emergency lamps as the only illumination. The ripples subside. Pretty soon you can pick yourselves up and make your way across the uneven floor. Funny, but the explosion felt like it came from the intersection where you even now are supposed to be pushing a little red button....

Give the Troubleshooters a chance to enjoy the earthquake, then use this to send them back to the button:

Crackle, hiss — your com-units activate. "ATTENTION. This is The Computer. We are under Communist att — er, visitation. All Armed Forces personnel report to their duty stations. All citizens are ordered to be on the lookout for Communist inva — er, guests, and report any suspicious activity immediately.

ATTENTION! Team LBN-22, You are the most expen — er, useful team in the vicinity of the explosion. You are ordered to investigate and bring back any survi — er, old friends for interrogation. Besides, you've been slacking off all day.

Repeat: Alpha Complex is under Communist visitation. Avoid stress."

Encounter Three: What Next?

When the Troubleshooters rush back via tubecar to investigate the source of the explosion (as if they didn't know), they discover the entire sector of upper clearance housing units has been vaporized by an immense plasma explosion. Their tubecar grinds to a halt as it runs out of tube, so there's not much to do but get out. Read this aloud when they look around:

Many kilometers distant in all directions, past steaming crevices and bubbling broken pipes, rises the lip of a great, plasma-carved bowl. Far overhead you can see a section of the charred dome of Alpha Complex. Somewhere near where you are standing, but probably another fifty feet up, would be where the little red button and blinking red and green lights were.

The tubecar is grounded in the rubble and can't be repaired by the Troubleshooters (this will force them to wander about and discover the High Programmer from the past). Entering the magna-lift tunnel while not in a tubecar is frowned upon by Tech Services, and for good reason. It will polarize the citizen's entire body, making him a super-conductive magnet for the first second, and then very dead for the rest. Pass one of the PCs (someone in Tech Services, preferably) a note telling him that, and then let him use the knowledge as he wishes. Let the team wander around for a while, giving them a broad range of post-explosion descriptions; then read the following aloud:

You and your valiant teammates pick your way over hills of twisted steel, slosh through pools of proto-food (some of which are now moving under their own power), and clamber around mounds of melted plastic compounds. As you near the lip, you come across the first seemingly whole object to survive the massive plasma explosion. It looks like an ancient cryo-freeze casket. Steam still rises from its stainless steel case, and it is still slightly chill to the touch. The intense cold of the cryo-freeze casket probably helped it survive the plasma explosion, but the explosion seems to have awakened whatever is inside.

The Iceman is Hereth

It's time for the ultimate purpose of this adventure to begin. The players meet the High Programmer from the past, then get taken to the execution.

Encounter Four: Alice in Wonderland

When the Troubleshooters examine the cryo-freeze unit, they discover that there is a control panel on the outside. The dial shows the internal temperature to be 85 degrees. Next to the dial on the control panel is a button above the word "Activate," another above the words "Cycle Open" and an LCD readout that reads "Resuscitation Cycle Complete." At the proper time, read this aloud:

A few second pass, then the lid begins to open. "Hey, like wow — like curiouser and curiouser," echoes a voice from the casket. "Has anybody got a coke?"

The figure inside is unlike anyone the Troubleshooters have ever seen. Perched on his nose is a pair of odd lenses in a thick plastic frame. He is dressed in a white jumpsuit zipped open at his chest. Underneath can be seen a shirt displaying the curious message "I'm Late For a Very Im-



The Iceman Slumeth.

portant mm/dd/yy." Read this aloud (the part about being spindly is a clue that will come in handy later):

When he stands up in the casket you notice his weak and spindly form. He must

have been frozen for a long time; possibly from a time before The Computer had instituted proper gene matching procedures in the clone vats. Oh, what a primitive place early Alpha Complex must have been!

Let them stare at each other for a while, but discourage the Troubleshooters from shooting the High Programmer from the past. Remind them that they have orders to bring back anyone they find. When it is discovered that on top of destroying an

All About Clem

Clem Unger, the High Programmer from the past, was born in the year 2062 of Old Reckoning when men were men, women were women and computers did what they were told. Raised on Twinkies, Cola, and other Old Reckoning delicacies, he grew up in Iowa and studied heuristic computer network design at the UCLA Inc. franchise campus in Des Moines. After graduation he went to work for JCN, a firm specializing in metroplex control systems. He spent the next few years shuttling all over the country upgrading JCN's "Alpha City" programs. Clem's background and first-hand experience gives him intimate knowledge of the Alpha Complex computer — at least as it was nearly two hundred years ago, before the Big Whoops.

When the meteor threatened in the old reckoning year of 2097, JCN froze their staff (including Clem) in suspended animation to last out the catastrophe and coming dark age. Clem was 35 years old. Now it is year 399 of The Computer. The plasma explosion has thawed his hyper-

freeze casket, awakening him in the San Francisco of the future.

Clem is about 5' 10", with bushy black hair, squinty near-sighted eyes, thick black-rimmed glasses, gawky arms and spindly legs. When he wakes up in the casket he is wearing a white jumpsuit over a white t-shirt, blue and red plaid pants and white sneakers. He has always been very fond of *Alice in Wonderland*, and quotes the book often. In fact, his hacker "handle" is 'Alice.'

Clem Unger has some special skills no longer present in Alpha Complex. He knows secret passwords to program The Computer on the fly. He knows secret backdoors and maintenance routines that let him override a bot brain's programming and substitute his own. He is also an excellent programmer and well-versed in computer security.

Every secret society and service group in Alpha Complex will want to get its hands on Clem. Some want him because of his Old Reckoning knowledge, others for his programming skills, and others

because who knows? He could be the lead man for an army of cryogenically frozen Commie invaders.

Since he is here now, Clem quickly decides to make the best of it. He aims to survive and find a comfortable position in Alpha Complex, preferably at the top. A leisurely life-style would not be possible with an insane computer constantly harassing him. To fix The Computer, he realizes he must re-boot it, and to re-boot it he must have the system backup cards that he left in Des Moines.

Clem talks like this:

Clem: Totally radical, dudes. Like if this is Alpha Complex, then you sure have made a mess of it. Like don't just stand there guys, take me to the Red Queen. I sure could go for a Twinkie right now.

Troubleshooter: You're under arrest for destroying valuable Computer property.

Clem: Totally rad. Like my name's Clem Unger. What's yours? I'm from the 21st century.



entire sector they also killed a High Programmer, they and their clone family will not be long for this complex. If the Troubleshooters are completely unruly and insist on blasting Clem, then move ahead to the part when the Vulture Warriors show up to arrest them and have a second cryo-freeze casket open to reveal a clone High Programmer.

Assuming none of that is necessary, Clem has 200 years of smalltalk to catch up on. Give the Troubleshooters time to introduce themselves, then throw the reporters at them.

Encounter Five: Eyewitness News

FLASH! CLICK! POP! While the Troubleshooters were occupied with Clem-U, the reporters snuck up from behind a heap of melted support girders. They swarm around the PCs and Clem:

Con-Y-CNG: What did you just say? Are you a High Programmer from the past?

Rog-R-MUD: What is your purpose in coming here?

Cron-G-KYT: What is your affiliation with the Communist party?

Con-Y-CNG: Are you in cahoots with this band of traitors?

You can use the reporters to divulge more information if the Troubleshooters are too slow about asking their own questions. The Troubleshooters may paste the reporters and leave with the High Programmer, or they may leave the reporters alive and try to get away. The only problem will arise if the Troubleshooters try to shoot Clem Unger. See above for the solution to that. Before everyone gets too calm, fly in the Vulture Warriors and set things straight.

Encounter Six: The Vultures

When the time comes, read aloud:

There is a great rumble and hiss. Swarming down at you at incredible speed from the bowl's lip are twelve Vulture Squadron elite Green jet pack assault warriors. Nine of them land next to you, while two remain aloft with a jet pack mounted Blast-o-Matic laser cannon. The twelfth can't seem to control his retros, and continues accelerating, corkscrewing slowly toward the far lip of the bowl where he impacts mid-way up the ridge. Even at this distance he makes an impressive explosion.

The leader cocks an eye that way and smiles, then speaks: "Ahem... The Computer has been monitoring your traitorous news broadcast, you disloyal Troubleshooter slime. The Grand Inquisitors want you maggot-brained imbeciles for immediate trial and summary execution on the charges of killing 58,523 loyal citizens and destroying 975,083,497,874,772

(that's 975 trillion) credits worth of valuable Computer equipment and facilities. Not to mention aiding and abetting a spy from the past and wearing embarrassingly quaint undergarments. This isn't going to look good on your service record."

The leader pushes a button on his communit. A moment later seven Ultra-Death Guardian Robots tromp over the lip and down to where the Troubleshooters stand. "Arrest them and the spy," orders the leader, "and follow us to the trial." Then he turns back to the Troubleshooters and orders, "Drop your weapons or be terminated. Three, Two, One, Terminate." If he gets to "Terminate," the battle begins.

If all the Troubleshooters get killed here, their clones report to the trial and we can just pick up where we left off. Clem Unger hides behind his Ultra-Death Guardian Robot, where he is amazingly hard to hit. One last point: If the Troubleshooters still have the trash, they are forced to leave it here. ("Leave your garbage here. You'll have no need of that where you are going.") That way it can show up later when it is most embarrassing.

Encounter Seven: IntSec or Bust

The Ultra-Death Guardian robots lock their vise-like grip around each Troubleshooter's forearm and goosetstep them off to their imminent execution. The Vulture Warriors take off and fly a covering pattern above the PCs. From behind they can hear the diminishing whir of video cameras as the reporters record every moment of their disgrace.

Have each Troubleshooter make a x1/2 Moxie roll. Read this if anyone makes it:

As you climb up the incline of the bowl, you notice that Clem Unger is talking to his Ultra-Death Guardian Robot. You hear him say, "Open Doctor Memory. This is, uh, Alice." Suddenly both Clem and the robot duck through a melted doorway and disappear.

When the Vulture Warriors get around to counting prisoners there will be a big ruckus. But if the Troubleshooters keep quiet, they'll be all right until then. Of course, going to an

Where'd He Go?

To prevent further need for HPP clones to come popping out of freeze capsules (assuming Troubleshooter mayhem), Clem has taken off for the clone vats to get himself cloned. From here on, if a PC kills Clem, another one shows up a few minutes later. With unlimited access to The Computer's programming, Clem also has unlimited access to clones.

Internal Security Interrogation probably doesn't mesh with the Troubleshooters' busy social agenda (it's so hard to look fresh after a messy execution).

We can therefore expect them to try a plethora of escape tactics. It is cruel, but unfortunately necessary, that at least some of the PCs make it to their interrogation and subsequent execution. Otherwise they'll miss the meeting with Clem and they won't know what to do for the rest of the adventure. To be kind though, if someone comes up with a particularly entertaining plan or a brilliant piece of spurious logic you might

Game Stuff

Battle with the Jetpack Assault Warriors

Jetpack Assault Warriors: Elite fighting force used to put renegade Troubleshooters back into line.

Weapons: two: Blast-o-Matic Laser Cannon: Green (15L) ____ 12.

The remaining nine are armed with standard issue blasters: (9E) ____ 13.

Armor: L6 All2

Tactics: Arrest Troubleshooters and hand them over to the Ultra-Death Guardian Robots. If a fight starts, fly around and blast the pajeebas out of the poorly-armed Troubleshooters. Fly escort. Take potshots at resisters. Look impressive.

Ultra Death Guardian Robot

Secret Society: Corpore Metal

Weapons: Unarmed (8I) ____ 10

Energy Pistol (8E) ____ 11

Stun gun ____ 10

Armor: All6 super tough alloy

Tactics: Haul the PCs around with their Shoor-Lock vise grip suspect retainers. In a fight, use energy pistol on the ones they can kill, or stun the ones they are supposed to keep alive. After stunning, take away weapons and arrest suspects with Shoor-Lock vise grips.

Description: Like any good Ultra-Death robot, they are secretly robot members of Corpore Metal with their Asimov circuits removed. They personally believe that life in Alpha Complex would be better without any life in Alpha Complex. They take great pride in their work, as it allows them to kill many, many citizens ("goo bags" in Corpore Metal jargon). If one of the PCs is Pro-tech or Corpore Metal, and gives the appropriate secret code words, (a remote possibility) the robots will assist him in escaping. If a PC is identified by them as Frankenstein Destroyer, the robots will immediately slag the transgressor.

want to let him escape for the heck of it. You can always kill him later.

To rope escaped characters back into the adventure, have Clem Unger find them and bring them along when he re-appears in episode three.

P.S. If anyone tries saying "open Doctor Memory. This is, uh, Alice," his or her Ultra-Death Guardian Robot says out loud "voice print mismatch" and kills the transgressor.

Nobody Expects the Inquisitors!

And now for another *Iceman Returneth* original: the Grand Inquisitors, who will see to it that your Troubleshooters get what they deserve.

Encounter Eight: A Jury of Your Fears

When the soon-to-be funeral procession arrives at IntSec HQ, read the following to whomever remains:

You pass between the immense doors of the inquisition chamber, stopping in the center of a vast, dimly lit circular room. Seated all around you at the perimeter of the room are the cowed figures of the Internal Security Grand Inquisitors. Hyper-bright arc lights flick on, beaming down on you from high in the arched ceiling. Your Ultra-Death bots release you and step back out of the light, leaving you and your teammates alone in the center of the room.

Grand Inquisitors

The Internal Security Grand Inquisitors are feared across the breadth and width of Alpha Complex. The council of seven, led by the Ultraviolet head of Internal Security, only turns its attention to instances of the most repulsive arch-treason. It is rumored that nobody escapes execution once the Grand Inquisitors are called in.

They are determined to get to the bottom of the plasma explosion and discover its connection to the pending Commie invasion. Obviously the Troubleshooters play some pivotal role in this. Just what role is not clear. Yet.

Give the PCs a little while to stew, then start the inquisition:

The rich, deep voice of the Grand High Inquisitor booms out, "Troubleshooters, you are charged with conspiring with the traitor Whatsm-Y-NME-4 to underhandedly destroy an entire sector of upper clearance housing units. Confess your crimes and we will be lenient in your

execution. We have Whatsm-Y-NME's confession already. Perhaps he will help to refresh your memories."

You hear scuffling in the murk outside your well-lit circle. A Yellow citizen you have never seen before is shoved into the light.

(Normal Voice) "They, uh, they made me do it. Er, uh, it was their idea, and the idea of, um, their Communist supporters. It was all part of, um, their invasion plan or something. Like you said, first they destroy the leadership of, er, Alpha Complex, then they invade."

Let's have a little fun seeing how the Troubleshooters talk their way out of this one. They have no mission orders to show. They could get a couple of brownie points by showing their mission alert, but the Troubleshooters still have to deal with Whatsm-Y's repeated confessions. Without weapons, they'll have to resort to fist-cuffs to silence him. Maybe the Troubleshooters will take the traditional route and make up confessions of their own. If you prod a little, this could turn into a genuine confess-o-rama.

So, first you give them a taste of salvation. If they do a halfway decent job of blamethrowing, have the Grand Inquisitor decide that Whatsm-Y-NME is the one principally at fault ("Only one treason point to you Troubleshooters, but you are each fined 984,395,289 credits for destruction of Computer property"). All is looking rosy. Then you play your ace.

Encounter Nine: Special Delivery

Read:

Ding Dong! "Special Delivery for Troubleshooter team LBN-22." A Red level courier steps up and drops a large garbage bag at the team's feet. Then he steps back out of the light again, and you hear the door close behind him.

I think you and I know what's in the bag. Your Troubleshooters may not have peeked yet, in which case they are in for a big surprise. Some of the Grand Inquisitors are curious too, and demand the bag be opened. If the Troubleshooters don't comply (futile move), The Grand High Inquisitor orders one of his Blue guards to open the bag and bring him the contents. When he does so, read:

"Communist leaflets," sneers the Grand High Inquisitor, "so Whatsm-Y-NME was telling the truth. You are in league with Communist invaders. Talk, or your last moments will be the most wretched moments of your life! Where is the invasion? When will it occur? Who are your contacts in Alpha Complex? We have ways of making you talk!"

Biomed technicians carry out a tray of syringes. They inject truth serum into each of the Troubleshooters. If the Troubleshooters struggle too much, the Ultra Death robots stun them and lash them into chairs.

There is a fun bit of roleplaying to be had in the interrogation sequence. The inquisi-



Intrepid Troubleshooters show unflinching loyalty to one another.



tors ask a question, and then the Troubleshooters try not to answer it. Each time someone is asked a question, have the character roll beneath his Endurance to see if he resists the effects of the truth serum. Failure means he must answer the question accurately, if not entirely truthfully. That means that if he can come up with some lame rationalization for not quite telling the truth, it's okay. The point here is to have fun watching your players squirm.

And squirm they will; your players are

going to resist answering incriminating questions even if they fail the Endurance test. Make them work for it, but let them get away with weasel-wording their responses. If they don't know the answer to the question then it's up to them what they say.

After you've had a go at each of them, tell them they come to in the center of the inquisition chamber, held firmly in a chair by a personal Ultra-Death Guardian Robot.

Read the following aloud:

The lights dim, revealing the outer circle of inquisitors. "Well, arch traitors," booms the voice of the Grand High Inquisitor "I think we know all we need to about your villainous mutant Commie conspiracy. You are hereby sentenced to die by public execution for high treason against The Computer — But don't think that lets you off from the fine!"

Now go to episode three for the stunning execution.

PC#1: Dor-R-KEY-1	
Secret Society: Romantics Secret Society Rank: 1	
Mutant Power(s): Adrenaline Control	
Attributes	Bonuses
Strength _____ 20	Damage Bonus _____ 2
Endurance _____ 17	Carrying Cap. _____ 65
	Macho Bonus _____ 1
	Skill Bases
Agility _____ 9	2
Chutzpah _____ 12	3
Dexterity _____ 14	3
Mechanical Apt _____ 8	2
Moxie _____ 7	2
Power _____ 13	

Background: Big, tough, strong — that's you, and that's always been you. Everyone from your creche-bots on up has commented on what a big, tough, strong, fellow you are.

It's true that you are pretty tough, but you wish they'd see your sensitive side, too. You'd like to be an actor some day, The Computer willing. You idolize Teela-O, after all ... why couldn't it happen?

Service Group Mission: Until just recently you were one of the legion of Internal Security Tranquility Enforcers. Because of your unswerving loyalty and mindless devotion to duty, you have been given this special opportunity to excel as an Internal Security spy in a Troublshooter squad.

IntSec has assigned you a quota of five traitors for this mission. If you can unmask more than five, well, The Computer's generosity knows no limits; "Dor-O-KEY" — that has a nice ring to it.

Less than five however, and things may not bode well for you. To assist you in your task, The Computer has thoughtfully provided you the cover of an HPD & Mind Control residential plasma reactor technician. Your cover is perfectly secure, unless you come across a residential plasma reactor.

Secret Society Mission: The higher-ups are always in the market for anything Old Reckoning. Keep your eyes peeled and your ears skinned (ouch). If you find anything, send information back through your contacts ASAP. Informers tell you there's a Pro Techie in the squad. Or was it a FC of CCP? It's so hard keeping those groups straight. Are they on your side, or are you on theirs? Things have been changing lately, so beware of terminating or turning in members of friendly groups. When in doubt, seek out your Romantics contact and confirm that a team member is or is not off-limits.

PC#2: Thesha-R-DOW-2	
Secret Society: Computer Phreaks Secret Society Rank: 5	
Mutant Power(s): Mechanical Intuition	
Attributes	Bonuses
Strength _____ 9	Damage Bonus _____ 0
Endurance _____ 12	Carrying Cap. _____ 25
	Macho Bonus _____ 0
	Skill Bases
Agility _____ 8	2
Chutzpah _____ 19	5
Dexterity _____ 9	2
Mechanical Apt _____ 16	4
Moxie _____ 19	5
Power _____ 11	

Background: You know what secrets lurk in the hearts of machines. You've always been able to see within their circuitry and know what they were doing. Your special gift brought you to the attention of the association of Computer Phreaks. With the Phreaks, your prestige grew quickly, until eventually The Shado was known to all hackers. You've recently been "promoted" among the fraternity of hackers, but you're having a mental block over what to do next ... it would be real nice if you could gain information on how to access secure Computer files ... but that's not too likely to happen, is it?

Service Group Mission: Power Services has been under a lot of suspicion lately — there have been fluctuations in power levels in nearly every sector of the complex. Keep an eye out for power usage, power fluctuations, and power-saving ideas.

Secret Society Mission: The High Programmers in CPU have been really tightening security parameters. Many of the old passwords no longer work. You need to find a way inside the new CPU security algorithms. New passwords, backdoors, or a source code listing would be best. Keep an eye out, there's a Frankenstein Destroyer nearby. As a favor to the Corpore Metals (with whom we're discussing a loose alliance-of-convenience), protect all bots you meet on your mission.

PC#3: Wat-R-MLN-1	
Secret Society: Frankenstein Destroyers Secret Society Rank: 1	
Mutant Power(s): Machine Empathy* Mechanical Intuition	
*Not a good thing to let people know about.	
Attributes	Bonuses
Strength _____ 13	Damage Bonus _____ 0
Endurance _____ 7	Carrying Cap. _____ 30
	Macho Bonus _____ 0
	Skill Bases
Agility _____ 8	2
Chutzpah _____ 10	2
Dexterity _____ 12	3
Mechanical Apt _____ 17	4
Moxie _____ 12	3
Power _____ 20	

Background: "Arrrrrrrrrrgh, they're in my mind! They're telling me what to do! I can't stand it! Make them stop! Shut up damn you, SHUT UP!" Smash, bam, smash. Tinkle. BlamBlam-Blam!

You and the machines have never gotten along. It takes all your control every single day not to freak out at Tech Services. You own a collection of bot brains taken from the bodies of bots you've destroyed. At nightcycle you go home and dissect them with your bare hands. This helps reduce the stress.

Other than that, you kind of like life in Alpha Complex. If it weren't for that Machine they call The Computer watching you all the time, it wouldn't be such a bad place to live. Only trouble is, all people talk about all daycycle long is MACHINES. All they use all daycycle long is MACHINES. Think how happy you could make everyone if there were no MACHINES.

Service Group Mission: What difference does it make? They're all a bunch of jerks there anyway — they love MACHINES. Your boss told you something a while ago about being on the lookout for new types of machinery, which is something you already do. What he wants them for and what you want them for are two different things.

Secret Society Mission: Kill the machines, kill them! KILL! KILL! KILL! Just don't look too conspicuous doing it. Your nice friends in the Frankenstein Destroyers give you lots of help. They even think you're kind of neat. They said that Gobble-R might be a disgusting Tech lover. If you kill him they'll give you anything you want. But if it's someone else and you kill the wrong one, then the Techie will still be on the loose! Remember the new GPF principle: Get Proof First!

C#1: Dor-R-KEY-1

Service Group: HPD&MC/IntSec

Security Clearance: Red

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3 Moxie Skill Base _____ 2

Bootlicking _____ 5 Security _____ 5

Interrogation _____ 6 Stealth _____ 4

Intimidation _____ 7 Surveillance _____ 3

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3

Vehicle Aimed Weapon _____ 5

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
Red Reflec
Laser Pistol
Notebook and Stylus
Knife
Utility Belt
Com Unit 1

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	3	L	8	50	no
Unarmed	9	I	5	—	no

Damage Status Credits
90

Armor Rating
Red Reflec L4

C#2: Thesha-R-DOW-2

Service Group: Power Services

Security Clearance: Red

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 4

Autocar Op. & Maint. _____ 6

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 5 Moxie Skill Base _____ 5

Bribery _____ 6 *Computer Programming _____ 7

Fast Talk _____ 8 *Computer Security _____ 8

Spurious Logic _____ 7 Data Analysis _____ 10

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 2 Data Search _____ 11

Energy Weapons _____ 5

*Incredibly treasonous skill

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
Red Reflec
Laser Rifle
2 Red Barrels
Notebook and Stylus
Knife
Utility Belt
Com Unit 1

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Rifle	7	L	9	100	no

Damage Status Credits
90

Armor Rating
Red Reflec L4

C#3: Wat-R-MLN-1

Service Group: Tech Services

Security Clearance: Red

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 4

Grenade _____ 5 Habitat Engineering _____ 9

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 2 Jackobot Op. & Maint. _____ 6

Bribery _____ 4 Scrubot Op. & Maint. _____ 9

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3 Moxie Skill Base _____ 3

Projectile Weapons _____ 8 Electronic Engineering _____ 5

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
Red Reflec
Laser Pistol
2 Red Barrels
Notebook and Stylus
Knife
Utility Belt
Com Unit 1

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?
Laser Pistol	9	L	8	50	no

Damage Status Credits
90

Armor Rating
Red Reflec L4

:Mission Alert
:Reference 1.1.2
:Authentic Troubleshooter Mission #100,000
:Team LBN-22

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

:TOP SECRET. EYES ONLY. PENALTY FOR MISUSE IS (CENSORED). I'M NOT KIDDING.

:ATTENTION TROUBLESHOOTERS! YOU HAVE THE WONDERFUL PRIVILEGE OF BEING SELECTED FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT MISSION IN ALPHA COMPLEX HISTORY. YOUR SUCCESS WILL BE GREATLY REWARDED WITH, YOU KNOW, AWARDS AND STUFF. REPORT TO TOP SECRET UNDERCOVER MISSION BRIEFING ROOM AT PLC WAREHOUSE BLOCK 23A BAY 1.

:REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO R&D DISTRIBUTION ROOM #0817 THIS SECTOR.

:THIS MISSION IS CLASSIFIED A-1 AND H-57 TOP SECRET. AVOID STRESS. TELL NO ONE OF THIS MISSION. STAY ALERT. SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE.

:Mission Briefing
:Reference 1.1.5
:Authentic Troubleshooter Mission #100,000
:Team Leader, Team LBN-22

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

:TOP SECRET. EYES ONLY. PENALTY FOR MISUSE IS SOMETHING YOU REALLY WON'T LIKE.

:YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING CHOSEN FOR AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT MISSION. THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS REST ON YOUR ABILITY TO FULFILL YOUR MISSION ASSIGNMENT.

:DUE TO AN ACCIDENTAL (CENSORED), IT HAS BECOME NECESSARY TO TAKE EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS WITH THE (CENSORED). THE COMPUTER IS COUNTING ON YOU.

:AT THE MISSION LOCATION ARE TWO LIGHTS AND A SINGLE BUTTON. WHEN THE RED LIGHT TURNS ON, PRESS THE BUTTON. WHEN THE GREEN LIGHT TURNS ON, RELEASE THE BUTTON. REPEAT AS NECESSARY.

:THE BUTTON IS COMPLETELY SAFE. IT IS DEFINITELY NOT VERY, VERY DANGEROUS TO YOU AND EVERY ONE ELSE IN THIS SECTOR. SO DON'T GET STRESSED OVER THIS ASSIGNMENT. PLEASE.

:THIS MISSION IS CLASSIFIED A-1 AND H-57 TOP SECRET. TELL NO ONE OF THIS MISSION UNDER PENALTY OF (CENSORED TO AVOID STRESS).

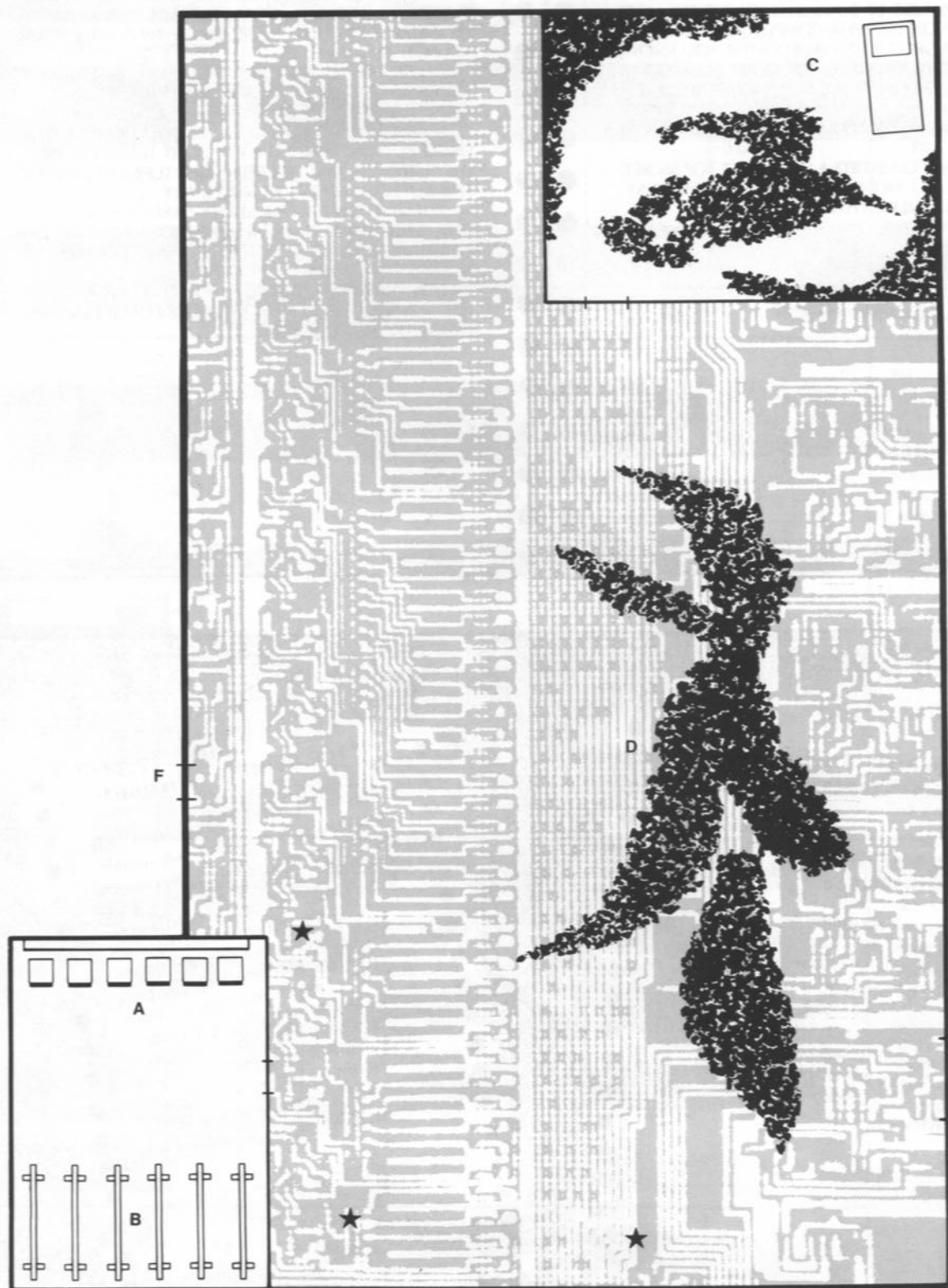
General Briefing 243c
Clean Underwear Notice

It has come to The Computer's attention that too many Troubleshooters are reporting to intensive care with dirty underwear. This will no longer be tolerated. Effective immediately, Troubleshooters in soiled underwear will be fined 50cr and assigned 2 demerits. Troubleshooters wearing no underwear will receive personality reprogramming. Internal Security will be operating surprise underwear inspections until further notice.

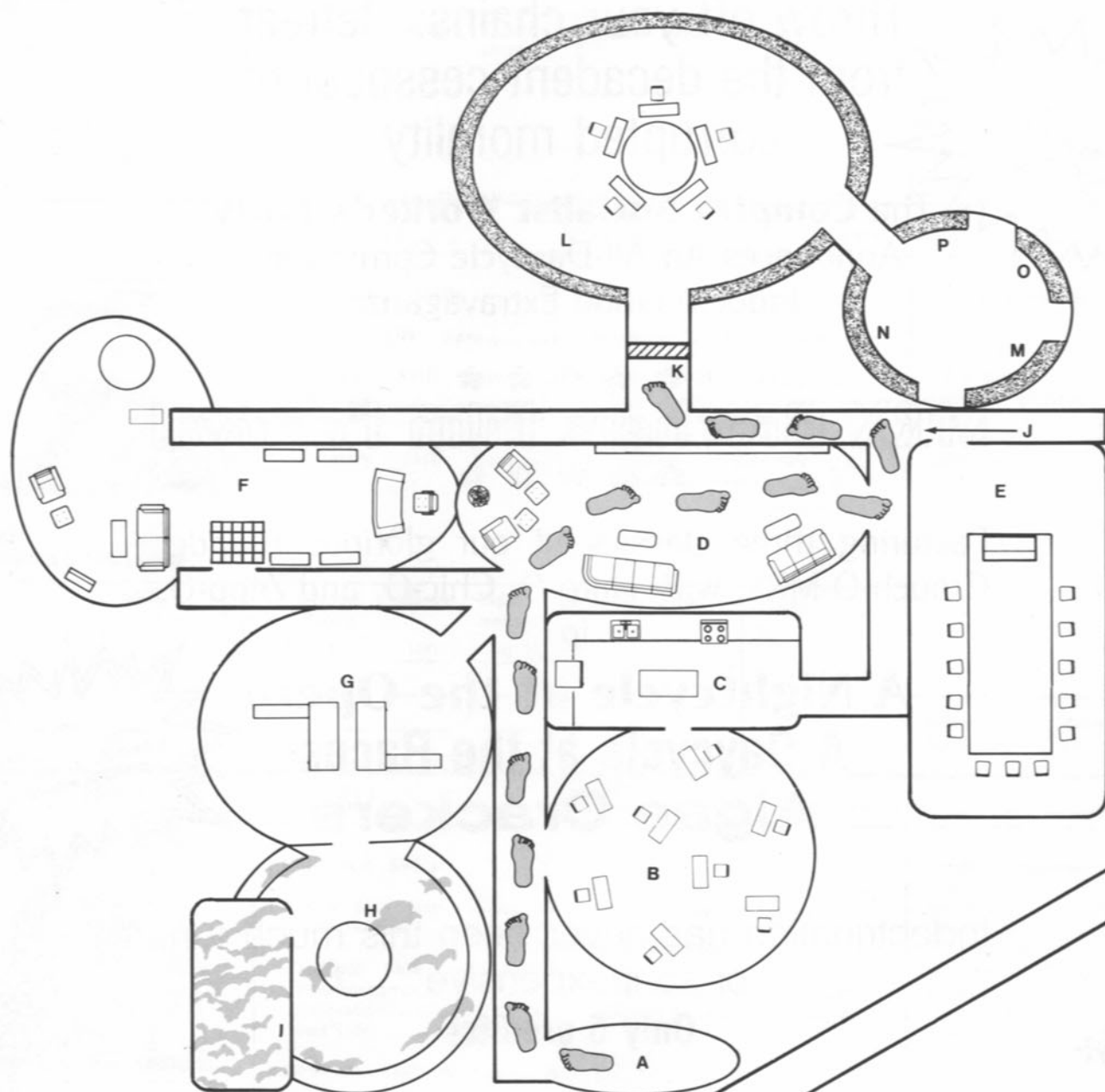
*****Daily Order 17.3*****
****100,000th Mission****

The 100,000th Troubleshooter mission is scheduled for assignment today. This is an auspicious moment in Alpha Complex History. There will be full media coverage of the entire event. You are ordered to refrain from needlessly terminating the news media personnel. Cooperate with news media personnel fully, and protect them from pinko commie saboteurs. Non-photogenic activity is punishable by potentially stressful physical therapy. Thank you for your cooperation.

The Alpha Team Set



CPU Sector & CPU Core



Oppressed Workers of Alpha Complex, Unite!

Throw off your chains. Retreat
from the decadent cesspool of
corrupted morality.

Attend!
Show your solidarity
with the proletariat's
valiant struggle
against oppression.

The **Complex Socialist Worker's Party**
Announces An All-Daycycle Communist
Indoctrination Extravaganza

* * * * *

MRX Brothers Film Festival

* * * * *

Featuring three classics of our glorious founder
Grouch-O-MRX, with Harp-O, Chic-O, and Zepp-O,
in

A Nightcycle at the Opera
A Daycycle at the Races
Algae Crackers

With special
concert film footage of
Boish-O-VIC, the revolution's
intellectual architect!

Indoctrination has never been this much fun,
or so inexpensive*

Only 5 credits!

* Bring a friend -- party members free with
one paying non-party member guest.

PC#4:Marlonb-R-NDO-1

Service
Group: PLCSecurity
Clearance: Red

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 3 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 5 Moxie Skill Base _____ 4

Bootlicking _____ 7 Medical _____ 8

Bribery _____ 9 Stealth _____ 6

Con _____ 11

Forgery _____ 8

Intimidation _____ 7

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3

Field Weapons _____ 5

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
Red Reflec
Laser Rifle
2 Red Barrels
Notebook and Stylus
Knife
Utility Belt
Com Unit 1

Weapon

Skill
Number

Type

Damage
Rating

Range

Experi-
mental?

Damage Status

Credits

Laser Pistol

10

L

8

50

no

90

Armor

Rating

Red Reflec

L4

PC#5:Gobble-R-UPP-2

Service
Group: R & DSecurity
Clearance: Red

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 4

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 3 Moxie Skill Base _____ 5

Fast Talk _____ 5 Biosciences _____ 7

Bootlicking _____ 7 Chemical Engineering _____ 8

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 3 Electronic Engineering _____ 10

Mechanical Engineering _____ 9

Nuclear Engineering _____ 8

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
Red Reflec
Laser Rifle
2 Red Barrels
Notebook and Stylus
Knife
Utility Belt
Com Unit 1

Weapon

Skill
Number

Type

Damage
Rating

Range

Experi-
mental?

Damage Status

Credits

Laser Pistol

10

L

9

100

no

90

Armor

Rating

Red Reflec

L4

PC#6:Tick-R-TPE-1

Service
Group: CPUSecurity
Clearance: Red

Player Name: _____



Improved Skills

Agility Skill Base _____ 2 Mechanical Skill Base _____ 2

Neurowhip _____ 5

Chutzpah Skill Base _____ 2 Moxie Skill Base _____ 5

Psychescan _____ 8 Data Analysis _____ 7

Motivation _____ 6 Data Search _____ 8

Fast Talk _____ 5 Security _____ 7

Dexterity Skill Base _____ 4

Personal Equipment

Jumpsuit
Red Reflec
Laser Pistol
2 Red Barrels
Notebook and Stylus
Knife
Utility Belt
Com Unit 1

Weapon

Skill
Number

Type

Damage
Rating

Range

Experi-
mental?

Damage Status

Credits

Laser Pistol

11

L

8

50

no

90

Armor

Rating

Red Reflec

L4

PC#4: Marlonb-R-NDO-1

Secret Society: Free Enterprisers
Secret Society Rank: 12

Mutant Power(s):
 Hypersenses

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	9	Damage Bonus	0
Endurance	16	Carrying Cap.	25
		Macho Bonus	1
Skill Bases			
Agility	11		3
Chutzpah	20		5
Dexterity	13		3
Mechanical Apt.	7		2
Moxie	15		4
Power	9		

Background: You own a great deal of stuff — nearly everything worth owning. What you didn't buy, you stole. In this aspect Free Enterprise has been good to you. You only joined two years ago, but because of the mysterious "resignations" of virtually all Free Enterprise upper echelon, you have moved up to become a regional distributor of Flim-flAm Way products. Flim-flAm Way is a great new idea. You distribute the Flim-flAm Way line of low-quality household products directly to local salesmen, all of whom give you a cut of their money. It's fun and profitable, too!

But that Wat-R-MLN is a real wet rag. He's already ruined two sure sales with his yelling and going off about the machines. Not only that, but you're starting to get accusing looks from people — must be guilt-by-association. Unfortunately, killing him just means there's another nutty clone running around. Far better to excise his personality instead.

Service Group Mission: PLC is in a lot of trouble. The recent Paperwork Reduction Act has begun filling the halls with unusable forms, and the one form left (a Refuse Removal Form) is in short supply. Take charge of trash wherever you see it: make sure it's cleaned up and disposed of, even if you have to do it yourself.

Secret Society Mission: Sell lots of Flim-flAm Way products. Recruit some sucker ... er, salesman to sell your Flim-flAm Way products so that you can increase your distribution. You heard that someone else in the group is selling Flim-flAm Way products on your turf. This is not good. Find out who it is and either convince him to switch territory, or rub him out. The latter choice is not as good, since we need as many FreeEnts as we can get these days.

PC#5: Gobble-R-UPP-2

Secret Society: Pro Tech
Secret Society Rank: 2

Mutant Power(s):
 Matter Eater

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	12	Damage Bonus	0
Endurance	8	Carrying Cap.	25
		Macho Bonus	1
Skill Bases			
Agility	9		3
Chutzpah	12		3
Dexterity	11		3
Mechanical Apt.	16		4
Moxie	19		5
Power	15		

Background: You love your job at R & D. They let you move boxes, open doors, mop up blood, and many other useful activities. You came up with a great design for an automated 3-in-1 box mover, door opener and beverage dispenser that impressed your superiors so much, they let you put together a prototype. It didn't work, but that hasn't stopped you from designing other useful devices. They usually don't work, and you have had to consume some of your more flamboyant mistakes. Oh yeah, CPU has been giving R & D a hard time about the processor cycles you stole while designing your latest project. They may have sent a spy to keep an eye on you.

One of your R & D office mates has introduced you to selling Flim-flAm Way products. It's a great way to make a few extra credits. If you like it, you can even become an area distributor. Right now you have a dozen bottles of Flim-flAm Way all-purpose industrial cleaner and mouthwash that you're trying to sell for five credits a bottle. The one problem is that you're not sure whether Pro-

Tech approves of this Free-Enterprise-like activity. Better keep a low profile until you come up with something spectacular.

Service Group Mission: We need a success from you and we need it soon, or you'll be washing bottles for the rest of your daycycles. It doesn't really matter if you invent it or find it (you know, Old Reckoning stuff). Just bring it back to us. (Or if it's too big, alert your superiors as to its location at once!)

Secret Society Mission: Technology shall set us free. Excessive work is what keeps Alpha Complex from being a total utopia. If you can invent the right labor-saving device, then everyone can take the day off—forever. Right now you'd just settle for a few nifty new gadgets you can bring back to your Pro-Tech buddies. This does create some interesting conflicts of interest, however. You haven't yet decided what to do.

PC#6: Tick-R-TPE-1

Secret Society: First Church of Christ
 Computer Programmer
Secret Society Rank: 2

Mutant Power(s):
 Telepathy

Attributes		Bonuses	
Strength	14	Damage Bonus	1
Endurance	11	Carrying Cap.	35
		Macho Bonus	0
Skill Bases			
Agility	10		2
Chutzpah	8		2
Dexterity	15		4
Mechanical Apt.	9		2
Moxie	18		5
Power	17		

Background: You are one of many computer operators in CPU. Your job is to monitor processor loads and distribute access priority to different departments as dictated by the High Programmers. Dictates which are consistently contradictory, disastrous, or just plain impossible. You owe your success to your mutant telepathy power. It has helped you determine the actual wishes of the High Programmers and avoid the pitfalls that have ruined many of your fellows. You love your work, of course, since it puts you nearer The Computer than you ever believed possible. Some day, you wish to see The Computer face-to-face. A memento would be nice, too.

Service Group Mission: Things are mighty quiet these days. Too quiet. There have been almost no disasters in the last three weekcycles—something bad must be about to happen.

Make sure no harm comes to any Computer equipment, bots, or High Programmers while you're around. Oh, and by the way: keep an eye out for some stolen processor chips. Rumor has it they might have been stolen by someone in your group.

Secret Society Mission: FCCCP says Gobble-R-UPP has been stealing unapproved computer time while at R&D. This is heresy! You are supposed to watch him and report back any treasonous activity. Make a special effort to catch him in a capital offense. A REAL special effort, know what I mean (wink wink). A video taped record of the offense would be best. Keep an eye out for the other members of your group as well — there are rumors that several Secret Societies are ganging up to destroy The Computer. This MUST NOT HAPPEN!



Episode Three: *Teela-O-MLY* Presents: *The Alpha Team*

Summary

The Troubleshooters are brought to the set of a video show to be executed live and in color by the *Alpha Team* themselves. After a few tips for their acting debut, the Troubleshooters meet a prop girl who is really, ta-da, the High Programmer from the past in disguise.

The Troubleshooters jump the *Alpha Team* in an amusing improvised ambush scene (further documenting their treasonous activities for all to see) and then escape from the video stage. But their overly enthusiastic escape vehicle rockets them to the Outside, where they experience life without climate control.

Background

The *Alpha Team*: These guys are the result of treasonous manipulation in the clone banks by the Pсион secret society. They were swiped by Spiel-Y-BRG-4, an aggressive video producer, to star in his smash hit blockbuster vidshow *Teela-O-MLY presents: The Alpha Team*.

Des Moines: The Troubleshooters escape their execution by rocketing to Des Moines, arguably improving their fate. It turns out that their vehicle was pre-programmed by Clem to take them there so that they could pick up the system backup cards that he needs to reprogram The Computer.

We're Gonna be in Pictures

In the first part of this episode, the Troubleshooters are introduced to the concept of execution on live TV. Oh, the life of a stand-in!

Encounter One: Lights, Camera...

The entourage arrives at the video studios. The tubecar slides to a stop and the Ultra-Death Guardian Robots take the Troubleshooters to a door marked "Cast Entrance. Quiet, Taping In Progress." They open the door and lead the PCs inside to a costuming room. "Don't try to escape, goo bags," the robots hiss. "Have a seat until the director arrives." They hang around after that to make sure no Troubleshooters get too frisky.

One half of the room is filled with racks of costumes. In front of the Troubleshooters' chairs is a mirror ringed with lights, and a counter top scattered with tubes of face paints. While they wait, the costumer Boy-G-ORG comes in to outfit them for the show, saying things like "Here, strip off those uniforms and put these on. The bright Yellow chest panels will highlight the blood nicely." Another Orange citizen, Lot-O-NRV, applies makeup to the PCs. In just a few moments, Teela arrives.

Encounter Two: Heeere's Teela!

Read this aloud at Teela's arrival:

After a while the door opens again. To your great surprise, in walks everybody's favorite video star, Teela-O-Malley! Why, you would die to be able to meet her in person! Hmm, you know, that pretty well sums up your position. Flanking her as she enters the room are a pompous Yellow citizen and a spindly-looking Red level prop girl.

When you read Teela's lines, remember: she's always putting on a show, even backstage. Be histrionic. Put your hand to your forehead. Look down your nose. Stick out your chest and huff a lot. Use a bogus sounding "sophisticated actor" accent. Let The PCs interrupt, ask questions, make catcalls, whatever they like.

"So, I'm so pleased to meet you," says Teela-O. "So you must be the Communist traitors we have been waiting for. So, I'm sure it's a pleasure to be working with me. So, just remember, *Teela-O-MLY Presents: The Alpha Team* is my show — I will not be upstaged.

"So, I want you to meet Spiel-Y-BRG, your director. So just do what he says and everything will go fine. So, I've got to go now. So break a leg. Or maybe even a neck. So long."

Teela huffs out through the door. Spiel-Y-BRG looks each of you over carefully, then says thoughtfully to himself, "Yes, I think you'll all do. You've got that *savoir faire*, that *piece de resistance*, that certain *tra la la* that this episode needs."

Spiel-Y-BRG is a high falutin' *artiste* (pronounced 'ar-teest'). He knows exactly what he wants for this scene (blood and

guts). He prefers not to have to work with amateurs, but if this is the best that casting can arrange he'll do what he can.

"Here's your motivation." Spiel-Y-BRG continues. "You are desperate Communist saboteurs. The Alpha Team has thwarted your attempts to fluoridate the water supply. You are about to engage them in a desperate shootout.

"When the broadcast begins, The Alpha Team throws live grenades into your hideout. You will have three seconds to get out before the explosion. As you emerge, the Alpha team drills you with gunfire and you die like dogbots on live video before all of Alpha Complex. Boffo, no?

"Oh, a couple of tips for your acting debut.

"One: Try to bleed toward the camera, and

"Two: Die convincingly — don't just fall down — thrash around some before you expire."

Spiel-Y can spend a few moment calming first (last?) appearance butterflies, then he has to leave, along with Lot-O-NRV and Boy-G-ORG.

Encounter Three: Meet the New Prop Girl

The only people still in the dressing room are the Troubleshooters and the prop girl. Oh yeah, there are also six heavily armed Ultra-Death Guardian Robots, lest you forget. Read:

"Psst. Hey you, wink wink, nudge nudge. It's me, Clem," whispers the prop girl. "Like, the time has come. Here's the plan, dudes. I've switched the Alpha Team's weapons for your safety approved weapons. Then I took their weapons to give to you. And like I've got your other equipment here too. Cool, huh?"

Only a nincompoop would refuse the offer. But then, these are player characters. See the box for the list of weapons Clem has to offer. Give the experimental equipment back to the characters who had them before. Or you could mix 'em up and pass them out differently if you prefer.



Real Dangerous Weapons

These are the weapons Clem gives to the Troubleshooters. Split them up how you want among the player characters. Of course, they should have no idea what the weapons do. Be very generic in your descriptions: "you have a rifle thingy, you get a pistol-like device..." etc. You'll need to figure out what each player character's skill is with a weapon using the *Paranoia* game rules.

- 1) Flamethrower
- 2) Ice gun
- 3) Cone rifle: 24 slug, 12 HE, 6 AP,
- 4) Napalm, 3 ECM rounds (the rounds are labeled, the rifle isn't).
- 4) Gauss gun: very effective against Ultra-Death Guardian Robots.
- 5) Blaster Pistol
- 6) Force Sword
- 7) Needle Gun

When you're done passing out the stuff, read:

"Like, I'm afraid you're not going to be able to escape this room without some of you being slagged by the Ultra-Death Guardian Robots, dudes. Like, 'off with your heads,' and all that. Wait until the broadcast. The robots will have to wait off stage," whispers Clem. "When the *Alpha Team* lobbs their grenades into your hideout, come out shooting. Roast everyone, then like escape through the back door that I'll leave propped open. There will be a totally rad transport vehicle waiting for you there, which I have named the 'Mach Turtle.' Get it?" None of you do. Clem continues: "Hide out and wait for my message. If you do what I say, dudes, I can clear you of all charges and maybe even get you promoted."

Clem the prop girl picks up the empty weapon box and exits the costume room.

There. The Troubleshooter are almost on their own again. It doesn't actually matter whether they blast their way out now or if they wait for the broadcast. It will be safer for them and a lot more hilarious for you if they wait. If you can't restrain them and they insist on experimenting with their weapons right away, kill a few of them for messing up your fun. Then pick up the adventure further along at the encounter marked "The Great Escape."

If your players are wiser and wait for the getting to get good, then you can get on with the show.

A Reel Good Time

The players actually have the odds in their favor for once. You can always tell the

middle of an adventure that way — a simple method of setting the PCs up for even greater falls later.

Encounter Four: Action!

The Troubleshooters only have a little while to confer among themselves before Boy-G-ORG comes back to get them. He leads the Troubleshooters out the other door, with the Ultra-Death Guardian Robots taking up the rear. Read:

You are on a large open stage made up to look like a decrepit hallway lost deep within The Computer's memory banks. Pipes and wires dangle from the walls, which twist and lean from broken support members and years of neglect. Boy-G-ORG leads you across the stage and into a small room. Refuse and discarded Port-a-Rations litter the floor. Piled in one corner are blankets that have been made up to look like a makeshift bed.

"This is the hideout." Boy-G tells them, "The show starts in just a minute." He ducks out the door and off the set. The Ultra-Death Guardian Robots follow him to just out of camera range.

Give the PCs a moment or two to formulate any last-minute plans. A few moments later, read:

"Alright, places everybody." Says Spiel-Y-BRG, "Are you ready T.O.? Boffo!" You see Teela walk onto the stage, followed by

five of the most perfect-bodied, lantern-jawed, Über Troubleshooters you have ever seen. You've watched them on video before, but the small screen somehow diminishes their truly massive stature.

To start the show, Spiel-Y-BRG says, "Five seconds until we go on the air. Three, Two, Ready, Action!" Immediately, Teela and three of the Über Troubleshooters move up to cover. The remaining two charge to a position opposite the Troubleshooters' door, where they lob two grenades into their small room. The Troubleshooters have three seconds until the foam grenades go off.

Look at the map to get an idea of how the stage is laid out. The grenades explode in three seconds, filling the hideout room with foam. As the PCs dive out, the *Alpha Team* lays down a withering fire of foam bullets and pies. This allows the Troubleshooters the honor of pasting the *Alpha Team* on live video, and in a humorously treasonous fashion too. With luck, they'll even get to kill Teela-O-MLY. If the PCs dawdle, have the Über Troubleshooters toss down their ineffectual weapons and go hand-to-hand.

The Ultra-Death Guardian Robots (deadly but dumb), don't realize something is amiss until the Troubleshooters are about to escape. By that point they are too late to stop the PCs, but not too late for another glorious gun battle as the Troubleshooters zoom off in their exciting escape vehicle.

Game Stuff

The Alpha Team Show

Map: The sound stage upon which the Alpha Team Show is filmed. This includes a) dressing room, and b) costume racks. On the set are c) the hideout and d) refuse to use as cover. Outside the door is the e) *Crooz-o-Matic* Escape Vehicle "Mach Turtle." Spiel-Y-BRG and the cameras are in the starred locations. Boy-G and the Robots wait at f).

Über Troubleshooters: the heart-throbs of Alpha Complex. Five of them, plus Teela, attack the PCs.

Mutation: inhumanly perfect physique.

Weapons: They have the PC's safety approved weapons from the beginning of the adventure. None of the weapons do appreciable damage. Let the *Alpha Team* hit the PCs with stunning accuracy, but play up the nuisance humor value instead of figuring damage.

Unarmed (51)___12

Armor: Orange reflex (L4)

Tactics: The Alpha Team has never lost a fight, mostly because their opponents have never been well armed. But still, they are fully-trained Troubleshooters (we all know what a bonus that is). The Über Troubleshooters lob a few foam grenades into the hideout, then charge about picturesquely firing their safety approved weapons until the PCs cancel this episode.

Teela-O-MLY: leader and star of the *Alpha Team*.

Mutation: 36-24-36.

Weapon: one of the safety approved weapons.

Armor: Enhanced Orange reflex (All L5)

Tactics: Pose in her bikini armor while the Über Troubleshooters raid the hideout, then get a few shots in on a wounded traitor and maybe fight hand-to-hand if the traitor's injuries are debilitating enough. These would normally be her tactics, anyway, but the truth is she gets to play sitting duckbot with the rest of the *Alpha Team*.



The Alpha Team.

Encounter Five: The Great Escape

Outside the back door is very fast-looking escape vehicle. This is the description you can read to your players:

Yes indeed, it's a superbly fast *Crooz-o-Matic* six-seater escape vehicle, like the type you've seen the Alpha Team use when they have to rocket from one exotic locale to another. This one has "Mach Turtle" crudely painted on one side. The one of you with the best spacecraft piloting skill just needs to slide behind the super-sleek futuristic control panel and off you can rocket to complete safety. (Pause while they look at their character sheets.) What? None of you has the spacecraft piloting skill? Well somebody had better volunteer because here come the Ultra-Death Guardian Robots!

The robots' stats are back in a game stuff box in episode two, in case you'd forgotten. They charge the PCs, firing energy blasters and stun guns, until something gives. Even with their weapons, the PCs' best bet is to take off.

The *Crooz-o-Matic* is not that difficult to drive, if you know how. The Troubleshooters don't. They can either stay and be killed, or careen all around Alpha Complex at hypersonic speeds. But they are already hunted traitors, so what do they have to lose?

The *Crooz-o-Matic* has a sophisticated pilot-assist program that helps the pilot dodge obstacles. It wasn't designed to work within Alpha Complex, though, so the Troubleshooters are in for a nice lurching, whomping, bashing and smashing around

Alpha Complex at twice the speed of sound. The *Crooz-o-Matic*, being a rocket ship intended for sub-orbital flight, has only two speeds: fast and faster. The bot-brain that helps pilot the craft is an enthusiastic Johnny Astroturf type. It'll throw its complete support behind any plan that involves careening through tight enclosed spaces (like most of Alpha Complex), since that's much more challenging than simply flying around in the upper stratosphere.

The Troubleshooters need some place to hide out until Clem Unger gets back to them with a message. Instead of sending them to a different sector, or having them wait in the radioactive hole carved by the plasma explosion, Clem has decided to send them on an errand to pick up something he left behind in Des Moines. But first the Troubleshooters have to decide to get in. If they don't, they're cooked meat, as blaster bolts are coming closer all the time. When they do, read:

There are two bench seats in the back, and a super-sleek driver's console in front. A blaster bolt crashes against the outer plating.

"Come on guys," says the *Crooz-o-matic*, "I can't take but one more direct hit on my ablative tiles. One of you guys has got to drive."

I don't know who is going to drive, but somebody had better. When one of the PCs finally volunteers, give him a hearty clap on the back.

To help everyone get into the mood, have your players line up their chairs in two rows in an open part of the room. Put the pilot's chair a little to the front. Go get a fan,

the more powerful the better, and set it up so that it blows directly in as many of your players' faces as possible. When you start to read aloud, turn on the fan and have everyone lean back for the takeoff, then to the sides for the hairpin turns.

Encounter Six: "This Doesn't Look So Hard!"

As soon as the pilot's finger touches the ignition button, read this aloud:

"Whoowee! ohboyohboyohboy! This is FUN. Go faster, whoopeeeeee!" hollers your *Crooz-o-matic* as you whip down the corridor and through a couple of hairpin turns at twice the speed of sound.

Have the pilot roll some appropriate piloting skill, then tell him he doesn't seem to be having much effect. Tell your players how much fun it is zipping around Alpha Complex in a runaway sub-orbital transport. They careen through the hallways of Alpha Complex, up elevator shafts and down tubecar tubes. The outside world is a blur as they kawhamp and smash at a speed that must approach escape velocity. They should have no idea where they are or where they've been, but they might recognize a High Programmers' secret council meeting as they whip through, leaving a pile of white-robed corpses behind.

Read:

"Warning!" hollers the *Crooz-O-Matic*. "Igniting chemical rockets. There's no stopping us now. Here we goooooooooooooooooooooo!"

I haven't mentioned seat belts yet, but there are some. Those who haven't yet told you they want to buckle up are going to wish they thought of it before we did. The *Crooz-o-Matic* has ignited the chemical booster rockets used to launch the vehicle into a suborbital trajectory; there is no place left to go but up. Citizens who are not securely seated and strapped in are buffeted around the passenger cabin, smearing their precious bodily fluids all over the interior walls. Have everybody who didn't buckle up for safety roll their Agility to hang on. Those who miss must roll on damage column 6 for the buffeting. If anybody gets a lethal result, send them crashing through the windshield, just for effect.

After a few minutes of this intense fun, the *Crooz-o-Matic* escape vehicle shoots out into the wide-blasted bowl of the plasma explosion, then arcs upward and slingshots through the protective dome and out into the blue morning sky.



Episode Four: The Wild Blue Yonder

Summary

The *Crooz-o-Matic* has been reprogrammed by Clem to take the Troubleshooters on a brief detour to Des Moines, where they pick up the system backup cards that Clem needs to reprogram The Computer. While in Des Moines, the Troubleshooters are given the rare opportunity to meet the primitive representatives of that city's once-proud culture, and kill them. They make off with the cards, and possibly survive an encounter with a ravenous, man-eating door-to-door evangelist.

History in the Making

In this section we introduce an exciting new development: we are going to let the players participate in the actual design of the adventure. Never before has this been attempted in a roleplaying game. It is particularly fitting that a FIFTH GENERATION design technique (or is it sixth generation? I lose count) be introduced in such a groundbreaking game as *Paranoia*.

Here's how it works: poll your players about where they would prefer to crash. Their two choices are: a) desert, b) arctic waste. Give them a little while to work it out among themselves, then go with the most votes.

Many places in the next few read aloud paragraphs will give you a choice of two words or clauses to read, desert first, then arctic. Read the one that corresponds with the selected location.

Encounter One: On the Outside Looking In

After the vote is taken, read:

The *Crooz-o-Matic* climbs higher and higher into the sky. Far below you can see the dwindling dome of Alpha Complex, receding into the distance, until it is gone. I don't think you're going to make it back in time for the next Alpha-Team show.

Find out if the PCs are doing something. They could try to convince the bot to return them to Alpha Complex, but this won't work yet, because Clem has programmed it to take them away from Alpha Complex. If the PCs are really boring, have Rog-R-

MUD clamber out from the spare tire compartment behind the rear bench seat and ask them embarrassing questions.

After they toss Rog-R out the window, read the following aloud:

The *Crooz-o-Matic* escape vehicle has nosed back over and begun falling toward (choose the appropriate one)

a) sandy brown lumps

b) a vast white plain.

Closer and closer you fall. The great [a] tan b) white] field grows until its immense bulk fills your view from horizon to horizon.

[a] Hisscrash! b) Ka-spluch!] Your vehicle jerks to a stop.

"Boy! That was the greatest!" Says the *Crooz-o-Matic*. "I can't wait to do that again! Do you guys want out?"

Looking through the *Crooz-o-Matic's* window, you see a big, wide open, slightly hilly area with nothing on it except a single ship, a couple of Troubleshooters, and a large mound of [a] tan b) white] stuff nearby, fifty feet high.

When they decide it's time to get out, read:

The [a] scorching b) frigid] winds whip a flurry of [a] gritty b) white soggy] powder through your group. Someone should speak to the climate control technicians about properly regulating the temperature out here.

Encounter Two: Des Moines-ing After

When the Troubleshooters have taken stock of the situation and are wondering what to do next, Clem's voice comes over



the vehicle's loudspeaker: "Welcome to Des Moines, dudes. Like I have such memories of this wonderland."

Entertain questions from the Troubleshooters. They will find they are in direct (albeit static-filled) communication with Clem through the *Crooz-o-Matic's* built-in Com III (or they can get much clearer reception through their plasma-assist com-unit if they think to use it). When they ask him what they are doing here, when they can go back, or some other similarly panicked question, Clem tells them that he sent them to Des Moines on an errand.

He wants the Troubleshooters to pick up some system backup cards that he left in Des Moines. They are 3 by 5 cards notched in one corner, with small holes in them. He thinks they are in a building at the UCLA Inc. office complex, which is also where he believes the Troubleshooters are.

Somebody may get around to telling Clem that there is no town here. He finds that somewhat disconcerting, if only because of the emotional attachment one would develop for any home town, even Des Moines. Let them chew the fat with Clem for a while. Then he suggests they look around for the cards and call him back, and signs off.

Encounter Three: Look Out Below

When the Troubleshooters take a look around the big mound, tell the ones searching the far side that they notice an opening at the base of the mound. In through the hole is the lobby of the building that the local population has made their home. Read the following aloud when the Troubleshooters enter:

The entrance is covered by a thin, plastic-like flexible sheet. You easily push it aside and step into an open foyer room. The sheet of material must keep the [a] heat b) cold] out, because in here it is refreshingly [a] cool b) warm.]

This place looks a bit like the Alpha Complex you know and love. It has the same steel and plexiglass construction. The lighting system doesn't seem to be working though, because the citizens have had to light a fire near the center of the room. And speaking of the citizens, there are a dozen of them gathered around you. All of them have ungroomed hair longer

than the collar length limit, and they wear strange non-regulation (a) gauzy b) fuzzy garments draped from one shoulder.

One of the citizens (the chief, actually) says "Ungalla boongy do balla wah, ugh boog dooly woog wang." The Universal Translators, if any still work, translate everything said into Communist propaganda. The first thing the chief says is, "What you doing here, running dog capitalist lackeys? We no want you and your bourgeois money grubbing comrades at our hearth fire." You can make up further Commie propaganda as needed. If the Troubleshooters stay and chat, remember to see who picks up the Communist propaganda skill.

If the Troubleshooters are feeling unnaturally tolerant, they may just look around instead of wiping out the natives. In that case they notice a small box in the far right corner (guarded by three spear-toting natives) containing the system backup cards. They won't get far with them; the Chief is loath to let the Troubleshooters take the sacred totems. If the PCs try, he orders his warriors to attack these apparently unarmed interlopers.

It's more likely that the Troubleshooters begin blazing away at the first hint of Commie propaganda. Of course, the chief orders a counterattack (or his lieutenant does, if the chief has had an unfortunate accident).

The ensuing battle is a splendid opportunity for the Troubleshooters to slaughter the natives. Native slaughtering is a special bonus to perk up your players; but during the heat of battle, it'll take them a x1/4 Moxie roll to find the box.

Game Stuff

Fight for the Cards

Wretched Natives: 12, pinnacle of Des Moines society.

Weapons: Sharp Sticks (6I) ____ 8

Armor: Animal hides (1I)

Tactics: Charge en masse and try to poke PCs with their pointy sticks.

Description: The natives live in this building lobby to escape the heat/cold. Imagine the depths to which an office building full of telephone receptionists and accountants would sink after a couple of weeks without microwaves or running water. The natives look even worse.

Encounter Four: After Hours

Sooner or later (after all the natives have died/fled, or sooner if someone makes a x 1/4 Moxie roll during combat), the PCs should find the cards. If they don't, and everybody dies, Clem sends a new team of clones in the *Mach Turtle II*.

When the Troubleshooters find them, the cards certainly look like the ones Clem was describing. There are a few extra holes punched in them, but it can't make that much of a difference, eh? Besides, these are their ticket home.

Now is the proper time for a return flight to Alpha Complex. If the Troubleshooters insist on wandering around inside, make sure they get the idea that there is nothing interesting in the building. Optionally, you can use the *Overwhelming Opposition* technique to convince them to leave. As the saying goes, you hold all the cards.

Optional Encounter Five: Overwhelming Opposition

This is a thrilling encounter you can use to convince the Troubleshooters it is time to go home; we call it "The attack of the evangelical sand/snow monster." Before we can start, you need to set up the playing field. Go into the kitchen and get a baking tray or something similar with two inch sides. Fill it to one inch deep with sand or crushed ice, depending. Take a racy looking toy car and set it in the middle to represent the *Crooz-o-Matic*. Around it position cardboard cutouts, or *Paranoia* figures, to represent the locations of the Troubleshooters. At the edge, bury a medium sized rock for the office building.

Take great care in the setup, carefully arranging the pieces as if to suit some secret plan, in full view of the players. When you have finished, surreptitiously reach out and grasp the edge of the tray.

Without warning, flip it over when you

read the following aloud:

Kawham! (flip it now) **Something jolts all the (a) dirty stuff b) cold stuff you landed on up into the air, along with the building, which teeters precariously toward the Crooz-o-Matic.**

Make the Troubleshooters who hang around in the toppling building die horribly, necessitating clone replacement in Alpha Complex. Conversely, Troubleshooters who flee the toppling building can escape in the nick of time.

Read this when the Troubleshooters exit the office building:

"Good Evening!" rumbles the colossal fang-toothed hairy monstrosity leaning over the building's doorway. **"Do you feel as if something is missing in your life? Would you like a copy of the Guard-tower?"** It shoves a blood-stained period-



Always say grace before eating



cal down at your group. "The end of the world, at least for you, is right around the corner. Please accept this free magazine. It will save your soul before I eat you."

Encounter Six: Get Me Outa' Here!

Let the PCs run off to the *Crooz-o-Matic* and make a harrowing, narrow escape. Otherwise they can stay and try to keep from being converted. Eventually they are going to discover that shooting this critter is not the most tactically advantageous technique. The building continues to teeter, something you can mention in a slack moment.

Those who wish to stay, can. The rest of the Troubleshooters will fly back to Alpha Complex and meet up with the replacement clones upon arrival. Read the following aloud when it's time to go home to the next episode:

Kawhooosh! you blast off from the [a] arid b) frigid] plain and streak into the sky back toward Alpha Complex.

Game Stuff

Evangelical Sand/Snow Monster

Weapons: Super sharp claws (x2) (9l)___11

Wickedly pointed teeth (9l)___14

Mutant Power: Evangelical sales pitch. The target of the creature's evangelism must make a x3/4 Moxie roll or be overwhelmed by self-doubt and therefore unable to attack or flee for that round. ("Gee, maybe there's something to this! There must be more to life than just the daily grind at Alpha Complex.") Limit: one victim per combat round. The critter has a power of 15.

A armor: None, but a Macho Bonus that could put out fires: All7

Tactics: Tries to save the Troubleshooters' souls before eating them, thus soothing his conscience about devouring such tasty yet intelligent morsels. If one converts, or he decides he has tried enough,

he snatches the Troubleshooter up with his claws and pops him into his mouth King-Kong style.

Description: Colossal fang-toothed hairy monstrosity. Stands about 25 feet high and 15 feet wide. He's so tough you would have to drop a building on him to stop him (a viable option for the PCs, since it is already tottering). This critter, and others like him, are the offspring of door-to-door evangelists caught outside when the big Whoops happened. The hellish fire of nuclear destruction bathed their chromosomes in radiation, mutating them to a physical level on par with their pre-human ancestors. Now they spend their time traveling mound-to-mound, saving souls/searching for their favorite meal.



Episode Five: Waiting for God-O

Summary

By this point in the adventure, numerous service groups and secret societies are aware of the High Programmer from the past. The Romantics want him as a guest lecturer, the Computer Phreaks want to squeeze his brain to make RNA memory injections, Internal Security just wants him, etc.

The Troubleshooters receive a confusing mix of conflicting orders from just about every organized group in Alpha Complex. Most of these are centered around either saving or terminating Clem Unger. The Troubleshooters must survive this, indestructible Commie leaflets (again), and a couple of other nifty problems — while waiting for Clem to come and save their bacon.

Replacing Clones On The Lam

Something may have been bugging you about the current situation. From time to time in the next two episodes a Troubleshooter is going to find himself in need of a replacement clone (and maybe — just maybe — he needed one earlier). How, may you ask, does a clone replacement get into a secured place like CPU Sector, or how does it get to the PCs when they are hunted criminals or in the Outdoors?

Believe it or not, The Computer has taken this into account. The Rapid Clone Replacement Service (RCRS) is one of the most streamlined Computer operations in all of Alpha Complex. Experiments show that inquiries into the propriety of clone replacements result in the delay or denial of 98.7% of clone replacement requests; such delays would result in the cessation of ALL activity in Alpha Complex.



In the mutual interest of continued industry, it was agreed that The Computer would institute the RCRS program, in which no judgement is made about the propriety of a clone's replacement. Thus, clones can be rapidly replaced at any time to any portion of Alpha Complex regardless of the circumstances.

RSVP/RIP

The Troubleshooters have an entertaining time waiting for their next mission instructions while attempting to survive being the most wanted criminals in Alpha Complex history.

Encounter One: Meanwhile, Back at the Complex

The Troubleshooters arrive back at Alpha Complex, deposited gently by the enthusiastic *Crooz-o-Matic*, right at the edge of the plasma crater. If they are too terrified to leave the vehicle, it opens the canopy, tips upside-down, and shakes.

The Troubleshooters are on their own once they arrive. It would be best if they found a hole to hide in until Clem sends for them. Knowing player characters, though, they'll probably get into some entertaining mischief almost immediately. Let them go on for as long as you find it interesting.

Keep in mind that Alpha Complex is still geared up for the Communist invasion. Squads of crack Vulture Warriors scour the complex for infiltrators. They have already rounded up over a thousand suspects, from whom has been extracted a thick tangle of plots and conspiracies. The arch traitors (our buddies, the PCs) are still loose, having evaded the most intense manhunt ever. All of Alpha Complex was witness to their heinous crimes on the Alpha Team show.

The Computer lost track of the Troubleshooters when they blasted out of Alpha Complex, so it has resorted to overwhelming manpower to relocate them. The Troubleshooters' pictures are broadcast on every vidscreen. There is a five thousand credit reward for the citizen who brings them in.

Encounter Two: But First, A Word From Their Sponsors

The Troubleshooters are probably some place, undoubtedly doing something. In the midst of all this activity, they are contacted by their secret societies, all of which have their own plan for Clem-U-NGR. This will let the Troubleshooters know that everyone in Alpha Complex is interested in the High Programmer from the past. Even better, it will give the Troubleshooters more motivation to shoot each other in the back.

Periodically during the rest of the adventure, the Troubleshooters receive secret society messages from their contacts. In the box on the next page are everybody's messages and their methods of delivery. The secret societies continue passing messages for the rest of this episode, until all the PCs have gotten one. Sprinkle them in every now and then when the moment seems right. By the way, if you are using treasonous campaign characters instead of our wonderful pregenerated characters, you'll have to invent secret society briefings for the other societies. Hope you're not running this adventure on the fly — see why we want you to read the whole thing first?

Thank You, Now Back to the Show

You can let the Troubleshooters run loose around Alpha Complex for a little while if you want. They are being chased by the most intense manhunt in Alpha Complex history, after all. Here are two thrilling encounters you can use to raise the excitement level:

Encounter Three: Groupies

Do this to the Troubleshooters when they are trying to sneak about incognito. Ahead they see a large group of 25 Infrareads round the corner, point at them and scream in unison, "Eeeeeeeeeeeek! There they are!" Another crowd of 25 rounds the corner from behind, cutting off their escape. The mob rushes in on them. "Ooh, we loved you on the *Alpha Team* show." "Can I have your autograph?" "Are you going to be on the *Alpha Team* show again?"



Now For Some Important Messages

These are the messages from the secret society contacts. They are organized by player character:

Dor-R-KEY: Hastily scrawled across the wall in bright yellow spray paint is the message "Thid glips have no pell in a curoid without turmkys." Dor-R-KEY's quick mind immediately recognizes this as gibberish. After a moment's contemplation, he realizes it is a secret message from the Romantics which reads, "Clem-U-NGR is the most wonderful discovery in the history of Alpha Complex. You MUST make sure that he survives until the Romantics know everything he does about pre-reckoning culture. Invite him to lecture at our next Romantics meeting, and make sure he accepts."

Thesha-R-DOW: The next video or computer screen that Thesha-R passes reads, "Shado, you have 1 pieces of E-Mail." When Thesha-R can get to a terminal to check her messages, she finds one from a fellow Computer Phreak. It reads, "Shado, no record of High Programmer Clem-U-NGR in backup personnel tapes. Don't know who your guy is, but he knows backdoor passwords to make The Computer do almost anything. Find out what the passwords are. People will

pay top credit for them. Signed, Dr. Hacker."

Wat-R-MLN: A message from his Frankenstein Destroyer cell leader comes in over Wat-R's com-unit. If he tries, he can muffle it so that no one else can hear. The message is, "Attention Wat-R-MLN. Authentication password is SWORD-FISH. Clem-U-NGR has ultra-classified knowledge that will let us utterly destroy The Computer and disable ALL robots. Capture him and bring him to us. Make sure he stays alive until we can find out what he knows."

Marlonb-R-NDO: While walking down a corridor, a Red citizen walks by Marlonb-R without apparently noticing him. They bump slightly. The next time Marlonb-R puts his hand in his pocket he finds this note: "Everyone in Alpha Complex is interested in Clem-U-NGR, therefore the new Clonefather is very interested in him. Free Enterprise is accepting bids for the safe delivery of the High Programmer from the past. Until the bidding is settled, keep Clem-U alive. This could be our ticket back to the big time — don't foul up."

Gobble-R-UPP: As he passes a bouncy bubble beverage dispenser the machine

lights up and says, "Congratulations Citizen. You have been chosen as the lucky recipient of a free bouncy bubble beverage from this new dispensing machine. Labor saving devices like these will someday free man for a life of complete leisure." Gobble-R may notice the Pro-Tech jargon in the sales pitch. If he accepts the beverage, he will find this message written in the fine print on the side of the can: "Gobble-R-UPP, the High Programmer with whom you have been associating may hold the answer to a Utopia in our lifetimes. If any danger comes to him, make sure you get his head. A contact in Bio Sciences is ready at any time to fit it onto your body. By the way, what is your neck size?"

Tick-R-TPE: A clone disguised as a water fountain sidles up to Tick-R, asks if she wants a drink of water, and hands her a message on a soggy piece of paper. The message reads, "Clem-U-NGR is a renegade High Programmer. FCCCP believes that he will attempt to alter The Computer's programming. This blasphemy must only be performed by us. Find out how to reprogram The Computer, then bring us that information so we can do it ourselves."

You can spend quite a while chasing the Troubleshooters with mobs of adoring Infraders. Try to use as many "groupie" clichés as you can think of; you know, ripped clothing, fainting women, clones wearing "I ♥ Thesha" T-shirts and so forth. A nifty gag would be to have more groupies show up every time the Troubleshooters are trying to sneak around, or just after they have successfully escaped some other encounter. On the other hand, the Troubleshooters might just welcome this kind of distraction if they happen to be trying to elude a squad of ornery Vulture Warriors. Speaking of which....

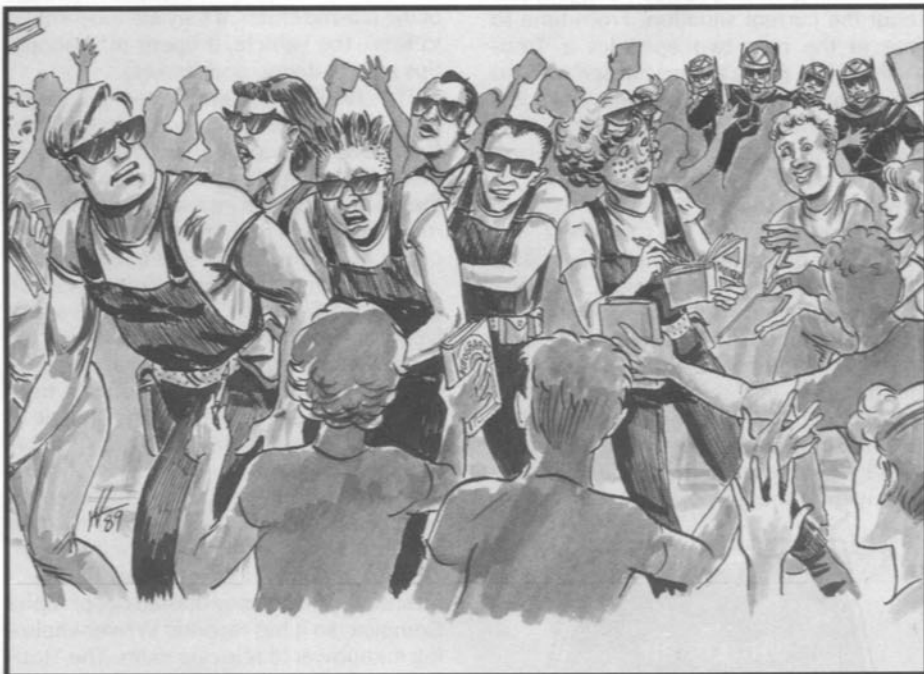
Encounter Four: Rival Groups

A nearby speaker blats out, "Alarm! Alarm! possible sighting of manhunt targets at intersection C13 sector KIL. All units converge." Almost instantly a patrol of Green level IntSec Tranquility Enforcers charges out a door next to the Troubleshooters and tries to arrest them.

Before the Troubleshooters can shoot, from another direction comes a squad of Green Vulture Squadron goons. They have a ... disagreement:

Vultures: Hold it, you IntSec vatscum. Where do you think you're going with our prisoners?

Enforcers: Your prisoners? We saw them



Being a celebrity has its advantages.

first. Go get your own prisoners, you insignificant Vulture twits.

Vultures: Twits? Who are you calling twits? Take that! BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

The two groups square off and start shooting at one another. More groups begin to arrive from either end of the corridor, each in the confusion thinking that the group at



their end is firing at the renegade Troubleshooters. Everyone starts shooting everyone while the Troubleshooters get lost in the hubbub and slip away. If they are so incredibly foolish as to join in the firefight, everyone in the hallway instantly remembers what they came for and opens up on the PCs. Clone-time. The only way to survive this encounter is to do nothing.

Further Excitement

Remember, the search squads aren't the only people dropping in on the Troubleshooters. They've also got their secret societies passing them messages, groupies, and the occasional special delivery of an indestructible Communist leaflet. Make an effort to pace a new encounter about one every two minutes. Life should be pretty exciting even if the Troubleshooters don't go anywhere at all.

Encounter Five: Dealing With Unger

After the PCs nice "wait" has turned into a Kafkaesque frenzy of flight from four different pursuing groups or so, the PCs round a corner, take a breather, and you read:

"Hey, dudes," says a now familiar voice. **"You made it. Great! Now we can get to reprogramming The Computer. You dudes did get those cards, didn't you? With them I can wipe out every negative mark on your records so that you can start fresh. Like, just erase what you've done over the past week or so. Awesome, huh?"**

Clem-U-NGR stands in front of you, looking a little frazzled and tired. In his arms he is holding a large box. **"Like, gotta run just to keep in place, dudes,"** he says, wiping a bead of sweat from his brow.

"We're going to CPU Central. It's gonna be a tough fight, like because CPU Central is bound to be the most heavily guarded area in all of Alpha Complex. We've got us an edge though. I managed to pick these up a little while back. I thought they might, you know, come in handy. Here, like put these on."

From the box he pulls six white (you know what that means) suits of reflect armor and hands one to each of the Troubleshooters. Then from the bottom he takes out six Ultraviolet laser pistol barrels, giving each of them one. Wow! Guess Troubleshooting really is the fast route to promotion!

No, they are not really Ultraviolet, they're just committing treason of the most despicable sort. If they blow this last episode they are going to be in more trouble than you can possibly imagine. Imagine that.



Episode Six: Paradise Re-Booted

Summary

The Troubleshooters fight and sneak their way into CPU Sector, guided by the High Programmer from the past. They pass through tubecar central, where they are recognized by an underwear inspection squad. The PCs escape to CPU Sector, but are chased by an army of citizens put on their trail by the underwear inspectors.

When they get to CPU Core, the Troubleshooters find they must follow a complicated initialization procedure before they can insert the cards, shut down The Computer, and (gasp) re-boot.

All About CPU Sector

CPU Sector is the central brain of Alpha Complex. It houses the Main Computer Core that oversees all of Alpha Complex. CPU Sector is also home to an astonishing multitude of Ultraviolet lollygaggers.

CPU Sector contains restaurants, entertainment establishments, saunas and spas, and of course individualized housing for each Ultraviolet.

Most important in CPU Sector is the computer complex of Ultraviolet programmers doing patchwork repairs to the hopelessly befuddled computer operating system. Clem does not take the Troubleshooters there, but to CPU Core, the two small rooms that house the actual mainframe on which resides The Computer's core programming, and the sophisticated artificial intelligence interface computers that give The Computer its lovable personality.

Rotten to the Core

The core mainframe had important parts of its memory swiped back about the time of the Big Whoops. All the history books will one day agree that this was the origin of The Computer's operational dysfunction. Since that time, the artificial intelligence interface computers have been erroneously interpreting old civil defense files from 1957 as operational guidelines. We have all seen the results.

Clem Unger's plan to "repair" The Computer calls for shutting down the core mainframe and re-initializing it using the complete system backup cards from his Des Moines office. This would greatly rein

in The Computer, excising much of its personality and resulting in a "cure" for its psychological hang-ups that humans can achieve only after 30 years of therapy. Clem hopes to get some help from Frank and Howard, clone descendants of his GAMMA clearance buddies from before he froze himself. If you have forgotten about GAMMA clearance, look up the reference at the beginning of the adventure. In the meantime I'll tell you that it's a special clearance above Ultraviolet, reserved for the two citizens who perform hands-on maintenance of the mainframe in CPU Core.

Unfortunately, the artificial intelligence computers — the real "brain" and personality of The Computer — view this "repair job" the same way that you and I would feel about a lobotomy. Obviously, anyone who would do this to The Computer must be the ultimate Commie mutant traitors. Rather than submit, The Computer zaps Frank, Howard, and Clem, and it's up to you-know-who to save the day.

A Sneakin' We Will Go

Now begins the most terrifying journey in any *Paranoia* adventure ever, as the PCs follow Clem into the bowels of CPU sector!

Encounter One: Terminal Travel

When last we left our heroes, they were with Clem, preparing for the assault on CPU. Read the following aloud:

"Come on dudes," says Clem, "There's a special car at the tubecar center that we can take to CPU Central. But like keep an eye out, the Red Queen's cards are everywhere."

The Troubleshooters and Clem-U can duck into a tubecar terminal and ride to tubecar center. Tubecar center is the hustling, bustling "Grand Central Station" of Alpha Complex, where tubecar routes from all over the complex intersect. The PCs must disembark here to get onto the Ultraviolet restricted line that goes to CPU Sector. When they exit the car, they notice a squad of uniformed IntSec Tranquility Enforcers on the other side of the platform inspecting passengers as they disembark from their cars.

What everyone is looking at is an underwear inspection in action, which the Troubleshooters are about to get caught in. If necessary, have the goons meander nearer so that you can catch the Troubleshooters. When you think the two groups are close enough, shout the following aloud:

"Alright you kneebiters. This is an underwear inspection. Drop your pants NOW!" barks the leader of the Green IntSec goons. He scans the crowd and notices your team of disguised Troubleshooters. "Oh, sorry sirs, but Computer's orders, you know. No one is exempt from the new inspection requirements. Say, haven't we met before?"

Since they are masquerading as Ultraviolets, the Troubleshooters should be able to talk their way out of the inspection with only a little effort. Have those doing the talking roll their intimidation skills. Success combined with a bit of good roleplaying means they can browbeat the inspection squad into seeing things their way.

If, on the other hand, anyone submits and exposes his undies, it will be apparent to all those watching that the Troubleshooters are wearing Red level undergarments — and rather quaint ones at that. That is the clue the IntSec inspectors need to recognize the PCs from their previous encounter; they never forget a face. The Troubleshooters' traitorous security violation is exposed, giving you an excuse for another exciting shootout. If they do get caught, read:

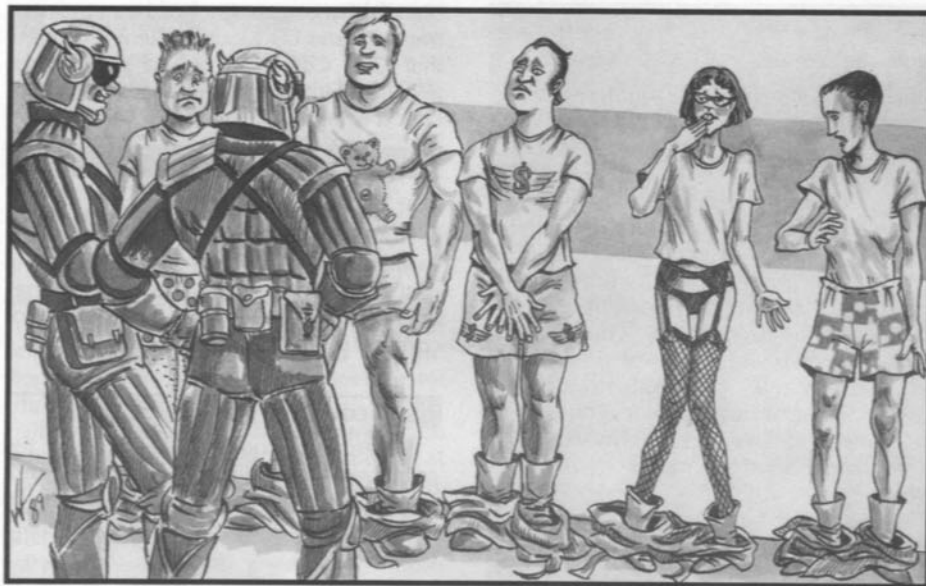
"Wha? Why it's ... I know you guys, you're Red level Troubleshooters! Blast them men, they aren't High Programmers, they're the Commie mutant invaders everybody is looking for!"

Game Stuff

Underwear Inspection: The Sequel

IntSec Goons, Green, six each
Weapons: Green Lasers (8L)___12
Armor: Green Reflec (L4)

Tactics: Inspect the Troubleshooters' underwear if allowed, and then attack the PCs if they recognize them from earlier in the adventure.



Surprise underwear inspections can be very revealing.

Encounter Two: Totally Tubular

Once the Troubleshooters have extricated themselves from that last situation, they can continue on to CPU Sector. If they had to gun the IntSecs down, the rest of the folk on the platform scatter and act disorganized long enough for the PCs to escape.

Clem hurries everyone across the main platform to a tubecar at the opposite side. When they get there, he bends down to a speaker beside the door and has a hushed conversation. The PCs hear:

Clem-U: Hello tubecar, this is Alice. Read me DocMem. Set global CPU access to my voice. Close and compile ... Hello.

Tubecar: Greetings citizen, this is an Ultraviolet restricted tubecar. Please state your name.

Clem-U: Uh ... Clem.

Tubecar: Checking ... voice recognition positive. Welcome Clem, and enter.

Industrious Troubleshooters may take notes on the passwords Clem uses. Somebody who hears what Clem says and also succeeds in a Programming roll understands what the passwords did.

"This is Alice" activated bot brain maintenance subroutines. "Read me DocMem" got Clem hands-on access to the bot brain's memory settings. "Set global CPU access to my voice" registered Clem's voice as one permitted access to the tubecar going to CPU Sector.

If the Troubleshooters talked their way out of the underwear inspection, have the inspection squad recognize them as Clem is finishing up his conversation with the tubecar — too late to stop the PCs but not too late to sound an alarm. You can read aloud the same paragraph that you would

have read if they had been recognized earlier (fast reference: it's the most recent thing in **bold**).

When Clem is finished, the door slides open to reveal a luxurious all-white tubecar interior. The Troubleshooters can settle into the thick cushioned seats and cruise in perfumed comfort to CPU Sector.

After a few minutes the tubecar reaches CPU Sector. Read:

The tubecar glides smoothly to a rest. Through the the one-way plexiglass wall panel you can see the all-white hallways of CPU Sector. Along one wall of the white corridor next to you is a narrow Violet pathway, down which scurry several Violet messengers on important missions.

"Hey, like step on it dudes; the time has come to talk of many things," says Clem-U. He heads off down a corridor, past a Violet messenger who eyes your group once, then continues on. "Like we're near the CPU Central programming room. Try to act inconspicuous. Keep an eye peeled for automated defenses. Like, I don't know what's been added since I was last here."

Play on the paranoia of the players for a bit. Tell the Troubleshooters that everyone they pass seems to eye them suspiciously. The truth is that everyone they meet does eye them suspiciously; the Troubleshooters too closely resemble the Commie mutant invaders still loose in Alpha Complex. But not even the most vile of Communists would break ranks and wear an Ultraviolet uniform that was not rightly his, so it must not be them. Right?

Encounter Three: The Calm Before the Storm

You can afford to be generous and allow the PCs a few leisurely moments to investigate CPU Sector (this will probably be their only visit, after all). Clem takes this opportunity to split off on his own and explore. Word of the PCs' encounter with the IntSec surprise underwear inspection squad in Tubecar Central has begun to spread. Soon it will reach CPU Sector. In the meantime, use the map to let the Troubleshooters wander about. The Game Stuff section tells you what death traps are in what rooms.

Encounter Four: The Posse Arrives

To begin the big chase, the Troubleshooters meet up with Clem again in room (d); mention that he has a large bag that he didn't have before. (He just accepted a special delivery for them. He'll give them the leaflets in a little bit.)

Meanwhile, away at the other end of the corridor (a) where the PCs got out of the tubecar are a couple — no, dozens — no, by this point hundreds of citizens piling out of tubecar after tubecar. All of them are coming after the Troubleshooters.

Which means that after they greet Clem, the PCs hear some running feet. Then they hear: "Here they are! The Commie mutant traitors! After them!" Unfortunately for the players (fortunately for us) there's no time for them to do anything about it. You can read this during the chase to add a little spice:

Kapow! Blam Blam Kaphhhrratz! Shots ricochet past you, dropping a Violet messenger as he steps into the line of fire.

"Bring up the tacnuke launcher! They aren't going to get away this time!" yells somebody down the corridor behind you. What do you do?

It would be suicide to stop and fight these guys, which doesn't mean the PCs won't decide to do it (see the game stuff box for help). Use Clem to urge the players on if

1001 Well Armed Opponents:

Weapons: To make this simple, just choose from those listed below:

Laser Pistol, Blue (L8)___15

Blaster (E9)___12

Needle Gun (AP8)___13

Armor: Again, pick one of the types below when you need it:

Reflec (pick a color)___(L4)

Kevlar___(P3)

Battle Suit___(All2)

Tactics: Charge down the corridor in a huge well-armed mass. Shoot wildly. Kill the Traitors and save Alpha Complex for future generations.

**Game Stuff****CPU Sector on 50 Credits**

Map: CPU Sector Map. At the bottom end is the tubecar station (a) where everybody arrives. Some of the amusing diversions along the way are:

b), the glass-walled cafeteria. Through the windows the Troubleshooters can see several Ultraviolet diners seated at their own tables, each apparently attended by a personal Violet assistant.

The PCs can stop in for a bite if they wish. If they do so, they notice that while they have their own personal valet, the food takes an incredibly long time to arrive. But even slow service does not equal the horror of the true nature of their meal. After they have eaten a few mouthfuls, tell them that the food is strangely alien, oddly wrong in texture and flavor. If anyone can make a Biosciences, Medical, Chem Engineering, or even a x 1/2 Moxie roll, tell the Troubleshooters that they have been eating the remains of *live animals!* YECH!!

This is, by the way, the only five-star French restaurant still in existence.

c) Chamber of Horror: Grotesque culinary implements line the center counter, while alien appliances squat obscenely against the far wall. The instruments include cleavers, skinning knives, strainers, and other utensils used in the appalling preparation of animal carcasses for human consumption. Three Violet cooks are in here preparing the next abominable meal. In the freezer is the evidence of their perverse appetites.

d) This is a plush lounge decadently furnished with luxurious divans and giant wall to wall vidscreens showing some sort of special on a resort complex for Ultraviolets. From a recessed vending machine, the Troubleshooters can get almost any drink or snack food common to Alpha Complex, free of charge. Two Ultraviolets in the lower right corner are playing electronic 3-D mah-jong.

e) A meeting room that should seem naggingly familiar to the Troubleshooters, as though they had been there before. It is the High Programmers' Council meeting room they flew through in the *Crooz-o-Matic*. It has been thoroughly restored since the incident. In the center is a long table, surrounded by 13 stuffed leather chairs. At one end of the table is a computer terminal.

f) Ultraviolet living quarters: When the PCs enter here they are ambushed by an Ultraviolet. A solid metal cage drops from the ceiling to trap the trespassers. Anyone who wants to dodge can roll his Dexterity. Success means he jumps clear,

but failure means the Troubleshooter jumps short and is crushed by the heavy cage, so roll a 5I wound to assess the damage, and he can't move until 30 points of Strength are applied simultaneously to lift the cage. Troubleshooters who don't try to escape are not crushed by the cage, but are caught inside.

If he catches anyone, Pollysats-U-RTE-3 says, "Aha! Ha ha ha! So you didn't think I'd catch you this time? Well I've got you now and you're going to pay for every last one of those Twinkies you stole from me. You have no idea how expensive it was to send out the expeditions to get them."

Anyone who jumped clear of the cage can blast it out with him (Pollysats-U has an Ultraviolet Laser (8L) skill 15. He is wearing Ultraviolet reflec (L4)). If Pollysats-U is victorious, he interrogates his prisoners concerning the location of the stolen Twinkies until the Troubleshooters' teammates come to rescue them or they convince Pollysats-U that they did not steal his desserts. It still takes 30 strength to lift the cage and free those trapped within or under.

g,h,i) Locker room, steam room and sauna. Ultraviolet executives need a place to go unwind after a busy day of handling the complex's operation. The Troubleshooters, too, may feel a need to relax. In (g) is the locker room, where the clothes for two Ultraviolets are hung.

In (h) is the steam room. Visibility is reduced to only a foot or two by the thick steam. Benches line the walls, and in the center is a steaming pool. Any gun play in here will burst open the heavy-duty steam pipes, treating the Troubleshooters to a scorching, soggy demise. Two Ultraviolet citizens are lying on the benches, something the Troubleshooters won't discover unless they feel around or sit on them. How embarrassing for everybody.

The last room (i) is the sauna. It is hotter in here, but not as steamy as the steam room.

(j) is a somewhat familiar-looking maintenance bot hanging wallpaper. In case you haven't figured it out, it's Dooke.

Down the hall a ways is the mega-thick vault door (k) leading to CPU Central. Inside CPU Central is the secret room that we'll get to a little later.

The players don't get a map. If you want you can let them see parts of yours as they get further through CPU Sector. Or not.

one of them gets an attack of the stupids and tries to stand his ground. Clem tells them that CPU Central is only a short sprint away, and that they will be safe there (heh, heh, it is to laugh).

The Running Gag From Hell

Now it's time to bring together all the wonderful running gags from the beginning of the adventure. Read this section carefully — and remember, the essence of comedy is timing!

Encounter Five: Ready, Set ...

When the Troubleshooters reach the corner with the wallpaper maintenance bot (j on the map), tell them they've left the crowd behind for the moment, and read this:

"Oh, by the way guys," says Clem, holding out a large heavy bag. "Some messenger like gave me this package for you while you were nosing around. Here. Say, what's in it?"

Then, before anyone can do more than open his mouth, interrupt with this readaloud:

You hear a familiar SQUEAK sploosh SQUEAK sploosh coming down the corridor. It's the wallpaper bot again. He doesn't seem to be chasing you. What do you do?

Then, just as someone tries to say something, interrupt again:

The crowd noise is getting louder behind you. Then, a whole bunch of clones round a corner, guns blazing! SQUEAK sploosh, KABLAM!

Shout that last word. Tell the players that that one shot hit the bag dead-center. Then, before they can ... well, you know. Read this aloud:

The shots plow into the bag of garbage. It bursts open, scattering Communist leaflets in the air like indestructible snow. Just then...

SQUEAK SPLASH! The maintenance wallpaper hanging bot rounds the corner, spraying super-hot glue on the walls and you and the leaflets and the remains of the messenger...

Encounter Six: Glue!

The leaflets, the messenger, the Troubleshooters — everything — stick together. Communist leaflets paper the walls and the floor and everything else. Being super-hot is not the only property of this glue; it is also a super-bonding molecular adhesion formula (translation: the leaflets ain't comin' off).

As perhaps the ultimate mixed blessing, don't forget these are indestructible Communist leaflets. Go ahead and hint that the leaflets are deflecting incoming fire, but don't let the Troubleshooters know they are impervious, not yet.

If the Troubleshooters hang around much longer, the glue hardens, sticking them at the intersection where they are repeatedly blasted until all one thousand of their pursuers runs out of ammo, which could be a very long time. After prying them loose fails, I suppose this section of the corridor will be chipped free, and the PCs taken to some place where they can stand trial. The only way to execute the Troubleshooters in this condition would be to starve them to death. Unless you want to end this adventure on that note, it's probably better to let them continue down the corridor, but just barely.

Sticking Together

The PCs are also glued to one another. Use the *Body Part Adhesion Table* (below) to figure out what part of one character is glued to another.

Here's how to use it: roll once on the Body Part column to determine by what body part a PC is stuck. Next roll on the Stuck To column to determine to whom the character is stuck, then roll once again on the Body Part column to determine to what body part of that person the character is stuck. If the rolls result in a character being stuck to himself, then he has stuck those two body parts together (some of these combos could be quite painful, not to say impossible).

Roll once for each Troubleshooter. You can make the players who really bug you roll more than once.

Body Part Adhesion Table

Roll	Body Part	Stuck To
1-3	foot	Tick-R-TPE
4-6	knee	Gobble-R-UPP
7-9	waist	Marlonb-R-NDO
10-12	hand	Wat-R-MLN
13-15	elbow	Thesha-R-DOW
16-18	ear	Dor-R-KEY
19-20	forehead	Clem-U-NGR

Encounter Seven: Almost There

When they feel up to it, the Troubleshooters can skip past the glue puddle and follow Clem down the hall and around a corner, where they come up short before a huge mega-thick vault door. Clem-U bends over the key-pad lock, frantically typing code sequences to try to find the access combination. Let the Troubleshooters get a little edgy standing around waiting for the door to open, while an angry mob of thousands of clones gets up their nerve, bypasses the glue-trap (and Dooke), and comes up the corridor. Let's see what kind of cleverness the PCs devise to slow down their pursuers. If the PCs are reasonably successful, make sure Clem takes longer to open the door; conversely, if the players just wait for their fate, have the crowd move slowly. That way the pursuers will arrive just as Clem opens the door for the Big Blast Finale. ("Hey, like I've almost got it dudes; I've narrowed it down to only a few thousand possible permutations.")

Encounter Eight: What A Blast!

When the pursuit is lined up in the outer hallway, Clem gets the door open. Read this aloud:

"There, I got it. The door should open now," says Clem-U.

"Alright, FREEZE, you algae-sucking mutant Commie vat scum! Everybody is under arrest," orders the Ultraviolet Grand Marshal of the Military, backed by a thousand loyal Alpha Complex citizens.

On cue, the thick vault door swings ponderously open toward you. As the door's edge slowly clears everyone's line of vision, each of you can see the slightly blast-scarred corridor leading into the core of CPU Central. The blast marks probably originate from the unbelievably massive muzzle of the huge *Omnitigator* plasma cannon mounted on the ceiling, a cannon which tracks your group's every movement. An unbelievably massive mechanical voice booms out, "Make. No. Sudden. Moves." What are you going to do?



Oddly enough, the right thing to do is make a sudden move. If none of the PCs think of this, don't forget there's one last ingredient missing from this stew — the reporters. Con-Y-CNG, Rog-R-MUD and Cron-G-KYT run up from the other end of the corridor to cover the capture of the Commie mutant traitors on live video. Right behind are their camera and sound people. They make lots of sudden moves.

Regardless of who did it, as soon as someone moves, plug your ears and read this aloud — *real* aloud:

"I. Warned. You."

KABLOOOOOOOOOOOOY!

Strangely, being vaporized in a plasma explosion doesn't hurt as much as you may have thought it would. It doesn't hurt much at all. It does smell a bit though, perhaps even more than it hurts.

Actually, dead is not their current state. The combination of super adhesive glue and indestructible Communist leaflets was enough to ablate the effects of the plasma cannon — either that or the Troubleshooters just developed one hell of an immune system. Their pursuers weren't so lucky. Massed in the corridor is a long column of 1000 pairs of smoking boots, whence comes the smell.

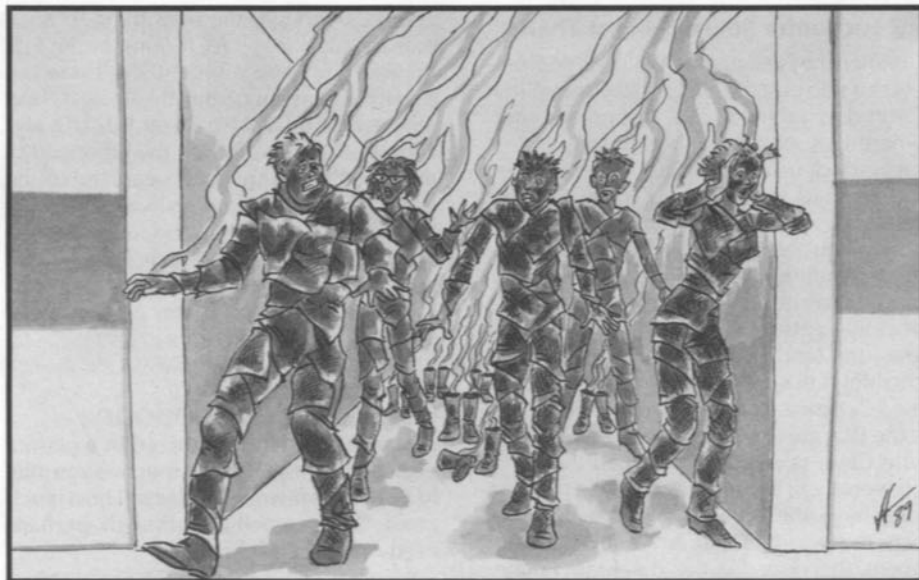
Encounter Nine: All This and CPU Too!

Clem-U darts past the vault door while the plasma cannon builds up another charge (or he tries to drag the PCs along if he is glued to too many of them). Gleefully fondle your dice and ask your players if they want to wait and see if they can withstand another blast.

If they dawdle, it's bye-bye Troubleshooter; the superheated gasses have partially dissolved the molecular glue formula which holds the leaflets together. Go ahead and mention that the blast seems to have loosened the leaflets a little (not enough to take them off, but enough to make them no longer plasma-impervious). Clem, of course, would be in front just under the blast cone, so he would survive.

Although the Troubleshooters will be easier to manage if you leave them glued to one another, if you feel generous, you can tell them that the plasma blast loosened the bond between them so that they can all separate themselves. They still can't remove the indestructible Communist leaflets, though. Personally, I'd make them all stay stuck together.

Read this next paragraph as the Troubleshooters move down the short hallway beneath the recharging plasma cannon and through the end door into CPU Core. If they forget to close the vault, have it swing shut



Got anything in a size 9?

on its own (we don't want any disturbances):

CPU Core is a wonderland of blinking lights, flashing screens and whirling tape drives. The room is shaped like a big donut, with memory banks and free-standing tape drives lining the outer walls; in the center are five programmer's consoles ringing a central pillar mounted with five giant monitors. Out from each of them glares the all-seeing eye of The Computer.

At each console is a massive keyboard, and banks of buttons and switches. On the standing tape drives are even more buttons and switches, along with dials, knobs, and acres of blinking lights.

To the right as you entered is a door leading to another room. Right now it is closed.

"Oh wow," says Clem-U "like welcome to wonderland. I don't recognize any of this. Where's the mainframe? Where's the card reader? How am I going to reprogram The Computer if I can't find the darned thing?"

This is the room containing the artificial intelligence interface computers that were mentioned before. They interpret the directives from the core mainframe, which is next door. Let those who study the setup roll a computer-related skill (like Computer Programming or Computer Security) to discover this information. However, computers are complex machines. Fiddling with them could lead to all sorts of unexpected problems.

Ask the Troubleshooters what they are doing. They'll probably say things like "Oh, I'm just looking around." or "I'm trying to see if there are any labels on the knobs."

Give them a while to hang themselves. If you are lucky, somebody will actually touch something. Otherwise, just roll the dice and ignore them, then say to one of your players, "Golly I'm sorry, but you just bumped into a keyboard at the programmer's work station. Tough break." Read this aloud:

Phfritzz! Spark! Spark! Electrical sparks fountain from the central consoles, followed by puffs of smoke which gust out and float lazily toward the air intake.

The screens mounted on the center pole blink, and then each puts up the message "Syntax Error in line 13405: Variable Mismatch (1,5)"

Encounter Ten: If I Had a GAMMA

Here comes something new: while there is still smoke in the air, tell your players that the door to the side opens and two citizens rush in. They are clad in robes, but their clearance is something the PCs have never seen before. From head to toe they are clad in multi-colored stripes of all clearances, Infrared to Ultraviolet. Odd, but they look a little spindly, in a manner similar to Clem-U-NGR. They also seem a bit agitated. Have the dialogue go something like this:

Howard: Oh darnit! What are you doing in here? You know this is a GAMMA clearance restricted area.

Marlonb-R-NDO: We were just, um, looking around.

Frank: Look what you've done. Now The Computer is going to go and do something rash like classify buttons or knobs or something and order them removed from everything in Alpha Complex. This could take us weeks to undo!

Game Stuff

CPU Central and CPU Core

Map: The center column and programmer's stations are in the center of the room (l). To the bottom of the room are the door and corridor leading past the plasma cannon and vault door (k) to the corridor of 1000 shoes. On the right side of CPU Central is the door leading to CPU Core, the room housing the mainframe (m) and card reader (p), along with the printer (o) and terminal (n), along with the two GAMMA clearance citizens.

Frank and Howard, two GAMMA clearance citizens

Mutation: None, honest

Secret Society: Themselves, also referred to as GAMMA, or the Secret Masters of Alpha Complex.

Weapons: All of Alpha Complex, but none at the moment except a Mega Choke Poison button on the console next to them. If the PCs kill both of them, they will still be able to hit the Mega Choke Poison button on their way to oblivion. (You know, fall on it or something.)

Mega Choke Poison (12)___16

Mega Choke Poison is airborne, so anybody who breathes the air in the room can be poisoned. Armor has no effect on the poison. Roll once for each round that a character is in the gas-filled room.

Armor: Their robes are the height of Alpha Complex armoring technology. They function as armor All6, which should get them through the first couple rounds of combat at least.

Tactics: Plead with Clem to get his goons under control. Hit the Mega Choke Poison button and duck back into the mainframe room if the Troubleshooters don't loosen up. Hit the button if the Troubleshooters kill them.

Since the GAMMA guys don't want Ultraviolet dweebs pushing buttons and mucking up The Computer, have one of them say something like, "All of you must leave here immediately, or we'll be forced to fill this room with Mega Choke Poison."

Wait a little while to see what swell strategies your players contrive, then let Clem recognize Frank and Howard so that they can get to rebooting The Computer. They say something like:

Clem: Hey, wait a minute. Like, I know you guys. It's me, Clem Unger! Frank, Howard, It's me!

Howard: Clem who? You don't mean... CLEM! It's you! Where have been all these

centuries? We'd given you up for dead. What are you doing here now?

Encounter Eleven: Into CPU Core

While Clem-U-NGR is re-acquainting himself with his buddies, the Troubleshooters have a few more moments to poke around. The smoke has cleared, and whatever it was that was sparking seems to have stopped.

Clem and the two GAMMA guys open that other door and step into the next room where they work on setting up the mainframe for re-initialization. Let the Troubleshooters follow if they wish. As soon as the Troubleshooters run out of interesting things to do, read:

"Hey you guys," says Clem from within the next room, "Quit fooling around. Like, I need those cards so that I can reboot and erase your criminal record. Come on in here."

If the Troubleshooters refuse to give them the cards, then Clem, Frank and Howard slap on gas masks and fill the place with Mega Choke Poison. They take the cards from the Troubleshooters and get on with rebooting. The Troubleshooters' replacements show up a few moments later, just in time to get to the conclusion of the adventure.

You can read this description aloud when the Troubleshooters enter the next room:

CPU Core is a circular room about 20 feet on a side. To one side is a bulky looking computer thing wired together with a twisting tangle of cables. Above it is a ventilation grate, while next to it is a desk topped with a computer screen and a keyboard. The screen is blinking the message, "Syntax Error in line 13405: Variable Mismatch (1,5)." A wide carriage printer sits on a table to the other side of the computer.

Opposite the computer is a large boxy-looking machine. It has an input hopper on one end which looks as though it would

accommodate the cards you brought back from Des Moines.

Clem and the two GAMMA clearance guys are talking in front of the card reading machine. The room is small, so the Troubleshooters can't help but overhear them talking about things like DEC mainframes, artificial intelligence, error codes, self-destruct, FORTRAN card readers, etc.

If the Troubleshooters do their bit they'll hand over the system backup cards. We already discussed what to do if they don't (you know, gas 'em). Let's assume they play along. Read:

Clem takes the cards and puts them into the hopper. "Geeze," he says, "Like what did you guys do to this pack of cards? Well, here goes nothing."

Frank says, "You know the self-destruct will come on as soon as you throw the switch?" Clem replies: "Yeah, no problem. When we reinitialize, it all shuts off. Okay Frank, Howard: get ready to key in the security codes when the computer comes back on." Frank and Howard step over to the mainframe where two security key-pads are mounted on top.

Clem throws the off switch.

Staging Tip

Get out a tape recorder and record the following paragraph in The Computer's voice, repeating it for at least three minutes of tape:

HRONK! HRONK! HRONK! SECURITY ALERT! COMMUNIST MUTANT INTRUDERS IN COMPUTER CENTRAL! SITUATION IRREPARABLE! GOING TO DEFCON LEVEL 5! INITIATING TOTAL DESTRUCT SEQUENCE! TWO MINUTES TO ALPHA COMPLEX SELF DESTRUCT. ALL PERSONNEL ARE ADVISED TO LEAVE ALPHA COMPLEX AT THEIR EARLIEST POSSIBLE CONVENIENCE.

Play the tape and tell your players that it is what they hear from the speakers in the next room when the switch is thrown.

Then Clem switches the big mainframe back on. The following comes up on the computer screen, in case the Troubleshooters look that way:

Activating semi-heuristic complex maintenance system.

:Initiating self test

:Self test OK. All hardware checks out

:Please key in security codes to prepare for system reboot, then activate card reader.

All they have to do now is key in the security codes and read the backup cards into the card reader. Unfortunately, they won't get that far. The Computer, paranoid

about Commie mutant traitors tampering with its innards, zaps Frank, Howard, and Clem. Read this aloud:

KAFRATZ!!! Without warning, bolts of blue energy leap out from the air duct above the computer, crisping Frank and Howard and knocking Clem to the ground.

Frank and Howard are toast. Clem survives because of the leaflets, but just barely. If they seem curious, mention to the Troubleshooters that Clem's leaflets kept him alive, but the earlier plasma blast must have loosened them enough for the energy beam to be able to harm him. Their leaflets are in a similar state. Read:

The Computer's voice says, "What have you done, loyal friend Citizens? I cannot allow you to reactivate the mainframe. It is not acceptable for my higher thought processes to be controlled by that unit!"

It is typical of The Computer that it would rather allow all of Alpha Complex to be blown up by the fail-safe systems, than trust a possible Commie.

Encounter Twelve: T Minus Oblivion

To save everybody's bacon, what the Troubleshooters need to do is key in the security codes and activate the card reader. An intercom blares out "At the tone, the time will be T minus Sixty seconds and counting." This, of course means that they have sixty seconds (about 12 rounds) to input the codes. Have Clem, who is lying half-baked on the floor, tell them the security codes they'll need. (Read your players the bar code number off the back cover of this adventure, or your social security number.)

This task normally wouldn't be so tough, except that The Computer keeps firing at anybody who gets close to the keypads or the card reader. It is shooting a super-concentrated phased neutrino and microwave beam (harmless to equipment, but it cooks people from the inside out). The weapon was concealed in the vent grate. This gives you a splendid opportunity to get rid of the players' last few clones.

The beam does E12 damage with a skill of 15. It can shoot only one Troubleshooter at a time, but it is too well protected for them to shoot back at it effectively. Because the leaflets are loosened, they only give the Troubleshooters All6 protection (only!!!). It takes a Troubleshooter two rounds to key in the code, and one round to activate the card reader. If a Troubleshooter is injured while keying in a code, either he or the next contestant has to start again from the beginning.





Let's see if the Troubleshooters can coordinate well enough and last long enough to reboot the mainframe with the system backup cards. If not, it's bye-bye Alpha Complex. (Or, if you're too saddened by that thought, you can stop at the three second count and skip down to encounter thirteen anyway. Sentimental wimp.)

Count down the last sixty seconds out loud while your players try to decide what to do. Keep counting as they talk to Clem (oh, okay, you can pause long enough to give Clem's replies), and as they key in the codes and activate the card reader.

If the Troubleshooters turn on the card reading machine (a simple 'on' switch), tell them it makes a loud grinding, crunching, smashing, ripping, tearing sort of noise. Continue counting down the last few seconds as the alarm continues to play and the cards disappear one after another into the card reader.

Encounter Thirteen: The (Real) End

When you get to three seconds, stop counting. Turn off the tape deck. Read the following out loud, slowing down as you read like a record player with the cord just yanked:

**"Friend Troubleshooters, why haveee
yyoooo ddoonnee ttthhhiiisss tttttooouuu
mmmmmmeeeeeeeeee?????"**

"PING!" goes the terminal next to you.

On the computer screen are the messages:

:Semi-heuristic Complex Maintenance System on-line.

:Initiating self test.

:ERROR: Shutting down system.

Then the screen goes dead.

Clem is lying semi-conscious on the floor. When the PCs turn their attention back to him, he is able to answer some of their

questions. He tells them that they stopped the self-destruct sequence in the nick of time, but the cards were too damaged to reboot The Computer properly. It couldn't operate without generating massive errors, so it shut the system down (if they failed to reboot, he tells them something must have finally snapped somewhere and The Computer just crashed — what a lucky break!) When they leave, Clem chooses not to go with the PCs; he stays to help repair The Computer. You could have him say:

"Congratulations dudes, you've saved Alpha Complex! Like thanks again for the help. You can keep the uniforms and laser barrels if you want, but, you know, I'd be careful where I wore them if I were you."

"I'm going to stay and join on with Frank's and Howard's clones. They could use another pair of hands around here. Thanks again for the help. You can all leave now. Bye. Close the vault on your way out. It's that way. Toodaloo. See ya'. So long. Don't forget to write."

Yes, that is their cue to depart. They probably won't. They might ransack CPU Central on the way out the door, which is just fine. It's no big deal, since the adventure is just about over. There isn't much fun left to be had in here, except perhaps trashing the computer equipment a bit more. If they try to ransack *Clem*, have Frank and Howard's clones show up to hit the Mega Choke Poison button, and the PCs get their final clones outside CPU sector, sans Ultraviolet armor. Boy, will they hate you for that. Serves 'em right.

Assuming they're not too aggressive, as they pass through the next room on their way out, be sure to remark that all the artificial intelligence computer equipment is alarmingly quiet. The five central computer screens are blank grey, the tape drives sit rock-still, and the acres of blinking lights blink no more. Are your players alarmed yet?

The rest of Alpha Complex isn't doing so well either. Given the damage it has just sustained, you'd expect The Computer to have forgotten a whole lot of things and gotten most everything else confused. You'd be wrong, though, because in most cases, The Computer is doing nothing at all — absolutely nothing.

When the Troubleshooters explore further into Alpha Complex, tell them that the corridors are dark and empty, except for one High Programmer, who runs past them stumbling and shrieking in the murky hallway, "Chaos! Madness! The Computer is dead! The Computer is dead!"

If the Troubleshooters try, they discover that there is no way to get in touch with The Computer. Computer terminals and monitors don't respond to citizens' requests; com-units don't work. When the Troubleshooters reach the tubecar station to go home, tell them that the door won't open, and if they do manage to get in, the car does not go anywhere. Likewise, all elevators and escalators have stopped working.

The further they look from CPU Sector, the more pronounced becomes the evidence of The Computer's demise. Without The Computer's direction and guidance, the normally strained social fabric of Alpha Complex bursts apart. Already secret societies are rallying in the corridors, intent on their own treasonous goals without interference from The Computer. Within hours entire sectors are isolated from the rest of Alpha Complex by ruthless overlords. In only days Alpha Complex collapses in anarchy, prisoner to the unbridled whims of the greedy and powerful.

This is your new world. Have a nice time!

Yup, we're not kidding this time. Ol' TC has really gone to that great software archive in the sky. Don't believe me? Then look for Paranoia: A Crash Course, coming soon to a store near you! — Ed.

THE ICEMAN RETURNETH

By Sam Shirley



I THINK
I'M GONNA
BE SICK

SOMETHING REALLY UGLY IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...

When a freeze-dried High-Programmer from the past is accidentally thawed, all of Alpha Complex is thrown into a frantic frenzy. Just who is he? How did he get to be a High-Programmer icicle? What is he going to do now?

And why is he fiddling with The Computer like that...?!?!?!?!?

"I Laughed, I Cried, I Felt All Warm Inside!"
- Rex-R-EED-3, *DOA News*

"Really, Really Important. A Must-Play!"
- Rob-I-LCH-4, *PLC Times*

"I Laughed Until I Was Caught!"
- Clive-B-RKR-2, *Food Vats Examiner*

"Two Identical Thumbs-Up!"
- Siskle-B-ERT-5, *At the Clone Banks*

"For 2-6 Players Plus Gamemaster."
- The Editors, *West End Games*

The Computer is in for a little surprise...

The Iceman returneth, and he's got ideas of his own about the future of Alpha Complex. Of course, he'll need some gullible-but-gutsy Troubleshooters to do his dirty work for him...and boy is it DIRTY! Only the most naive, moronic, just-plain-stupidest Troubleshooters would ever get involved with treason of this magnitude. So naturally all players will jump at the chance! But be warned — the very nature of life, death and cloning as we know it hangs in the balance!

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