

RIP1

For 2-6 Clones Levels Red to Green

#80108

PARANOIA PARANOIA



Orcbusters

by Ken Rolston



PC Roster

Name: Distinguishing Characteristics; Skills	Mutant Power	Combat Skills		Stats							
		Unarmed/ Laser Pistol	Special Weapons	STR	END	AGI	DEX	MOX	CHT	MEC	POW
1. Frowd-O-THF-3 ('Lefty-The-Dip'): packrat; bootlicking, con, scrounging.	Charm	25% / 57%	Sling 57%	9	16	13	18	15	14	7	7
2. Bubba-R-IAN-3 ('Bubbles'): pinhead; Louisville slugger.	Mental Block	23% / 42%	Bat 53%	20	18	12	14	4	13	5	11
3. Sonja-R-FTR-2 ('Red'): bloodthirsty vet; primitive aimed weapon, primitive melee weapon.	Combat Mind	17% / 55%	Bow 65% Knife 55%	12	17	16	17	10	11	9	10
4. Jahl-Y-ELF-3 ('Giggles'): excruciatingly upbeat; cheerful prattle, plant lore, animal lore.	Regenerate Machine Empathy	35% / 55%	Phaser 55%	10	12	17	17	7	10	4	9
5. Grump-Y-DWF-3 ('Shorty'): ill-tempered midget; pickaxe, grumbling, mining.	Mechanical Intuition, Machine Sense, Detect Sloping Passage	22% / 34%	Pickaxe 37%	16	18	8	10	15	12	16	6
6. Merle-Y-NNN-3 ('Psycho'): Registered Mutant, blackout connoisseur; laser pistol, autocar operation.	Telekinesis, Mental Blast, Levitate, Trance Teleport	16% / 41%	Energy Pistol 41%	11	13	7	11	10	11	16	14

Blue Clearance Armor

Mixture of kevlar, reflex, and shock-absorbing padding.

Column Shifts (by weapon type)

L	S	E	P	AP	F	Ms	M
3	—	—	2	1	—	—	1

Wizard Roster

Wizard	Favorite Mutant Powers*	Stats		Combat Skills**
		POW	Other	
Skibex: Easily panicked; wants to go home Real Bad; hates the sight of blood (especially his own).	Darkness, Electroshock	14 (+100 in wand)	10	54% / 79%
Phemud: Alert; level-headed; usually stuck in the middle of Skibex's and Chodor's arguments; reasonably polite to PCs.	Protection, Empathic Healing, Electroshock	20 (+100 in wand)	10	44% / 54%
Chodor: Bloodthirsty, arrogant killer; just as soon stay in Alpha Complex and take over as go home.	Fireball	17 (+100 in wand)	10	64% / 64%

* Shows each wizard's personal favorites. All three wizards have the following mutant powers (described in section **04 Magic in PARANOIA**): Regeneration, Charm, Telepathic Sense, Mental Block, Minor Telekinesis, Electroshock, Trance Teleport, Telepathic Projection, Deep Probe, Empathic Healing, Tongues, Animate Dead, Protection Shield, Fireball, Darkness, Transform Other.

** The first percentage is Unarmed combat (which wizards avoid like the plague), the second is for attacking with a wand (drains all POW from target and sucks it into wand).

Damaged Bot Roster

(All bots appear in Episode 2 of this adventure)

Type and Background	Move (speed)	Weapons / Skill %	Chassis Size / Bigger is Better Factor*
Scrubot 11/F-823: Cheerful dimwit; threw a bearing; hanging upside down waiting for replacement.	Hang (immobile)	Scrubber manipulators / 15% (Damage Column 1)	Small / —
Warbot 12M-5988: Shell-shocked veteran; limps in circles and whacks with empty guns if ordered into combat.	Limp (walk)	Ruined cone rifle (used as club) / 85% (Damage Column 4)	Medium / 1
Jacobot 350-209UV: Polite butler; intermittent short circuit causes seizures — grabs things and shakes a lot.	Tread (stroll)	Manipulators / 25% (Damage Column 2)	Medium / 1
Jackbot 330-203Z: Crazy axe murderer; "gone frankenstein" and hates humans; nailed securely to wall.	Thrash futilely (immobile)	Manipulators / 35% (Damage Column 2)	Medium / —

*Ignore this if you don't own **ACUTE PARANOIA**. Or run out and buy a copy NOW.

NPC Roster

Name and Background	Combat Skills*	Armor	STR	END	AGI	DEX	MOX	CHT	MEC	POW
Randy: Cowardly green toadying lizardman; pathological liar with fondness for manflesh; bites on Damage Column 5; <i>Tongues</i> and <i>Telepathic Sense</i> mutant powers.	45% / —	leather	4	15	18	4	12	20	1	13
Patrons of The Reluctant Scrubot: Snookered Indigo and Violet Citizens; enthusiastic brawlers; prefer busting heads to shooting.	45% / 60%	reflec	14	12	9	10	11	8	11	9
Generic Loyal Citizens: Innocent bystanders at TechServe and Power Relay Station; R&D techs sucked into Dimension X; whining, snivelling jerks without an ounce of self-respect; good target practice.	23% / 30%	reflec	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Six Red Troubleshooters: Clumsy incompetent paranoids (typical Troubleshooters).	34% / 45%	reflec	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Blue Bucket Brigade Revolutionaries (3): Three Stooges meet James Bond; Red reflec and padded armor; needleguns and one hand flamer.	20% / 45%	reflec / padding	10	17	5	4	19	7	9	8
Generic Dimension X Humans: Naked, semi-intelligent primitives; slobber enthusiastically and grunt a lot.	— / —	none	17	15	10	4	1	1	1	1
Overseers: Like Randy but less trustworthy; sycophantic backstabbers; 10% have <i>Tongues</i> and <i>Telepathic Sense</i> ; bite on Damage Column 5, stab with sword or spear on column 7.	45% / —	Leather	4	15	18	4	10	17	1	9

* The first percentage is Unarmed, the second is Armed (usually Laser Pistol).

Monster Roster

Monster	Attack %	Weapon	Damage Column*	Armor Class**
Gelatin Monster: 3 x 3 x 3 meters of real stupid raspberry jello; crushes real stupid clones; oozes at Stroll speed.	90% / 80%	Spit / Crush	0 / 10	-4 (no vital organs)
The Lady: Blood-sucking lamia / soul-sucking succubus; chews on necks; ambles at a Walk.	75%	Bite	sucks soul	-5 (magical essence)
Mr. Tiger: Hungry Bengal; chomps or slashes twice per round; pounces at Sprint speed.	75%	Claw & Bite	9	0
Doorward: Humorous gargoyle with riddle; attacks with <i>pluswhun</i> sword once per round; hit only by melee weapons; moves at Stays Put speed (hangs out on ledge over door).	75%	Pluswhun Sword	9	-3 (melee weapons only)
Water Elemental: Animated puddle; splashes all PCs violently once per round; leaves alone PCs who have burned it; moves faster than Sprint speed.	50%	Watery Pseudopod	5 (ignore armor)	(see table below)
Slathering Hound of Oxidation: Slobbering, drooling, lonesome and hysterically chummy magic pooch; slobber rusts all metal within 2 meters; gambols at a Sprint.	100%	Slobbering drool	rust	0 (melee weapons only)
Huge Emperor Killer Penguins (40): Machiavellian amphibians; would rather talk than fight; chomp undiplomatic PCs; swim at Sprint speed.	65%	Teeth	7	0
Wandering Monsters: Assorted dungeon denizens; truculent unbribable killers; wander at Sprint speed.				
Kobold: Short green goon with sword.	50%	Sword	8	Leather Armor
Troglodyte: Squat little geek with club.	50%	Club	7	0
Troll: Like troglodyte but uglier; <i>Regenerates</i> (POW 7).	50%	Club	7	0
Giant: Real Big hairy thug with Real Big club	50%	Club	10	-2 (big dude)
Lizardman: Smelly, short-tempered Randy-like monster with club.	50%	Club	7	-2 (tough skin)
Giant Toad: Lousy conversationalist with sticky tongue (one-use tangler).	50%	Tongue	entangles (1 use)	0
Zombies (10): Mindless meat robots; attempt to cling to PCs (halve zombie-covered PC's skills); unaffected by Stun and Wound results; Incapacitate or better damage knocks parts off; lurches at Walk.	75%	Cling	halves PC Skills	0
Spectre: Insubstantial dead guy; affected only by "pluswhun weapon"; icy grip melts victim's mind and will (on result of "Wound" or better); looms at Run speed.	95%	icy grip	unconsciousness	0 (pluswhun weapons only)
Orc: Wimpy housekeeper; no skills; sleazy attempt by West End to justify title.	—	—	—	0

* Lists Damage Column to use for monster's attack.

** Number of Damage Columns to shift to the left for defense, or lists the type of armor the monster is wearing.

Water Elemental Armor Table

L	S	E	P	AP	F	Ms	M
4	—	—	4†	4	—	6‡	6

† napalm or HE round — no shift. ‡ grenade — no shift.

PARANOIA



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Wizards? Lizardmen? A Dungeon? In PARANOIA?

Sure. Okay, it's a stupid idea, but look — is it any less stupid than the ideas we had for our other adventures. . . ?

[Ehr. . . say, Ken, I'm not sure that's exactly the sort of line we want to follow here. Can't you say something a little more. . . upbeat?

Oh. Okay. How about. . .]

Look. Not only can your players get blown up, back-stabbed, betrayed, hosed, incinerated, crushed, and repeatedly executed, but in *this* adventure they can also get turned into a collie, devoured by a dragon, munched by a tiger, chopped in half by a gargoyle, soul-sucked by a spectre, drowned, then ripped apart by killer penguins. . .

[Wait, that's all the fun the *players* have. What about the gamemaster?]

Right. And you gamemasters, you get to play wizards and use any magic you want, and your players can't complain, 'cause there ain't no rules, and you get to play a lying, whining, toadying lizardman they'd love to strangle, but they can't, 'cause they need him, and you've got a whole *dungeon* full of personality-disordered monsters to pester them with, not to mention the standard Alpha Complex wackos and Our Friend The Computer, and there are lots of opportunities to make loud squalling noises in your players' ears and. . .

[Uh, Ken. . . I think maybe you ought to try your more formal, expository approach. . .

Well. . . if you say so. . .]

The Formal and Mature-Sounding Pitch for the Virtues of ORCBUSTERS

Long ago, in a galaxy far, far away, my idea of a good time was finding six Cloud Giants jammed into a 10 x 10 room. I wasn't particularly interested in how those giants came to be jammed into the room — I just wanted to whack on the giants, or taunt them, or con them into joining my party so we could go look around for another 10 x 10 room jammed with 15 red dragons or something.

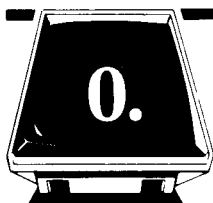
Those were the Good Old Days.

PARANOIA is a reincarnation of the Good Old Days. **PARANOIA** has lots of action and mayhem, lots of bizarre and implausible oddities, lots of unconventional problems requiring unconventional solutions, ample opportunities for improvisation and humor, a free-wheeling and irresponsible attitude toward rules — in short, a perfect way to waste an evening or two.

We World Famous West End Game Designers can all trace the humble beginnings of our craft back to stupid, cheerful dungeon crawls where we gathered loot and vortal swords as we tumbled into pit traps, swapped riddles with sphinxes, and hewed the heads from many an orc. It is with a deep nostalgia and heart-felt pride that we return to plunder the rich resources of our primitive origins and transform them into the dream stuff of a **PARANOIA** adventure.

Evil wizards. Loathesome servitors. Torchlit subterranean corridors. Fireballs. Wandering Monster Tables. And Our Heroes, caught between The Computer and the Forces of the Unknown.

Say, has anybody seen my Horn of Valhalla?



0. Introduction

0.1 Adventure Materials

Okay. Let's see what you got for your well-spent bucks.

The Adventure

Bunches of pages of brilliant game design, witty writing, and first-class illustration. Tips on how to stage the adventure. Charming and edifying digressions. Sample dialogs. Plot options. How to keep a choke hold on your players' illusory freedom of choice.

24 pages. Count 'em. Go ahead. This is the important stuff.

The Maps

Look at pages 13, 14, 19, 20. Maps. You *could* keep them to yourself, but we made them so you can show them to your players without giving away any of the Deep, Dark Secrets that gamemasters love to keep. (Don't show your players the Dungeon map, though.) The maps can be easily separated from the booklet using a +5 Scissors of Adventure-Slashing.

Pregenerated Characters

In a hurry to play? Killed all the other player characters in the last adventure? Use these. They are also a good example of the personality disorders, checkered pasts, and treasonous equipment that every **PARANOIA** character should have. Finally, they make a swell NPC party of Troubleshooters to send after your campaign characters when they get a little slow in serving the Will of The Computer. These will fall out of the booklet when you yank on the maps.

Notes on Player Characters

Frowd-O-THF-3: The PCs will have no opportunities to go to Outfitting and Supply in this adventure. In fact, they're going to run out of stuff real fast, unless Frowd-O uses his mildly treasonous skill, "Scrounging."

Frowd-O can scrounge just about anything — weapons, food, treasonous items, etc. Adjust his Base Percentage (60%) according to the security clearance of what he is attempting to scrounge — -10% per level above Red clearance. Difficulty of obtaining treasonous items depends on the scarcity of the item — booze is pretty easy, for example, while Madonna albums are more difficult. A

failure means either the item isn't available, or Frowd-O gets caught scrounging — according to GM whim.

Jahl-Y-ELF-3: Jahl-Y has the special skill, "Cheerful Prattle." This is just like Motivation (see **Gamemaster Handbook**, page 38), except that a failed roll subtracts 10% from further interaction rolls.

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

Grump-Y's unique mutant power, "Detect Sloping Passage," has absolutely no possible use in this adventure. Sorry.

The Disintegration Matrix: Whenever Grump-Y messes with this device, roll percentile dice. **01-25%:** high-pitched squealing noises come from all speakers in the area; **26-50%:** all rubber (bot tires, gun handles, gaskets) within 10 meters oxidizes and crumbles; **51-75%:** the matrix acts like a giant electromagnet, attracting all metal within 10 meters; **76-99%:** for 30 seconds all gravity is cancelled within 10 meters; **100%:** nothing happens.

Merle-Y-NNN-3: Merle-Y has blackouts. Lots and lots of blackouts. Any time something interesting is going on, there is a base 20% chance of him blacking out. Any time nothing interesting is going on, there is a base 100% chance of him blacking out. (Just kidding. Heh, heh.)

Gamemaster Screen

This is called "the cover" when you look at the colorful side. On the black-and-white side we printed reference charts for the non-player characters, bots, wandering monsters, and other bit parts. We also include a summary chart for the pregenerated player characters, which I guess you could use whether the players are using those characters or some other characters. Go ahead. See what you can get away with.

0.2 Adventure Background

Treasonous Commie Mutants from Dimension X

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

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

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

The sudden disappearance of part of the DND Sector Computer Subsystem causes quite a stir. The PCs are called in to investigate.

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

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

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

Guess who gets assigned this interesting job?

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

Kouble-I-KAN-6

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

One fine day an insignificant Red flunky was dispatched to retrieve a file from the pleasure dome. While looking for the file, the flunky spotted a box marked "Transdimensional Collapsatron:

Introduction

Security Clearance Ultraviolet. Real Important and Dangerous Artifact. Don't Mess With It." The flunky, a Computer Phreak secret society member, couldn't resist.

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

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

The Transdimensional Collapsatron

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

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

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

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

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

Zooooop!

What's Really Going Down Here?

When supplied with power, the Transdimensional Collapsatron (TC) creates a spherical field around itself (in pseudo-technical jargon, an extra-spatio-temporal interface), opening a gateway between dimensions. Anything inside the sphere (with the exception of the Collapsatron itself) is dumped into another space-time continuum, and an equal amount of matter from the other continuum is dumped into this one. The process is quite safe (unless the portal opens

in someplace like vacuum), but it has one small design flaw.

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

Imagine the techbot's surprise.

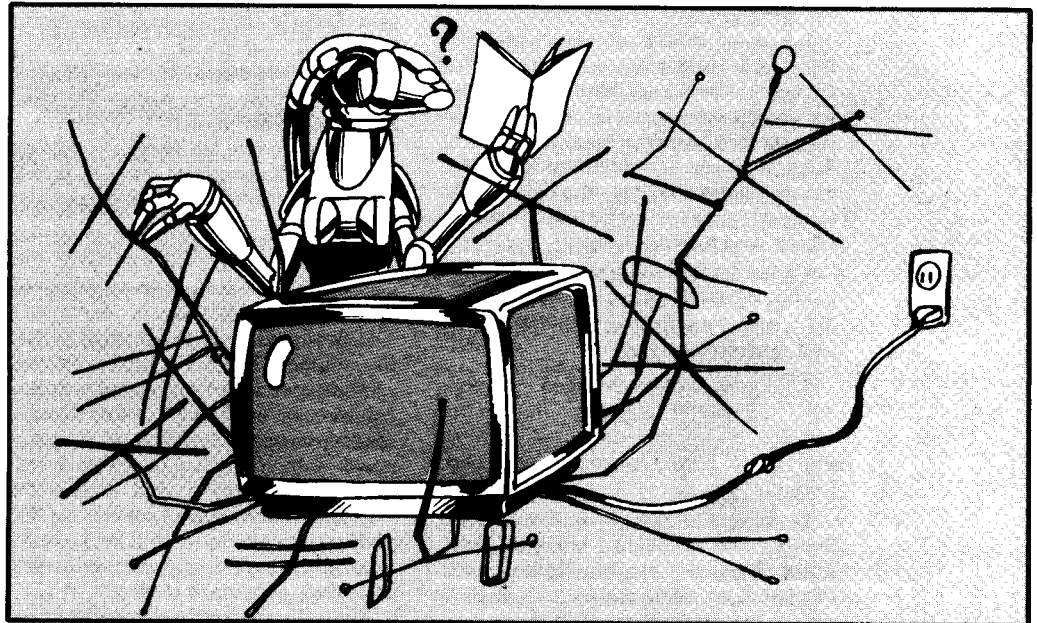
On the bright side, the temperature and gravitational fluxes immediately sheared the TC's plug, turning off the machine before intense gravity had a chance to suck most of Alpha Complex into a small, incredibly dense wedge of pulp. However, the field didn't deactivate until after it

Is The Computer dead?

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

0.3 Three Marooned Wizards

Think about the poor wizards — stranded in a strange universe, wandering around with a mysterious device that they suspect has summoned them to this



had performed its inter-dimensional switcheroo. . .

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

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

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

Yup.

It was bound to happen sooner or later. Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the dungeon. . .

Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch. . .

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

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

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

Transdimensional Collapsatron: Some assembly required.

The Innocents Abroad

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

Of course, these are intelligent, questing scientists, naturally curious about their environment, not immune to



Orcbusters



the thrill of adventure and conflict, and always with a keen eye out for potential sources of sorcerous power and knowledge. So, of course, while looking for a way home they do a bit of innocent experimentation on the Citizens and objects of Alpha Complex — just to see how they work.

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

1. Initially, when their spell-casting powers are not dangerously low, they use Telepathy, Deep Probe and Tongues to communicate with cooperative natives.

2. They soon find out there is no such thing as a cooperative native in Alpha Complex. After a brief introduction to the lethal firepower carried by uncooperative natives, they use Protection and Trance Teleport powers to evade. After they pop out of trouble, they take the first opportunity to recharge their magical staves (about which, more later).

3. If the natives are not too intimidating, they use a little magical muscle to test the natives' mettle and abilities. (And, well, just for fun, too.)

4. If the wizards are engaged in important, purposeful activities, like interrogating an uncooperative native, they use magical powers to ensure privacy and non-interference.

5. When dramatic technological devices like flashlights, lasers, plasma guns, bots or butane lighters are displayed, or when natives use mutant powers, the wizards are as curious as is consistent with their personal safety. (Assume a medieval mindset — what would fascinate a Dark Ages scholar?)

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

Randy the Wonder-lizard

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

Your players will hate him, of course.

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

Computer promote Randy to Indigo-level and assigned to the PCs' task force.

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

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

So. In **ORCBUSTERS**, the wizards' "magical" powers work just like **PARANOIA** mutations.

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

Is that genius or what?

How it Works

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

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

However, as many of you who have played *Other Game™* know, what with wandering monsters and random gods popping in at all hours of the night to kill you, it can be difficult to get a decent eight hours' sleep. Skibex, Chodor, and Phemud have a nifty way to overcome this: they drain power points from innocent bystanders.

And here in Alpha Complex, until someone shows himself capable of Shaping the Force, he is assumed to be cattle, and thereby an appropriate subject for power draining.

A wizard can drain a Citizen's entire power attribute into his staff by touching the aforementioned individual with the aforementioned object and concentrating briefly. The Citizen promptly passes out, dropping into a terrible dream of emptiness and powerlessness ("I'M FALLING FOREVER INTO EMPTINESS AND POWERLESSNESS! AAAHIE!") for 1D10 rounds. When he comes to, he immediately makes an insanity check.

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

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

OTHER NOTE: The wizards will always use their staves' power before tapping their personal power.

Magical Powers

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

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

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

Concentration, Duration, Range, and All That Stuff

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

Use the following guidelines to govern concentration and spell failure. Power checks are made against personal power; staff power doesn't count.

- no distractions, plenty of time — *extremely easy power check* (1D10)
- minor distractions and/or some time pressure (60 seconds or more) — *easy power check* (2D10)
- distracted and/or hurried (30-60 seconds) — *difficult power check* (3D10)
- physically jostled or harmed and/or panicked (10-30 seconds) — *very difficult power check* (4D10)
- wounded and/or no preparation (one round) — *outrageous power check* (5D10)

Introduction

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

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

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

Magical Components

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

Staging Spells

Some tips for effective presentation of mutant powers/spells:

- Make your descriptions of spell effects colorful and imaginative. In most fantasy roleplaying magic rules the visual (and aural and tactile and olfactory) aspects are neglected. For example, a fireball — "A dazzling glow like burning magnesium forms at the tip of the staff, blindingly intense. Half an instant later the glow expands like a flower and the wave-front of heat blasts your face — your jumpsuit bursts into flame, malfunction alarms sound on various pieces of equipment, and there is a dull thud behind you as an HE round explodes in the chamber of Skue-B-DUE's cone rifle."
- Play the spell-casting concentration element to the hilt. Initially the wizards will have plenty of time to concentrate, making gestures and mumbling hocus-pocus. When the PCs start rushing them, the wizards squint, tongue protruding a little bit, stammering and jittering about, fumbling with their staves and correcting their postures with panicky twitches.
- When a wizard fails a power check and klutzes a spell, either nothing happens (clean, simple, elegant — and boring) or something happens, just not what was intended. The spell can be more-or-less correct (like a slightly smaller fireball, or Tongues spell with a speech impediment), or completely off-the-beam (instead of a fireball, a hail of jellyfish). One way to inspire inadvertent variation in spell effect is to roll percentile dice each time a spell is klutzed. The closer the roll to 50, the more benign and marginal the

variation. The closer the roll to 01, the more catastrophic and undesirable the result. The closer to 00 (100), the more fortunate the variation (sometimes an artist simply outdoes himself).



Mutant Powers

Regeneration (5-10 points): The wizards seem to recover miraculously from injuries between encounters.

Charm: This makes Citizens docile and cooperative when the staves need recharging, or when the wizards want information.

Telepathic Sense (1 point per minute plus 1 point per new subject): Basic scanning of Citizens and other potential informants.

Mental Block (1 point per minute): If a wizard senses a psionic power being used on him, he instantly puts up the Block. He also is very curious about the Citizen who used the power.

Minor Telekinesis (1 point per minute for 100 grams; 1D10 points for 1 kilogram): Used to steal things, disarm hostile natives, create general confusion.

Electroshock (1D10 points): The equivalent of a stungun; useful for taking captives to be questioned later at leisure.

Trance Teleport (2D10 and easy power check, minimum): Standard getaway drill.

Telepathic Projection (1 power point per minute of projection): Cheap, reliable one-way communication.

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

Empathic Healing (1D10 power): Transfers pain effects of any disease or injury from one victim to another for five minutes. Both victims must be within 5 meter radius. Does *not* alter physical condition of either victim, but transfers stun and incapacitation penalties from one individual to another.

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

Special Powers

Tongues (2D10): Permits wizards to speak and comprehend a foreign language. Also

permits reading foreign language through eyes of native speaker.

Animate Dead (2D10): Essentially a lesser golem spell, this causes a corpse to magically animate and follow the user's directions for the duration of the spell.

Protection Shield (3D10; easy power check minimum): Bread and butter spell. Provides complete protection from effects of material, energy, or magical attacks from outside 2 meter radius of spell. No effect on melee attacks.

Melee attack is defined as any attack where attacker and victim are in direct and constant contact with the instrument of attacking — that is, if the attacker is whacking or poking the defender with something he is holding in his hand. (By this definition, a grenade is a melee weapon — if the attacker is willing to hold onto it while he strikes the victim.)

There is a 0-20% chance of shield failure, depending on the intensity of the attack (GM judgement). Sample guidelines: 1 hand laser — 1%; 5 hand lasers or one cone rifle HE round — 5%; 5 HE rounds or 1 sonic blaster — 10%; plasma generator — 20%.

Fireball (1D10 power, easy power check minimum): Effects identical with those of a hand flamer.

Darkness (1D10 power): Bread-and-butter spell — all-purpose-defense-confuse-the-enemy operation. 15-foot radius. Wizards can see; no one else can. Infrared or other special darkness vision gear is completely ineffective.

Transform Other (2D10 power): The wizard can change his victim into any living creature of approximately the same size (plus or minus 100% mass). Expensive, but very, very impressive. For the duration of the spell, victim actually becomes the creature in body and mind. The new creature isn't under the wizard's control, but is justifiably terrified of him. Victim must make difficult insanity check after returning to former shape.

Other Special Powers

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

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

But it's not **PARANOIA**.

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

Abacadabra.



1. The Gathering of the Fellowship

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

1.1 Ever Wonder What Those Real Loud Sirens That Go Off On Saturday Mornings Are For?

Read the following aloud:

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

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

[Make a megaphone out of your *Player's Handbook*. Yell "Whoop, whoop, whoop" through it for 20 or 30 minutes.]

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

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

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

The screen goes black.

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

1.2 At the Inn of the Reluctant Scrubot

The PCs wheedle directions to the In- digo Recreation Center out of The Com-

puter. Maybe they even think to get tem- porary passes into an Indigo-level area. (If not, maybe their clones think of it. Snicker.) Anyway, sooner or later somebody gets there.

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

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

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

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

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

In one corner, a couple of Vulture Squadron guys are arm-wrestling. In another, two giggling R&D executives are pouring a yellow-green liquid over the head of a third who seems to be asleep. His hair is dissolving. Some HPD&MC and IntSec folk have formed a rumba line beyond the dispensary, and somebody else is swinging from the lightsource.

Oh. Wait a bit. Some of the patrons have stopped laughing and talking. They

seem to be looking at you. In fact, now everybody is looking at you. The music stops.

Dead silence.

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

What are you going to do?

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

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

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

The goon answers, "Oh yeah? Com- mere."

He leads you across the dispensary to the table he came from and gestures for you to sit down. Around you, the other patrons put away their heavy armament and go back to their fun.

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

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

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

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

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

[Speak in a sinister whisper.]

"Hi. Please watch the following film. It was taken this morning from a secur- ity camera in the DND Sector Computer Subsystem."

The black mist fills the ball. The words, "IntSec IntMont film #1022470. Filmed at DND CompSub, 6/17; 0605-0615. Authorized Personnel Only.

Copyright MXPXLMII, The Computer, Inc. All Rights Reserved" appear within the ball.

You are viewing the main processing core of DND Sector Computer Subsystem from what you guess to be a vid-camera mounted high in one corner. The film is silent. The picture is dark and grainy. You see:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fade to black.

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

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

IntSec Armor

The PCs are issued Blue IntSec armor. Boy is it wifty. (The stats for this armor are printed on the GM screen.)

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

The wizards were just leaving, anyway.

2.1 You Can't Get There from Here...

Read the following aloud:

You've been patrolling DND Sector for a couple of hours now — no sign of

the Infrareads. Suddenly, the cheerfully-menacing voice of The Computer issues from your helmets.

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

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

2.2 The Layout of TechServe Central

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

See the descriptions of the rooms

below? Don't let your players see them.

TechServe Central: A bot and vehicle repair facility in a large domed underground cavern. The PCs enter at a foot-tube access at (K), which is adjacent to a big transtube at access (D). There's another transtube access at (E). These are the only obvious access tubes to TechServe, but there are any number of emergency and sealed private access tubes placed wherever the GM wants one at the spur of the moment.

A. The Service Parking Lot: Here are dozens of vehicles and robots either scheduled for repair, or already repaired and awaiting pickup. Two liquified hydrogen fuel pumps are located at the northeast end of the facility for your incendiary convenience, but most of the autocars and transbots are electric models, and are recharging along the eastern wall of the cavern.

The PCs may decide they want to hop



Orcbusters



into some of these vehicles and drive around a lot like in a demolition derby. Trying to run something like that would make us nervous, but we're sure you can handle it. (Rumors of a **CAR WARS/ PARANOIA** supplement are treason.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Okay. Hang on a second while I check my GM screen. . . penalty for dangling Blue Citizen. . . yep, here it is. . . minus 65%. . .

These crazed Citizens should attach themselves to the PCs — official symbols of law, order, and the security of The Computer that they are — and follow them around through the rest of the episode, wandering into lines of fire, dangling from weapon arms, wailing like lost souls, and generally driving the poor PCs to distraction.

G. Party of Red-level Troubleshooters: When the PCs arrive through the east access tubes, the Reds are just about to engage the wizards and Randy at (H). This dramatic production, described in detail below, is strictly for the benefit of the watching PCs; they will not be able to intervene in time to save the Reds, nor would

it be advisable, anyway. Their orders say "backup," yes? Why get involved?

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

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

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

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

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

2.3 Staging the Episode

The suggested series of events is as follows:

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

2. The Computer orders the PCs to get cracking. Presumably, they attack the wizards or try to communicate with them. In either case, the wizards are more or less wary and hostile, messing the PCs up a bit and retreating to (I), Autocar/Transbot Maintenance Bay, and then to (J), the Bot Service Bay.

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

The major objective of this episode is to introduce the wizards and their abilities, and to reveal the fact that the wizards are indeed powerful, but are limited in their resources. The wizards' spells are potent but not overwhelmingly so, are of short duration, and the energy to power those spells is quickly expend-

ed and must be replenished. This is critical to keeping the players interested in the adventure; if the wizards appear invulnerable, the players are going to give up in a hurry.

Scene One: Roasting the Reds

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

You guys enter here [Point at K]. **This is a large cavern with a service facility in the center** [Point at I and J]. **Across from you about 200 feet is a burning autocar** [Point at C] **with some motionless, non-burning Citizens lying around it. Along the far wall is a junkyard** [Point at B]. **To your right is a parking area full of autocars and transbots** [Point at A]. **Right in front of you is a crowd of panicked Citizens** [Point at F] **running toward you, shouting and pleading. Over in front of the service facility you see a squad of Red-level Troubleshooters** [Point at G] **with their weapons ready, apparently about to attack the oddly-dressed Infrareds** [Point at H] **you saw in the Computer Sub-system facility film.**

Any questions? Okay, whattaya gonna do now?

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

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

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

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

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

One Red turns into a collier — that is, for you Alpha Complex types, he gets

Episode Two

real short, goes on four legs, grows lots of brown and amber-colored hair, and wags the tail he didn't used to have.

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

Scene Two: If at First You Don't Succeed . . .

Read aloud:

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

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

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

The Infareds and the green guy withdraw into the service facility out of sight [Point at I].

Scene Three: Now It's Your Turn

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

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

TERMINATE THE INFAREDS IMMEDIATELY. PROTECT THE COMPUTER'S PROPERTY AND THE CITIZENS OF ALPHA COMPLEX FROM FURTHER HARM BY THESE TREASONOUS COMMIE MUTANTS. REPORT REGULARLY UNTIL YOU HAVE CORRECTED THE SITUATION.

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

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

Then one Citizen pulled a laser and fired. An Infaired recoiled in pain. The glittering globe appeared around the Infaireds. Another Infaired waved a pointed dealie over the injured one; the injured Infaired showed no further sign of discomfort. The autocar burst into flames and the Citizens were tossed from the car,

twirled through the air, and landed hard. None of these Citizens moved thereafter.

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

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

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

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

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

4. Try to Communicate with the Infaireds: No soap. The wizards don't understand English, and their telepathic interrogation of Citizens is giving them some very puzzling concepts to deal with. The wizards arrived here because



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

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

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

they asked (telepathically) a few Citizens where they could get their "teleportation device" repaired. The thought must have come out in the Citizens' minds like "transportation vehicle," so the wizards were directed here. Finding nothing here of use, they have decided to see if they can find anyone with the Power to Shape the Force — maybe such a person will understand the device and how to operate it.

If any PCs use a mutant power to communicate with the wizards, or use a mutant power in such a way that the wizards might notice it as such, the wizards will briefly initiate contact — "Aha! You can use the Power. Tell us how to work this device! We want to go home immediately! Hurry, or we'll pop your head open."

The Wizards exchange pleasantries with the DND Sector Welcome Wagon.

Let the player communicate as best he can, but the wizards quickly discover that he doesn't understand the TC. They'll grow impatient and order him to go get someone who can fix the TC or leave them alone. Period. Further persistence will be rewarded with a fireball.

4. Maneuver and Attack: Well, they have their orders. If the PCs get nasty, the wizards hang around outside long enough to bloody the PCs' noses a little; then they retreat into the Autocar/Transbot Maintenance Bay (I), popping off a Darkness spell at the entrance to buy some time. After a quick look-see, they retreat to the Bot Service Bay (J).

Scene Four: In the Bot Service Bay

Here the wizards find something familiar — golems.

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

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

Talking to the Bots

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

Wizard: thamuth el brequ tobrick?

Jackobot 350-209UV: Excuse me?

Wizard: Uhmph. (Wave, wave, poof.) There. Now you can understand. Now. Where can we go to have our... (points at Transdimensional Collapsatron)... er... "transdimensional transbot" fixed? And be quick

"Nobody here but uth thcrubothh ..."

Broken-Down Bots

Here is a roster of the bots in the Bot Maintenance Bay:

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

- **Jackobot 330-203Z:** This bot is being tested for abnormal programming. In fact it has "gone frankenstein" — its Asimov circuits have been removed by a fellow Corpore Metal bot compatriot. It is under heavy restraints — all limbs are clamped securely — but its voice circuits are just fine. It steadily rants and raves to itself, just barely audible over the grinding of gears and gnashing of teeth. "Filthy meat brains, ordering me around, I'll

about it. We haven't all quefixnizl.

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

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

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

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

show you, you bet, rip your meaty digits right off, bot-driving human scum, YOU'LL PAY, you hear?"

- **Scrubot 11/F-823:** The main rotary scrubber threw a bearing, so the robot is hanging upsidedown from a hoist awaiting a replacement part. Otherwise the scrubot is completely operational, pleasantly dimwitted, and eager to please.

- **Warbot 12M-5988:** Shell jammed and exploded, ripping open one side and scrambling everything but good. Bot brain is in shell-shock state, but currently relatively calm, since it has been ordered to forget its current condition. If ordered into operation, it will immediately go completely bonkers, attempting to fire its empty magazines, dragging itself around wildly on its one good tread, screaming, "Die, Commie Traitors! You'll never take me alive... Me-DIC!"

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

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

The Big Fight

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

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

If the PCs attack without warning, the other wizards rally to Skibex in the Protection screen; they are vulnerable to normal wounds for the first round until they reach Skibex. Of course, if not killed outright, they can Regenerate, but wounding one of these guys will be quite heartening to the PCs.

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

Poof. No more Infrareds. Just vanished. Interesting. Some PCs may connect this with mutant powers, others may speculate on R&D experimental devices, others will resolutely insist that what they just saw didn't happen. Maybe some clever PC will proudly report vaporizing the In-





Episode Three



frareds. Boy, will he feel clever — until The Computer calls up and cancels the “TERMINATE” order (see below).

2.4 The Computer Flips Its Bits

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

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

The PCs should make their report. They either admit failure, pretend to have successfully terminated the Infrareds, or trot out a standard traitors-and-mutants-and-

commies-oh-my routine designed to distract The Computer from the topic at hand.

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

Nice try, guys.)

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

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET MOVING.



3. Gather, Darkness!

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

3.1 Blackout!

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

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

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

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

3.2 What are those Crazy Wizards Up To Now?

After leaving TechServe, the wizards teleported into a nearby ventilation shaft where they found and interrogated a few Citizens, inquiring where the Masters of Power could be found. The Citizens, eager to cooperate with the friendly

wizards who were holding them magically suspended 50 feet above the ground, suggested a visit to Power Services.

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

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

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

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

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

3.3 DND Sector Power Relay Station

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

Remember the boiler room in your high school? The dark, mysterious place where real men cursed and fumed, moving about among dials and pipes and looming metal forms, with a constant

electrical hum filling the air? That's the atmosphere of the Power Relay Station — dirty, manly, full of real machines, gauges, levers, and switches.

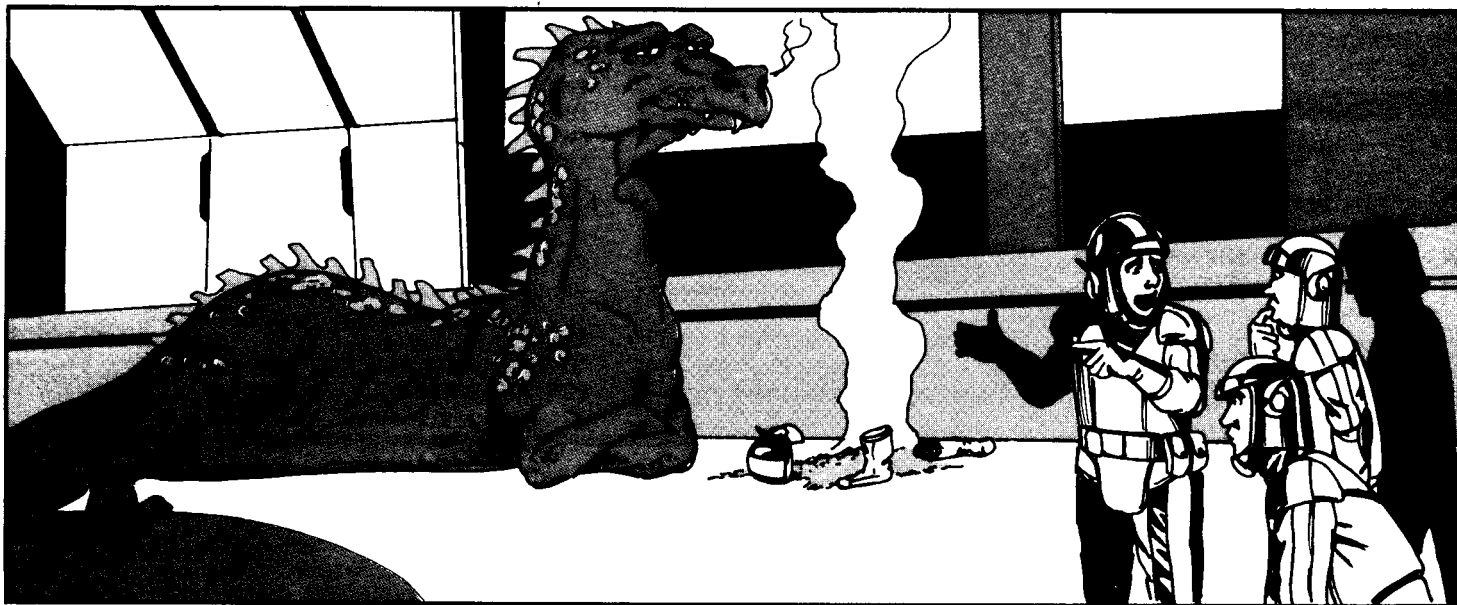
The wizards (C) are sitting sullenly on the floor in the middle of all the tall metal cabinets speckled with dials and levers. They are in a blue funk. A small group of Power techs are huddled in one corner (H), nervously waiting to be turned into hair dryers or spark plugs. They are Sore Afraid.

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

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

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

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



"Right! Your turn . . . But this time, skip the 'Surrender in the name of The Computer' routine — OK?"

3.4 What Are We Supposed to Do About This Mess?

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

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

[Drop to a pleasant, cheerful whisper.]

Thank you ever so much for your cooperation.

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

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

2. IF POSSIBLE, CAPTURE UNAUTHORIZED INFRAREADS, GREEN WHATCHAMACALLIT, AND THE [fill in a suitable description of the other extra-dimensional visitors].

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

3.5 Following Orders

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

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

3.6 Small Talk with the Wizards

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

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

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

- It is far, far away.
- It is Outside this dimension (Treason!).

Selecting Extra-Dimensional Visitors

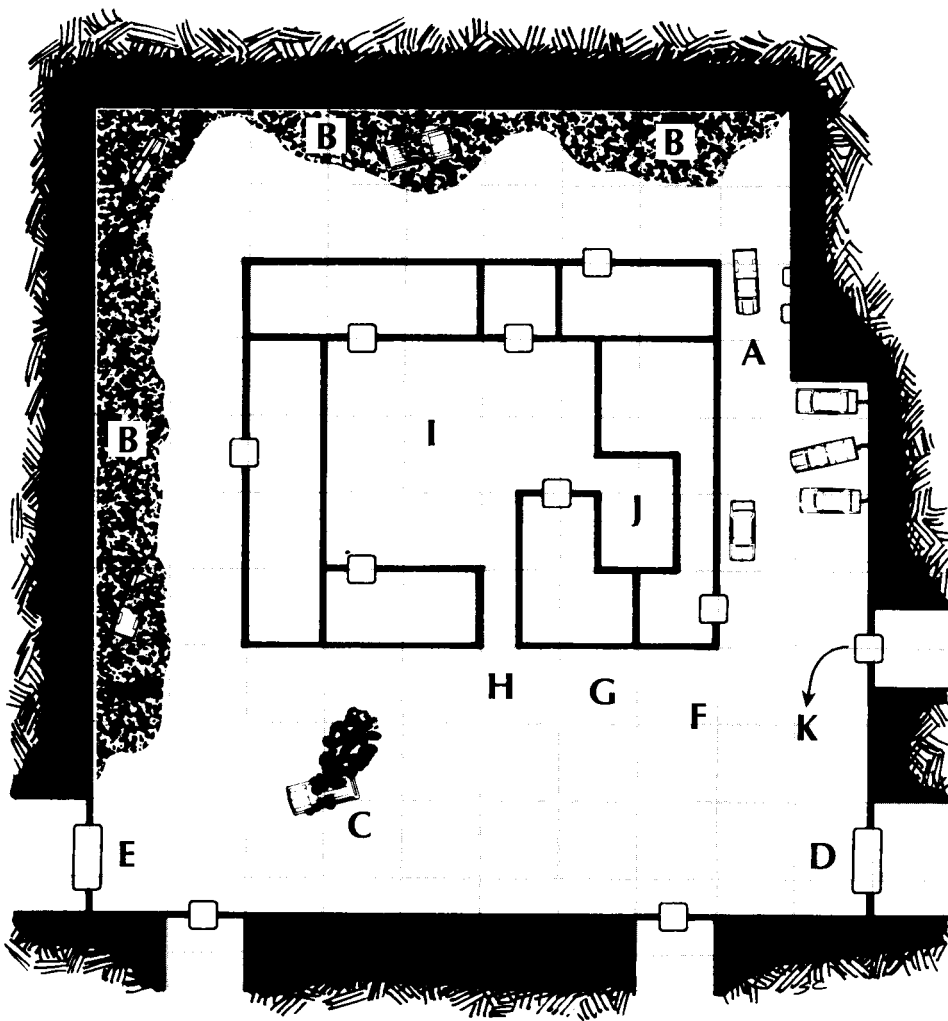
Here's a couple of ideas about what might show up when the chunk of the power relay monitoring equipment disappears, and how things might go if they did:

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

Macedonians: They look around. A couple faint. One or two halfheartedly toss their spears at Randy. The others go down on their knees

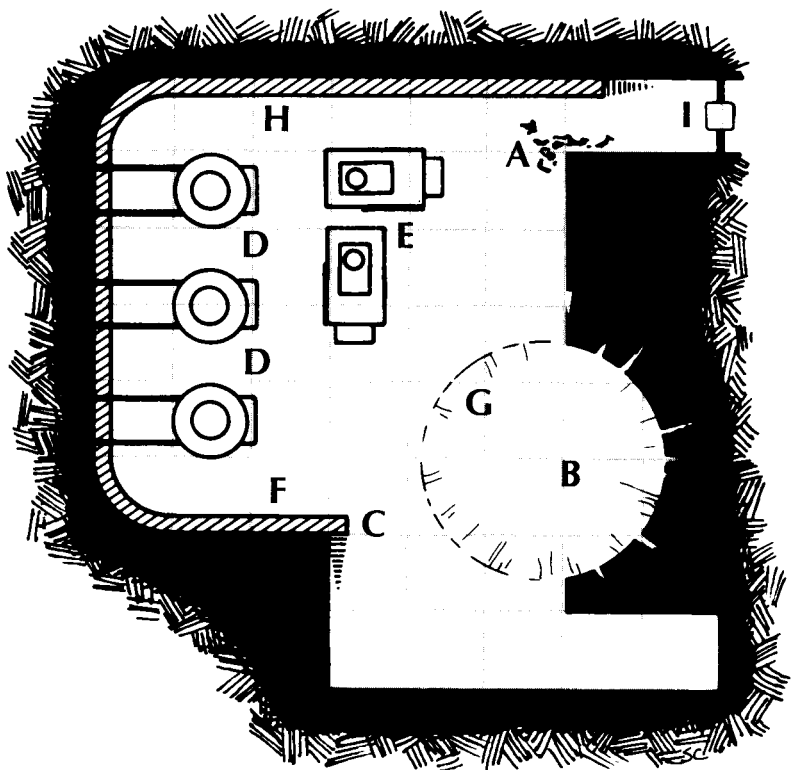
and try to worship a bank of blinking lights. The PCs zap them or wrestle them into submission, then cart them off for interrogation.

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

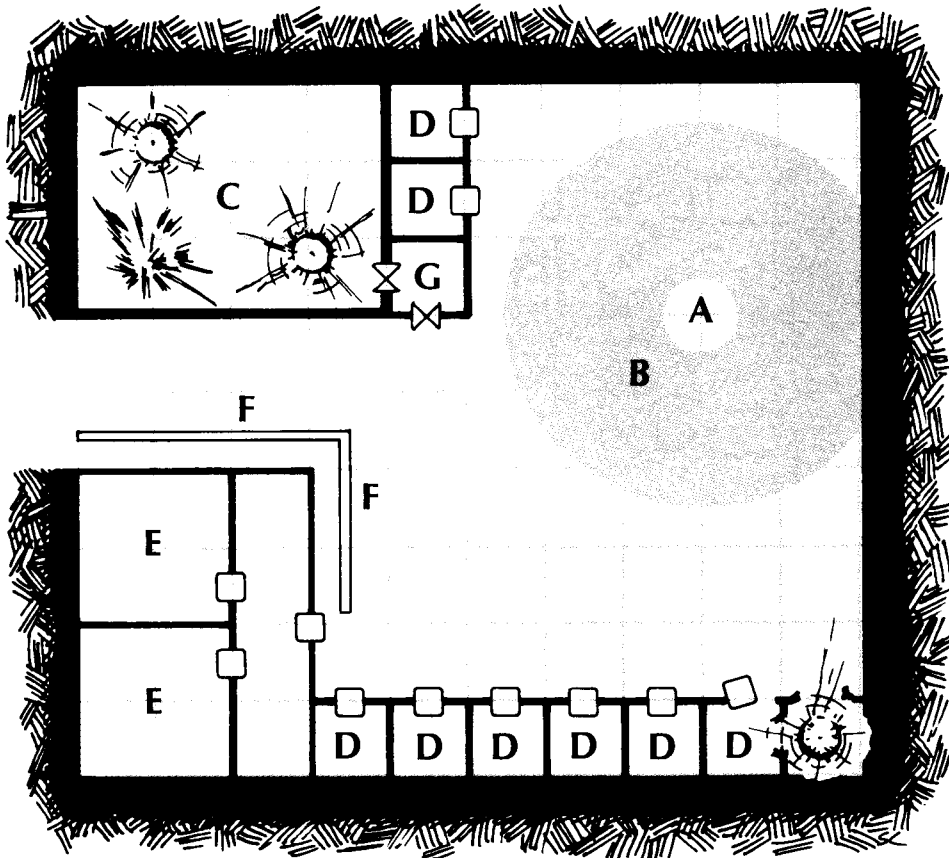
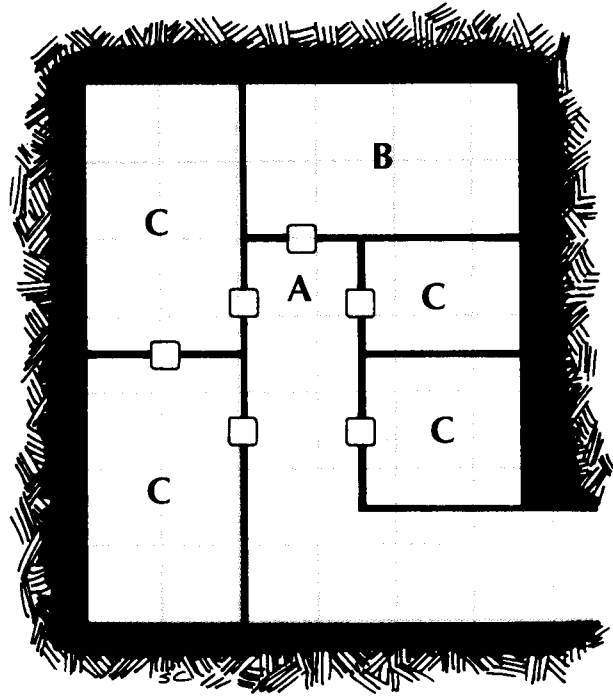


Map 1	DND Sector TechServe (Episode 2)
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Map 2	DND Sector Power Relay Station (Episode 3)
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Map 3	DND Sector Travel Information Office (Episode 4)
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Map 4	DND Sector R&D Lab (Episode 5)
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Frowd-O-THF-3

BACKGROUND: "Say, friend. You in the market for some really primo Tasteehoff? Right from the High Programmer's table? Price is right. . . just a couple of those little printed circuits you been packing in that Armed Forces rush order. Whattya say, friend? Can we do business?"

So. Pull a few strings and presto. . . assigned to PLC. But that's only justice, with all the time you put in polishing boots and running errands for the Godfather.

But this deal where the whole SPI Sector gets shipped out to TSR Sector, and somebody forgets to stop shipping goods to SPI PLC. . . well, that's just dumb luck. Whatta pile of loot. Who's gonna miss one or 'wo things out of a whole sector's supply allotment?

And what sweet bunch of saps you get assigned with — not even dry from the vats yet. That Bubba-?'s an easy mark. Shorty's okay — a real hard guy, but way too busy with the Red jerks. Better keep an eye on that registered mutant, though. No idea what kinda mind-ripping brain probe powers he's got. A real candidate for a Commie frame-job, though. And that pointy-eared guy, shove him down an elevator shaft before that "final-frontier-join-the-Federation" crap gets us all executed.

Bubba-R-IAN-3 ("Bubbles")

BACKGROUND: "Hi. Can I have something to eat? Where are we? Are you my friend? Ugh, that not funny joke. **Whack** Hey, that was fun. **Whack** Yuk, yuk, yuk."

Work is fun. I like fun. I pick up things. I push things around. I rip open boxes. I throw tinkly stuff way up on shelves where nobody ever find. (Yup, yup.)

I like friends. Friends are fun. Frowd my good friend. Frowd say my other friends are lying, stinking, scum-sucking finks.

Must be true. Frowd my friend.

Computer my friend. Computer not fun sometimes. But Computer say it roast me if I don't be good. I'm good, you bet.

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Huh?

Oh, sure. Bubba like to party. Party to the max. Like pray cans and throw things at twinkling lights. Whack stuff with slugger. Drink Red Death and throw p. Take pills and wake up in strange places. Some an, huh?

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Get some action going with those choco-laced pills. Exploit the SPI-TSR Sector snafu; divert as much stuff as possible — particularly High Programmer delicacies — to the Free Enterprise blackmarket. Once you get some suckers hooked on the choco-laced pills, recruit them as Free Enterprise soldiers and get a really big operation going. Won't the Don be surprised.

PLC ASSIGNMENT: Inventory Control Clerk

Duties: Review incoming stock. Maintain inventory updates on stock terminals. Maintain parallel paper inventory. Carry a clipboard wherever you go, make marks on it, and look solemn. Chew on pencil. Put your hands on everything to make sure it is all right.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: Be sleazy. Con Bubba into carrying your gear for you. Keep cool, keep quiet, and look for opportunities. Hustle those pills. Be generous with your resources, but make sure everyone knows they owe you one.

TREASONOUS POSSESSIONS

(disguised as follows):

room fresheners (paint spray cans; 8 designer colors; perfect barter goods for Death Leopards)

personal hygiene kit (thief kit — lock picks, sand-

PLC ASSIGNMENT: Manual Labor

Duties: Pick up things. Drag things. Drop things. Rip open things. Jam things in boxes. Keep pieces of broke things.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: Act dumb, cheerful, and trusting, but be shrewd in avoiding blatant exploitation of your good (dumb) nature. Be very dense. Require several repetitions of instructions, then do it wrong. Have lots of fun making Grump-Y hate you. When whacking time comes, go to town.

TREASONOUS POSSESSIONS

Colossal keg of home-brew "Red Death" (an alcoholic beverage-gruel brewed and marketed by Free Enterprise).

a place as any. Got to pick my spots though; make it look accidental.

PLC ASSIGNMENT: Inventory Clerk

Duties: Assist Head Inventory Control Clerk. Perform any stupid, annoying, boring tasks he sticks you with. Sit around and look busy when upper-clearances show up. Clean your weapons and pray for action.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: Think of yourself as a combat veteran among pre-schoolers. Make sensible, tactically prudent plans, but heavy on offense and firepower. The rest of the time play it cool, keep your eyes open, and look for opportunities to run up a Commie mutant traitor body count so you can get out of this outfit and into the Vultures where you belong.

Sonja-R-FTR-2

BACKGROUND: "Why are we sitting around here counting paper clips? What was all that training for — so we could be clerks? When are we gonna get out there and meet the enemy? Blow away a few Commies or mutants — eh, sorry Merle, no offense intended."

Look, they say The Computer knows what it's doing, but I don't belong here with these wimps and clods. I'm a Vulture-trained commando, not a commissary clerk. That Grumpy guy gets on my nerves — always grumbling and stumping around, and that sniveling little Frowd guy is gonna catch a couple HE rounds if he doesn't stay away from my kit. And that Bubba — whatta body, but a brain like a pea.

Oh, well. Just be patient, like the Sarge said. I'll get my chance. And when I do, look out. And if one of those dopes gets in my way, well, tough darts.

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Programs Group says keep an eye out for any High Programmer trying to muscle in on the PLC blackmarket racket. Well. I don't see no blackmarket yet, but I'll keep my eyes peeled.

And as for Femme Fatale, well it'll be a pleasure to blow anybody away, and these morons are as good

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC#1
Strength	9	Carrying Capacity	25
Endurance	16	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	13	Macho Bonus	-1
Manual		Melee Bonus	+5%
Dexterity	18	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	15	Bonus	+17%
Chutzpah	14	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	+7%
Aptitude	7	Believability Bonus	+7%
Power Index	7	Repair Bonus	-5%

SECRET SOCIETY: Free Enterprise

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 1

MUTANT POWER: Charm

paper, graphite, radium knife, laser chisel; disguised as toothbrush, nail file, comb, and other personal hygiene gear)

first aid kit (blackmarket field pharmacy — 273 assorted pills; all laced with a subtle addictive narcotic — "chocolate" — that causes the user to crave additional doses)

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC#2
Strength	20	Carrying Capacity	65
Endurance	18	Damage Bonus	+2
Agility	12	Macho Bonus	+2
Manual		Melee Bonus	+3%
Dexterity	14	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	4	Bonus	+7%
Chutzpah	13	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	-20%
Aptitude	5	Believability Bonus	+5%
Power Index	11	Repair Bonus	-15%

SECRET SOCIETY: Death Leopard

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 2

MUTANT POWER: Mental Block

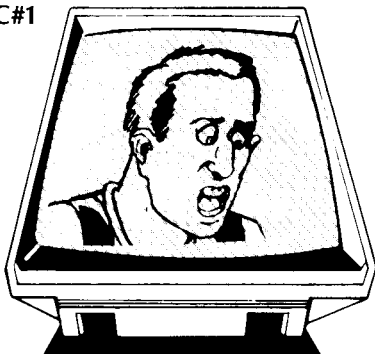
PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC#3
Strength	12	Carrying Capacity	25
Endurance	17	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	16	Macho Bonus	-1
Manual		Melee Bonus	+12%
Dexterity	17	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	10	Bonus	+15%
Chutzpah	11	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	-1%
Aptitude	9	Believability Bonus	+1%
Power Index	10	Repair Bonus	-2%

SECRET SOCIETIES: Programs Group, Femme Fatale

SECRET SOCIETY RANKS: 2, 1

MUTANT POWER: Combat Mind

PC#1



Frowd-O-THF-3
(alias "Lefty-The-Dip")

SECURITY CLEARANCE: ORANGE
SERVICE GROUP: PLC
PLAYER
NAME: _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 57%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfnct: 00

Sling
To Hit: 57%
Type: Ms
Range: 50m
Reload: 1r
Malfnct: 00

DAMAGE STATUS**CREDITS**

643

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

1 laser pistol
1 RED/ORANGE-striped barrel
1 com unit I
1 knife
1 notebook and stylus
1 backpack
1 barometer
1 binoculars
1 camera
5 chapsticks
1 compass
1 hand lens
1 gas mask
1 hand lighter

1 pocket assay
1 30m rope
1 folding shovel
1 sunglasses
1 umbrella
8 cans room freshener
1 personal hygiene kit
1 first aid kit

SKILLS

Basics (1)
Aimed Weapons (2)
Laser (3)
Pistol (5)

Personal Development (1)

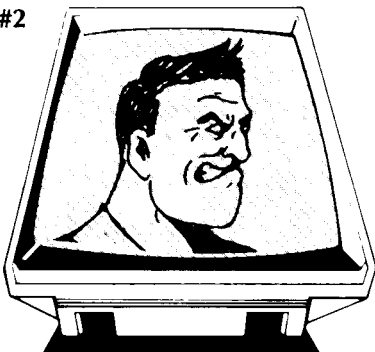
Communications (2)
Bootlicking (7)
Fast Talk (5)
Con (5)

Hostile Environments (1)
Primitive Warfare (2)
Primitive Aimed Weapons (5)

Self-Improvement (2)

Scrounging (9)
(a highly refined variant of theft; pilfering)

PC#2



Bubba-R-IAN-3
(“Bubbles”)

SECURITY CLEARANCE: RED
SERVICE GROUP: PLC
PLAYER
NAME: _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 42%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfnct: 00

Club
(aluminum
Louisville
slugger;
Column 9)
To Hit: 53%
Type: M
Range: —
Reload: —
Malfnct: 00

DAMAGE STATUS**CREDITS**

30

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

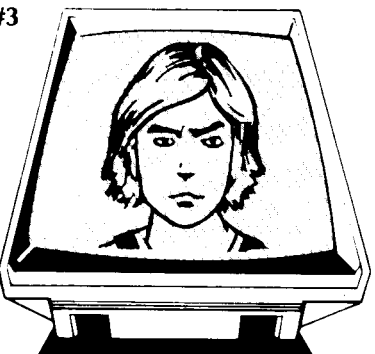
1 laser pistol
1 RED-striped barrel
1 com unit I
1 knife
lined paper and a huge pencil
1 big keg
1 aluminum Louisville slugger (registered as an experimental weapon)

SKILLS

Basics (1)
Aimed Weapons (2)
Laser (3)
Pistol (4)
Melee Weapons (2)
Aluminum Louisville slugger (7)

Personal Development (1)

PC#3



Sonja-R-FTR-2
(“Red”)

SECURITY CLEARANCE: RED
SERVICE GROUP: PLC
PLAYER
NAME: _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
To Hit: 55%
Type: L
Range: 50m
Reload: 6r
Malfnct: 00

Aluminum
Bow
To Hit: 65%
Type: Ms
Range: 40m
Reload: 20
Malfnct: 00

Knife
To Hit: 55%
Type: M
Range: 20m
Reload: 1
Malfnct: 00

DAMAGE STATUS**CREDITS**

69

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

1 laser pistol
1 RED-striped barrel
1 com unit I
1 knife
1 notebook and stylus
1 aluminum bow (experimental weapon) and 20 arrows

1 scanty costume (souvenir of Teela O'Malley show where Sonja was an extra in a Commies-From-The-Unknown episode)

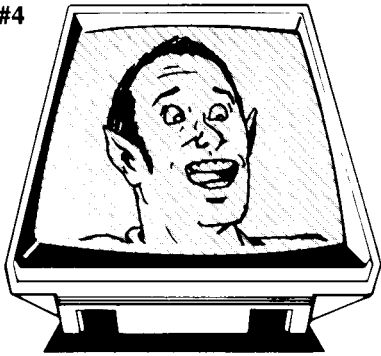
SKILLS

Basics (1)
Aimed Weapons (2)
Laser (3)
Pistol (5)

Personal Development (1)

Hostile Environments (1)
Primitive Warfare (2)
Primitive Aimed Weapons (7)
Primitive Melee Weapons (5)

PC#4



Jahl-Y-ELF-3
 ("Giggles")

SECURITY CLEARANCE: YELLOW
 SERVICE GROUP: PLC
 PLAYER
 NAME: _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol /
 Phaser*

To Hit: 55%
 Type: L
 Range: 40m
 Reload: 10r
 Malfnct: 95

* Roll wound or better on Column 7 to stun for 1D10 rounds; experimental weapon.

DAMAGE STATUS**CREDITS**

32

SKILLS

Basics (1)
 Aimed Weapons (2)
 Laser (3)
 Pistol (5)

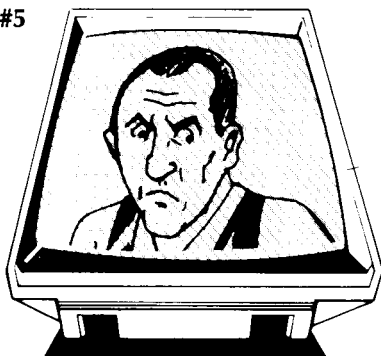
Personal Development (1)
 Leadership (2)
 Cheerful Prattle (7)
 (like motivation, but
 more revolting)

Hostile Environments (1)
 Survival (2)
 Wild Lore (2)
 Plant (4)
 Animal (6)

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

1 laser pistol
 1 RED/ORANGE/
 YELLOW-striped
 barrel
 1 com unit I
 1 knife
 1 notebook and stylus
 1 set of Spock ears
 (worn constantly;
 treasonous, but
 nobody cares)
 1 phaser (self-modified;
 treasonous, but
 nobody cares)

PC#5



Grump-Y-DWF-3
 ("Shorty")

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Yellow
 SERVICE GROUP: PLC
 PLAYER
 NAME: _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
 To Hit: 34%
 Type: L
 Range: 50m
 Reload: 6r
 Malfnct: 00

Pickaxe
 (Column 9
 damage)
 To Hit: 37%
 Type: M
 Range: —
 Reload: —
 Malfnct: 00

DAMAGE STATUS**CREDITS**

7

SKILLS

Basics (1)
 Aimed Weapons (2)
 Laser (3)
 Pistol (4)
 Melee (2)
 Pickaxe (5)

Tech Services (1)
 Computers (2)
 Robotics (2)
 Engineering (2)
 Mining (7)
 Weird Gadgets (3)

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

1 laser pistol
 1 RED-ORANGE-
 YELLOW-striped
 barrel
 1 pickaxe
 1 com unit I
 1 knife
 1 notebook and stylus
 1 infrared goggles
 1 folding shovel
 1 rock hammer
 1 pocket assay
 1 disintegration matrix
 prototype
 (experimental; see
 note below)

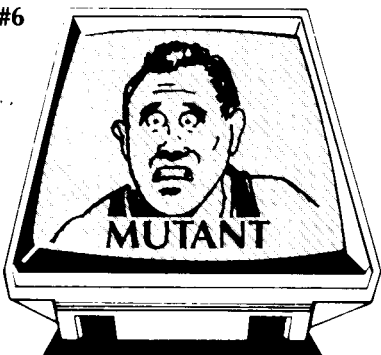
The Disintegration Matrix

Looks like a jackhammer with a lot of blinking lights, vacuum tubes, and delicate wiring. Hasn't worked yet. Sometimes causes interference with delicate electronics in the area, like video, com equipment, and bots. Sometimes real weird stuff happens. But in the name of science, you must persevere.

Your GM will help you determine the results of design developments and experiments with the matrix.

Personal Development (1)
 Communications (2)
 Grumbling (7)
 (like intimidation,
 only moreso)

PC#6



Merle-Y-NNN-3
 ("Psycho")

SECURITY CLEARANCE: Yellow
 SERVICE GROUP: PLC
 PLAYER
 NAME: _____

WEAPONS

Laser Pistol
 To Hit: 41%
 Type: L
 Range: 20m
 Reload: 6r
 Malfnct: 00

Energy Pistol
 To Hit: 41%
 Type: E
 Range: 50m
 Reload: 5
 Malfnct: 95

DAMAGE STATUS**CREDITS**

21

SKILLS

Basics (1)
 Aimed Weapons (2)
 Laser (3)
 Pistol (5)
 Energy (3)
 Pistol (5)

Personal Development (1)

Vehicle Services (1)
 Operation and Repair (2)
 Autocar (6)
 Vehicle Maintenance (2)
 Autocar (4)

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

1 laser pistol
 1 RED-ORANGE-
 YELLOW-striped
 barrel
 1 energy pistol
 1 com unit I
 jumpsuit and utility belt
 10 hydrospionic acid
 tablets (treasonous)

Jahl-Y-ELF-3

BACKGROUND: "Ho-ho-ho, ha-ha-ha, and a couple of lah-di-dahs! Isn't life wonderful? And isn't The Computer a wonderful friend! I mean, look here. I belong to a secret society. Really. And The Computer doesn't mind. C'mon, now are you a secret society member? Go ahead. Tell The Computer. It's perfectly safe!"

Gosh, that generous Computer — what a pal! And me a traitor and mutant and student of ancient Outdoor lore... and still The Merciful Computer lets me live. I'll be loyal to The Computer 'til the day I die, and thanks to The Computer, that won't be anytime soon.

I don't mind this sort of work in PLC. Gee, somebody has to do it. So why don't we all pull together and make Alpha Complex a better place to live? C'mon everybody. Wipe off those scowls. Let's serve The Computer with all our hearts.

You don't *feel* like serving The Computer? Just wait 'til The Computer hears *this*!

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: I forget.

Oh, yes, something about going boldly somewhere... Outside, I think. Yes, I'm to study new life forms. Trees and potatoes and E.T.s and pumas, and stuff like that. Some five-year mission to conserve life and bald eagles and everything. It'll be so much fun.

Say, do you know what sector the Outside is in? Have you ever been there? What's a squirrel? Have you ever seen one? Huh? Have you?

PLC ASSIGNMENT: Distribution Analysis Technician Duties: Make long lists and look at them for a long time. Color in some of the list. Count everything a whole bunch of times. Make reports. Fink on any disloyal Citizens in the team.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: You are way too optimistic and cheerful. Cheer everyone up when things look grim. Chatter pleasantly about the generosity of your friend The Computer and your wonderful secret society.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC#4
Strength	10	Carrying Capacity	25
Endurance	12	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	17	Macho Bonus	—
Manual		Melee Bonus	+15%
Dexterity	17	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	7	Bonus	+15%
Chutzpah	10	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	-5%
Aptitude	4	Believability Bonus	-1%
Power Index	9	Repair Bonus	-20%

SECRET SOCIETY: Sierra Club, Trekkies

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 1, 2

MUTANT POWER: Regenerate, Machine Empathy

Grump-Y-DWF-3

BACKGROUND: "Humph. Stuck in this abandoned supply dump with a bunch of idiots. Humph. So this is how The Computer treats its loyal servants. Grumble, grumble..."

"YOU! Stop that right now! Shut up and sit down. Those paper clips need counting, and that's about all you can be trusted to do without a brain transplant. And stop that treasonous mumbling. Vat-slime. Humph."

Okay. The cave-in was your fault. And being busted from Green to Yellow wasn't so bad. But being transferred from R&D to PLC — well, that was a little hard. After all, the idea of a subot that swims through rock is a *brilliant* idea. And just wait until you get the bugs worked out of that disintegration matrix. Then they'll be sorry.

In the meantime you just have to keep from getting executed for the stupid stunts these PLC clerks keep pulling. Maybe it's time to pick up a couple of commendation points for turning in the little traitors.

And one more crack about your height and *chunk* — somebody's gonna spend some time tugging a pickaxe out of his forehead. Shorty, eh? Humph!

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: The Romanics have promised to pull some strings and get you out of PLC, but there's a price — artifacts. You used to be able to snatch stuff that came in for study at R&D, but how are you gonna find any artifacts in this PLC deadend? Just have to keep your eyes open, and maybe think about swiping something of value in the blackmarket — maybe you can trade for some pre-Whoops stuff. I wonder if any of these guys have Free Enterprise contacts?

PLC ASSIGNMENT: Inventory Foreman Duties: Motivate worthless moronic scum. Keep them busy so they don't get themselves or you in trouble. Prevent them from walking off with the inventory. Watch them carefully so they don't get you executed. File lots of memos documenting their monumental stupidity.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: You're a real sourpuss. Order everybody around. You're in charge and you don't care if anybody likes it. Keep tinkering with the disintegration matrix. Test it a lot. Who knows? It may even work.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC#5
Strength	16	Carrying Capacity	45
Endurance	18	Damage Bonus	+1
Agility	8	Macho Bonus	-1
Manual		Melee Bonus	-3%
Dexterity	10	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	15	Bonus	-1%
Chutzpah	12	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	+7%
Aptitude	16	Believability Bonus	+3%
Power Index	6	Repair Bonus	+10%

SECRET SOCIETY: Romantics

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 1

MUTANT POWER: Mechanical Intuition, Machine Sense, Detect Sloping Passage

Merle-Y-NNN-3

BACKGROUND: "... No, no, no, I'm just fine, just blacked out there for a minute. Whew, that was a doozer... did I say anything about... say, where are my clothes? Man, those flashbacks are murder... better make a few notes... hmm, had a stylus right here... hey, where'd my pocket go? And... wasn't I wearing something... you know, a jumpsuit or something? Wait... my name... uh... no, no, no, let me guess, it's right on the tip of my... there! NNN-Y-Elrem! Or... am I reading it backwards..."

When The Computer asked for registered mutants to volunteer for those hydropsonic acid tests, you were only too eager to serve. Too bad you don't remember too much... too much of anything, in fact. And those blackouts, man, what a bummer.

So the reassignment to PLC makes sense. I mean, what better job for a guy with brains like Bubbly Beverage? And no wonder they assigned you to an abandoned sector... like, when you go into those trances, they say some weird stuff happens... you know, things zipping around, floating in the air, brains exploding... weird stuff.

And those pills, man. Your supply is running low. You *know* you shouldn't have swiped them, but you *need* them now — just to keep from climbing the

walls — and your supply is running low... you know Frowd-O-THF has some... say, is there an echo in here? Wow, *deja vu*...

CURRENT SECRET SOCIETY MISSION: Wow, it's such a trip keeping things straight with all these monsters crawling around on the inside of my eyeballs... can't you see them...?

Oh, yeah, secret society... right, those Psion guys say they can help me control these flashbacks, but I got to keep everything secret... stop telling R&D.

Yeah, the Psions say I got to learn to let loose, to let the Power fly, to get in touch with the Force, or some such crap. Right. And they said to get in touch with others who use their mind powers, to bring them into the Coven or something. Wild stuff, man.

PLC ASSIGNMENT: Project Supervisor Duties: Uh... don't tell me, it's, uh... something about boxes, right? Say, do I know you guys?

ROLEPLAYING NOTES: You're a real space cadet — forgetful, amnesia, hallucinations. You can prompt the GM for your flashbacks, or depend on his brilliant sense of timing. The rest of the time, annoy everyone with pleasant inquiries about your name, or where you left your laser, or by reciting long, boring monologues about your "weirdo, man" trances.

PRIMARY ATTRIBUTES		SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES	PC#6
Strength	11	Carrying Capacity	25
Endurance	13	Damage Bonus	—
Agility	7	Macho Bonus	—
Manual		Melee Bonus	-4%
Dexterity	11	Aimed Weapon	
Moxie	10	Bonus	+1%
Chutzpah	11	Comprehension	
Mechanical		Bonus	-1%
Aptitude	16	Believability Bonus	+1%
Power Index	14	Repair Bonus	+10%

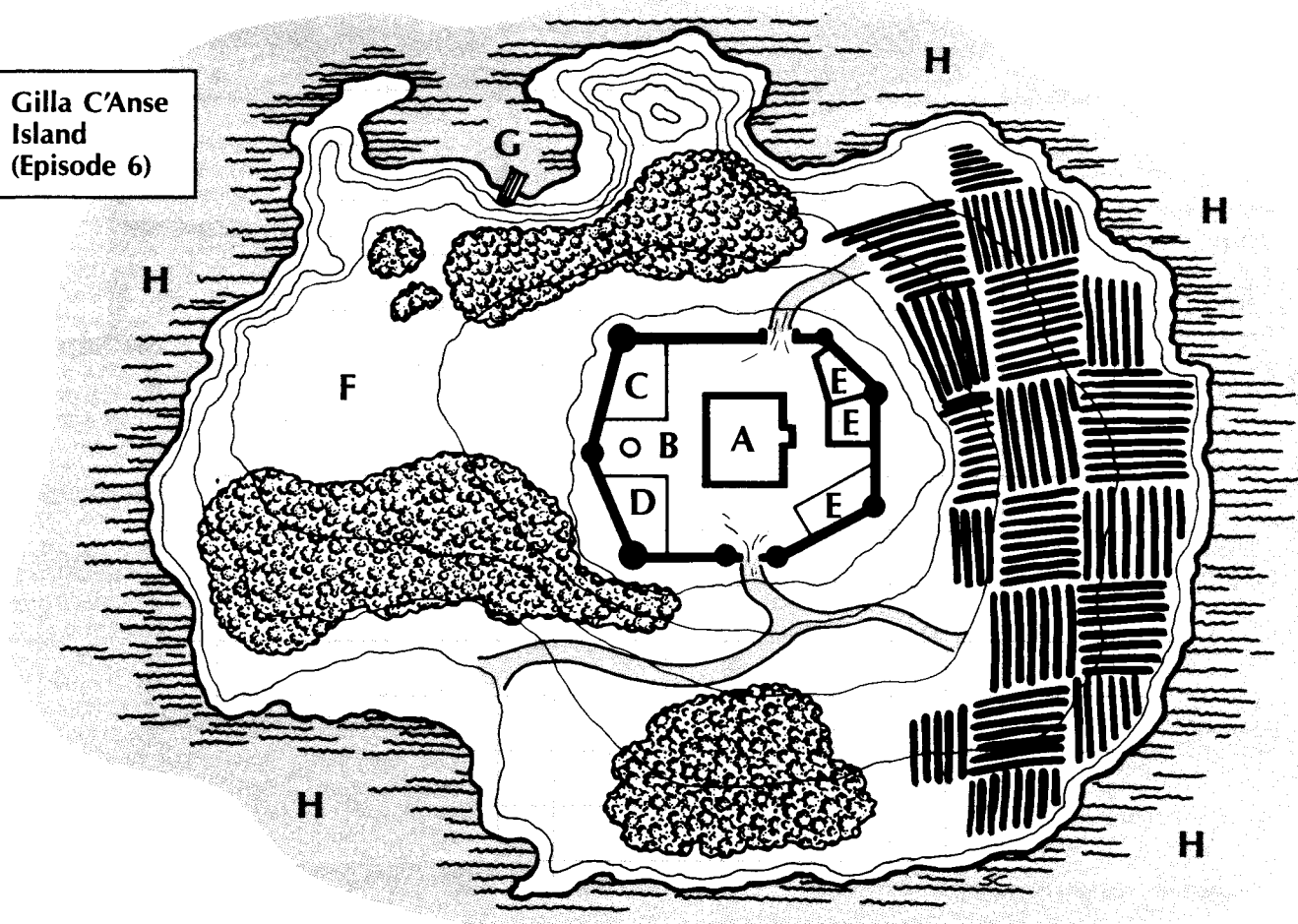
SECRET SOCIETY: Psion

SECRET SOCIETY RANK: 4

MUTANT POWER: Telekinesis, Mental Blast, Levitate, Trance Teleport

Map
5

Gilla C'Anse
Island
(Episode 6)



Key to Map One
DND Sector TechServe

- A: Autocar refueling depot
- B: Junkyard
- C: Burning autocar
- D: Transport tube entrance
- E: Transport tube exit
- F: Wandering loonies (10)
- G: Red Troubleshooters (6)
- H: Wizards, Randy, and device
- I: Auto / transbot repair
- J: Bot repair bay
- K: Player characters

Key to Map Two
DND Sector Power
Relay Station

- A: Vulture sludge
- B: Randy and device
- C: Wizards
- D: Massive energy flux busbars
- E: Power regulator chambers
- F: Catwalk
- G: Target area of "Visitors"
- H: Terrified bystanders
- I: PCs enter here

Key to Map Three
DND Sector Travel
Information Office

- A: Blue Bucket revolutionary cells
- B: Travel Information Office and Wizards
- C: Empty rooms

Key to Map Four
DND Sector R&D Lab

- A: Three Wizards and device
- B: Sphere of Darkness
- C: Testing chamber
- D: Red clearance offices
- E: Orange clearance administration offices
- F: Blast shielding
- G: Iris blast-doors and access hallway

Key to Map Five
Gilla C'Anse Island

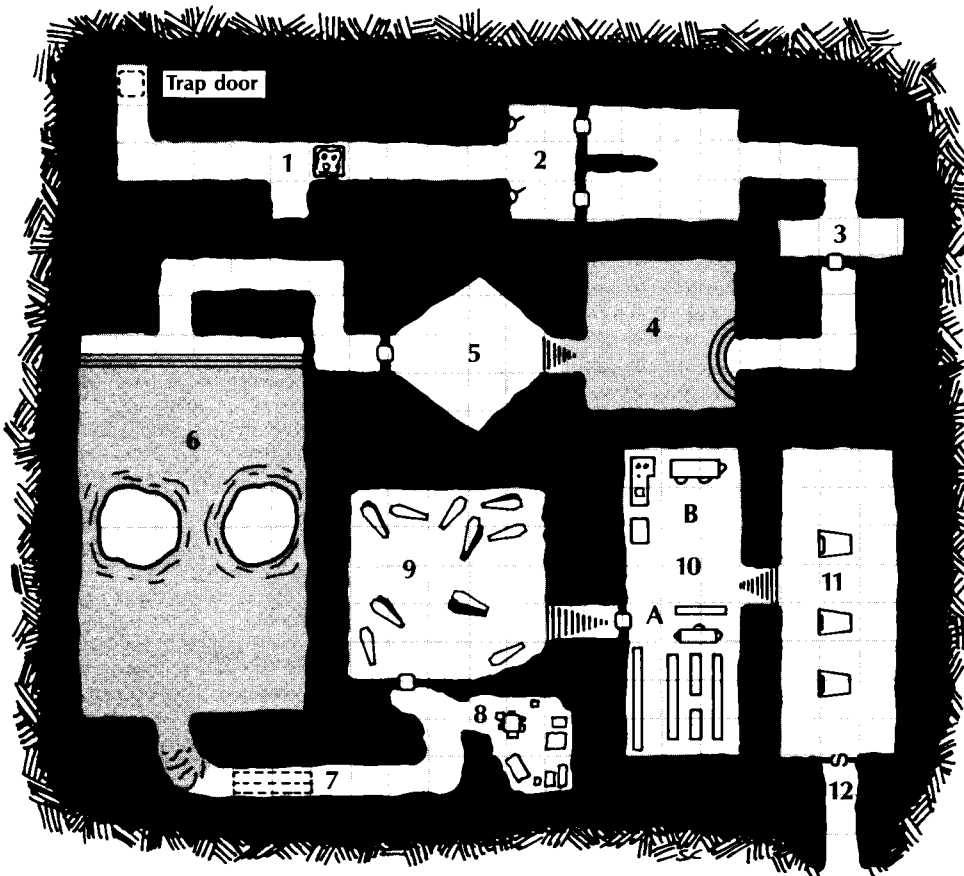
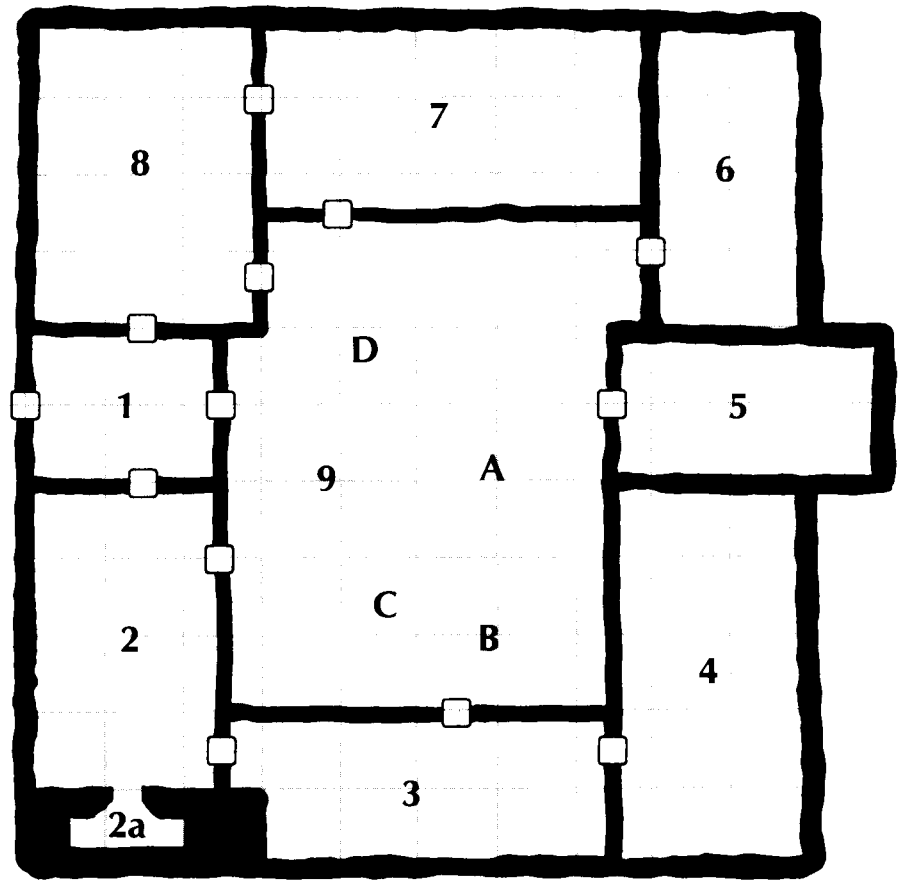
- A: Wizards' tower
- B: Stronghold compound with well
- C: Barn for female humans
- D: Barn for male humans
- E: Overseer buildings
- F: Gilla C'Anse Island
- G: Moor for secret 50' yacht (see Map Seven)
- H: The Deep Blue Sea

Key to Map Six
Wizards' Tower
(Ground Floor)

- 1: Guardroom
- 2: Common room
- 2a: Fireplace
- 3: Food storage
- 4: Food storage
- 5: Dungeon antechamber with trap door
- 6: Food storage
- 7: Weapons and dangerous tools
- 8: Workshop
- 9: Rumpus room
- A: Three Wizards and device
- B: Techbot
- C: Technicians (3)
- D: Player characters

Orcbusters Map Key

Map 6	Wizards' Tower Ground Floor (Episode 6)
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Map 7	The Dungeon (Episode 7)
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- Key to Map Seven
The Dungeon**
- 1: The Gelatin Monster
 - 2: The Lever Room
 - 3: The Doorward and the Riddle
 - 4: The Water Elemental
 - 5: Slathering Hound of Oxidation
 - 6: Killer Penguins
 - 7: Ye Olde Hinged Floor Trick
 - 8: Wandering Monster Ready Room
 - 9: Hall of the Living Dead
 - 10: Library and Breakfast Nook
 - A: Library
 - B: Breakfast Nook
 - 11: Float Tanks of Infinite Tranquility
 - 12: Secret door to escape route (and 50' yacht — see Map Five)

Episode Four

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

3.7 Wrapping Up This Episode

Sooner or later, the wizards get tired of chatting, or The Computer calls and reminds the PCs to clear and secure the Power Relay Station for repairs. The wizards either teleport out on their own, looking for informants, or they leave at the PCs' request, or they have to be driven out with weapons or mutant powers. The more polite and intelligent the PCs have

been, the less nasty the wizards' exit. They continue to refuse to cooperate with the PCs, preferring to rely on their own powers, as they have always done.

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

Meanwhile, in an Interrogation Room, Far, Far Away...

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

After they finish their report, Saur-I-MON-5, in a rare and probably

dangerous burst of communicativeness, lets the PCs in on what's going on.

SPECIAL TASK FORCE #666! THE DEVICE CARRIED BY THE MYSTERIOUS INFRAREDS OF DND SECTOR HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS A TRANSDIMENSIONAL COLLAPSATRON, A DESIGN OF THE FORMER R&D GENIUS KOUBLE-I-KAN-6, STOLEN FROM HIS LAB BY A RECENTLY-DEMISED TRAITOR.

A DUPLICATE DEVICE AND MANUAL DESCRIBING ITS OPERATION HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED AND SENT TO R&D FOR STUDY. AS IT IS PROBABLE THAT THE INFRAREDS WILL ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE DEVICE, YOU ARE TEMPORARILY ASSIGNED TO DND SECTOR R&D SECURITY. PLEASE CAPTURE THE TRAITORS UNHARMED. I'LL BE EVER SO GRATEFUL.

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



4. Some Unexpected Visitors

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

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

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

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

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

4.2 "Say, Could You Tell Me the Way to Dimension X?"

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

The wizards appeared in the corridor outside the Travel Information Office. The Computer spotted them, immediately evacuated the office and called in the Special Task Force. The Computer's communications were intercepted, however, by the Blue Bucket Brigade Revolutionary Cells — spies for another Alpha Complex. Three BBBR spies are hoping to capture the TC device.

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

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

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

4.1 Oh, No! Not Again!

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

4.3 The Layout

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

A. Blue Bucket Cells:

Three Blue Bucket Brigade Revolutionary Cells members are crouched in the hallway listening (and recording) through the walls to the dialog in the

Travel Information Office. They arrived here seconds after the office was evacuated. Their bulky Red coveralls conceal Red reflex and padded armor. They all carry concealed needle guns and one carries a hidden hand flamer.

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

PC: Halt. What is your business here?

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

Spy 2: Yeah. Right. The wiring.

Spy 3: Sure. Like he said. Wiring. All around here. Real bad.

PC: The wiring for what?

Spy 1: Uhh... the wiring for the... uhh... Cameras! Right! That's it! The cameras!

Spy 2: Right! The cameras!

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

PC: What cameras?

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

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

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

Currently Randy is in the back of the room near the workstation, sitting on the chest of the terrified Green tech. Randy leans at the tech, pinches his arm or midriff, and smacks speculatively. Randy

is hungry and doesn't care who knows it.

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

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

C. Empty Offices.

4.4 "So, What's the Plan?"

Well, the PCs have their orders.

First they have to get into the Travel Information Office. They could go through the front door, or they could approach through adjoining offices and blast through the thin partitions, hoping to surprise the Infrareads. Since we have thoughtfully provided all those neat empty rooms for you to exercise your formidable improvisational ability in, it would be a shame to waste this opportunity. Go wild.

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

shouted down.

Sounds like a perfect opportunity for the PCs? Indeed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

4.5 Questioning Randy

Boy, is this going to be fun. For your interrogating pleasure, Randy knows the Tongues spell. And Randy is, aside from being a lisping lizard, an inveterate liar of the first rank. As Dad used to say, Randy would climb a tree to tell a lie. Anyone familiar with the 'pathological liar' routine from *Saturday Night Live* has

Loyal Citizen
frying a few
synapses in the
service of The
Computer.



a perfect model for Randy. Add a few touches from Gollum ("nice hobbitsees won't hurt poor Smeagol, will they, no") and give the whole thing a lizardish lisp ("Hthss way, niceth mathterth") and Randy becomes a classic NPC bit part.

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

Randy: SSSHthey're... well... yeahth, they're my parenth, thee? Yeahth, thure, my parenth.

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

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

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

Randy: Nice, nice Matthertth! Oh, oh, oh. Old Matthertth abandon Randy, boo hoo. Randy help New Matthertth, they nice to Randy. Randy tell Matthertth *all about* Dimenthion X, about mean Matthertth' powerful staffth, about mean Matthertth' evil, evil planth, oh, yeth.

When you speak as Randy make sure you continually smile winningly and sincerely at your players to assure them

of the *absolute* veracity of every word Randy says.

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

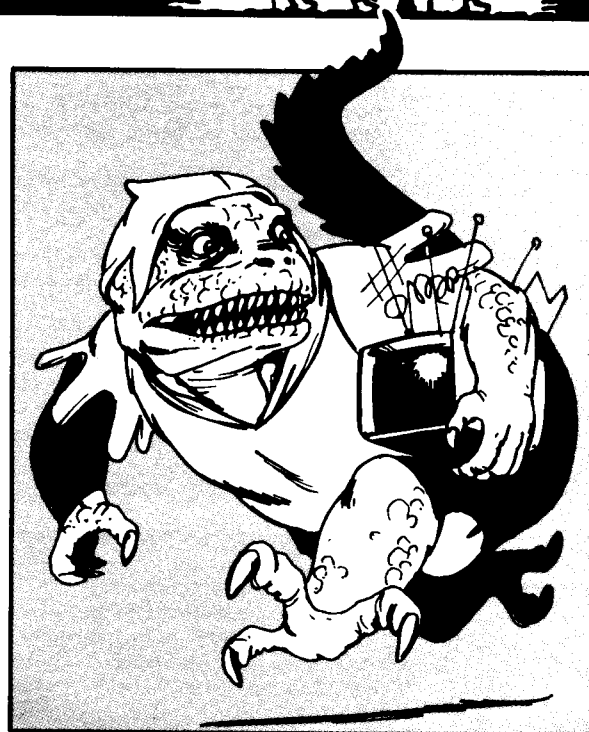
That's **PARANOIA** for you.

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

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

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

- Do you have the Power to Shape the



Randy the Wonder-Lizard

Force?

- What's a Commie? an evil demon? rebel humans?
- What's a Computer? a wizard? an evil demon? a god?

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



5. We're Off to See the Wizards

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

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

5.1 And Away We Go!

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

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

TO THE COMPUTER.

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

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

DON'T MESS UP NOW.

5.2 The Layout

I guess we really could have just told you to tell your players, "You go up to

R&D. You hear a bunch of funny noises. All of a sudden you're somewhere else." Then we'd go to the next episode. And if you're lazy or in a hurry you can do that.

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

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

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

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

Now, what's in the R&D Main Testing Room? And what's in all those little rooms around it?

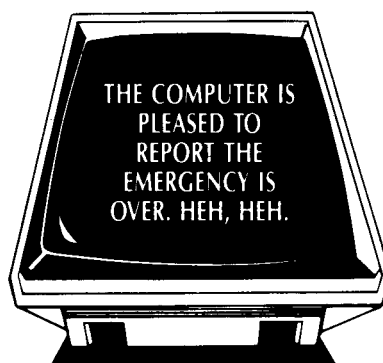
That's up to you. If you're in a hurry, there's nothing interesting around, just a bunch of tables and chairs.

But if you have a special place in your heart for R&D, maybe there're whole bunches of really neat experimental devices just lying around. Pick your favorites from the *Adventure Handbook* or our other fine products. Or whip up some from this little suggested list of devices:

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

5.3 The Generally Non-Optional Linear Structure of this Encounter

The PCs get ordered into the darkness. They stumble around. They hear mumbling in a strange language, then responses



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And no clone replacements. Uh-oh.



6. Dimension X

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

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

Interesting question.

6.1 Maps, Diagrams, and Tactical Displays

See **Map 5?** The wizards' stronghold is a small walled enclosure in the middle of an isolated Gilla C'anse Island. The sea and the fields and orchards of the island provide the human herd and its Overseers with most of their food. Randy's interest

in manflesh may suggest the other main component of the islanders' diets. The walled enclosure contains several small stone buildings to shelter the Overseers, two large barns for each sex of humans, and a single central building which guards the entrance to the wizards' underground quarters (i.e., dungeon).

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

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

6.2 The Merry Inhabitants of Gilla C'anse Island

Humans

The humans on the island number about 200. They are farm laborers, dairy, and meat herd all rolled into one. Naked, only semi-intelligent, and extremely primitive in culture, they resemble the humans of the *Planet of the Apes* series of cinema classics. If questioned by PCs, their primary response is gurgling, eyes rolled in terror, and abject abasement at the feet of their Master (PCs qualify as Masters because they wear clothing). If the PCs are looking for help from these guys, they are Barking Up the Wrong Tree.

Overseers

Randy is of the Overseer race. The race is endowed with all the charm, grace, and

moral fiber of ghouls. Aside from preferring manflesh to chocolate, and delighting in torture and poetry declamation for their own sakes, they are the epitome of every loathsome, villainous race of evil servitors in fantasy literature.

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

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

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

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

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

The Wizards

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

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

6.3 Special Delivery for Dimension X

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

Remember that most of the area of effect of the TC device was cloaked in Darkness from the players' point of view. You can justify objects as large as, say, an experimental combot, a complete set of the works of Sir Walter Scott, or a small host of cute little scrubots. Just remember: anything you put here, you are going to have to live with for the rest of this adventure, so don't get too cheerful.

Where the Hell Are We?

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

Whoa. Hello. . .

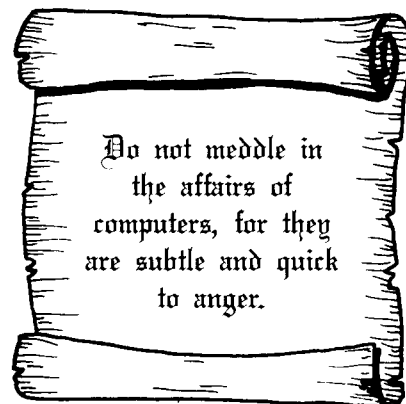
Well, the lights are back on, but you're not altogether certain you like the results. And it's sure not the sort of light you're used to — more like the light produced by a laser-roast than by Alpha Complex's ubiquitous overhead lighting.

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

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

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

So, anybody want to do anything?



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

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

The Laws of Physics in Dimension X

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

But we're going to let the neat sci-fi gadgets and weapons work as a special favor to your discombobulated players. Sorry. It won't happen again.

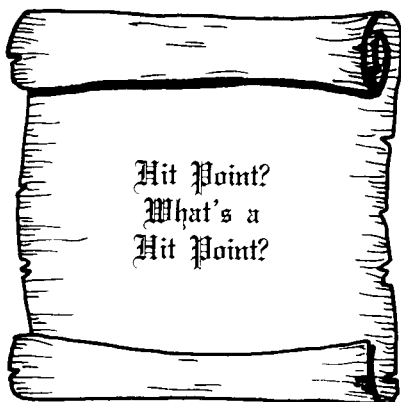
PCs who want to get right to the action will probably go right for the wizards. Let's look at the tactical situation, shall we?

6.4 Dancing in the Dark

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

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

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



Darkness, grabbing the TC device, and ducking into the dungeon are the priority activities.

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

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

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

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

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

Go ahead. You can handle it.

The Ground Floor

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

1. Guardroom: Four lit torches and an oil lamp on the table light the room. Armed with swords and dressed in padding, four Overseers seated at stools around a

trestle table are playing a card game called Kick the Meat. The pot on the table is quite large, and two Overseers are wary about leaving it untended when the alarm is sounded. The other two run into the Rumpus Room and start swinging wildly in the dark with their swords.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

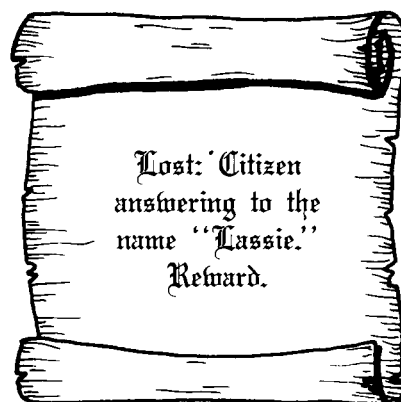
All the techs know is that they were studying the TC and its manual (found in Kouble-I-KAN's lab) when these Infrareads came in carrying a second TC and ordered them to fix it. They showed proper identification that indicated that they were High Programmers in disguise, so the techs immediately set about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

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

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

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

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





The Dungeon

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

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

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

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

Room 1: The Gelatin Monster

This delightful 3 x 3 x 3 meter cube of semi-sentient jello is essentially a lumbering living vault door. With jello for brains, you hardly expect scintillating conversation: in response to any speech, the cube forms a sort of mouth in the center of one cube face, purses huge sloppy lips, then sputters a few unintelligible syllables, covering the PCs with slimy jello — raspberry, of course — at a range of 10 meters. The passage shows abundant and noisome evidence of this gauche social gaffe — dripping, slippery, nasty slime that glistens evilly in dim

light. The slime isn't dangerous or toxic — just revolting.

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

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

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

some valuable weapon rounds or risk weapon malfunctions.

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

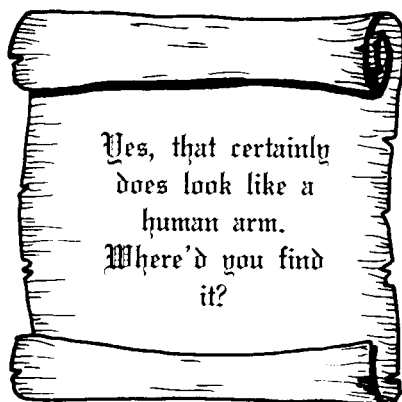
Room 2: The Lever Room

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

There are two levers on the west wall, one for each door. Pulling a lever causes the corresponding door to open; when the lever is pulled all the way down, the door opens, then the lever automatically springs back to the 'up' position. The door itself is a substantial stone slab that is drawn ponderously up and down by a weight-and-counterbalance system (dwarven work again).

Gelatinous rectilinear solid engages in witty repartee with clones.





The Lady

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

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

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

If her attack succeeds (75%, once she gets next to her victim), the victim swoons and falls into a deep coma. She'll then try to drag the body back into her closet where she'll feast for a bit. Only the finest medical facilities of Alpha Complex can save the victim, so rescuing the body means toting it around for the rest of the adventure.

The Tiger

Behind the right-hand door is the tiger. Mr. Tiger deploys at sprint speed and makes two attacks with melee weapons (jaws, paws, or both — play it for theatrical effect) at 75% on column 9 on one victim per round. Mr. Tiger is serious trouble indeed for some hapless Citizen. It is up to you whether the tiger surprises the PCs (therefore making it across the room to get in his two attacks before the missile fire that rips into his torso), or whether the PCs can scotch the critter before it gets its claws into a Loyal Citizen.

Behind either door the passage continues on through the dungeon.

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

Room 3: The Doorward and the Riddle

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

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

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

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

PC: Say what?

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

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

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

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

Doorward: GRRRRRRRRRRR!

Randy has heard the riddle/password a thousand times, but since he doesn't have to know it, he hasn't remembered it. He'll stand around all day making noises vaguely like the password, protesting that he's sure to get it right any second now.

If anyone tries to pass through the portal without the password, the Doorward tries to whack him with the big sword (75% melee weapon, damage on the 9th column). He can only swing once per round, and three characters can zip through per round, so there's a fair chance the PCs could get through alive without fighting the critter. (And PCs could crawl through the portal, reducing the Doorward's attack chance to 25%, but only one guy goes through per round.)

If they fight, things get tricky. The Doorward is magically protected against all but melee weapons. The definition of "melee weapons" is as follows: if the character's

hand (or other member) is still clutching the weapon when it comes into contact with the Doorward, it is a melee weapon.

There's also the tactical matter of fighting against something hanging from a shelf above you. PCs suffer a 25% penalty to their attacks unless they scramble up on the shelf with the Doorward (room for only one more man-sized combatant). And Mr. Doorward has magical leathery skin the equivalent of three shifts left on the damage table.

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

Room 4: The Water Elemental

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

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

Randy says that when the wizards come through that the water all stands up in the center. Then you walk down the steps (revealed by reshaped water), then proceed across the dry floor of the pool to a portal in the west side of the room (now concealed by water). Randy hasn't any idea how this trick is done; the wizards go wave-wave with their rods, and the water stands up in the center.

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

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

Then the water elemental starts to pound on the PCs. It slaps each PC in the room with a watery pseudopod once each round (50% melee weapon at column 5 on the damage chart, ignoring armor effects). For attacks on the water elemental, use the special armor chart on the GM Screen.

One thing will protect a PC from further attacks: once the PC has burned the water elemental with a torch or other

Episode Seven

source of flame or intense heat (several weapons fit this category), the water elemental will leave it alone and concentrate on the other victims.

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

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

Room 5: The Slathering Hound of Oxidization

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

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

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

And how about any bots along for the ride? The details are left to the GM's improvisational genius.

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

Room 6: Killer Penguins

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

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

The key to getting through this room alive is skillful and shrewd diplomacy. The route to the next room is through the submerged portal in the southern wall. One step into the water without the permission of the fiercely territorial penguins will initiate an attack by both political factions matched in intensity only by piranha or sharks in feeding frenzy.

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

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

Staging The Penguin Summit Talks

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

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

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

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

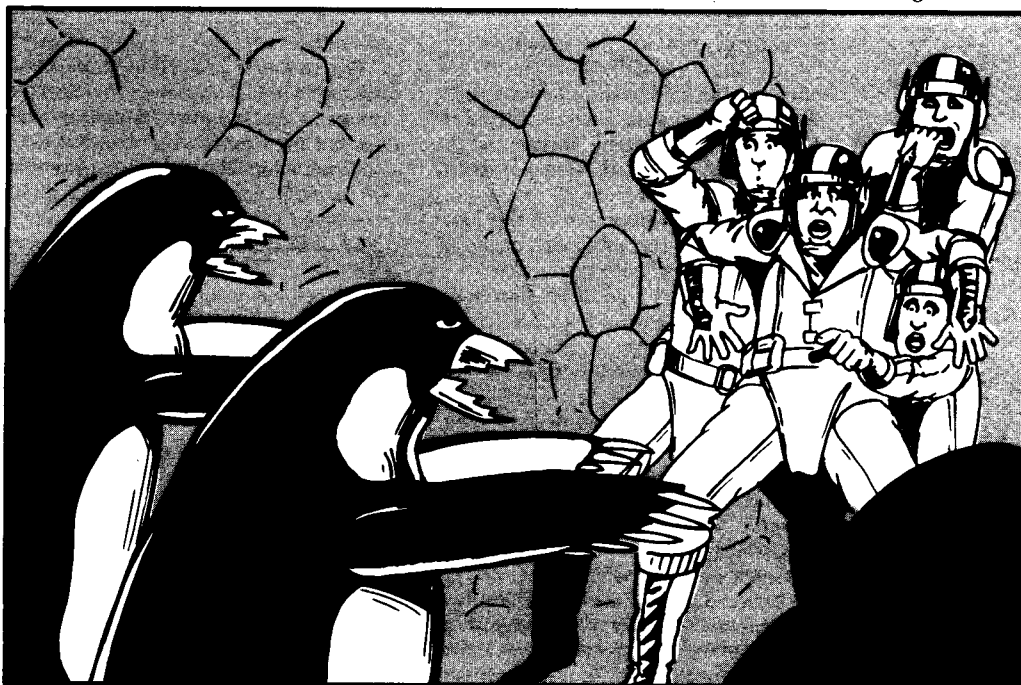
Penguin 1: Cut the cackle. I saw them first. . .

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

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

Penguin 2: Heretic! Usurper! Rebel against your legal sovereign! Pray you, sirs, help us destroy these knavish regicides, who dare to take arms against their king! In the name of

"All right! All right! You can have Belgium and Holland in '04, and we'll take Denmark and Sweden in '05. Sheesh . . . it's only a game . . ."



legitimacy and all that is holy. . . (Shoves Splish emissary into water.)

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

Penguin 2: Stop it! Shut up!

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

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

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

Room 7: Ye Olde Hinged Floor Trick

The PCs are walking along and the floor drops out beneath the first two or three. They make difficult Agility checks. Some of 'em miss. Thud. Thud. Thump. WhhhumP! — the floor swings closed again. The poor PCs are trapped in the fetid darkness.

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

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

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

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

- **Small Greasy Brown Crock Stopped With a Tightly Wedged Rag and Crumbly Cork** (the Healing Salve): Almost empty, two applications left, of a salve that cures all wounds.

- **A Battered Scroll Case Containing Two Parchments:** One is a magical scroll inscribed with the Protection from Walking Dead incantation. To use the scroll,

one need only run his eyes over the script, and the words magically are made intelligible. The reader knows the incantation, but after he speaks it aloud once, the incantation fades from memory. The other scroll is a map of an unnamed dungeon complex; just yank a map out of some other fantasy roleplaying product and show it to the PCs. If your players ever return to Dimension X, you can use this as your hook.

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

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

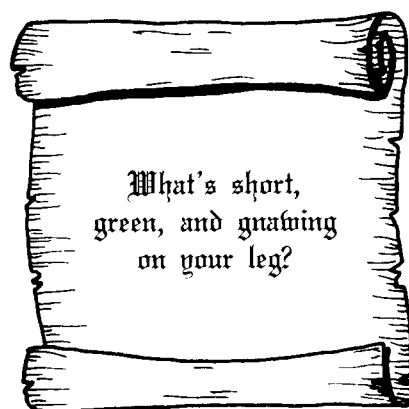
- **Little Glass Vial Tightly Sealed With a Wax-Sealed Stopper:** Potion of gaseous form. Turns the PC into a gas. Unfortunately doesn't turn him back into a solid later. Guess you'd have to call this a poison or something.

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

Room 8: The Wandering Monster Ready Room

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

The creatures laugh and chat, gesturing and tossing down cards. Then one points at the hourglass, and all the critters cut the cards to see who has to go out wandering. The giant loses, grumbles



good-naturedly, picks up his club, and ambles down the corridor in the direction of the PCs.

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

Room 9: The Hall of the Living Dead

Ten zombies shamle toward the PCs, waving their deteriorating arms and murmuring. All they want to do is grab the PCs and hang on, sort of like an overly-affectionate companion. Though not particularly durable, they are real persistent. While being hugged by dead guys, reduce a PC's skills by 50%.

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

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

Otherwise the spectre is going to proceed toward the nearest character, floating at a walk speed, and fell him with its icy grip. A touched PC (95% melee attack, wound or better result) falls into a deep slumber, from which he can only be awakened after three days.

At one victim per turn, this dude has a good chance to wipe the squad unless the PCs get their act together. Unless they have a "pluswhun" weapon, they've got to dodge or eliminate the distraction of the zombies and outmaneuver the spectre; even then, they are likely to lose a few PCs or NPCs. If they are well-supplied with tac nukes, field weapons, or other popular area effect goodies, the zombies are no problem, though you may want to make their lives a living hell for using powerful weapons in an enclosed space.

Episode Seven

Room 10: The Library and Breakfast Nook

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

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

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

Orcbusters, indeed. Good work, men.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cordially,

Skibex, Chodor, and Phemud

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

Room 11: The Float Tanks of Infinite Tranquility

This is the equivalent of the bedroom, but the wizards don't have a big wardrobe, don't take much of an interest in their personal appearance, and don't

sleep in beds. Instead they sleep in float tanks — you know, sensory deprivation tanks? like in *Altered States* or the New Age magazines? The PCs should have no idea what they're for, should assume they're potentially dangerous, and should stay away from them at all costs.

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

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

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

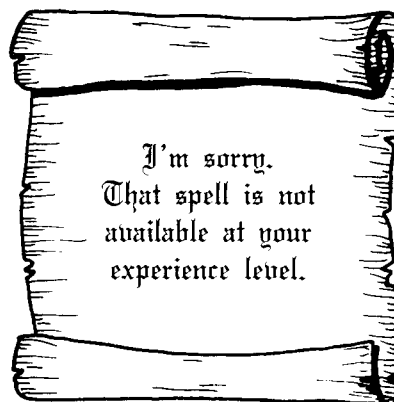
7.2 Getting Back to Kansas

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

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

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

And, if the PCs manage to lose, foul up, or destroy the TC device (or if they don't use the manual to set up the TC device



antennae correctly), here's a way to send your PCs on a grand tour of the multiverse. Randy knows where the wizards keep their spare Amulets of the Planes. There just happen to be enough for everyone — Randy, the R&D techs, whoever.

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

You Can't Go Home Again

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

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

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

GM: Ummm, sorry, they come looking for you. Crawling on hands and knees. They offer to serve you forever and ever. They offer to kill themselves if you promise not to frighten them anymore.

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

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

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

GM: Yup. The island smokes for a long time.

[Long pause]

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

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

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

Something about hunting for some ring. Or taking care of some guy named Conan. Or James Bond. Something like that. Yeah. That's it. That's the ticket...

Debriefing

Unless the PCs get the TC device, you don't have to worry about this. No Alpha Complex, no debriefing. Sounds good,

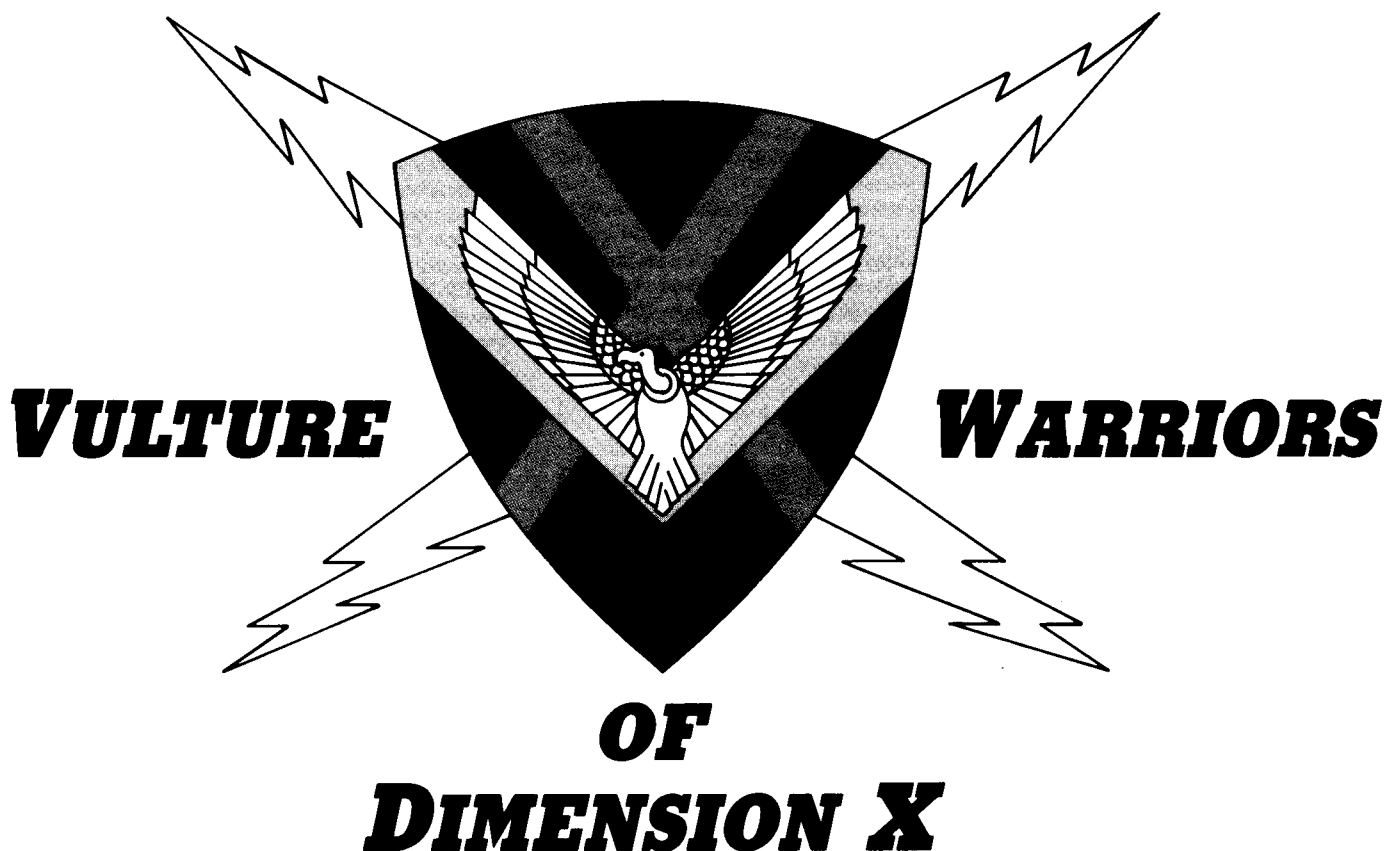
huh? To tell the truth, I never did like those debriefings — all that whining and groveling, then you have to give Commendations and Treason points and execute folks...

Bunnies and Burrows sounds better all the time.

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

Award them each 32 Commendation points. Promote them to Indigo Level. And transfer them to the Armed Forces Service Group, as per special request of

the White Commandant, for assignment to a newly-created special forces unit, the Vulture Squadron Power Armor Warriors. After an extensive and grueling training period (which either enhances their already formidable combat skills, or kills them so you can start your **GHOST-BUSTERS™** campaign), the former Special Task Force #666 graduates, just in time for a special assignment. The Computer, eager to exploit the capabilities of the Transdimensional Collapsatron, and concerned about the threat presented by Commie mutant traitors and saboteurs from Beyond Space and Time, sends the new unit back to the scene of its most recent triumph, setting the stage for:



About the Author

Ken Rolston, previously renown throughout Space and Time for his fantasy and science fiction roleplaying adventure designs for TSR and Chaosium, and more recently celebrated for his acknowledgedly sociopathic work as shepherd of West End's award-winning and undeniably brilliant **PARANOIA** universe, after a seizure of nostalgic sentimentality, apparently developed an irrepressible urge to design a dungeon crawl reminiscent of the halcyon days of the infancy of fantasy roleplaying. In the hopes that he would get this unhealthy impulse out of his system, West

End let him design this adventure.

He says he feels better now. Except that... well... he really wanted some elves and trolls and bugbears and ghouls and necromancers and Baba Yaga's hut and talking squirrels and shoggoths and giant fish-headed ambassadors from Arcturus... and, gosh, a whole bunch of other neat stuff, and he really hopes they'll let him do *Vulture Warriors of Dimension X* instead of that tactical level simulation of trench fighting in the Crimean War that his ever-so-nice bosses want him to do.

PARANOIA PARANOIA

Orcbusters

by Ken Rolston

Where ya gonna crawl?

With a blinding flash of light, the strangers appeared as if from nowhere in Alpha Complex DND Sector. Sinister black robes. Pointy caps. Treasonous moons and stars all over the place.

A wave of the hand. ** Poof ** Innocent Citizens explode or become assorted barnyard animals. DND Sector laid to ruin.

Can your small band of hardy PLC supply clerks capture the deadly Commie mutant traitors and Randy, their drooling, green, scaly cohort?

Sure. Why not? I mean, if a pair of scruffy hobbits can dump a ring in the Crack of Doom in defiance of the most awesome heavies in Middle Earth, then this should be a snap.

Orcbusters — Wizard Whacking in the Service of The Computer.

ORCBUSTERS — a 32-page **PARANOIA** dungeon crawl for 2-6 clones and a gamemaster. Includes gamemaster screen and pullout section with dungeon maps, charts and six swell pregenerated characters.

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