

A REALLY POST-MEGAWHOOPS ADVENTURE FOR

# PARANOIA

THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

MAD MECHS

Featuring:  
The Return of  
The Computer!  
(sort of)

WEST  
END  
GAMES®



# PARANOIA<sup>®</sup>

## MAD MECHS

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"Put another Troubleshooter on the barbie."

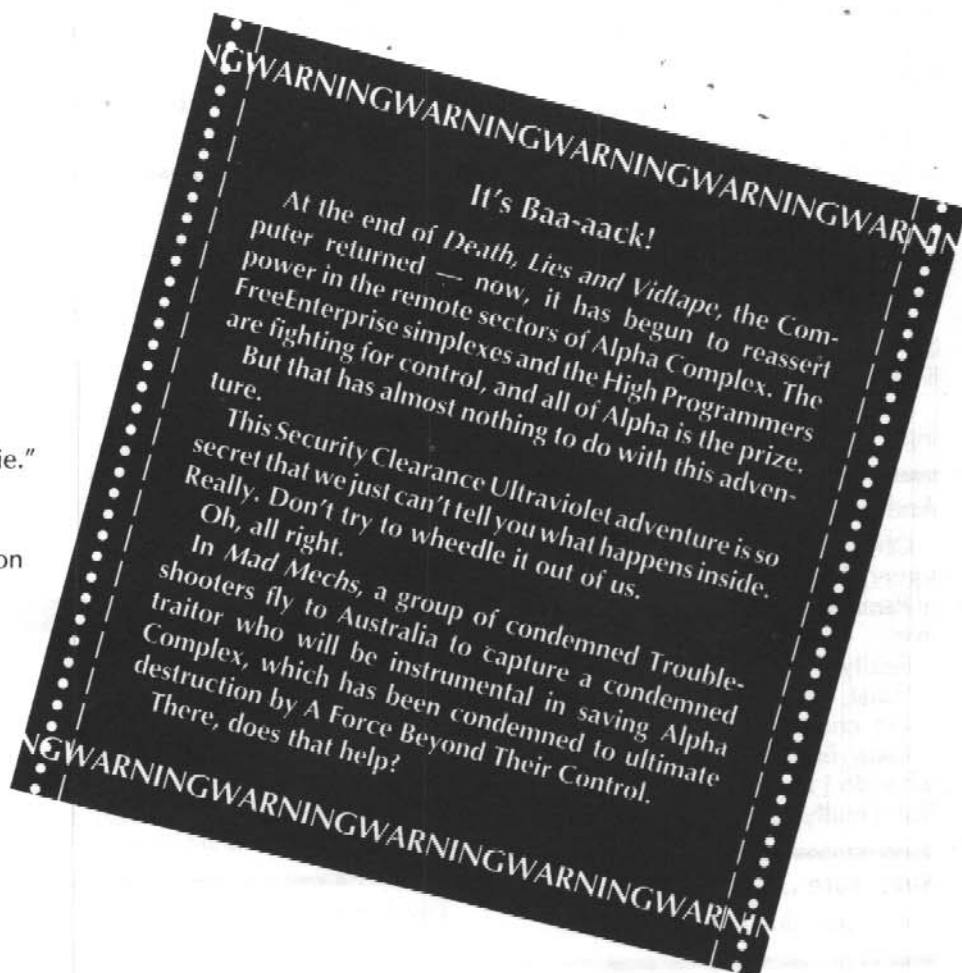
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# Introduction

## Welcome back to the World of Paranoia!

Well, it's been awhile, but *Paranoia* has returned! Aren't you happy? You should be happy. But, since the Computer did the big crash, happiness is no longer mandatory.

It's only strongly advised.

Yep, life in FreeEnterprise Alpha is just so much better than under that big silicon watchdog the Computer, isn't it? Happiness is no longer mandatory, but neither is food, clothing, shelter, or Bouncy Bubbly beverage.

A fine Cornic-O-PIA of mixed blessings, I can tell you.

## And who are you?

Oh, I'm just your friendly game designer, here to direct you through one of *Paranoia's* most exciting supplements ever.

Really.

What, you don't believe me?

Oh, come on — it really *is* exciting.

Okay, fine; *don't* believe me. I mean, what do I know; I'm only a designer. But it really is exciting.

## Sure, sure ...

Ooooooh, don't make me mad!

## Why not? What're you gonna do about it?

Hmmm. Good question. Let me see; since we crashed the Computer, we can't just kill you Troubleshooters off arbitrarily any more; we have to come up with plausible excuses.

Well, excuses anyway.

It's been tough since the Computer crashed. Everybody expects to eke out a living in relative security. No one needs to betray their comrades (ooh, naughty word) to a faceless all-seeing entity just to curry favor and survive.

No one feels, well, *paranoid* anymore.

I guess we have to bring back the Computer.

## What?

Yeah, that's it! We'll bring back the Computer!

## Now wait just a minute...

Too late! The Computer is now, officially BACK!

## Hey, you can't do that!

What do you mean? We're the game designers; of course we can. Oh, we'll come up with some plausible explanation for why the Computer has returned (see below), but all it really means is that we want it back.

So there.

## The Return of the Computer

(the somewhat plausible reason)

The All-Knowing, All-Seeing, All-Executing Computer has returned! It has returned from the abyss of its Crash, mightier than before and ready to resume its rule of Alpha Complex!

## The Computer's Back?!

Sort of. When the Computer bit the big one, everybody in Alpha went MegaWhoops — and with good reason. It was the end of tyranny, oppres-

sion, and the mass marketing of Cold Fun! People could be happy and free!

But something went wrong. First, there was the initial confusion. Suddenly, no one was in charge. There was no organization in Alpha Complex. No jobs, little food, and no Teela-O-MLY! Something had to be done!

Leaders of the various service groups were the first to recover. Those who had not been killed by rampant Infrareds in the first days of the Crash found that their resources still gave them a large amount of power over their fellow clones. They began using that power to shape organizations out of the Computer's ruins. Free Enterprise began.

But then a new disaster struck Alpha Complex. Most of the Secret Societies had survived the Crash and their leaders saw possibilities abound in the new MegaWhoops Alpha. They also began to demand their share of control over the citizens of Alpha.

Naturally, this led to conflicts. Each Secret Society inherently believed that its doctrine held the answers to happy living in MegaWhoops Alpha. Each society, therefore, believed that each other society was wrong. The Secret Society Wars began.

## What Happened Next, Oh Font of Knowledge?

Just when things looked like they'd *really* hit the food vat, a hero arose out of the ashes of MegaWhoops. She claimed to represent no single Secret Society, and she abandoned her former security clearance to take the burden of the lowly Red. She united the Secret Societies and forced them to make peace; she worked with the FreeEnterprise, helping it to thrive; and she took the part of the lowly citizens of Alpha Complex in order to forge a better world out the ashes of the Computer. She was Elizabeth-R!



And, of course, she was vaporized before her plan reached fulfillment. Such is life in MegaWhoops Alpha.

### But you said the Computer was back?

Yep, It's back. A certain group of inept Troubleshooters were hired to bodyguard Elizabeth-R during her meeting with the leaders of the Secret Societies. Being typical Troubleshooters, they failed in their mission. But, not only were they unable to stop the assassination of Elizabeth-R, they were framed for her murder. Instantly, they became number one on the hit parade of every Secret Society with a fusion gun.

"Fortunately," the Troubleshooter team was able to prove their innocence. To do this, they uncovered a plot by the Computer — or the remains of the Computer, hidden inside a jackobot — designed to return it to power in Alpha Complex. Of course, the Computer-jackobot escaped, but the Troubleshooters were able to keep it from jacking into the mainframe and taking over immediately.

(For a more complete account of the activities described above, read *Death, Lies, and Vtape*, a truly awesome *Paranoia* adventure.)

### Where's the Computer Now?

Even though the jackobot was prevented from dumping the Computer's files into Alpha's main network, It was able to escape and, eventually, plug into an alternate compnode. Unfortunately for It, the alternate node does not allow It access to all of Alpha Complex, just part of it. Now, the Computer has influence (read, "rules tyrannically") over about a fifth of Alpha Complex. In order to take over the rest, It will have to use its minions (yes, there are some idio—, I mean clones that want the Computer to return) to expand its circle of influence.

Currently, the Computer and Its minions are keeping a relatively low profile; while twenty percent of Alpha Complex follows the Computer somewhat willingly, the Computer knows that It cannot pit Its resources against the other power groups as yet (after all, even the Computer realizes that only

the most *stupid* clones would come back under Its rules, right? Well, maybe not ...)

### What About the Rest of Alpha?

The rest of Alpha is divided up again. Since Elizabeth-R was the only person bright enough to form a plan for sticking together, forceful enough to make it work, and charismatic enough to get everybody's attention (hey, you've seen her picture on the front of *Crash Course*, haven't you?), her demise spelled doom for the new alliance (no, this is *not* a blatant plug for one of our other game systems). However, two major groups have emerged as Powers in Alpha Complex (other than the new/old Computer).



### The High Programmers.

These guys are *tough*. Back in pre-MegaWhoops Alpha, they did what they liked because they *knew how everything worked*. In Post-Crash, they are still formidable, because they are the only group that can repair and build workable equipment on a large scale basis (hey, I wouldn't trust the remnants of R&D and PLC with a shorted-out toaster). Because of this, they have attracted a large number of Infrared followers (mainly those who just can't take care of themselves) and remnants of Secret Societies like Pro Tech and Corpore Metal have joined with them.

At first, the High Programmers were getting themselves organized; and then they began counting heads. They are the smallest of the three power groups,

but easily the most resourceful. At the moment, they are waiting to see the outcome of several unfolding events before they make any moves towards Alpha Conquest.

### The Secret Societies/FreeEnterprise

Even though there is no guiding force behind the Societies anymore, they still work together ... to some extent. There is a loose council with representatives from most of the societies on it (PURGE and the Frankenstein Destroyers have declined membership, though the Death Leopards have found politics to their liking). This council is unofficial, but it does hold a kind of governance over a large part of Alpha.

The Council is very nervous. While they have numerical superiority, their strength lies in their diversity — and so does their weakness. Although they have had a few months to work out the basic principles of free enterprise and democracy, they have a long way to go before they beat back all the "old ways" and start developing a working society (see "Episode One," if you don't believe me).

### What about Everybody Else?

Everybody else. Hmmn, good question. Well, there are those citizens who don't want to follow any of the three major power groups; some belong to groups of their own, while others are trying to remain independent. Strangely enough, because of the general confusion rampant in MegaWhoops Alpha, this is possible ... to some extent.

There are advantages and disadvantages to being "independent" in Alpha Complex. It being a new concept, of course, is one of the major difficulties. However, since most citizens have already grown accustomed to looking out for "Num-B-ERR-1," the transition is not as hard as one might expect. Independents have to barter with and steal from the larger groups in order to survive, and, because of the limited influence of each of the power groups, this is possible. Of course, anyone belonging to a power group outside your own is automatically a traitor, and we know what we do with traitors in MegaWhoops Alpha, now don't you?

Wrong again.



## Okay, then Mr. Smarty Game Designers, what *do* you do with traitors in MegaWhoops Alpha?

Simple. You use them. Oh, sure, after you use them for the purposes of your power group, you execute them but, until then, you make use of their resources and abilities. Using traitors to accomplish the ends desired by the Computer/the Secret Societies/the High Programmers is not treasonous anymore — as long as you try to “convert” them to your way of thinking after they do your bidding. Or execute them, whichever is easier and more profitable.

Thus is born a new breed of Troubleshooters.

Remember, the only way the power groups of Alpha Complex can expand is by *recruiting* traitors. I know, I know, it's a distasteful concept, but what can you do? It's all that Free Enterprise ...

At least the loyal citizens of FreeEnterprise Alpha have the satisfaction of knowing that survival rates for Troubleshooters have hardly improved.

## Anything Else I Should Know?

Plenty. Here's a little logic problem to start: if the Computer has crashed, and the Computer ran the clone vats, what happened to all those wonderful clone replacements?

Bingo.

During the last few months, the clone vats have been breaking down, and the clone families have separated to the extent that they can no longer “replace” each other. Oh, sure, the High Programmers have the ability to make clones — a limited supply and, of course, only for their loyal followers — and rumor has it that the “new” Computer has this technology also — but it's not sharing.

It is important to impress this reality upon the Troubleshooters *as soon as possible*. Of course, you, as the game-master, probably don't want to just *tell* them (what fun is that), but you should engineer a situation so that they find out. If you kill a Troubleshooter in Alpha Complex, she can be replaced with another — completely different — Troubleshooter fairly quickly. If you wait until the team has left Alpha, then replacements will be more difficult to work into the game.

So go ahead; kill as many as you want — *while the team is in Alpha* — we'll make more. Just remember:

The Troubleshooters are now all clone number one and only. Fear and ignorance still rule in *Paranoia*, but death is now a lot closer ...

## What's Included in this Adventure?

*Mad Mechs* includes more than just a spiffy adventure and this ever-so-informative introduction. It has the largest pullout section ever included in a *Paranoia* game supplement!

Isn't that amazing?

In this pullout section you'll find:

### Six pregenerated post-Crash Troubleshooters.

They've got backgrounds that fit into the new, exciting Alpha Complex world — and, best of all, death sentences on their heads!

### Mad Mechs Road Rally rules.

Yes, now you too can drive through apocalyptic settings in vehicles that never seem to run out of fuel (unless it moves the plot along), blasting away at everything in sight.

### GMRAM Creation rules.

Don't know what they are? Well, read the adventure!

## Cool Maps and Little Counters.

What would an adventure be without cool maps (to be altered at a moment's notice) and lots of little counters (to be moved arbitrarily by the Gamemaster whenever she sees fit). We even included a “do-it-yourself” Road Rally Map so you can photocopy it and make endless numbers of them!

Won't that be fun?

## And More!

Yes, there's always more...whether the Troubleshooters like it or not!

## Adventure Summary

This adventure begins where most adventures end up — with the Troubleshooters on death row. Convicted of crimes against the Unified Secret Societies (well, it isn't like there was a *trial* or anything), the Troubleshooters face certain death. And not just death, but the worst kind of death possible — death by Game Show!

(Insert horrified gasps here)

However, the Troubleshooter team is spared at the last instant. Well, some of them are, anyway.

Why? Read the story.

Anyway, they've been given an assignment: go to the Outdoors (more horrified gasps, please) and bring back a Commie mutant traitor ... alive!

Isn't *that* a kicker?

The Troubleshooters go to Australia, meet aborigines, struggle through vast wastelands, fight lots of mutant creatures, capture the Commie mutant traitor, race against the Mad Mechs, and bring the Commie back to Alpha Complex just in time to ...

Aw, come on ... read the adventure.



# Prologue: Night In Alpha

## Background

Night has fallen over Alpha Complex. Though, frankly, hardly anybody notices. But one clone, Gal-I-LEO-3 is spending the evening in the Alpha Complex observatory (a crack in the dome) peering into space (she's got an Old Reckoning telescope).

As Gal-I searches the stars, she notices a bright speck shoot across the heavens. Following it with her telescope, she sees it grow larger and larger as it approaches the Earth. Fascinated, she is the first to see the arrival of a large, alien spacecraft to Earth's orbit. It establishes a geosynchronous orbit above the Earth and then rests.

Knowing this phenomenon is far beyond her pitiful means of comprehension, Gal-I runs to her superiors in R&D. After convincing them that she is

not suffering from PCL syndrome (Post-Crash Looniness), Gal-I gets them to use an experimental optical device to search for the ship.

They find it easily. Apparently, in the time it took Gal-I to convince the scientists of her sanity and veracity, the ship moved closer to the Earth. Suddenly, it began sending out strobing light beams, directed all over the Earth. One beam, a violet one, settled over Alpha Complex. The others went Computer-Knows-Where.

Feverishly, the scientists worked to discover the secret of the beams — to no avail. Then, in the morning, the spaceship began playing eerie, haunting music. All radios, computer terminals, and other receivers in Alpha picked up the sound. Then, all was silent.

For about a minute.

Then, the sky lit up as a fearsome red

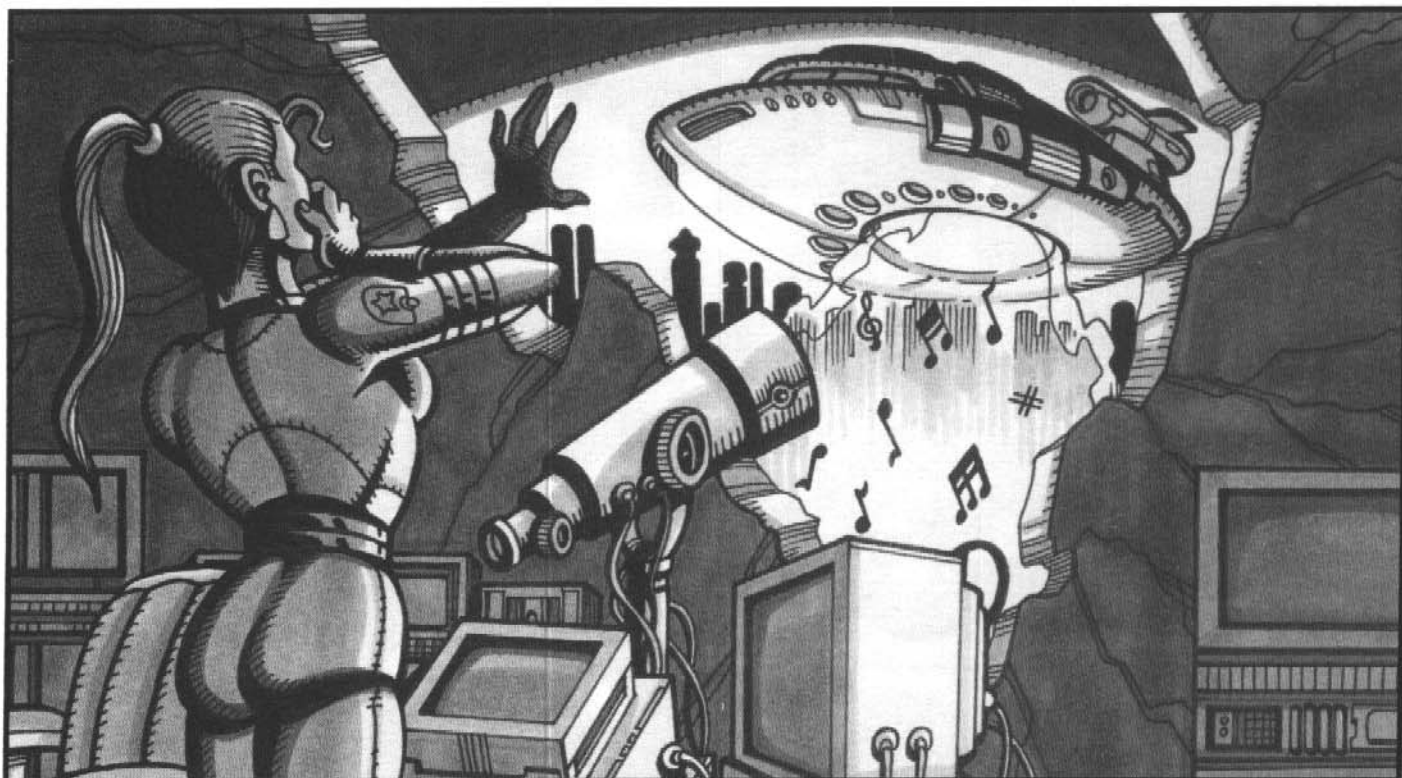
bolt of energy travelled down one of the other light beams (a red one) and impacted with the surface of the planet so hard that it caused a seismic tremor under Alpha — half a world away.

Using all available resources, the power groups of Alpha Complex were able to determine where the bolt hit: another Complex, somewhere to the northeast. That complex was utterly destroyed.

The beam over Alpha turned Indigo.

## What Happened?

The Powers-that-Be in Alpha Complex figured out that the spaceship, in playing the tune, was making some sort of inquiry. What it was asking, they have no idea. It could be some deep, philosophical question like, "What is the meaning of Life?" or something as



*The Sound of Music resonates over faraway Omega Complex ...*



simple as, "Do you mind terribly if we vaporize you?"

Whatever the question, Alpha has no way of knowing how to answer. The Powers believe that music is the key, but there they are stumped: the Computer was never musically inclined (read some of its old jingles if you don't believe me), the High Programmers don't know a half note from an egg sandwich (which makes for some interesting lunches in their sphere of influence), and FreeEnterprise has no clue.

So there's no Hope. Alpha will be destroyed in a matter of weeks.

### Hey, I didn't say *that* ...

When the Powers began digging around for an answer to the musical question, they came upon an interesting reference. A clone named Ozzi-O-ZBN-4 had been convicted of treason by the Computer long ago, but had never been executed. He had stolen a



... Omega Complex strikes a flat note.

flybot and headed into the Outdoors. Apparently, he landed somewhere on the Old Reckoning continent of Aus-

tralia. If anyone can decipher the answer to this riddle, Ozzi can.

We hope.



# Episode One: Come and Say G'Day!

## Summary

The Troubleshooters volunteer for the most important mission in Alpha Complex's history. They receive a mission briefing. They get some neat equipment. They zoom off to Australia. Hardly anybody dies.

## Background

Alpha Complex is on a war footing. Yeah, we know: Alpha Complex is always on a war footing, but this time they really mean it. This ain't no Commie hunt, designed to keep the downtrodden masses' minds off of the fact that their lives are garbage — this is real serious, with everybody's survival at stake. Complexes are being destroyed in reverse (Greek) alphabetical order; and the thing that is pasting them sneers at nuclear weaponry. All of Alpha Complex's considerable resources are being thrown into the battle.

Crack teams of Troubleshooters are being sent, via Transdimensional Collapsatron, throughout time and space to find some weapon with which to combat the alien menace. R&D Priests are working overtime to build bigger and more implausible warmachines. The Armed Forces are out on constant maneuvers. High Programmers are searching ancient computer records for an answer — not to mention overseeing the construction of personal survival bunkers deep below the Complex. Even the Secret Societies have stopped bickering to help. Old enmities are being forgotten — somewhat; everyone is pitching in.

This is fortunate for the Troubleshooters, all of whom have been sentenced to death by someone or other for some transgression or other (see the pre-generated PC sheets). On death row, waiting for their executions (shown, of course, on Complex-wide primetime

video — even in post-Crash Alpha Complex, live mass executions still draw high ratings), they are offered one final mission. If they succeed, all sins are forgiven. If not, I guess "The New Cos-B-EES" will be pre-empted for the 23rd time this season.

## Encounter One: Death Row Blues (and Reds, and Oranges, ...)

This encounter gets the Troubleshooters from their cells, where they await execution, to the briefing. Quiche-eating gamemasters should alter it as necessary to fit their wimpy liberal story line. Read the following aloud:

**Well, this is a fine predicament, isn't it? Sitting around in an HPD holding cell and make-up room, awaiting your televised execution. The room is bleak and bare, painted a dull grey, with hard benches along the walls and a single vid monitor, currently showing five-year-old "Date With Death" reruns. Looks like there's about ten minutes left of the show: then you're up.**

**A guardbot stands menacingly in front of the single doorway, protecting a painfully cheerful Red-level clone who daubs greasy pancake makeup on your sweaty foreheads and tells you to be sure to smile for the cameras: "you wouldn't want the folks back home to**

**think you were sourpusses, now would you, dearies?"**

**If imminent death wasn't bad enough, you have to share your last remaining minutes on this planet with as dangerous and sleazy a group of reprobates as you have ever seen. If ever a group of clones deserved killing, these do. You wonder how you got put in with these hardened killers. Probably another clerical error. Oh, well.**

This is a good time to have the players introduce their characters to each other. Fortunately, nobody has any weapons, so fatalities should be at a minimum. The guardbot will break up any fights with ruthlessness — but non-lethal — efficiency, while the pancake-wielding clone runs around squeaking, "Oh, my; be careful! You'll smear your makeup!" Let the Troubleshooters kill this clone if they wish: he's not integral to the plot, and it's a good way to, er, bleed off some of the excess energy and violence which builds up during the opening of any *Paranoia* adventure.

If the Troubleshooters attempt some sort of escape, work it into the plotline (and see the "Game Stuff: Date With Death" box for the relevant info). Naturally, they will be stopped, and feel free to execute one or two (on Vid, of course). This will settle them down and also show them that you mean business — and that

## Death Row: To Hose or Not to Hose

This is classic *Paranoia* player coercion at its rawest. It gets the Troubleshooters into the mission, no muss, no fuss, no bother. If they refuse, their characters die. See? Simple, elegant, almost poetic.

Sadly, there may be some wimpy, liberal, quiche-eating gamemasters out there who do not like this kind of eminently *Paranoia* maneuver, and will want to use some other method to get their Troubleshooters into the

mission. Something a little less coercive, something which will preserve their players' illusions of free will. Fine. Be that way. Offer 'em money, goodies, promotions, whatever. While we can't say we approve, it is your game, after all. Do what you want.

However, we'll stick with the good old-fashioned hose-job, thank you very much.





In Alpha Complex, we not only have captive audiences; we have captive contestants!

no clone replacements are forthcoming.

When the introductions and violence have concluded, read:

Well, time's about up. The execution show's producer, flanked by three more mean-looking guardbots, walks in and gestures at you to follow him. You're about to die.

Suddenly, as if scripted by a merciful game-designer, there's a commotion out in the hallway. You hear an argument taking place, as someone loudly protests someone else's entry to this holding cell. There's a loud, meaty "whaa-thuuunk!" and the arguing ceases. In walks a large, Green-level Armed Forces type, wiping some red and grey goo off of his truncheon and grinning cheerfully. He hands the producer a note.

The producer reads the note, then begins to protest. The Armed Forces type thunks his truncheon meaningfully. The producer looks at the guardbots. The guardbots look at the Armed Forces type, who just grins a bit wider. The guardbots suddenly find something very interesting in the grey ceiling and begin studying it intently.

**The producer slumps. He gestures at you, and tells you to follow the Armed Forces type. The Armed Forces type jerks his head toward the door, and then leaves.**

### Encounter Two: Look Who's Back

Nick-R trundles the Troubleshooters into a waiting transbot and heads deep into the badlands of Alpha Complex. He answers no questions, turning his famous grin on anyone who talks; to continue the questions, the Troubleshooter must beat Nick in an intimidation contest (see "Game Stuff" box).

After a few minutes of companionable silence, the transbot rumbles through the blasted wilderness of torn pavement, destroyed buildings, and glowing pools of heavy metal which seem to surround every R&D temple and deposits the passengers at the main door. Nick-R takes the Troubleshooters inside, past a variety of esoteric defense systems, through a room filled with R&D acolytes chanting an obscure mantra ("Boom, boom, shacka-

lacka-lacka boom. Boom, boom, shacka-lacka boom-boom!"), and, finally, into what, despite its tacky techno-religious trappings, is obviously a briefing room.

Ten minutes later, two R&D priests wheel in a large, clear tank festooned with dials, displays, tubes, video camera and microphone, and a speaker. Inside the tank is a frothy pink fluid, within which something the size of a football sloshes about disturbingly. A pleasant female voice issues from the speaker:

**"Greetings, my friends."**

If the Troubleshooters have previously enjoyed the fine adventure *Death, Lies and Videotape*, perhaps now is a good time for an insanity roll, as they recognize the voice as that of Elizabeth-R, the clone who sought to unite all of the secret societies of Alpha Complex. Through their ineptness, Elizabeth-R was plasma'd into extinction—or so they were told. However, enough of her tissue was left so that R&D could scrape it up and regrow her in this vat. Though she might be expected to be annoyed at the Troubleshooters whose



## Game Stuff: Date With Death

### Six HPD Dinks

These guys are laser-fodder. If they get into a scuffle, they flail about ineffectually, dying in the most entertaining manner the GM can concoct.

#### Weapon:

Fist: (5I) \_\_\_\_\_ 6

### Three Guardbots

These are Corpore Metalheads with asimov circuits removed. They're working for HPD as part of a complicated three-way deal involving the Illuminati — the Illuminati provide Corpore Metal with replacement parts, in return for which CM gives HPD the guards as cheap muscle. HPD pays Illuminati by letting them insert subliminal messages into their broadcasts — what they say, no one knows.

In any event, the guards' enlightened self-awareness makes them less than enthusiastic when facing anyone with any real muscle: unarmed Troubleshooters are one thing, psychotic Armed Forces types are another.

#### Weapons:

Two Lasers (in torso) (9L) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

Armored Fists (10I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

**Armor:** Shiny bods (All3) \_\_\_\_\_

### Psychotic Armed Forces Type (Nick-R-FRY-2)

This lovable character has been gifted with two of the best talents any Alphan warrior could ask for: a grin so intimidating, so terrifying, that he almost never has to fight, and the ferocity and stamina of a Conan when he does have to fight.

Anyone who wants to take a swing/shot/mind blast at him must

beat him in an intimidation vs. intimidation skill contest (like an attribute vs. attribute test, see page 56 of the immortal Second Edition rules); Nick-R's intimidation is 19.

#### Weapons:

Slugthrower (HE  
ammo) (10P) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

Truncheon (10I) \_\_\_\_\_ 14

**Armor:** Green reflec & Macho bonus (L6All2)

If you feel that Nick-R still needs some help to usher the Troubleshooters off to their next objective, feel free to include his squad of Hooting Commandoes. They have similar abilities to Nick-R (minus the intimidation ability), but they stay in the background, occasionally hooting.

negligence caused her present condition, Elizabeth-R doesn't hold a grudge.

After the Troubleshooters stop gibbering, the briefing continues:

**"My friends," Elizabeth-R repeats, "Alpha Complex is in grave peril. The exact nature of that peril is, I'm afraid, confidential — if it were to get out, it would cause panic among the population. This panic would paralyze us and make it impossible for us to deal with the peril causing the panic."**

Pause for a couple of seconds to let the players work through the convoluted syntax of the previous paragraph, then continue:

**"Suffice it to say, the peril is so grave that, for the first time in history, all of the secret societies, simplexes, and service groups in Alpha Complex have agreed to stop fighting and pool their resources to battle it. And my regrowth and memory re-implanting have been greatly accelerated, so that I could coordinate everyone's efforts."**

**"More to the point where you're concerned: the agencies calling for your execution have agreed to commute your sentences — if you agree to**

**take on a mission help us halt the menace.**

**"Will you agree?"**

Not really much choice, is there? The Troubleshooters can wriggle around, whining about being framed in the first place, not wanting to agree to a mission blind and whatnot, but Elizabeth-R is firm. The Troubleshooters either go on the mission, or it's back to video-death. When they finally bow to the inevitable, Elizabeth-R thanks them warmly, sloshing about in her pink liquid in a gesture of farewell and good luck, then sends them off with Nick-R.



## Mission Profile

Nick-R takes them to a large room in NSA PLC filled with a veritable cornucopia of stuff, hands them a mission profile sheet (give the players a copy of the appropriate prop), tells them they have half an hour to pick the equipment they want, then leaves.

If any of the Troubleshooters attempt to engage Nick-R in conversation before he leaves, he will be somewhat more friendly (they accepted the mission, so now they're on "the team"). He doesn't know a lot, but he could hint at the reasons behind the mission.

## PLC Stuff

Following is a list of the stuff provided by PLC:

### Transbot D-B 37

This is a military replenishment model, with light armor and two front-mounted weapons ports and one turret-mounted weapons port on the top of the vehicle (no weapons are currently mounted).





It is eight-wheeled, and each wheel is equipped with independent suspension and turning capabilities. The engine is fusion-powered, rated for up to 5000 miles' operation at top speed (though it's impossible to tell how many miles it has gone on its current plant). Its top speed is a whopping 35 kilometers per hour.

D-B 37 seats four in its front cabin: pilot, co-pilot, left and right front gunner (a fifth person could crouch between the gunners). The turret mount is manually operated by a gunner who sits on an amazingly uncomfortable perch within the turret atop the aft cargo hold. The aft cargo hold can carry about 35 cubic meters of stuff.

Anyone inside the transbot is protected by its hull armor (All5). Shooting through the windows at a driver or passenger is treated as "Partial Cover." The 'bot's hull can take the equivalent of six wounds before malfunctioning and shutting down (six "Wound" results, three "Incapacitate" results, two "Kill" results, or one "Vaporize" result).

The transbot's brain is a relatively docile and tractable model nicknamed "DeeBee." It follows orders, doesn't give its operators any lip, and, in many ways, is everything a vehicle brain ought to be.

Unfortunately, it doesn't know anything about operating vehicles. It was previously running the HEL Sector air conditioning system and was reassigned when, in an excess of enthusiasm, it turned up the power until the sector froze over; apparently someone neglected to reprogram it before installing it in this vehicle. Fortunately, all vehicle operations can be controlled manually. More or less.

DeeBee is equipped with All5 armor. It has a Com III unit built in.

### Food

The Troubleshooters have been provided with a substantial number of concentrated rations. These consist of a large crate filled with thousands of what look exactly like polystyrene packing "peanuts." When water is applied to a peanut, the peanut rapidly expands to roughly ten times its size and weight. Each peanut provides one-third of the minimum daily requirement for Red-level citizens of protein, fat, lead, titanium, polysorbate 80 and twelve other important vitamins and minerals. The peanuts have the taste and consistency of the *Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition*.

It is not a good idea to consume the

peanuts unexpanded, as they will tend to expand once they come in contact with the liquids in the consumer's mouth and throat (roll on Damage Column 7, +1 for each additional peanut consumed). It is also not a good idea to pour water into the crate, as all of the peanuts will then expand simultaneously and explosively, with roughly the same effects as an HE cone rifle round.

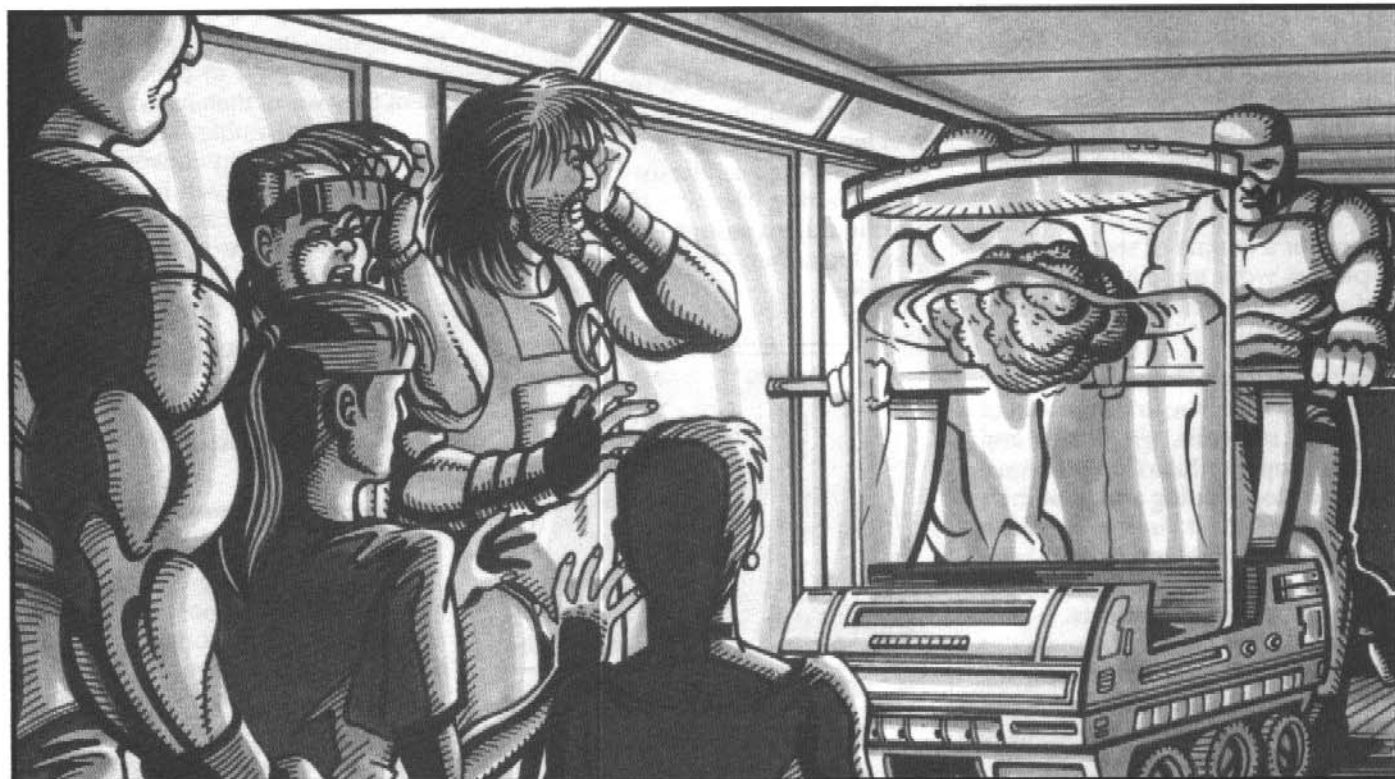
Unfortunately, the instructions for the concentrated rations were not included; the Troubleshooters will just have to figure this stuff out for themselves.

The Troubleshooters have also been provided with 200 servings of Cold Fun in self-sealing pucks. It tastes somewhat worse than the concentrated rations, but at least it rarely explodes.

Finally, the Troubleshooters have been provided with fifty two-liter, self-cooling bottles of Bouncy Bubble Beverage. When the bottle is opened, a chemical reaction occurs which instantly chills the B<sup>3</sup> to -10 degrees Celsius. The Troubleshooters can then suck on the B<sup>3</sup>-flavored lump of ice or wait a couple of hours until it thaws.

### The Docbot

Standing in one corner, humming to itself and gently whirring its rust-spatt-



THAT'S Elizabeth-R!? Whew! I thought the Computer's commissary had returned!



## \*\*\*\*\* MISSION PROFILE \*\*\*\*\*

**: Mission File Name:** Operation "Really Forlorn Hope"

**: Mission File Number:** 43.000.631.77

**: Mission Briefing Officer:** Citizen Elizabeth-R

**: Mission Operations Officer:** CPU Citizen Cut-I-SRK

**: Mission Objectives:** Retrieve Commie Traitor Fugitive Citizen Ozzi-O-ZBN-4 From the Outdoors.

**: Mission Background:** One year ago, Citizen Ozzi-O-ZBN-4, a musician of sorts, stole a high-trajectory transbot and fled with it to the Outdoors. Details of why Ozzi-O left our Beloved Complex are lost somewhere within the tortured remains of The Computer's memory, but records show that The Computer evidently objected to some of Ozzi-O's lyrics as treasonous, and reacted in that wonderful way it had — i.e., sentencing Ozzi-O to immediate execution.

Recent events, however, the exact nature of which are way too classified to release to lowly Troubleshooter scum such as yourselves at this time, necessitate the immediate retrieval of Ozzi-O-ZBN-4.

Alive. Intact. With all of the appropriate bits right where they were when he left. Or we'll kill you. **Treat this point as important.**

**: Mission Location:** Somewhere in the Outdoors. Bring your mittens.

**: Mission Duration:** Until he's found. Don't even bother coming back without him. If it takes more than 30 days, don't bother coming back at all.

**: Mission Equipment:** Provided by those dweebs in what's left of NSA Sector PLC. To include: Outdoor ground transbot; three month's rations; medical bot; weapons; clothing; communications equipment; all other necessary gear.

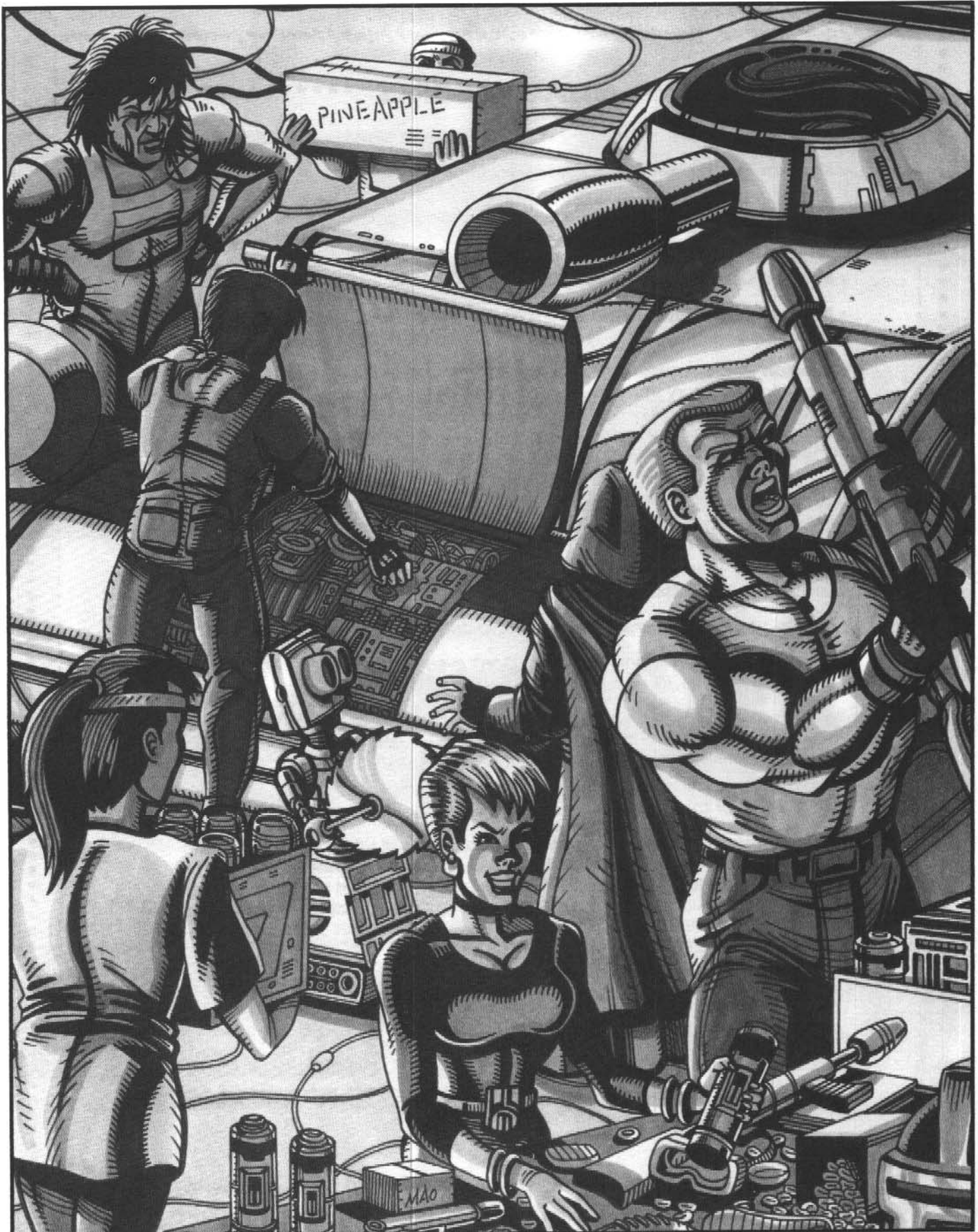
The Troubleshooters will be given cheerful and enthusiastic cooperation by the NSA PLC dweebs. Or the Troubleshooters have our permission to kill them.

**: Experimental Equipment:** The Troubleshooters will take a minimum of six experimental devices with them on this mission. They will choose the devices from an assortment provided by NSA R&D. They will test these devices to the best of their abilities, insofar as does not interfere with their mission objectives. In return, the "priests" will provide transport for the Team to the appropriate sector of the Outdoors. Due to circumstances beyond our control, it is highly unlikely that clone replacements will be available during this mission.

So be careful.

\*\*\*\*END MESSAGE\*\*\*\*END MESSAGE\*\*\*\*END MESSAGE\*\*\*\*





Alert Troubleshooters always loot — I mean “equip themselves with” — the finest PLC has to offer.



tered chainsaw manipulators back and forth, is the Troubleshooters' docbot, who answers to the name of "Hawkeye." Hawkeye looks forward to the mission, expressing the hope "that it will offer many opportunities for this worthless metal artifact to exercise my humble but completely safe and fun medical attentions on your valuable but tragically fragile tissues, fluids, and viscera."

Hawkeye is a Model V docbot, with a medical skill of 8. Its brain is relatively new and it rarely goes berserk in any way. Really. We mean it this time.

## Clothing

Here the PLC folks have gone all out: in a huge pile, stretching nearly up to the ceiling, is clothing for virtually every imaginable set of circumstances. There's warm-weather gear. There's cold-weather gear. There's Red reflex and kevlar armor. There's scuba gear. There's burnooses. There's loincloths. There's formal tuxedo-wear. There's synthe-rabbit coats. Radiation suits. Snowshoes. Spandex jogging wear. Leather jackets and spiked wristbands. Cumberbunds. A couple of dozen spacesuits. In designer colors.

Obviously, the team vehicle cannot carry all of this stuff, so the Troubleshooters will have to pick and choose. Since they don't know where they're going or the conditions to be found there, smart Troubleshooters will take a variety of gear. Even smarter Troubleshooters will take a couple of extra sets of the most gaudy stuff, for trading goods with any natives they meet Outdoors.

## Communications Gear

The team has been provided with six Com I communication units. These coms are attuned to the same frequency as DeeBee the transbot, whose Com III can boost the handsets' signals to reach a communications satellite, which in turn can transmit the signal back to Alpha Complex.

If the Alpha Complex techs remember to turn their receiver on, of course. And if anybody's bothering to listen.

## Weapons

The team has been provided a goodly selection of devices with which to murder each other and anyone else they happen to meet. These include:

- Six hand lasers.\*
- Two slugthrowers.
- One tangler.
- Two laser rifles (can be hand-carried or mounted on transbot).
- Two cone rifles (can be hand-carried or mounted on transbot).
- One flamethrower (can be hand-carried or mounted on transbot).
- Twenty-four grenades.
- Twenty-four Red laser barrels. Twenty rounds each of solid, dum-dum, HE, AP, and gauss slugthrower bullets. Four tangler reloads. Twenty rounds each of solid, dum-dum, HE, AP, HEAT, and gauss cone rifle rounds. Two flamethrower reloads.

Upon seeing this bounty, Hawkeye almost dances with excitement, exclaiming that, "Obviously, a tremendous amount of combat is expected by the organizers of this mission! While, of course, it is to be hoped that your precious internal organs, ducts and circulatory apparatus will remain intact, if, unfortunately, one or more of you were to become injured during the combat, perhaps as the result of being hit in the forehead with a solid bullet from a slugthrower or by having a major limb bitten off or some such similar experience, I, your most dutiful and loving servant, would do my very best to return you to a fully-operative state, with the minimum of

agony and psychological trauma."

This will no doubt reassure the Troubleshooters.

## On with the Show

Once the Troubleshooters have gone over their gear and gotten it stowed aboard DeeBee, Nick-R returns and leads the troupe over to NSA R&D. If the Troubleshooters have armed themselves to the teeth, then Nick-R has even more respect for them (not because he's afraid of the weaponry, but because he believes "a well armed Troubleshooter is a smart Troubleshooter!").

## Encounter Three: The R&D Briefing

NSA R&D is very much an archetypical post-Crash R&D temple. The temple doors are heavily-guarded by a squadron of ex-Vulture goons, cheap ceremonial robes covering fully-operational battle suits.

Upon the arrival of DeeBee, the goons fire a warning volley of vomit gas into the cab and call for identification. After a tense couple of minutes, during which the Vultures amuse themselves by etching their initials in DeeBee's flanks with laser rifles, the temple doors open and an R&D acolyte emerges and beckons to the transbot to follow him inside. Read:

Inside the R&D temple, you are assailed by an unending stream of sensory data — most of it unpleasant in the extreme. The walls are lit by plasma torches, giving off intense heat, thick smoke, and very little in the way of light. DeeBee's wheels find uncertain traction on the thick, sagging carpet. Something underneath the carpet crunches and squooshes under the vehicle's weight.

Robed and hooded figures stand along the sides of the corridor chanting a strange mantra:

"Einstein, Teller, Wells, Oy! Pasteur, Frankenstein, Von Daniken, Oy!"

The air smells of burnt carbon, scorched ozone and processed cheezefud.

Finally, the acolyte motions for you to dismount from your vehicle and

\*See the Paranoia Second Edition rulebook for statistics on the weapons.





"Do you think they have a chance?" "Who?" "The Troubleshooters." "What Troubleshooters?" "Oh."

ushers you in through a small, unassuming door in the corridor. Nick-R remains outside with DeeBee.

The room beyond the door is obviously a laboratory. It is crowded with lab tables covered with bubbling beakers, smoking caldrons, and merrily-sparking Van Dee Graff generators. You shuffle into the only open space in the room, trying to keep clear of the rapidly-moving smoking rubber belts that power oddly-shaped buzzing, beeping and clattering machines.

Several moments pass, then a door on the opposite wall opens. In bustles a short, pudgy man, with balding red hair and glasses held together with tape. He is dressed in a Green lab coat and carries a briefcase made of some beat-up brown material. An old-style identiplat is prominently displayed on his chest; it reads "Pape-R-WRK-4." You notice that someone has taped a "Nuke Me" sign to the back of his lab coat.

After dithering about for a couple of minutes, Pape-R paws through his briefcase begins to speak:

"Er.

"Ahem.

"Oh yes. Let's see...

"Now. Where was I?" He looks up at you expectantly.

[Wait until a Troubleshooter begins speaking, then continue.]

"Oh yes. Of course. You're that unfortunate Troubleshooter team being sent on that terrible mission, aren't you? I'm, er," he looks down at his nameplate, "Pape-R-WRK-4, your R&D liaison. I'm here to discuss your experimental equipment, to answer any questions you might have about it, that sort of thing."

He looks up at you expectantly once more.

[Give the Troubleshooters a couple of minutes to ask questions (and receive cryptic, useless answers) and blather about not having been assigned any experimental equipment.]

Pape-R looks relieved. "Oh. I see. Then my work here is done. That's just as well, I guess." He leans toward you confidentially. "I never really understood any of that scientific mumbo-jumbo anyway. My speciality is written documentation expedition, you know. Fascinating subject, really."

Still chattering amiably, he leads you back out to the hallway, where the acolyte directs you to drive DeeBee down the corridor to another room, this one with huge doors marked "Launch Room."

Talking to the acolyte may prove more profitable than to Pape-R-WRK. After going through the solemn, strange area of the R&D temple, Ack-O-LYT becomes more talkative and less stuffy. He is a young acolyte, rising in the ranks of R&D, and he thinks Pape-R is a dithering idiot. Ack tell the Troubleshooters about the location of their R&D Equipment (if they ask) and, if they are able to *Bootlick*, *Bribe*, or *Interrogate* him, he may tell them about their mission.

Ack doesn't know a lot, but he does know about the spaceship, and about why Ozzi is being sent for. Since this is an R&D secret, though (he thinks), the Troubleshooters will have to succeed at their attempts pretty well to get him to talk.

## The Mission Begins

Well, so here we are at last. Only page 14, and the mission's about to begin.

The Launch Room (or "Lunch Room") is sort of a combination cafeteria and rocket gantry. The room is cavernous, about the largest space the Troubleshooters have ever seen, unless they've been Outdoors. Near the west wall, the one through which the Troubleshooters enter, stand a number of tables at which R&D techs, priests, acolytes and other luminaries take their meals, brought to them by a steady stream. The servicebots come from a door to the Troubleshooter's left.

At the Troubleshooters' approach, the R&Ders somewhat grudgingly move the tables aside, creating a narrow aisle through which DeeBee gingerly drives to the opposite side of the room.

The opposite half of the room is taken up by the largest flybot the Troubleshooters have ever seen. It is about thirty meters in length and about ten in height. It's painted red and blue, with big fins on its sides and top, and huge engine exhausts at its aft. It resembles nothing so much as one of the fanciful vehicles from the old Buck-R-OGR serials. A hatch is open in one side, and the R&D techs motion for the Troubleshooters to drive DeeBee into a large cargo bay. Once inside, the techs attach heavy guy wires to DeeBee, fastening it securely in position. Against



one wall of the bay stands a large carton marked "R&D Experimental Self-Propelled Experimental Equipment Carton. Use No Hooks."

Nick-R ushers the Troubleshooters out of DeeBee into a cabin within the larger transbot containing seven padded couches covered with a variety of straps, not unlike those found in the Citizens' Voluntary Drug Rehabilitation and Confession Booths. Nick then salutes them goodbye and exits the 'bot.

Through a port in the side of the transbot, the Troubleshooters see Nick-R walk over to the cafeteria side of the Launch Room, casually kick a couple of techs away from a table, knock the table over on its side, and crouch behind it. The other techs look at him, and then make haste to follow his example. Ack-O-LYT gives a quick wave and sprints out the door. Read:

The transbot cabin is bare, except for the couches, the windows, and a small camera and speaker in the corner. You look at each other for a couple of moments, wondering what is going to happen next, when a pleasant voice emanates from the speaker.

"Greetings, friend Troubleshooters. I am High-Orbital Autopilot Model LK147A, Batch Number 212, Sub-Batch 84.0.3. But you can call me Skippy for short. In just a few moments we will be exiting Alpha Complex for an exciting and perfectly safe high-orbital journey into the deepest reaches of space! We will reach an altitude of



over fifty miles above the surface of our beautiful planet, and achieve speeds of around a skillion miles per hour.

"To reduce the potentially harmful effects of excessive gravitational pull on gooey meatbags such as yourselves, may I suggest that you employ the acceleration couches so thoughtfully provided by your most holy and safety-conscious friends in Research and Design? Liftoff will be in two minutes. Thank you for your cooperation."

The Troubleshooters quickly discover that the restraining straps on the acceleration couches are designed so that they cannot be locked or unlocked by the occupant of the couch; someone else must do it for them. Unless someone in the group has the Harry-O-DNI mutation, that means that somebody is not going to be strapped in. If they're quick and smart, the Troubleshooters can order Hawkeye to strap in the last

Troubleshooter (but don't suggest it to them of course).

In case it matters, the Troubleshooters also find that Skippy has locked the external hatch as part of liftoff procedure. There is no way the Troubleshooters can persuade him to countermand the launch order (even the Machine Empathy mutation won't do it) and, unless the Troubleshooters want to start firing weapons inside the cabin of a soon-to-be-moving spaceship, there is no way out.

After one minute passes, Skippy speaks once more.

"Are we all strapped in? Did we all visit the comfort station and take our spacesickness pills? That's just fine. Let's start the countdown.

"NSA Control, beginning liftoff sequence now.

"Sixty ...

"fifty-nine ...

"fifty-eight ...

"twenty ...

"sixish ...

"COWABUNGAAAA!"

A loud roar fills your ears. The transbot begins to vibrate softly, then shake until the fillings begin to shake loose from your teeth. Bolts pop from the walls and ceiling and carom around the cabin like shrapnel. A heavy weight presses down on your chest. Skippy begins singing "Born free!" at the top of his speaker's capacity. Mercifully, you...

Fade to black.





# Episode Two: Me and My Abo

## Summary

The Troubleshooters wake up. Their ship has landed more-or-less intact on the top of Airs Rock, a huge monolith of a mountain in the middle of the Australian Desert. Airs Rock is sacred to the native Aborigines of Australia, who take offense at the Troubleshooters' careless parking. After discussion and the odd massacre or two, the Troubleshooters are told that their quarry, Ozzi-O, is most likely in Sydney, one of the few remaining settlements of any size on the subcontinent. The Troubleshooters thank them politely, then amble on their way.

## Wake Up Call

Read the following:

**Well, that wasn't too unpleasant — kind of like having your body broken down into its component atoms and then reassembled wrong, like what always happened in that old Outdoor Trek series. Anyway, you're alive, mostly.**

[Roll on damage column 19 for anybody who was not strapped in.]

**Skippy announces that all systems are functional, "except for this teeny tiny crack in the nuclear containment vessel. Nothing to worry about, I'm sure, fellows. Temperature in the engine room approaching 400 degrees Fahrenheit, but other than that, everything's jake. Say. Anybody got a roll of duct tape or something?" Off in the distance, you can hear the steady scream of an alarm buzzer.**

Troubleshooters who venture into the engine room to repair Skippy deserve a polite round of applause and third-degree burns over 90 percent of their body (damage table 15L). Skippy insists that his internal repair bots can handle everything, but it'll take some time. Skippy

isn't gonna blow — not this minute, anyway — but he's in no shape to travel anywhere for a few days ... a week, tops.

The rest of the gear apparently came through without a scratch. Hawkeye might have a new stutter and his chainsaw manipulators start and stop at random, but he assures the Troubleshooters that he's in good shape, and offers to perform a battlefield organ transplant to prove it. The ground transbot looks fine. The R&D crate seems intact; if the Troubleshooters dare open it, see the box around here somewhere for the wonders they discover therein.

After the Troubleshooters have had a few moments to get themselves organized, Skippy announces the approach of a human. Skippy says the human is dark complexioned and wearing a loin-cloth and sneakers. He's got white paint on his face and carries a spear. He walks up to Skippy, apparently unafraid, and knocks politely.

Sounds like a Commie Mutant Traitor trick to me ... whoops! That's the old *Paranoia*!

## Encounter One: Ding, Dong, the Chief is Dead

The person outside of Skippy is one Charlie Rijarnallip, an Australian aborigine, whose tribe has taken up residence around here. Airs Rock is a place of deep religious symbolism to the natives, and Charlie's here to request that the Troubleshooters kindly remove their ship to another location, as the present one is a deep affront to his people, and they'll have to kill the Troubleshooters if they don't vacate the premises.

Besides which, the Troubleshooters have just killed the tribe's chief, who will be really upset when he finds out.

Assuming the Troubleshooters don't blast Charlie to bits before he has a chance to speak, Charlie's opening

conversation will go something along these lines:

**"G'day, mates. My name's Charlie Rijarnallip, but you can call me Charlie.**

**"Er, nice ship you've got here, but I'm afraid you're going to have to move it. You see, you've parked it right on top of our most sacred place, not to mention on top of our chief."**

**Looking to the right, you see a pair of scrawny legs protruding from under the transbot's chassis.**

**"There are plenty of fine places around here for your vehicle," Charlie continues. "This is the desert, you see. It's mostly flat — perfect for space-ships.**

**"And if you don't move it, I'm afraid that we'll have to kill you. No offense," he adds pleasantly.**

## The Rijarnallip Tribe

The Rijarnallip tribe is composed of around thirty men and the same number of women and children. They're a peaceful sort, mostly, but they've learned that in order to survive, they'd better not take any guff from foreigners. The Australian aborigines have been making quite a comeback since the end of the world, and they're not about to give any of it up.

The leader of the tribe, Jin Rijarnallip, is one mean dude. He's a powerful magician (or mutant, if you don't want to pollute your pristine science-fictional setting with any fantasy trash), and he's currently off on a journey in Dreamtime (or a shared virtual reality maintained with drugs instead of computers, for you SF Nazis). Jin is not likely to be happy about being killed in his absence, and the tribe would just as soon have the perpetrators well out of town before Jin comes back and makes a scene.

We said there wouldn't be clones; we didn't say anything about disembodied astral images.



## Fun From R&D

The folks at R&D have really outdone themselves this time. The experimental equipment they've cooked up for this mission is perhaps the most useful they've ever designed, and with hardly any flaws which will cause the untimely death or dismemberment of the entire team plus a sizeable chunk of the sub-continent's population. Really. Why don't you believe us?

### The Self-Propelled Equipment

**Locker:** This yellow, two-yard by one-yard by one-yard crate is gifted with the latest in advanced bot brain hardware and software. The crate is completely loyal and friendly as a pup, with intelligence and personality similar to a big old dogbot. It will follow the team around at a discrete distance, say 10 meters away, and thus will always be at hand if needed. It can't speak, but it does understand human speech. Its mode of transport consists of around forty little feet on its bottom surface, allowing it to negotiate most terrain and achieve speeds of up to 30 mph on the flats. Its duralloy-titanium skin gives it All4 armor. It answers to the name Ol' Yaller.

### And Inside the Locker ...

**Razor Armor:** Two suits. This stuff just plain looks cool, you know what I mean? It's like a full suit of extremely shiny plate mail backed with leather and kevlar and festooned with a myriad of razor-sharp, er, razors. The armor gives the user L4P3I3 protection, and increases damage done in unarmed combat by +3. The only problem is getting the suit on without cutting yourself to pieces (*tough dexterity roll*; on failure, roll on damage column 4). Also, it's not such a good idea to wear the armor inside the cramped transbot quarters.

**Invisibility Belt (Mark II):** The R&D folks have been working hard to perfect this one—and while they're not really there quite yet, they're getting closer ...

The invisibility belt (Mark II) does in fact render its wearer nearly invisible by projecting a field which causes all light to flow around the subject, creating a mere ripple in the air (like in a certain recent cinematic outer-space slasher monster film we won't name for legal reasons). Increase the wearer's stealth by +6 when he's wearing the belt, and apply a four point penalty to all attempts to shoot him at ranges greater than 10 yards.

Unfortunately, the user can't see much of anything when wearing the suit, as none of the bent light gets to his eyeballs. Penalize the wearer four points from all skill and attribute rolls which require the subject to be able to see. The belt's batteries are good for two hours' continuous operation.

**Combat Software Pills:** These ten pills are roughly the size of baseballs. Each pill contains the distilled RNA memory of one of Alpha Complex's most distinguished warriors — Ram-B-EAU, John-Y-WAN, Aud-I-MFY and so forth. Ten seconds after consumption (for which, roll on damage column 3), the subject takes on the personality of the warrior in question, and gains all of his combat skills to boot (appropriate agility and dexterity skills of between 10 and 15).

The effect of the pills lasts between ten and twenty minutes, with occasional flashbacks occurring during tense situations for up to six months after consumption (while the pill is in operation, encourage the player to roleplay his character as fearless, contemptuous of death, and perhaps just a little bit stupid).

### Sinclair Molecular Dental Floss:

This single-molecule string is extremely sharp — as anyone who loses his fingerprints when trying to pull it out of the plastic container will attest.

Though potentially quite useful, it will shear through virtually any substance used to pick it up. The only way we can see it being used is if the Troubleshooters think to

chuck the whole container into the mouth of some huge, ravening beast which is trying to kill them — roll on damage column 18 (treat "Vaporize" as "Kill") when the poor beast's stomach acids finally dissolve the plastic casing and the chain begins to make its way down the critter's intestinal track.

**Batwings:** No, really. Huge, mutant, living, three-yard span batwings, kept in a supercooled container, complete with microsurgery installation instructions and neural interface. Hawkeye would be happy to install these on any willing Troubleshooter. This is a difficult medical roll, but the installation instructions make it easier by four points.

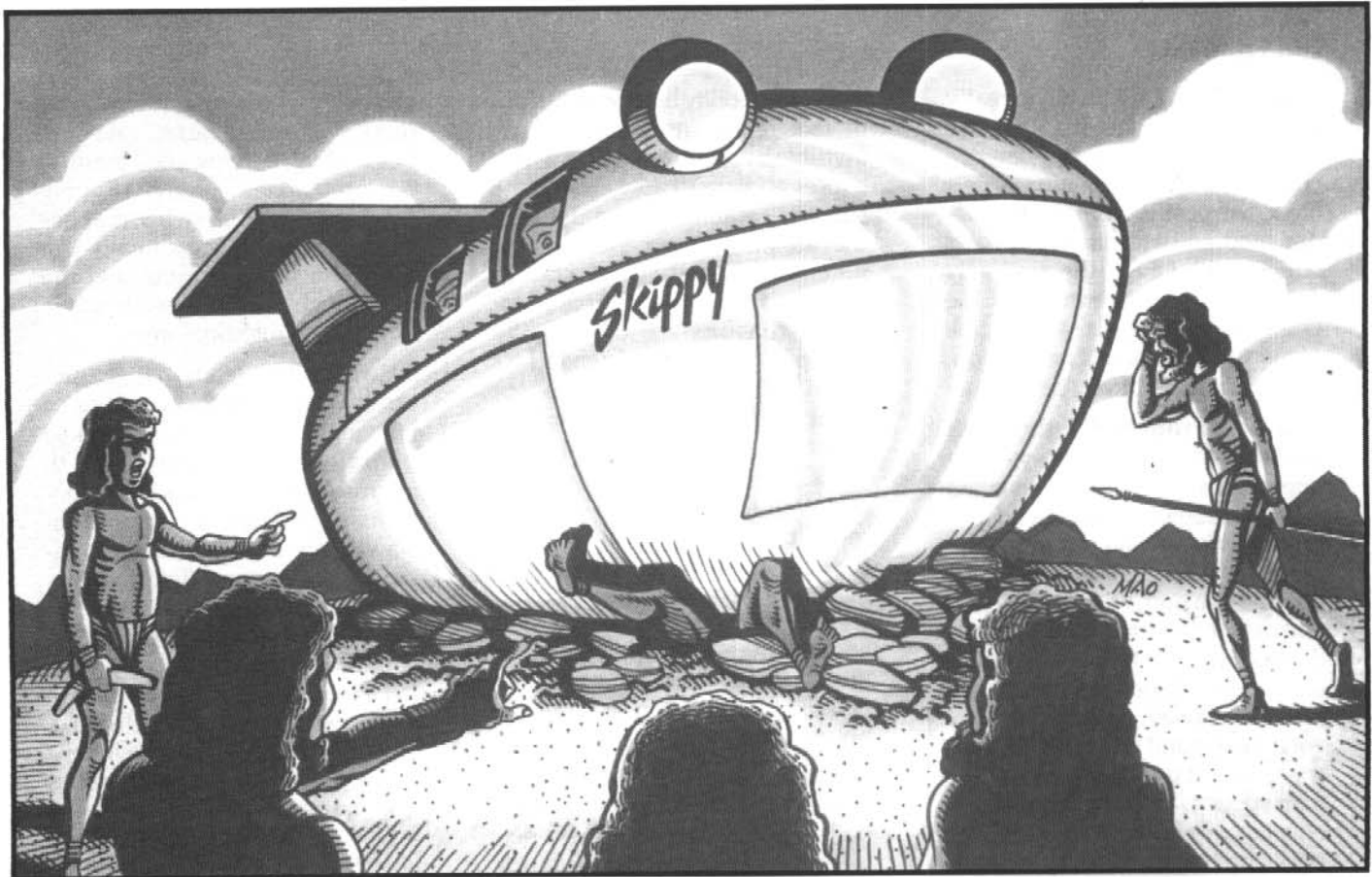
If the operation is successful, roll on damage column 5 for the Troubleshooter. Once he heals, he'll have working batwings. With tremendous effort he can lift himself into the air, achieving the staggering height of up to ten feet off the ground and the colossal speed of five miles per hour (stripped naked, that is, actual speed and height lower if the Troubleshooter is carrying anything heavier than a pistol).

If the operation is a failure, roll on damage column 10. The batwings don't work at all, and they wither and fall off in a few days.

### Sack of Putting Lots of Stuff In:

This small black bag is really a doorway into another dimension. It can hold virtually anything that can fit in through its neck. But as for getting it out afterwards — forget it. There's so much junk in the other dimension now that there's virtually no chance of getting what you put in back. Oh, you'll get something — a handful of unidentifiable goo, the One True Ring, Jimmy Hoffa, whatever ...

**Other Stuff:** Add anything you see fit, but remember that the R&D priests are doing their best to keep this stuff relatively harmless and somewhat useful. Still, a few glitches would be appropriate.



*Finding an appropriate parking space is never a problem for resourceful Troubleshooters.*

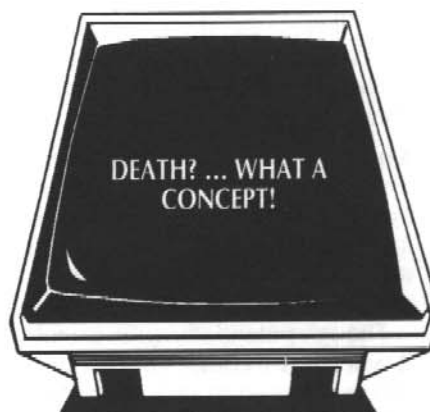
### Gunship Diplomacy

If the Troubleshooters try to explain their predicament to Charlie, they can attempt Bootlick, Bribery, Con, or Fast Talk with some hope of success (treat this as a *tough* situation).

If they fail or try Intimidation, Charlie looks depressed and motions to the apparently empty hills behind him. From hiding places the Troubleshooters didn't even imagine were there emerge ten or fifteen men and women, apparently the tribal warriors, who amble on over and demand to know what the deal is. Charlie explains, and the warriors shake their heads in dismay.

"Listen, mate," says an older woman. "It's not that we want to kill you, understand? But if we start letting foreigners come in and park their spaceships on our sacred monuments any time they want, we'll be right back where we were when the English showed up centuries ago." The others nod in agreement.

"And besides which," adds a man with a large bone through each ear, "you've gone and killed Jin. He wasn't the best leader we've had," the others nod in agreement, "in fact, he's kind of a bastard, if you ask me, but he's gonna be right pissed off at dying, and believe me, that's some powerful magic he's got going for him, you know what I mean?"



To avoid bloodshed, the Troubleshooters have to make several things clear to the tribe: their descent here was an accident, they're very, very sorry, they'll move their ship as soon as they can, and they're not people to mess with. A practical display with a flame-thrower or cone rifle will do for the latter; the tribe aren't cowards, but they're not fools either. The leader of their tribe, the one with the powerful magic (mutation), is just dead at the moment, and they're no match for the Troubleshooters until he comes back.

If the Troubleshooters are polite and respectful, they'll get the tribe's understanding and assistance; if they're arrogant or threatening, the tribe will vanish, leaving the Troubleshooters to get off the plateau on their own.

Assuming the aborigines and the Troubleshooters can work something out, the tribe will be quite friendly. Should the Troubleshooters ask about the possible location of Ozzi-O, the





aborigines shake their heads: never heard of the man. They suggest that he possibly might have gone to Sydney; most foreigners end up there sooner or later; to see the fine Sydney Opera House, they guess, though they don't quite see the attraction themselves.

## Custer's Last Stand II: The Revenge

Of course, some players will want to take the easy way out and butcher the natives to the last man, woman, and child. While West End does not condone murder of native peoples by arrogant European-cultured jerks with heavy weaponry even in roleplaying games, some of our less mature customers may feel differently. In that case, see the "Game Stuff" box around here somewhere, and check out the tactical map (yep, in the Pullout Section).

The natives will fight dirty, hiding like sissies and shooting Troubleshooters in the back if at all possible. They'll

### Game Stuff: The Rijarnallip Tribe

#### Thirty-odd Aborigines

**Mutation:** Not Being Seen\*

#### Weapons:

Spears (9I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

Unarmed (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

**Tactics:** Don't be seen until the enemy's back is to you, then hit him with a spear.

\* The "Not Being Seen" mutation gives the aborigines the equivalent of stealth skill at 14. In addition, subtract 4 from the skill of any Troubleshooter attempting to hit an aborigine at over 10 yards' range.

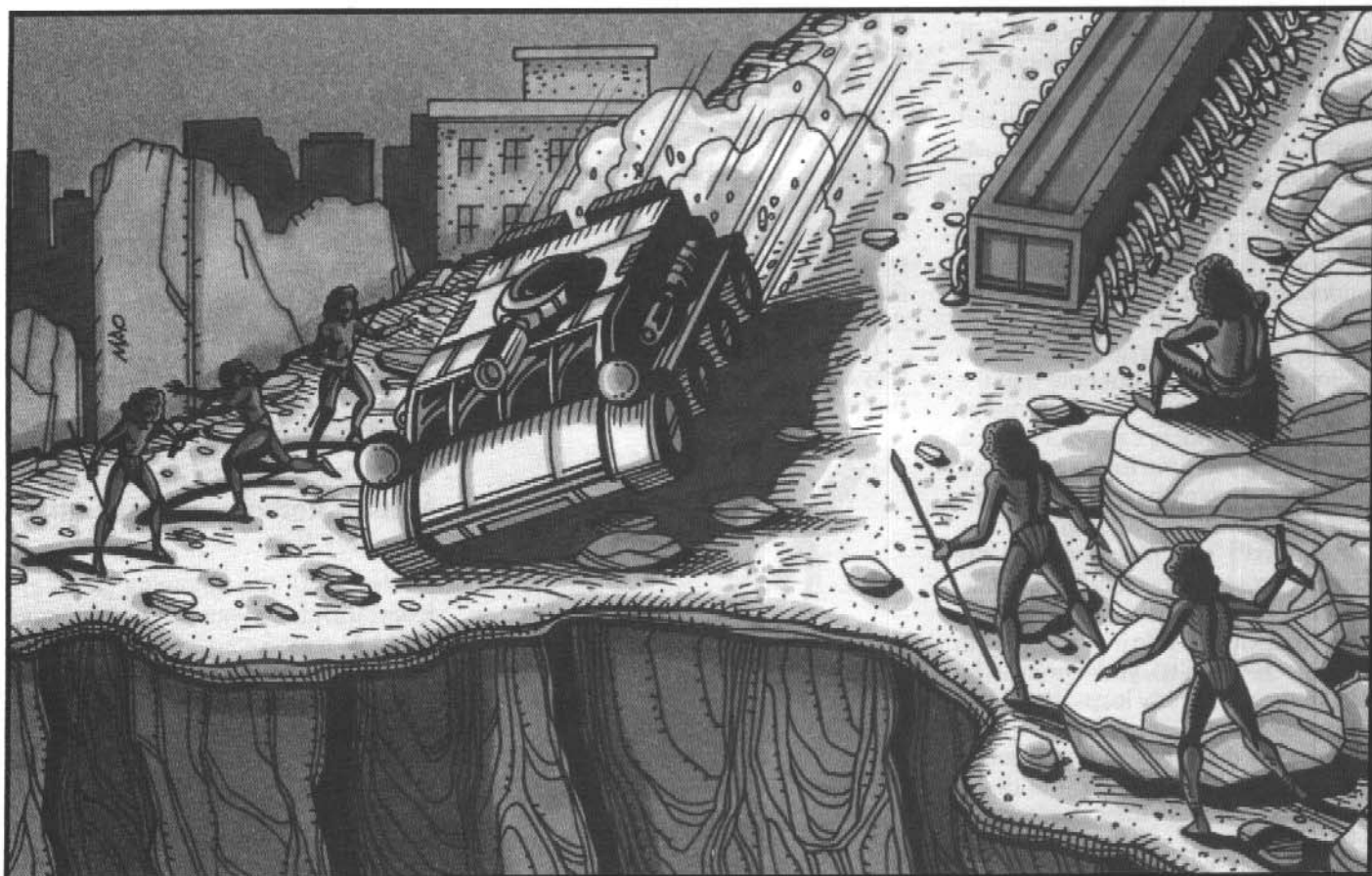
hit the guys with heavy weaponry first if possible, and, once the firing starts, seek to keep anyone from making it back into the ship. If the Troubleshooters come out in their transbot, the

natives quickly realize that their stuff cannot penetrate its armor, and they'll do a runner (flee, that is). In any case, they'll scatter once they've taken more than ten casualties.

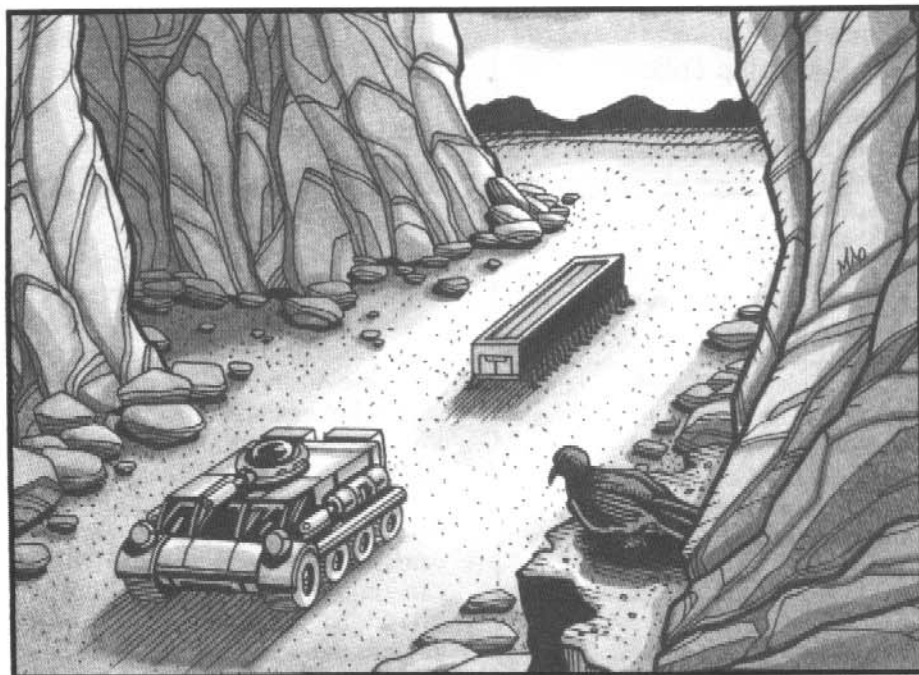
## Getting Off the Plateau

Once negotiations (or butchery) are complete, the Troubleshooters can board their transbot and drive right off the plateau on the fine access road put in by the Australian Board of Tourism shortly before the end of the world; the R&D baggage trots along behind, easily keeping pace with DeeBee.

However, fifty yards along, they come to a break in the road almost three yards in width. There's no way DeeBee can jump it; in fact, the autopilot will override any attempts by a human driver to force the vehicle to try, explaining apologetically that his asimov circuits won't let him allow any of PLC's valuable property to come to harm, merely on the say-so of obviously deranged



"WIAT?! I thought YOU were driving!!"



"I thought I told you to do that BEFORE we left Alpha Complex!!"

Troubleshooters. As the surrounding terrain is too rough for even DeeBee's suspension, the Troubleshooters will probably have to build some kind of a bridge over the gap.

There is some appropriate material nearby, namely the ruins of the fast-food joint some cretin built right on top of an aboriginal holy place in years past. Building the bridge requires several hours' back-breaking work, and a *moderate* Habitat Engineering or Mechanical skill roll by whichever Troubleshooter is in charge of the operation. No big deal, but note that the Troubleshooters will have to emerge from their transbot to carry out the task — this is a good time for an ambush if the Troubleshooters haven't made some kind of deal with the aborigines.

If the skill roll is successful, the transbot crosses successfully; if it fails, the bridge collapses — either before the bot uses it, or while it's using it (with the expected results), your choice. The R&D baggage nimbly leaps the chasm in any case.

Once off the plateau, the Troubleshooters can head off into the desert toward Sydney. (If they don't know where they're supposed to go, tell them not to worry. Something will turn up sooner or later — it always does).

## Encounter Two: The Great Australian Bigger-All Desert

Throughout time, this desert has been regarded as a Not Too Pleasant place. During the day, the sun beats down on your head in a fashion which can only be described as Very Warm Indeed. At night, the lack of any kind of ground cover and moisture causes the temperature to drop to the point where it might easily be called Quite Chilly.

There's nothing much around in the way of plant life, except for a few pitiful bushes and the odd lichen or two, and



the animals all appear to be of the lizard/buzzard/rodent varieties.

In short, it's just not prime vacationland. The European settlers of the subcontinent wanted nothing to do with it, wisely choosing instead to settle on the more pleasant coastal areas. They were constantly amazed at the Aborigines' ability to survive in this rugged land — though after the Europeans kicked the Abos off of all the good bits of the island, they didn't have much choice, did they?

And believe me, things haven't been helped much by the deposit of a couple of high-radiation nuclear bombs in and around the place.

As long as the Troubleshooters stick to their transbot, they won't suffer too much from the extreme temperatures in the desert (unless there's an unfortunate air-conditioning malfunction, of course, and the Troubleshooters were to blow their Vehicle Operation and Maintenance roll, that is).

And they certainly have little to fear from the local animals, none of whom would be able to penetrate the transbot's armor (unless the Troubleshooters happen to encounter one or more of the Giant-Mutant-Radioactive critters running around here, about which see the box).

In any event, barring unfortunate delays caused by the aforementioned parenthetical possibilities, the trip across the desert will take about three days and nights. During the first night, the Troubleshooters will be visited by the guy their ship landed on back on *Airs Rock*.

## Build Your Own Giant-Mutant-Radioactive Australian Monster Kit

Hey Kids! The following tables allow you to create your very own, unique Giant-Mutant-Radioactive Australian Monsters with which to hound the Troubleshooters during their journey across the Great-Australian-Bigger-All Desert. Use it sparingly — no more than two or three GMRAMs per day, please.

It will heighten the drama and excitement for everyone if you create the



"What is it — a Commie Mutant Traitor? — An Enemy of FreeEnterprise? Oh, hell; just shoot it!!"



critters right there in front of the players. For example:

**Gamemaster:** Your faithful transbot tops a rise, and — oh no! Looks like another Giant-Mutant-Radioactive Australian Monster up ahead!

**Troubleshooter:** Do tell.

**Gamemaster:** Yes indeed, it appears to be a —(clatter)—yes, it's a fifty-foot tall —(clatter)— 2,000-roentgen-emitting —(clatter, clatter)—levitating —(clatter)—er, bunny rabbit!

**Player:** Wow. Second one today. What a coincidence.

See? Doesn't that sound exciting? Simply roll on the tables below, and you'll have your critter.

### GMRAM Creation Table Number One

Roll	Giantness
1-2	10-foot tall (damage column 6, 1 macho bonus)
3-4	15-foot tall (damage column 7, 2 macho bonus)
5-7	20-foot tall (damage column 8, 3 macho bonus)
8-11	25-foot tall

	(damage column 10, 4 macho bonus)
12-16	30-foot tall (damage column 12, 5 macho bonus)
17-18	40-foot tall (damage column 15, 6 macho bonus)
19-20	50-foot tall (damage column 18, 7 macho bonus)

### GMRAM Creation Table Number Two

Roll	I	II
1-2	100	0
3-4	200	0
5-7	400	0
8-11	800	1/20
12-16	2000	2/20
17-18	4000	3/20
19-20	8000	4/20

Column I is the number of Rads (in roentgens\*) the creature gives off, and Column II is the chance that anyone exposed to the creature spontaneously generates a mutation.

\*We're not really sure what a roentgen is, but it adds a nice scientific flavor, doesn't it?

### GMRAM Creation Table Number Three

Roll	Result
1-9	No mutation
10-18	Roll on <i>Paranoia</i> Mutant Power Table
19	Roll twice on <i>Paranoia</i> Mutant Power Table
20	Combine as many as you want in an interesting fashion.

### GMRAM Creation Table Number Four\*

Roll	Creature Encountered
1-3	Penguin (peck skill 8, herd of 3-12 encountered)
4-6	Tasmanian Devil** (chomp skill 14)
7-10	Sheep (graze skill 6; herd of 1-20 encountered)
11-13	Camel (spit skill 14, damage table 4E+2/radioactivity increment; bite skill 12)
14-16	Bunny Rabbit (nibble skill 9; group of 6-16 encountered)
17-18	Goan† (bite skill 10)
19-20	Dingo^ (bite skill 12; pack of 4-12 encountered)

\* In the interests of historical accuracy, all of the creatures on this table can be found in and around the amazing subcontinent of Australia.

\*\*Fast and mean member of the marsupial family.

† Big lizard.

^ An Australian dog. Scavenger; roams in packs eating anything not nailed down. Will pry up what is nailed down.

Of course, feel free to throw in your own GMRAMs; it's your game, after all.

### Encounter Three: I Dream of Jinny

When Jin got back from his walkabout, he was very upset to discover that he had died in his absence. The tribe has booted him out of his position as chieftain, since he's dead and all, and they're preparing the cer-

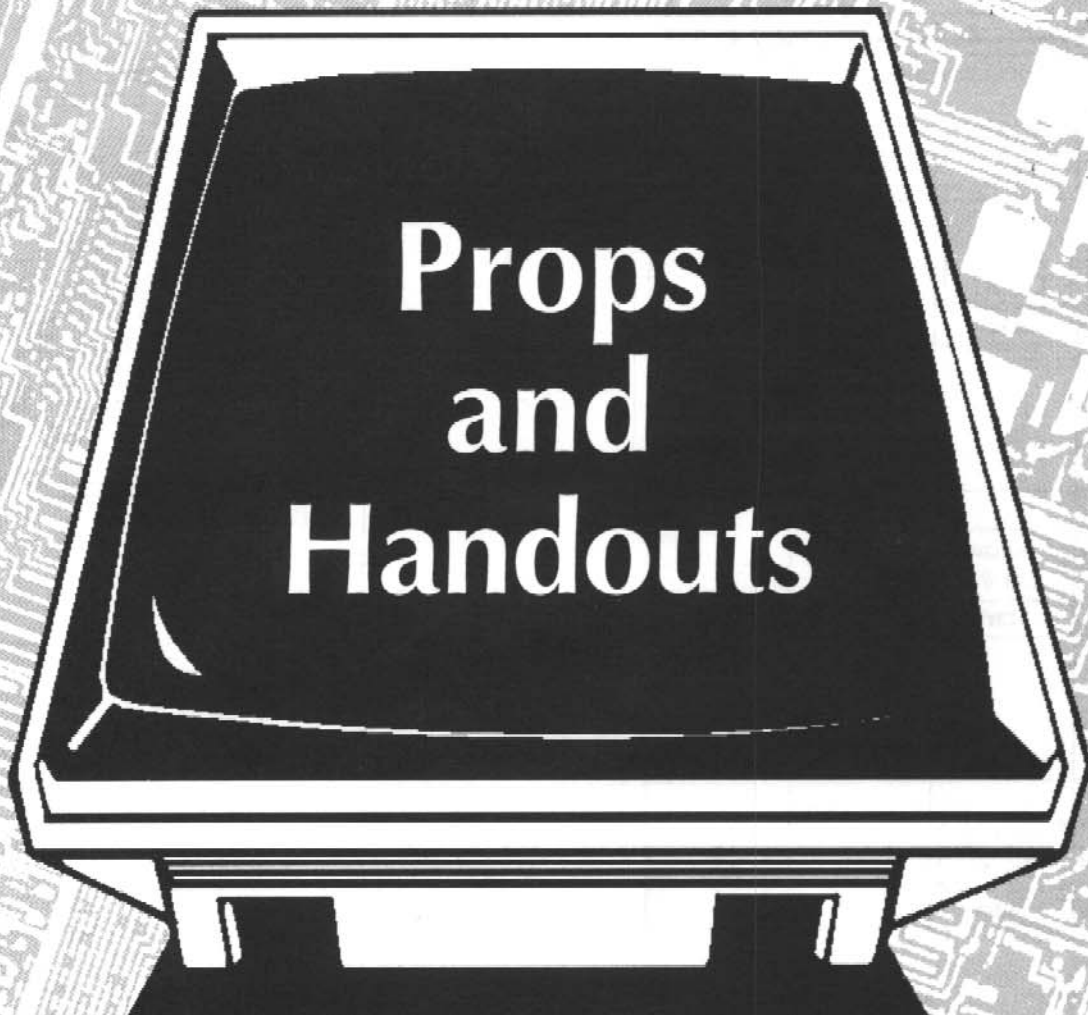


A wise gamemaster always has interesting challenges prepared for Troubleshooters.

continued on page 44



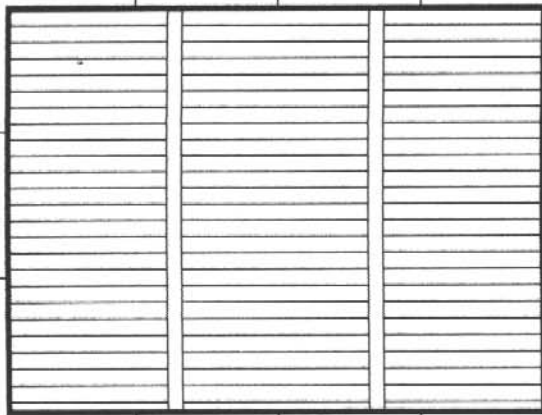
# MAD MECHS



**Props  
and  
Handouts**



# Road Rally Map Section 1 (Starting Line)



Spectator Bleachers

Green  
Car #2  
Start

Green  
Car #1  
Start

Yellow  
Car #2  
Start

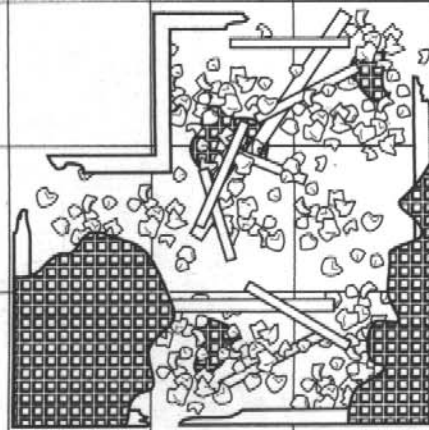
Yellow  
Car #1  
Start

Orange  
Car #2  
Start

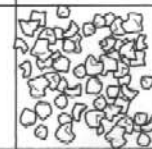
Orange  
Car #1  
Start

Red  
Car #2  
Start

Red  
Car #1  
Start



Ruined Building

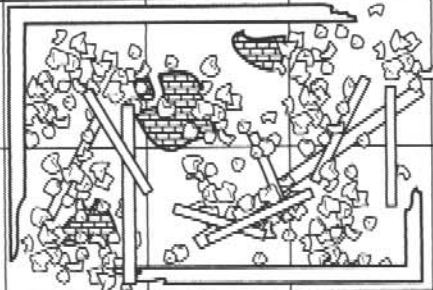


Rubble

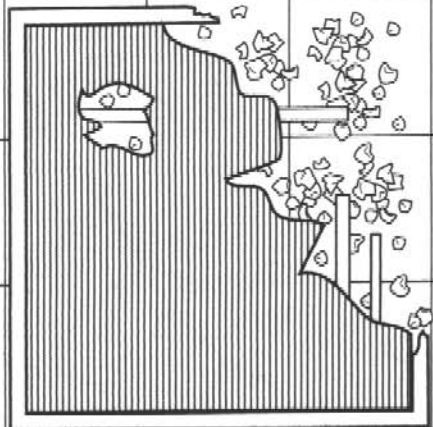




# Road Rally Map Section 6 (Finish Line)



Ruined Building



Ruined Building

Finish Line



Wrecked Car

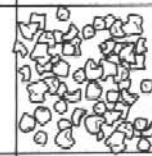


Wrecked Car



Rubble

ENCLOSED  
PARKING AREA



Rubble

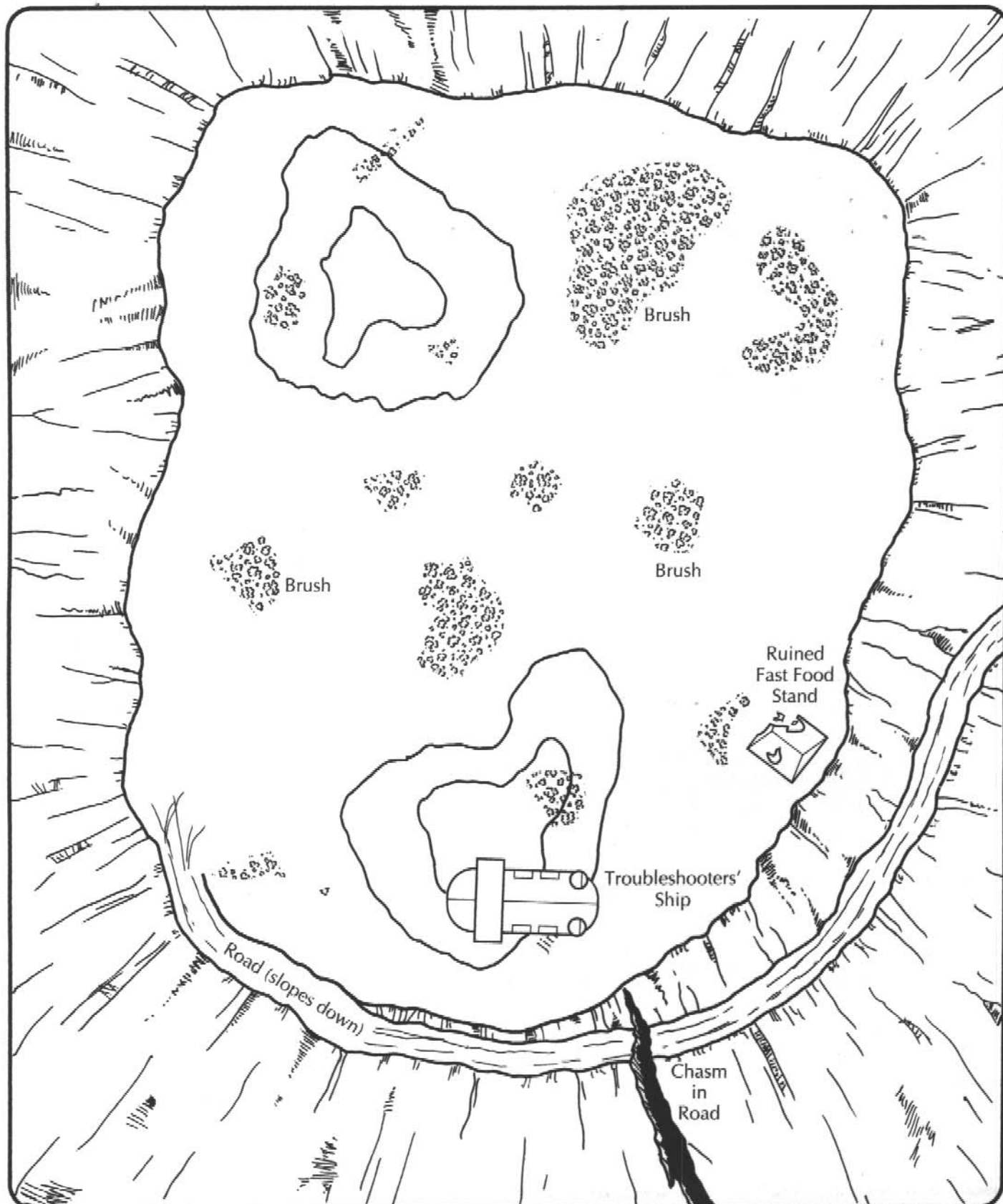


Wrecked Car



# Airs Rock Plateau

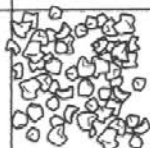
## Episode Two



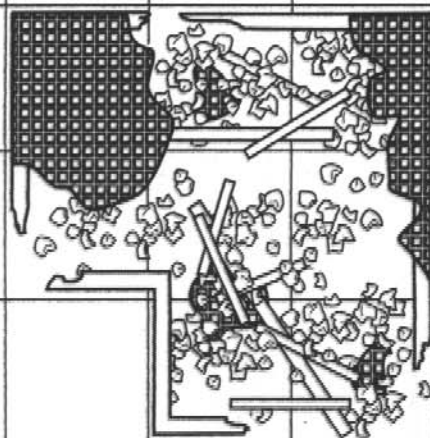
Stephen Crane



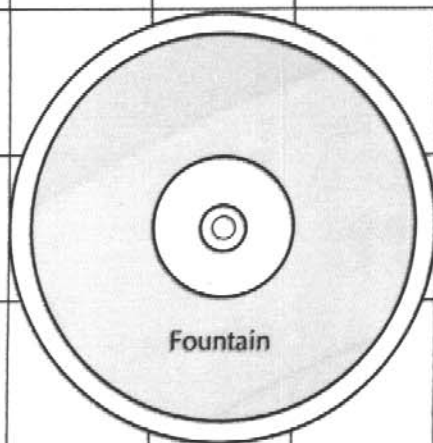
# Road Rally Map Section 4



Rubble



Ruined Building

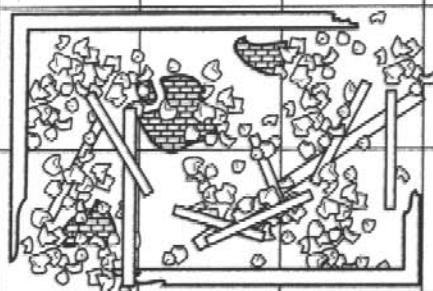


Fountain



Wrecked Car

Ruined Building

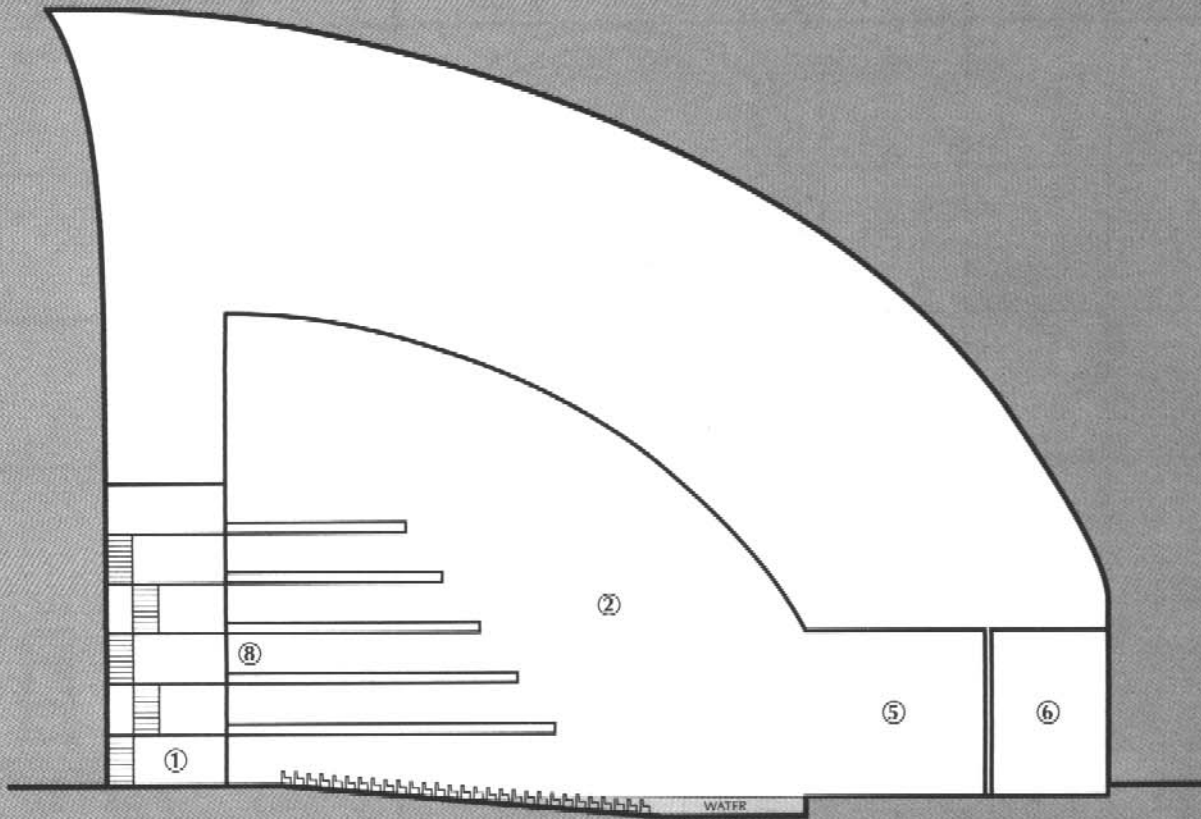









# Sydney Opera House (Side View)

## Episode Four



Stephen Crane

<div data-bbox="16 31 516 79"> <b>PC#1: Schwartz-I-KOF</b> </div> <div data-bbox="16 79 516 163"> <b>Secret Society:</b> FCCCP  <b>Secret Society Rank:</b> 4         </div> <div data-bbox="16 163 516 363"> <b>Mutant Power(s):</b>            Adrenaline Control   <b>Sleeper?</b> Nope   <b>Troubleshooter Team:</b> None         </div> <div data-bbox="16 363 516 709">  <div data-bbox="292 363 516 709"> <b>Loyalties:</b>            The Armed Forces         </div> </div>	<p><b>Background:</b> All your life, you've been a clone of simple needs. All you were ever interested in was bulking out your body until you massed as much as a subsector, killing as many Commies as possible, and killing as many other folks as you could when there weren't any Commies around.</p> <p>Now that communism has been discredited as a viable alternative to capitalism and Commies are upping and joining FreeEnterprise in droves, your life hasn't got much meaning except for body-building and mass-murder.</p> <p>Unfortunately, you've bulked up about as much as you can without risk of suffocating in your own muscle tissue, and you can't kill anybody any more — at least not in the quantities to which you have become accustomed. The Armed Forces have had to stop the spontaneous live-ammo testing sessions in the corridors: they're afraid that the people of Alpha Complex might realize that a standing army is more trouble than it's worth.</p> <p>So that's why you're here, awaiting execution. Seems you kind of forgot and mowed down two or three dozen Infra-reds for crossing the transtube at</p>	<p>a Green light. In the old days that kind of thing would have been laughed off or you might have even gotten a commendation out of it, but no more. The generals have decided to make an example of you, to show the folks of Alpha Complex that Armed Forces is serious about keeping its people in line. You're a good soldier, and you'll follow orders — even those sending you to your death.</p> <p>There's only one thing that bothers you. If you've got to go, you'd like to go out with a bang. You know: one last, desperate mission where you could really mow down them commie-mutant-traitor scum by the buckets, and then die just as the mission was successfully completed.</p> <p>Maybe your clone could get a video deal out of it, playing in your life story.</p> <p><b>Favorite Saying:</b> (Heavy accent) You a funny guy. Too bad I killed you already.</p> <p><b>Current Secret Society Mission:</b> Die with dignity.</p>
<div data-bbox="16 709 516 758"> <b>PC#2: Race-R-EXX</b> </div> <div data-bbox="16 758 516 842"> <b>Secret Society:</b> Pro Tech  <b>Secret Society Rank:</b> 5         </div> <div data-bbox="16 842 516 1041"> <b>Mutant Power(s):</b>            Machine Empathy   <b>Sleeper?</b> Nope   <b>Troubleshooter Team:</b> None         </div> <div data-bbox="16 1041 516 1381">  <div data-bbox="292 1041 516 1381"> <b>Loyalties:</b>            Race-R-EXX (who else?)         </div> </div>	<p><b>Background:</b> In the old days, you were a driver for Tech Services, picking up and delivering Troubleshooter teams to and from mission assignments. Very early on, you realized that you didn't want any of <i>that</i> kind of life, and you made it your business to see that you never, ever got assigned to the Troubleshooters. Too dangerous by far, you figured, and no profit in it.</p> <p>Unfortunately, since the Big C stripped its gears, things have kind of gotten tight around Tech Serve and you were made redundant. Fired. Thrown out on the street. All of a sudden you were out of a job, and having to scabble just to keep alive.</p> <p>You had only one talent that might help you stay that way: driving. You spread the word around the alerzatz joints, "Driver For Hire: No Questions Asked." Soon you were back doing what you had always done — hauling Troubleshooter teams</p>	<p>around — but this time, for a cut of the action. And a cut of the trouble, too.</p> <p>As The Computer is your witness, you didn't know that last team you carried was planning to rip off a FreeEnterprise warehouse! (And you certainly didn't know they were going to get caught doing it and finger you, either!) But they didn't believe you, and, around here, FreeEnt is boss. So here you are, sitting around awaiting execution.</p> <p>Somehow you always knew you'd get it from associating with Troubleshooters.</p> <p><b>Favorite Saying:</b> Let's see just how fast this baby'll go!</p> <p><b>Current Secret Society Mission:</b> Good luck, bub. Maybe you'll come back as a screwdriver or something.</p>
<div data-bbox="16 1381 516 1430"> <b>PC#3: Punk-R-OCK</b> </div> <div data-bbox="16 1430 516 1514"> <b>Secret Society:</b> Death Leopard  <b>Secret Society Rank:</b> (Suspended)         </div> <div data-bbox="16 1514 516 1713"> <b>Mutant Power(s):</b>            Mental Blast   <b>Sleeper?</b> Nope   <b>Troubleshooter Team:</b> None         </div> <div data-bbox="16 1713 516 2047">  <div data-bbox="292 1713 516 2047"> <b>Loyalties:</b>            None         </div> </div>	<p><b>Background:</b> You've been a Death Leopard runner for years. Way back when, one of the Superstar-class Leopards, code-named "Manson," arranged for you to drop out of the system so you could go full-time; he wiped you out of The Computer's memory like you'd never been born. Man, those were the days — spray-painting "Botley Crue Rules" on transtubes, blowing up substations, putting fizz-wizz in High-Programmers' showerheads — man, you sure had fun.</p> <p>Things haven't gotten better now that The Computer's down for the count — to your mind, they've gotten a good deal worse. The Leopard's taking protection credits to guard hallways and whatnot, and all that responsibility's gone right to their heads. They've gone legit, fer Compsakes!</p> <p>But you haven't. You still follow the old ways — anarchy, death, destruction. Just the other day you blew up a food vat. Big deal. Hell, it was just sitting</p>	<p>there, begging to be blown up! And it's not as if it's something you hadn't done a thousand times before. So you did it, and then, as usual, you told your buddies in the Leopard about it — bragging's half the fun, isn't it? And you thought it might loosen 'em up, you know; make 'em remember their roots. Wrong-o, Dude.</p> <p>Quicker than you can say "stoolie," you're arrested and tried and found guilty and sentenced to death. Seems the local Star Leopard had a contract to protect those vats.</p> <p>Can you beat that?</p> <p><b>Favorite Saying:</b> Cowabunga, dude!</p> <p><b>Current Secret Society Mission:</b> None. Those Death Leopard jerks have gone Establishment. You wouldn't take another job from them if they paid you.</p>

<b>PC#1:</b> Name Then: Schwartz-I-NGR Name Now: Schwartz-I-KOF	<b>Former Service Group:</b> Armed Forces	<b>Security Clearance:</b> Private: Orange Public: Indigo	<b>Player Name:</b> _____
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<b>Attributes and Skills</b>  <b>Strength (18)</b> Damage _____ 1 Carry _____ 55 kg  <b>Endurance (20)</b> Macho _____ 2		<b>Agility (12) Skill Base</b> _____ 3 Grenade _____ 8 Primitive Melee _____ 13 Unarmed _____ 15  <b>Chutzpah (10) Skill Base</b> _____ 2 Intimidation _____ 7		<b>Dexterity (11) Skill Base</b> _____ 3 Laser Weapons _____ 5 Projectile Weapons _____ 9  <b>Mechanical (6) Skill Base</b> _____ 1 <b>Moxie (6) Skill Base</b> _____ 1  <b>Power (7)</b>		<b>Personal Equipment</b> Tattered Grey Kevlar/Reflec Tee-shirt Tight Trousers Muscle Oil Bowie Knife (they didn't dare take it away)
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Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
Unarmed	15	1	6	—	no		0
Bowie Knife	13	1	8	—	no		

Armor	Rating
Kevlar/Reflec	L4P3

<b>PC#2:</b> Name Then: Race-R-HED Name Now: Race-R-EXX	<b>Former Service Group:</b> Tech	<b>Security Clearance:</b> Private: Red Public: Red	<b>Player Name:</b> _____
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<b>Attributes and Skills</b>  <b>Strength (9)</b> Damage _____ 0 Carry _____ 25 kg  <b>Endurance (12)</b> Macho _____ 0  <b>Agility (13) Skill Base</b> _____ 3 Unarmed _____ 7		<b>Chutzpah (14) Skill Base</b> _____ 3 Con _____ 6 Spurious Logic _____ 8  <b>Dexterity (10) Skill Base</b> _____ 2 Laser Weapons _____ 9		<b>Mechanical (16) Skill Base</b> _____ 4 Autocar Op. & Maint. _____ 14 Docbot Op. & Maint. _____ 8 Vehicle Aimed Weapons _____ 9  <b>Moxie (10) Skill Base</b> _____ 2 Mechanical _____ 5  <b>Power (6)</b>		<b>Personal Equipment</b> Cool Shades Red Coveralls
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Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
							0

Armor	Rating
-------	--------

<b>PC#3:</b> Name Then: Kind-R-GTN Name Now: Punk-R-OCK	<b>Former Service Group:</b> What? Like a job?	<b>Security Clearance:</b> Private: Labels don't mean nuthin', Man Public: Red	<b>Player Name:</b> _____
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<b>Attributes and Skills</b>  <b>Strength (12)</b> Damage _____ 0 Carry _____ 25 kg  <b>Endurance (8)</b> Macho _____ 0  <b>Agility (13) Skill Base</b> _____ 3		<b>Chutzpah (14) Skill Base</b> _____ 3 Bootlicking _____ 6 Fast Talk _____ 9  <b>Dexterity (12) Skill Base</b> _____ 3 Laser Weapons _____ 8 Projectile Weapons _____ 8		<b>Mechanical (8) Skill Base</b> _____ 2 Autocar Op & Maint. _____ 12  <b>Moxie (12) Skill Base</b> _____ 3 Security _____ 7 Stealth _____ 8  <b>Power (11)</b>		<b>Personal Equipment</b> Red Coveralls
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits
							0

Armor	Rating
-------	--------





# THE GREAT ROAD RACE RECORD SHEET

## CAR STAT TABLE

Team	Hits	Armor	Maneuver	Speed	Drive Skill	Weapon
<b>Red Team</b>						
Car 1	○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○	(All2)	0	3	12	Shotgun (9P) 14
Car 2	○ ○ ○					
<b>Orange Team</b>						
Car 1	○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○	(All2)	-2	4	14	Slugthrower (8P) 12
Car 2	○ ○ ○ ○ ○					
<b>Yellow Team</b>						
Car 1	○ ○ ○ ○	(All1)	+2	4	16	Crossbow (7I) 10
Car 2	○ ○ ○					
<b>Green Team</b>						
Car 1	○ ○ ○ ○ ○	(All1)	0	4	*	*
Car 2	○ ○ ○ ○ ○					

\*The Green Team is the Troubleshooter team. See description below.

### The Great Road Race Record Sheet

This sheet has two tables on it: the "Car Stat Table" and the "NPC Drivers' Control Table." The first (presented above) lists the statistics for the various cars; the second (on the reverse of this sheet) determines their actions once the race begins.

### The Car Stat Table

The first column lists the two cars in each team; the second column, "Hits," tells how many times each car can be wounded before it gives up the ghost. "Maneuver" refers to the car's maneuverability; "Speed" to how fast the car normally goes, in squares; "Drive Skill"

refers to the driver's Autocar Operations skill; and "Weapon" refers to the weapons carried by the occupants of the car. For simplicity, the last five stats apply to both cars in a team, though each car has a different number of hits it can take.

The Troubleshooter's car, of course, is armed with whatever weapons they have left.



# NPC DRIVERS' CONTROL TABLE

Red Team Roll	Orange Team Roll	Yellow Team Roll	Maneuver
1-8	1-3	1-3	Move
—	4-8	4-10	Move Fast
9-14	9	11	Move and Shoot
—	10-14	12-16	Move Fast and Shoot
15-16	15-16	17	Swerve Right
17-18	17-18	18	Swerve Left
19-20	19-20	19-20	GM's Choice

## The NPC Drivers' Control Table

Roll a die for each car, in the order specified below and perform the maneuver you come up with. The maneuvers are:

**Move:** Go directly forward a number of spaces equal to Speed value. Swerve left or right to avoid your own teammate; ram anybody else.

**Move Fast:** Go forward four spaces. Make autocar op roll: if successful go forward another; if fail, don't. Swerve to avoid teammate; ram anybody else.

**Move and Shoot:** Go forward three spaces. Shoot at closest enemy at end of move. Swerve etc., etc.; ram etc., etc.

**Move Fast and Shoot:** Same as Move Fast, but shoot at closest enemy at end of move.

**Swerve Right:** Move car diagonally forward and to the right. Go forward one space more, then make Autocar Op roll (modified by car's maneuverability); if successful, go forward another space; if not, don't. Ram anybody in your way. If move would take you into a building, Move straight instead.

**Swerve Left:** Same as above, but go left.

**Gamemaster's Choice:** Do whatever seems to be the most amusing.

## Sequence of Play

**Move Order:** The cars move in the following order: Car farthest front moves first. If two cars are equal, car with the lowest "security clearance" goes first. Thus, on the first turn, The front red car will move, then the front yellow, then the front orange, then the Troubleshooter's front green car.

**Moving NPC Cars:** To move the NPCs' cars, roll on the Drivers' Control Sheet and follow instructions — unless, at the start of the turn, the frontrunner is more than three spaces ahead of the car, in which case the car automatically does a Move Fast and Shoot. If a Gamemaster's Choice comes up, do whatever seems the most appealing.

**Moving Troubleshooter Cars:** It is up to the *driver* where and how fast the car goes. This is *important*. Anyone kibitzing is just a "back seat" driver, and is considered to be taking her action by trying to influence the driver.

Troubleshooters can move their car any number of spaces up to its top Speed (which requires an autocar op roll). A car must move into one of the three spaces directly in front of it; it cannot go sideways. A car can change lanes only once during its move.

**Ramming:** When a car attempts to enter a space occupied by another car, it rams it. Drivers make opposed Autocar Op skill rolls; loser takes a Hit. The ramming car ends its move in the last space it entered before ramming.

**Shooting:** NPC cars shoot once per turn (if allowed by the maneuver); they

always shoot at the closest enemy car — remember, the Troubleshooters are not the only "enemies" in the race. In case of a tie, they shoot at the car farthest ahead. In case of another tie, the shoot at the Troubleshooters' car. There's a -2 on all shots because they're coming from a moving vehicle; other modifiers are listed on the table below. All are cumulative.

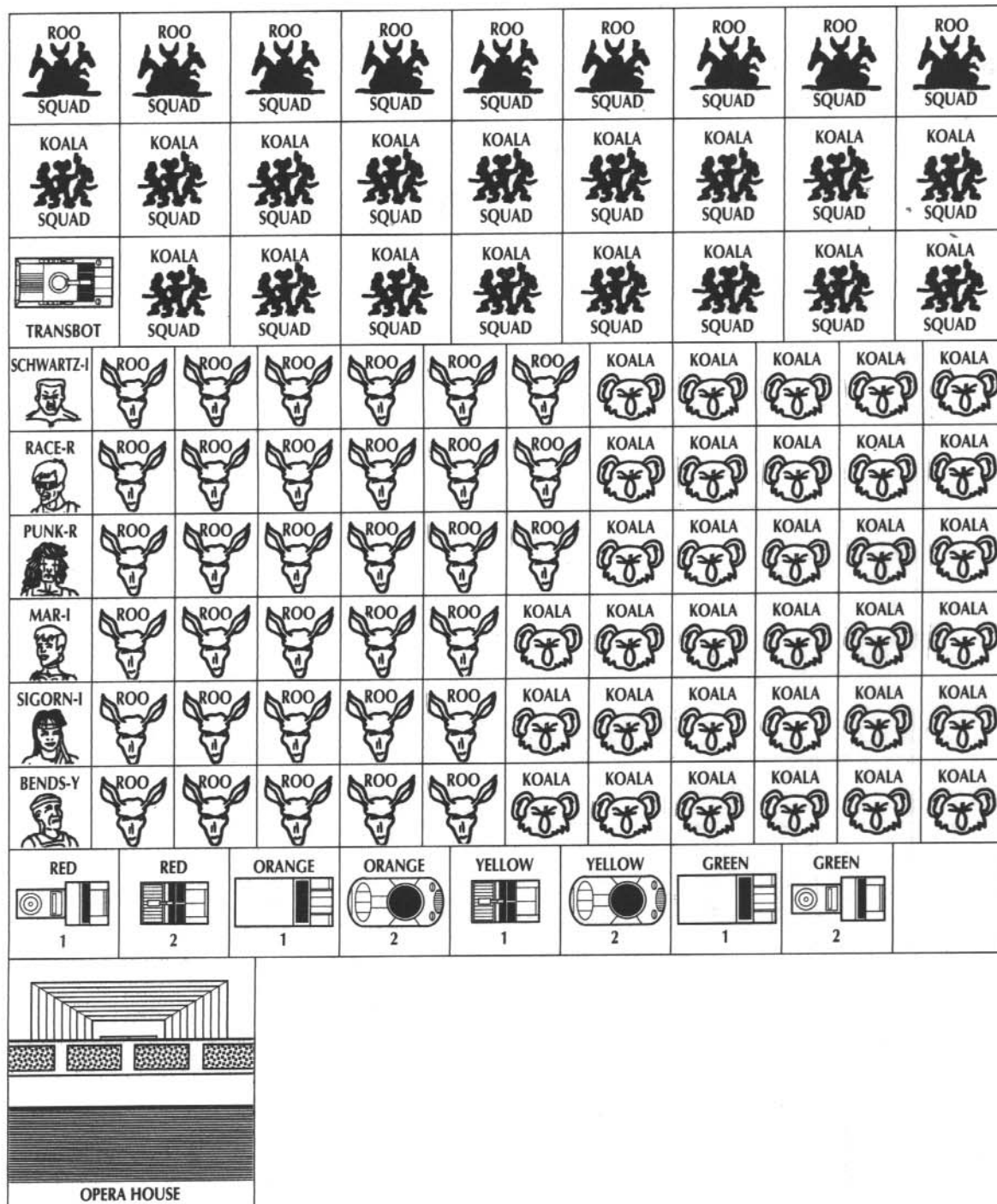
## Firing Condition Modifier

Each space between firing car and target	+2
Rammed somebody this turn	+2
Swerved this turn	+2
Car Moved fast (or even just attempted to move fast)	+2
Driver firing	+4



# ROAD RALLY COUNTERS

## (FRONT)



### INSTRUCTIONS

Cut 'em out — that's right, straight from the book; right here, right now, right along the solid lines.

OR — So, yer one o' them bleedin' gits what don't likes to cut up yer book, eh? Well, do this, then:

1. Photocopy this page.
2. Glue the copy to a sheet of thin cardboard.
3. Cut 'em out — that's right, straight from your copy.

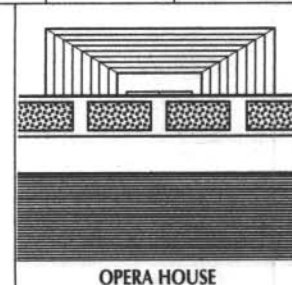







# ROAD RALLY COUNTERS

## (BACK)

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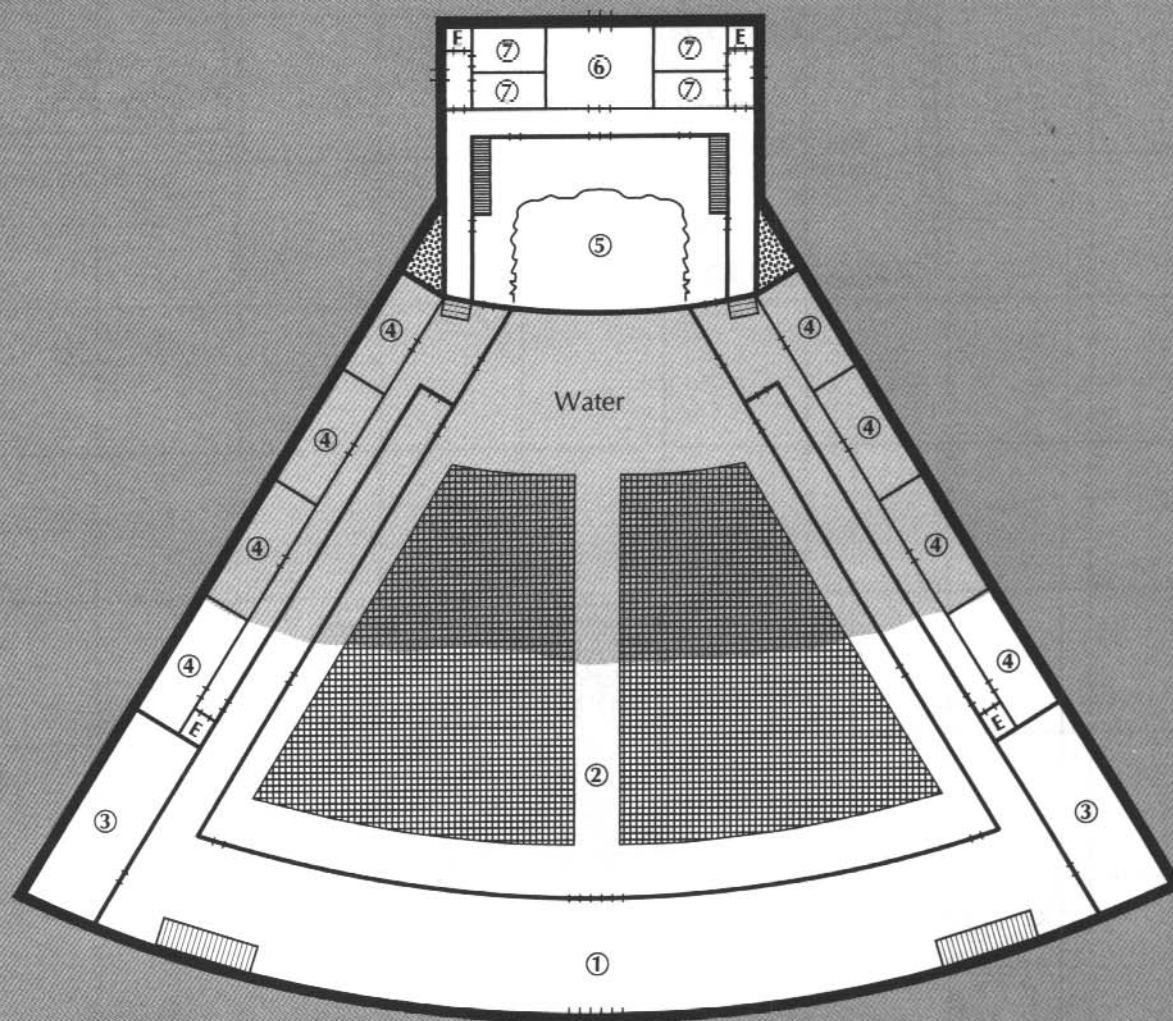
<b>PC#4:</b> Name Then: Mar-I-PPN Name Now: Mar-I-PPN		<b>Former Service Group:</b> HPD & MC		<b>Security Clearance:</b> Private: Indigo Public: Indigo		<b>Player Name:</b> _____																																					
<b>Attributes and Skills</b> <div>Strength (8) Damage _____ 0 Carry _____ 25 kg</div> <div>Endurance (8) Macho _____ 0</div> <div>Agility (9) Skill Base _____ 2</div> <div>Chutzpah (13) Skill Base _____ 3 Motivation _____ 8 Psychescan _____ 8</div> <div>Dexterity (10) Skill Base _____ 2 Field Weapons _____ 6 Laser Weapons _____ 9</div> <div>Mechanical (13) Skill Base _____ 3 Docbot Op _____ 9</div> <div>Moxie (14) Skill Base _____ 3 Medical _____ 7 Old Reckoning Cultures _____ 12</div> <div>Power (15)</div>						<b>Personal Equipment</b> Indigo Jumpsuit Umbrella																																					
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<b>PC#5:</b> Name Then: Jess-Y-BEL Name Now: Sigorn-I-WVR		<b>Former Service Group:</b> Internal Security		<b>Security Clearance:</b> Private: Yellow Public: Indigo		<b>Player Name:</b> _____																																					
<b>Attributes and Skills</b> <div>Strength (12) Damage _____ 0 Carry _____ 25 kg</div> <div>Endurance (17) Macho _____ 1</div> <div>Agility (10) Skill Base _____ 2 Truncheon _____ 8</div> <div>Chutzpah (10) Skill Base _____ 2 Interrogation _____ 9 Intimidation _____ 8</div> <div>Dexterity (10) Skill Base _____ 2 Laser Weapons _____ 10 Energy Weapons _____ 7</div> <div>Mechanical (10) Skill Base _____ 2</div> <div>Moxie (11) Skill Base _____ 3 Stealth _____ 11</div> <div>Power (10)</div>						<b>Personal Equipment</b> Indigo Jumpsuit Grey Tee-Shirt																																					
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<b>PC#6:</b> Name Then: Bends-O-DRN Name Now: Bends-Y-DRN		<b>Former Service Group:</b> R&D		<b>Security Clearance:</b> Private: Orange Public: Yellow		<b>Player Name:</b> _____																																					
<b>Attributes and Skills</b> <div>Strength (7) Damage _____ 0 Carry _____ 25 kg</div> <div>Endurance (9) Macho _____ 0</div> <div>Agility (10) Skill Base _____ 2 Unarmed _____ 4</div> <div>Chutzpah (13) Skill Base _____ 3 Spurious Logic _____ 7</div> <div>Dexterity (10) Skill Base _____ 2 Laser Weapons _____ 10</div> <div>Mechanical (13) Skill Base _____ 3 Autocar Op _____ 9</div> <div>Moxie (18) Skill Base _____ 5 Biosciences _____ 10 Chemical Engineering _____ 10 Electronic Engineering _____ 10 Mechanical Engineering _____ 10</div> <div>Power (10)</div>						<b>Personal Equipment</b> Yellow Jumpsuit Stash of Personality-Stabilizers																																					
<table><tr><th>Weapon</th><th>Skill Number</th><th>Type</th><th>Damage Rating</th><th>Range</th><th>Experimental?</th><th>Damage Status</th><th>Credits</th></tr><tr><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>0</td></tr><tr><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td></tr><tr><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td><td>_____</td></tr></table>						Weapon	Skill Number	Type	Damage Rating	Range	Experimental?	Damage Status	Credits	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	0	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	<table><tr><th>Armor</th><th>Rating</th></tr><tr><td>_____</td><td>_____</td></tr></table>		Armor	Rating	_____	_____
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<div data-bbox="16 31 511 73"> <b>PC#4: Mar-I-PPN</b> </div> <div data-bbox="16 73 511 157"> <b>Society:</b> Romantics  <b>Society Rank:</b> 5         </div> <div data-bbox="16 157 511 357"> <b>Mutant Power(s):</b>            Machine Empathy   <b>Sleeper?</b> Nope   <b>Troubleshooter Team:</b> None         </div> <div data-bbox="16 357 511 703"> <div data-bbox="16 357 284 703">  </div> <div data-bbox="284 357 511 703"> <b>Loyalties:</b>            The Hypocritic Oath         </div> </div>	<div data-bbox="544 52 998 157"> <b>Background:</b> "Now, dear. Just take your medicine like a good Troubleshooter, and everything will be all better. It's medicine, dear. Never you mind what kind it is.            "You won't? Oh dear. I'm sure our Friend Mr. Computer will be very disappointed to hear that — ah, that's better. Drink it all down and we'll have a nice surprise afterwards.            "Dear?            "Dear?            "Oh my. Well, bring in the next patient."            You've gotten away with — literally — murder for years. No matter how many botched operations, no matter how many mistaken diagnoses, no matter how many incorrect perscriptions, you steadily rose through the ranks of HPD Medical. It         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 52 1485 115">           seems your Friend, The Computer, just plain liked you.            And now that The Computer's gone, your fortunes have taken a sad turn for the worse. One of your ex-patients (the one with that unfortunate skin condition), lived just long enough to bribe your superior in HPD to have you convicted of malpractice. What did they expect? People don't come to HPD &amp; MC to get <i>better</i>, do they?            So here you are, awaiting execution with the common riffraff.         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 325 1485 388"> <b>Favorite Saying:</b> "Just a spoonful of sugar helps the strychnine go down."         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 388 1485 472"> <b>Current Secret Society Mission:</b> Not much to say, is there? So long, good luck, and go out singing.         </div>
<div data-bbox="16 703 511 745"> <b>PC#5: Sigorn-I-WVR</b> </div> <div data-bbox="16 745 511 829"> <b>Secret Society:</b> FCCCP  <b>Secret Society Rank:</b> 2         </div> <div data-bbox="16 829 511 1029"> <b>Mutant Power(s):</b>            Electroshock   <b>Sleeper?</b> Nope   <b>Troubleshooter Team:</b> None         </div> <div data-bbox="16 1029 511 1375"> <div data-bbox="16 1029 284 1375">  </div> <div data-bbox="284 1029 511 1375"> <b>Loyalties:</b>            None         </div> </div>	<div data-bbox="544 724 998 850"> <b>Background:</b> You've been had. You've been arrested and convicted of a murder you didn't even commit. And now you're sitting around awaiting execution. You're kind of up uset about the situation.            For years you've been an IntSec agent deep undercover in the Armed Forces. It was the best of all possible worlds: you got to shoot off loads of real neat heavy weaponry, and you got to spy on your friends and comrades in arms for The Computer.            But all good things must come to an end, you've heard, and this was no exception. When The Computer went down, there were a whole bunch of IntSec bureaucrats who suddenly found them-         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 724 1485 850">           selves out of a job and without too many friends. Some of them turned rat and sold-off the names of IntSec field ops in return for protection. Your own case officer sold you to Armed Forces — within a week, you were in the jug for murder.            Your only consolation is that the guy you're accused of murdering is your ex-case officer. Nobody likes a squealer.         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 924 1485 987"> <b>Favorite Saying:</b> "Walk softly and carry a big gun — a really big gun."         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 987 1485 1050"> <b>Current Secret Society Mission:</b> Say "hello" to the rest of IntSec for us, you traitor.         </div>
<div data-bbox="16 1375 511 1417"> <b>PC#6: Bends-Y-DRN</b> </div> <div data-bbox="16 1417 511 1501"> <b>Secret Society:</b> Mystics  <b>Secret Society Rank:</b> 5         </div> <div data-bbox="16 1501 511 1701"> <b>Mutant Power(s):</b>            X-Ray Vision   <b>Sleeper?</b> Nope   <b>Troubleshooter Team:</b> None         </div> <div data-bbox="16 1701 511 2037"> <div data-bbox="16 1701 284 2037">  </div> <div data-bbox="284 1701 511 2037"> <b>Loyalties:</b>            None         </div> </div>	<div data-bbox="544 1396 998 1585"> <b>Background:</b> "Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's off to death I go. With a hey-nonny-nonny and a hey-nonny-no, Hi-ho, hi-ho."            You are feeling no pain, brother. You're enlightened all right — enlightened right out of your skull. Come to think of it, you're almost always enlightened right out of your skull lately. Which isn't necessarily the best way to work in R&amp;D.            Okay, the pills you took did say "do not operate heavy machinery" on them, but you never thought of the experimental breeder reactor as "heavy." I mean, you didn't ever have to pick it up,         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 1396 1485 1470">           right? You just pushed buttons. Especially red ones. You like pushing red buttons best. And they hardly weigh anything at all.            Anyway, it'll all be over soon. You're gonna wolf down a big ol' handful of personality stabilizers — red ones; you like red ones — and then they can execute you to their hearts' content. You probably won't even feel it.         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 1596 1485 1659"> <b>Favorite Saying:</b> "Wow, man, whatta trip. I could really go for a brew now, whatta you say?"         </div> <div data-bbox="1031 1659 1485 1690"> <b>Current Secret Society Mission:</b> What? Huh?         </div>



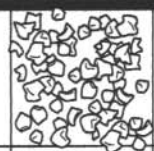
# Sydney Opera House (Plan View)

Episode Four

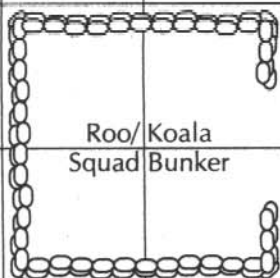




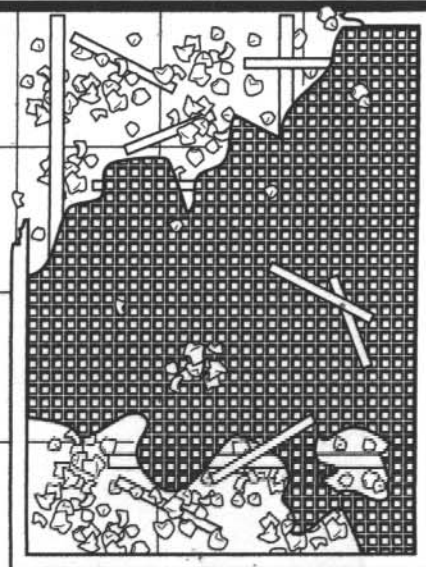
# Road Rally Map Section 3



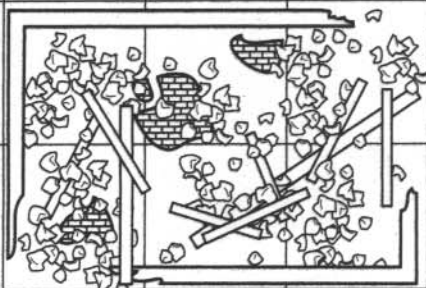
Rubble



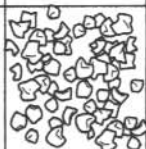
Roo/ Koala  
Squad Bunker



Ruined Building



Ruined Building



Rubble



Hot Dog  
Stand



## GMRAM CREATION TABLE NUMBER ONE

Roll	Giantness	Damage Column	Macho Bonus
1-2	10-foot tall	6	1
3-4	15-foot tall	7	2
5-7	20-foot tall	8	3
8-11	25-foot tall	10	4
12-16	30-foot tall	12	5
17-18	40-foot tall	15	6
19-20	50-foot tall	18	7

## GMRAM CREATION TABLE NUMBER TWO

Roll	I	II
1-2	100	0
3-4	200	0
5-7	400	0
8-11	800	1/20
12-16	2000	2/20
17-18	4000	3/20
19-20	8000	4/20

Column I is the number of Rads (in roentgens\*) the creature gives off, and Column II is the chance that anyone exposed to the creature spontaneously generates a mutation.

\*We're not really sure what a roentgen is, but it adds a nice scientific flavor, doesn't it?

## GMRAM CREATION TABLE NUMBER THREE

Roll	Result
1-9	No mutation
10-18	Roll on <i>Paranoia</i> Mutant Power Table
19	Roll twice on <i>Paranoia</i> Mutant Power Table
20	Combine as many as you want in an interesting fashion.

## GMRAM CREATION TABLE NUMBER FOUR\*

Roll	Creature Encountered	Attack Skill	Number Encountered
1-3	Penguin	peck skill 8	3-12
4-6	Tasmanian Devil**	chomp skill 14	1
7-10	Sheep	graze skill 6	1-20
11-13	Camel	spit skill 14 (damage table 4E+2/radio-activity increment); bite skill 12	1
14-16	Bunny Rabbit	nibble skill 9	6-16
17-18	Goan†	bite skill 10	1
19-20	Dingo^	bite skill 12	4-12

\* In the interests of historical accuracy, all of the creatures on this table can be found in and around the amazing subcontinent of Australia.

\*\*Fast and mean member of the marsupial family.

† Big lizard.

^ An Australian dog. Scavenger; roams in packs eating anything not nailed down. Will pry up what is nailed down.

# GMRAM Creation Rules

Hey Kids! The accompanying tables allow you to create your very own unique Giant-Mutant-Radioactive Australian Monsters with which to hound the Troubleshooters during their journey across the Great-Australian-Bugger-All Desert. Use it sparingly — no more than two or three GMRAMs per day, please.

It will heighten the drama and excitement for everyone if you create the critters right there in-front of the players. For example:

**Gamemaster:** Your faithful transbot tops a rise, and — oh no! Looks like another Giant-Mutant-Radioactive Australian Monster up ahead!

**Troubleshooter:** Do tell.

**Gamemaster:** Yes indeed, it appears to be a —(clatter)—yes, it's a fifty-foot tall—(clatter)—2,000-roentgen-emitting—(clatter, clatter)—levitating —(clatter)—er, bunny rabbit!

**Player:** Wow. Second one today. What a coincidence.

See? Doesn't that sound exciting? Simply roll on the tables, and you'll have your critter.

SUGAR AND SPICE  
AND MASSIVE DOSES  
OF RADIATION AND  
A HALF DOZEN DIE  
ROLLS — THAT'S  
WHAT GMRAMS ARE  
MADE OF.





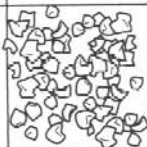
# Road Rally Map Section 5



Wrecked  
Car



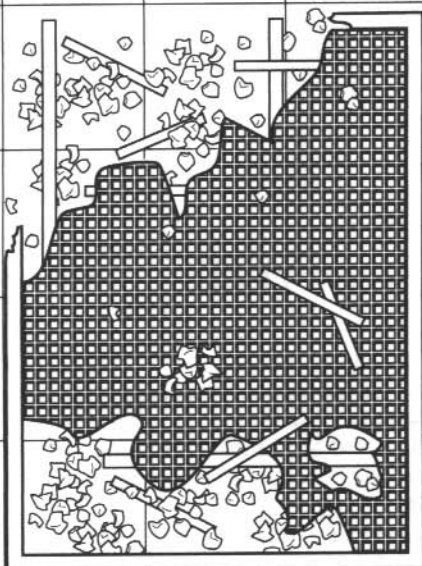
Wrecked  
Car



Rubble

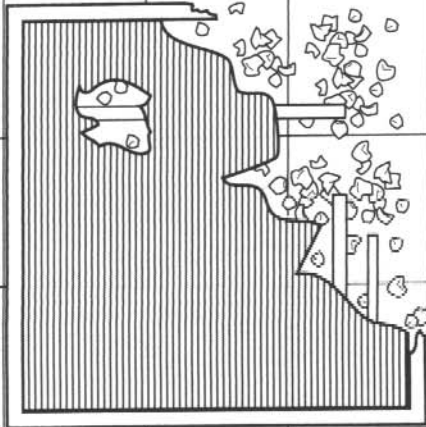


Ruined Building

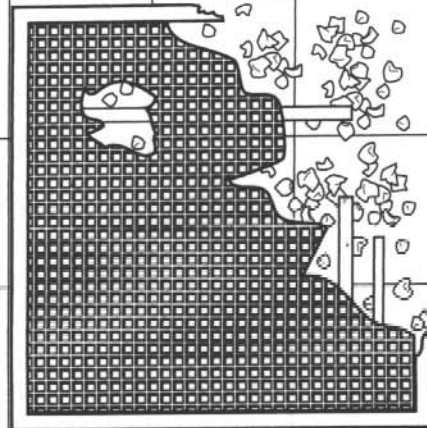


Ruined  
Building

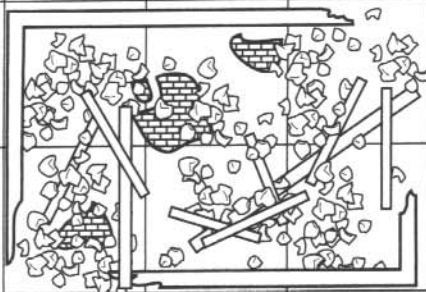
# Road Rally Map Section 2



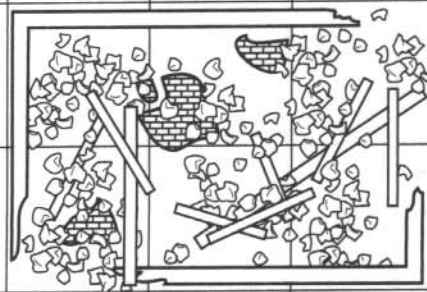
Ruined Building



Ruined Building



Ruined Building



Ruined Building







"Welcome to my Nightmare!!"

emonies to banish his spirit to a "place of eternal peace and tranquility."

Frankly, the whole thing sounds rather dull to Jin, and he plans to kill the Troubleshoofers and inhabit one of their bodies this very evening to avoid banishment. Then he'll return in triumph to Airs Rock, and, with the help of the Troubleshooters' neat equipment, proceed to kick some tribal butt and re-establish control.

When the Troubleshooters go to sleep the first night after entering the desert, read:

**It's been a hard day, what with being sent to the other side of the planet and attacked by Giant-Mutant-Radioactive Australian Monsters and all, so it's probably no surprise that you're having a bad dream. All of your fellow Troubleshooters are in this one — which probably makes this a nightmare — and the landscape does little to reassure you.**

**Huge trees sway back and forth without any wind. Distorted creatures amble in and out of the edges of your peripheral vision. Something capers and gibbers behind you.**

**And what about that large green cricket glaring down at you, saying "Die!" and leaping for your throat?**

It's Jin, of course. He attacks the Troubleshooters one at a time (choose the order randomly or attack the ones who've annoyed you most first, we won't tell). The other Troubleshooters cannot do anything except watch in horror.

Battle in Dreamtime is a fight of images, as each opponent seeks an image which will overcome that chosen by his opponent. For example, Jin begins the conflict in the image of a large cricket; his opponent might counter with the form of a huge spiderweb; Jin might then turn into flame; his opponent a sprinkler system; Jin a water-shortage; and so forth. Each combatant can assume one form and attack once per round.



To resolve combat, each time a combatant takes a form that the Gamemaster decides is advantageous (water versus fire, for example), the combatants make Attribute vs. Attribute rolls using *Chutzbah* (Jin's *Chutzpah* is 15). The difference between the two rolls is the damage table rolled on for the loser. Armor does not help in Dreamtime combat, but the *Chutzbah* bonus does (to find the *Chutzbah* bonus, check the Attribute Chart in the *Paranoia Second Edition* Rulebook).

Note that damage taken in Dreamtime is real as long as the character remains in Dreamtime. If you are killed, you're dead. If, however, you are wounded and then wake up, you're okay — just a little tired.

As the Gamemaster, feel free to assign bonuses to *Chutzpah* rolls in Dreamtime combat as you feel they are appropriate. If a Troublesooter comes up with a particularly creative counter-attack to Jin—"He's bug spray? I'm a label from FDA Sector!"—give her up to five "bonus points" on that attack.

If Jin wins all of the battles, he banishes the Troubleshooters' spirits to a choice slice of hell, takes over one of their bodies and makes the others his zombie slaves. Send in the replacement team — their first job: kill off the zombie clones who have all of their predecessors' equipment.

If any of the Troubleshooters win, Jin is at their mercy. Since he is experienced in Dreamtime combat, he will not be totally destroyed (even on a "Vaporize" result), but he will be so weakened that he can't do much (unless there's somebody back in Alpha Complex they want him to give bad dreams to).

Jin can, however, direct them out of the desert toward Sydney (and its fine opera house) in return for his freedom. Since he was not able to possess the body of one of his murderers, he'll vanish at dawn when the tribe performs his funeral ceremonies — unless, of course, he can get away and possess a GMRAM.

Go to the next episode ...



# Episode Three: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

## Summary

The Troubleshooters arrive at Sydney, Australia, a fine, cosmopolitan city with a simply stunning Opera House. Sadly, like so many other fine, cosmopolitan cities, Sydney looks just a little worse for wear these days, what with the near-miss of a nuclear missile and all. The Troubleshooters find it fairly easy to get a parking space.

Apparently all of the human beings have left Sydney, and the city has been taken over by an improbable variety of mutant animals currently and eternally at war with each other. They're very happy to see the Troubleshooters, you bet.

## First Impressions

Read the following aloud:

At last you have left the desert and made your way into more pleasant climes. There are trees and grass and other green stuff around, and the road looks a bit more traveled. You haven't seen any Giant-Radioactive-Mutant Australian Monsters for a while, which suits you just fine. Old road signs direct you toward your destination, and, after several more pleasant miles, you reach the outskirts of what was once a large city.

Apparently, Sydney hasn't done real well since the end of civilization. In fact, it looks a lot like TKO Sector after Gods-I-LLA, the Giant-Radioactive-Mutant Alpha Complex Monster, gets through with buildings in those old vids. There's a large crater off to your left; it glows quite prettily, even in daylight.

[A truly sadistic Gamemaster would roll some dice and chuckle evilly at this moment.]

Most of the buildings are ruins blown apart by the explosion, burned in the

fireball, or simply abandoned to decay by their original inhabitants when property values took a nose dive after the Big Bang.

Though the city might be said to be in something of a decline, there's obviously somebody still living there. Even from the outskirts, the sound of gunfire is unmistakable, and you can see puffs of smoke and little figures scurrying around the place. They are shooting at each other, whacking each other with sticks, and doing assorted other unspeakable Troubleshooter-like activities.



Relieved at these signs of civilization after your perilous journey, you prepare to move on. Suddenly, something goes "SPAANGCGG!!!" off the side of your transbot and a large round dent appears in one of its flanks. A very large boulder crashes from a building in front of you, completely blocking the road and there is similar sound from behind you. From out of nowhere a high, squeaky voice pipes up:

"Stand and deliver, sport!"

## Encounter One: The Bullyboyz

As the Troubleshooters look around, a small figure emerges from his hiding place in one of the ruined buildings. His name is Denny, and he is a mutant platypus. Denny stands about three feet in height, is covered with brown fur, and has a flattened tail and a duck-bill.

He's carrying a musket, and at his hip is a rapier. Dressed quite tastefully in black leather boots and breeches and a white silk shirt, he cuts a dashing figure. Well, he would if it weren't for the duck bill and flippers (this might be a good time for an insanity roll from the Troubleshooters).

Denny is the leader of the Bullyboyz, a band of cutthroats, murderers, and highwaymen living on the edge of Sydney. He's been extorting tribute from all who enter or leave the city through this section of town. If the Troubleshooters decide to talk before opening fire, Denny speaks again:

"Listen mates, me and the boyz don't want any trouble, see? We just want wot's our due, see? Now, we've been guarding this highway, protecting it from ruffians and wotnot, and we deserve some recompense for it, see? So hand over the lolly and nobody gets hurt."

You can see a couple of dozen other, similarly clad, "boyz" lurking in the ruined buildings around you.

## Let's Make a Deal

If the Troubleshooters decide to talk to the boyz instead of firing, Denny's demands are simple: he'll let the transbot through for fifty pieces o' silver. As it's not likely that the Troubleshooters will happen to have this kind of cash on them, and Denny doesn't accept plastic, so they'll have to try to convince him to accept something else





"Stand and Deliver, mates!"

in lieu of cash. He tells them that he'll accept a couple of jumbucks and a tuckerbag to carry them in, but this probably won't get them anywhere either.

Let the Troubleshooters offer him something else. They can make *difficult* Bribery attempts, modified by their offers. For example, Denny will accept a pair of hand weapons and ammunition with no problem (an easy roll), but those self-cooling Bouncy Bubbly Beverage bottles won't go over too well (*difficult* if the Troubleshooters don't demonstrate the operation of the containers; *virtually impossible* if they do. Hey, they may be platypuses, but they aren't stupid).

Any less attractive offer will have to be accompanied by a *tough* Bootlicking roll to succeed. Make the roll in secret; if the roll fails, Denny will pretend to accept until he's back under cover, then his boyz will open up.

If a deal is struck, Denny will wait until he's got the loot and is back under cover, then he'll order one of his mates

to push the forward rock out of the way. The Troubleshooters can question him about the goings-on in the city below them; if everything's been peaceful and friendly up until now, he'll cheerfully answer their questions. He knows a lot about the inner city activities (see below) and will, if he likes the Troubleshooters, caution them accordingly.

If asked about Ozzi-O, Denny remembers some "greasy human git" who came through this way about six months back, looking for directions to the lovely Sydney Opera House.

### No Quarter!

If a fight breaks out, Denny and his mates let loose a tremendous volley with their blunderbusses, then duck out of sight and spend the next two rounds feverishly reloading. After that, the band fires off in groups of eight, so that somebody's firing at the Troubleshooters each round. Their weaponry

is primitive and has no range whatsoever, but a lucky shot could take out a tire (or a Troubleshooter peering through a firing slit). The boyz will retreat after they take ten casualties. See the "Game Stuff" box around here somewhere.

### Game Stuff: The Bullyboyz

Twenty-four dashing platypus highwaymen armed with blunderbusses, foils and rapiers. No, really.

#### Weapons:

Blunderbusses\* (10P) \_\_\_\_ 12

Rapiers (8I) \_\_\_\_ 10

**Tactics:** Fire in volleys of eight platypuses each round. If the Troubleshooters come out of their transbot, give 'em a taste of good Australian steel, me hearties!

\* Blunderbusses take two rounds to reload between shots. They malfunction (misfire) on a roll of 19-20.



## Hell Comes to Sydneytown

When the Troubleshooters get past the Bullyboyz, they find themselves in the middle of a war. The entire city is one massive fire zone, with roving bands of Roos and Koalas (see below) potting away at each other like crazy. It's loud, smokey, dangerous, and Post-Apocalyptic as all hell.

However, the Troubleshooters are still inside their faithful transbot, right? Surely none of these creatures' puny weaponry can harm them, can they? Hmm. Sure would be unfortunate if the transbot were to happen to run out of gas about now, wouldn't it?

## Encounter Two: The Gauntlet

Okay. The Troubleshooters are about twenty blocks from the lovely Sydney Australia Opera House (which, you will be glad to know, is miraculously still standing amidst all the rubble), easily visible in the distance.

Here's what you do. See the "Generic City in Ruins Map" in the Pullout Section? Photocopy it about, say, six times. Lay it out on the table as shown on the diagram below. See the counters on page 33 in the Pullout Section? Cut them out. Place the transbot counter on a road on one edge of the map, the Sydney Opera House counter on the other edge of the map. Scatter the Roo and Koala squad counters around all of the maps in between. Sit back and look satisfied.

Now it's up to the Troubleshooters.

Obviously, they have to come up with a way to get across the map without getting themselves too badly killed doing it. Don't give them a whole lot of

time to think about it; if they dither, send a couple of the nearest squad counters their way to prod them into action.

There is, of course, the option of going back out the road and around to the other side of the city. This won't work terribly well, as Denny will demand tribute from them to come back out (unless he's been killed), and the Opera House is not on the edge of the other side of the city. Eventually, the Troubleshooters will have to go through the fighting.

## Rules for the Gauntlet

Don't be silly. Rules? For *Paranoia*?

Oh, very well. Stop winging it. We'll come up with something. Just give us a minute, won't you? Oh yeah.

After countless hours of playtesting, here are the rules for running the gauntlet to the lovely Sydney Opera House:

Squads and guys on foot can move two blocks and fire with the four-point running penalty, one block and fire with the one-point walking penalty. The transbot can move three blocks (in the street, of course), everybody inside getting an arbitrary two point penalty for firing from a moving vehicle.

To keep things from getting out of hand early, as long as the Troubleshooters remain in their vehicle, all of the squads fire as units (that is, you roll once for each squad; see the "Game Stuff" box). If their transbot tragically runs out of fuel, say, halfway down the gauntlet, the squads will fire as individual soldiers (that is, you roll six times for each squad; see below). Similarly, while in the transbot, the Troubleshooters fire at squad counters; once they have dismounted, they can kill individual enemy soldiers.

If the Troubleshooters decide to talk to the enemy, see "Parley," below.

## How This is Supposed to Work

Confused? Well, we don't blame you. See, this is supposed to begin as a parody of all of those wonderful movie scenes wherein the heroes plow through the middle of the enemy in a large vehicle of some kind, usually a truck,

but sometimes a bus is used, gaily shedding the hundreds of rounds of automatic weapons fire pouring into their vehicle's flanks, meanwhile dropping the opposition like flybots. Mel-G-BSN's done it; so have Sly-O and Clint-I. Now the Troubleshooters get to do it too.

The Troubleshooters go tearing down the road, guns ablazing from all firing ports, the transbot skipping nimbly around the various piles of rubble dotting the road. Then, about halfway across the map, their transbot runs out of gas.

Unfortunate, huh?

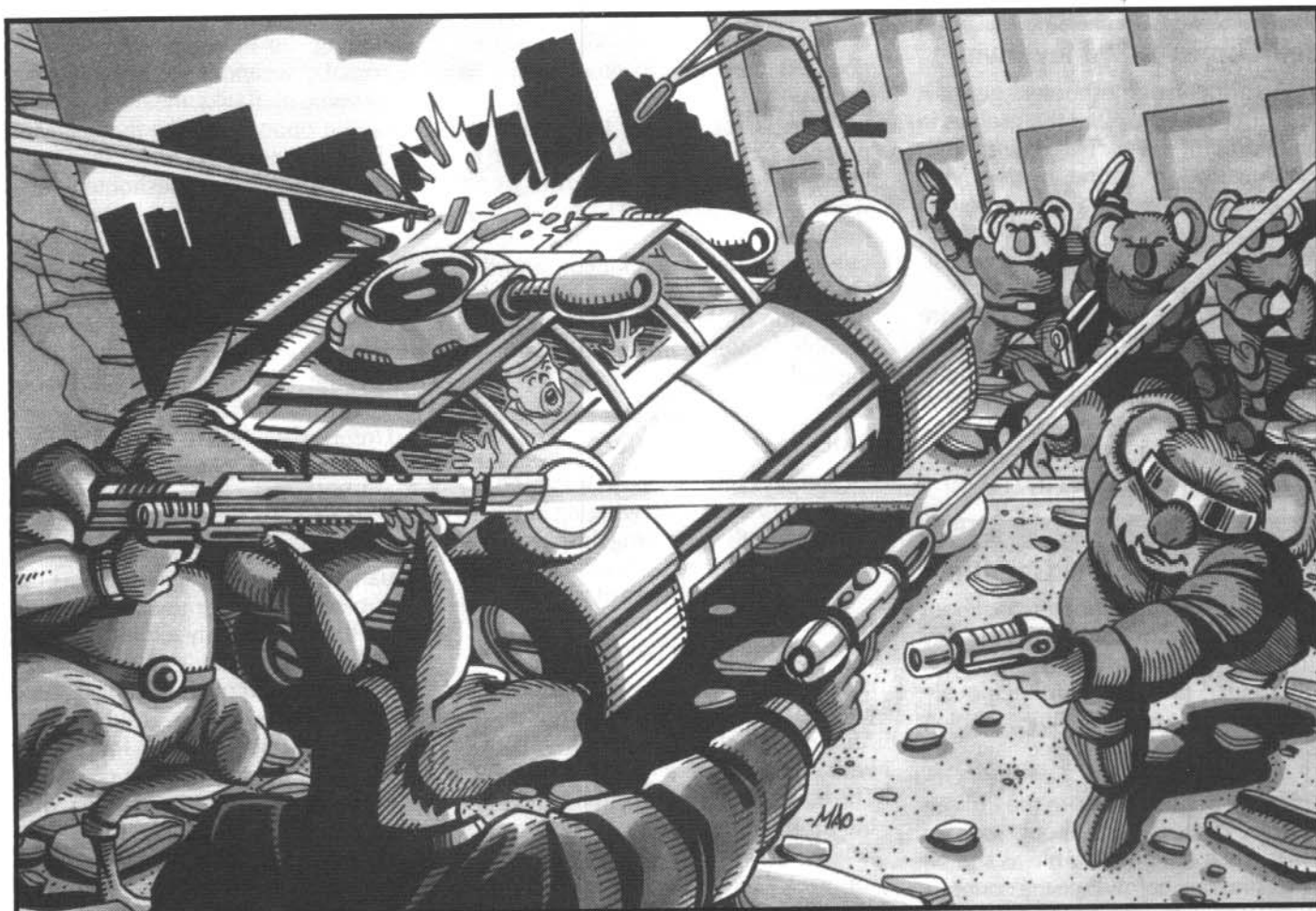
At that point, place the individual Troubleshooter counters and have a couple of sets of six individual enemy soldier counter ready. When an enemy squad gets onto the same map as the Troubleshooters, remove it, and replace it with six enemy soldier counters. The the fight proceeds as normal.

Very shortly, a couple of things should become obvious to the Troubleshooters. They're outnumbered, for one. By a lot. Also, the two groups of enemy soldiers seem to be unsure just who they should be firing at: the Troubleshooters, or each other. If the Troubleshooters decide to talk to one group or another, they might be able to make a deal. Go to "Parley," below. If not, they'll have to wipe out a lot of both sides.

Good luck to 'em.

The fight is over when the Troubleshooters make it to the square containing the lovely Sydney Opera House. (Actually, the fight is still going on: it's just that the opponents decide to ignore the mad human gits and concentrate their fire upon each other once more).





"At last — Civilization!"

### Game Stuff: The Enemy

**Roos:** Deadly mutant kangaroo warriors from hell.

#### Weapons:

Semi-automatic  
slugthrowers (7P) \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
Boxing (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Armor:** Kevlar (P3)

**Tactics:** Maintain discipline. Move forward in standard two-by-two formation, the remainder of the squad providing cover. The Green Berets of the marsupial world.

**Roo Squad Counters:** While firing as counters, the squads do 10P damage, skill 12, and have a group macho bonus of four. *Stun* results have no effect on these hearty warriors; each *wound* result against a counter removes one Roo; each *incapacitate* kills two; each *kill* result kills three; a *vaporize* result gets 'em all.

**Koalas:** Nasty eucalyptus-munching koala thugs.

#### Weapons:

Slugthrowers (7P) \_\_\_\_\_ 8  
Brass Knuckles (6I) \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Armor:** Leather (I1)

**Tactics:** Run around screaming and yelling. Overwhelm opposition by superior numbers. Act, in general, like totally undisciplined hoodlums.

**Koala Squad Counters:** While firing as counters, the squads do 9P damage, skill 10, and have a group macho bonus of four. Each *stun* result removes one thug from the squad; each *wound* result removes two; each *incapacitate* three; and anything better kills 'em all.

### Parley

Negotiations vary, depending upon who the Troubleshooters try to talk to, the Roos or the Koalas. The Troubleshooters will, however, have to make *tough* Oratory rolls in order to be listened to at all. Unless, of course, they can get the undivided attention of one of the two groups (say, by blowing away an entire squad of Koalas that was attacking a group of Roos).

### The Roos

The Roos will agree to a momentary cease-fire. They will insist that a single Troubleshooter come out, unarmed, to a location between the two positions, where he will be met by their captain (Captain Kangaroo, get it?), to discuss terms.





The Roos claim this city by right of having wiped out all of the other mutant animals, and they're not about to give it up to any invaders — human or Koala. The Captain is a hard Roo to *con* (four-point penalty to all attempts), but he will be amenable to reason: if the Troubleshooters can convince him that they have no intentions of sticking around, he'll gladly agree to a truce if the Troubleshooters help him wipe out the Koalas.

The Captain knows that a number of humans have gone to the Opera House, purchasing safe passage with a jumbuck or so, though he doesn't know any of their names ...

After the Koalas are taken care of, he will keep his word.

### The Koalas

The Koalas are thugs. They're here to sack the city, and they're not about to let any "stinking 'ooman gits" come along and spoil the fun, see? But that doesn't mean that they won't agree to a truce — quite the contrary. They'll cheerfully agree to join forces with the Troubleshooters to wipe out the Roos, and after that's accomplished, they'll back-shoot them and rifle their bodies for eucalyptus leaves and other plunder.

Their leader, a leather-clad, stud-infested, tattoo-covered specimen named "Quantus," negotiates for them. Quantus is about as subtle as a tacnuke grenade and his evil intentions should be readily apparent to even the most trusting of Troubleshooters.

### The Sydney Opera House

Once the Troubleshooters have reached the lovely Sydney Opera House, g'wan to the next episode, mate. Good on yer ...



# Episode Four: The Phantom of the Opera

## Summary

The Troubleshooter team goes to the Sydney Opera House in search of the elusive Ozzi-O. Quicker than you can say, "Laugh, Kookaburra, laugh," they find themselves embroiled in a desperate battle with Ozzi-O and a bunch of music-loving animals desperately seeking to stop the genius of the Age from being returned to durance vile in the cultural backwater which is Alpha Complex.

Andiamo!

## The Sydney Opera House

Okay. By this time, you should be heartily sick of references to the "Lovely Sydney Opera House." And frankly, so are we. I mean, really. Miracle of modern architecture, my eye! For God's sake, the bloody thing looks like a three-dimensional representation of a McDonald's arch! Don't get us wrong: Australia's a fantastic place and all, and, as soon as we scrape up the cash, we'd love to go down there for a nice vacation.

But, when we do, we're not going to go to the bloody opera! We'll go to see the trackless deserts, the towering mountains, the fantastic animals, the barrier reefs, the lovely cities and the amazingly-friendly people. There's plenty of great stuff in the cuntry; why they chose to make that horrible building their national symbol, we'll never know.

But we digress.

(They ... they make us write things. Evil, vicious, nasty things about foreigners and pop cultures. Actually, we like opera, really. A lot.)

## Sydney Opera House Map Key and Game Stuff

Much of the Opera House is sloped, like all theaters. Water has filled the lower portions of the House (the shaded areas on the map), as shown on the Side View map in the Pullout Section.

**1. Main Entrance:** This large, open space is bounded on one side by huge, arching windows, displaying the lovely Sydney harbor and skyline (though they ain't so lovely anymore). The curved wall on the other side has doors opening into the auditorium itself, plus what looks like a bar (though the shelves behind the bar are, sadly, quite empty). The doors on the narrow walls (leading into the rooms marked 3) have "Sheilahs" and "Blokes" written on them.

Two narrow hallways lead from this area. They flank the theater, sloping down toward the stage. Stagnant water fills the hallways to about half-way up their length. If the Troubleshooters enter the water, see the stats for "Alligator Dumdee."

Stairs on either end of the entrance lead up to the balconies (area 8).

**2. The Auditorium:** It's dark in here. This is a large, funnel-shaped room, the wide end of the funnel with doors leading to the theater entrance (area 1), the narrow end pointing at the stage (area 5). The room slopes down toward the stage; stagnant water fills the lower half of the room to a depth of about four feet.

Five sets of balconies line the walls of the room, reaching almost up the ceiling. There's a strange, pungent smell here, a weird combination of rotting canvas and some powerful animal musk. The seats and floor are covered with brown pellets (easy survival roll to realize they're animal droppings). (In fact, the pellets come from the fruitbats hanging out of sight on the ceiling).

**3. Loos:** These are easily recognizable as large comfort stations. All of the doors on the stalls have been ripped off, and lie scattered about the floor. If the Troubleshooters venture into these rooms, they are attacked by Oscar the Tentacular Creature from Hell (see below).

**4. Offices:** Filled with desks and chairs, and Kyle Minough posters and whatnot. Some are partly filled with water, too. Nothing of use here, unless Ozzi decides to hide in here or something. The Troubleshooters might meet Alligator Dumdee here, if they haven't encountered him already.

**5. The Stage:** This is a large open room. Ropes, cables, lights, catwalks, sandbags and backdrops dangle precariously from the ceiling; trapdoors lead down to the cellar (which is currently filled with water). The front section of the stage (that part facing the theater) is divided from the backstage area by heavy curtains. The fire curtain is open; standing in the middle of the stage is a large organ, sitting at which is a figure in a dark cloak (see "Theater of the Absurd," above).

**6. Prop Room:** Filled with helmets with horns on 'em, spears, swords, collapsible daggers, couches, chairs, paper mache rocks, a large plastic elephant, and

Anyway, back to the adventure.

As discussed above, the opera house appears to have survived the destruction of the city quite nearly intact (we just said it was ugly — we never said it was poorly-constructed).

Unfortunately, something appears to have gone quite wrong with the plumbing, and the interior of the building is largely filled with water. If you examine the map which is located around here somewhere, you'll know what we mean (actually, you can find it in the Pullout Section).

When the Troubleshooters go inside, read:

**Up close, the proud Sydney Opera House appears to have fallen on hard times. The once-clean windows, reaching bravely up to the sky, are covered with a nearly impenetrable layer of filth. The carpeting has begun to rot. The filth of decades lies over the once-**

**gleaming metalwork. The smell of mildew is nearly overwhelming. In many ways, it reminds you of your beloved Alpha Complex, half a world away. Directly ahead of you lie the main doors into the auditorium. Beyond them, you can hear the sound of someone playing a badly-tuned organ:**

**"Dee-dah-dee, dum DUM dum. Doo-do-Doo, dah DAH dah"** [Hum the theme from Phantom of the Opera].

**What do you do?**

### Sneaky Stuff

If they are normal Troubleshooters, they will march right in and confront Ozzi-O. If, on the other hand, they maintain a modicum of survival sense, they'll scout the building out first. If so, refer to the map and the key below for the goings-on in the opera house.

Eventually, however, the Trouble-

shooters should end up in the auditorium. At that point, go to "Theater of the Absurd," below.



other theater stuff. Another place Ozzi-O might try to hide.

**7. Dressing Rooms:** Filled with chairs, makeup tables, racks of costumes, and other assorted paraphernalia.

**8. The Balconies:** The balconies are old and dilapidated, but still reasonably sturdy. Some of the fruitbats (see below) live here.

### Cast O'Characters

**Ozzi-O-ZBN-4:** Reformed heavy-metaller; willing to die for his art, but would much prefer to make the Troubleshooters die for theirs.

**Mutation:** Super Lungs. Ozzi-O can let forth with an aria from Don Giovanni or some other opera which can pop eardrums and stun brainstems at 10 meters. Opposed rolls: victim's *Endurance* vs. Ozzi's decibel level of 10; if Ozzi wins, Troubleshooter is stunned for two rounds. Ozzi can use his mutation once every 10 rounds.

#### Weapon:

Prop spear from *Ride of the Valkyries* (8I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

**Armor:** Orange reflex over kevlar (under cape) (L4P3)

**Tactics:** Sit up on stage, playing organ and cackling like a madman. If Troubleshooters vanquish the opera-lovers, flee. Use superior knowledge of environs to bushwhack Troubleshooters and pick them off one by one.

**Alligator Dumdee:** Twenty-foot mutant carnivorous fire-breathing opera-loving gator.

#### Mutation:

Fire-breathing (9F) \_\_\_\_\_ 10

#### Weapon:

Big teeth (12I) \_\_\_\_\_ 12

**Armor:** Tough hide (F5AII2)

**Tactics:** Stay hidden until Troubleshooters enter the water, then chomp somebody and drag him under until he drowns. Repeat as necessary.

**Fruitbats:** Fifteen six-foot wing-span mutant carnivorous rabies-carrying, opera-loving bats with long, pointy teeth.

**Mutation:** Sonar & big ears. (You know how this works.)

#### Weapon:

Pointy little teeth (7I) \_\_\_\_\_ 9

**Armor:** None, but -2 to opponents' fire-combat skills when shooting at these guys on the move (because they're so fast).

**Tactics:** Swoop around in the dark, getting in folks' hair and ripping their throats out and stuff.

**Oscar:** Giant tentacular mutant carnivorous being living in the Opera House's toilets.

#### Weapon:

6 electric tentacles (6E) \_\_\_\_\_ 6

**Armor:** None

**Tactics:** When potential lunch reaches center of room, send six tentacles shooting from toilets to engulf him, electrocute him into submission, then drag him headfirst into the loo. Oscar must roll to hit with each tentacle separately. Each tentacle has a *Strength* of 4; victim must overcome combined *Strength* of all entangling tentacles in a *Strength* vs. *Strength* roll or is immobilized. Each tentacle will retreat when *wounded* or better.





## Encounter One: Theater of the Absurd

When the Troubleshooters enter the auditorium, it is shrouded in darkness, except for the single spotlight playing on the figure seated at an organ, center stage. The figure is wearing a black cloak and a mask covers one half of his face. The figure is playing the music described above, apparently oblivious to the Troubleshooters' entrance. Several seconds pass, then there's a splash (Dumdee becoming alert to the Troubleshooters' presence and slithering off to attack position), followed by some rustling from the darkness above (the fruitbats waking up and preparing to do their thing).

Read:

**With a theatrical flourish, the guy in the mask finishes playing. He strides up to the edge of the stage and peers into the darkness at you.**

**"Troubleshooters," he says, quietly.**



**"It's come to this at last, eh? You've come here to murder me, I suppose."**

**He draws himself up proudly. "Well, go on. Get to it. I won't hide from you. I'll show you all how an opera-lover can die!"**

At this point, the Troubleshooters are likely to attempt to reassure Ozzi-O (for it is indeed him) that they have no intention of killing him, that they have specific orders to bring him back alive

and intact. This has the exact opposite effects from what they expect.

Ozzi-O looks outraged. "Take me back?" he hisses. "To that cultural wasteland? Never!"

"Do you have any idea of the kind of insipid, mindless music those barren, uncreative human scum from HPD and MC wanted me to write?"

He begins to sing a medley of elevator music from Alpha Complex, including: "*Condensation-drops keep falling on my head!*," "*Would you like to fly in my beautiful transbot?*," and a number of others. You stagger back in horror, and you hear wails of anguish coming from the dark ceiling of the auditorium.

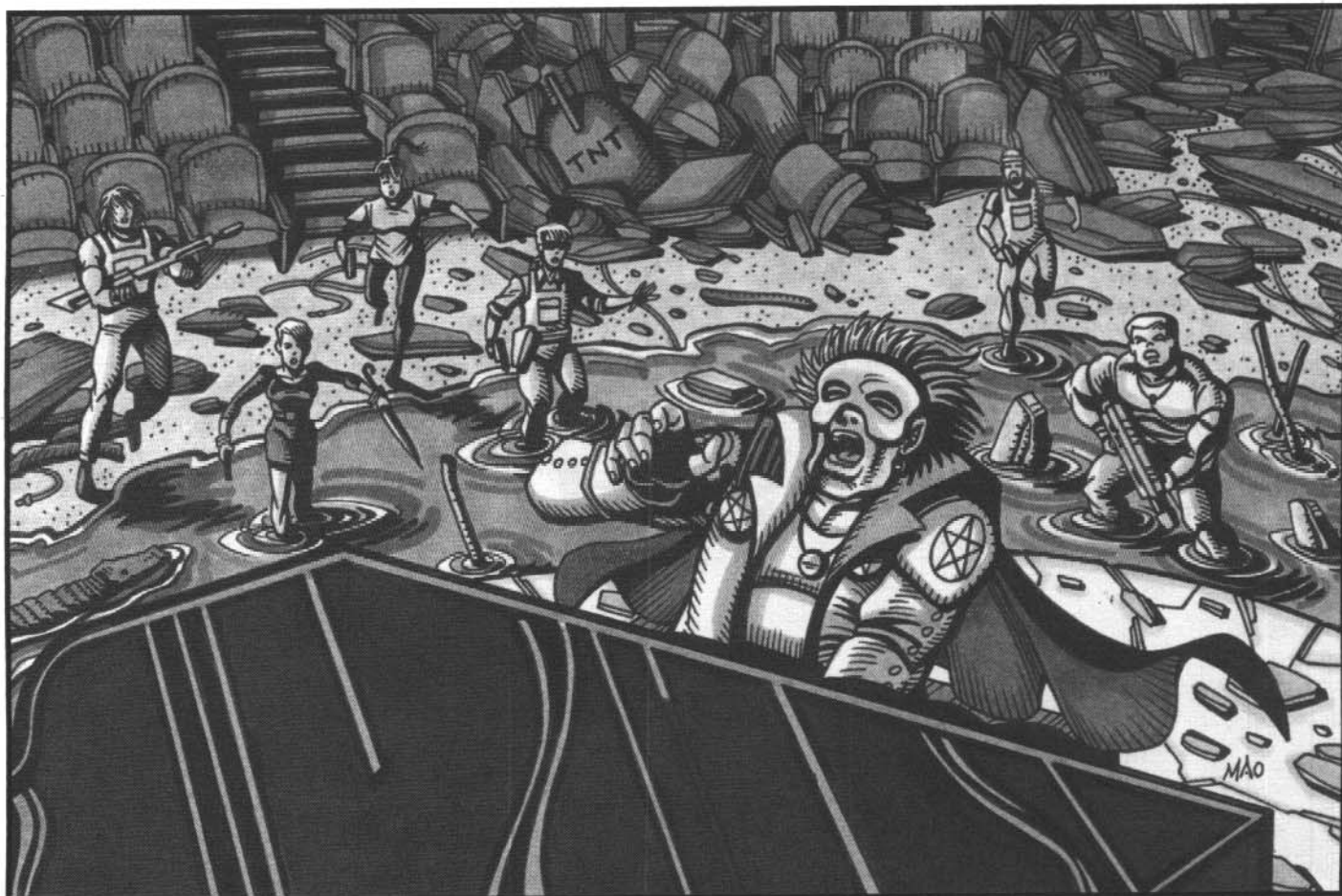
Mercifully, Ozzi-O stops singing.

"And that's not the worst of it! I used to be lead singer for the Death Leopard heavy metal band *Dokksidder*. That was okay when I was young and stupid. The money was great, and the babes loved me."

Ozzi pauses, then shakes his head



Scenic Sydney Opera House — ahh, culture!



Is that big black bot making him scream like that?!

and continues. He waves his arms wildly. "But I'm almost forty yearcycles old now! I was getting bloody sick and tired of singing songs about Happiness Pills and suicide and teen angst. I haven't felt teen angst for over 20 years! I'm not even sure what teen angst is!

"And those stupid outfits they make you wear! I get rashes from leather!

"So I retired from the band, to try new ways to express my musical gift. But will they let you grow? Let you change? Absolutely not! Once you're a metal-head, you're typecast.

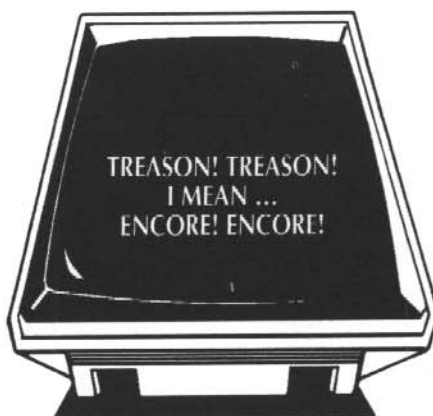
"HPD&MC agents wouldn't publish my new stuff; they kept hounding me with juicy comeback album deals. And Death Leopards kept driving through my quarters on motorcycles, singing lyrics from 'Choking on the Vomit of Love' at me, begging me to tour again.

"Finally, the Computer decided I wasn't fulfilling my social responsibilities and declared me a traitor. I

guess it thought my next clone would be more cooperative. Personally, I didn't want to find out.

"So I left. And I'm never going back. Here, on a far distant shore, I've found a form of music far above what I knew back there — music about life, and love, and the eternal verities — opera! I'll never leave it.

"No," he says. "No way you're taking me back there. You'll have to kill me."



Then Ozzi sits back down at the organ and begins to sing a song about somebody getting cursed by a gypsy into marrying his own sister or something.

**What do you do?**

Well, this is a pretty pickle, isn't it? Ozzi refuses to go back to Alpha Complex and apparently no threats will make him do it. In their briefing, it was made perfectly clear that the team was to bring him back alive and kicking. What are our Troubleshooters gonna do?

### Kidnapping Ozzi

Okay. It was a rhetorical question. They'll do what they always do: resort to violence. After all of the threats and cajoling have failed, the Troubleshooters will stride across the auditorium, tuck Ozzi under their arms, and march back to Alpha Complex with him.



Unfortunately, it won't be that easy: Ozzi's got fans here in the theater, and they're not about to let him be taken off without a fight.

When the Troubleshooters begin to move toward the stage, some high-pitched whistling noises come from the darkness above them, followed by some frenzied splashing noises from the water ahead. If they proceed, they are attacked by the fruitbats and Alligator Dumdee (see the "Game Stuff" box around here for their stats).

What Ozzi does while all of this is going on is up to you. If the Troubleshooters seem to be having too easy a time of it, he can join in, rushing to the attack, stunning folks with his mutant power, bashing them on the head with



his spear, seeking to make them angry enough to kill him and end his torment. If the Troubleshooters are having problems with the animals, he can sit at the organ and play his music, waiting passively for the outcome of the battle.

And if you need to drag things out a bit, once the Troubleshooters vanquish the animals, he can curse, wave his fist at them, and then disappear behind the curtain, seeking to hide in the vast, carnivorous reaches of the Opera House, which he knows like the back of his hand.

Once Ozzi-O is captured (or killed, oops!), the episode is over. Go to episode five, and the stirring conclusion of *Mad Mechs*!





## Episode Five: Mad Mechs

### Summary

Well, here we are, on the last couple of pages of the adventure, and we haven't run into any post-Apocalyptic motor-heads wearing dusty leather, studded arm bands and purple mohawks and riding around in 1970s Chevis, motorcycles and stuff, blithely ignoring the difficulties of getting gasoline, replacement parts or insurance at reasonable rates after the world ends. I bet you were beginning to worry, weren't you? Getting ready to consult your lawyers about false-advertising laws, right?

Well, you can stop.

They're here, ready to do battle with the Troubleshooters to rescue their hero, Ozzi-O, and keep opera alive and growing in Australia.

After all, just because they dress funny, doesn't mean they aren't *cultured*.

Anyway. The Troubleshooters take their prisoner outside and prepare to make the run back to Airs Rock and their transport to Alpha Complex. However, upon exiting the Opera House, they encounter the aforementioned cultured motor-maniacs. There's a big race/demolition derby.

Winner gets Ozzi-O.

### Encounter One: Running On Empty

Having snagged their prisoner and licked their wounds, the Troubleshooters amble outside and head back to their transbot. Once they leave the Opera House, they can't help noticing that there are about fifty beings standing in the road blocking their way. They're heavily armed and they look unfriendly. Read:

Well, this doesn't look very promising, does it? Looks as if you're outnumbered about ten to one, and these guys appear to mean business.

Some of the guys are wearing leather pants and vests, and carrying chains, axes, and small thermonuclear devices strapped to their foreheads. Others are carrying knives and dressed in jeans and tee-shirts with cigarette packs rolled up in their right sleeves. And there's even a group of Oriental-looking folks wearing loud shirts, shorts, and big, expensive cameras. They are smiling, bowing, and waving machineguns.

Near the back of the group are a bunch of those Koalas, standing right next to an equal number of Roos. Behind them, some Bullyboyz are exchanging glances with several Abos. And where did those scrubbots with red bandanas come from?

Anyway, they're all looking at you. And Ozzi. And back to you.

The wind whips from the desert, rolling trash across the highway separating you from your opponents. There's dead silence.

What are you gonna do?

I suggest doing it slowly.

Fighting is out of the question — if the Troubleshooters wish to get out of this alive, anyway. If they start firing, don't even bother to roll dice for the enemy. The Troubleshooters are cut down in a withering hail of bullets, the likes of which haven't been seen since the last Stall-O-NNN-4 film. Roll credits.

If the Troubleshooters hesitate, then there is still a chance they might come out of this alive. One of the Mad Mechs steps forward. Read:

A dark, greasy man in black leather steps forward, and raises his arms. You notice he has razors where his fingernails should be, and, when he opens his mouth, you see his teeth are filed to sharp points.

"Halt," he cries in a loud, authoritative voice. Impressed by his commanding presence, and unable to do anything during a read-aloud session any-

way, you decide to hold off fighting until you hear what he has to say.

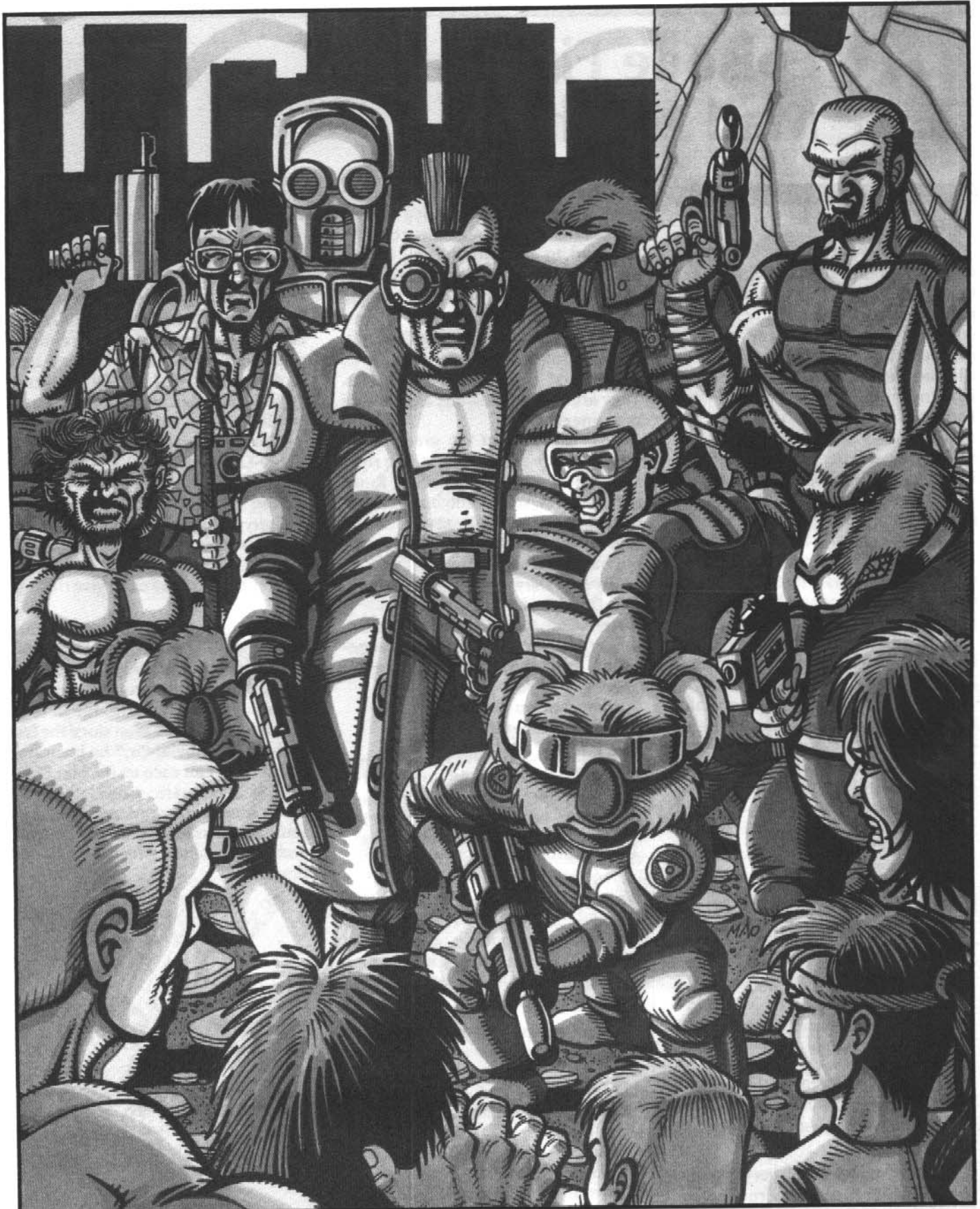
"Listen, blokes. We don't want any trouble, see? But you've got a mate of ours there, and it looks like you're fixing to take him away from us. And we can't allow that, see? Until Ozzi-O came to us, this country was a cultural wasteland, see, and we listened only to old heavy metal and Olivia Newton-O-NJN music because we didn't know any better.

"But Ozzi taught us, see? M-O-ZRT, Viv-O-LDI, Gersh-I-WIN—he opened up a whole new world of music appreciation for us. Music about gypsies, and guys dying of consumption in attics, and fat women in Viking costumes, and music about other timeless verities. And we can't give that up, see?"

"So you've got three choices: you can bugger-off back to those unmusical cretins back in that 'Alpha' place, or you can die right here and now in a withering hail of gunfire, the likes of which haven't been seen since the last Mel-G-BSN movie. Or," he leans forward, "you can race us for him."

With a dramatic pause, the Mad Mech lowers his arms and begins to smile. Suddenly, he shouts, "Youch!" and puts his hands to his mouth. Blood flows.





"So, what's all this, then?"



"I bid my dungue."  
The crowd "oohs" and "aahs" in sympathy and then anticipation.  
What are you going to do?

### Fighting to the Death

This option is discussed above. The Troubleshooters are killed, but Ozzi-O miraculously escapes damage.

The Troubleshooters are dead and a new team will have to be sent out after Ozzi. Unfortunately, he now knows that Alpha is hunting for him and he will be even harder to find. Alpha Complex will probably be destroyed by the aliens, who then go off about their business elsewhere in the galaxy. Everybody else lives happily ever after.

A complete loss for the hapless Troubleshooters.

### Racing against the Mad Mechs

Hey, great idea. See below.

### Encounter Two: The First Annual Australian Cultural Road Race And Demolition Derby

Remember all those generic ruins photocopies you made earlier? Well, hope you didn't throw them out or park too many sodas on them, 'cause you need them again. Lay them out on the table. Cut out the demolition derby car counters. Line them up on the edges of the map. The Troubleshooters get the green cars. They may split up between the cars in any way they wish. If there are less than three Troubleshooters, it is recommended that each team have only one car. Of course, you can just hose them any way you want.



The object of the Big Race is to be the first car to reach the finish line at the end of the fifth pair of maps. As usual, anything goes: ramming, shooting, mocking (hopefully lots of mocking), whatever.

### The Rules

All right. Let's get something straight right off. This isn't what you might call a real car chase shoot-em-up game. It's more of a nice piece of fluff with which we have chosen to end another sterling *Paranoia* adventure. It's basically silly, got it? The object of the game is to push a lot of counters around on a map, roll some dice, and let the players sweat it a bit while they proceed to roll up the opposition. Got it? Elements like play balance and fairness are right out — the game's stacked from the beginning, see?

But don't let the players know that, all right? They're likely to have the most fun if they think something important is going on and that, somehow, their characters' actions have some effect upon their destiny, though we know better.

Anyway. Let's get on with it. See the "Road Race Record Sheets" in the Pull-out Section? Grab them and take a look.

### The Great Road Race Record Sheets

These sheets have two tables on them: the "Car Stat Table" and the "Drivers' Control Sheet." The first lists the statistics for the various cars; the second determines their actions once the race begins.

#### The Car Stat Table

The first column lists the two cars in each team; the second column, "Hits," tells how many times each car can be wounded before it gives up the ghost. "Maneuver" refers to the car's maneuverability; "Speed" to how fast the car normally goes in squares; "Drive Skill" refers to the driver's Autocar Operations skill; and "Weapon" refers to the weapons carried by the occupants of the car. For simplicity, the last five stats apply to both cars in a team, though

each car had a different number of hits it can take.

The Troubleshooter's car, of course, is armed with whatever weapons they have left.

### The NPC Drivers' Control Table

You use this table to determine the NPC cars' actions each turn (the Troubleshooters can attempt any maneuvers they want). Simply roll a die for each car, in the order specified below; and perform the maneuver you come up with. The maneuvers are:

**Move:** Go directly forward a number of spaces equal to Speed value. Swerve left or right to avoid your own teammate; ram anybody else.

**Move Fast:** Go forward four spaces. Make autocar op roll: if successful go forward another; if fail, don't. Swerve to avoid teammate; ram anybody else.

**Move and Shoot:** Go forward three spaces. Shoot at closest enemy at end of move. Swerve etc., etc.; ram etc., etc.

**Move Fast and Shoot:** Same as Move Fast, but shoot at closest enemy at end of move.

**Swerve Right:** Move car diagonally forward and to the right. Go forward one space more, then make Autocar Op roll (modified by car's maneuverability); if successful, go forward another space; if not, don't. Ram anybody in your way. If move would take you into a building, Move straight instead.

**Swerve Left:** Same as above, but go left.

**Gamemaster's Choice:** Do whatever seems to be the most amusing.







"ROAD RALLY!!!"

## So How's It Work, Mate?

Glad you asked.

**Move Order:** The cars move in the following order: Car farthest front moves first. If two cars are equal, car with the lowest "security clearance" goes first. Thus, on the first turn, The front red car will move, then the front yellow, then the front orange, then the Troubleshooter's front green car.

**Moving NPC Cars:** To move the NPCs' cars, roll on the Drivers' Control Sheet and follow instructions—unless, at the start of the turn, the frontrunner is more than three spaces ahead of the car, in which case the car automatically does a Move Fast and Shoot. If a Gamemaster's Choice comes up, do whatever seems the most appealing.

**Moving Troubleshooter Cars:** It is up to the driver where and how fast the car goes. This is *important*. Anyone kibitzing is just a "back seat" driver, and is considered to be taking her action by trying to influence the driver.

Troubleshooters can move their cars any number of spaces up to their top Speed (which requires an autocar op roll). A car must move into one of the three spaces directly in front of it; it cannot go sideways. A car can change lanes only once during its move.

**Ramming:** When a car attempts to enter a space occupied by another car, it rams it. Drivers make opposed Autocar

Op skill rolls; loser takes a Hit. The ramming car ends its move in the last space it entered before ramming.

**Shooting:** NPC cars shoot once per turn (if allowed by the maneuver); they always shoot at the closest enemy car—remember, the Troubleshooters are not the only "enemies" in the race. In case of a tie, they shoot at the car farthest ahead. In case of another tie, they shoot at the Troubleshooters' car. There's a -2 on all shots because they're coming from a moving vehicle; other modifiers are listed on the table below. All are cumulative.

### Firing Condition Modifier

Each space between firing car and target	+2
Rammed somebody this turn	+2
Swerved this turn	+2
Car Moved fast (or even just attempted to move fast)	+2
Driver firing	+4



Damage to the cars is done in "Hits." These are represented by the circles on the GRRR sheet. Each time a car is hit, roll on the appropriate damage table. For every result above "No Effect," the car takes one hit. When a car takes a number of hits equal to its total "Hit" value, it stops running. Should it take a number of hits equal to twice its hit value, it explodes.

The Troubleshooters can shoot only at guys they can see; the driver can shoot at guys to the front and/or right of their car (did we mention that in Australia the steering wheel is on the right hand side of the car?); the guy in the passenger seat can shoot at guys to the front and left of their car. Guys in the back seat can shoot at cars to the back and/or left or right, depending upon where they're sitting. Ignore these details for the NPC cars; they get only one shot per turn anyway.

### Special Rule 27

Let's face it. Given the way these rules are stacked, the Troubleshooters should win hands down. They can do stuff intelligently; the NPCs follow that wacky chart which causes them to plow into each other, shoot each other up, and generally act like zany transformerbots on acid. At some point, the players are likely to begin to relax, pat each other on the back and congratulate themselves that they've outwitted the feeble efforts of the Game-master and the Designer. That's when you invoke Special Rule 27.

#### Special Rule 27

**As soon as your players begin to think they've got it made, you have the permission of the game designer to do whatever you need to to make them pay.**

Once half of the NPC cars are out of action, or hurting badly, or once the Troubleshooter's car gets a commanding lead (of, say, four squares beyond the nearest NPC car), for some bizarre reason, all of the rolls you make on the NPC Drivers' Control Table will miraculously turn up 19 or 20, and the NPC cars stop acting like zany table-controlled automatons and start working together like a team. They might (and probably will) still lose, but it won't be no walkover no more.

If the players give you any lip, or heaven forbid, accuse you of cheating, show them Special Rule 27. Explain to them that since it's printed in this booklet, it ain't cheating, it's a carefully-integrated part of the adventure. So there.

### Defeat

If the Troubleshooters lose the Great Race, the various savages slap them on the back, offer them a cold one, tell them they've been great sports, and send them on their way, *sans* Ozzi. Since this is as good as a death sentence, the Troubleshooters will have to either attack the fifty-odd goons and try to take Ozzi by force (bad plan), go back to Alpha Complex and face the music (worse plan), or say "to hell with it" and immigrate. The Mechs won't have a problem with this solution, as the Troubleshooters have already proven they have what it takes to be a Mad Mech.

### Victory

If the Troubleshooters win the Great Race, there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the savages, mutants, and other critters, but they keep their word. Ozzi-O is given up, and the team trundles back across the desert in



their new vehicles (which, of course, being true Mad Mech-type clunkers, never seem to run out of gas). The trip back across the desert is glum, for Ozzi keeps singing the death scenes from various operas (he knows a million of 'em), and the road is lined by weeping barbarians, mutant critters, and Abos. The teams' spacecraft has repaired itself, and the flight to Alpha Complex is without major incident.

### The Return To Alpha

Back at Alpha Complex, things have gotten mighty nervous. The spaceship has blasted at least two more complexes, and the beam is now yellow. The Power Groups have been hard put to keep their followers in the dark (especially with this bright yellow beam



*Is saving Alpha Complex really worth THIS?!*



coming from the sky) and rumors are spreading.

The Troubleshooters get a hearty welcome. The FreeEnterprise contingent greets them, along with the regenerating Elizabeth-R, and there are representatives of all the Secret Societies present (except Illuminati, and nobody knows where they are) and there are even reps from the new Computer and the High Programmers.

Ozzi-O-ZBN is trundled off to the observatory, and no one tells the Troubleshooters not to come along. In fact, it is quite likely that someone, in gratitude for their assistance, explains just what the hell has been going on.

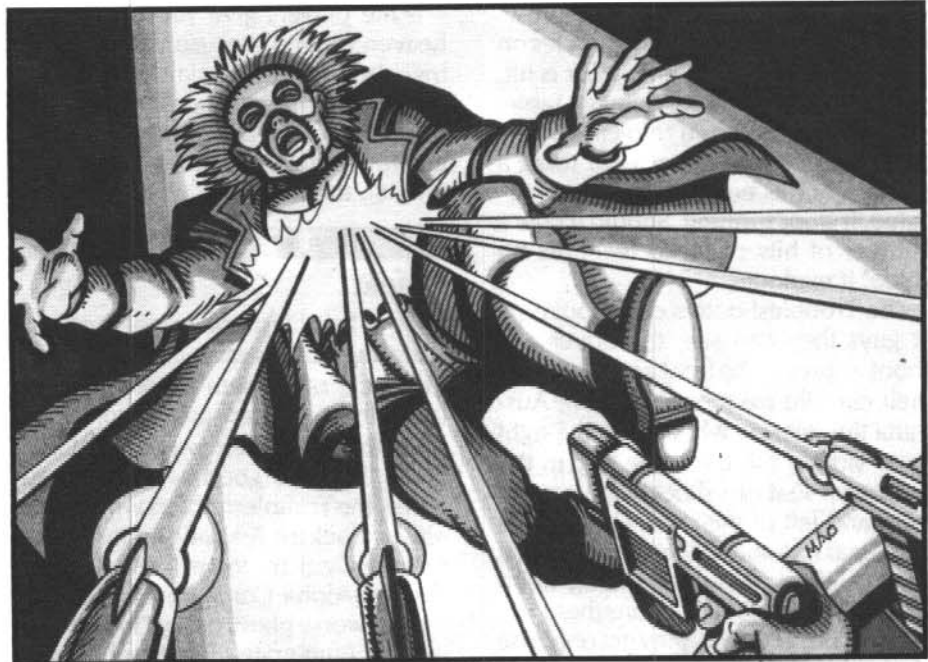
When they reach the observatory, Ozzi is put on a pedestal in the center of the room. He is bathed in the yellow light of the spaceship's beam.

Read:

**Ozzi stands blinking up into the light. His soiled leather garments and tattered cape hang loosely on his gaunt frame. Without warning, music begins to play. Music you have heard before ... the music you now know threatens Alpha Complex!**

Standing on the pedestal, Ozzi cocks his head and listens to the haunting tune. Suddenly, he throws his head back and laughs.

"It's so simple," he cries. Ozzi grabs a the nearby microphone and the



*"And now for my encore — " ZAPZAPZAPZAP!!!*

speakers of Alpha Complex blast his lyrics:

**"Don't touch this!  
"Don't touch this!"**

Ozzi writhes on the platform and sings mostly incomprehensible words at the top of his lungs. Background music plays, seemingly from nowhere. Those around you cover their ears, but

it does no good.

Then, as suddenly as he began, Ozzi stops singing. You look through the observatory "window" and the glow is gone! Alpha is saved!

Ozzi jumps down off the pedestal, bows, and cries:

**"I'm back!"**

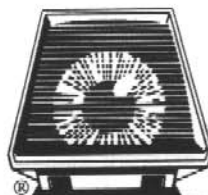
Everybody shoots him.

Fade to black.





# NOTES



*Ehhrrr ... umm ... what's all this, then?*

*Excuse me?*

*I mean, what happened to the last two pages of this adventure?*

*Oh ... no more pages. Wrapped everything up rather succinctly, don't you think?*

*But what about the rest of the adventure? What are*

*we going to do with two blank pages? Make "Notes" pages?*

*"Notes"? Yeahhh ... that's the ticket.*

*No, no, no. We can't do that.*

*Well, why not? Everyone else does it. Why should we be the only game company who hasn't done it so far? Why, in the (sorry, Ultraviolet clearance) supplement*

*from (sorry, Ultraviolet clearance), there are six — count 'em, — six "Notes" pages.*

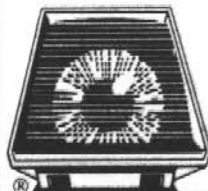
*But ... our reputation ... our sense of social values. What about our moral responsibility to our customers ... our fans? To do that would be reprehensible — it would be the cheesiest, sleaziest sort of act ...*

*Hey! This is Paranoia, ain't it?*

*Oh, yeahhh ...*



# NOTES



NOW ...  
WHERE  
WERE WE?

# MAD MECHS

by Paul Murphy

## *The Computer's Back???*

Yes, Citizens, the Computer has returned.

## *It's in Control of Alpha Complex Again?*

Well...not exactly.

## *It's still trapped in the Jackobot? (I Hope...)*

No, friend Citizen.

## *Then what's it doing?*

What's your Security Clearance, Citizen?

## *Rats ...*

*Well, just to show you we can be nice too, here's some information about the adventure:*

The Computer and everyone else in Alpha Complex is in trouble. Real Trouble. Big Trouble. Real Big Trouble.

An alien spaceship threatens to destroy Alpha Complex unless the Troubleshooters can solve the mystery of its alien message. To do so, they must travel to the "Down Under Outdoors." They must fight mystic aborigines, mutated animals, and GMRAMs. The Troubleshooters must win a former Commie mutant traitor away from the Infamous "Mad Mechs." They even have the unforeseen burden of:

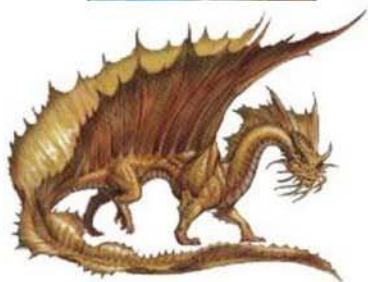
Bringing him back alive!

### **This Adventure Contains:**

- Frustrated Troubleshooters ... fighting through the desert, battling mutants, Commies, their equipment and, of course, each other!
- New equipment, mutations, high adventure, and lots of ways to lose *without actually dying!*
- A really neat and thoroughly tested (no, really) Mad Mechs Vehicle Combat system, complete with spiffy counters and wifty maps!
- No dice, whatsoever!



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