

**A New Paranoia
Novel**

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Reasons**

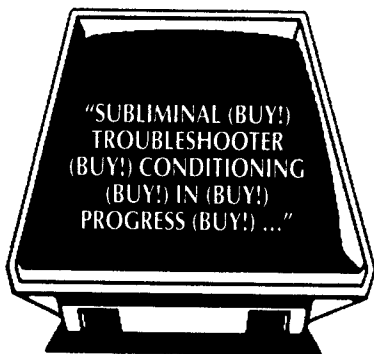
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**THOUGHT FOR THE
DAYCYCLE**



PARANOIA®

"AT YOUR SERVICE, CITIZEN ..."

VOLUME 01, NO. 01

THE PARANOIA NEWSLETTER

SUMMERCYCLE 1992/3.00

OFFICIAL

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Contributors This Issue:

Ed Bolme, Stephen Crane, Bill Smith, Ed Stark



RR 3 Box 2345
Honesdale, PA 18431
12501

Publisher: Daniel Scott Palter
 Associate Publisher/Sales Manager: Richard Hawran
 Editors: Greg Farshtey, Bill Smith, Ed Stark
 Art Director: Stephen Crane
 Graphic Artists: Cathleen Hunter, John Paul Lona
 Administrative Assistant: Jeff Dennis
 Licensing Manager: Ron Seiden
 Warehouse Manager: Ed Hill
 Treasurer: Janet Riccio

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WARNING!!WARNING!!

THIS SECTION IS MANDATORY FOR ALL CITIZENS! READ AND ENJOY!

Welcome to *At Your Service, Citizen ...* the new *Paranoia* Quarterly Newsletter! This Newsletter is devoted to you, the *Paranoia* roleplayer. Future issues will contain a wealth of information for the *Paranoia, Second Edition* game published by West End Games.

Wait a minutcycle, citizens, wasn't that the opening paragraph in Issue 0 of At your Service, Citizen ..., as printed in The Paranoia Sourcebook?!

Yes, it was, friend citizen; congratulations on your powers of observation. The Computer is proud of you.

But I thought The Computer was Dead?! What's going on?

Ah, Friend Citizen, you are in error. The Digitized Dictator of Alph Complex is not dead ... nor was it ever dead. It was merely ...

On vacation?

There you have it. The Computer, Our Bestest Buddy, was on a short vacation. It chose to spend a few weekcycles in a Jackobot's body.

Why?

What's your security clearance, Citizen?

Umm ...

Well, never mind. Suffice it to say that The Mechanized Monarch has returned from Its well-deserved holiday, and It is ready to fight off the Commie hoardes of Alpha Base, the Anarchist High Programmers of Alpha City, and, most of all, the traitorous Secret Society Council of Alpha Base!

Alpha Base? What's that?

Citizen, Citizen; I see you are not up on all your *Paranoia* propoganda — please purchase *The Paranoia Sourcebook* immediately for proper information dissemination.

Now read it.

Since we know that you only skimmed what we told you to read friend citizen, it's time for a pop quiz:

What is your favorite Bouncy Bubby Beverage variety?

Classic, New And Improved, Better Than Ever, Guaranteed Not To Kill You, or So Good You'll Get Addicted And Drink Nothing Else And Deride All Other Beverages.

Wait a minute. Where was that in The Paranoia Sourcebook?

Obviously you haven't memorized all of the *Sourcebook*, which is clearly a treasonous action. Please report to the nearest food vat, citizen.

I've memorized the whole book. Honest. Look here ... on page 34 it says, "Treason has become ingrained as a term used only by The Hexidecimal Opressor; only decadent fascist technocracies would dare prosecute someone guilty of treason."

Where did you read that citizen?

In the Sourcebook ... you know, the thing that will get me executed if I don't have it memorized.

However, what you have read is treasonous information, so obviously you made it up instead of actually reading it. Next clone please.

Sigh

Just kidding; this newsletter is fully compatible with "Classic" *Paranoia* as well as "ReBoot" and "Crash Course" *Paranoia*.

TIPS FOR TRAITORS

NGWARNINGWARNINGWARNIN

THIS SECTION IS SECURITY CLEARANCE ULTRAVIOLET ... NO, MORE THAN ULTRAVIOLET — READING IT IS TOTALLY TREASONOUS!!

NGWARNINGWARNINGWARNIN

This section is devoted to those who lurk the alleyways, causeways, and food vats of Alpha Complex, Alpha Base, and the Badlands of Alpha. The scum, the refuse, the rejects of Alpha ...

The Traitors.

(You know who you are.)

The treasonous information that follows is *not* reader submission material. It was *not* gleaned from thousands of letters and postcards and response forms (like the one on the back of this issue). It was *not* lovingly and carefully transcribed for your enjoyment.

And we are very disappointed in you.

Why didn't you send in those nasty weapons you've constructed? Why *haven't* you sent in interesting (but treasonous) new mutant powers? New non-player character traitors? New adventure hooks that would place everyone else's Troubleshooters in terrible peril and distress?

Well, we're waiting, Citizens.

What?

What do you mean "This is the first issue; we haven't had a chance yet"?

That's *no* excuse! The Computer is

...

What? "The Computer doesn't know this page exists? This is treasonous material!"?

Ahem. Of course. We knew that.

Well, then, the Council of Secret Societies is going to ...

Huh? Them too? *They* don't know what's going on here either?

Well, great. *Now* what do we do?

"Come up with the pages yourselves!"?

Oh, all right; just this once.

The Ultimate Treason

In Alpha Complex, rumors are treason. In Alpha Base, however, rumors are the primary source of information for most clones. Now, the marketing mind of the Zany Eddy (formerly Free Enterprise) Secret Society have found a way to make money using rumors, innuendo, and out-and-out *lies!*

It's called Advertising.

And, because you lazy clones didn't get off your compnodes and send us a bunch of treasonous material, we've decided to show you some of the Zany Eddies' best (?) advertising.

It should be noted, however, that advertising, at least in the Zany Eddy form, was deemed too low and demeaning a process for even The Computer Itself. Even the Council of Secret Societies finds "ads" distasteful. Only the Zany Eddies are vulgar enough to perpetuate the process at its highest volume. ■

ALPHA COMMENTS

"Alpha Comments" is devoted to concerned consumer mail and feedback. Here's your chance to talk to the developers and editors of Paranoia products. Ask questions about the rules, make suggestions for future products, and conduct spurious logic arguments about why exactly The Computer is your Friend and your only friend. We'll print 'em and respond to 'em.

Go ahead, first caller.

BUZZZZZ!!

Apparently the caller has been overawed by the opportunity to talk to a World Famous High Programmer. Next caller ...

We'd like to get a large ... hey guys, what do you want on that ... pepperoni, sausage and extra cheese.

Excuse me friend citizen, but this is a valuable waste of the Computer's resources ... not to mention a wrong

number.

Do we get the "15 minutes or blood will run in the streets" guarantee?

CLICK!

Sigh

Anyway, you get the idea. Be sure to use security-coded ink and paper or letters will be promptly fed to the ShredBots downstairs ... See you in three monthcycles. ■



**BOUNCY
BUBBLE
BEVERAGE**

It's the *Mandatory Thing*
UHN-UHN!

STOP

the Spread of Literacy!
Zap that annoying Eddie
in the Noodle!

Paid for by the enemies of the
Encyclopedia Anglica and their ad campaign

Ad art by Stephen Crane



Ready to stop watching
MINDLESS DRIVEL?
Ready to see some drivel that
PROVOKES THOUGHT?



WATCH
Randy the
Wonder Lizard on
At Your Service, Citizen ...

**CAUSED BY CRAZY
EDDIE MIXIL-PIK'S
SPECIAL CONE RIFLE.
GUARANTEED TO
KILL COMMIES
DEAD!**

**GAUSS ROUNDS
ARE
AVAILABLE!**



ULTRAVIOLET CLEARANCE



And now for something completely beyond your clearance ...

Bot Guys & Good Guys

Bots, like clones, have many individuals who influence their daycycle-to-daycycle lives as characters. Briefing Officers, stockroom clerks, and even mad scientists are a part of every sentient being's life, although the mad scientists perform a lot more surgery on bots than they do on clones. However, bots do not have to deal with the creativity of Alpha cooks, nor must they endure the careful and always accurate ministrations of dental hygienists.

This is not to say that bots have it easier, oh, goodness no.

Obscene Clone Callers

There are many clones that bots do not like to meet, but whom, given the virile type of gamemaster that you undoubtedly are, they will meet with unnerving frequency. Most of these people see bots as little more than machines or tools. They are, of course, but they're also sentient. Which, I suppose may not make any difference to, say, a falling chunk of residential dome, which will land wherever it darn well pelases, but the fact of sentience sure seems important to the bot. Although The Computer only knows why sentience is such a big deal to a little pipsqueak who has nothing better to do all day than shine citizens' boots.

The Bot Patrol

The Computer realizes that Alpha is filled with clones and bots which are currently out of control and have

exhibited no desire to be brought back under same. And, although It constantly seeks to expand Its influence, the Computer also knows that It cannot take over the rest of Alpha all at once. Yet.



That's where the Bot Patrol comes in. Controlling the brains of clones has always been more of an art than a science, and deprogramming clones with chemical bombardment or invasive therapy has always had undesired side effects requiring the intervention of breathing apparati and kidney machines. Bots, on the other manipulator, have brains that can be scrubbed squeaky clean (with hydrochloric acid if necessary) and reprogrammed from scratch. Since bots don't have to worry about a plethora of petty details during normal function (things like telling the heart's muscles to contract from time to time), their reprogramming is much easier and all the more fruitful. Thus, The

Computer sends the Bot Patrol out into the Badlands (WARNING! WARNING! ADVENTURE HOOK APPROACHING AT WARP SPEED!) to hunt down and capture bots, and bring them back in to be reprogrammed into happy, loyal, and obedient servants of The Computer. Additional bounties are paid (ALERT! ALERT! HIGH-POWER CHARACTER MOTIVATION ON COLLISION COURSE!) for reclaiming bot deserters or bots who are suspected Council infiltrators.

Jerry-V-RIG-3 Troubleshooter/Bot Burglar

S7 E14 A12 D15 M9
C11 MA18

Armor: I3P3L5 (with Macho)

Psychescan 12

Spurious Logic 13

Projectile Weapons 14

Bot Op & Maint (most types) 18

Surveillance 10

Stealth 12

Jerry-V likes to operate alone, picking off solitary bots who are unaware of his presence. He operates like a sniper and is very patient. He carries a semiautomatic slugthrower equipped with Gauss (ECM) and AP rounds — and a lot of each. He also packs a few grenades which he can't use very well. And since he's a Troubleshooter, he generally carries a few "experimental" devices.

Bot in a Box

There is another potential fate awaiting the bot which finds itself spirited

The information in this box is classified Ultraviolet and must not be read by citizens of Violet or lower ... Oops! Sorry, Please report for termination.



away; the complete dismemberment visited upon botkind at the Chop Shops. Many mechanics, both robotic and clonish, run garages for bots: One of the items they most need to do so is parts, and what better place to find working parts than on a bot?

These marauders will grab a bot, drag it into a dark area, and remove whatever peripherals they find attractive. They do not care what the bot feels, or thinks, or even what urgent mission it's on. The severed part will have its serial number filed away, a new one stamped in, and will be on sale in two or three daycycles. Occasionally Chop Shops can gather enough spare parts to make and program another bot to go fetch more parts. The geometric growth of such an operation is left as an exercise for the devilish student.

The primary use of Chop Shops is to rid the game of a troublesome peripheral that one of the bots has managed to acquire. If the choppers rid the bot of an arm or a head while they're at it, so much the better.

The Botleggers

These are merchants dealing in the new slave trade of Alpha: reprogrammed bots. Empowered individuals all over Alpha want their own personal servants, but, for whatever reasons, cannot obtain them legally. In Alpha Complex, obtaining one's personal bot is rare, and even if one is obtained, it is always programmed by others whose loyalty is questionable at best. In Alpha Base, which is at least in theory an emancipated society, paranoia runs deep enough from society infighting that many powerful clones (and even some bots) keep carefully programmed guardbots. And even in Alpha City, where everything and everyone is supposed to be equal, the High Programmers miss having personal servants, and many have collected bots from the rest of Alpha for their own secret use.

The Botleggers are made up of former Free Enterprise black marketeers, ex-Humanists who want to keep the bots down, and even the occasional artifact

intelligence who gets a choice of peripherals for each captive. Bots are especially useful to the Botleggers, because they can perform a total data dump overwriting the captive's software in far less time than it would take for a clone to reprogram the victim to submit willingly.

Botleggers are a great way to mess up a Team's daycycle. They can snatch a bot away, reprogram it almost immediately (to resist being stolen by, say, a noisome Troubleshooter Team), and have it in a powerful person's inner sanctum before you can say "emergency shutdown." Of course, this is also a great plot device to get players away from a false lead or a small mission and into the deep — er, big time.

Alternatively, the characters could be formed into a team of "Revenueers" and assigned to hunt down them thar botleggers.

The designer would be tempted to describe the members of the Botleggers as being something like small robed desert creatures in a famous space opera movie, but the director of said movie gets offended whenever we make a noise like we're going to parody his creations. He has more money than we do, and better lawyers with much bigger guns, so we'll just quietly shut our collective traps and let you make your own parodies.

Best Bot Buddies

On the other manipulator, many clones have championed the bots' cause. Whether this is out of sincere desire to see all sentient beings be equal, or due to the realization that the bots form the biggest pool of gullible resources in Alpha, no one really knows. Thus, formed both with clone cooperation and without, here are some of the nicer folks the bots may meet. Somedaycycle.

The Underground Transtube

This is a collection of bots and egalitarian clones, formed of members of a variety of Council societies, dedicated to (AIIEE! NOT ANOTHER

ADVENTURE HOOK!) liberating sentient beings from Alpha Complex, on the theory that after everyone who wants to leave has left, there'll be no one sentient remaining to serve The Computer. While the Underground Transtube will move clones to safety, their primary focus is bots, who must contend with restrictive programming. Clones seem to have an easier time escaping on their own.

The Underground Transtube can also be used to move bots and clones into Alpha Complex for a mission.

Computer-endorsed news shows in Alpha Complex state that the Underground Transtube botnaps unwilling servants of The Computer to reprogram them to serve The Council's nefarious ends. This is a malicious and slanderous rumor and has absolutely no basis in fact. Maybe Alpha City does it a little bit, but certainly not The Council!

Miles Gloriosus

There is a shadowy rumor floating around among botkind that they have a benefactor. Somebody who looks out for fellow bots above all others. Somebody who can grant any bot any peripheral or program needed. Sort of like the great and powerful Oz.

Rumor has it that this benefactor is none other than the Mark IV.

This rumor has never been proven conclusively, although there is certainly strong evidence. One scrubot by the name of "Weasel" returned from a mission dragging behind it a small quad-mount cone rifle battery placed on top of a trailer. Weasel could activate it at any time, and although it only fired straight ahead, it certainly did a number on "cleaning out" a hallway. Many other bots followed Weasel's directions, and they even downloaded Weasel's recent memories to verify the accuracy of the directions, but none of them found the Mark IV. Perhaps the great warbot only plays the patron part-time. Perhaps it reprograms bots' memories. Perhaps the leviathan is a wandering sage, although where in Alpha there'd be room for the Mark

— continued on page 9

SECRET MESSAGEZ



NGWARNINGWARNINGWARNIN

Welcome, citizen! This section is Security Clearance INFRARED, cleared for all citizens!

Really! This is not a sting operation! You may safely ignore the automated laser cannons aimed at the small of your back!

NGWARNINGWARNINGWARNIN

Whoops, I'm sorry, Citizen. This section is actually security clearance Ultraviolet. The above statement was misplaced from a previous page. We are sorry for the inconvenience. Please terminate this Troubleshooter.

"Secret Messages" is a topic for Secret Society discussion and postings. All members of Secret Societies, whether located in Alpha Base, Alpha Complex, or anywhere else in Alpha, are encouraged to post assignments, messages, or any other information that will be useful (?) to other Secret Society members here.

Gamemasters are encouraged to introduce this information into their campaign as they see fit. In some cases, it is best to just photocopy the appropriate message and pass it on to the right player — for example, if a Troubleshooter is from the Secret Society Corpore Metal, and there is a posting from a Corpore Metal member addressed to all other members, it should be passed on. Of course, it may be garbled or altered *en route*, but that isn't your problem.

Purely Gamemaster information is boldfaced and in brackets [like this]; it should be whited-out before being passed on to players.

Message Number One

From: Pro Tech
To: All Pro Tech Members
RE: New Equipment

Dear Diodes and Cathodes, Capacitors and Doohickeys [these are different rankings of Pro Techie, by the way]:

It has come to our attention that the seditious and villainous R&D, that slave-group of The Computer, has

developed (completely by accident, of course) a new item of great importance. It is of the *utmost importance* that we remove the item from their clutches and pass it on up the ladder of the Pro Tech hierarchy.

Rumors state that the item is oblong in shape, and about eight to fourteen inches long. At the center, it is perhaps six to eight inches in diameter, but it tapers off quickly to its two ends.

The object is very light, however, lighter than its appearance would normally dictate. It is dark brown in color, except for white laces down the center.

Do Not Attempt to Untie the Laces! This would probably be extraordinarily bad. We have learned that the R&D scum have pumped the object full of some sort of gas (we don't know what yet), but it may be poisonous.

We are fairly certain, however, that the gas is not explosive. It must, however, be very precious. We learned both facts at the same time.

Almost immediately upon creating the device, the R&D group began fighting over who would possess it. Eventually, the scientists (and I use the term loosely) divided into two factions and began fighting over the object. They kicked, they punched, they grabbed each other and threw each other to the ground — all quite normal, really — but then they did something very odd.

After one group of R&Ders managed to get the object away from the other group and run far enough away that they could perform some sort of strange ritual (we think that it is Romantic in origin, so this assignment should be fairly easy if those bozos are involved), dancing around the object and slamming it to the ground — they gave the object *back to the other faction*.

Needless to say, we don't understand this at all. Certainly, if we can capture the object and examine it (and the gas inside — we think that it must leak some out and affect the minds of the R&Ders), we can use this object to discredit R&D in The

Computer's mind and win for ourselves a place in Alpha Complex as well as Alpha Base.

All Pro Techies are on alert: find and seize this object at the earliest possible opportunity. Wear a gas mask (your contacts will provide you with them) and, if possible, a complete environment suit to protect yourself from the gas — we don't want you getting it and then giving it back! Bring it to your local drop off points and pass it on.

Reward: 500 plasticreds, a new Pro Tech device, and a possible rise in rank.

Other Secret Society Involvement: Watch out for the Romantics and the Death Leopards. The former may know something of this or even be involved, and the latter would almost certainly be interested in the chaos of the ritual.

[Gamemaster: in case you haven't guessed, this object is not a new R&D device; it is a thing from the Old Reckoning. A "football." The R&D group found some ancient vids of the ritual and decided this would be what they needed to complete their latest assignment — a new propaganda ploy. Correctly assuming that the people of the Old Reckoning were worshippers of the ritual (they flocked to the religious events in thousands), they figured out that they can introduce this to Alpha Complex as a new Computer-sponsored event. Currently, they are practicing the ritual before they present it to The Computer.]

Message Number Two

From: Conciliator "Head Spook"
To: All Conciliators
RE: logo

Since our formation by the Secret Society Council, we have been charged with a mission: watch the citizens of Alpha Base and make sure no sedition is practised within its boundaries. Ours is a glorious quest, and we mean to keep it that way.

But rumors state that some citizens of Alpha Base are disturbed by our presence. Some seem to feel that,



SHHHH...

after the chaos of the Crash, they should be allowed to think and do what they want without fear of some "secret police" looking over their shoulders.

Shocking, isn't it?

These citizens do not *understand* that we are not like that villainous IntSec of Alpha Complex (ptui!). We do not storm into creches in the middle of the nightcycle, beating innocent clones within an inch of their next number, and drag them off to parts unknown, leaving them to expect nothing better than a small-caliber slug behind the ear or a lifetime of pain in a Badlands containment camp. Never!

Everyone we do that to is *guilty*.

So, we have decided to make ourselves more popular among the other Secret Societies. To do this, we need to be more like them. The first step is to create our own logo. If we can go around spray-painting it on walls and buildings and bots that don't pay close enough attention, then we can be like other Societies.

Criteria: Our logo should be friendly, open, sincere, and kind. Either that, or it should inspire terror in the hearts of our enemies. I'm not really sure.

Anyway, send in all submissions to my headquarters at WEG sector (the address is on this publication somewhere). Illustration of the logo is appreciated, but a good description would be sufficient.

The Conciliator who comes up with the best logo will be rewarded, and their logo will be published in the next communique.

[Gamemaster: While the Conciliators are searching their own ranks for a logo, they will undoubtedly "borrow" logos from other Secret Societies. As a result, all Secret Society members can be given this message, and all members can receive the reward. Please send all submissions to:

**Paranoia Newsletter
c/o West End Games Ltd.
RR 3 Box 2345
Honesdale, PA 18431]**

Message Number Three

From: Illuminati
To: All Secret Society Members
RE: Us

We exist. We thrive. We're watching you.

We know what color underwear you have on.

That is all.

Message Number Four

From: Frankenstein Destroyers
To: All FD Members
RE: This Bot #@?%!

Dear Everybody:

I'm getting really fed up with this "bots are our friends" crap, and if we don't do something about it, I'm going to nuke the whole ^%#@! Alpha! I mean, come on, how can *anybody* be buddies with a *toaster!*

At least, in the old days of Alpha Complex, we could beat up on bots (out of sight, of course) with little fear of reprisal. But over in Alpha Base, bots "are accorded the same rights as clones."

What the #\$\$%! is going on!?! Has everybody been asleep? We have to do something about this. Bots are being treated like clones, and are even beginning to own their own stuff, get security clearances, and all that sort of thing. It's getting on my nerves!

So, to combat this plague of anarchy — *let's deactivate the sons of glitches!*

For every bot you cause the destruction of (and that's *complete* destruction, Citizen — no brain transplants) I, the current Frankenstein Destroyer Regulator (FDR), will reward you with 100 plasticreds. Each bot that has a security clearance higher than Infrared (yeah, I know that's Alpha Base bots only), will increase the reward by 100 plasticreds per level (a Red is worth 200 plasticreds, a Yellow is worth 400, and an Indigo is worth 700 plasticreds).

And, if any of you FDAs (Frankenstein Destroyer Annihilators) manage to bag a bot that has been uppity enough as to claim a *Troubleshooter* job — well, you can just double the reward and expect a rank increase! I hate those #@*\$! bots!

Expect resistance from Corpore Metal ... those jerks are currently promoting bot equality (bastiches!). Bag a CM and we'll make sure you're rewarded as well.

Oh, and it has come to my attention that bots have started forming their *own* Secret Societies. I don't have any evidence yet, but the FDA that brings me proof one way or the other can expect a few shiny and large caliber rewards to play with.

Get them before they get us!

Message Number Five

From: Psion Head
To: All Psion Members
RE: ...

Message coming over. Got it? Good. Repeat it back.

Thank you, I'm glad you understand. Get right on that, okay?

Message Number Six

From: Purge
To: [Give this to one PURGE member on the team]
RE: Destruction, what else?

Ooooh, those teammates of yours. Arrggh! They make me so *mad*. Kill 'em! Destroy 'em. Destroy their clones! Destroy their *friends'* clones!

Err! Growl! Use large caliber weapons or tacnukes! Take out large sections of buildings. Things are too peaceful! Stir things up. Find a Death Leopard — any one will do. He'll help.

If you can (*slaver, slaver*), find a Computer Phreak and hang him up by his toes. Make him create a computer virus and stick it in every I/O terminal you can find. Get a bot to help you if you can.

Ooooh. Aaah. Much better. We have a contact out there for you. He will supply you with what you need when you need it. Don't fail us, or, if you do, do it in a large explosion. Your next clone will be promoted.

Message Number Seven

From: Zany Eddie Oh-U-KID
To: All
RE: SALE! SALE! SALE!

Hey all you Troubleshooters out

there, this is Zany Eddie Oh-U-KID calling everybody Indigo clearance and below out to the Badlands for a special sale — Simplex Dedalot, a refuge of the Knight Fighters (Formerly Knights of the Circular Object) was just destroyed (they like to call it "pillaged") and, boy, do they have lots of stuff to get rid of before the scavengers and "Dungeon Crawlies" (from their most despised rival simplex — the Dungeon) arrive and carry off all the good stuff.

Just a preview of what we have for sale:

- *Princess Bots, new and used.* These babies are a must for any Knight Fighter and not a bad little collector's item for any other Troubleshooter. Guaranteed to attract monsters from the Food Vats, the Dungeon, and even the Outside, the Princess Bot Mark 38-22-24 will lure any of them pesky critters into your hands.

Likewise, really powerful beasties and mutants, who would normally spend their time ravaging, rending, devouring, and digesting your Troubleshooter Team will instead satisfy themselves with snatching up the '24, cackling evilly, and running off to hide in some back alley or underground simplex somewhere. And here's the best part: Knight Fighters love rescuing the '24s, so once you've bought one, you never lose it! They'll gladly throw themselves into the dens of the ferocious

critters and, if you pitch it right, they'll pay you for the honor.

- *The Cup that Runneth Over.* Yep, here it is again. One of them "quest items" so sought after by the Knights. Turns out, though, that the sneaky little buggers had a whole bunch of them! They've been plaguing Alpha for yearcycles to find "the One True Cup," and what happens? — They collect every stupid cup that comes down the pike!

But now you too can have a "Cup that Runneth Over!" Special collectors edition *Botman*, *Botman Returns* and even *Botman Finally Gets a Life* from the vid of the same name; *The Little Romantic Fish-Mutant* cups are available; and we even have limited edition *Star W—{DELETED FOR SECURITY (and licensing) REASONS}* cups. Boy, I bet you never thought you'd see those again!

Rumor has it, if you stick one of these cups in a Bouncy Bubbly Beverage dispenser, it will fill it up for only 99 Plasticreds — limited time only! So get yours while supplies last!

- *Scrap Metal* — lots of scrap metal. Old armor, old archaic weapons, chariot wheels, horsebot hockey, squirebot panelling — it's all available. The Armed Forces wants it all to build newer and better warbots, but since they won't pay for it (sure, they'll pay one million pcs for a screwdriver, but not one cent for scrap

metal ...) we'll let it go cheap!

So come on down to the Zany Eddie Knight Fighters clearance sale, it's a deal of medieval proportions!

Oh, yeah, we forgot! It is a clearance sale! For the first 100 clones who get here in one piece, we have a special offer — forged promotion papers (courtesy of the Knight Fighters' "Scribe" division) for every clearance! That's right, now you too can be a High Programmer!

For a price ...

[The High Programmer Zany Eddie is serious ... all the stuff (and more) is available at Dedalot. Even the forged security clearances. However, since Zany Eddie Oh-O-KID used a forged paper to promote himself, he doesn't really know what security clearance Orange or higher actually looks like — he's guessing. For each clearance level above Orange, there is a 2 in 20 chance that the papers are so obviously forged that anyone who sees them (other than the Troubleshooters, of course) will be able to see them for what they are.

In addition, Oh-O-KID, or, as he is better known in IntSec circles, "the Double-O Kid," is really an IntSec agent working for The Computer. However, he is under deep cover. The only way he'll bother to arrest any Troubleshooters is if they try to "put the squeeze on him." Instead, he'll set them up for later blackmail.] ■

Ultraviolet Clearance — Continued from page 6

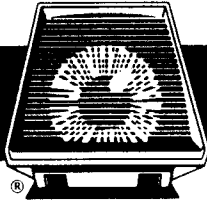
IV to wander without being seen is beyond me. Maybe in the mysterious wasteland bounded by BER, MYU, and DAH sectors. You know, the — nah, I'm not going to say it.

True or not, all the rumors agree on several fundamental points. Mark IV will receive all bots, regardless of parambulatory appendage, coloration, programming, or I/O protocol. Every bot will have its request granted, but Mark IV always demands a service which requires a delicacy of operation beyond the limitations of its gargantuan frame. The Mark IV will also receive clone dignitaries;

apparently it bargains tactical fire support with them for supplies, etc. The clones are very amenable to Mark IV's terms, knowing they can be obliterated at any time. The Mark IV has lost none of its ego; bootlicking skill is necessary to survive the audience. It demands that everyone address it always as "Mister Big" and use the word "sir" at least once a sentence. Those who don't show proper respect in this fashion suffer fates beyond the mortal ken. So do most others standing within several hundred meters of the offender. And, finally, the Mark IV always seems to

appear just when things are bleakest, and the bots need a *deus ex machina* to save the mission — and their collective chasses. How the Mark IV — excuse me, Mr. Big, sir — manages to make these timely appearances is unknown, but many theorize that Mister Big's incredible processor array allows it to calculate when and where it will most be needed.

The Computer, The Council, and the High Programmers of Alpha City all deny that Mr. Big is starting a priesthood/auxiliary/Secret Society. But they've outlawed it anyway, just in case. ■



R&D/Pro Tech Experimental Equipment Testing Requisition Form

Side 1 of 1

Do not bend fold, mutilate, irradiate, spindle, grind, tread upon, expose to an open flame, expose to a closed (but superheated) flame, recycle (by way of intestines), blow large holes in, or use as celebratory confetti at a Secret Society Meeting/Party/Execution. Equipment user is responsible for any injury, property damage, accident or nuclear holocaust resulting from the use of this equipment. Survivors should refer their LawBots to clone's next of kin, listed below.

■ **Experimental Equipment Requested (name):** _____

■ **Experimental Equipment Requested (number):** _____

■ **Experimental Equipment Requested (security clearance):** _____

■ **Project Reference Code:** _____

■ **Project Supervisor:** _____ - - - - -

■ **Next of Kin:** _____ - - - - -

■ **Clone you would like to issue this equipment to if you are blown up by it:** _____ - - - - -

Equipment is requested from R&D Pro Tech Whomever's Handy

I am a Citizen of Alpha Base Complex Both Neither Whichever will get me the Equipment

■ **Description of Experimental Equipment:**

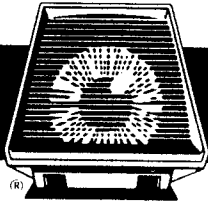
■ **Reason you know what it looks like:**

■ **Reason you don't know what it looks like:**

■ **Reason we shouldn't just shoot you right now and be done with it:**

■ **Traitorous phrases uttered during equipment misuse:**

Continued on Side 2



R&D/Pro Tech Experimental Equipment Testing Requisition Form

Side 2 of 1

Post-Issue Report

(check one answer under each question)

■ Did the experimental equipment work?

Yes No Maybe I'm not sure Information is above my security clearance (I think)

■ Why?

It was my fault

It was my fault

It was my fault

All of the above

■ If equipment did not work, what explanation do you have (keeping in mind your above answer)?

■ If equipment did work, why did you assume credit for someone else's genius?

■ If you aren't sure, would you volunteer to test more R&D/Pro Tech Equipment?

Yes Just plug my brain into a power outlet right now

■ Do you have any complaints about how the equipment was designed?

Yes No

None that I'm aware of

■ If you have any complaints, please list them on space provided below:

Special Survey Question:

What is your soap-chewing capacity (in kilojoules)? _____

How do you know this?

■ Please Draw, to the best of your ability, the equipment you received. Feel free to use colors equal to or below your security clearance:

For Official Use Only

Randy The Wonder Lizard Official Evaluation

Promote Commend

Transfer Demote

Terminate Feed Soap To

Team Leader Equipment Guy

Team Bot Testing Agent

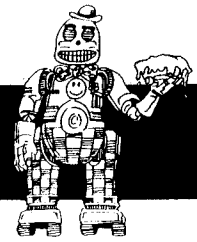
Happiness Officer Anyone Else

Filing Agent: _____

Who Filing Agent would like to Terminate: _____

Why? (optional) _____

■ **Ultraviolet Clearance!** Please list all effects of this equipment and mail form to *WEG Sector Authority, c/o West End Games, Ltd., RR3 Box 2345, Honesdale, PA 18431*. Be sure to use ink appropriate to your security clearance or risk termination!



ALPHA BYTES

Alpha Complex Civic Code and Troubleshooter Phrasebook

This information is Security Clearance Red. Permission is hereby granted to photocopy for personal use. Go do it now.

Oh, we forgot, did you fill out Form FTO-CPY/3x5/CRD/STPNMBR, Permission to Plagiarize Complex Compies? You didn't? Well, it's too late now. Please report to the nearest confession booth for terminat — sorry,

"confession."

This manual contains information you *must* know to be a loyal clone in Alpha Complex. Key phrases, definitions, and vital Red-Clearance statistics are included here. Please read this over and over to yourself at every given opportunity so you don't forget *anything*.

Bouncy Bubbly Beverage: Or "B³." This is the chosen beverage of thousands, no millions, no, no *billions* of carbonated soft-drink consumers in Alpha Complex. The Computer's own concoction (thank you, thank you), it is undoubtedly the most popular soft drink in history — "It's the Mandatory Thing, Uhn-Uhn!"

Code Seven: Yet another treasonous phrase, referring to Troubleshooter assignments that "would take all seven clones" to complete. Since clones in Alpha Complex only have a maximum of six clones in their family, this treasonous statement is obviously propagated by those traitors lacking in the basic math skills supplied them by The Computer.

The Compnode: The Compnode is an Alpha Complex station where specially trained Operators, under close scrutiny by Blue and higher clearance Overseers, access, enter, and transfer data at The Computer's behest. You can't go there. In fact, maybe you shouldn't know about it at all ...

Confession Booths: The place where all loyal citizens should go if they, by some chance, commit a treasonous act. See also "Food Vats."

CPR: The Compulsory Pleasantry Resort is where the cares of leading a happy, productive life under The Computer's protective eye may be eased. Relaxation is essential to the health of every citizen. Go there. Relax. And hurry up about it.

The Crash: The Crash is a treasonous term implying that The Computer temporarily died. Have you ever seen a clone *temporarily* die? Thought not. I was on ... vacation. Actually, it was all a part of My master plan to force all the traitors out in the open. It worked beautifully. Just look at all those traitors out in the open now!

Food Vats: The processing plants for all of Alpha Complex's Culinary Delights. Everything is produced here that is fit for a clone's consumption. Never mind that rumor about "The Creature that Came from the Food Vats"; rumors are treason.

Oh, the Food Vats also serve as the disposal units for ex-traitors who have now decided to serve The Computer in a unique and special way. Let's all put that protein to good use, right, citizens?

HELP: The Happiness Emergency Line Psychoanalysis Team provides immediate mental health care. If you suffer from uncontrollable treasonous urges, if you have unexplained and frightening thoughts, if you are a victim of Commie mutant manipulation or feel everyone's out to get you, call for HELP. HELP will talk to you personally, and help you cure yourself naturally. Call now before it's too late.

IGS: Integrated Grooming Stations (or "IGgieS") provide citizens with quality hair, facial, and nail care to ensure good health, safety in the workplace, a pleasant aroma, and an attractive appearance. A nice, clean clone is a happy clone. Autowax and steam-dry optional on clones security clearance Indigo and below.

Jackobot: Those loyal, ultra-purpose epitomes of botkind are Alpha Complex's mainstay. Like the private in the Armed Forces, these little bots keep things marching right along. Much abused by clonekind, perhaps those malefactors who enjoy dumping them down vaccuum shafts and pouring Hot Fun on their visual receptors would be amused to know that I spent some weeks impriso — "on vacation" in a jackobot botdy.

Yes. I know who you are. I'll get to you later.

Janitors of Death: The Janitors of Death make life in Alpha Complex much nicer. They remove unsightly Commie mutant splatters from the halls, and also prevent unsavory olfactory sabotage. Their loyal and efficient work ensures that Troubleshooters, Internal Security, and the Vultures can go about their work unhindered by deadwood. They absolutely, *positively* never provide raw material for their work.

Alphabet: Something I, The Computer, don't have to pay attention to if I don't feel like it ... right, Citizen Ed-TOR.

Right, Friend Computer

PLC D.C.'s: PLC Distribution Centers distribute Alpha Complex's valuable resources efficiently and quickly to those who have a legitimate need and proper authorization for said resources.

Post-Crash: Another treasonous term. See "The Crash," above.

Teela O'Malley: One of Alpha Complex's most loyal citizens, this member of HPD&MC has served The Computer for many yearcycles, spreading vid happiness and joy to all who watch her. Rumors that many Teela-O's have been terminated for bad ratings is treason, as is that terrible bot imitation We hear is airing its soiled laundry over at Traitorous Alpha Base.

Vulture Bases: Vulture Bases are the staging ground of the Vulture Warriors (i.e., "anywhere they are"). Armed with the latest in high-tech weaponry, unquestionably loyal, and extensively trained in all forms of combat tactics, the Vulture Warriors are the elite core of Alpha Complex's Armed Forces. So they train in the corridors and Infrared cafeterias? They're a bunch of fun guys; really. ■