

A New Paranoia Novel

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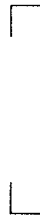
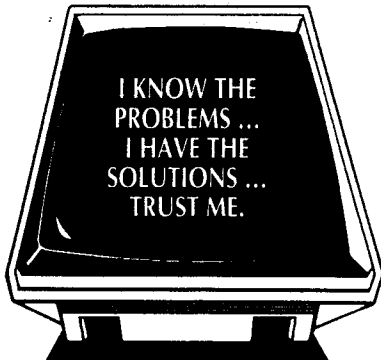
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PARANOIA®

"AT YOUR SERVICE, CITIZEN ..."

VOLUME 01, NO. 02

THE PARANOIA NEWSLETTER

FALLCYCLE 1992/\$3.00

OFFICIAL

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Featured Bit *Next Issue, we promise*

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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.

Hey, it's Issue Number Two! Isn't that great? Didn't think we'd make it that far, didja? Well, we had faith.

So here we are, in Fallcycle 1992 — PreComputer. The countdown has begun!

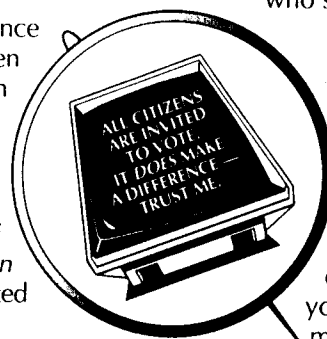
To show our reverence for The Computer (even though It hasn't even booted up yet, except in certain select government offices that will remain nameless), we are dedicating this issue of "At Your Service, Citizen ..." to the upcoming United States elections.

Running on the Totalitarian ticket is, of course, The Computer. Even though the Digital Dictator is has already been Elected for Life of the Warranty, It has chosen to participate in this Happy And Mandatory Extra Bonus Duty Mission! Isn't that Great!?

As part of The Computer's campaign strategy, It has decided that all Mandatory Bonus Duty positions need to be temporarily re-defined. Here's how it works:

Team Leaders: You are now The

Computer's "Campaign Man-I-GERs." Temporarily promoted to Indigo clearance, and breveted to Ultraviolet, it is *your job* to tell The Computer when it is making "a bad political move" — like executing hundreds of Infrareds for not enjoying their new Crunchy-Tyme Mold-flavored Algae Chips. Whatever other important missions you have are now dropped, as you watch over the rest of the team, making sure they don't embarrass The Computer with any gaffes (this position has also become known as the "Bake-R", because you have permission to bake any Red who steps out of line).



Happiness Officer: Keep the morale of the Troubleshooter team up — especially the Team Leader's. If he gets upset or distressed at the campaign's "negative voter impact," he may decide to "Bake" all of you! To make your job more interesting, The Computer

temporarily suspended all use of Happiness Pills, Fun Bun Sun Drops, and Jumpee Start Go-Gettun capsules. For some reason, The Computer believes that use of these chemical incentives will hurt "voter turnout" (whatever that is). You are, however, still issued your normal supply of stuff, but you can't use it ... or be caught with it. Guess you'll have to "Berry" it somewhere ...

Loyalty Officers: Nobody even

— continued on page 9

The Infrared Marketeers

Troubleshooters looking for an easy way to make creds? Sell off your mission equipment on the Infrared Market.

Offers handled through Free Enterprise contact Con-R-TIS-2. This clone provides all kinds of equipment and forms at the best prices ... and pays top creds for *your* stuff.

For a small "handling" surcharge, R-TIS will provide forms justifying your possession of this equipment ... or disposal of sold equipment.

If you are looking for R-TIS, he has contacts all over Alpha Complex and Alpha Base, though it is rumored he lives in the Badlands. Just put the word out and he'll find you!

Creds on the Gunbarrel, no guarantees.

This space claimed by
John Fredericks, Winters, CA

Con-R-TIS

PLC

Charm P 11

S12, E16, A13, D16, M11, C18, MA3

Armor: P4/E2/11

Con 17, laser 7, psychescan 9, stealth 5,

surveillance 8

Free Enterprise, 14th Degree

Want to Write on the Traitors' Wall?

Send in your own "Tips for Traitors" c/o West End Games, RR3 Box 2345, Honesdale, PA 18431. We'll publish 'em and make sure The Computer never finds out.

Trust Us.

Before you trust a bot
point a gauss gun at its
IC unit.
If you make threats, make
them credible. Use
demonstrations. Start with
small body parts and work
your way up.

— Jasonco-R-LEY-4
Phoenix, AZ

Q: What do you call a clone who crosses the transtube tracks at rush hour?

A: Patty.

Q: What happened to the Armed Forces clone who got his hands caught in a Warbot's treads?

A: He was disarmed.

New Equipment Way Beyond your Security Clearance!

Be the first on your block to own the brand-new, fresh from R&D, Unregistered Mutant Destroyer!

(The mutants are unregistered, not the Destroyer.)
A cross between a cone rifle and a laser cannon, this baby unloads explosive energy rounds. Range thirty meters, blast radius ten meters, damage column 18E! Kills them unregistered mutants dead!

And, as an added bonus, includes paperwork *guaranteed* to convince The Computer that the greasy smear you just created used to be an unregistered mutant! Or your money back!

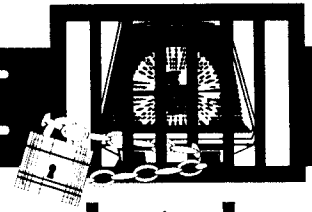
Guarantee only offered to clone that purchased the UMD. No warranties or guarantees for later-numbered clones. Don't tell them where you got it.

Are You Irregular?

Do you have unsightly bumps and bulges on your body? Is your chest, or backside, or front just a little too round, a little too soft? Do your limbs go this way and that, never seeming to be quite straight?

Well, look no further for relief. Psibe-R-PNK-3, the best scientist in the Badlands, can help **YOU!** Get rid of unsightly bulges, ripples, and jutting-out-bits! Conform more cleanly to a rectangular, conical, or even spheroid form. With a few subtle alterations, you too can be symmetrical! Call now! No waiting!

ULTRAVIOLET CLEARANCE



And now for something completely beyond your clearance ...

A new strategy ...

The Computer, in its infinite wisdom, has not given up its fight against the loathsome High Programmers of Alpha City or the treasonous clones of Alpha Base and their scurrilous Secret Society Council. However, it has recognized that its standard tactics of "attack-clone-attack!" are not working too well (undoubtedly some Commie-Mutant interference is responsible).

So, The Computer has decided to try a different tack — it is going to become *popular!*

What a strange concept.

It hopes that, by showing everyone in Alpha Base, Alpha City, and the various Badlands simplexes how spiffy and neat it is to live in Alpha Complex, they'll come back on their own. And The Computer won't execute them for treason. No, sir.

Well, maybe just a little ...

The Campaign

In the *Paranoia Sourcebook*, we told you about how *Paranoia* had suddenly become much more campaignable, right? Well, now you have the evidence: The Computer for Absolute Dictator and Tyrant Campaign!!!

Isn't that just *wonderful!*!

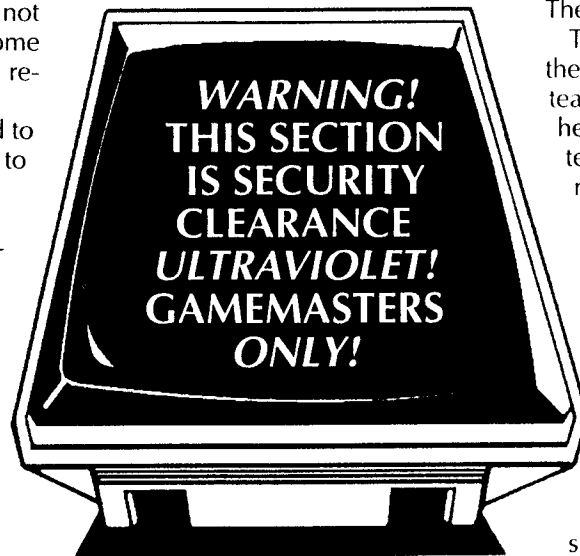
Gamemasters should now introduce the political campaign to their existing *Paranoia* campaigns (hey, I couldn't *think* of another word). For most of you, this will be easy. Turn on your local or world news network for about ten minutes a night, and you'll get lots of *Paranoia* source material — "He did this!" "They did that!" "I would've done this, but ..." "I'm gonna do that!"

Election promises; kickbacks; kissing hands and shaking junior citizens. It's all part of the deal.

So Who's Running?

The Computer ... of course. And it's gonna win, too. There was a "Dark Horse" candidate, but, due to licensing contracts, they aren't able to do the comic ...

So who's stupid enough to run



against The Computer?

No one.

So, of course, The Computer has nominated its own opponent: Randy the Wonder Lizard!

Randy?!

Yes, Randy the Wonder Lizard has volunteered (ahem!) to run against The Computer for Lifetime Dictatorship of Alpha Complex! And, boy, is he excited about *that!* Imagine, the opportunity — nay, the *privilege* — of winning an election against The Computer and getting to rule Alpha Complex for the rest of your ...

Life.

Ooo ... boy.

Perhaps that's why Randy ran off to Alpha Base "to drum up support."

The Troubleshooters

But The Computer has decided that there *will* be a campaign and an election ... Randy or not. Heck, he could be the first candidate elected on an absentee ballot. (Just so long as it isn't a *posthumous* ballot!)

This, of course, would not amuse The Computer.

That is why it has enlisted the best, the brightest of the Troubleshooter teams in Alpha Complex to spearhead its reelection campaign. This team will be given all the creds, resources, creds, fliers, creds, campaign hats, creds, airtime on the Teela-O show, did we mention creds? ... it can use to finance the campaign. "License to Terminate" vouchers have been issued this team, with the permission of The Computer to use them on reckless citizens who dare cast a ballot for Randy. The Computer has even provided these elite Troubleshooters a complete bot and clone staff to do much of their work for them.

Now on to *your* team ...

The Mission

The Troubleshooters under *your* command, gamemaster, have been assigned the mission of running Randy's campaign. Contrary to popular belief, Randy has *not* fled Alpha Complex — he is hiding out in the Food Vats, hoping to pass as a garnish until this election silliness is over.

The Troubleshooters have been ordered by The Computer to find Randy and run his campaign ... to win. The Computer is confident that, in a fair campaign, with both sides trying as hard as they can, it can whomp Randy a good one.

Unfortunately, campaigning against The Computer is treason. *Running* against The Computer is treason (which will make Randy hard to hold on to). But refusing to obey The Computer's direct orders is even worse (worse than treason?! You don't want to know).

Some "Help"

Fortunately, The Computer has foreseen the difficulty loyal Troubleshooters will have with this mission. They all love The Computer so much that they won't be able to say anything against It in the campaign, right? Well, The Computer has wisely provided two means of assistance for the team:

The Loyal Opposition-U-BET-1

Campaign Manager Extraordinaire

Mutant Power Unknown
S15, E11, A19, D14, M10,
C20, MA16
Armor: don't even try it
Skills: yes

The Loyal Opposition-U-BET is a clone specially grown by The Computer for the purpose of this election. She is the perfect High Programmer (haughty, arrogant, and domineering), while at the same time the epitome of the campaign manager (haughty, arrogant, and domineering). She has a special dispensation to do or say *anything* against The Computer in order to win the election (short of actually destroying It). This dispensation has been tattooed on her tongue and is also bellowed over The Computer's speakers any time anyone tries to blow her away for treason.

So The Loyal Opp has decided to put your team to work. "Yes, sir, we've got to work on Randy's image, yes, sir. Get him out from under that Food Vat and cleaned up. No, sir, you won't make much of a candidate with Algae stains on your collar, no, sir. Here, let me clean you up —

"Hey, you Troubleshooters! Get off your lazy butts! Go do something useful ... I know! Break into The

Computer's campaign HQ and get the docs on tomorrow's speech! What?! I don't care if they've got two Vulture Warrior Flybots circling overhead and three Mark V Warbots outside ... just *do it!*"

The Dispensation

... does not extend to the Troubleshooter team. Of course.

The Second Thing

What? Oh, yeah, I did say that the team has something else to work with ... hmmn, let me see ... I could just delete that line.

Nah.

The Troubleshooters have a *minor* dispensation — they can use *rumors* (usually treason) against The Computer in their campaign. Of course, it is likely that The Digital Dictator will not be as quick to jump to their

defense as Loyal Opp's, but that's politics ...

Some Rumors to Start ...

The Computer ...

... when It was just a little diode, avoided the Armed Forces draft ...

... was involved in the "arms-for-clones" scandal with the Commies (It supposedly gave the Commies arms for low-clearance clones — right arms only) ...

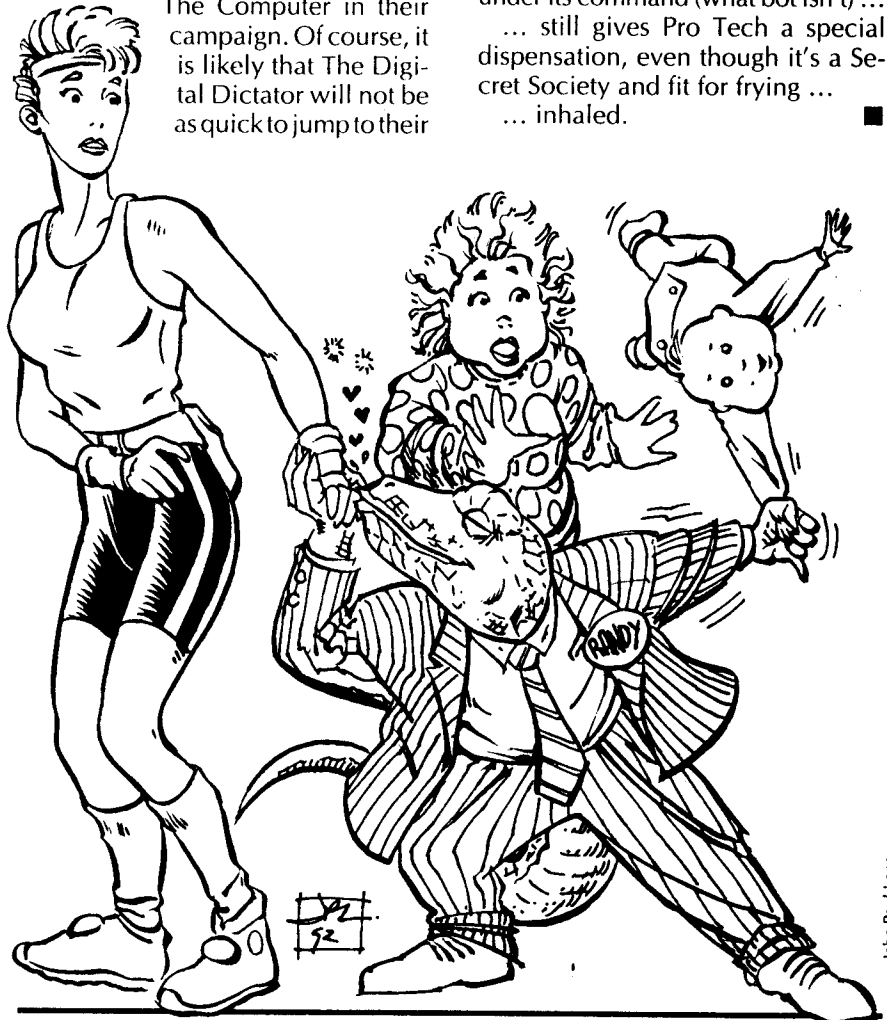
... is insensitive to the needs of the masses, having been born with a silver transistor in Its mouth ...

... once spelled Troubleshooter with an extra "e" (It explains that this was to reflect the sound the Troubleshooter was currently making) ...

... had an input/output with a bot under Its command (what bot isn't) ...

... still gives Pro Tech a special dispensation, even though it's a Secret Society and fit for frying ...

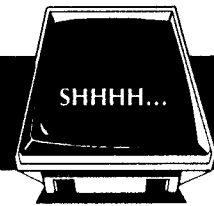
... inhaled. ■



Hot on the campaign trail, Randy the Wonder Lizard takes the time to kiss hands and shake junior citizens!

John Paul Lona

SECRET MESSAGE



NGWARNINGWARNINGWARNIN

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

Really! This is not a set-up! You may safely read all of the black parts (like these things here), but don't dare look at the white spaces like below ...

ZAP! Next clone, please.

NINGWARNINGWARNINGWARN

"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, misinformation directed to other secret societies, or any other information that will be useful (?) to other Secret Society members here.

Gamemasters are encouraged to warp, alter and introduce this information into their campaign as they see fit.

Sometimes, you may want to photocopy the message and pass it along to the appropriate player. This technique works best after the photocopy has had an intimate encounter with a paper shredder or open flame.

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: Seal Club
To: All Seal Club Members
RE: Bot Hugging

Never mind the Outdoors ... there is a threat in all of our complexes and simplexes that must be acted upon immediately.

Dear friends, it is time to work together to save our most endangered friends ... the Bots!

With all that has happened recently, real, honest-to-goodness, programmed the way nature intended Bots are

quickly being exterminated by those who would alter them for their own evil purposes, especially profit!

Unless you act now, you won't be able to take your younger clone family members out, point at a Bot and explain, "Look at that Bot, in its native habitat! It's stalking a helpless Infrared. Must be time for a hygiene check-up."

No, soon, the only Bots left will be ones that have been changed and altered! Don't allow this to happen to your simplex!

Some of you may be questioning this. Even though sometimes Bots seem aggressive, and even dangerous, remember, they can't help that. They're programmed to act like that — it's natural for them.

So, here's the plan. Civil disobedience. Do what it takes to save Bots. Kidnap them in the middle of the night and take them to areas where they'll be safe. Break into R&D facilities and free those Bots being subjected to inhumane accessory testing. When someone decides to BullBotdose a Bot homeland, lie down in front of that piece of heavy machinery, vowing to die before allowing those helpless Bots to be exterminated! Remember, the pain only lasts a few seconds.

And, whatever you do, make sure you talk to those guys from Alpha News Network as much as possible. Tell them the truth — that unless all Bots of all kinds are saved, Society will fall apart. Every Bot has a right to survive, even if it isn't smart enough to get out of the way of oncoming monorails! And, if the Bots go, the Clones are next!

[Gamemaster: Sure this is from the Seal Club. The Corpore Metal (Mark II) member who kindly dropped this off at headquarters said so.]

Message Number Two

From: Anti-Mutants
To: All Member Citizens
RE: Mutant Testing

Dear Loyal Human:
It is with great excitement that we

can announce the development of a foolproof method of testing citizens for mutations! This testing is 110% successful, and has been responsible for uncovering no less than 10,000 mutants in a nearby Simplex!

Equipment: Member citizens will have to build a Sealed Mutation Tester. It can be any sealed area large enough to house the appropriate Testing Devices. Soundproofing and smoke detectors are preferred but not necessary.

The first piece is the Mutation Emanation Detection Pad, which is normally about 8 1/2 and 11 inches, and white, although other models can vary.

Next, gather the following Mutation Testing Devices: whirling sonic blades, Warbots, radioactive gelatin food, and an extensive array of computerized R&D equipment in fully functioning order. The nuclear grenades are optional.

The final piece of equipment is a Mutation Emanation Detection Device (see "Mutation Detection Equipment" diagram below).

The Test: Gather together citizens, one at a time, please. Form a line. No talking. Keep your hands to yourself.

Have each citizen touch the Mutation Emanation Detection Pad. Our research has proven that mutants give off specific types of emanations, which this Pad is scientifically designed to detect.

Next, place the subject citizen in the Sealed Mutation Tester. Finally, grab the Mutation Emanation Detection Device by two fingers, throwing it into the air. It must land upon the Mutation Emanation Detection Pad.

If the Detection Device lands heads up, the citizen's mutant emanations have been detected by the Device and Pad, and all Mutation Testing Devices inside the Tester have been activated.

If the Detection Device lands tails up, the citizen's mutant emanations have been detected by the Device and Pad, and all Mutation Testing Devices inside the Tester have been activated.

Allow the citizen to remain inside

the Tester for 10 minutes. After that, open up the door; be sure to have scrubots around to clean up the mess.

Determining Test Results:

- If test citizen is still alive, this is evidence of a clearly *dangerous* mutational ability. Execute citizen immediately.
- If test citizen has been terminated, this is evidence that the citizen's is not only a mutant, but a pathetic one at that.

Notes:

This testing method has been overwhelmingly successful in finding dangerous mutants that threaten the harmony of Alpha. It is clear that this test will have to be conducted on every Alpha citizen to cleanse it for future generations.

Finding Test Subjects:

Our research indicates that it is difficult to find individuals who will voluntarily undergo mutation testing. In fact, even some loyal Secret Society members had to be *convinced* to undergo the test.

However, we have found that if the test and its merits are politely explained the citizen is quite eager add to Alpha's body of scientific knowledge. Especially in the presence of large-caliber weapons.

Message Number Three

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

We're still here. And we saw that. And we're telling.

Unless you do just what we say ...

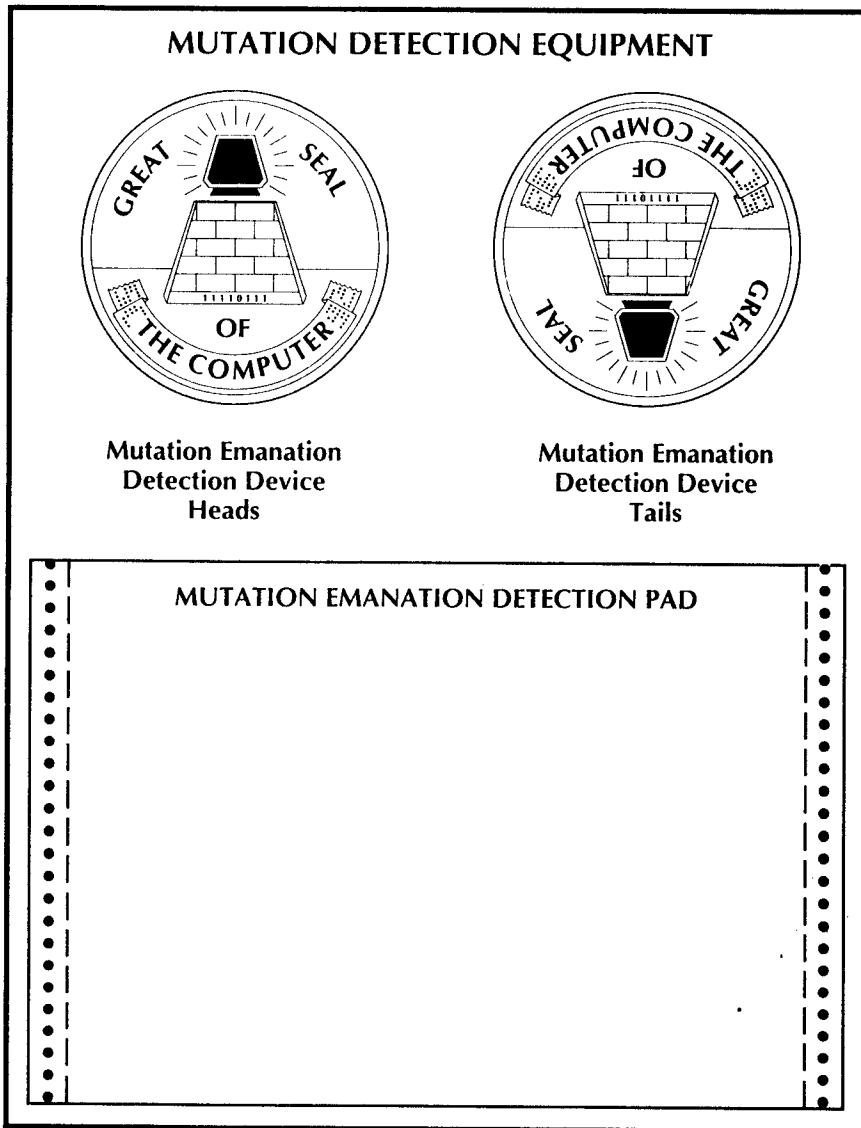
Betray all of your fellow Troubleshooters. Push them into food vats. Reprogram their bots to commit mayhem. Push them into higher security clearance corridors.

Your obedience will be rewarded. Maybe.

That is all.

Message Number Four

From: Da Head Honcho
To: Death Leopard Members
RE: Respect. Dey don't have no respect. Learn dem some.



Stephen Crane

Da Computer and dem Council creeps is holdin' out on us. Time ta teach dem a lesson, boys.

Hey, wait a minute. Aren't we in the Council?

Deys on da Council is only lookin' out for each other, not us. Youse take yours orders from me. Time to muscle in on dat comfortable show dey got and get a piece a' de action.

Oh, cool! We get to muscle in on dose creeps — er, those creeps, and blow things up and take power. Just like a mob-vid. And we get to wear these cool hats, too.

Dats da spirit, boys.
Set yer bombs for 9 o'clockcycle. We'll see how deys like it afta we

blow up all da transtube stations in da Complex.

Hey, what do we get when you get into power.

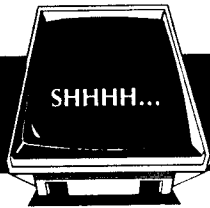
Dats somethin' we'se still workin' out. Youse have yer orders.

Message Number Five

From: Purge
To: All Members
RE: Rock 'Em, Sock 'Em Warbots, high explosives and public relations

This is great! We've really outdone ourselves! We will rule Alpha, and soon! Of course, this has nothing to do with that ...

We've managed to insert a nasty



virus into several Rock 'Em, Sock 'Em Warbot mercenary units, and you wouldn't believe the results. They are doing exactly what we want them too. Now instead of random, mindless, disgraceful mayhem, we are seeing *planned*, mindless, disgraceful mayhem! The warbots are ignoring each other in combats, and instead blow up buildings, vehicles, clones and anything else within convenient range!

It's mass destruction at its best. Fire, explosions, death, property damage, and no remorse — this is just like NYC sector. What more can you ask? We'll either rule Alpha or destroy it!

Based on these early results, it's important that each of you follow up on this program. Pass on this virus to any such Warbots you encounter. Share the pain and misery.

[Gamemaster: Purge is half right. The virus hasn't been as successful as Purge hoped. Granted, a few warbots phreaked out and tallied up a couple thousand casualties, but's that's just an ordinary day in Alpha. Actually, the warbots have figured out that Purge was behind this, and they are actively hunting down any Purge members. Good luck to the hearty Troubleshooters who try to follow through on this one ...]

Message Number Six

From: SUE Secret Society
To: Potential New Members
RE: Membership Drive

"I am the Gui-G-AXX, and I speak for the trees."

From the High Programmer's Scroll: Oh, gentle clones, it is time to join up with the new Secret Society of the *Original High Programmer Wanna-Be*, Gui-G-AXX, founder of the original Alpha.

Long-banished from "That big, nasty Sector that we don't dare mention by Name" (TSN), Gui-G-AXX has returned to Alpha with a brand-new Secret Society which is daring, innovative and superior to all other Secret Societies, even if it's exactly like the original Secret Society he founded all of those years ago.

In fact, the Secret Society, called *Risky Raids...*

What do you mean we're getting sued over the name?

Now called *Perilous Travell...*

Can't use that one either?

Well how about this neat ad-campaign we worked up...

Already used by WEG Sector; oh, what will THEY do about it? Use it.

Okay, called *Super-Unsafe Explorers*, or SUE ...

That's okay.

Phew! SUE is gonna be really cool, and neat, and not like anything any Secret Society has ever done before.



Members of this new Secret Society will get two, count 'em *two* huge Secret Society Manuals chock full of neat, well-organized, clear information on being a Society member. Sure to be valuable to paperweight collectors everywhere.

Additionally, even more manuals will be coming out and the best part is that all of the manuals together tell you everything that you need to know to be a Secret Society member, but none of them will agree with each other!

Members will also get to participate in elaborate arcane rituals, full of "SUE Speak," that only the highest SUE High Programmers will be able to successfully divine the true meaning of.

A Secret Society you can be proud of, even if you don't quite know what's going on. But, then again, what's new about that? SUE now!

Message Number Seven

From: Trekkie Command
To: All Trekkies
RE: New Sub-Society

Attention all Trekkies ... a new Secret Sub-Society is being formed for those of you who want to try something new. Actually, this will appeal to Trekkers more, but that's another story ...

Called "Shallow Sector Six," this new sub-society is *supposed* to be different. Rather than having the Troubleshooters *sent* on dangerous missions involving exploring, seeking and boldly deleting things, the dangerous missions are going to *come to them* on an alarmingly regular basis. Secret Sub-Society members are going to get to deal with the wonders of radioactive hot fun, berserk funbots, and Vulture Warriors in the comfort and privacy of their own home simplex! And, they probably still won't want to fight anyone or get involved (something about a highly interpretive Prime Suggestion or something like that). If they follow after their predecessors, the most interesting Troubleshooter will be the Bot.

Message Number Eight

From: Make Mine Muton
To: All Muton Maniacs
RE: Shameless Hype

Mutons with powerful mutations can now be used not only to frighten visitors away from Alpha, but to make money! Lots of it! And not a plasticred goes to the genetic engineers who slaved over the clone banks to create these mutants.

Shrinkwrap everything! Include collector cards! Do holograms! Do five or six different uniforms for each mutant's clone! Jack up the price!

Make these mutants make five or six appearances at Transtube stations a day! Hey, we *own* these guys!

Bot Secret Society List

Okay, so we forgot to put it in *The Bot Abusers' Manual*. We made a mistake. Now you have something none of *them* have.

Any Secret Societies not listed here are ones that do not accept bots as even "used" members — most societies use bots, conferring non-sentient membership upon them, but some welcome them. See the notes in "Gamemastering Bots as Player Characters" in *The Bot Abusers' Manual* for more information.

Okay, if you really want to, you can have a bot "in" the Frankenstein Destroyers or Psion Secret Societies. In the former case, handle them like the Terminator in *Terminator II: Judgment Day* — programmed to fight against their own kind — or, in the latter, give them some R&D/Pro Tech device that emulates psionics. There. Happy?!

*CCC if in Alpha Base, PURGE if in Alpha Complex.

Bot Secret Society	Status	No.
Affirmative		
Action	Secret	1
Asimafia	Secret	2
Botistics	Secret	3
Botlers	Council	4
Corpore Metal (Mark II)	Simplex (Alpha Wave)	5
Corporganic	Secret	6
Cyclotron	Secret	7
Frank-N-Furters	Secret	8
L-5	Secret	9
LAN of the Lost	Unknown	10
Methanolics		
Anonymous	Council	11
Modular	Public	12
RAMPagers	Public	13
Rock 'em, Sock 'em Warbots	Public	14
Whisk	Council	15
Roll for Clone Secret Society	var.	16-20

Clone Secret Society	Status	No.
Alpha News Network	public	1
Anti-Mutant	secret	2
Clone Arrangers	council	3
Communists	simplex	4
Computer Clone Column	secret	5*
Computer Phreaks	council	6
Conciliators	secret	7
Corpore Metal	simplex	8
Death Leopard	council	9
Illuminati	secret	10
Knight Fighters	council	11
Moo	secret	12
Mutons	simplex	13
Mystics	council	14
Pro Tech	council	15
PURGE	secret	16
Romantics	council	17
Sybil-I-NGG Rivals	secret	18
Trekkies/Trekkers	secret	19
Zany Eddies	council	20

WARNING!!WARNING!!

Continued from page 1

talks about the opposition without the words "scum," "anarchist," "communist," or "softies" in the same sentence. Make sure the emphasis stays on "Clone Family Values." Keep The Computer's loyal, but often confused, High Programmer followers from sticking their feet in their mouths when talking about The Computer's plans for the future or actions in the past. Heck; just deny everything and you'll do fine.

Hygiene Officers: Your job is pretty much the same, but now you have to be *extra* careful. No mud better stick, no slime better ooze, but you've got your squeegee out and ready to spiff! Don't let any mud stick to *your* team, no matter who throws it. Say, if you can get hold of some Teflon armor, that would be great! You are also in charge of slinging mud back at other teams — even those backing The

Computer. Remember, when this whole this is over, the team that helped the most has the best chance of survival!

Communications Officers: Boy, your editing skills have never been more in demand! Take those incriminating vids of Computer malfunctions and turn them into retributive strikes against the commies and traitors of Alpha Base! That Food Vat explosion? Obviously the work of the High Programmers of Alpha City!

<splice splice, tape tape>

See?!

Make sure everybody sees The Computer's good side — heck, it's only *got* a good side! There isn't any proof that It executed those loyal citizens for asking about a transbot schedule ... what do you mean you have *vids* — let me see that!

<incinerate incinerate, stomp stomp>

Equipment Guys: Gee, what are you going to do to insure the election? I *suppose* you could go talk to the Armed Forces about those new "Stealthy-Time Vulture Jets" we're going to give them — after the election, of course — and discuss with R&D the advances in spaceflight and clone retrieval The Computer would *really* like to get around too — if the opposition doesn't cut funding. And I *suppose* you *could* tell HPD&MC how all those new vid subsidies are just *waiting* to be approved ... get the picture?

And All You Other Troubleshooters: What? You *don't* have a mandatory bonus duty assignment? Shame on you! I guess you'll have to be the

— continued on page 10

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 *only* your friend. We'll print 'em and respond to 'em.

This issue, we're going to deal with a lot of questions and comments we got from some *serious Paranoia* players and gamemasters at GenCon '92. These guys *had* to be serious — they were *there*, weren't they?

Oh, West End apologizes in advance for not listing the names of all those really fun citizens we met at Fortress TSR* Sector — they went above and beyond the call of duty, but we just didn't have time to write down all their names!

So, will there be any other *Paranoia* novels, or will the novel by Ken Rolston, *Extreme Paranoia: Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Shot*, be the last one?

As you can see from our cover this issue, there is a new *Paranoia* novel in the offing. Heck, its even in the onning, or awning (how'd it get up there?). It's title is [*Title Deleted for Security Reasons*] (yes, that's the actual title; the title *isn't* deleted for security reasons — it is [*Title Deleted for Security Reasons*] and it was written by that major *Paranoid*, Ed Bolme.

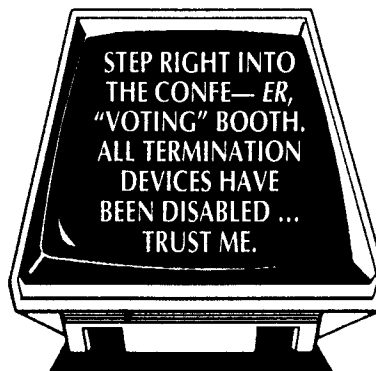
Unfortunately, [*Deleted*] will not be available in December 1992 as originally promised. While The Computer and the Secret Society Council both approved the final draft (a rare concordance indeed!), some clones in HPD&MC in charge of scheduling misfiled or misconstrued or just plain missed the boatbot. Thus, the novel will be available in February 1993 instead. Just in time to obliterate those late-wintercycle doldrums.

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Will you be doing any more "Classic" *Paranoia*?

No. Pre-Crash *Paranoia* is "old news" — fun news, but old news. A lot of die-hard Computer fans talk to us about doing "old-style" *Paranoia* before the Crash, but, the truth is, a lot *more* people talk to us about doing new stuff. Generally, the press we get from "old" reviewers — those that "played" (or more likely read) *Paranoia* from the first edition on — says "go back to the old stuff." Most of the newer *Paranoia* audience, however, is eager to move on.

Cyberpunk-genre, "dark science," gritty action, and apocalyptic dog-eat-dog worlds are prevalent in today's RPG industry — a lot more



prevalent than the older straight fantasy or SF games are. *Paranoia* is a "timely" game. It is parody. In order for satire to be funny, it really has to keep up with the times. There isn't any point in making fun of games, movies, books, and people that were old news ten years ago. We want to keep up with what is going on both in the game industry and the world. The *Paranoia* newsletter, "At Your Service, Citizen ...", was constructed for that purpose — like any quarterly publication, it can provide the most "up to date" information available. *Paranoia* products will do the same.

For example: the next game product we are planning on publishing is entitled (at the moment) *ParaMilitary*. It is an exploration into Alpha's military caste and system. It will look at the Armed Forces of Alpha Complex, and the other armed services of Al-

pha, with a jaundiced, satirical, and cynical eye. Training, "boot camp," and military service are used as humorous settings for the player characters, and up-to-date issues are used as counterpoints. Some examples:

What do you do with a military, when the Enemy goes away (and then comes back)?

How are military creds spent, and why?

High-tech gizmos and gadgets — more training for personnel, and are they really worth it?

Mixed sexes have always been the Alpha norm on the battlefield, but what about bots with rank and privilege?

Do any of these issues sound similar to some contemporary concerns? We hope so.

Well, that's all we have space for this quartercycle; see you in the wintercycle! ■

WARNING!!WARNING!!

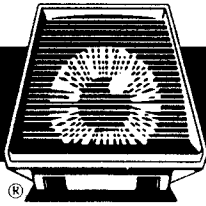
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"Poll-I-STRs." It's your job to go around passing out political propaganda (shouldn't be too hard to find in Alpha Complex) and singing the praises of The Computer. Show your dedication by showing up at clone's creches hourcycles before wake up call.

Oh, and at least every third or fourth daycycle, go out and get blitzed on Happy Pills, Joy Juicies, and Bouncy Bubble Beverage with The Little Pink Umbrellas. Take over whole clone living areas, and rampage through the halls, doing questionable things that would, any other time of the yearcycle, get you executed for treason and unclone-like conduct. Where silly hats with strange animals on your heads (dead animals, of course, live ones are treason) and make a general nuisance of yourself.

So, let's go out and win one for The Computer! Remember our slogan:

"Vote for Me or die screaming!" ■



Pol-I-TCN Registration/ Vot-R Registration Form

Pol-I-TCN Registration Section

Note that only citizens in good standing with the Computer are allowed to run for office. If you are a Commie, mutant, or traitor of some other kind, please return this form to your Briefing Officer with a full explanation of your treasonous actions.

■ Name (including aliases) _____ - 1 2 3 4 5 6 (circle clone number)
■ Office Sought (Note: admitting to political ambition is treason. Citizens are advised to seek offices they wouldn't take on a bet): _____

■ Educational Background (Note: admitting to education could cost you the all-important Bub-B-AAA vote): _____

■ Size of Booklet Detailing Positions (Note: female voters are said to like really big booklets): _____

■ Please list everything you've ever done in your life (for comparison purposes only):

■ List clones who will advise you in office and everything they've ever done in their lives:

■ Please list how you felt about each of the above:

■ When did you stop being a Commie mutant traitor?

■ How many Pol-I-TCNs does it take to screw up a Sector?

Vot-R Registration Section

Voting for anyone other than the Computer is treasonous. Voting for the Computer is also treasonous, as it implies you might have considered voting for someone else. Not voting is also treasonous — you have a responsibility to Alpha. If you have not performed your civic duty in over one yearcycle, please be a good citizen and report to your polling place for immediate termination.

(Check one answer under each question:)

■ Name (please print — clearly — in pencil — with your left hand — while drinking a glass of Bouncy Bubbly Beverage): _____ - 1 2 3 4 5 6 (circle clone number)

■ Address (number, Sector, neighbor you would like to see terminated): _____

- Reason you want to register:
 - That great "Teela Wants You" poster
 - It's the right thing to do
 - I want to take back the system
 - I want to take back the system and give it to the Computer

- Please list your party affiliation:
 - Totalitarian Party
 - Totalitarian Party
 - Totalitarian Party
 - Don't shoot. I'll come quietly

- Which issue is most important to you:
 - The algae chip shortage
 - Issue #2
 - Randy the Wonder Lizard's extramarital affairs
 - Can the Computer be commander-in-chief when its never been a Troubleshooter?
 - The R&D "fishhook" party (you know, the one where they tried out the new "bimbobots")

- If the election were held today, you would:
 - Be very surprised
 - Vote Computer
 - Nod to the nice, heavily-armed Vulture Warriors standing in the voting booth with you
 - Be a new clone tomorrow

- What sort of soap do you chew, and why:
 - Flintst-O-NNE Chewable Soap, the soap choice of younger chewers
 - Happy-Tyme Exterminator Chew, the chew that sends you back from the future
 - Das Kapitchew, de soap dat is for making making you yell "da!"
 - Double-bubble, Double-trouble Soap Flakes, the chew that leaves you seeing whole clone families

■ Have you ever been convicted of treason? Please list the circumstances and why you are still alive (and what was that address again?):

■ Please list your suggestion for a Computer campaign bumper sticker here (Note: attaching gaudily-colored, adhesive-backed paper to R&D equipment is treason):

For Office Use Only

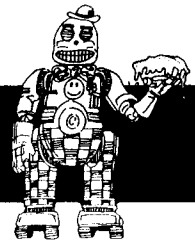
Loyalty Rating of Citizen: _____

Opinion of Registration Request:
 Believe Don't Believe Never in a Million Years

Adjusted Loyalty Rating of Citizen: _____

Recommendation
 Registration Approved Registration Denied Memory Reconstructor

ALPHA BYTES



Bake-R-MAN here, inviting everyone to get under the big tent that is the Totalitarian Party! There's room for everyone in the GLOP (Grand Legerdemain of Programmers), if you hate Communists, execute traitors, and think mutants should be seen (on trading cards, mugs, posters, buttons and fold-out, holographic, limited-edition covers) but not heard.

It's election time again, when everyone from the most ignominious Infrared to the upper-crust Ultraviolet gets to

cast their ballots for the Computer of their choice. It's true, we had a bruising primary season, with the Computer constantly challenging itself to stop the personal attacks and stay on the issues (he ignored his challenge, of course). Now, for your listening pleasure, we present a selection of the top songs of this campaign for those of every political stripe, from lovers of the Computer to those for whom the Computer is an object of intense affection:

One Computer, Indescribable

(To the tune of "One.")

One singular sensation,
Every other clone it makes,
One thrilling conflagration,
Every circuit it breaks,
One briefing and suddenly
You won't know what to do,
You know you can never get far
From You-Know-Who!

Oh, poetry in motion,
(Even though it never moves),
Yes, when it gets a notion,
To listen, you it behooves,
Talk back and next thing you know,
You're a smoking boot,
But go out and vote my conscience,
That's most astute!

One binary blockbuster,
Its eyes and ears are everywhere,
So keep those Commies out of your
hair,

And vote! Vote!
Ooo, ahhh, you've got its attention,
Do I really have to mention,
It's ... the ... one!

Come Die With Me

(The Troubleshooter Campaign Song)

(To the tune of "Come Fly With Me")

Come die with me,
Let's die,
Let's die today,
I'm not quite certain what it proves,
But we're just clones anyway,
C'mon, fry with me,
Let's fry,
Let's melt away.

Don't lie to me,
You Commie traitor, you,
You just move a digit,
And I'll use this widget,
Then wait for "you #2,"
Just try with me,
You mutant turncoat, you.

The Computer's up there,
And though we're all terrified,
We're on its side,
To save our hides.
The Computer's up there,
And our voices it can hear,
The end is near,
It's a question of "when," not a
question of "whether."

I understand the Outside is nice
this year,
Just give a shout, and we'll both go
out,
If you'd like to end that way,
It's a perfect place to spend your
final day,
They say,
Come die with me,
(Or at least, let's try),
Suit up, let's die today!

Troubleshooters in the Night

(To the tune of "Strangers in the Night")

Troubleshooters in the night,
Exchanging fire,
Wondering in the night,
Who would first tire,
And have their reflex fail,
Letting a laser through.

If, for their fighting style,
You'd like a reason,
Well, something in their files,
Smacked of treason,
One's a Commie mutant bot,
(And yes, a traitor too!)

Troubleshooters in the night,
Two Infrareds,
They're Troubleshooters in the
night,
Up to the moment,
When that R&D gun works,
(It's a Troubleshooter perk),
Death is just a blast away,
(The average clone dies fast today ...)

Troubleshooters in the night,
Papercut chainsaws,
Troubleshooters in the night,
Computer's just laws,
Things won't work out right,
For Troubleshooters in the night.

Teela and Bots

(A Love Song to the Computer)

(To the tune of "Fire and Rain")

Just yesterday morning, they let me
know you were gone,
And now today, they say you're
back again,
My security clearance allowed me
to write down this song,
I'll input it — but no, I'm not sure
when.

(Chorus)

Oh, I've seen Teela and I've seen
bots,
I've seen all the stuff that R&D has
got,
I've seen Troubleshooters hiding
beneath my cot,
But I knew the Crash was part of
your plot.

Look down on me, Computer, I've
got algae chips to spare,
My Bouncy Bubbly's finally lost its
bounce,

I see Commies when there aren't
any there,
But I know traitors are longing to
pounce.

(Chorus)

Been thinking a lot 'bout before the
Crash, when I was just an Infrared,
Now I'm a Vulture type, and I sure
do get around,

But I always knew that you'd be
back — knew you weren't dead —
Back asking for my clearance, and
wanting traitors found.

(Chorus)