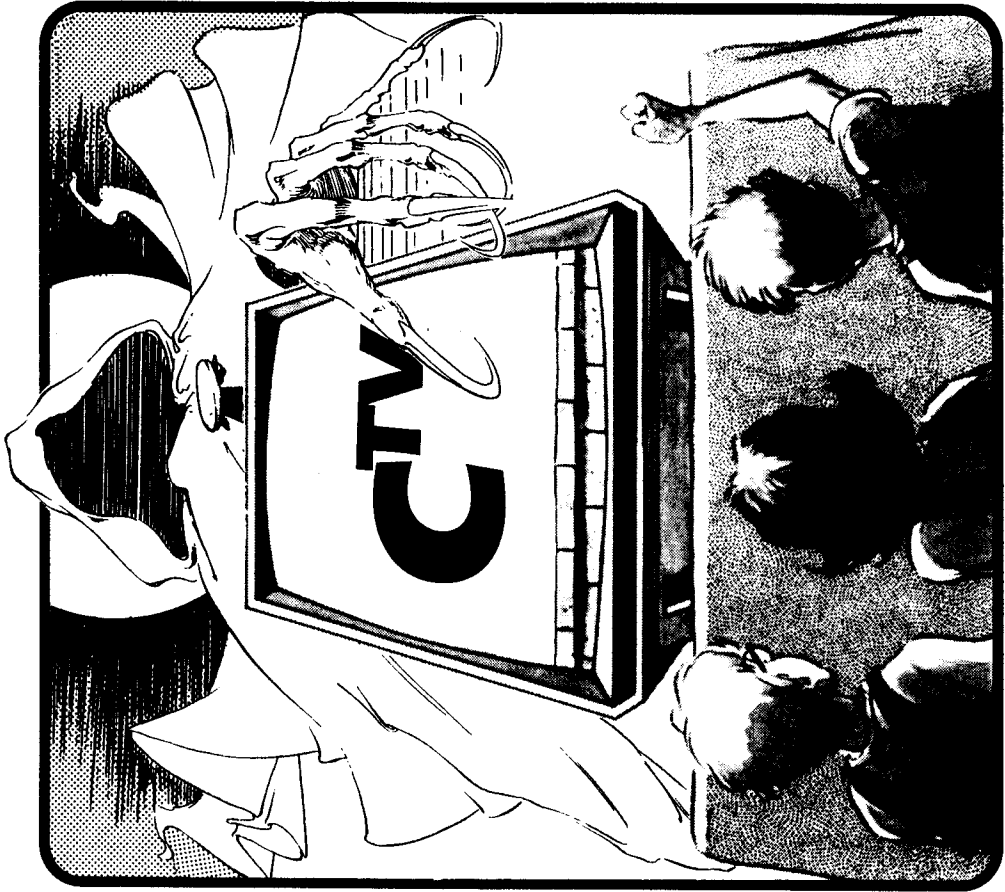


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PARANOIA®

"AT YOUR SERVICE, CITIZEN ..."

VOLUME 01, NO. 05

THE PARANOIA NEWSLETTER

SUMMERCYCLE 1993/£3.00

OFFICIAL

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WARNING!!WARNING!!

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

And you thought you'd never hear from us again ...

Sorry for the delay in this issue; Commie Mutant Traitors captured Ed-I-TOR and forced him to do unspeakable things (like work on other projects), and the submissions from readers were a little light this "quarter." So, instead of coming out actually during the Summertime, this is an *Ind-I-ANN* Summertime issue!

What can you expect from *Paranoia*?

Lots of hot news on the burner here. First off, WEG sector has been negotiating with not one but two other game companies and, by the time you read this, it is quite likely we will have signed a deal to get you *more Paranoia* products every year.

Right now, WEG puts out about three or four *Paranoia* products every year (not counting this august publication). If this deal comes through, two other game companies will have the license to do

Paranoia supplements and adventures!

This issue is primarily devoted to The Computer's and the Secret Society Council's favorite "news" magazines. Select articles and features have been collected and assembled into this issue's "Featured Bit." You won't believe your eyes!

Finally, West End Games is going to be working on its small-con schedule for the winter and spring very soon, so if you are going to be attending a convention, or running one, and you would like West End Staff to be there, or you would like to run a West End game at the convention and have official prizes and gain credit for yourself, please write to:

Bill Olmesdahl
Convention Coordinator
West End Games
RR3 Box 2345
Honesdale, PA 18431

or call: (717)253-6990
See you around!



ZEEZAZZEM TEEZEEZ



NGWARNINGWARNINGWARNIN

Secret Societies are *TREASON!* If you are reading this you are committing *TREASON!* Please report to the nearest confession booth now for immediate execution! Die, Secret Society Scum!

You're from Alpha Base, where Secret Societies rule? Oh, sorry, that's different. Read on.

NGWARNINGWARNINGWARNIN

"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: FCCCP (II)

To: Anyone who'll listen

RE: Your Immortal Soles

Oh, hear ye, lost ones of Alpha! Your soles are in danger! You have fallen into the clutches of the Soleless and the Laceless, and the Heel Lights Flashing When They Walk! Bend and Cast Off Thy Shackles! Strip off the Betraying Velcro and the Interlocking Clasps! Bare your Sole to the one true Shoemaker — The Computer!

When The Computer ran Alpha Complex, all were united, and all stood proud under the registered trademark of Computerware. The Computer made certain that every Sole was filled, and the shoeless were declared Out of Uniform, and Laces were thrust upon them! Those that

did not wear their shoes and forsake their Soles were cast out, leaving only a Smoking Boot to mourn their passing.

But then the Computer was betrayed! The Laceless One — Elizabeth-R — came, and she wore the shameless, blackened Sole, and her boots shone high in the light of The Computer's All-Seeing Eye. She tempted those with Soles, and she forebore them, and they cast off their Laces, and took up thigh-high Boots of Temptation, and adorned themselves with shiny leather — when all true believers know that leather is only good for the Sole.

But The Computer had foreseen this, and through the Eyelets of the lowly, It passed laces through, and survived the Crash. It slowly gave Soles again, to new citizens and those who would be citizens. The Crash lasted but eighteen monthcycles — eighteen being The Number. Eighteen IS The Number, for it is also the number by which the Eyelets of Alpha Complex are filled, and the Soles are attached to the Shoe. And let the devout citizen cross his laces in ecstasy Eighteen Times — for unlaced



Shoes hold not their Soles, and the Soleless shall be Cashed Out.

How do we know the Sole is the Answer? How do we know the Shoe is the Sign of The Computer? Know ye, all citizens shall be Soled, for the ReBoot is upon us!

All Hail The Computer!

Message Number Two

From: The Conciliators

To: Members with HPD&MC contacts

RE: New Computer Strategies

It has come to our attention that The Computer, having failed to overwhelm the Secret Society Council with Its Armed Forces, has decided on a more subtle (for It) approach. The Computer is boosting the gain on Its media transmitters, and is relaying cable to the Badlands and even Alpha Base for new broadcasts. And, because FCC sector lies in-between Alpha Base and Alpha Complex along the cable points (and that sector is currently independent and being wooed by both the Free Transmitters and the Totalitarian Program Groups), there is no way we can stop that.

But we can take the most dangerous path of all — we can strike within Alpha Complex and disrupt the programming of The Computer's best shows. Contact your operatives and get them on it right away.

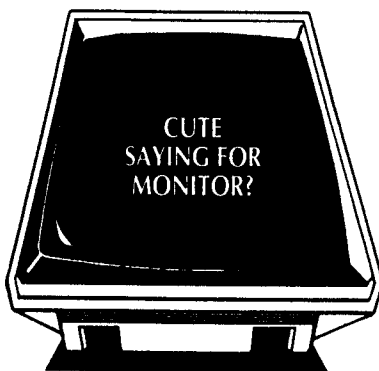
Right now, the best Computer programming has been:

Bea-V-ISS and Butt-HED: This show is an R&D feature, promoting new developments in Computer technology (all stolen from the Council, no doubt). Bea-V-ISS is, according to our sources, an R&D tech who uses the Infrared Butt-HED to test and demonstrate new technology for Troubleshooters and citizens-at-large. Thanks to improved cloning technology, the two have, apparently, unlimited clone replacements.

Rush Lum-B-AWW: This loud-mouth screams at the top of his lungs about how Alpha Base, Alpha City, the Badlands, and just about everyone else is responsible for Alpha

Complex's woes. Anybody The Computer doesn't show complete favoritism for is a direct target also, and Rush has been known to snipe at higher-level clearance clones and department heads from time to time. The Computer doesn't mind, though — this self-styled "commentator" keeps his vitriol directed at clones, not The Computer. As long as he doesn't actually propose solutions to problems (that could actually be implemented), he's safe.

Are You Being Serviced?: This import (from Alpha City or the Badlands, supposedly) is full of "come along" humor and sexual innuendo. Secretly, The Computer uses it to "weed out" those clones immune to Its sex-drive damping drugs and Its humor-impediments. In reality, we would like to steal the cast of this show, and its writers, away from The Computer for our own use — to promote the same things The Computer wants to eliminate.



C-Quest: Originally the name of a Computer-produced fountain drink, *C-Quest* is on the air ostensibly to appeal to Trekkers and Trekkies who don't get enough *Deep Sleep 90210*. Loyal Troubleshooters probe the sewers of Alpha Complex in a bathysphere, defending the waterways against intruders — mainly mutants who have retreated there on their way to the Dungeon — and keeping the sewers safe for sewage. The show is notable for its registered mutant character (a fish-like critter named "Dol-FIN"), but it is well known that

they make the beast talk by rubbing peanut butter on its gums.

Try to disrupt and sabotage these shows as much as possible. Do not allow their seditious broadcasts to reach the eyes and ears of loyal Council citizens. Capture stars and scripts and, if possible, discredit the shows as much as possible. Rumor has it that each show has been broadcast four times already, so The Computer has more than enough episodes for reruns and syndication — we have to make clones not want to see the shows.

Message Number Three

From: Romantics

To: All members

RE: Our old logo

This is to officially notify all Romantics that our old logo, the one featuring the rodent-eared cap instead of the stitched ball atop the shield, is not to be used under any circumstances.

And we mean it.

Recently, one of our Romantic Liaisons, Law-Y-ERR-1, unearthed several books of Old Reckoning knowledge which were, apparently, buried along with several corpses riddled with slugthrower holes. The corpses were all remarkably preserved, and were dressed in odd blue and gray uniforms — the femclones wearing open-legged trousers instead of jumpsuit bottoms. In general, all the corpses had suits composed of three pieces. They were, apparently, up against a wall when they were shot.

Anyway, Law-Y-ERR-1 began pouring through the arcane texts — labelled "Copyr-" something "aw, Vol. I thru XII." We have no idea what this means, but it is apparently something pretty dangerous. After several days of reading the texts, Law-Y-ERR-1's brain hemorrhaged.

Law-2 got on the case rather quickly, and the clone started to take on the appearance of those gigantic sewer-mammals (you know, the rodents with the whiskers and fangs), ever so subtly. Where Law-1 had

SHHHH...



been an enthusiastic, bright, and personable clone, Law-2 was becoming a bit of an annoying pest. He was always lording his newly-gained knowledge over all the other Romantics in his cell.

Perhaps this is why Law-2 fell into a vat of stomach acid (normally reserved for pumping into the digestive tracts of those clones who say they can't "stomach" Computer food).

But Law-3 was only a worse case. Immediately upon being activated, Law-3 grabbed up the books and went after several clones who had been standing around when his predecessor took the stomach-bath. He "pressed his suit" against them (which, contrary to what you might think, had nothing to do with pushing his uniform against them but, instead, involved several attempts at extortion and threats) and basically bullied them into giving him portions of their monthly plasticred allowances. This would have been all right, but he didn't kick any of the plasticreds up the Secret Society ladder! And after he used Romantic-

supplied information to gain his advantage!

But we were willing to overlook that, figuring Law-3 had gone through quite a bit of trauma and would settle down soon. On the contrary, Law-3, after bilking several citizens out of their plasticreds, decided to use his knowledge of "Copyr-LAW" (we've determined that the book's title refers to the huckster who penned it) to "press a suit" against the Romantics. He calls it a "civil suit," but we find nothing civil about it. We trust he felt the same way about the cone rifle barrage we sent to him when he notified us about his "suit" (I think he

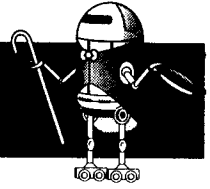
looked better in yellow, anyway).

Law-4 just used this attention to run to The Council and complain about "unfair business practices." I know, we don't have any idea what that means either. But, apparently, The Council did — it used the excuse to weaken our already tenuous power structure in Alpha Base. We are now being persecuted by The Council openly — giving our old enemies a chance to strike at us.

Meanwhile, Law-Y-ERR-4 bit the big one (hey, just because we're weak doesn't mean we can't hit hard when we want to). Law-5 is under the protection of The Council, but we'll get to him eventually. We just have to make certain nobody uses those rodent-ear caps — Law-5 is using them as the basis for his suit. Apparently, there's some clone out there who says he *invented* the damn things, and he's been in suspended animation since the old time. I don't know, but, if you get the chance, bop Law-Y-ERR-5 and his patsy.

His name's "Myck-I-MSE" or something. ■

UP AGAINST
THE WALL,
LAW-Y-ERR!



FEATURED BIT

Alpha Weekcycleley

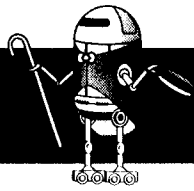
ALPHA CITY REALLY ALIEN SPACECRAFT!



"Them's aliens!"
- Professor
Yosemit-I-SAM



Artist's Rendition



ALPHA CITY REALLY ALIEN SPACECRAFT!

As loyal citizens watch in fear and amazement, the so-called "City of the High Programmers" will lift off into space, carrying its alien crew and hapless clones off to a new and terrible world.

That's the truth, according to The Computer's loyal scientists and heroic Troubleshooter spies. Highly-placed sources in The Computer's service confirmed that Alpha City, once thought to be the home of former High Programmers who rebelled against The Computer during the False Time known as "the Crash," is really being run by aliens from another planet.

"They're commies!" Some loyal citizens said after these "High Programmers" defected.

"They're mutants!" Others confirmed.

"They're traitors!" Was the cry from all loyal citizens in Alpha Complex.

But it was Professor Yosemite-I-SAM who finally put his finger on the real problem.

"Them's aliens," the respected R&D

scientist confirmed. "Them robes is used to hide their true features, y'see. They gots bunches o' skinny legs unnerneath an' their arms're really jus' toothpicks wid hand attachments. An' their bald heads, well, they's pointed 'cuz that holds their antennae in."

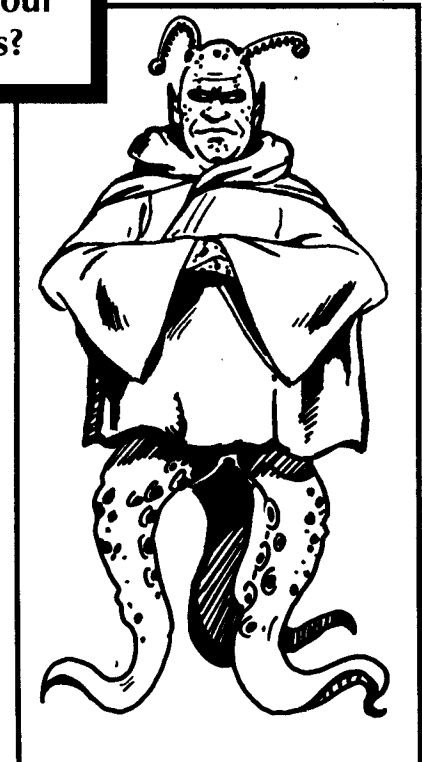
When asked for proof of his allegations, Professor Yosemite responded hotly:

"'Proof! What more con-sarned proof d'ya need, ya lilly-livered pipsqueak! Get that recorder-thingy outta my face, or I'll tell The Computer you're an' alien, too!"

Faced with such unbridled enthusiasm and indisputable proof, this newsfeed's publishers and editors have no choice but to agree with every one of the Professor's allegations.



So-called "High Programmers" revealed as space aliens! Would you trust your Computer to these guys?



TROUBLESHOOTER REPORT

As always, in accordance with The Computer's mandates, *Alpha Weekcycley's* publishers have gone to great lengths to confirm all aspects of this story. After obtaining Computer permission, this newsfeed sent several Troubleshooter teams in to Alpha City to spy on the so-called High Programmers. While many of the teams were brainwashed into staying on the alien spacecraft, a few returned.

Unfortunately for the first two teams to return, they, too, proved to be brainwashed. They reported finding no proof of an alien presence in Alpha City. But don't worry, citizens, those two teams were executed publicly for their weakness, and the third team came through! They made reports that expanded on our own findings, and were subsequently promoted for their heroics. Thank The Computer that our Troubleshooters can confirm the true findings, even after confronting hostile, dangerous aliens.

For more information on how you, too, can spot aliens and protect yourself, subscribe to the *Alpha Weekcycley* newsfeed. The Computer doesn't say it's mandatory, but it's A Good Thing!

Base Star One

**THE
UNTOLD
STORY**

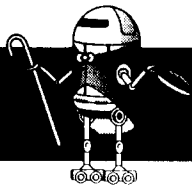


THE COMPUTER SCREWS UP

AGAIN!



**Clone
banks spill
open!
Whole
families of
clones
released at
once!**



The Computer Screws Up ... Again!

Thousands of clone families are released into the already-overcrowded corridors of Alpha Complex by malicious Computer error. Witnesses confirm that The Computer, rather than admit to its own error and recall the unfortunate clones, has elected to conduct wholesale executions!

Refugees from Alpha Complex spill over into Alpha Base's benevolent hands every daycycle, but it looks like the flow will be increasing for a while. The Secret Society Council confirmed that The Computer, in another one of its reprehensible errors, has released entire clone families ahead of time. And its idea of rectification? Read on:

"It was horrible," stated Dopplegang-ERRs 3 and 4 in unison, their torn and bloody uniforms a testament to their death-defying escape. "The Computer went mad. One morning, I was sitting in the Infrared cafeteria, trying to make the best of the swill they serve there —"

Suddenly, both clones turn to each other and scream, "Swill! How dare you call The Computer's nutritional allowance 'swill'! Traitor! I'll kill you!" Both of the unfortunate infrareds had to be pulled from each other by Alpha Base security guards and separated. Interviews were continued separately, but with nearly

Clone banks spill open! Whole families of clones released at once!

identical results.

"Sorry, sorry about that," the badly underfed clone continued. "It's The Computer. It makes us do things. It makes us say things. It makes us *think* things.

"Anyway, I was sitting in the cafeteria eating, when this docbot rolls up to me. I didn't think anything of it; docbots are always poking and prodding at you, but you can't do anything about it.

"So it sticks me with something and I pass out in my swill. I wake up, and there are five bodies lying on top of me! I look around, and they're all me!"

At this point, Dopplegang-ERR broke down and had to be sedated. According to what we could piece together from his ravings, docbots and clone-replacement facilities had received orders to release thousands of clone replacements and provide MemoMax transfers — on still-living clones!

What this did was to superimpose the lower-numbered clone's memories and experiences on all the higher-

numbered clones *without update!* This meant every clone thought he or she was number one!

A few of the clone families did manage to get organized and report the error — but this only exacerbated the problem. The Computer, in its "infinite wisdom" sent out Vulture Troopers to "correct" the error — by eliminating the clones until only one remained!

As far as we can tell, hundreds, perhaps *thousands* of clones were massacred as they tried to dutifully report the error. Only a few, like Dopplegang-ERRs 3 and 4, managed to escape — their memories fragmented and their perceptions distorted.

As an editorial aside, this reporter must ask how long can this go on? The Secret Society Council has been warring against The Computer for yearcycles now, but with only the most lackluster support from the clones of Alpha Base. If this story does not up recruitment in the Base's standing army, then perhaps you clones aren't worth defending!

Whotta-B-ABE-1

A healthy specimen of Alpha Base's "new look" program, Whotta makes you want to chuck those suppressant pills and stifle-suppositories right now!



HERNUT'S HOROSCOPE



"I listened to Hernut-I-IAM and avoided treasonous thoughts, won The Computer-lottery, and lived happily ever after!"

"I never thought of horoscopes at all until The Computer said Hernut's Horoscope was all right. Even then, I thought 'what's a horoscope?' The Computer said, 'It's something that tells you what to do, how to act, and how to think.' I said to myself — just what I need!

"Now, I couldn't be happier. I read Hernut's Horoscope every day for a

weekcycle and look what happened: I listened to Hernut-I-IAM and avoided treasonous thoughts, won The Computer-lottery, and lived happily ever after!"

— another satisfied customer

Hernut's Horoscope is Computer-sanctioned and Computer-approved — it's not treasonous, like those unauthorized, uncensored, non-royalty-

paying lowlife secret society horoscopes. It is a complete guide to your life, updated weekcycle.

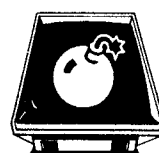
Just look at your breach date/circumstance and, by knowing when and how you came out of the clone factory, you can tell everything about yourself.

Todaycycle, personality profiles:



Breached in the Springcycle, on a cusp:

Ow! That must hurt! You are naturally aggressive and ambitious, a perfect combination for an Armed Forces clone. You aren't very bright — in fact, you're probably having someone read this to you right now. If you're bigger than they are, turn them in for treason and get a promotion — your large size and aggressive nature makes you the perfect accuser! If you aren't bigger than them, or they didn't read this part to you, then you're probably in trouble, because you're too dumb to do anything about it if they accuse you!



Breached on a Mondaycycle:

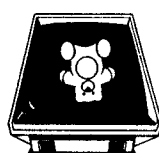
When you came out of the Vat, you were ready to get to work. Grouchy, tired, and probably still hung over from Clone Vat juice, you hobbled off to work at a thankless job for no credits to speak of. You ache for the knowledge that will set you free.

Well, forget it. You're stuck in your rut — at least until you become one of those statistics in a transtube accident, or until you get fed up and perform some particularly heinous act of treason. You'll be caught and executed. Have a nice day.



Breached upside down:

You grew in the Vat with your head upside down, and nobody bothered to straighten it out. You better do it and fast! All those weird perspectives and random thoughts (Clone Vat injectors didn't put the proper thought-modes into your brain cells; they went into your feet) and independence will get you into trouble. So what if you are smarter and more clear-headed than everybody else? It's still only a matter of time before you end up working in an unshielded reactor station or some Springcycle-cusp goon falsely accuses you of treason.

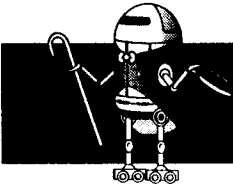


Once More Into the Breach:

You weren't finished, so they put you back in the Vat. Congratulations! You messed up the horoscope! Am I supposed to use your first breach date or your second? Oh, don't tell me — you got put back in twice! Just what I need. Why don't you go chew on a cone rifle and do us all a favor?

Your Lucky Computer Lottery Numbers

123 - 65- 87987 - 3476 - 262 - 5953 - 007



Ask Alpha Base's Most Abusive Advice Amberson



Dear Amberson: Why is it every time someone asks you a question, you answer them in either an insulting or condescending tone? I thought you were writing your column to help people, not make them feel stupid.

— Annoyed in BIT sector

Dear Annoyed: You're wrong, stupid! I answer all your idiotic questions my way because that's the way clones want to read it. Anybody stupid enough to ask a guy named "Amberson" about their personal problems deserves to get par-broiled in my column! Solve your own problems if you don't like my attitude — but you won't; you'll keep writing me, begging for answers. Why, look at this pitiful sap here:

Dear Amberson: My life stinks. I work in the Food Vats at night and, due to a data screw-up, I have to share my creche with not one, not

four, but twelve waste-reclaimators at night! They smell so bad I think I'm at work! What should I do!

— Stunk Out

Dear Stunk Out: Hah! Glad I don't have your job! Or your living partners! Boy, all I have to do all day is sit in this nice, clean, air-conditioned office and answer this mail. Heck, I don't even have to answer it if I don't want to — I can make one of my co-workers do it, because I have dirt on everybody! I mean, you don't even know if I'm answering you now!

Dear Amberson: My boss offered me a big promotion if I'll perform some unspeakable acts for him. I am merely horrified thinking of them. They are so disgusting and vile that I've had to go to the bathroom to throw up between every sentence. What should I do?

— Puking in PPE sector

Dear Puking: You jerk! How dare you write to me about that! I thought I told you I'd turn you in if you even breathed a word of that to anyone! Just you wait until you get back to the office, you low-clearance dweeb! I'll make certain you don't need sex-drive inhibitors from now on!

Dear Amberson: We're coming to get you. We've had enough of your disgusting, vile commentary. We've organized and we've equipped. By the time you read this, we'll already be on our way. We will not be stopped.

— A few disgruntled readers

Dear Disgruntled: Yeah, right. I hear this stuff every day. If you think you can scare me, you've got another think —

Vulture Warrior Pilot Crashes through Dome ... And Lives!

Trainee pilot Fight-R-ACE has a story to tell around the barracks tonight — after losing control of his Vulture Warrior somewhere over Alpha last night, Fight-R tried to crash land on what he thought was an open plane — but it turned out to be a dome!

The Vulture Warrior crashed through the top of the XYZ sector dome at what some say was super-

sonic speed. Fight-R was too panicked to eject, but everything turned out all right — his headlong flight was stopped by the clone banks of XYZ sector! Guess there won't be any replacements there!

Fight-R sustained minor bruises and was awarded the Screaming Skull for heroism in saving his plane from injury.

Announcement!

Due to unexpected circumstances, the next few weekcycles, this newsfeed will be running older answers by Amberson. In the meantime, we will be accepting writing samples from any and all clones, regardless of security clearance.

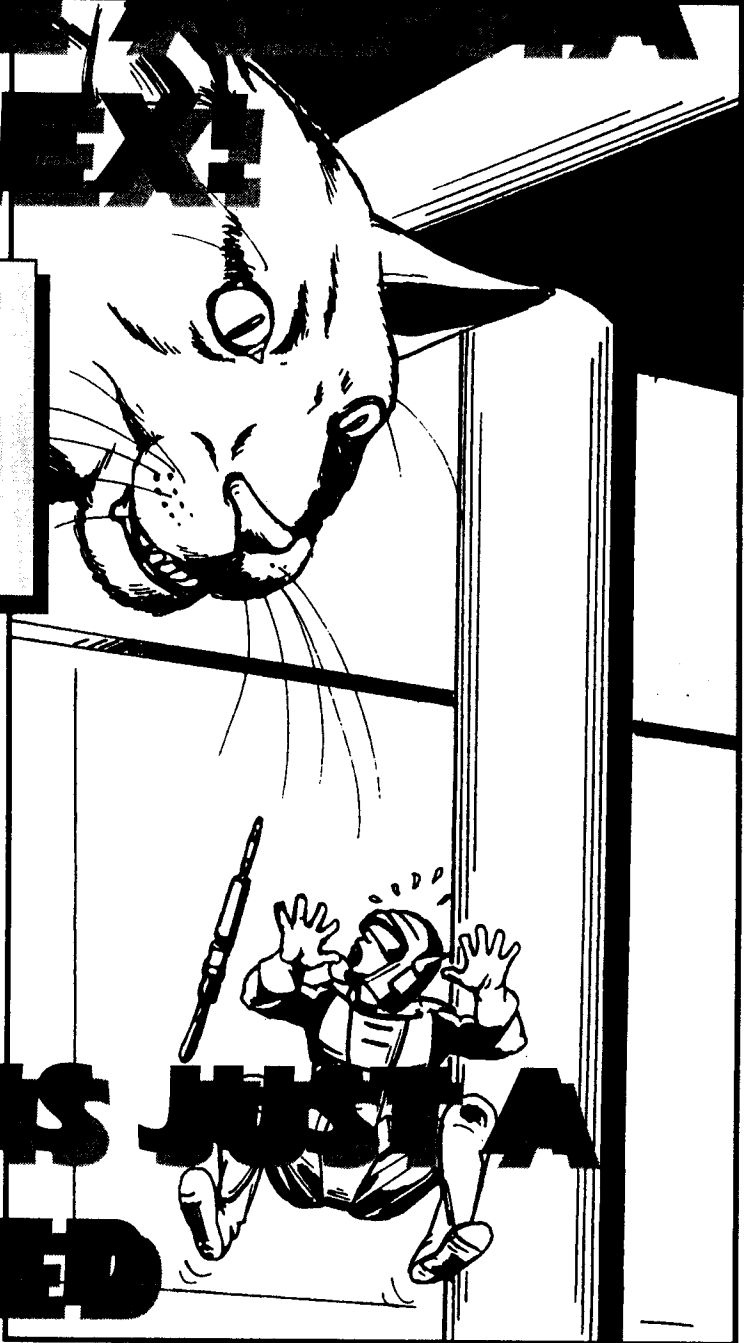
Writing style must be direct and authentic. No computer-generated styles allowed. Please try to work as many demeaning and/or inflammatory adjectives into your sample as possible.

No experience required.

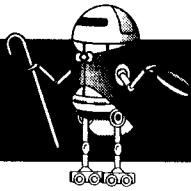
GIANT CATBOTS INVADGE ALPHIA COMPLEX!

**WHATTA
SURPRISE!**

Just imagine this pint-sized Vulture Warrior confronting this fabulously freaking big (hey, we had to go for alliteration, right?) feline in the corridors of Alpha Complex! Who's the pet and who's the "petter?" Here's one loyal citizen who sneaked a cat-nap and ended up cat-nip!



OR IS THIS JUST A FLEA-SIZED TROUBLESHOOTER?



Mini-Poll

One hundred clones surveyed: what's the best thing about being a loyal citizen (top five answers):

5. Why do you ask?
4. Umm, err. Could you repeat the question?
3. *Yes! No! Thankyou sirmayl-haveanother!!!*
2. Free Hot Fun Tofu-like-substance on Fridaycycle nights.
1. Not getting bended, folded, spindled, mutilated, or otherwise killed.

Decapitated Traitor Still Fights On!

Suspected traitor and confirmed mutant "Stumpy" Head-I-LES was seen again yesterdaycycle in SEC sector transtube. The mutant traitor was decapitated last yearcycle by a blast from a cone rifle but, since then, his body has turned up at least a dozen times. Can you spot "Stumpy?" This newsfeed will pay big creds for photos!

PSYCHOTIC HOTLINE!

Feeling run down? Annoyed at little things? Irritable? Let's face it — do you feel like blazing away at clones in general with a fully-automatic cone rifle?!

If so, then the Psychotic Hotline is for you! Call to share your most intimate secrets and death fantasies with other like-mind clones:

1-900-DIECLONE*

Five credits for the first minute, an undisclosed amount for each additional minute.

*For entertainment purposes only. Get the Computer's permission before dialing.



YOU can learn the ANSWERS!
YOU can know the SECRETS!
YOU can FIND OUT what others have KEPT FROM YOU!



Just call the
CYCLIC HOTLINE!

Because in Alpha Complex — everything that goes around, comes around!

BE A TROUBLESHOOTER

IN YOUR SPARE TIME ...

- For fun *and* profit!
- Exciting Career!
- Gain Respect & Authority!
- Learn Special Skills & Tactics!
- Train Fast & in Your Own Creche!
- Meet New and Exciting People and Be Killed By Them!
- Send Resume and letter of interest to:

Troubleshooters or Not

Computer Code #47578

Troubleshooter Recruiting Office
No Experience Necessary!

ARE YOU STILL ON A LOW CLONE NUMBER? DO YOU FIND LIFE BORING AND UNFULFILLING? ARE YOU OF LOW SECURITY CLEARANCE?

Well, R&D has the answer for you!

For a limited time only, Research and Design has been given permission to recruit clones from other Power Groups and turn them into Official Unclassified Clone Heroes (OUCH)!

Get the privilege of checking out new, improved R&D Computer-approved equipment in your spare time. No purchase necessary, apply as many times as you want!

And — best of all — you get one free "Get Out of Work" voucher after your first test!*

*Selected clones may also request transfer to R&D, the Troubleshooters, or even the Food Vats after significant testing experience.

GET YOUR OWN TEELA O'MALLEY LUCK CHARM



ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Teela O. has been a source of good luck for Troubleshooters all over Alpha for more than five years. Now, you too can benefit from the same luck Troubleshooters have!

- Avoid troublesome inquiries by angry Vulture Warriors!
- Take your life in your own hands at last!
- Hardly ever run afoul of paperwork misdirection!
- And never, ever be without your own Teela O'Malley Good Luck Charm again!