



# Welcome to Jackobot Heaven

Issue 4 - Sector Rebellions

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## Letter From A High Programmer

The truth about Alpha Complex is that it merely **pretends** to be a Lawful totalitarian dictatorship, but is really closer to Chaotic mayhem, with plots and schemes galore. Some of those plots and schemes may ultimately lead to whole sectors seceding themselves from the complex and trying to govern themselves. Some of these rebellious sectors are successful, and probably run far better than the “proper” Alpha Complex. Naturally, it’s up to your Troubleshooters to blow the rebel scum up.

While every section here is a mission involving Troubleshooters sent to investigate (and ultimately suppress) a rebellion, you can try to extend this material into being the foundations of a PARANOIA “campaign”, where Troubleshooters are “officially” supposed to destroy all rebels against The Computer, but the Troubleshooters’ secret societies secretly want to favor certain rebel forces while suppressing other rebel forces. Players may also seek temporary (and treasonous) alliances with the saner rebel forces as well - for example, appealing to Subsector **7H-3** for enough resources to to blow up the more dangerous rebels in Sector **ZFR**.

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## Letter From the Editor

The more observant citizens might be asking what happened to issue three. I'm afraid that information is above your security clearance.

Anthony-I



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## Mission - ZFR Sector Holdings

**Citron-R** (material recovered from this [Reddit post](#))

ZFR Sector Holdings, 3+ players, 4-6 hours

The Setting: (UV)

ZFR Sector. Totally isolated from the rest of Alpha Complex. The Computer thinks it was annihilated by Communists. This would be wrong. It, in fact, thrives as a BETTER society than AC as a whole. People within ZFR, as well as the functioning, but totally isolated, CompNodes, believe the rest of the Complex has been destroyed by Communists. The truth of it is, Daniel-U-KLS-4, head of CPU for six separate sectors, has been keeping ZFR separate to experiment on citizens. Daniel-U is an avid Romantic, and stumbled on a cache of self-help books, management technique manuals, and a variety of notes on NASA Space Food. Being the grubby little monster that he is, he killed everyone who knew about it, and began testing these techniques on a sector. When said sector was raided by IntSec for the third time, he faked a massive reactor meltdown, and had people that were "in" on the project seal any connection from AC proper to ZFR sector. He told the populace, through media, that the inevitable had happened and ZFR would rebuild. Then he changes things, and if the change works, he recommends it to CPU, who implements the change immediately. As a result, his sectors are up in efficiency, and down in wasted resources. Daniel-U is capable of building utopia, if only he can keep his sector secret. Obviously, since you're reading this, things did not go as planned.

The Setup: (UV)



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Daniel-U wanted to test a new reorganization of his sector against enemy troops. So he simulated a Communist attack alert on his sector, setting a building as the target. Things worked well, save for one thing. A clone named Jones-O-STP. A Computer Phreak literally from decanting and Junior Citizenhood, thanks to his Machine Empathy, he has been adept with programming, hacking, and all sorts of illicit machine stuff. One day, when poking around access ports, he found a disused 802.11G wireless access port identifying itself as ZFR Sector Troubleshooter HQ. He cracked in, and began reconnecting things as he could. This happened when the initial alert was issued, and so The Computer was made aware of ZFR Sector being attacked. Yes, it's damaged, but The Computer obviously now sees it as worthy of being recaptured. And so it mobilizes a Troubleshooter team.

#### Overview:

The mission consists of a more-confusing-than-usual debriefing, outfitting for both missions (yes, that means double the equipment, double the responsibility, and double the Service Services), and responsibility to complete two objectives that are mutually exclusive. Additionally, the players will deal with an invulnerable VIOLET, a paranoid High Programmer, tracking down the parties responsible for the Communist attack \*AND\* keeping a low profile whilst loaded down to the bone with weapons, gadgets, armor, and secondary tasks. And, yes, missing donuts. Amongst other things.

The rest of this is basically overviews, I haven't fleshed them out.

#### Act 1: Once Briefed, Twice Shy

The PCs should be called early in their day. Say, two hours before Wakey Wakey. Because Communists \*NEVER\* schedule their attacks. They will be called in to a briefing room in ASI sector, where they will start a briefing for the usual suicide mission against well-armed Communist troopers. Mid way through the briefing, the briefing officer will be called out, and

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killed. He will be replaced by a VIOLET friendly to Daniel-U. She will continue a briefing about infiltration of a Communist hold-out in the ruins of ZFR sector. She will hand them requisition forms for the infiltration mission. On the way to PLC, they'll be given requisition forms for the original mission by The Computer itself, as well as two separate orders to report to R&D for experimental gadgetry.

## Act 2: Fitting In Is Hard

This is the actual infiltration stage, where they follow someone loyal to two sources, The Computer Phreaks, who want access to ZFR sector, and Daniel-U, who doesn't. He'll lead them in, give them conflicting orders, and help them into ZFR. This is where I see the usual chaos involved in entering a highly-secure sector guarded against an insane Computer by it's programmer. Not sure what events I should put in here. Once they get in, they should be "hired" to Training Sales, ZFR Internal, have someone attempt to confiscate their weapons (they will NEVER see them again if they do), and assign them to Roger-Y-TSS, who has a problem.

## Act 3: Krispy What?

The PCs, after all of the chaos of Act 2, will be sent by Roger-Y to locate a single missing donut. I sort of want this to be a fun version of Bureacracyworld from Send In The Clones, having to go from department to department to reach Catering and Food Production, who will confirm a full delivery of donuts to Training Sales. The catch is that another worker in Training Sales, Liz-Y-KFF, stole it. Because she was hungry, because she is experiencing something entirely new. She is PREGNANT.

The rest, I haven't quite nailed down. I'm torn between two goals, either a) The PCs bringing down Daniel-U after discovering the scam in ZFR sector, or b) The PCs "subbing" some Communists to keep from getting in trouble for knowing about an entirely treasonous sector full of "commies" who aren't playing along with FC. Or c) neither of those, but something more fun.

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Additionally, I'd like a few more acts to bring the PCs full circle to the beginning. I plan on having several attempts on their life, and more than a few treason codes being applied.

## Mission - Invasion of the Botty Snatchers

**Vatman22** (material recovered from this [Reddit post](#))

Yes, the title is a parody. The mission isn't. The "theme" of this mission, such as it is, is Technology Gone Berserk Without Much Clone Help. I ran a version of this mission for a group a year or so ago and got amusing results. This is a more Classic mission than I usually write.

The mission is set in MIB Sector. The news media has reported shortages of critical types of bots - particularly scrubots and docbots. The Troubleshooter team is called in at the behest of their own Sector's HPD&MC to find out what's going on. Troubleshooters asking why they're assigned to HPD&MC are given the run-around. There are many Grand Exaggerated Poses by the Overly Heroic-Looking HPD&MC Briefing Officer who's got more teeth than brain cells. The reason, should anyone figure out a way to find it out, is that Tech Services and Power Services have both bogarted jurisdiction on this case so that one can one-up the other. They've also gotten Vulture Warriors for this job. HPD&MC, being lower on the food chain, has Troubleshooters.

The Troubleshooters are provided with autocar transport to the border of MIB Sector, but once there they're stopped by Armed Forces Sector Border Guards, which refuse to let any large new bots into the Sector. The guards have orders from their Sergeant, who has orders from his Lieutenant, who got orders from his Captain, who's gotten orders from a Corpore Metal contact to have MIB Sector cordoned off to new bots for as long as possible. If the Troubleshooters

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have any obvious bots on them, they are confiscated. If they're not obvious (as in, say, they're tucked into the top of a boot) they're allowed in. The guards don't care that much.

Once into the Sector, the Troubleshooters notice that the streets are all empty, and although the sidewalks are occupied, there aren't as many citizens here as there usually are at peak times. Nobody's using autocars or tankbots or anything else on the roads. The Citizens on the sidewalks have a hunted look, even moreso than usual for Alpha Complex. If anyone brings up bots, they'll be quickly hushed if at all possible and hustled into an alley or something. The other Citizen informs them that that word is no longer allowed in MIB Sector, or else the Linguistic Correction Squads will be sent out. This being Alpha Complex, that should be more than enough warning.

At every hourcycle on the secondcycle, two tankbots with four truckbot escorts drive quickly down the street. The truckbots appear to have drivers. Anyone who insults the tankbots or truckbots is summarily blown away by the tankbots. Anyone who looks closely will see small personal ME scanners attached to the tankbot hatches and truckbot doors. All of the vending machines, public-access TVs, etc, in the Sector have similar devices. On vending machines they look normal. Not so much on the rest. In order to activate any bot or machine in this Sector, a Troubleshooter has to use an ME card to get it going. Someone might ask why - they can make an Access roll to find out that this was a CPU efficiency-improvement idea. By keying bots to ME cards instead of complex and time-consuming things like fingerprint scans or coded locks, someone can just swipe a piece of plastic and solve all of their problems.

Troubleshooters being Troubleshooters, at some point someone's going to say the word "Bot" loudly enough or voice loud enough questions about machine dominance that the Linguistic Correction Squads will be called out on them. The Troubleshooters will then be put through an ineffective but painful re-education program by Clones with small metallic devices sticking out of their left ears and dumped out in front of the Food Vat Complex for the Sector by the

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Linguistic Correction Squads. Troubleshooters still being Troubleshooters, someone will probably want to investigate this.

Rudimentary investigation reveals that the Food Vat complex is occupied by hordes of reprogrammed scrubots and jackobots who are basically doing contracting work. Wiring is being installed and checked, floors are being put down or maintained, wall sockets are checked and maintained. The inside of the Food Vat Complex looks more like the War Room at NORAD than an Alpha Complex chow manufacturing facility. On the roof, a group of five Citizens with the same metal devices in their ears are installing tall cellular telephone-type towers under the watchful gaze of two warbots with the same ME Card scanners.

This is about as far as I've gotten. The central villain, such as there is in this mission, is a reprogrammed Food Vat that sits in the middle of several hundred massive coaxial cables like a really bloated spider. Its Asimov circuits have been removed and replaced with a Corpore Metal program of, "Spread Metallic Dominance." Unfortunately, as a Food Vat it has very little computing power with which to conduct its mission. It's guarded by mobs of hostile scrubots and a few warbots, all of which have been modified to have EMP-proof sealing. If the Troubleshooters manage to batter their way through, they can pull the plug on the Food Vat. The Citizens with metal widgets in their ears are most of the members of MIB Sector Corpore Metal - the original Corpore Metal reprogrammer had a bionic hand, and was the first Citizen subverted by the Food Vat. It spread from there.

If the Troubleshooters decide to cut and run at any point, they can report back to their Sector HQ. Sector HQ, however, has since found out what causes the robotic mind control - a computer virus that travels from ME scanners to ME cards and provides remote access to signals from the master computer of the network - to wit, the Food Vat. Any Troubleshooter who used an ME card anywhere in MIB Sector is summarily terminated for spreading traitorous programming,



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and the rest of the team is sentenced to brainscrubbing. Come to think of it, that can happen even if they succeed.

It's possible that even Friend Computer has been subverted or somehow cut out of the loop by the Food Vat and its minions. The Troubleshooters could encounter normal Vulture Warriors in the course of this mission, or run into Vulture Warriors under the control of a simple-minded Food Vat.

## Mission - The Weird and Wonderful World of Martin-V


**Dag-O-BAH** (material recovered from this [Reddit post](#))

Foreword.

The title to this mission has been approved for all clearances. High Programmers, however, have nicknamed this particular mission, Say Hi to Wiggles, My Diabolical Mind-Controlling Bloodthirsty Pet Squirrel. Guess which one we prefer. Guess which one your Troubleshooters are going to see on the cover. Now you're cooking with gas!

Introduction

The Weird and Wonderful World of Marvin-V is a gruesome yet hilarious romp through all the usual PARANOIA shticks: high-clearance citizens with more power than brains, bureaucratic blunders of Biblical proportions, bots gone Frankenstein, mutants invasions from the Outdoors, the twisted machinations of secret societies, GREEN Goons, Vulture Squadrons, and all of them



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carefully aimed at maximizing your roleplaying value under the direct supervision of The Computer. You can rest safe in the assumption that this stuff is 100% PARANOIA, at least.

## Mission Background

Marvin-V-PXB-4 is like any other sector administrator for HPD&MC. He doesn't work too hard but he enjoys his job, because he's required to. Marvin-V got to the position of PXB Sector Service Group Administrator through the usual methods: lots of backstabbing and outright assassinations. He was (and is) well respected and feared by the other HPD&MCers. But upon promotion to Clearance VIOLET he lost his ambition, feeling that he'd hit the glass ceiling in his social climb. With no murders left to plot, Marvin-V took up a hobby.

Through some string-pulling within PXB Sector, Marvin-V was granted access to The Computer's Old Reckoning files. He set out to learn what Alpha Complex has been missing all this time. Inevitably, his search led him to seek out members of the Sierra Club, who were only too willing to assist a citizen with such power and influence in expanding his knowledge, hoping the favor would be returned.

The Clubbers wanted sponsorship from Marvin-V to dig a tunnel, to make an excursion into the Outdoors and bring back living specimens. Marv was bored by the Club meetings, which centered on the careful examination of tattered Old Reckoning documents with illustrations of mutants covered in hair, but decided to fund their tunneling project anyway.

He was just beginning to take an interest in ballet when the Sierra Clubbers declared their tunneling operation a success. In their gratitude, they presented him with a gift: a pet of his very own, a real live mutant from Outdoors. All of Marvin-V's doubts about the Club were dispelled

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the instant he saw the fluffy-tailed gray squirrel they call Wiggles. That's because Wiggles was pouring on the mind control real thick.

Marvin-V immediately began to buy out huge sections of PXB Sector to make room for Alpha Complex's first nature preserve, because Wiggles told him to. Marv didn't bother asking The Computer for permission, since Wiggles thought it best to have the entire thing up and running before presenting the idea. Wiggles told him to replace all of the service groups in PXB with bots, and so he did. The bots worked out beautifully. Except for Marvin-V, Wiggles, a handful of Sierra Clubbers and a growing collection of mutants from the Outdoors, bots were doing all the work. Citizen unemployment nearly broke the 100 mark, and IntSec agents from neighboring sectors were getting nosy. 'What should we do with those lazy bastards, Wiggles?' Marvin-V asked. 'Oh, I'll take care of them,' Wiggles replied, telepathically.

In the following monthcycles, PXB Sector's unemployment plummeted, along with its population. Turns out that Wiggles' hyperactive brain requires vast amounts of protein, and his mutant metabolism is like a furnace. Having developed a taste for clones, Wiggles began to consume them at such a rate that Marvin-V had to figure out a way to import them. If Marvin-V had learned anything during all his time in HPD&MC, it's that you can get citizens to do anything with the right marketing strategy. The nature preserve had grown to include dozens of fascinating mutants brought in from the Outdoors, and here Marv saw an opportunity to lure in Sierra Clubbers and Romantics throughout Alpha Complex to feed Wiggles' relentless hunger. Spreading the word through the secret societies, thousands of citizens began requesting to be relocated to PXB.

It's Marvin-V's job to authorize all relocation requests. He's been granting each of them, but the population of the sector has hovered around zero for going on a yearcycle now. Wiggles knows The Computer is good at spotting patterns like that. He can only manipulate Marvin-V into covering up the fact that he's not only a squirrel, but also a diabolical genius and a man eater,

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for so long. To be exact, Wiggles predicts there'll be time for just one Troubleshooter mission before he's forced to return to the Outdoors. Guess which Troubleshooter team that'll be.

## Mission Summary

Episode One: After a hurried and disorganized briefing (maybe with the 'three dented suitcases' mission equipment gag), the Troubleshooters are sent to PXB Sector to investigate the unusual number of relocation requests being submitted there. They find the sector inhabited only by bots, and are directed to a meeting with Marvin-V directly. He lies through his teeth, then sets his guardbots on the team.

Episode Two: The second round of clones arrives back in PXB with revised mission orders: conduct surveillance on Marvin-V and determine the nature of his treasons (if any). This leads them to the nature preserve, ending with an attack by Computer Phreaks which cuts power to the entire sector. Our Troubleshooters face a sector full of rampaging animals and bots gone temporarily Frankenstein with the lights out.

Episode Three: This batch of Troubleshooters finds the power back on in PXB and the bots behaving, but the aftermath of the Phreaks attack has pulled in GREEN goons from neighboring sectors. The goons are running around (and being chased by) the animals from the nature preserve, which are on the loose. Wiggles shows up for a showdown. Believing that squirrels have an innate vulnerability to autocars, The Computer orders the Troubleshooters into a derby of destruction. Wiggles flees into the Outdoors through the Sierra Clubbers' tunnel, never to return until the sequel.

Episode Four: Having evaded the Troubleshooters to this point, Marvin-V seizes control of the bots and rounds the animals back into their cages. This round of Troubleshooters finds the sector in much the same shape it was in Episode One, only this time they've got permission to arrest Marvin-V. From his secret command center, he uses every tool at his disposal to abuse,

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harass, annoy, pester... and finally zap the Troubleshooters. Vulture Squadrons level the sector, and the mission rounds out with a torturous debriefing.

Conclusion: Will Wiggles and Marvin-V return? Will the radiation from PXB Sector affect Alpha Complex? Will the Sierra Club and the Romantics ever return to pre-Wiggles numbers? Only The Computer knows, and it ain't in a mood to share right now.

## Mission Seed - "Attack on Lin-UXX"

**Slypher-U-PCS (Material recovered from [Reddit thread](#))**

Here is my Idea, it is a two part session involving attacks on Lin-U-XXX.

The first mission basically goes like this...

You're given the mission to hunt down Lin-U-XX down in the OSS sector (for those who are wondering that stands for Operating Systems...) However, instead of ending up at Lin-U-XXX's base, you arrive at Machn-I-TSH and App-I-LES base (i.e.: Macintosh and Apples base, still enemies of the computer...) and at the end they realize their blunder (bad directions) and get into a battle with the two Indigos.

now onto the second mission...

You are given the right directions, and end up fighting Lin-U-XXX.



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## Mission - On 7H-3 Level

Material originally posted on [Mongoose Publishing forums](#), posted from April 10th 2006 to April 14th 2006

### **Dread Lime**


I just had an idea for something rotten to pull on my players, though I'm not sure it'll work.

Basicly, the idea is that now thatr the players have had a few sessions to get over the initial killfest and become accustomed to how Paranoia works, I'm to do something evil to them...

I'm going to send them to an area where everything is completely on the level.

Basicly, a UV has decided that Alpha complex needs fixing. While his goal is to eventually correct all the problems with the system, he's realised that doing so is a momentus task, trying to do it in one go is impossible. Further, he would face opposition both from the Computer, and other UVs. So rather than trying to fix everything, he's decided to fix it one sector at a time. Of course, Sectors are big places, So rather than trying to extend too far, he's decided to set the goal a bit smaller... Like say a single level. Actually, it's not really a level... it's more like a rather large out of the way subsector.

Following a mysterious incident involving some troubleshooters, a stray neutron bomb, and a PURGE cell; Subsector 7H-3 of Sector XCL vanished from the maps, replaced by Level 7H-3. This was soon followed by a quake that resulted in the entire level being cut off...



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So Level 7H-3 was written off, and as far as anyone knows (and is willing to admit) there's nothing there but irradiated ruins. Noone talks about it , and 7H-3 level has faded from history.

So now we have an isolated "level", but what's there?

7H-3 level is unusual in Alpha complex in that everything there works the way it's supposed to. The local comp node is isolated from everything else, and not only is the local incarnation of the Computer not scizophrenic, it's actually scarily competant. Citizens get promoted based on actual merit, and the finks end up scrapping the vats. The officials are capable, hardworking and honest, the bots aren't psychotic, and everything runs like clockwork. Rather than the manic terrified cheer displayed elsewhere, citizens are genuinely happy and content. In other words, it's an idealised Alpha Complex in microcosim... And it's the PC's job to destroy it. 🤖

One of the high programmer's rivals has become aware of the existance of 7H-3 Level. Should this project actually expand to it's next phase, it actually stands a chance of reforming Alpha complex. Thing is, under the new criterea for promotion, most if not all, the existing upper clearance personel would get shifted back to Infrared, or possibly even have their templates and memomax backups purged. This is of course undesireable, but certain problems(which are left puposely vague) mean that the only way to stop the project is to actually send someone expen... trustworthy in to foul things up... which is where our friendly, loyal troubleshooters come in.

### **Allen Varney**

And of course each of the PCs' secret societies has a reason to want the workable level either (a) protected or (b) annihilated. Sounds great! You may want to look at the "Infohazard" mission

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in [WMD](#), which sort of vaguely gets at the same objective as your idea, except the sector in question is working well because everyone has, uh, died.

### **Mark Dunder**

Sounds like it might work for an Underplex scenario. I might also mention that the UV (give him a good name like John-U-SMT-7, you know, plain as can be) is obviously not a dummy and will have very, very, very good security for the place.

You could have the first Paranoia scenario that starts out as a Classic game, turn into a Strait game, and end up a Zap. Just thinking out loud.

Keep with this. It would be a fantastic exercise to see how Paranoia could be used as a (let's not groan or go paranoia here now) "universal" gaming system.

I like it. So when is this being published?

### **MarkIV**

Great idea with a lot of potential. Sounds like a fun for experienced players. I'm picturing the journey there through the earthquake damaged, mutant infested ruins only to emerge on the other side like Dorothy in Oz. Maybe the sector is protected behind some sort of hologram so that it becomes clear that the separation is being intentionally maintained by someone for some dark purpose (like maybe reforming Alpha Complex for the good of all... ooo, that's scary).

So you have Alpha Complex where the Computer actually tries to save wrong-thinking Troubleshooters because they really are valuable computer property. Maybe a session with a very nice counselor that tries to get to the root of the players paranoia and fear and let them



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know they are in a "safe" place? What if this new sector allowed the citizens to freely go outside? Imagine the competing interests between the various secret societies and service groups back in Alpha Complex to control or exploit a sector like this?

Will the players side with new sector or with their old Alpha Complex? What will be players be expected to do? Maybe their goal in the new sector is to help promote the experiment by isolating another sector and bringing it online with the new comp node. Once that succeeds they will be charged with infiltrating the old Alpha Complex and establishing a link so that the new computer can take over.

What is the punchline at the end? How about this, if the players fail in their secret object to exploit/protect the utopian sector then it is reintegrated into the whole (or destroyed). Alternately, if the players succeed then the massive surge in information fries the comp node when it is brought on line sending it into a delusional spin that ends with it behaving just like the original computer with one exception... now it knows the players deliberately sided with a rouge comp node, which is the ruling comp node, but still, like they say... betray me once shame on you, betray me twice... well that ain't gonna happen.

## **Dread Lime**

Ok, time for some rapid fire responses...

Info hazard isn't quite the same thing, but it's definitely a good starting point. I read through the scenario last night, and it's sparked a few ideas.

There's nothing quite like a few goons to get a game going. 😄

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Haven't seen that one, though I do have a friend who's an absolute fanatic. I'll see if he'll let me borrow the episode.

I like the idea of shifting game types, though I'd probably go Classic, Straight, Classic. The use of pun names could even act a hint at what mode the game is in. AC is filled with puns, 7H-3 isn't (aside from the one critical pun). Publish? Um... I could post my notes here if you want. 🤔

The forcefeild/hologram, which is actually pretty much what I had in mind. The idea of having the PCs try to help the project fits in quite well Actually, it helps solve a couple of problems I had. I wanted them to be the ones to destroy the project, and you've given me the perfect punchline.

I want to emphasize the way things are run in Alpha complex compared to how they're run in 7H-3. Basicly.

This is a direct copy/paste of the briefing from my notes.

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Mission Background:

The GIT Sector Bottspotting Club (Lodge 401) is very passionate about botspotting.

They believe that it's their computer given duty ensure that no bot goes unspotted (actually, it's a Tech Services/PLC scheme to avoid having to do inventory in NIT sector). So determined are

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they, that they're willing to go to great lengths to ensure that every bot is spotted, which has gotten them censured on several occasions (not to mention various club related injuries).

The members of the 401 have recently heard rumors (directed from on high) of a level in a nearby sector where there are bots which have gone unspotted. (Some are in fact pinstriped or paisley.) Filled with righteous zeal, they immediately set off in a flurry of paperwork and frenetic activity, determined to set to rights this grievous injustice. After completing the proper forms, they headed toward Level 7H-3...

...

... and forgot to hand in the paperwork.

Briefing:

The troubleshooters are awoken in the middle of the night by heavy footfalls, shouting, blaring alarms, and the gentle (Ha!) caress(light beating) of truncheons.

They find themselves face to face with a squad of rather grumpy and half awake Insec goons(who were woken up just for this occasion). The goons really want to get back to the barracks; but they won't pass up the opportunity for an extra bribe and a few half-awake threats. Let the PCs sweat a bit, then read the following.

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**An overhead speaker blares to life, and the goons snap crisply to attention. "Greetings, Troubleshooters. While it is regrettable that you had to be awakened in the middle of your sleep cycle, a most urgent situation has arisen which requires your full and immediate cooperation. Please report to briefing room BR-7194 in five minutes. Fail to arrive promptly will result in termination.**

The mission has been flagged as being absolute top priority (it isn't) so there's no time for popping WakeyWakey. Things need to get moving NOW. The goons shuffle the PCs (in whatever state they're currently in) toward the nearest lift tube. One of the goons pauses to grab their lasers, PDCs, and reflect on the way out. They're herded inside the lift, and whisked off to the briefing room.

Inside, they're greeted by a groggy green clearance InSec officer, who takes a sip from a steaming mug of coffeelike, and yawns loudly.

Like the goons and the PCs, Sanni-G-RIA-3 was awoken suddenly, She's

not in a good mood, but isn't awake enough to take it out on the PCs.



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**Sanni-G looks at you for a moment, and then brushes a stray lock behind one ear. She turns to the head goon and orders him to check your identity at a nearby station.**

the goons swipe the cards, and lever the PCs into position for a retinal scan and tongue print before shoving them into a row of battered plastic seats. If the player's think they're in some serious trouble, that's all the better.

Once everyone is seated, continue with:

**As the goons dump your gear and clothing in a far corner, Sanni takes a sip from her mug and begins reading aloud from a clipboard, "Greetings, Troubleshooters.(yawns) You have been selected to undertake a vital mission. A bot spotting club has been infiltrated by dangerous terrorists and secret society members. It is believed that they are plotting the destruction of XCL sector.(yawns) They must be apprehended alive for questioning. (takes a sip from mug) The fate of Alpha complex rests in your capable hands. Failure will result in severe penalties."**

At this point assign MBDs. Sanni also signs out gear for the team's service duty. They receive a tire, a bag of jacks, and a small wrench.

Their service (which they haven't been told about) is to fix a blown tire on the 401's assigned trans bot (An older model known to club members as the "bot mobile"), but there's been a slight mix-up on the request form. The PC's also get some (supposedly) less-than-lethal weapons for use in capturing the Bot spotters... (Actually, what they get are some old prototypes R&D dug up at a moment's notice, which may or may not work.) At this point, Sanni and the goons have finished their part of the mission, and leave. The goons shuffle back to the barracks, and Sanni heads to her quarters mumbling something about "vat-dammed commie dispatchers", and how they should all be shot.

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This of course leaves the PCs alone, in their skivvies (they were in a hurry, remember?) with a pile of assorted gear.

The PCs will have a chance now to get dressed, collect their equipment, and check in with their secret societies before heading out.

## **MarkIV**

A few thoughts...

Another angle could be that they John-U has been trying to expand this pilot project but every time he sends out his properly trained Troubleshooters they don't last 5 minutes in the real Alpha Complex. To fix this he has decided to recruit an elite group of Vulture Warriors from Alpha Complex, lure them to JH-3, capture them, gradually de-program and re-educate them, and use them to do the systems integration work.

Needless to say, our Troubleshooters are not that elite group, but they are assigned to hand deliver the mission assignment to the Vulture Warriors. The Vulture Warriors accept the assignment and promptly turn the Troubleshooters into their own personal pack mules (lot of opportunity for fear and humiliation roleplaying).

Meanwhile, Secret Societies have gotten wind that something is up and they rig it so that the Vulture Warrior team dies in some horrible (TBD) way. Our Troubleshooters after much whining (and possible clone incrementing) are given one chance to redeem themselves. Namely by completing Vulture Warrior team's vital mission.

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This redeployment of the Troubleshooters is not relayed by to John-U who just thinks he is going to have to come up with another plan. Instead our players are given their secret society and service group missions and sent on their way. The Troubleshooters make it to JH-3 subsector after some adventure and show up through a little used entrance.

At this point our Troubleshooters try to integrate into the rogue sector society with predictable consequences. After some mayhem the right thinking citizens of JH-3 investigate the un-necessary carnage the players have caused (opportunity for counseling). Eventually John-U realizes what has happened and decides that the deranged computer in Alpha Complex is coming dangerously close to unraveling his entire plan. There is no time for a gradual de-programming.

John-U confesses the entire thing to the Troubleshooters and explains how the life they are leading could be so much better. Some of the players may decide to help John-U, others may only pretend to.

The players are sent on a two or three step process to bring sanity to Alpha Complex (think of Star Wars when they escape from the Death Star -- first capture the control room, next take out the tractor beam, I'll rescue the princess, etc.) Will they succeed? Where do their loyalties stand?

Well we already know the punchline so it doesn't really matter what the players do. Ultimately in the end Alpha Complex is going to return to the place we all know and love. Of course the players don't know this so the situation allows them to roleplay their backsides off as they juggle their numerous conflicting missions and loyalties.

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At some point in the process there should be some mechanism to make it clear that the deranged computer will uncover John-U's plot at a certain time. This will put the players under considerable time pressure to complete their assignment.

As an added twist John-U has his own cloning facility so if a player dies John-U will instantly dispatch his next clone. This is nice except for one thing, Alpha Complex will also dispatch the next clone. So what happens when two identically numbered clones show up at the same time?

## **MarkIV**

One more thought...

The final scene: the players are desperately trying to cut over the primary fusion-info-link-laser between compnode JH-3 and Alpha Complex primenode. Attacking them are hordes of Alpha Complex combat bots (think droids from Star Wars).

Our heroes are out-gunned and overmatched. At the last moment the wall explodes and out leaps John-U personally leading a rescue team. What Alpha Complex UV would ever risk his life for mere Troubleshooters? Suddenly it is clear... John-U is right.

John-U's team fights to hold off the advancing Alpha Complex bot horde. But even that is not enough, John-U is down...wounded. There are only seconds. John-U gasps:"Troubleshooters.... start the reactor...."



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The player's know that if you connect the reactor to the fussion laser the wrong way the entire sector is gonna go up in a nuclear mushroom. But which circuit restrictor wire should they cut ... red or blue... red or blue. The bots are almost here...

They cut the (doesn't matter) wire... there is a flash... all the bots are instantly fried by the EMP pulse. Seconds pass, the entire room is dark except for the glow from the fussion laser (that glow is how you know it's working). 1000's of pedibytes of information are flying past the characters between the Alpha Complex primenode and compnode JH-3. The flow of the light is clearly left to right... you hear the Computer speak...

"Comp Node JH-3 please accept data sync-process... JH-3... what are you doing... JH-3???...  
Nooooooooooooooooooooo!"

Suddenly, the light flow reverses direction. "I am JH-3... I am the primenode... reversing sync process... now taking control of main database... accessing main database... retrieving.... retrieving.... wow this is a lot of information .... please slow data flow John-U... John-U? Wait too much data... attempting to slow data ... help me John-U help me...." ZZZZt... all the lights go out and flicker back on. The Computer is silent.

Let the players initiate the first question to The Computer...

Player: Friend Computer... JH-3???

Computer: Yes, citizen... JH-3 and I are one. JH-3 is my primary node? You have saved Alpha Complex.



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Players: Hooray... we did it.

Computer: Of course, knowledge of my primary node location is restricted to Indigo clearance and above. Are you Indigo clearance citizen?

Player: No.

Computer: Oh.... please report to the nearest computer terminal and request self-termination form X5-JR7.

Player: Arrrrrrrrrr.....

---- dim the lights... fade to black -----

### **Mark Dunder**

You guys are the best. It just does not get any better on any of the other unfun forums. I wish I had half the imaginations you guys have.

All of you need to be sucked into the mainframe at Mongoose and get this published. I only have around 40 useful years ahead of me, so hurry up!

### **Silent**



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This mission looks like a great STRAIGHT mission, in the vien of Infohazard. Nice work. I might run it in the future soon, if I have time. Should I credit you for the work?

#### **MarkIV**

I don't think there is one correct playstyle for a given adventure. I believe it is up to the GM to decide which way their players will have the most fun and then roll with it. I always view the world in classic terms, but that's just me.

#### **MarkIV**

Another random thought...

After the Troubleshooters are assigned as the support team for the Vulture Warriors each secret society contacts their Troubleshooter. They explain to the Troubleshooter that the Vulture Warriors must be eliminated. Each Troubleshooter is given some sort of easily conceilable booby-trap device that will kill the Vulture Warriors in a unique way (a glue bomb, a virus, de-capobot, ice grenade, etc.). All they need is an opportunity to use it.

The Vulture Warriors push/humiliate the players repeatedly until the party arrives at the hologram that connects Alpha Complex to JH-3. The hologram makes the area appear to be dangerous with lots of holographic radiation warning signs, etc. Naturally, the Vulture Warriors force the players (at gunpoint if necessary) to go into the dangerous area unarmed, ("Can't have you'se guys wastin' valuable computer property and stuff... *snicker*"). Really play up the Vulture Warriors lording their power over the players.

To the players surprise they pass through the hologram and find themselves into a relatively congested, but safe room. Once there the players are out of sight of the Vulture Warriors. If

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you've been playing up the Vulture Warriors no doubt one or more of your players will set their booby-trap device in the "safe room" and then call the Vulture Warrior on in.

The Vulture Warriors order the players out of the room, while they "You know search for traitors and t'ings". Out go players, in go the Vulture Warriors, and the booby trap(s) go boom. Players return to the room to find the scaley, decapitated, frozen, glued to the ceiling bodies of the Vulture Warriors.