

Adventures in Clonesitting

A Paranoia One Round Event
for Tournament Play

by Kevin W. Kulp

Kevin W. Kulp
(Piratecat@kulp.org)

This is a one round RPGA Network tournament. A four-hour time slot has been set aside for this event.

Begin by passing out the player characters randomly. The players will then have fifteen minutes or so to familiarize themselves with the character, and then notify you when they're ready. They should NOT be allowed to examine any Paranoia sourcebooks. When handing out character sheets, remind the players to read the entire sheet before asking questions, as the answer may already be contained therein. **Important:** Once each player has read their sheet, take them aside from the others for a conference. Most players have a number of questions that should be answered secretly. At this time, answer any questions that the player might have about their skills, secret society, or (heh heh) mutant ability.

It is a good idea to have the players put out in front of them a card containing on both sides both the character's name on top and the player's full name on the bottom. This will aid in voting, and help the players keep track of who is playing which character. Feel free to order the players to get up and move to a new location around the table, or to put them in a different order.. it will only help in making them nervous. In fact, combat is most efficient if you seat the players in order of their character's Agility, from highest to lowest. In combat, simply go around the circle from person to person.

When GMing this adventure, keep in mind that Paranoia is designed for a "dramatic tactical combat system". In short, this means keep them paranoid, don't give them time to think, and the more flamboyant and amusing an action is, the better chance it has to succeed! After all, a four hour session "I shoot you!" "No, I shoot you first!" is fun for no one.

Actual playing time will be about three hours. Don't forget to leave about 20-30 minutes at the end of the time slot to have the players summarize their characters for each other and vote. The standard RPGA voting procedures will be used.

Make sure that you have finished your voting sheet before you collect the players' voting sheets. In this way you will not be influenced by their votes and comments. Remember to remind your players that they can **NOT** vote for themselves!

GM Background:

The computer just doesn't know what to do with Wow-G-WHZ-6. This recently promoted R&D scientist had always proven to be a loyal, albeit slow, irritating and unimaginative, citizen of Alpha Complex. His past inventions include the "Fun-Rise Automatic Clone Dresser", the "Code-O-LAW Memorial Restraint Grapples", and the "Funtime Wound Cauterizer" (testing this one on himself was responsible for the loss of clones 4 and 5). Now, he seems to have outdone himself for the first time. The scientist was working in R&D with an experimental new liquid he was developing to help control his hair loss. When a passing troubleshooter's stray laser bolt turned his chemical workbench over on top of him, he awoke to find himself completely coated with a strange green exoskin. The liquid has bonded itself (apparently permanently) to his skin, and in addition to making him look funny, it seems to be providing him with almost complete immunity to laser and energy weapons! That's right.. any lasers, flamethrowers, blasters or

energy pistols shot at Wow now have the annoying tendency to reflect elsewhere and ricochet while leaving him either stunned or completely unharmed. Slugthrowers, however, are another story.. Wow-G-WHZ's skin provides no protection against these. In addition, the reflective coating blocks The Computer's access to the device in each Troubleshooter that monitors life signs. This means that if Wow dies, the Computer won't immediately know it.

Of course, word of this development spread quickly throughout the secret societies of Alpha Complex. Many groups of people now want Wow-G-WHZ either dead and out of the computer's reach, or kidnapped and under their control so that they can take advantage of the revolutionary discovery. The computer fully realizes this, and has thus imprisoned - err, sequestered Wow for his own protection.

The computer has decided that the best thing to do with Wow is to have him transported under complete secrecy to a special R&D facility across Alpha Complex, where hopefully the secret of the reflecto-serum can be determined. To do this, the computer is going to trust this incredibly important and likely extremely deadly mission to.. a group of red troubleshooters? To the computer, this is a cunning plan that is bound to confuse all traitors, since they will never suspect that red troubleshooters would be involved with something so secret.

As for Wow, he's sick of the whole thing. He doesn't know the formula to the reflecto-serum, but The Computer doesn't believe him, and being a coward on his last clone he lives in fear of being executed. He is miserable, nervous, and paranoid, and has no desire to be poked, prodded and dissected like some experimental laboratory rat-bot. In addition, Wow fears having his Communist ties exposed.

Important GM Note:

Anyone who has ever gamemastered Paranoia before knows that the Troubleshooters NEVER get anything accomplished. That's okay; it's actually a lot of fun to combine roleplaying and malfunctioning laser pistols, even if it takes up a lot of time. In fact, in one play-test, the troubleshooters barely made it out of R&D within the time limit!

In addition, few non-vital statistics have been given for most of the NPCs in this adventure. Heck, it's Paranoia; play it for comic effect and excitement, roll the die, and make it up!

Troubleshooting:

What happens if Wow somehow dies before he's supposed to? Well, the players are still responsible for his safe delivery. Ever see "Weekend At Bernie's"? As they try to make it look like Wow is still alive to The Computer, people will still be trying to kidnap him.

Player Introduction:

Meal-time! You are a brand-new red troubleshooter team, Identification Number MAO-17859 Point R2. Just this morning-cycle you were called away from your positions scrubbing the food vats and told of your promotions. What a wonderful thing! Now, after a busy morning-cycle of brain-conditioning and long lines, you find yourselves in a Red-clearance cafeteria for lunch! What a place; thousands of smiling red level citizens, all happy and proud to serve the computer, just as you were reminded earlier today. Rows of monitors, all showing the single all-seeing eye or some of your favorite sayings (such as "Mutants are nasty, kill one today!"), line the ceiling. The six of you now sit together at a table under one of the monitors, with a chance to talk to each other for the first time over a plate of Faithful Joy, Loyal Reward, Bouncy Bubble Beverage to drink and a plate of Hot Fun for dessert! You are also joined by another citizen, Dweebs-R-GRT, who can't find his mission group and has latched onto yours.

The table is only big enough for 6 clones, but Dweebs is trying to fit anyways. Dweebs-R-GRT is the prototypical, stereotypical geek (laser score: 3). He will latch onto one member of the group (the quietest) and ask them questions and make comments to get the role-playing going. He really wants to join this group instead of his assigned one, as his all disappeared on him for some reason. After the players have had a chance to roleplay meeting each other, to enjoy the bliss that is Alpha Complex, and to eat (and appreciate!) some of the bland, syntho-organic algae jell, they encounter the...

Mission Alert!

Suddenly, amidst the noise of the cafeteria, you hear a whisper.
"Hey, troubleshooters! Yes, you, Team MAO-17859 Point R2!
Down here! Yes, down here, under the table! Now!"

Now is a great time to get down and stick your own head under the gaming table. Make the players do the same before continuing. Dweebs shouldn't be down here. The PC's can now see that the voice is coming out of a small computer speaker underneath the table. Once their heads are stuck underneath the table, the voice continues to whisper.

Congratulations on your promotions, troubleshooters. It is I, your friend The Computer. I hope that you are all happy.

You will soon be even happier! I have a fun mission for you. It is perfectly safe, and really easy, especially for a team of seasoned professionals such as yourselves. The only thing is, its a secret. I

mean, REALLY a secret. No one is even to know that we are talking right now, got it?

At this point, The Computer assigns each PC an officer position. The officers are the following:

Team Leader:
Loyalty Officer:
Hygiene Officer:
Morale Officer:
Communications Officer:
Equipment Control Officer:

The quietest player at the table should be Team Leader, and the rest of the positions should be assigned fairly randomly, with no special attention paid to who is good at what. Now, back to the briefing..

You all must immediately report to a briefing where you will be told all about this highly enjoyable task. The computer is your friend. Trust the computer. Don't tell anyone. Don't let anyone know. Get to Section 168 of Sector SWR, out the door and take a left. NOW. Thank you for your cooperation.

If any troubleshooters bother to look up during this discussion, they will notice that every single table surrounding them in a 100 foot radius has stopped eating and is watching the troubleshooters talk to the computer with their heads under the table. If anyone has the gall to mention this to the computer during the discussion, the broadcast "STOP THAT!" at extremely high volume through every single speaker in the large cafeteria. If people hadn't noticed before, they will now.

Mission Briefing:

You leave the cafeteria into a red corridor, feeling what seems like hundreds of eyes boring into your back. Turning left, you see a large red blast door on the side of the corridor. It is labeled "SWR Sector". Next to it is a small panel with a speaker and a black button.

Dweeb will follow as long as he can until he is stopped. The red door will not open when the button is pushed. Instead, the computer will ask the group what their Troubleshooter Team number is. If they can recite it, fine and dandy, and the door slides open into an airlock area. If not, the door will inform them that they are in an unauthorized area and that the attempt has been logged. If they ask the door what the Team number is, they will get a "At your service. What is your security clearance, citizen? I'm sorry, that information is not available at your security clearance. At your service." The group will need to go to a nearby confession booth to try to

explain to the computer that they have forgotten their own team number. Make them work for it..grovelling helps, as does spurious logic, but the computer will not be amused.

When they finally get through the blast door, it will close behind them. They are now in a small room similar to an airlock, with a yellow laser cannon on the ceiling and another large blast door in front of them. This door has a small sign with two buttons on the right of it. The sign says "SWR SECTOR. To activate automatic defense system and to open access door, use controls below." Below the sign are two buttons, a red one on the left and a yellow button on the right. Pushing the red button activates the motion-sensing laser cannon on the ceiling, which will fire once a combat round (every five seconds) until all movement ceases for one whole minute. The yellow button opens the access door but does not stop the laser cannon from firing if it is already activated.

Each pipe and tunnel junction in SWR sector is numbered. Naturally, they aren't numbered sequentially, and sometimes have letters and strange symbols thrown into the numbering code just to keep inspectors on their toes. There are no lights in the tunnels and the PCs carry no flashlights. Move them along quickly, and let them wonder about getting lost. They will proceed straight down a small tunnel before going down a 30' ladder into the actual sewers. At this point, the tunnel is steel, 5' tall and contains about 1/2' of dirty liquid. As the characters proceed, they will have to shift to single file (get a marching order). The tunnels keep getting smaller, the water gets higher and the smell keeps getting worse. When they finally reach Section 168, the tunnel height will be only 3' tall with a water depth on 1 1/2 ', so the troubleshooters will be hunched over on their hands and knees, in single file. The computer will stop them as a monitor rises with a deep whine and a "sluck" out of the sewage in front of them.

Unfortunately, the sound quality in the monitor speakers is awfully strange. The speakers have their reverb adjustment set incorrectly, so everything the computer is going to say is going to echo HORRIBLY. Youyuyuyu knownonono whatatatat llllll meaneaneanean. It might add a little challenge to the troubleshooters when they can't understand half of their briefing. Keep the echoing up for the whole briefing, it'll drive them nuts.

Hello, friend citizens. You have a new assignment. Won't that make you happy? From this briefing, you will be met by a jackobot. This jackobot will escort you to pick up certain supplies, and then to R&D to volunteer for experimental equipment testing. Won't that be fun? You will then be escorted to meet and act as bodyguards and escorts to Citizen Wow-G-WHZ. Remember, he's Green clearance, so pay attention to him. You are to secretly escort him to the laboratory facility in Sector DED. No one is to know of this mission. Citizen Wow-G-WHZ is not to be allowed to be executed, hurt or let out of your sight. Citizen Wow-G-WHZ does NOT have an unusual appearance. Is that clear? Thank you, citizens. This mission will be very safe and lots of fun for all of you. Are there any questions?

Almost all questions will not be answered by the computer, as the PCs are not of sufficient security clearance. Too bad for them. The PCs now need only retrace their steps back to the entranceway to meet their assistant Jackobot.

GM NOTE: If you are running short on time at this point, feel free to have Jackie bring their supplies with him. The troubleshooters will still have to sign the requisition form, however.

Jackie the Jackobot:

Jackie will be waiting for the PCs when they emerge from SWR sector. It is a standard issue jackobot with decaying mechanical thinking processes and an aberrantly sarcastic sense of humor. Whenever Jackie speaks, he proceeds his comment with "BEE-DEE-BEE-DEE-BEEP", as in the old Buck Rogers television show. For instance, if a clone had just gotten blown away by a commie mutant traitor, he might say "BEE-DEE-BEE-DEE-BEEP. Tough luck, sucker. Shall I summon a Docbot anyways, O obviously superior ones? BEEP." Unfortunately, Jackie is the only person that the PCs will meet that actually has their mission number. It's so secret that none of them have been told. Jackie also knows where to go next throughout the adventure. If they destroy Jackie, they might be sunk until the computer can dig up a replacement.

Hover? I just met her!

The troubleshooters have been assigned fine, safe, dependable transportation for this mission. How could they ever doubt otherwise? Jackie will lead them to an empty corridor, at the end of which is a door. This door will only open to someone who knows the mission number (which Jackie has kept secret), and will shock anyone who touches it before it is deactivated. Any contact with the door will cause E4 damage (column 4, as if with an energy weapon). Jackie will not mention this and deactivate the door until either several PCs get zapped or the GM gets bored.

Once deactivated, the door will open into a small garage with a closed double door on the far side. Parked in the room, facing the double doors, is a strange craft. It looks like a regular transbot that someone sliced the roof off of and took all the seats (and seat belts!) out of. Instead of wheels, it has four huge ungainly unguarded fans, one in each corner, pointed at the floor for hovering.

This is the new, perfected Alpha-19.87b Friendliness Hoverbot. Well... it's perfected in the sense that's it awful friendly. It says all of it's messages in a clear feminine voice, with an attention tone in front. Examples: "BINNG! Propulsion systems activated." "BINNG! All mutants are traitors! If you are a traitor, please inform me so that we can reroute to the nearest confession booth." "BINNG! Team Leader has just fallen over the side into the propulsion fan. Clone replacement is activated." And so forth. Have fun with this, and remember that no one really knows how to drive the thing. Other traffic, walls, and missed control rolls can bring both painful and hilarious results. If involved in an accident, the hoverbot will remain functional, but controlling it will get harder and harder for each set of successive clones.

PLC: Someone will be right with you!

Jackie the jackobot will eventually guide the PCs to PLC. Upon entering the sector, they will have to park the hoverbot and proceed to the PLC distribution center. Here, they should be prepared for bureaucracy beyond belief. Won't that be fun? Of course it will.

Upon entering PLC, they will be at the end of an extremely long line. The line will contain about 40 clones of varying colors. The vast majority of the clones are black and infra-red; three clones are orange, and one clone is yellow. The line is slowly (one clone every ten minute-cycles or so) advancing forward. To the PC's right is a long table with about fifty different kinds of forms on them, all with bizarre reference numbers, and about fifteen chained-down plastic pens which don't work.

This is one occasion where cutting in line won't help the PCs. They will notice the ceiling monitor-lasers tracking their movement towards the front. A humming will emit from the laser (type L12), and all the clones standing near them will subtly draw back. In addition, after they have been waiting for about twenty minute-cycles, they get to witness some other poor orange clone fried by the laser. After this happens, the computer will announce at high volume "CUTTING IN LINE IS TREASONOUS, AND IS DETRIMENTAL TO YOUR HAPPINESS. PLEASE OBEY ALL OTHER POSTED REGULATIONS. AT YOUR SERVICE." There are no posted regulations in the room.

Eventually, the PCs will make it to the front of the line. Behind the desk in front of them is a bored looking, small, weaselly infrared. His name tag says "Stock-BOY". He is ingratiatingly helpful, officious, and unbelievably bureaucratic, with a really wide smile. He will first ask for their mission number. They don't know this; Jackie does, but won't say the number out loud or even volunteer that he knows the information. Stock will then inform the troubleshooters that there is no record of any mission number, that there is no equipment reserved for them, thank you and have a nice day. If they push, he will bombard them with a number of forms that they will need to be filled out (The red-bordered 43196-HLD-612-C, which is only available in the main PLC dispensary on alternate Third-Days between 11 and 11:30, is only one example). Eventually, or with a successful fast-talk, Stock will ask if it is a secret mission. "Oh, it is? Well, why didn't you SAY so?" At this point, he will key something in and bots begin bringing out equipment and piling it on the side, as Stock begins to print out a receipt for someone to sign.

The equipment list is below. Make sure that someone signs for it, and actually have the player sign the bill of lading (Player Handout #1).

- 1 container supergum/solvent
- 1 gas mask
- 2 case, Cruncheetym Algae Chips
- 1 First Aid Kit
- Biochemical Supplementary Pack with hypo-syringe
- 15 red laser barrels
- 4 grenades (P8)
- 1 Thermo reflecto-blanket
- 1 Life-size Teela-O-Mly mannequin (poseable)
- 1 Porto-scrubber (like an electric tooth brush, only larger, great for personal hygiene)

1 standard Type I Multicorder
6 standard Comm 1 units

When all of this is collected, and Stock has reminded them not to damage anything, and the people behind them in line have gotten dangerously impatient, they move on to the hovercraft and then R&D.

R&D: My, what a lovely glow your skin has!

As the PCs land (sort of) their hovercraft and enter RND sector, they pass through several series of huge metal doors. Suddenly as they walk along, a screaming alarm klaxon goes off. The doors slam shut and seal behind them, everybody nearby runs, and all of these foreboding green signs on the ceiling turn quickly to a much more relaxing red. The flashing red triangles (ie, nuclear radiation symbol) will light their way to the labs. Between here and the labs, they will see NO ONE. The alarm soon stops, and it gets strangely quiet.

As they enter the lab, they see 2 clones behind the counter; one is dressed in a bulky indigo radiation suit (looks like a space suit), and the other is wearing a bulky yellow radiation suit. The indigo will be happy to help them, and will not even acknowledge the alarm, suit or emergency in any way. His name is Misterwa-I-ZRD, and his assistant is named Jimm-Y-EEE.

Upon receipt of the mission number, they will hustle out a number of exciting inventions, as well as the proper authorization and responsibility forms. The equipment consists of:

1. A red rotor beanie with electromagnetic chin strap. This could let the PC fly. Or it could pull his head off. Or it could twist backwards into his head. Or it could be used as a bladed weapon.
2. A tractor pistol. Ostensibly, this pulls items toward you by gripping them in an unbreakable beam of force. Or, it could pull the PC towards the target. Or, it could push the target farther away. Or, it could go off by mistake, fly to the target from the wielder's hand, and just cling there for the rest of the game.
3. Magnetic Boots. These will let a clone walk on walls! Or get stuck in place. Or attract all metallic items in the room to the clone's feet.
4. Energy Pistol (E8). As per sourcebook.
5. Automatic Bouncy Bubble Beverage Hydrator. This consists of a backpack attachment and several tubes and hoses. The tubes feed into the clone's mouth, sensing when he feels thirsty. The machine then delivers an ideal quantity of Bouncy Bubble Beverage to satisfy him. You can probably figure that this malfunctions at the worst times: during talking to a high clearance clone, while in a fire-fight, etc.
6. Atomic Clone Finder. Once touched to a clone's skin, it can track him and indicate what direction he lies in. This is useful for keeping track of Wow-G-WHZ. It mostly won't malfunction unless it would be amusing.

A Small Quiet Death

During the time they spend in R&D, the characters are going to be quietly panicking, wondering whether or not they are being affected by radiation. If they ask, they will be assured that everything is fine, and that the computer has determined that they are perfectly healthy. However, as they finish in R&D, feel free to inform them that they have all died from radiation poisoning. Their equipment is decontaminated, and the new clones all meet in front of R&D and head for the secret rendezvous. Alternatively, if they are already running low on clones, their glowing skin will set off radiation detectors and light their way until their next clone. You're the GM.. you get to decide.

MEETING THE CLONE HIMSELF

The jackobot now leads the PCs back to the same sector where they started. About 20 meters down from the cafeteria where they started, there is a door guarded by two indigo vulture troopers. They have strict orders not to let anyone pass. This includes the PCs. However, they are stupid as big-hard-gray-things-from-the-Outside (or rocks), and can be fooled or fast-talked if you think the characters come up with something clever.

Behind the door is a small apartment. Inhabiting this room is Wow-G-WHZ, a green R&D scientist who made something of a major chemical mistake when the bizarre concoction he spilled on himself turned his skin shiny green and given him complete immunity to all laser and energy weapons. Pretty neat, huh? Unfortunately, Wow is also a spoiled, whiny, subtly communist clone (Communist propaganda skill: 11; he won't recognize Blowz-R-UPP) that only wants comfort for himself. The troubleshooters will probably want to kill him quite quickly, but their weapons (or most of them) just won't affect him. If they can, his mutant power of teleport (Power 18) will kick in, transporting him somewhere fun and causing the troubleshooters to chase after him using the atomic clone finder while the computer breathes down their neck.

Remember, Wow has got the computer on his good side and knows it. He won't hesitate to tell on the troubleshooters, who MUST get him to the destination safely or suffer major and amazingly painful termination by the computer. Nevertheless, he will bargain with them for his freedom, as he really doesn't want to be tested. Before he leaves, he'll take with him his green laser pistol and any of his favorite inventions that he's come up with while working in solitude (feel free to add your own here, such as a can of compressed fire-extinguishing foam that immediately expands to fill the entire room. Have fun.). Obviously, his bizarre appearance will garner many interested and inquisitive stares from passersby's on the corridors, as well as some rude questions.

Also remember that the Communist Propaganda skill, if successful, actually gives this skill at a low level to the poor, hapless victim. See the rulebook for details.

The Commie Con:

A group of three Orange Communists will barricade the hovercraft (or foot) route that the PCs and Wow are using, in order to convince them that their mission is over. Once they can talk to the Troubleshooters, they will try to convince the PCs that the brief time that they have had with Wow is all the Computer desires. The PCs will be told that their route takes them through an Orange clearance tunnel, and since The Computer has reevaluated it's plans, this crew will take Wow from here.

Their names are Lenn-O-GRD (laser score:8, Commie Propaganda score 9), Redd-O-DED (laser score:13, Commie Propaganda score 12), and Gorb-O-CHV (laser score:9, Commie Propaganda score 10). They will talk in funny Communist accents and use trite propaganda sayings. One of them might even recognize Blowz-R-UPP. They prefer to talk their way out of jams, but will use force if necessary; they are armed with a standard orange laser a piece. Their documentation might be forged (it is!), but it's hard to tell, since it is printed on a poor-quality dot matrix printer.

Wow thinks this is a great idea, and tries to leave the PC's. The jackobot does not ("Bee-Dee-Bee-Dee-Bee-Dee-Bee-Dee-Beep! A mechanical would never make this kind of mistake.") If Wow succeeds in leaving the group with his friends, a quick check at a Confession Booth (along with a laser cannon) will show the PC's their error in judgment. Using the Atomic Clone Finder will track him down shortly, ensconced in a cubicle, wearing a big fuzzy hat and talking with his friends. If the PC's kill the friends, Wow will claim that he was captured, and that the PC's were remiss in ever letting him endanger his safety.

The Assassination (at last!)

Death Leopard knows how important Wow's skin is to the computer.. so they've decided to take him out. And guess what? They're going to succeed! By this point, the characters probably hate Wow with a passion anyways, but they can't let him go or the Computer will fire up their next clone. The problem is partially solved for them. As they approach an intersection in a black clearance area, there are several infrared clones clearing away a dead troubleshooter team (big surprise, huh?) As the PC's approach, one of the clones in the back will whip out a slugthrower, take quick aim, and actually hit Wow-G-WHZ. This might not be immediately noticed, of course, as his shout "I'm the coolest, I played my card, I'm the best in Death Leopard!" is cut off by a volley of laser fire from the PC's. When they bother to look, they discover that while the bullet didn't penetrate Wow's skin, it DID bounce off his head, resulting in a quick and mess-less death. Yup.. he's gone, kicked the bucket, etc. They failed. Now what?

But wait, the Jackobot suggests! All is not lost! It's not far to the Testing Center, and perhaps no one need know that the group failed. What should follow is the PC's supporting the body as they nonchalantly make their way to the Testing Facility. Feel free to challenge them with passerby's, robotic hall monitors, a Computer Routine Check-In, and so forth.

Testing Your Clone

The laboratory is a small door in DED sector. It is labeled "**Team MAO-17859.R2 only!** All others reading this sign, your appearance and action has been logged; please report to the nearest termination booth for debriefing." The door will open with a successful tongue-print from all seven members of the party (including Wow).

The door opens into a huge room with a domed ceiling and one chair in the middle. No one is in sight. If placed in the chair, Wow will NOT sit up straight. While the PC's fix him, the lights come on, the door seals, and the ceiling rolls back.. to reveal phenomenal laser cannons. Feel free to describe the results when the testing starts and the party finds out it can't escape...

Congratulations!

For the sick or idly curious, Wow's body won't make it..death is breaking down his resistance to laser fire. Oh well.

Any surviving clones will see six piles of ash honored on the night-cycle vidcast, and better yet, if the Computer never discovers Wow died, surviving clones get promoted to Orange for a job well done!

Standard Equipment Manifest/ Personnel Voucher/ Bouncy Bubble Beverage Referral

Form AICS//HK.MD.BCH.2A-9.7

Authorization Number: _____

To be filled at PLC Outfitting Depot # _____

Mission Group _____

(insert mission group #)

is hereby issued the following items:

- 1 container Supe-R-GUM Happy Adhesive
- 1 bottle Supe-R-GUM Solvent
- 1 gas mask
- 2 cases, Cruncheetym Algae Chips (with iron supplements)
- 1 First Aid Kit
- Biochemical Supplementary Pack with hypo-syringe
- 15 red laser barrels
- 4 grenades (unmarked)
- 1 Thermo reflecto-blanket - Red
- 1 Life-size Teela-O-Mly mannequin
- 1 Porto-scrubber (keep your clone happy and clean!)
- 1 Type I Multicorder for Computer Communication
- 6 standard Com 1 units (hand-held)

Signed:

Troubleshooter: _____

Security Clearance: _____

Why I Love Alpha Complex and The Computer: _____

Who I most suspect of treason, and why: _____