

PARANOIA

TROUBLES BY THE BOXLOAD

Written by
M. J. DOUGHERTY

Paranoia created by
DAN GELBER, GREG COSTIKYAN AND ERIC GOLDBERG

GRAPHIC DESIGN AND ARTWORK

Will Chapman, Amy Perrett

EDITOR

Matthew Sprange

FLY-BLOWN VISIONARY

Ken Rolston



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HANDLE
WITH CARE



FRAGILE

↓ ↓
THIS WAY UP



THIS WAY UP

Sample file



TROUBLES BY THE BOXLOAD

P A R A N O I A

Salutations, Prospective GM!

(If you are not the GM-to-be of this mission, you have already incriminated yourself by making eyeball-to-word contact with it. Your best option is to run the adventure and pretend you always intended to. In which case, Salutations, Prospective GM!)

Contained within this document you will find a Very Interesting Mission for a group of RED clearance Troubleshooters. In this adventure, the Troubleshooters will deliver some stuff to a warehouse and Everything Will Be Fine. There might be some minor hiccups along the way, but Troubleshooters used to defending Alpha Complex from the Traitorous Hordes will surely have no problem putting a few boxes on a shelf, right?



Apart from the possibility of being aggressively maintained by a deranged repairbot, conference-called into oblivion or terminated for tardiness, this mission is nothing more (or less) than an in-depth exploration of box-delivery in Alpha Complex, and thus perfectly safe for all participants.

MISSION BACKGROUND

Troubleshooter Barracks 4XAF ('Standing for Safety and Security!') had a little, err, trouble recently. The nature of this trouble is classified, but according to highly treasonous rumour there was some laser fire, a few explosions and maybe a little poison gas, all of traitoristic origin. So now barracks 4XAF needs refurbishment, reassignment of personnel and a certain amount of building work.

But all was not lost! A valiant team of INFRARED pick-stuff-uppers and a repurposed repairbot went through the wreckage and salvaged everything that could be, well, salvaged. Mostly office supplies, it turned out, but every paperclip saved from destruction is a victory denied the enemies of Alpha Complex. Not a BIG victory, but a victory all the same.

So now all the salvage from barracks 4XAF is ready to go into storage, to be broken out again when the triumphant reopening of the barracks takes place. Of course, the salvage actually has to get to the storage area....

It might be worth noting at this point that the salvage has been designated a Relic of Heroic Action – every single piece of it – and is of greater significance than the usual box of paperclips. And Internal Security has decided it constitutes evidence that can be used to identify and apprehend traitors. That might cause the odd complication. There is also the matter of the repurposed repairbot, which was unable to fulfil its function of fixing everything and has suffered something of an existential crisis. Its sole mission is now to locate the missing debris from barracks 4XAF and put it all back where it came from, rebuilding the barracks around it if necessary.

This is one very determined robot, and it has help in the form of a handful of smallbots co-opted to help pick up the more fiddly bits of debris. The repairbot has not relinquished its control over the smallbots since its mission is unfinished. We will be meeting those soon.

First, the Troubleshooters have some work to do.

THE CURIOUS AFFAIR OF THE BRIEFING ROOM FULL OF BOXES

Read the following to the players:

You know it's been a slow day-cycle when five Troubleshooter teams respond simultaneously to a report of a Slightly Shifty INFRARED in Possession of a Non-Regulation Mop. Just the one gunfight today. Well, two. One resulting from simultaneous Troubleshooter arrival, and one over who got the blame for the first gunfight. You decide to designate them Gunfight 1A (Not Our Fault) and 1B (Also Not Our Fault) as you head for the debriefing room.

But then you got here and... boxes. Boxes and boxes. Boxes of boxes. Boxes of boxes and boxes of boxes – (Boxes) + (Boxes) + [(Boxes) x (Boxes)] + {(Boxes)² + (Boxes)²} = 3(Boxes)² + 2(Boxes), for the mathematically inclined... give or take some random stuff spilled on the floor. So yeah, boxes. The briefing room is full of assorted boxes, all of them in varying states of wear. Some are open, and you try to avoid seeing what's inside in case it's something treasonable, or treason-inducing, or just plain yucky. You can't help get the odd glimpse though, and it looks like someone had a clear-out in a disused clone barracks.

So what's in there? Well.... Fasteners, boots, bowls, spoons, I Love The Computer badges, cups, screws, light bulbs, mop heads, information leaflets, insulating tiles, half a screwdriver set, brushes, part of a funbot, cable ties, garbage bags, squirtyfood dispenser nozzles...

(You may wish to go on in this vein for a week or two until the players get the idea.)

There is no briefing, no debriefing, just a very bored YELLOW clearance clerk with a Checklist of Immense Proportions.

“This lot,” he says, waving the checklist at the colossal pile of stuff, “needs to be in Warehouse 749921 about an hour ago. Right now will do, or very soon at a pinch. Slow day, you're Surplus to Requirements. You got lucky, it was this or food vat duty. Here's your chit. Get moving.”