

PARANOIA™

XP

Flashbacks

Long-lost Classic missions retrieved, restored and rehased by The Computer's loyal History Purifier service firms

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If you're not Clearance ULTRAVIOLET,
terminate yourself right now and save time.



Introduction

by Allen Varney
PARANOIA XP designer

The *PARANOIA* roleplaying game first appeared in 1984 from game publisher West End Games in New York City. From 1985 to 1995 West End published several editions of *PARANOIA* and close to three dozen supplements, missions and tie-in novels. Of these, I, like most longtime fans, remember most fondly the entire support line for the game's first edition (published 1985–87) and a couple of early missions for its second edition (1987–89).

Written by many funny people, illustrated by Jim Holloway and masterminded (mostly) by manic line editor Ken Rolston, these primordial works made *PARANOIA* great. I fell in love with their hallowed Classic style of fast-paced slapstick, intelligent humor and hopeless hose-job deathtraps. Across two decades they have retained their timeless appeal. Letting these missions fall out of print was treason; restoring them for a new generation of paranoids is Mongoose Publishing's civic duty.

This collection, *PARANOIA Flashbacks*, gathers almost all these fine works, flensed of excessively topical '80s humor and updated to the *PARANOIA* XP rules. There are five full-length missions, three mini-missions and three 'Code 7' sketches that convey a quick idea and get out fast. All told, with this book you can sustain a *PARANOIA* series for perhaps two dozen sessions. You could kill upwards of a hundred clones, assuming you stay focused.

What's here

The *Flashbacks* compilation features most of the best material from the West End days, presented here in order of original publication.

- ☞ 'Robot Imana-665-C', 'Trouble With Cockroaches' and 'Das Bot': Three short missions published in the insert booklet included with the first edition's Gamemaster screen (1985). Ken Rolston captures the ideal Classic tone of *PARANOIA* right away. 'Robot Imana', in particular, is an ideal introductory mission, one of the quintessential Alpha Complex situations never replicated in any other RPG.
- ☞ *Vapors Don't Shoot Back*: The first full-length *PARANOIA* mission (1985), written by Curtis H. Smith (with Geoff Valley). Smith later became West End's Vice President of R&D after the departure of *PARANOIA* co-designer Eric Goldberg.

☞ *The YELLOW Clearance Black Box Blues*: A virtuoso performance from 1985, brilliantly written by World Fantasy Award-winning author John M. 'Mike' Ford. One of the most highly regarded supplements in roleplaying history.

☞ *Send in the Clones*: In 1985 I wrote this long and loose-limbed mission with Warren Spector, who went on to become a legendary computer game producer and designer with such hits as *Deus Ex*. We got the assignment from Eric Goldberg, West End's R&D director. Every time the subject has arisen since its publication, Eric has pointedly observed that though my mission plays more smoothly than Mike Ford's *YELLOW Clearance Black Box Blues*, Mike's is better written. (Twenty years. Every—single—time.)

☞ *Me and My Shadow, Mark 4*: Written by Steve Gilbert and Peter Corles, this piece from the *Acute PARANOIA* supplement (1986) is by far most longtime fans' favorite *PARANOIA* mission. Talk to anyone who's played it, and in moments they'll wave their arms in panicky recollection: 'We were guarding this enormous warbot, when suddenly something fell off...!'

☞ *Alpha Complexities*: The 1988 debut of Edward C. Bolme, who became the most prolific *PARANOIA* writer through to the end of the West End line. Ed's 'invisible Commie' sequence shines as one of the line's highlights.

☞ 'Whitewash', 'An ARD Day's Night' and 'Reboot Camp': These are 'Code 7s' from *Acute PARANOIA*. The Code 7 name, coined by John M. Ford, derives from Troubleshooter Central dispatchers betting on how many clones a Troubleshooter will go through to complete a given mission. In the West End days, when each PC had six clones—*period*—'Code 7' meant 'certain death'.

('Reboot Camp', a quick two-page list of funny incidents that might occur if The Computer crashed and then returned, has nothing to do with the later West End 'Crash' and 'Reboot Camp' storylines.)

What isn't here

Some longtime fans may want to know why this compilation leaves out these classic products:

☞ *Orcbusters*: One of the bestselling *PARANOIA* missions in the old line, Ken Rolston's much-loved 1986 sendup of fantasy RPGs will appear in a future Zap-style collection.

☞ *Clones in Space*: Likewise, Erick Wujcik's fondly remembered 1986 space-opera exercise in explosive decompression will return in an eventual *Outdoors Sector* supplement.

☞ *HIL Sector Blues: Extreme PARANOIA*, a rules supplement appearing in August 2005, adapts the best parts of Ken Rolston's 1987 Internal Security setting/mission/thingy.

☞ *The People's Glorious Revolutionary Adventure*: Cut for space from this volume, Edward Bolme's 1989 showcase of high-camp Communism will eventually appear in *Outdoors Sector*—or, you know, somewhere like that.

Some fans may note certain other mission omissions. 'Destination: CBI Sector', from the first-edition *PARANOIA* rulebook, is uneven in quality and not especially funny. 'Into the Outdoors With Gun and Camera' (from the second-edition rulebook) is perhaps more frustrating than fun.

As for the rest, almost all of West End's *PARANOIA* line from 1989 onward—everything after *The People's Glorious Revolutionary Adventure*—unfortunately ranges from ho-hum to bad to spectacularly terrible.

Mediocrity is treason

Art director Larry Catalano left West End in 1986. Catalano's successor fired Jim Holloway and brought in a succession of increasingly poor cartoonists. Ken Rolston left shortly thereafter for unrelated reasons. In Ken's wake, developers Doug Kaufman and Paul Murphy in turn briefly supervised the *PARANOIA* line. After they too departed, editorial control fell to—how do I put this tactfully?—people with different views of the *PARANOIA* line.

The ensuing five years and dozen-plus products, well over half West End's total *PARANOIA* output, saw (rumor has it) a 90% drop in sales. The missions from this period introduced an ongoing 'Secret Society Wars' plotline, crashed The Computer, and then brought it back. Plots parodied every passing pop-culture fad and relied heavily on a dimension-hopping story device, the Transdimensional Collapsatron. Not long after the game's 1993 'Fifth Edition' (actually the third), the line finally lapsed—until its

joyously received return to form, a decade later, in Mongoose's **PARANOIA** XP.

Now that things are back under control, it would be graceless and mean to dwell on the shortcomings of the past. Instead, let me constructively bloat on how you, the eternally right **PARANOIA** Gamemaster, can learn from history and keep your players happy.

☞ **Employ actual, not simulated, humor.**

Frantically forced jocularity never conceals lack of wit. *Actual* humor makes players laugh. *Simulated* humor makes players say, 'That's funny.' If you think you're being funny because you prefix random nouns with 'synthe-', and suffix every time unit with '-cycle', observe whether your players are, in fact, laughing.

☞ **Be fresh.** Maybe a volume of reprinted missions isn't the best place to make this point, but you keep players both amused and uneasy by hitting them with situations and devices they haven't seen. If you endlessly recycle plot elements and characters from past sessions, you risk losing their interest.

☞ **Be smart.** Your players aren't stupid.

☞ **'Fear and ignorance' means fear.** Unless you're playing in the Zap style, **PARANOIA** is not about cartoon mayhem—at least not *just* about mayhem. The game excels at inducing tense, nervous suspicion, if you let it. Build suspense; slowly turn the thumbscrews. Too much wackiness fatally undermines the atmosphere. When you've brought the players to a breaking point, an occasional climactic pie fight lets them blow off pent-up tension.

☞ **Satire, not parody!**

☞ **Meta-plot = death.** 'Meta-plot' refers to an overarching storyline that continues across multiple products. Many RPGs thrive on meta-plot, but **PARANOIA** suffers. Alpha Complex is not a soap opera but an atmosphere, a state of mind that changes by the moment. Nothing is verifiable; history is a lie; even memory is a traitor. Exposing players to an ongoing plot encourages a growing sense of familiarity, which is lethal to the game's effect.

Umm. Here at the start of a massive collection of the funniest writing the roleplaying hobby has ever seen, I've made hardly a single joke. I'll take an Official Reprimand for that. Let my inappropriate solemnity show how **PARANOIA**, for all its frivolity, can rouse some admirers to passion.

What inspired such devotion? For the most part, the terrific missions in this book. Enjoy.

The good old days

In case the XP edition is your first exposure to the **PARANOIA** infection, you'll note some differences in approach and content in these classic missions, which were based on the first and second editions of the game.

Ken Rolston, the original **PARANOIA** line editor, often used props and staging to brilliant comic effect. Ken exhorted the GM to (for instance) simulate a faulty public address speaker by talking with a styrofoam cup in his mouth. Fans still talk about this. The XP line de-emphasizes props somewhat, partly because we're not as good at it as Ken, but mainly in an effort to expand the range of experiences players associate with the game. It's arguably harder to sustain a Straight tone of fearful anxiety when speaking with a cup wedged in your mouth.

This revised text doesn't update certain details of setting in these older works, even though the new **PARANOIA** XP edition alters them. For instance:

☞ The economy wasn't nearly as important in these older missions as it is in XP. Don't expect to see anyone in a serious cash-flow bind. However, supplies were scarce.

☞ There were no service firms back then, only the eight sprawling service groups. We did give service firms to the pregenerated player characters, just because.

☞ Earlier editions let PCs have troublesome powers like Precognition. Roll with it.

☞ The XP 'service service' idea, which assigns Troubleshooters secondary duties from firms in all the service groups, generalizes from older editions' unflinching 'trip to R&D to field-test valuable experimental equipment'. All the full-length missions here send the Troubleshooters to R&D. If you're new to the game, you'll soon understand why old-time players can't talk about R&D without giggling and shivering.

☞ The early writers sent the Troubleshooters Outdoors, over and over. In those days, most low-clearance Alpha Complex citizens weren't even aware of the existence of a world beneath the underground city, and mere knowledge of it was treason.

☞ For that matter, mere knowledge of secret societies or mutations was itself treasonous. So was lots of other stuff. The 'Acceptable behavior' chart is new to the XP edition.

☞ **PURGE** was a comedic society like all the others. The XP edition recasts **PURGE** as ruthless, genuinely scary terrorists best suited to a Straight play style.

☞ This revision couldn't quite winkle out every single reference to 'clone families'. In previous editions of **PARANOIA** each player character had six identical clones, all decanted at the same time and raised together as individuals. When one clone was on a Troubleshooting mission, the others in his family were working desk jobs or something, waiting to jump to duty as soon as their brother got offed. When all six clones died, you created a new family of six identical clones.

In the XP edition, each PC is created as one individual, the 'Prime', with backup clone bodies floating unconscious in a Tech Services clone tank somewhere. When the current PC dies, his memories are transferred to the new body, and he returns to action. (What's that? This idea makes no sense? Well, if you're so smart, why don't you take that up with The Computer? No doubt it welcomes diligent correction.)

Puns

One hallmark of the West End **PARANOIA** line was Classic-style punning in character names: Sue-R-RAT, Bobby-O-DUR, Texun-Y-AHU, Schwarzenne-G-GER (yes, really). As the line went on, the puns grew ever more—what's the word—punningish.

Puns are a polarizing issue in the **PARANOIA** fan community. Many gamers love them, but a substantial minority, including some Famous Game Designers, think they detract unnecessarily from what could otherwise be tense, suspenseful satire. Think about it: When once the Troubleshooters encounter a High Programmer named Yadonluk-U-ISH, can they ever again take any **ULTRAVIOLET** seriously?

The revised missions in this book give most characters non-punish names by default, relocating the original puns to an appendix. If you like the puns, put them back. It's easier to restore them than it would be to take them out. You might give the non-pun version a try first; it's remarkable what a difference it makes. But as always, every Gamemaster is right.

PARANOIA Mini-missions

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Playtesting

THE COMPUTER

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At your service, Gamemaster...

These mini-missions—'Robot Imana-665-C', 'The Trouble With Cockroaches' and 'Das Bot'—are quickies. How long they actually run depends on your style of roleplaying, but we hope they won't take less than an hour or more than three hours.

Each mission focuses on a single problem. We keep the settings as simple as possible and the steer the players firmly down straight-and-narrow paths to the mission conclusions. We kept the missions simple for you, while making the problems obscure and frustrating enough to make even the most well-adjusted players properly paranoid.

You can use these missions as quick entertainment (when you haven't got time for a full mission), as plug-in modules to slip into your own missions, as inspirations or outlines for developing your own missions, or simply as entertaining reading, full of clever ideas on how to design and run **PARANOIA** missions.

Unlike the full-length missions later in this volume, these mini-missions don't include pregenerated Troubleshooter player characters. Have your players create characters for them, or consider using one of the three sets of 'six-shooter' pregenerated PCs included in the fine **PARANOIA** supplement *Crash Priority*. The Classic or Straight six-shooters work best for these mini-missions.

Have fun driving your players crazy. And when they get too smart, ask difficult questions, or otherwise disturb your tranquility, don't forget The Computer's favorite response:

I'm sorry. That information is not available at this time. Thank you for your cooperation. The Computer is your friend.

Won't these missions be fun? The Computer says they will be fun.
If these missions aren't fun, who will be blamed?
Not The Computer.

Robot Imana-665-C

•••• MISSION ALERT ••••

Robot Imana-665-C is reported to be malfunctioning. The following Troubleshooters will report directly to George-B-MEM-4, acting undersecretary to the temporary assistant director of Research & Design, Sector MEM, for assignment.

Thank you for your cooperation.

extensive damage to the research facilities and the Files and Records Department. As a result, George-B-MEM-4, acting undersecretary to the temporary assistant director of Research & Design, has suddenly become the acting director. Though his department is disastrously understaffed, with totally inadequate facilities, The Computer nonetheless expects George-B to maintain production at its normal pace. This has forced George-B-MEM-4 to desperate measures.

Robot Imana-665-C, property of a High Programmer named Alon-U, was recently referred to MEM R&D for repair. Unfortunately the research accident destroyed the records describing the bot's malfunction, as well as the only R&D personnel familiar with the bot's function. Alon-U has been pressing for delivery of the repaired bot, and George-B is afraid to admit neither he nor his staff has any idea what to do with the bot. In desperation, George-B has arranged some convenient scapegoats.

George-B has requested a group of RED-Clearance Troubleshooters for special duty. If these rookies are vaporized while trying to repair the bot, no one will miss them, and George-B will have scapegoats from another department to blame for the bot's destruction.

The bot itself is actually no more than a fancy automatic freezer. The malfunction is a damaged

Mission overview

A team of RED-Clearance Troubleshooters is assigned to investigate and repair a malfunctioning bot. The Troubleshooters are not appropriately skilled, equipped nor briefed to perform this task effectively. This operation is thought to be extremely dangerous. Therefore only worthless Clearance-RED Troubleshooters are being assigned.

Background notes

Due to overzealous and under-supervised research experiments with new weapon designs, MEM Sector Research & Development is severely understaffed. The incident that dramatically shrank the unit's personnel roster also caused

logic unit a skilled technician could easily replace. For untrained Clearance-RED Troubleshooters, the repair may be more challenging.

Briefings

Read the entire mission first so you understand what's supposed to happen. Then study particularly the suggestions for staging the mission (aptly titled 'Staging the mission'), which tell you how to get the most out of the storyline's twisted ideas.

Group briefing

To introduce the mission, read aloud the 'Mission alert' above. Answer *no* questions at this time. Reply to all requests for information, equipment or clarification of the assignment with one of the following responses:

- **What is your security clearance?...**
I'm sorry, that information is not available at this time.
- **No further information is available at this time. Report directly to George-B-MEM-4 for further instructions.**
- **Rest assured all of your needs have been provided for. The Computer provides for all its citizens. Would you like some medication to relieve your unfounded anxiety?**

Individual conferences

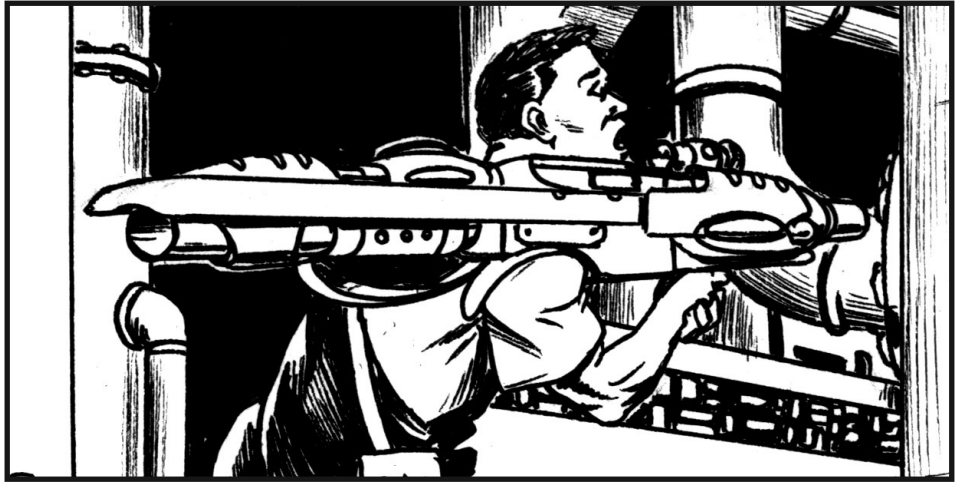
Give these relevant rumors to players with membership in the appropriate secret societies or service groups:

Research & Design: Recent research accidents have resulted in numerous fatalities, extensive damage to facilities and an energetic purge of Commie traitors in R&D administration. A witch hunt is now in progress, and R&D personnel must cover themselves carefully, expecting treachery and betrayal from other mission personnel.

Internal Security: Infiltration of R&D service group by Commie traitors and members of the Humanist, Romantics and Frankenstein Destroyers secret societies is responsible for the sabotage of MEM Sector R&D facilities. Beware of traitors on this mission team who may also intend further sabotage in MEM R&D.

Technical Services: Robot Imana-665-C is not a production bot. The model designation is unfamiliar. Therefore the bot is presumably experimental, and possibly extremely dangerous. Tech Services is eager to get a report on this bot, and eager for R&D to be embarrassed by failing to repair it.

Armed Forces: The destruction of the MEM Sector R&D facilities has greatly inconvenienced the Armed Forces, which in the past has received many valuable weapon designs from the R&D



staff there. If experimental use of the Imana-665-C caused the damage, Armed Forces is eager to get its hands on such destructive power.

Central Processing Unit and Programs

Group: Alon-U, a High Programmer, has sent a number of increasingly impatient letters to MEM Sector R&D concerning a bot he sent there for repair. Inasmuch as bots normally go to Tech Services for repair, the bot must be something special.

Pro Tech and First Church of Christ Computer-Programmer: Be alert for saboteurs on the team who may attempt to complete the destruction of the R&D facilities. Beware particularly of subtle sabotage—that is, apparently cooperative behavior actually intended to interfere with the mission objectives (for example, arguing that the bot must be dismantled in order to determine what is wrong with it).

Humanists, Romantics, Frankenstein Destroyers: For Imana-665-C to have survived the highly successful sabotaging of MEM R&D, it must be a terribly well armored bot, and presumably therefore a terrible weapon. Destroy it at all costs.

Corpore Metal: There is no record of a bot with this designation. If it is an artificial intelligence, make every attempt to contact it, enlist it in the cause and free it from human domination.

Spy for another Alpha Complex: Arrange to have at least two multicorders on the mission, and steal one of the recording tapes for study. Of particular interest would be recordings of the bot itself and the research facilities.

Spy for another service group: (See the sections above for specific service groups.)

Death Leopard: We have broadcast a request for heavy cutting tools (or other implements of destruction) through secret society communications channels. Payment will be in cans of spray paint of various colors.

Computer Phreaks: The code word 'walmart' can access The Computer's classified files on bots.

[**Note:** This rumor is accurate, but fails to mention that a security system immediately

notifies The Computer of a security breach. Within five minutes The Computer is fully aware of what has occurred. Depending on the circumstances (multicorderings, testimony of other agents, computer transaction records) The Computer may or may not discern who used the code word; however, it will certainly launch an investigation, starting with its debriefing of the Troubleshooters.]

Give other PCs a variety of seemingly important rumors with no bearing whatever on the mission. These rumors should encourage the PCs to betray one another and expend rounds of ammunition at the first opportunity.

Assignment and outfitting

The mission alert mentions no specific equipment to bring on this mission. Unless players indicate otherwise, assume characters have brought with them all the possessions listed on their character sheets.

(This is routine procedure for all Alpha Complex citizens of Security Clearance ORANGE or lower, inasmuch as they normally have few possessions. As Troubleshooters reach YELLOW Clearance and are allotted individual cubicles, it is increasingly likely a citizen might leave something in his own living quarters rather than carry it around. With illegitimate equipment (e.g., stolen gear or weapons of inappropriately high security clearance) common practice varies. Some carry the items concealed on their persons; others try to hide them in living quarters or in more secure caches.)

The characters should report as directed to George-B-MEM-4 in R&D, MEM Sector. If they do not report willingly, well-armed, brutal and corrupt GREEN-Clearance IntSec (Internal Security) goons escort them. The route they take is irrelevant and need not be described in detail. Clear directions are available at every Computer console.



George-B's briefing

The mission begins in the office of George-B-MEM-4 (**Tension level 10**). George-B is short (a meter and a half tall) and self-conscious about it. He compensates for his insecurity by dominating others. His skill specialization has been in Management, and he is adept at Intimidation, Bootlicking, Con Games, Interrogation and Oratory. Imagine him as a fiery pigmy drill sergeant who struts amidst the towering recruits as he barks orders, insults and embarrassing questions.

Read the following description of George-B's office aloud to the players:

When you arrive at the office door of George-B-MEM-4, you note that, unlike the other doors in this sector, which are marred by blast and scorch marks, his door has been scrubbed clean. Printed on the door are a number of names and titles which have been crossed out. A RED-Clearance painter from Housing Preservation and Development & Mind Control is stooped over working on a new title, 'Acting-Undersecretary-to-the Temporary-Assistant-Direc...'. The letters are written in bold blue paint.

The HPD & Mind Control worker opens the door for you, then scurries aside. The room is empty except for a desk in the middle of the floor toward the back wall. On the desk is a computer console, and behind the desk, barely visible over the clutter of forms, reports and manuals, is George-B-MEM-4. He is quite short.

George-B's orders to the PCs are simple—'Fix the bot.' There should only be three key words, generously repeated, in George-B's long-winded, abusive, insulting and threatening address. George-B treats any PC attempts to interrupt him with questions or comments as personal insults and challenges. If a PC is not satisfactorily subservient, George-B immediately reports his insubordination to The Computer, guards arrive within moments and the other PCs are ordered to wait in the hall until the clone replacement arrives, when the briefing will continue.

George-B wants the bot fixed, and he is fully aware that the PCs have no special abilities to fix it. All he practically expects is that they will die trying, but he is desperately hoping that he will get lucky and the PCs will bail him out. If they fail, it won't be because he didn't threaten them enough.

Indulge your player character abuse skills here, and give the PCs a good dose of fear and ignorance. Smart players will engage in a festival of bootlicking and toadying. Rebellious players will have to be sneaky and clever, or eager to run through a number of clones.

The walk to the testing room

When George-B finishes his briefing, he calls four well-armed GREEN-Clearance R&D guards to escort the PCs to the Testing Room. The guards are obviously much better disciplined and professional-looking than is customary for R&D guards. IntSec has gained enough influence here in the wake of the decimation of R&D staff to install IntSec guards until the saboteurs are caught.

Use the walk to the Testing Room as an opportunity to stimulate the PCs' anxious imaginations. Assume a constant **Tension 6**, unless it makes sense to adjust the level. Include descriptions of corridors blocked by combat guards, constantly flickering red lights and flashing signs reading 'Excessively Lethal Radiation'. This is also a good chance to demonstrate the privileges earned by faithful Computer servants, when the GREEN guards produce portable radiation shields they hide behind as they scurry past the blocked corridors. As the disconcerted PCs amble nervously past these corridors, roll the dice secretly and solemnly scribble notes as you *tsk-tsk* sympathetically.

The PCs are led into a heavily armored and equally battered section of the MEM R&D facilities. They stop at a door marked simply 'Testing Room'. The guards order the PCs to wait for the Special Equipment to arrive. Within minutes a small robot appears carrying crates labeled 'Special Armor Supplement'.

The number of crates is equal to the number of the PCs minus two. Each crate is about one meter long by one-and-a-half meters wide. The crates are battered and dusty, suggesting great age and neglect. The guards insist the PCs sign forms acknowledging receipt of the equipment. (Pass a piece of paper around and collect the players' signatures. If a PC uses a false name, the guards take him directly to the Debriefing Station for a quick reprimand. See 'The debriefing stations' below.)

After the players have signed for the crates, they may investigate the contents. Read aloud the following description:

Inside each crate is an opaque plastishield one meter by one-and-a-half meters and five centimeters thick. Also enclosed is a one-page instruction sheet entitled 'Using the XM9-357 Portable Nuc-Blast Shield'. Against all expectations, the instruction sheet apparently matches the hardware.

Ask the PCs if they want to read the instruction sheet. If they inquire about the security clearance, tell them there is no indication of appropriate clearance. (This equipment dates from before The Computer and security clearances.) Read the following aloud if they want to read the sheet:

'The XM9-357 Portable Nuc-Blast Shield is designed to provide superior protection from an over-the-horizon nuclear

Bot description

The following section describes the bot and its functions. The players are allowed to look at the Imana diagram, but not at the parts descriptions (diagram key). If the PCs ask questions about the bot's parts, read only the unparenthesized sections. If a player uses the code word 'walnut' with a request for information about the bot, he receives the following descriptions, including parenthesized text from the diagram key. (Remember, within ten minutes of using this code word, The Computer sends an IntSec squad to arrest and interrogate the user of this top-secret code word.)

ROBOT IMANA-665-C. Experimental prototype intelligent food freezer. No serial code.

Intelligence: Speaks and understands English; intelligence and emotional maturity similar to a four-year-old child.

Description: See Diagram Imana-665-C.

Armor: Kevlar equivalent (I2)

Weapons: None

Skills: Food Freezing (15)

Security system: Voiceprint ID with visual confirmation.

Power: Cable to external power. Battery for warning light and logic units.

Sensory apparatus: Sonic indicator fixed on 360-degree rotating track.

Additional information: The Imana-665-C is a self-propelled freezer equipped with a manipulator arm letting it serve foods as well as store them and with a drink tray magnetically attached to the side. The 665-C is mounted on a standard Ford 559 mini-tread chassis with a maximum speed of 3km/hour.

WARNING: The preceding should have been read only by personnel of ULTRAVIOLET Clearance. If you lack proper security clearance, please report your treasonous activity immediately to Internal Security. Failure to report your treasonous activity is treason. Thank you for your cooperation.