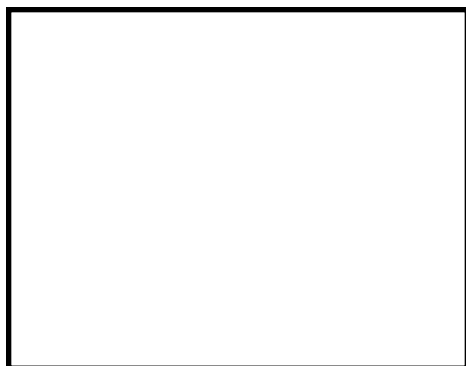


YCBBB PC #1



Tex-Y-DBF-3

Male HPD&MC Communications Officer

Service firm: We Know What U Want

Service firm type: Trend Identifiers

Security clearance: YELLOW

Credits: 120

Tics: Describes everything in vague terms of color, shape and purpose.

[Tic 2:] _____

Example of tic in use

Tex-Y: I can't get the—the silvery long thing with the yellow bit to make things, y'know, sizzle.

Eric-Y: What? *[Checks where Tex-Y is pointing.]* Your laser has stopped working? Put on another barrel then.

Tex-Y: So, I need to screw a new tubular yellow whatsit on the front of the silvery doodad that goes fizzle?

ACTION SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Management 09

Con Games 13

Moxie 01

Whistle at a Pitch That Makes People Forget What You Just Said 15

Stealth 04

Violence 10

Agility 01

Consume Mind-Bending Chemicals Without Discernible Effect 16

Energy Weapons 14

Fine Manipulation 01

Hand Weapons 14

Thrown Weapons 14

KNOWLEDGE SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Hardware 08

Electronic Engineering 12

Nuclear Engineering 01

Tune Com Unit to Same Frequency as Someone You Can See 14

Software 02

Wetware 07

Cloning 01

Make Cold Fun Into Psychotropic Concoction 13

Outdoor Life 01

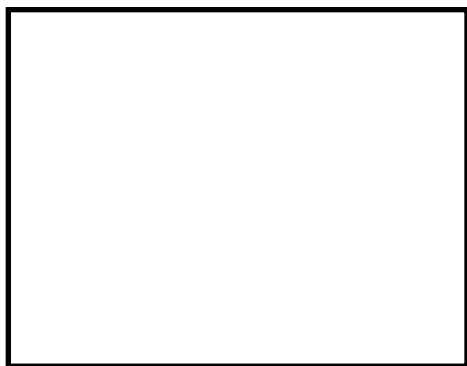
Pharmatherapy 11

Psychotherapy 11

Open slots for narrow specialties: 2

(Stealth, Software)

YCBBB PC #2



Brett-Y-WYD-2

Male PLC Hygiene Officer

Service firm: Real Safe (Really) PLC

Service firm type: Warehouse System Inspectors

Security clearance: YELLOW

Credits: 120

Tics: Speaks in long sentences without taking pause or breath.

[Tic 2:] _____

Example of tic in use

Brett-Y: So, basically you want us to go into the deserted underground station that's currently offline according to Tech Services and find our way to where we can install the system patches necessary to bring the place back online in the control of The Computer without getting ourselves killed by any frankenstein bots or traitors with murderous intent but with due care not to cause any unnecessary and unfortunate collateral damage—would that be correct?

ACTION SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Management 07

Bootlicking 11

Chutzpah 01

Stealth 03

Hide Small Objects in Cheeks Without Speaking Funny 09

Violence 09

Energy Weapons 13

Field Weapons 01

Projectile Weapons 13

Scream So Loud Everyone Ducks 15

KNOWLEDGE SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Hardware 07

Bot Ops & Maintenance 11

Chemical Engineering 11

Vehicle Ops & Maintenance 01

Weapon & Armor Maintenance 01

Software 06

Bot Programming 10

Hacking 01

Make Docbots Confuse Sleepy-Sleepy With Wakey-Wakey 12

Wetware 08

Know Where to Poke to Make People Sneeze 14

Outdoor Life 12

Psychotherapy 01

Open slots for narrow specialties: 2

(Management, Hardware)

YCBBB PC #3



Wyatt-Y-VSC-3

Male CPU Loyalty Officer

REGISTERED MUTANT

Service firm: Perfect Pockets

Service firm type: Pocket Protector Refurbishers

Security clearance: YELLOW

Credits: 120

Tics: Easily distracted.

[Tic 2:] _____

Example of tic in use

Donald-Y: So, if we split up and take them from both sides, we shouldn't end up getting killed too badly. Okay with you, Wyatt-Y?

Wyatt-Y: Ooh... look at that big orange truck. Yeesh, the size of the wheels on that thing!

Donald-Y: Wyatt-Y! Do you understand your role in this risky and possibly suicidal plan?

Wyatt-Y: Yeah, sure. I understa— Oh, wow! There was a flashing light up there or something.

ACTION SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Management 10

Bootlicking 14

Confuse Jackobot FOAD-34 w/ Spurious Logic 16

Con Games 14

Interrogation 01

Chutzpah 01

Stealth 04

Violence 09

Energy Weapons 13

Field Weapons 01

Make Target Dance Like Maniac Without Actually

Hitting Him With Even One Shot 15

Projectile Weapons 13

Thrown Weapons 01

Unarmed Combat 13

KNOWLEDGE SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Hardware 04

Get 'Gas Giant' Vending Machines to Dispense Two Sodas for Price of One 10

Software 08

Bot Programming 01

Data Analysis 12

Data Search 12

Operating Systems 01

Wetware 05

Plausibly Explain Other People's Dreams 11

Open slots for narrow specialties: 2

(Stealth, Software)

Wyatt-Y-VSC-3

Male CPU Loyalty Officer

Mutation: Precognition (declared), Minor Telekinesis, Telepathic Sense

Secret society: Psion (degree 3)

Secret skills: Forgery 09, Video Games 17, Twitchtalk 12

Background: You've always been a bit of a dreamer. When your dreams started coming true, you realized at once that you were a psionic. It didn't bother you a bit: you knew all about projective time series statistics from your work with The Computer. You even registered your power. And you joined the Psion secret society, because you wanted to be the best psionic you could possibly be. The society taught you to communicate, and even to move objects, by pure mental power.

Then what happens? The lousy fuzzbrain Mystics 'open up' one of your clones' minds, and can't get all the tinkertoys back in the box. So The Computer calls you up to the Troubleshooters. Big thanks for all your work!

Okay, you'll serve The Computer. (Termination is not part of your career plans.) But one day, The Computer won't be looking. And *then*—pow! Right in the I/O bus!

SECRET SOCIETY INSTRUCTIONS

Your opening may have come. Recently you received a desperate telepathic communication from a fellow Psion. The stinking Mystics were running his mind through the wringer. Before he expired, he told you of a black box, which seems to be somehow toxic to The Computer. The Mystics are after it, and if they get it first, they'll use it to fry every clear human mind in Alpha Complex.

One of the team members is a sewer-brained Mystic—but you don't know which yet. Mystics are weird, though. It's only a matter of time till you spot him. And rumor says your IntSec officer is a Death Leopard. Better keep an eye on him.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- (1) knife
- (1) datapad and stylus
- (2) yellow laser barrels
- (1) jumpsuit
- (1) utility belt & pouches
- (1) flashlight
- (1) yellow canvas backpack
- (1) personal jackobot FOAD-JAC-34
- (3) telescopalmine pills (experimental pill version of an IntSec truth drug; ILLEGAL)

ASSIGNED EQUIPMENT

- (1) laser pistol body (no barrel)
- (1) suit yellow reflc armor
- (1) Series 1300 PDC
- (1) Com 2

Brett-Y-WYD-2

Male PLC Medical Officer

Mutation: Chameleon

Secret society: Sierra Club (degree 3)

Secret skills: Dendrology 14, Rock Climbing 08, Bioweapons 12

Background: You really wish people would let you alone. Your Chameleon mutant ability is a blessing: fading into the landscape is just what you've always wanted to do.

You joined the Sierra Club secret society because they have a dream like yours, a dream of the Outdoors, a great big place where you can go off and climb a mountain, where you can stand next to a tree and nobody will tell you the tree is classified, where you can kill things and eat them with nobody asking you to pass the chymopapain please and can I have some more of the blue soup and hey you stupid clone you got stuff on my... sigh.

You hate being a Troubleshooter. Everybody looks at you and asks when you're going to be dead. And you hate Death Leopards, because they're all showoffs. And you hate mutants because they're weird; they have three arms and things.

You'd really like to kill all the Troubleshooters and Death Leopards and mutants and go outside and stand beside a tree and turn green, but you've got to do it in some way nobody will *notice*.

SECRET SOCIETY INSTRUCTIONS

There's this guy named Obregon Weirchat or something like that. He's from the Outdoors, *really* Outdoors, and the Troubleshooters are after him, because he's from the Outdoors and they think he's a Commie. He's got some kind of box thing that The Computer wants. If you help him get away and get the box thing for the Sierra Club, Wildbag (or whatever) will take you Outdoors with him. And if you can get back inside with directions for getting to the Outdoors, you could become a Folk Hero like the legendary Smokey the Bear or Jane Fonda...

Of course, you aren't going to let these vat scum citizens seep out over your moutain and play with the trees. Hah! The Sierra Club can be trusted with such knowledge, but anyone else who discovers the route is going to be a sorry citizen.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- (1) knife
- (1) datapad and stylus
- (2) yellow laser barrels
- (1) jumpsuit
- (1) utility belt & pouches
- (1) flashlight
- (1) yellow canvas backpack
- (1) hollow-handled knife (looks standard, but used for secret society messages; not illegal, but likely to draw embarrassing questions)

ASSIGNED EQUIPMENT

- (1) laser pistol body (no barrel)
- (1) suit yellow reflc armor
- (1) Series 1300 PDC
- (1) Com 2

Tex-Y-DBF-3

Male HPD&MC Communications Officer

Mutation: Uncanny Luck

Secret society: Mystic (rank 4)

Secret skills: Drug Procurement 09, Whistling 11, Bribery 12

Background: If you had your way, HPD & Mind Control would be HPD & Mind Alteration. You enjoy experimenting with psychochemicals, subsonics, color psychology and more. You've swallowed combinations of chemicals that would turn ordinary people into kitchen appliances. No wonder you're secretly a Mystic.

But now you're a Troubleshooter, called up to replace a mysteriously deceased clone. No longer can you play with other's minds like modeling clay. Now you're supposed to hunt down people who explore the wonderful world of human software modifications.

But perhaps there's a way. Your superiors in the Mystics have asked you to be on the lookout for this...well, black thing. Some kind of box. Inside it is apparently the ultimate cosmic high. Rumor has it that the box can even get The Computer high. Imagine that: The Computer itself turned on to the Cosmic Whatever It Is. Stoned Hardware.

SECRET SOCIETY INSTRUCTIONS

Use your Troubleshooter status to recover the black box for the Mystic All—but do so before Corpore Metal's agents can do so. Those tin-plated clowns, who think Cosmicness can be engraved on a circuit board, want to feed the box into their cold, uncool equations. Do not allow this.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- (1) knife
- (1) datapad and stylus
- (2) yellow laser barrels
- (1) jumpsuit
- (1) utility belt & pouches
- (1) flashlight
- (1) yellow canvas backpack
- (3) aerosol THC grenades (effect like a stun gun; ILLEGAL)

ASSIGNED EQUIPMENT

- (1) laser pistol body (no barrel)
- (1) suit yellow reflc armor
- (1) Series 1300 PDC
- (1) Com 2

YCBBB PC #4



Miles-Y-LOM-2

Male Tech Svcs Happiness Officer

Service firm: Hurts

Service firm type: Consolidated Motorized Transport

Security clearance: YELLOW

Credits: 120

Tics: Tends to jumble up simple processes.

[Tic 2:] _____

Example of tic in use

Miles-Y: Check the mirror. Ease off the brake. Close the door. Deactivate park. Activate primary pile. Maneuver into the road. Turn the ignition. Signal.

[Sounds of other vehicles skidding, honking horns.]

Rest of the team: AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Miles-Y: Have you guys put on your seatbelts?

ACTION SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Management 06

Chutzpah 10

Convince Superiors You Never Left Your Desk 12

Intimidation 01

Stealth 04

Almost Completely Muffle Autocar Engine Noises 10

Violence 07

Demolition 01

Energy Weapons 11

Hand Weapons 11

KNOWLEDGE SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Hardware 11

Bot Ops & Maintenance 15

Chemical Engineering 01

Habitat Engineering 01

Mechanical Engineering 15

Nuclear Engineering 01

Pull a Bootleg Reverse in a Crawler 17

Vehicle Ops & Maintenance 15

Software 09

Bot Programming 13

Data Analysis 01

Soothe Team Transport's Jangled Bot Brain 15

Wetware 03

Open slots for narrow specialties: 2

(Violence, Wetware)

YCBBB PC #5



Donald-Y-EIN-3

Male Power Services Loyalty Officer

Service firm: Absolute Peripherals

Service firm type: Circuit Maintenance

Security clearance: YELLOW

Credits: 120

Tics: Always muttering and worrying about the worse-case scenario.

[Tic 2:] _____

Example of tic in use

Miles-Y: I've lost contact with the others.

Donald-Y: Crud. Pinned down and shot to ribbons, fried like algae chips.

Miles-Y: Look, I'm sure they've just wandered out of view... I don't hear any laser fire.

Donald-Y: So, we're lost. They're lost. Crud. We're never going to get out of here. Surrounded by the enemy, no place to turn, clock ticking down to zero...

Miles-Y: *[Sighs.]*

ACTION SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Management 04

Chutzpah 08

Analyze Worst-Case Scenario 10

Con Games 01

Stealth 08

Palm Treasonous Tools Without

Provoking Suspicion 14

Security Systems 12

Shadowing 01

Violence 09

Energy Weapons 13

Field Weapons 01

Projectile Weapons 13

Thrown Weapons 01

Vehicular Combat 13

KNOWLEDGE SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Hardware 09

Chemical Engineering 01

Coax a Gut-Wrenching Turbo Boost Out of an Ordinary Autocar 15

Vehicle Ops & Maintenance 13

Software 07

Financial Systems 01

Turn Minor Bot Software Glitch Into a Homicidal

Rampage 13

Vehicle Programming 11

Wetware 03

Open slots for narrow specialties: 2

(Violence, Wetware)

YCBBB PC #6



Eric-Y-KTH-3

Male Armed Forces Equipment Guy

Service firm: Red Detectors

Service firm type: Threat Assessors

Security clearance: YELLOW

Credits: 120

Tics: Suffers from a constant hangover.

[Tic 2:] _____

Example of tic in use

Commie traitor: Ve are to be thinkink you should be surrrrenderink!

Eric-Y: I'm thinking I need to lie down in a dark room and you need to stop shouting.

Brett-Y: We fight for the good of the complex! We shall never surrender!

Eric-Y: Hey man, that's good. You keep 'em busy while I go see if they have an asperquaint dispenser 'round here.

ACTION SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Management 09

Bootlicking 01

Convince Others You Weren't Really Asleep on the Job 15

Hygiene 01

Interrogation 13

Oratory 13

Stealth 08

Disguise 01

Surveillance 12

Violence 09

Unexpectedly Give a Powerful Shove 15

Energy Weapons 13

Field Weapons 01

Projectile Weapons 13

Unarmed Combat 13

Vehicular Combat 01

KNOWLEDGE SKILLS & SPECIALTIES

Hardware 06

Habitat Engineering 01

Optimize Laser to Squeeze Off an Extra Shot 12

Weapon & Armor Maintenance 10

Software 03

Wetware 05

Mix Intoxicating Brew From Ordinary Fizzy Beverages and Food Scraps 11

Open slots for narrow specialties: 2

(Stealth, Software)

Eric-Y-KTH-3

Male Armed Forces IntSec Equipmt Guy

Actual IntSec service firm: Pinkietons (infiltrating a rival Threat Assessors firm in Armed Forces)

Mutation: Combat Mind

Secret society: Death Leopard (degree 4)

Secret skills: Demolitions 12, Partying 12, Gambling 13

Background: The only thing in the world better than being a Death Leopard is being a Leopard who works as a Troubleshooter. You get to carry a laser and use it any time you feel like it. Sometimes they send you out to nab the infamous Leopard funsmith known only as 'Captain Electric'. If The Computer knew that you yourself are the daring Captain, it'd crash a disk.

You've heard occasional murmurs from fellow Death Leopards that you are not as full-tilt-bozo as you used to be—that perhaps you are getting old and cautious. But these murmurs don't bother you. You're saving yourself for The Big One—the caper that will rocket you to superstar-class immortality. In the meantime, there's plenty of subtler fun to be had in an unsuspecting group of fancypants Troubleshooters.

You're just a little worried about being teamed with Tex-Y-DBF-3. Does he know it was you who pushed his clone predecessor into the particle accelerator? Oh, well. He glowed so nicely.

SECRET SOCIETY INSTRUCTIONS

Heads up, Captain Electric: Your assistance is enlisted by a star-class compatriot. Screaming Sarah Slick, the Duchess of Rock and Roll, has proposed Fun on a Vast Scale sometime within the next 72 hours, and You Are Invited. Alas, a passel of those psnivering Psions threaten to crash the party. They might even dress up as lighthearted Leopards, the psychic pschnooks. Make sure they do not do this anti-thing, beginning with your own companions in law'n'order, one of whom you're sure is a Psion.

You are sure which one of your team has the glowplug brain, but Psions can't help showing off (their one small virtue). It'll only be a matter of time. And then—pyromania!

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- (1) knife
- (1) datapad and stylus
- (2) yellow laser barrels
- (1) jumpsuit
- (1) utility belt & pouches
- (1) yellow canvas backpack
- (1) Multicorder sabotage device (PDC plugin chip that erases Multicorder recordings when activated within one meter of a recording cartridge; ILLEGAL)

ASSIGNED EQUIPMENT

- (1) laser pistol body (no barrel)
- (1) suit yellow reflec armor
- (1) Series 1300 PDC
- (1) Com 2

Donald-Y-EIN-3

Male Power Services Loyalty Officer

Mutation: Mechanical Intuition, Electroshock

Secret society: Corpore Metal (degree 3)

Secret skills: Cyborging 08, Botspotting 03, Old Reckoning Computer Languages 09

Background: Crud. The world was just great in Power Services. You could sit behind the controls of a colossal machine and imagine you *were* the machine, sleek and powerful and immortal with routine maintenance. You always like machines: they would, it seemed, open up and talk to you. People are okay, too, though they wear out too quick. You joined Corpore Metal because they seemed to be working toward the best of both worlds.

And you were on your way *up* in Power Services. They let you drive transports, crawlers, even flybots. Heck, you *were* Power, as you discovered one day when you recharged a power capacitor from your naked fingertips. You could have been somebody. You could have been a *cyborg*.

But now you're a Troubleshooter. Crud.

Maybe it's not such a bad life. You get to drive stuff occasionally. You can carry a laser, which is fun. (If you ever achieve your dream of being cyborged, you're going to have a laser installed in your index finger.)

SECRET SOCIETY INSTRUCTIONS

There's a Romantic in your team, and you've got to kill him. (Crud.) Rumor says the Romantics are linked up with PURGE psychos who've got some kind of gadget that can burn out high-level circuitry like nobody's business. The PURGEs are going to use it on a major Computer subsystem, and then the Romantics will move in and teach everybody some sick thing like rug-weaving or miniature golf.

The Romantic's got to be either that sneaky wimp Brett-Y-WYD, or maybe Tex-Y-DBF, the space case. Eric-Y is laser-happy: maybe you can get him to do the actual shooting. And grab the gadget—probably a modified bot brain—for yourself and Corpore Metal.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- (1) knife
- (1) datapad and stylus
- (2) yellow laser barrels
- (1) jumpsuit
- (1) utility belt & pouches
- (1) yellow canvas backpack
- (1) *special* vehicle toolkit (for making unauthorized adjustments and alterations to vehicles, like hot-wiring starters, disabling speed-governors, deactivating safety equipment and so on; ILLEGAL)

ASSIGNED EQUIPMENT

- (1) laser pistol body (no barrel)
- (1) suit yellow reflec armor
- (1) Series 1300 PDC
- (1) Com 2

Miles-Y-LOM-2

Male Tech Services Happiness Officer

Mutation: Precognition

Secret society: Romantics (rank 3)

Secret skills: Frisbee Throwing 13, Line Dancing 08, Old Reckoning DIY Television 13

Background: 'Syntholube-fingers'. That's what they've been calling you since you got out of the clone tank. And dropped the electric hand drier into the tank, terminating your #1 clone on the spot. And it isn't fair. You can fix anything, better than new and in record time. So you let a few chips get loose inside a warbot. So it identified BLF Sector as a column of Commie warbots. It performed the attack maneuvers perfectly, didn't it?

That was no reason to transfer you to the Troubleshooters.

They only did it because Troubleshooters all carry lasers, and you can fix lasers like a wizard, even if you can't hit the broad side of a residential block with one.

You know why you're a Romantic. You long for the days when Americans could fix anything on the road, and punch out a Commie before he could reach for his rattly cheap Commie gun. (Once, at a Romantic meeting, they showed a forbidden tape of *The Fighting Seabees*. You stood up and applauded when John Wayne reprogrammed the dozerbot.)

SECRET SOCIETY INSTRUCTIONS

'Black box. More tapes. In Stone—' That was all of the message you could read before the guardbot came by. You know what black boxes are: bot brains. You know what tapes are: Old Reckoning stories about scientists like John Wayne and Boris Karloff and Mr. Peabody. But what's 'stone'? Once you heard a Sierra Clubber use the word...

Maybe a bot brain knows where a cache of tapes is located, and you have to get it away from the Sierra Club. Ordinarily you get along okay with the Clubbers...but this is different. This is *war*.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

- (1) knife
- (1) datapad and stylus
- (2) yellow laser barrels
- (1) jumpsuit
- (1) utility belt & pouches
- (1) yellow canvas backpack
- (1) contraband manual *25 Ways to Beat the Bot* (disguised as a standard datapad; procedures for disrupting normal bot programming without revealing tampering; PROFOUNDLY ILLEGAL)

ASSIGNED EQUIPMENT

- (1) laser pistol body (no barrel)
- (1) suit yellow reflec armor
- (1) Series 1300 PDC
- (1) Com 2