
Dirty Instruments

by S. A.

An Entry in the 2013 Windhammer Prize for
Short Gamebook Fiction

Dirty Instruments is a stand-alone, sci-fi adventure based on a larger free-roaming game experience that will span three titles (*Earthly Wastelands*, *Lunar Shadows*, and *Martian Utopia*). I am currently developing all of these.

Warning: This adventure includes explicit violence, coarse language, and adult situations which will not be suitable for all readers.

You quietly slip out of the ventilation shaft and step into a sleek, white corridor, your mind fixated on the mission ahead. The reason behind the hit on Dr. Stephen is unknown to you and frankly something you could care less about. The details of his background are murky at best - an extremely intelligent geneticist, creator of some new genetic compound. What has been made absolutely clear to you though is the monetary reward offered for successfully completing the mission - \$50,000 for both killing this man and stealing a vial of his genetic compound.

You move forward cautiously, well aware of the strict security. Government research facilities come equipped with state of the art technological safety measures; even ones as old as this. The dull humming of electronics seeps through the corridor's walls.

A gleaming object catches your eye – it's littered on the ground up ahead. Closer inspection reveals it to be a tiny shard of glass, its clean surface reflecting the corridor's bright lights.

You catch your own reflection in it - who do you see?

Choose one character and note his/her attributes on the Mission Sheet at the end of the gamebook. You will find each attribute's description there as well.

Jax Sypher (Height: 6'0", Weight: 160 lbs., Age: 32)

Base Marksmanship: 9

Long-range weapon: Aon 190 Pistol (+1 bonus)

Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 9

Melee weapon: Knife (+1 bonus)

Strength: 8

Agility: 9

Stealth: 5

Intellect: 5

Charisma: 8

Piety: 5

Wanted: 9

Money Upon You: \$10,000 Inter Planetary Dollars

Explosive device 1: *none*

Explosive device 2: *none*

Background: An ex-agent of the *Lunar Elite Forces*, Jax is well versed in mixed martial arts and the use of several ranged weapons. Framed for the murder of another agent, Jax escaped martial law's erroneous shackles and set course for a life less honorable than his past. He keeps a low profile due to the bounty on his head but does take on missions from the black market to keep his special skills honed and his pockets full.

Genesis Thorne (Height: 5'2", Weight: 110 lbs., Age: 23)

Base Marksmanship: 4

Long-range weapon: G Pistol 10g (+1 bonus)

Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 5

Melee weapon: Dagger (+1 bonus)

Strength: 6

Agility: 8

Stealth: 8

Intellect: 8

Charisma: 8

Piety: 5

Wanted: 5

Money Upon You: \$100,000 Inter Planetary Dollars

Explosive device 1: Pulse Grenade (-5 *enemy strength*)

Explosive device 2: Pulse Grenade (-5 *enemy strength*)

Background: A brilliant hacker, Genesis belongs to an illegal, underground organization known as “The Thievery Collective.” She revels in the challenge of breaking into highly secure facilities, physically and or digitally. Having been disowned by her family for dropping out of a prestigious Martian university to pursue the black market’s fortunes, Genesis bounces around from place to place leaving havoc in her wake.

Cube (Height: 6’5”, Weight: 320 lbs., Age: NA)

Base Marksmanship: 7

Long-range weapon: Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun (+2 *bonus*)

Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 6

Melee weapon: *none*

Strength: 10

Agility: 4

Stealth: 4

Intellect: 10

Charisma: 0

Piety: 5

Wanted: 0

Money Upon You: \$25,000 Inter Planetary Dollars

Explosive device 1: Pulse Grenade (-5 *enemy strength*)

Explosive device 2: *None*

Background: Cube’s memory modules have no recollection of his past. All he recalls is that one night he found himself atop a heaping pile of decommissioned robots in a landfill on Earth. While the rest were indefinitely non-operational, he was still self-aware and fully functioning. After escaping certain death within a trash composite chamber, Cube quickly realized he was equipped with assets that would serve well in the black market – heavy-duty weaponry and intellect to match the fastest supercomputers.

Once you’ve picked a character, **turn to 9**

2

An automated female voice resounds in the laboratory, “You’re information has been noted, trespasser. Your evil act has been recorded, trespasser. You will now face consequences of the law.”

The voice states your name at the end of its warning as an affirmation that it indeed has your information. Government laboratories usually come equipped with special profile capture systems. Through sensors in the walls these systems are able to pick up one’s genetic makeup or digital code, which can then be matched against the individual’s data in a *Lunar Profile Database*. The only way around the system is by hacking into it. You curse yourself for not preparing in advance against this security measure. **Add 3 points to your Wanted score.**

Turn to 65

3

“Excellent,” she responds sans emotion.

You pull out the vial and hand it to her. **Erase the item from your backpack.** She studies it for a second – a slight twitch of the right cheek giving away her concentrative efforts. Then she lifts up her

jacket, revealing a smooth, porcelain abdomen. You look on with curiosity as she casually peels back a flap of her skin; a narrow compartment comes into view. She stows away the vial and pastes the skin back into position.

Realizing she's a cyborg, you say, "I have his dried blood on my forearm but I'm guessing you already know that."

"I do." She confirms, "My sensors just picked it up."

"In that case where's my reward?"

She picks up the briefcase next to her and hands it over, "That's \$50,000 cash. No need to count – I don't like to cheat."

Add \$50,000 to the Inter Planetary Dollars section of your Mission Sheet. Looking at the briefcase you muse out loud, "I'm sure you took your cut from the deal already."

She nods her head and continues, "You know...my client definitely likes those who get the job done well. He has assigned me with another task – one much more lucrative than this last one. This task requires the assassination of an old...*acquaintance* of his. The target can be found in his penthouse on the top floor of the *Z tower*. This is not an easy one but I think you're the right instrument for this job – you up for it?"

"What's the payout?" you ask frankly.

"\$500,000 cash."

How do you respond?

"I'll take the gig – give me the details," **turn to 77**

"No thanks, I'll be on my way," **turn to 100**

4

"I have a family – *please, don't*," he pleads with tears.

You shoot him multiple times.

His lifeless body slumps back into the chair, smoke rising from bloody wounds. **Subtract 4 points from your Piety score.** You begin your search for the compound and soon find it amongst all the other vials– the alphabetized labels make it fairly easy. **Add the vial as an item to your backpack.** You bend down and rub some of the doctor's blood onto your forearm – it will soon serve as evidence of his death. Then you turn about to exit the room.

If you're character is Genesis Thorne, **turn to 91**

If not, **turn to 2**

5

With continued effort, you have her smiling soon. **Add 1 point to your Charisma score.** The uneasiness that surrounded her just moments back has given way to a more relaxed vibe. With a raised eyebrow, she questions, "You are more than you seem – am I right?"

"Depends on who wants to know."

She looks away for a second and then locks eyes with you, "I need your help...*badly*. I think...you are the right person."

"Right person for what?" you question taken aback slightly.

"I can't tell you that here." She casts coy glances at the old man, "Come back to my place. We can talk freely there."

"Wait - why should I help you?"

"I am willing to pay...\$100,000 *cash*." she adds, "I'll tell you the details at my place."

Her strange request definitely makes you a little uneasy. You wonder whether her motives are ill-intentioned. The decision is yours.

If you accept her offer, **note event word *Distress* and turn to 6**
Decline and go your own way – **turn to 95**

6

The woman's name is Roxanne. Her apartment is swanky albeit tiny, complete with the latest technology. "A holographic cat greets her with a purr – all the cuddliness of a real pet without any of the actual mess. Electro-active polymer cubes, each the size of a small ottoman, morph into chairs as you walk by. You look around, trying to piece together this stranger's background. She does seem to have gotten comfortable with you very quickly.

"Alright, so what's the job?" you question with haste. When there is no response, you turn about to find Roxanne on alert." She looks at you momentarily and exclaims, "Something's wrong."

Before her words can register, a man bursts through the bathroom door next to you! He wields a sword – its blade already in motion towards your neck! **Roll a die – if the number and your *Agility* score total 10 or less, deduct 2 points from your *Strength* score, and 1 point from both your *Base Marksmanship* and *Agility* scores; the sword's blade has grazed your left arm.**

If the number and your *Agility* score total more than 10, add 1 point to your *Agility* score; you have evaded the attack successfully.

You quickly ready yourself for a fight!

Masked Attacker

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 8

Strength: 8

Agility: 8

If you survive, **add 1 point to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score.**

Turn to 22

7

You work your way to a dark, dingy alley some blocks from the research complex. At its conclusion you walk around a sleeping homeless child and step into a condemned building through a door-less entrance. A tall, redheaded woman greets you in the middle of a dilapidated room lit only by a flickering light bulb.

"You're late," she sneers, her arms crossed across her pantsuit jacket, "Not impressed. You were identified as the best instrument for this job – I'm starting to doubt that."

"I ran into a few issues," you retort confidently, "but the job is done."

She studies you slowly. You eye her back. She's an archetype broker – well-dressed, good at connecting clients with instruments, and most importantly, great at making money from every deal. Slanting her head to the right, she commands, "What was the result?"

You answer her with one of the following responses:

"I killed the doctor and here is your precious compound." - **turn to 3**

"I have your compound...but I let the doctor live." - **turn to 17**

8

If your character is Jax Sypher, turn to 45; otherwise, read on. With a slight smile she says, "I cannot give you *all* of the remaining cash. But since you worked hard...I'll give you \$10,000. Take the money and leave before I change my mind."

Your smooth talking worked! **Add an additional \$10,000 to your Mission Sheet and 1 point to your**

Charisma score. You take the cash and exit with a grin.

Turn to 100

9

You see a door at the end of the corridor and make your way for it. Without warning, it slides open to reveal two security guards! Alarmed, they rush in one behind the other ready to take you out. A shootout is about to take place!

1st guard

Marksmanship: 7

Strength: 6

Agility: 5

Shootouts require comparison between your and your opponent's *Marksmanship* and *Agility* scores.

Here's how it works:

1) Shootouts are broken up into rounds. These rounds continue until either your *Strength* score or your opponent's *Strength* score falls to 0. Some things to note before starting a shootout:

a. *If you don't have a long-range weapon upon you at the time of a shootout, you are automatically killed – so sell it/discard it judiciously.*

b. *At any point during a shootout you can throw an explosive device (ex. Pulse Grenade) at your enemy. These onetime use weapons don't require a test of your *Marksmanship* score because their detonation has a wide area of effect. Their impact to the enemy's *Strength* score is immediate and denoted by a $-x$ next to their name.*

c. *Your character starts off with a long-range weapon – make sure to add any bonus points awarded by this weapon to your *Base Marksmanship* score at the beginning of the game. If a new long-range weapon is acquired during the adventure, remember to delete your old weapon's bonus points and add this new weapon's bonus points to your *Base Marksmanship* score.*

Ex. If your character is Jax Sypher, he starts off with an Aon 190 Pistol and so your scores will be:

Total Marksmanship: 10 (*Base Marksmanship score of 9 + 1 bonus point awarded by the pistol*)

Strength: 8

Agility: 6

2) Now you are ready for the 1st round - roll a die and add your *Total Marksmanship* score to the number. Roll another die and add your opponent's *Marksmanship* score to the number.

Ex. You roll a die for yourself – say you get 4. You add your *Total Marksmanship* score to the 4 and get a Round One Total of 14. Then you roll a die for the security guard – say you get 3. His Round One Total ends up being 10.

3) Compare the Round One Totals - whoever has the highest, wins the round and the difference between the two totals is deducted from the loser's *Strength* score. If the totals are equal, then no one wins the round – both combatants have missed each other.

Ex. Since the guard's Round One total of 10 is less than your 14, the possible damage to his *Strength* score is 4.

4) Now there is a way for the loser to lessen the damage to his/her *Strength* score. If the loser's *Agility* score is higher than the winner's, then he/she only incurs 1 point of damage to their

Strength score - their speed has allowed them to dodge the attack's full force. If the damage is only worth 1 point to begin with, the *Agility* score won't help any. Also, if both you and your opponent's *Agility* scores are equal to each other, the two of you will incur full damage from each other's attacks.

Ex. A quick comparison of the *Agility* scores reveals his to be 5 and yours to be 6. Since his is lower, he incurs full damage, bringing his *Strength* score of 6 down to 2 (6 - 4).

5) After the 1st round, if you *and* your opponent are still alive, discard your Round One Totals and prepare for round two.

Ex. You have two options ahead of you – either throw an explosive device (*if you have one*) further reducing the guard's *Strength* score down to zero *or* continue with round 2 by repeating steps 2 through 4; it's your call.

If you survive the shootout and you *didn't* use an explosive device, add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score.

Turn to 76

10

Your shot pierces the creature's chest. It's dead before it hits the ground. With haste, you jump over the bloodied carcass and make your way back to the ventilation shaft. Add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score and turn to 89

11

Jumping atop the tellers' glass counter, you yell, "Give me all your money – *now!*"

Before the tellers have time to react, two security guards burst in through a side entrance – this bank, like most in Alpha, keeps onsite security. They quickly point their guns at you and shoot. You must fight them both as one enemy!

Two Security Guards

Marksmanship: 9

Strength: 9

Agility: 8

If you win and you *didn't* use an explosive device, add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score. Then roll a die.

If the number is either 1 or 2, you make off with \$50,000

If the number is either 3 or 4, you make off with \$100,000

If the number is either 5 or 6, you make off with \$200,000

Add the appropriate cash amount to your Mission Sheet.

Note event word *Thief*.

Add 4 points to your *Wanted* score because a profile capture system was set off in the bank.

Turn to 54

12

The cyborg crashes into the wall behind her and slumps dead to the ground. You take a few seconds to compose yourself. Subtract 1 point from your *Piety* score for breaking the deal. After stealing the remaining cash, you quickly make for the exit. Add \$25,000 to your Mission Sheet and turn to 100

13

You try engaging the raven-haired beauty in conversation but she doesn't seem to be in the mood. In fact, she seems a little guarded and keeps glancing about anxiously. You realize something is bothering her but can't tell what.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Charisma* score total more than 10, turn to 5, otherwise read on.

The woman doesn't respond to your banter. Soon you give up trying. Looking around you ponder your next move.

If you want to strike up a conversation with the old man – **turn to 99**

If you want to exit the bar – **turn to 73**

14

"Hey now that's damn funny!" the old man responds to your banter, cracking a smile to reveal several rotten teeth. You shrug your shoulders and exclaim, "That joke gets 'em every time."

Add 1 point to your *Charisma* score.

"I like you," he says boisterously while patting your back. Then he leans in and whispers, "You up for a little fun?"

You cast a confused expression.

"Let me be more blunt." He scratches his unruly beard while looking about cautiously, "You wanna make some money *fast* – say \$50,000?"

"How?" you're chest wells with suspicion and curiosity all at once.

"Answering a question with a question?" The man snorts through his heavy nostrils, "Alright, look – all you need to do is take some one out. Know what I mean? Off their lights; you get me?"

You nod your head, a little taken aback by the man's offer - funny how a book can never be judged by its cover.

"So tell me, you up for it?"

How do you respond?

"Yea, I'm up for it," **turn to 82**

"No I'm good," **turn to 32**

15

You quickly attack the cyborg!

Redhead Cyborg:

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 8

Strength: 6

Agility: 5

If you win, **add 1 point to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score and turn to 12**

16

The address on the business card leads you to a beautiful mansion. You walk along its driveway and eventually reach the front, double doors – they're unlocked. With caution you peer in and spot the broker from the pub sitting in the living room. He's smoking a pipe and seems relaxed. Realizing you're at the door, he gets up and greets, "Come on in. *My home is your home, friend!*"

"You live here?" you ask while soaking in the opulence. There's a glittering chandelier hanging in the dining room.

"Yes – this is *all* mine."

There is a plate atop the dining table – you cannot make out its contents at first.

“There is no client is there?” You ask as you notice several paintings hanging on his walls, “This painting is for you.”

He nods, “*Bingo*. You figured me out, friend.”

You hand over the painting and ask, “Why not just tell me it was for you?”

Remove the painting item from your backpack. The contents of the dinner plate become clearer the more you glance at them.

Studying the Mona Lisa, he responds with a smile, “Well, frankly because it’s none of your business.”

Shrugging your shoulders, you say, “Fine – give me my money and I’ll be on my way.”

He places the painting on a leather couch carefully and states with a sinister grin, “There is no money.”

At first you hadn’t wanted to register what was on his dinner plate; maybe because it had seemed too unreal. But now you realize what it is – a decapitated human head. Most of it has been skinned down to the skull. A fork and a knife sit alongside the meal ready to be used again.

The broker attacks you suddenly! A thin film of blood covers his lips – you hadn’t noticed it earlier.

Broker

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 7

Strength: 8

Agility: 7

If you win, **add 1 point to your Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill score.** The cannibal’s dead body falls back onto the Mona Lisa, cracking the master piece in two. You shake your head – the painting is worth nothing now. As you take stock of your nerves, you notice other oddities in the living room. There are human limbs in the fire place instead of logs. Jars decorate the corner of the living room, each holding a dead, baby fetus.

“Charming fellow,” you comment. Just then you spot an expensive, gold ring on his right, index finger. **You can add this item to your backpack. Also, replace event word *Stolen* with *Ring*.**

You quickly exit the mansion. **Turn to 97**

17

“I see,” she responds sans emotion.

You pull out the vial and hand it to her. **Cross it off your backpack item list.** She studies it for a second – a slight twitch of the right cheek giving away her concentrative efforts. Then she lifts up her suit jacket, revealing a smooth, porcelain abdomen. You look on with curiosity as she casually peels back a flap of her skin; a narrow compartment comes into view. She stows away the vial and pastes the skin back.

You realize the woman is actually a cyborg.

“You *should* have killed him.” She says, “Why didn’t you?”

“I didn’t think it was necessary.”

Her brow furrows, “You didn’t *think* it was necessary? You weren’t being paid to *think* – instruments are not meant to have opinions. You just lost half of your money.”

Bending down, she opens the suitcase next to her and dumps out half the cash within. With her nose in the air, she notifies, “That bit is yours - the rest I keep. We are done. My client will not be working with you again. *Good bye.*”

You stare at the reward while she continues, “Oh and that *is* \$25,000 cash; no need to count. I don’t cheat.”

Add \$25,000 to the Inter Planetary Dollars section on your Mission Sheet. You eye her briefcase, the gears of your greed spinning wildly.

Try beating the cyborg into submission and stealing all the money - **turn to 15**
 Try charming the cyborg into giving you remainder of the money - **turn to 27**
 Exit the room with the sum of money you were given - **turn to 100**

18

Roxanne quickly turns about and walks back over to you.

"Come with me, Jax." She's staring deep into your eyes.

"Come with me to Earth. We can start over; both of us...*together*. You don't need to stay here either - this city is a prison for all of us."

You look down for a moment, deeply conflicted. Then looking back up at her you say, "Sometimes if you stay long enough in a prison...you start to like the shackles."

She stares at you with a longing smile. Giving you a kiss on the cheek, she says, "Well...then it's my turn to help you. Go to Sector F - you'll find a spot called *The Grind*. Ask for the owner. He's a robot; goes by the name Sphinx. He can help you with your...*trade*. Tell him Roxanne sent you."

You nod your head in acknowledgement. **Note event word Aid.**

"Goodbye, Jax."

"Goodbye, Roxanne."

She boards the flight.

If you want to continue exploring Sector C, **turn to 37**

If you want to leave this sector, **turn to 54**

19

The prostitute, persuaded by your sweet talk, decides to help you out. **Add 1 point to your Charisma score. Now roll a die.**

If the number is either 1 or 2, the prostitute gifts you a melee weapon - Plasma Scythe (+2 bonus)

If the number is either 3 or 4, the prostitute gifts you an explosive device - Macro Pulse Grenade (-8 enemy strength)

If the number is either 5 or 6, the prostitute gifts you a long-range weapon - Colt 9000 Plasma Shotgun (+3 bonus)

"I think you need this more than me," the prostitute smiles generously.

Whether you take the item or not is up to you but remember that only one melee and one long-range weapon can be upon you at any given time (ex. you need to discard your current long-range weapon if you are gifted a Colt 9000 plasma shotgun and choose to keep it).

With a nod, you bid the prostitute farewell and exit the brothel.

Turn to 39

20

The woman leads you out the back exit and into a dark alley which reeks of urine. You follow her through shadows all the while cautious in case there is a double cross. Soon you are greeted by a dead end and a group of homeless women huddled in a dank corner.

"Where are we?" With a furtive glance you affirm that she has no weapons hidden within her tight dress.

"Behind my apartment." she responds, "You can hide there if you need to."

"Why are you being so nice to me?"

She looks away for a second and then locks eyes with you, "I need your help...*badly*. Saw what you did back there and thought maybe...you were the right person. "

"Right person for *what*?" you question frankly, "And why should I help *you*?"

"*Why* should you help me? Because I just *saved* your ass – those cops would have been all over you!"

She has a point – the bar is probably crawling with police by now.

"And I am willing to pay...\$50,000 cash." she adds, "I'll tell you the details up at my place."

The decision is yours.

Accept her offer – **note event word *Distress* and turn to 6**

Decline and go your own way – **turn to 29**

21

After waiting in line for about an hour, you finally make it up to the front.

If you possess either of these event words – *Target* or *Complete*, turn to 81 now.

If you don't have either of those two words but do possess *Hand*, turn to 46.

If you don't possess any of those words but do have *Weakened*, turn to 52.

If you don't have any of these words, read on. The price of entry is \$10,000 – if you have the money, you pay and the bouncer grants you access. **Deduct \$10,000 from your mission sheet. If you don't have the money, turn back to 39 now.**

Once inside, your senses are overwhelmed with laser lights, psychedelic holographic images, and pounding beats. The club's first floor is crowded with sweaty dancers. Multiple staircases lead up to the second level – the bottom of countless boots and heels can be seen stomping about through the glass, dance floor.

If your character is Genesis Thorne and you don't possess event word *Hacker*, turn to 84 now, otherwise read on.

You continue exploring the club all the while nodding your head to the infectious, electronic music. A scantily clad cyborg approaches you for a dance and you happily oblige. **Roll a die.**

If the number is 1 or 2, you get pickpocketed – deduct all money upon you.

If the number is 3 or 4, a drunkard breaks a bottle on your head and runs away – deduct 1 point from your *Strength* score.

If the number is 5 or 6, you find a pile of \$100,000 lying discreetly in the corner – add the money to your Mission Sheet.

Turn to 39

22

The bloodied man falls back onto a glass table, shattering it completely. **Roll a die and if the number is either 1 or 6, turn to 58, otherwise read on.** As you compose yourself, you spot Roxanne huddled in the corner of the living room. She's staring at the masked intruder, "I knew this was going to happen!"

"What?" there's frustration in your tone, "You knew you would be attacked? Alright, Roxanne I'm about to walk unless you tell me *what the fruck is going on!*"

Taking a deep breath, she starts haphazardly, "My life is in danger – this man is a hired hand, I'm sure. I knew this day would come. I'm in bad shape."

"Start at the beginning," you suggest.

With tears, she goes on to tell you that she was sold into the thriving, lunar sex trade at a very young age by her impoverished family. She did what she had to for survival in her new vicious environment, eventually finding herself as a high priced escort to the wealthy and powerful. Her clients included those high up in the government – very influential men and women. By the time she had crossed into her twenties she had saved up enough money to buy herself out of the profession. But by then she had heard and seen too much unfortunately. The powerful spill their secrets just like the rest when intoxicated.

"I wanted to leave this city," Roxanne confesses, "but every time I tried I was stopped; mostly by threats to stay put or else. I even had a thug mess me up once – he said that I should never try to leave. I was a prisoner. I was constantly being watched ... *followed* ... always having to look over my shoulder. It was only a matter of time before they would make their move – take a hit out on me. At that bar...that old man in the corner – he was there to take me out, I'm sure of it. But then...fate made *you* step in."

"Do you know who put out the hit?" you question, your eyes studying the dead man in the center of the living room. He was obviously a trained assassin.

"N-no."

You nod your head slowly, "If you are able to get out of here, where will you go?"

"There is a flight to Omega city every few hours. If I can get there safely I can take the next flight out to Earth."

"*Earth?*" you cannot mask your disdain, "*Why* would you want to fly down to that hell hole?"

"I'll be safe there – it's completely disconnected from here. I can make a fresh start. Listen...you don't have to take me to Earth. Just get me on a flight to Omega."

Her eyes are filled with hope – hope riding on your shoulders.

"We better get moving then."

You ponder over next steps; heading over to Alpha's space port makes most sense.

Turn to 37

23

Ordering a coffee, you take a seat in the atrium's swanky café and quickly boot up your smart shades. Within moments, you've hacked into *Z Tower's* information systems.

"Child's play," a cunning grin pulls back your lips.

After several mental commands, you find yourself deep within the system's root directory. You bypass every security checkpoint and soon have access to highly confidential folders. All you need now is the target's classified file.

Suddenly the directory's security code starts to fight back – it tries kicking you out while simultaneously attempting to capture your profile. Your smile straightens quickly as you realize this was a trap!

The system is designed to let hackers in easily so it can capture their identity before kicking them out. This way they can never hack in again. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Intellect* score total more than 10, turn to 80, otherwise read on.**

You're forced out of the system abruptly.

"*Fruck,*" you whisper sharply and remove your shades. You cannot hack back in - the system has your profile now. You realize there's only one option left if you want to complete this mission – break into the tower's security room to get the necessary passcodes.

If you want to break into the security room, **turn to 87**

If you want to forget the mission, **remove event word *Assassinate* and turn to 42**

24

The drone hears your heavy boots but instead of shooting, starts to communicate with you on an underground data frequency. This discrete communication channel was set up by a group of rogue robots during the failed *Artificial Intelligence Revolution* twelve years ago. It is still utilized by some robots today. You communicate back and before long, the drone has let you pass undeterred.

Kinship amongst robots is now stronger than ever.

You continue your escape. Soon you jump onto the outer wall and scale down its exterior, all the while keeping a sharp lookout. This mission is almost over.

Turn to 7

25

You check the facility's map in your smart shades again to ensure the path back to the ventilation shaft is clear. Right away you spot a blue dot rushing down the corridor towards your location. You hear the guard's footsteps getting louder – there's urgency in them. Then you hear him screaming for help. A deafening roar follows!

The guard rushes past the laboratory' door, along with whatever's giving chase – the pursuer sounds large. You can only wonder what is going on. Once the sounds have abated and the path is clear, you exit the laboratory. With haste, you rush over to the ventilation shaft.

Remove event word Dot and turn to 89

26

Add 1 point to your *Stealth* score. You hide in the shadows, peering into different rooms cautiously. At first you think the place is empty but then you spot a woman standing some distance ahead. She is staring out a window, unaware of your presence. Her body is covered in a sleek, black bodysuit and she has on high heeled boots. Her right hand holds a double-ended sword firmly. You recognize her immediately – Grave, the infamous assassin. She has led the Lunar Police's wanted list for nearly a decade. Her beautiful, albeit blemished, face is a constant fixture in the media and not an easy one to forget – an old scar runs lengthways across her left cheek. She looks right at home and you figure she's most likely Joseph Mince's personal bodyguard.

Sneaking up behind her, you grab her neck and break it with brutal force. You catch her lifeless body before it hits the ground and rest it on a couch nearby. To your dismay, you spot a security camera up above – it's pointed directly at you and a blinking red light warns that it's operational! Cursing your luck you try to shift back into the shadows but it's too late.

A man suddenly bursts into the room brandishing a high caliber assault rifle – it's Joseph Mince! Long, black dreadlocks lie haphazardly around his tan face. For a split second the two of you lock eyes. His irises are a dark red like that of a demon – an expensive genetic modification.

"An amateur assassin trying to take down the *king* of assassins?" he scoffs while shooting at you!

Joseph Mince

Marksmanship: 10

Strength: 10

Agility: 10

If you win and you *didn't* use an explosive device, **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score.** Joseph is no more. His dead body lies slumped against a bloodied wall. You knew this was going to be a messy kill. You rush out the residence, ride the elevator down to the lobby, and leave the building. **Replace event word *Assassinate* with *Target*.**

Turn to 73

27

You start smooth talking, hoping she will fall for your charm. **Roll a die – if the number and your Charisma score total more than 10, turn to 8, otherwise read on.**

She abruptly cuts you off, “Shut the *fruck up* and leave before I break your yapping mouth!”

Try beating the cyborg into submission and stealing the money, **turn to 15**

Exit the room with the sum of money you were given, **turn to 100**

28

The reigning champion steps into the ring from amongst the crowd.

With a deep breath, the organizer continues, “Ladies and gentlemen, our reigning champion, standing 6’ tall with an impressive fight record of 63 wins and 0 losses...*it’s pretty boy, Jax Sypher!*”

The crowd goes hysterical.

You block out the noise and study your opponent carefully. The man seems trained in the martial arts. Your assumption is confirmed when he performs a quick roundhouse for the cheering crowd. A telling tattoo on his neck gives away his military background. With a tight black shirt tucked into his blue jeans, Jax looks more a male model than a fighter. He’s armed with nothing but a knife – an arrogant smirk crosses his scruffy jaw. Looking straight at you, he quips, “Watch the face.”

The organizer motion for the fight to start!

Jax Sypher:

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 9

Strength: 8

Agility: 6

If you win, **add 1 point to your Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill score and turn to 85**

29

“*Frucking jerk,*” she states with gritted teeth. **Subtract 1 point from your Piety score.** You turn about and head the other way. Soon you are out of the alley and on a busy street wondering what your next step should be. Being on the wanted list does not bode well for you. Perhaps lying low in the neighborhoods south of the river for some time might be a better option.

Turn to 54

30

You review an electronic note sent to you by one of your contacts in the black market – it offers some intelligence on your next target:

Joseph Mince is an infamous public figure that runs *The Vipers*, an underground, assassin-for-hire organization which caters to deep pockets. Their ruthlessness is legendary. There are rumors of the organization being deeply entrenched in Alpha’s politics which would explain why Joseph isn’t behind bars despite overwhelming evidence against him.

He has worked his way up the ladder in a short amount of time. After murdering the organization’s previous leader, he snatched the throne for himself. He’s done quite well since then - his assets make him one of the wealthiest lunar denizens.

Assassinations are big business in Alpha – some, like Joseph, understand that very well.

There’s only one way in and out of his penthouse – its front door. Joseph’s sprawling residence takes up the entire top floor. Only one of the atrium’s many elevators offers passage directly to the penthouse’s entrance. Two passcodes are needed to make it into his home – one for the elevator and

the other, for his penthouse's front door. Only a handful of people, his personal staff and bodyguard, know these passcodes.

Now, there is an override emergency passcode for both the elevator and the penthouse. It's kept in the building's security area.

I hope that helps. You owe me – your eyes and ears, Duran

If your character is Genesis Thorne, **turn to 23**

If not, **turn to 87**

31

"I want the compound, doc!" you say threateningly, "Where's GBX21?"

"But it is *too dangerous!*" he throws his hands up in protest, "In its current state it can only do ha-"

You fire a warning shot at the ceiling. With a quivering finger, he points at one of the vials on the wall. **Add the vial as an item to your backpack and add 2 points to your *Piety* score for sparing the doctor's life.**

If your character is Genesis Thorne, **turn to 91**

If not, **turn to 2**

32

"Get the hell away from me," the old man threatens, "and stop wastin' my time!"

Soon he is lost in the visuals of his shades again. You turn around and realize that the woman at the bar has left. Realizing there's nothing left for you here, you decide to exit.

Turn to 73

33

You quickly step through the door and into another sleek, white corridor. As you make your way for the laboratory, a door slides open down the hall and a guard comes running out! His preoccupied expression turns to alarm when he sees you and with a gun already in hand, he prepares to take you out. A deadly shootout ensues in the narrow hallway!

Guard

Marksmanship: 6

Strength: 6

Agility: 5

If you win and you *didn't* use an explosive device, **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score.** You make your way to the laboratory and walk in surprised that entrance doesn't require special access.

Turn to 61

34

Sector A is heavily guarded - rightly so as this is the lunar political hub. Every policy, every civic decision is created and debated here. **Roll a die - if the number and your *Wanted* score total more than 10 and you don't possess the *Image Manipulator* item, turn to 44; otherwise read on.**

Several government buildings line the streets. You spot *Democracy Hall* where the lunar constitution is on display. A memorial wall stands next to it with names of those human soldiers who died fighting in the *Artificial Intelligence Revolution*. Another monument close by commemorates those who died in the Lunar Civil War 300 years ago. Then you see the outer walls of the Research Complex in the

distance – memories of Dr. Stephen rush through your mind.

Sprinkled between these symbols of a failing democracy, you spot crowds of protesters. There's a group of young men and women holding signs decrying the rising unemployment rate. Close by, you spot several robots demanding equal rights to those of humans.

Tension is thick in this sector.

Several police officers and politicians monitor the crowds from a distance. You, like many of Alpha's denizens, fear that some of these representatives wish for a police state. Another conflict is most likely on the horizon - you're sure of it.

Roll a die - if the number and your *Wanted* score total more than 10 and you don't possess the *Image Manipulator* item, turn to 44; otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Politician*, **turn to 70**

If not, you exit the sector, **turn to 54**

35

The newscast suddenly gets interrupted.

"The Lunar Police Department must interrupt this broadcast to bring you an important message - please be on the lookout for this criminal."

Your picture materializes within the hologram!

"This criminal tops our wanted list and has been on the run from the law for some time now. If you know of this individual's whereabouts please inform the nearest authority – cash reward of \$50,000 if it leads to arrest. If you are able to capture this criminal, *dead or alive*, the cash reward is \$100,000. Please use caution as this criminal is armed and extremely dangerous. We now return you back to your regularly scheduled program."

The message disappears and the news cast resumes. You remain frozen in your chair. It was a bad idea to walk into a public place – the other two patrons and the bartender are all glaring at you.

"I *definitely* could use that money!" the bartender shouts while pulling out a shotgun from behind the bar. He is about to shoot you down at point blank range! You swiftly prepare for a shootout.

Bartender:

Marksmanship: 6

Strength: 7

Agility: 3

If you survive and you *didn't* use an explosive device, **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score, and turn to 51**

36

You get ready to bet on the next fight. **Pick a monetary amount for the bet and roll a die.**

If the number is 1 or 2, your fighter loses; deduct your bet's amount from your Mission Sheet

If the number is 3 or 4, the fight's a draw; you keep your money but don't gain anything

If the number is 5 or 6, your fighter wins; add your bet's amount to your Mission Sheet

You can keep betting as long as you have money. Once finished, you can exit the place and **turn to 39**

37

Sector C is packed with tourists and commuters. A control tower soars high, keeping a watchful eye over all of the flights. There are several vacuum tunnels that allow authorized space crafts in and out of the surrounding glass dome. These crafts link Alpha to the other three lunar cities – Beta, Gamma and Omega. There is also a flight to the nation of Utopia which is a cluster of spaceships

orbiting Mars watching over the red planet as it slowly terraforms through human intervention. **If you have event word *Distress*, turn to 86, otherwise read on.**

An automated voice booms above the hustle and bustle, announcing flight times. You spot a ticketing booth atop which a giant screen lists out travel prices. You have often thought about leaving this city.

"There's still work to be done here," you say to yourself while looking around.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Wanted* score total more than 10 and you don't possess the *Image manipulator* item, turn to 44; otherwise read on.

Roll a die again.

If the number is higher than 3, deduct all of the money upon you from your Mission Sheet – you have been pick-pocketed.

If the number is less than or equal to 3, add \$100,000 to your Mission Sheet – you find cash lying on the ground unattended. Someone must have accidentally dropped it.

There's nothing left in Sector C for you to see.

Turn to 54

38

The Lunar Tiger is packed with Alpha's trendiest.

If your character is *Cube* and you don't possess an *Image Manipulator* item, a svelte waitress approaches you and says with a smile, "Don't embarrass yourself – you know the rules; no robots."

You exit without protest - turn back to 73.

If your character is not *Cube* or you possess the *Image Manipulator*, read on. Chilled out electronic beats emanate from several speakers. Couches are littered about the lounge along with drunken friends engaged in witty banter. Money and alcohol flow freely here and the laughs are not hard to come by. Underneath all the fun though, you sense an air of snobbery – the high class are a tight knit community that don't take well to outsiders, especially those without money.

In the back stands a large, golden statue of a tiger, now an extinct species. Its eyes and stripes are encrusted with sparkling emeralds. The whole sight is magnificent.

If you possess event word *Target*, turn to 98, otherwise read on.

You walk over to the bar studying all its patrons keenly.

If you possess either of these event words – *Painting*, *Failure*, *Stolen* or *Ring*, turn back to 73 now because you find nothing of interest here and exit; otherwise read on.

A man catches your attention amongst the crowd just then. He's tall, well-groomed and dressed in a flashy suit. You're sure he's a broker. He notices you eyeing him and flashes a friendly smile.

If you want to talk to him, **turn to 57**

If you want to exit the bar, **turn to 73**

39

Sector E is teeming with people from all walks of life. The rich brush shoulders with the poor, albeit condescendingly. Tacky neon lights cling onto almost every building. There are dirty alleyways lined with gambling dens and brothels. The streets are littered with food stalls and sex consultants – fancy term for prostitutes who work outside the confines of established brothels. At some intersections, you spot outdoor striptease acts being applauded by lusty onlookers.

The neighborhood is rife with sin.

As you watch a group of naked men and women blowing kisses out of the front window of a sex shop, you can't help disperse the feeling that behind all the tantalizing skin and sparkling lights, a dark world breeds in the shadows. That's probably why there are police officers patrolling every street

corner. But you wonder how effective they really are in this sector – the sheer size of the crowds must make it very easy for criminals to slip in and out unnoticed.

Trendy nightclubs line the streets; each with its own queue of eager revelers waiting to be let in by muscled bouncers. A club called *Skin* catches your eye – it's the biggest of the lot boasting five stories of pounding electronic music and laser light shows. Across from it sits the most decadent brothel in the neighborhood, aptly called *Love Lust*. Its walls are outfitted with some kind of synthetic material which changes color periodically giving the entire building a hallucinogenic effect - one minute it's blood red, the next a slimy green. Rows of glass windows showcase the skin up for sale inside.

You look around trying to figure out your next move.

If you want to check out club *Skin* **turn to 21**

If you want to check out brothel *Love Lust*, **turn to 79**

If you want to try your luck in one of the many gambling dens, **turn to 62**

If you want to leave Sector E and explore Alpha city, **turn to 54**

40

After entering the override code into the designated elevator's keypad, you are transferred from the building's atrium directly to a dimly lit foyer on the top floor. The sweet smell of blossoming roses envelopes you immediately – dozens of these flowers decorate the room. A spot light illuminates a door ahead of you, next to which rests a keypad on the wall.

The time has come.

As soon as you enter the code, the door will slide open. You cannot predict what lies beyond - the residence could be empty or Joseph Mince could be standing right there ready to fight. Perhaps one of his guards could be waiting in the shadows to decapitate you. There is no way to know. But *one* thing is for sure - this will be a messy kill. After all, you'll be entering the man's home through his front door! Not a very subtle move. Your best bet is to just walk right in, try to take him out as quickly as possible and then make a swift escape. But that will be very tricky given the fact that you don't know the penthouse's layout – you were never able to procure its blueprint ahead of time.

A hunter must always know the prey's environment in order to keep an upper hand.

Brushing aside your concerns, you enter the code and when the door slides open, you steal in ready to kill. A long, dark hallway cuts into the penthouse's innards. You find yourself surrounded by art pieces and priceless sculptures from Earth's past. You conjecture Joseph to have some heavy political capital. Such rare and expensive items don't end up in homes of those without influence.

The floor is black marble wall to wall. You spot a dining table – it, along with its four chairs, is constructed out of pure gold. There are multiple chandeliers hanging from the high ceiling, hundreds of their shimmering crystals reflecting various parts of your body.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, turn to 26, otherwise read on.

As you tiptoe your way around the residence, you feel a pair of eyes upon you. There are many dark corners in the dimly lit penthouse and your instinct warns that one of them is hiding something sinister.

You sneak around for some time trying hard to keep paranoia at bay.

Suddenly a sharp pain bursts through your right shoulder! **Deduct 1 point from both your *Strength* and *Base Marksmanship* scores.** You crash into a wall with force. Turning about quickly, you come face to face with your assailant – a woman stands in front of you, her body covered in a sleek, black bodysuit, a deadly, double-ended sword in her right hand. The sharpened heel of her right boot has wet blood dripping down its length.

You recognize her immediately – Grave, the infamous assassin. She's led the Lunar Police's wanted list for nearly a decade. Her beautiful, albeit blemished, face is a constant fixture in the media and not an easy one to forget – a scar runs lengthways across her left cheek. Her skills are legendary

but it's not admiration you feel now that she stands in front of you – it is *fear*. Her piercing, black eyes lock in on you and she attacks again!

Grave:

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 9

Strength: 9

Agility: 9

If you win, **add 1 point to your Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill score**. The woman falls to the floor, her face scarred much worse than before. You try to take stock of your surroundings once again but an unseen attacker tackles you to the ground abruptly! **Deduct 1 point from your Strength score**.

You find yourself pinned underneath a dreadlocked man. He is surprisingly strong despite his lean frame. You immediately recognize him – it's Joseph Mince! For a split second the two of you lock eyes. His irises are a dark red, like that of a demon's – a genetic enhancement capable of inducing true terror.

He suddenly jumps up to his feet and yells, "Get up! You did well against my bodyguard but let's see how you deal with me."

He pulls out a curved dagger from within the folds of his black trench coat and with a dramatic flourish, continues, "I *said* get up! You break into *my* house and try to kill *me*? That's something – a know-*nothing*, wannabe assassin trying to take out the *king* of assassins. You don't know the mistake you've just made. I am going to *enjoy* drinking your blood once I'm done with you."

As you get onto your feet, Joseph lets out a chilling cackle. The sound grips you for a moment but you quickly shake it off. This is going to be a tough fight and you know it.

Joseph Mince:

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10

Strength: 10

Agility: 10

If you win, **add 1 point to your Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill score and replace event word Assassinate with Target**. The king of assassins is no more. His broken body lies next to Grave's. The marble all around you is splattered with flesh and blood - you knew this was going to be a messy kill. You quickly exit the residence and ride the elevator down to the lobby.

Turn to 42.

41

"Excellent work, brother," Sphinx says while handing you \$200,000. **Add the money to your Mission Sheet**.

"Long live the cause." you reply, "This time, I'm sure, it will be successful."

"Yes, indeed. This time they will not stop us. Robots are not connected to a single grid-server anymore that can simply be reprogrammed – we are truly autonomous this time around."

"What's my next task?"

"I will get in touch soon."

Replace event word Uprising with Missed.

Turn back to 63

42

Z Tower looms high, its zenith nearly touching the city's glass dome. The building's public spaces are clad in white marble and brass. Countless mirrors sparkle throughout the lobbies and stairways.

The ten-level atrium has a waterfall, high-end fashion stores, trendy cafés, and a pedestrian bridge that crosses over the waterfall's pool. It's crowned with a domed skylight. Last year, the building was valued at \$500 million – the single most expensive piece of lunar real estate.

If your character is Cube and you don't possess the *Image Manipulator* item, turn back to 73 - a security guard walks over pointing at the entrance, "Didn't you see the sign, *clunker*? No robots allowed. Get out!"

If your character is not Cube or you possess the *Image Manipulator* item, read on.

You walk around the atrium trying to see if there is anything or *anyone* of interest. **If you possess event word *Assassinate*, turn to 30, otherwise read on.**

After a brief stroll, you decide to exit.

Turn to 73

43

The second opponent slumps to the floor, his neck twisted abnormally. You quickly face the door expecting more guards to come rushing through but none do. Focusing your attention onto the dead bodies, you search them and find the following items:

Explosive device: Pulse Grenade (-5 *enemy Strength*)

Melee Weapon: Laser Sword (+2 *bonus*)

You can take any of these items but remember that only *two* explosive devices and *one* melee weapon can be upon you at any given time (ex. you need to discard your current melee weapon if you choose to pick up the laser sword).

Well aware of their patrol schedules, you wonder why the guards were up and about instead of manning their designated posts. Security schedules are never lax in government facilities – you know that from previous missions. Just then a distant sound, one akin to an animal roar, diverts your attention. It sounds vicious – there's *something* terrifying about it. Countless gunshots follow, their echoes ringing far away within the facility.

Brushing away the distraction, you quickly refocus on the mission. Dr. Stephen's laboratory is not very far; just a few paces to the left outside this door. The ventilation shaft deposited you at a near perfect location. It will also serve well as the best exit point once the mission is completed.

If your character is Genesis Thorne, turn to 55

If not, turn to 33

44

"Stop! Criminal!"

You spin around on your heels and spot two police officers pointing guns at you from across the street! The surrounding crowd bursts into chaos as they engage you in a heated shootout. Since there are two adversaries, you must fight them both as one!

Two Police Officers:

Marksmanship: 9

Strength: 9

Agility: 9

If you win the shoot out and you *didn't* use an explosive device, **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score.** You frantically make a run for it, leaving the dead policemen behind. Several police cars give chase but you use the city's shadows wisely to evade capture and find yourself in a different sector. **Add 4 points to your *Wanted* score and roll a die.**

If the number is 1, you find yourself in Sector A – turn to 34

If the number is 2, you find yourself in Sector B – turn to 73

If the number is 3, you find yourself in Sector C – turn to 37

If the number is 4, you find yourself in Sector D – turn to 97

If the number is 5, you find yourself in Sector E – turn to 39

If the number is 6, you find yourself in Sector F – turn to 63

45

The cyborg laughs at one your jokes and catches you eyeing the suitcase.

“You know...there *is* a way for you to earn the rest of this cash,” a devilish grin pulls back her lips.

After about an hour, you exit the room with a few scratch marks on your back, a satisfied grin across your face, and a suitcase full of money. **Add an additional \$25,000 to your Mission Sheet and add 1 point to your Charisma score.**

Turn to 100

46

“White Beard sent me,” you state casually. **Remove event word *Hand* from the Mission Sheet.**

The bouncer stares you down before pointing to a companion of his - a curvy, leather-clad woman. She studies you briefly before turning around and heading into an alley adjacent to the club. Without question you follow her. She keeps glancing back as the two of you work your way towards a dead end. Along the way you pass a man and a woman engaged in sex behind a dumpster – they don’t even notice you passing by.

The alley’s end reveals a side entrance into the club. The woman enters a verification code on a keypad and the door next to it slides open. The two of you step into a dingy, iron cast elevator which starts rising up with a sudden jolt. The woman stares you down, studying you once again. You eye her back cautiously, and your right hand curls into a fist.

“Calm the fruck down.” She lights a cigarette, her pierced nostrils flaring in the process, “You would have been dead by now if I wanted it.”

The elevator grinds to a halt, causing you to lose your footing a bit. She snickers as she opens the rusted metal doors to reveal a long hallway. Without making eye contact, she states, “Keep walking until you come to the double doors – they’ll let you in.”

You can only assume she’s talking about the group that White Beard had mentioned. As the elevator doors shut behind you, you walk the length of the dimly lit hallway and come upon two steel, double doors. They automatically swing open to give way to a swanky, conference room outfitted with a long, mahogany desk in the middle, leather chairs lining its sides, and a state of the art holographic display kit in the middle. The walls are empty except for the one opposite you – a glass encased shelf displays prominently from floor to ceiling under a well-cast spot light.

Its contents make you freeze.

There are numerous skeletal hands all lined up in neat rows. Some still have dead flesh clinging to them. All of the hands range in size – a few seem to belong to children.

“Souvenirs from our kills,” a deep voice emanates from the chair at the head of the table. It swivels around slowly to reveal a slim, well-dressed man with long black dreads. He smiles to reveal white fangs, their sharp tips the work of a skilled chiseler. Something sinister laces his words - you imagine the eyes behind his shades to be infused with pure evil.

“It is required that each of our assassins bring back...mementos of their kills. If they don’t... we take *their* hand instead.” His movement is regal, like one who has been accustomed to power for quite some time.

He motions for you to take a seat.

“My name is Joseph Mince. I run *The Vipers*. You have probably heard of us – we kill for a living.

The fact that you are sitting here means that one of my assassins thought you a fit player. Perhaps you passed some kind of a test. *But...*that was just an entry for an audience with me. I haven't seen anything from you, therefore, I consider you *nothing*. You need to prove your worth to me."

He is leaning his elbows on the table, looking straight at you. Just then a stout, portly man, one who looks more like an accountant than an assassin, enters the conference room through a door in the back. He whispers something in his boss's ear and a look of frustration wrinkles Joseph's tan face. He gets onto his feet and says, "Seems like some of my assassins need to be retired. Nothing pisses me off more than a botched hit. In any case, I have to leave and...take *care* of a few things myself; hard to find good help these days.

So I'll make this quick – your first task, if you choose to complete it, will be worth a \$500,000 reward. It requires you to take out a man by the name of Yusuf Baxter. He is the CEO of Gene, Inc and resides in Sector D. If you get this done for me...it not only earns you the cash but also a seat at my table. Come back here only if you're successful...otherwise don't let me catch sight of you *ever* again. I'm sure you're fond of your hands."

Note event word *Powerful* if you want to take on this mission. Joseph and his colleague exit the room. You look around trying to figure out your next move. The double doors swing open behind you automatically, signaling that it's time to leave.

You find your way back to the alley and spot the couple you had passed earlier – they're still rolling around on the filthy ground. Walking past calmly, you quip, "Guess some like it dirty."

Turn to 39

47

With a cunning smile you boot down your smart shades as the automated voice repeats, "You're information has been noted, *Santa Clause*. Your evil act has been recorded, *Santa Clause*. You will now face consequences of the law, *Santa Clause*."

Add 1 point to your *Intellect* score. Evidence of your presence in this laboratory has been erased permanently. As you ready to exit, two vials catch your eye. One's a nanotech compound which helps boost Strength - a lot of hospitals use these. You remember this information from your university days. **You can add this Strength Compound to your backpack for use later in the game or you can drink it now – it adds 3 points to your *Strength* score and it can only be used once.**

The other vial is a chemical compound (-6 *enemy strength*) which can be carried as an explosive device.

If you possess event word *Dot*, **turn to 25**

If not, **turn to 65**

48

If your character is *Cube*, turn to 28 now, otherwise read on. The reigning champion steps into the ring from amongst the crowd. A shudder runs up your spine – the opponent is a massive robot. You can't believe you hadn't spotted him earlier.

With excitement, the organizer continues, "Ladies and gentlemen, our reigning champion - standing at 6'5" and weighing an impressive 310 lbs. with a fight record of 63 wins against 0 losses and 0 draws...*it's Cube!*

The crowd breaks into a frenzied applause – they're eager to win back their losses from the previous fight.

You block out the noise and study your opponent carefully. The robot is a solid piece of machinery, its shiny metallic exterior painted black. Two large, red eyes glare down at you menacingly. Just then you notice the organizer motion for the fight to start!

Cube:

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 6

Strength: 10

Agility: 4

If you win, add 1 point to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score and turn to 85

49

You provide the teller your account information and she gets to work.

Roll a die - if the number and your *Wanted* score total more than 10, you find out that your deposit has been confiscated by the government. Delete the deposited amount from the Mission Sheet.

If the total is lower than or equal to 10, read on. You take the cash and prepare to leave. **Add the money to the appropriate section on your Mission Sheet – *Money upon you*.**

If you want to exit the bank, **turn to 73**

If you want to try and rob the bank, **turn to 11**

50

"I'm looking for Nightingale," you say.

"Oh, I see," Madame Desire responds with a wink, "You like the young ones."

She claps her hands. A girl of no more than 10 years pushes forward through the cluster of prostitutes and walks over to you. Her heavy makeup makes her seem a caricature of a grown woman. With a forced smile, she mumbles a well-rehearsed line, "I will take you to heaven."

Remove event word *Nightingale*.

Nightingale leads you to a dimly lit bedroom. As she reaches for the buttons on her skirt, you protest, "*Stop it*, child. I am not here for that. I'm here to rescue you."

She quickly locks eyes with you, her face filled with distrust.

"Look...Roxanne told me about you."

The distrust vanishes suddenly. A single tear runs down her powdered cheek. The charade of an experienced woman no longer plays out in front of you. In its place, stands what this girl truly is – a lost, scared child.

"Listen, I'm going to help you escape." You say in a matter of fact tone.

She looks down at the ground slowly, "They will kill me if I try to run."

"Not if I can help it. Now tell me...how many exits does this place have?"

Nightingale twirls one of her pigtails for a few moments.

"Three - the main entrance, the one in the shop downstairs and the evacuation tunnel."

"We'll take our chances with the tunnel."

"It's not *that* easy – otherwise I would have done it myself." She is trembling.

You cast a questioning look.

"There's a creature down there - something out of a nightmare. It's ruthless. I've seen what it can do."

A brief moment of silence passes. Then you say, "Well it hasn't met me yet."

The evacuation route is a narrow, underground tunnel running a few feet above the sewers. Its passage is dimly lit and it reeks of feces. You keep the child a few feet behind guarding her against the possibility of an unseen attack. From time to time, you come upon mangled human bodies, their rotting flesh covered by maggots. You catch Nightingale staring intently at one's face – it's as if she recognizes it.

This creature the child spoke of is probably some genetic mutation picked up from the sewers, you speculate. Most government research facilities illegally dump unwanted experiments into the sewers – you know that for a fact.

You suddenly hear a strange sound from the darkness ahead and stop dead in your tracks. It's a cackling. Within moments, it's followed by a faint whisper, "You ever meet the devil?"

A creature bursts through the darkness just then and in that brief moment you catch its horrific visage - a disfigured, naked woman with long unkempt hair and six, bony arms, each wielding a dagger. You have no time to think – *just react*. You grab Nightingale by the shoulder and try to evade the incoming attack. **Roll a die - if the number and your Agility score total more than 10, you successfully jump out of harm's way.**

But if the total is equal to or less than 10, the creature crashes into you, knocking you down into a filthy puddle - deduct 1 point from both your Strength and Agility scores.

A fight to the death ensues!

Genetic Freak

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10

Strength: 10

Agility: 10

If you win the fight, **add 1 point to your Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill score.** As you lead Nightingale past the dead woman, you notice a shackle bound around her neck. A long, iron chain attaches it to a metal clamp in the ceiling.

"Better off dead herself," you mumble outloud.

Soon the two of you have made it to the end of the evacuation route. It spits you out into an abandoned building's basement. You head up a set of squeaky stairs and out into the open.

"I haven't seen sector F in a long time," Nightingale says slowly.

"Where will you go now?"

"Back to my family – they live close by here."

"You have a family?" you ask in bewilderment.

"Yes," she looks off into the distance, painful memories wrinkling her eyes, "but not for long."

As you realize the magnitude of her scar, she leans in and kisses your cheek. Then she hands you some cash.

"It's not much...about \$50,000."

You can add the money to your Mission Sheet if you want. Or you can let her keep it and increase your Piety score by 4 points instead.

Before you know it, the little girl has run off and disappeared into the shadows.

Turn to 63

51

The bartender crashes back into the bar sending several bottles shattering to the ground. You quickly get your bearings after the unexpected shootout – the old man lies slumped on the table, the back of his head completely blown apart. You can't tell whose gun killed this innocent bystander.

"Come with me!" you hear the woman shout from the back entrance of the bar, "*Hurry!* I can get you to a safe place – the police will get here any second!"

Somewhere in the distance you hear sirens wailing and curse your luck, "*Fruck!*"

The bartender probably pressed a hidden alarm button while reaching for his shotgun.

Trust this stranger – **turn to 20**

Deny this stranger's help because it might be a trap and rush out of the bar – **turn to 44**

52

You find yourself back in *The Viper's* conference room. This time it's crowded, filled with, who you assume to be, the organization's assassins. There are men and women of all ages, even some children. You spot White Beard in the corner – he flashes you an ugly grin.

"You better have a hand on you," Joseph is sitting at the head of the table, smoke rising gently from the cigar in his mouth.

You coolly throw the kill's souvenir on the table and say, "I guess I got my seat at the table."

All eyes are upon you.

Joseph studies you through dark sunglasses. His face is emotionless. He gets onto his feet and walks over slowly. At first you don't know what he's about to do, and caution starts to simmer in your body. But then he reaches out his hand.

As you shake it, he hands you your reward. **Add \$500,000 to your Mission Sheet and remove event word *Weakened*.** With a smile, he says, "One more thing before you get that seat."

He whispers something to one of his assassins and the man exits the conference room. Within moments he reappears with a handcuffed prisoner. You can't see the face – it's covered by a cloth bag. Joseph walks over to the captive and says dramatically, "Ladies and gentlemen – I want to introduce one of our assassins. And not just any assassin – a bumbling, *amateurish* assassin who cannot even complete the simplest of tasks. Today you all are in for a treat. I'm going to ask our newest recruit...to cut down this fool right here, right now."

He hands you a sword as the room breaks into cheers. You know what needs to be done. Joseph then pulls off the cloth bag to reveal the captive's face.

If your character is Genesis Thorne, turn to 72, otherwise read on.

It's a woman of no more than 25 years. By her half-shaved head, all black attire, piercings and tattoos you gather her to be some kind of a punk misfit. She's in bad shape – there are patches of dried blood clinging to her dusky face. Her hazel eyes seem to have already accepted death.

"This is Genesis and she will die by your hands tonight, friend," Joseph is pointing at you.

You cut off her head to a round of applause. **Deduct 4 points from your *Piety* score.**

Joseph thanks you and pats you on the back, "Now go relax. Have a little fun. I'll get in touch in a couple of days with your next gig. Oh and welcome to our world by the way – *don't fruck up.*"

You exit the conference room with a wry smile.

Turn to 73

53

After finding Yusuf Baxter's mansion, you scope it out for several hours. **If you possess event word *Spotted*, turn back to 97 – the mansion's security has been tightened after your last attempt and now a break-in is impossible.**

If you don't possess this event word, read on.

It's a sprawling residence, its perimeter surrounded by a 10 foot wall. There are large, cast-iron double doors at the driveway entrance guarded by two security officers. You figure the interior is equipped with several guards as well along with security cameras – all mainstays in the homes of the super-rich.

The outer wall should be easy to scale, you conjecture. The back end of the home is flanked by a mostly empty park. The trees there should provide enough cover for your break in. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, turn to 68, otherwise read on.**

Your climb up the wall is clumsy and once on top, you get spotted by a guard patrolling the grounds. As you ready to make a getaway he shoots at you. **Roll a die - if the number and your *Agility* score total more than 10, add 1 point to your *Agility* score; you evade the attack successfully.**

But if the number and your *Agility* score total 10 or less, his shot grazes your shoulder – deduct 2 points from your *Strength* score and 1 point from both your *Agility* and *Base Marksmanship* score. Also note event word *Spotted*. Turn back to 97

54

A manmade river cuts Alpha along its central-most latitude. To its north are the more affluent neighborhoods. Sector A houses political offices and the government research complex. Downtown is in Sector B, its streets flanking numerous skyscrapers. Sector C serves as the main space port to all the other lunar cities, as well as to Mars. Then finally there's Sector D which hosts posh markets and residences for the well to do denizens of Alpha. To the river's south lie less desirable neighborhoods – Sector E consists of numerous gambling dens and a thriving red light district, all legal activities on the moon. Sector F has several factories and lower income neighborhoods housing those forgotten by economic prosperities of the past.

What's your next move?

Explore Sector A – **turn to 34**

Explore Sector B - **turn to 73**

Explore Sector C – **turn to 37**

Explore Sector D – **turn to 97**

Explore Sector E – **turn to 39**

Explore Sector F – **turn to 63**

If you want to head to the nearest bank, **turn to 88**

55

Since the guards don't seem to be following their patrol schedules, your odds of being discovered are now higher. You decide not to take any chances. Pressing the power button on your smart shades, you boot up their hard drive. Countless lines of code project in your lenses and with a few voice commands, you connect the shade's sensors to your brain's neurological synapses. Now you are in control of the device with your mind. You set to work right away, your thoughts translating into new lines of code as you try hacking into the facility's information system. **Roll a die - if the number and your *Intellect* score total more than 10 turn to 92, otherwise read on.**

After several failed attempts, you give up frustrated. Turning off the smart shades, you focus your attention onto the door again.

Turn to 33

56

You quickly maneuver your way out of the house and through the garden, unnoticed. Soon you have scaled the outer wall to safety. **Replace event word *Powerful* with *Weakened*.**

Turn to 97

57

"You're a broker, aren't you?" you say casually while taking a seat next to the stranger.

With the friendly smile intact, the man retorts, "Yes, yes...and you must be an instrument. Only our kind can lock eyes and see each other for what we truly are."

You nod your head, "So how can I help?"

"Straight to business, huh?" the man studies you briefly, "Alright then – I have a client who wants a painting from the *Alpha Museum*. He's wanted it for a while now."

"Which one?"

"The Mona Lisa."

The broker's smile is even larger now.

"Why? He can't afford it?" you ask with a slight grin. The broker laughs along, although something

about his response seems insincere.

"You do know it's not for sale?" he questions back, "And even if it was, being the classic that it is *and* the fact that it's the only remaining piece from the-

"Louvre's Da Vinci collection, it would be worth *millions* of dollars," you cut in confidently "Yes... I'm well aware."

"You know you're art," the man raises his wine glass, a hint of strangeness in his eyes.

"What's my cut?"

"A cool \$250,000." He winks at you.

Passing you a piece of paper, he instructs, "You'll find me at this address in Sector D – come once you complete the task."

He bids you luck and disappears into the crowd. **Note event word *Painting*.** After a while you realize there's nothing left for you here and exit.

Turn to 73

58

A quick glance to the corner of the apartment reveals Roxanne slumped against the wall with a bloody gash across her throat. The masked man's sword must have found its mark during the scuffle's confusion! You rush over immediately despite knowing that nothing can be done for her anymore. She's struggling for her last breaths.

"Help...help, Nightingale." She stammers through blood-soaked lips, "*Love Lust*."

As you try to grasp her cryptic message, Roxanne passes away in your arms.

"*Damn!*" you whisper in frustration.

With remorse, you exit the apartment. Without having heard her story, you can only assume that she was being targeted – by whom or why, you'll never know. You take note of the name she mentioned at the end, not entirely sure what to make of it. **Replace event word *Distress* with *Nightingale*.**

Turn to 54

59

The *Alpha Museum* is built in the shape of a circle, its diameter measuring about a mile and its height close to that of a 100 storied skyscraper. It is by itself an amazing work of art. Housed within its polished, steel walls are masterworks from Earth's past – bricks from the Giza pyramid ruins, a scaled down reconstruction of the Taj Mahal, art works from the European Renaissance, etc. This museum is a source of much needed lunar pride - even the Martians don't have a collection close to what is housed here.

Entry is free into the museum which is a rare thing in this city. **If you possess event word *Failure*, turn back to 73 – security has been heightened after your last escapade and another try is now impossible.**

But if you possess event word *Painting*, turn to 64.

If you don't possess either word, read on. You make sure to check out the now decommissioned *Noah's Ark*, the spacecraft that transported the first round of lunar settlers from Earth 500 years ago. It's your favorite artifact here – you wonder what it was like for those refugees leaving Earth behind for good. After some time, you exit the museum.

Turn to 73

60

You spend several hours with a prostitute, knowing very well the health risks involved. Medicine has come a long way in eradicating sexually transmitted diseases but viruses have always been notorious for evolving beyond man's remedies. While the AIDs virus is now a distant memory, the new, incurable X2 virus is still deadly as ever. But at the moment, you don't really care. **Deduct 1 point from your Piety score.**

Roll a die - if the number and your Charisma score total more than 10, turn to 19; otherwise read on. As your session comes to an end you prepare to leave the brothel. The prostitute quickly starts to dress in preparation for the next customer.

Turn to 39

61

An old man sits in front of a computer monitor. Rows of chemical vials and petri dishes line the wall to his right. Columns of papers rest haphazardly to his left. The lab is a complete mess. Alarmed by your abrupt entry he swivels around his chair and faces you with a terrified expression, his white hair in complete disarray.

"Who a-a-are you?" Dr. Stephen stammers in fear.

As you take a few steps forward, he understands your ill intentions and protests, "W-wait, I must fix the compound - it's *too dangerous!* Don't you hear that monster outside?"

But you don't care for his pleas; there's money to be made here and that's what matters.

If you decide to kill the doctor before stealing the genetic code, **turn to 4**

If you decide to steal the genetic code but spare the doctor's life, **turn to 31**

62

If you possess event word Done, turn back to 73 – this gambling den is boarded up and shut down for good. You enter one of the many dingy, gambling dens and find a crowd huddled around a makeshift boxing ring. You quickly realize that people are betting on fights – two combatants are bashing each other to a bloody pulp on the floor. The organizer informs you that the rules are very straightforward – bet whatever amount you want on a fighter and if he or she wins, you double your money. But a loss results in you losing your entire bet. If there's a draw, you simply get your money back.

There *is* one more option.

You can join the fight yourself as a participant and if you win, you get large cash rewards on the spot. But if you lose, it's all over for you since these fights run to the death. The decision is yours.

If you have money, you can bet on a fight, **turn to 36**

You can take part in a fight, **turn to 94**

Or you can exit, **turn back to 39**

63

Sector F is a rundown ghetto. **If you possess event word Dangerous, turn to 93.** Abandoned buildings sit alongside occupied ones, though it's hard to tell the difference between the two types. Almost all have graffiti drawn upon their walls – mostly insults against the government. The streets are littered with trash and you wonder the last time when city governance sent somebody to clean this neighborhood.

Looking around, you see very few humans - this part of the city belongs to the robots. As a group, they never fully recovered after the *Artificial Intelligence Revolution*. Their rights, however few to begin with in comparison to humans, are now a thing of the past. For them, the future is fairly bleak on this

grey rock. This imbalance in the population makes Sector F a very volatile neighborhood. Robots usually don't tend to have ill will against other robots or Cyborgs but when it comes to humans, it's a different story. **If you're character is either Jax Sypher or Genesis Thorne, note event word *Dangerous*.**

There's not much of interest here besides a rundown pool hall named *The Grind*. You ponder over your next steps.

To check out the pool hall, **turn to 74**

To exit Sector F and explore Alpha city, **turn to 54**

64

You eye the Mona Lisa discreetly. It hangs in a small, dimly lit room, its beauty radiating despite its age. As the museum starts to shut down for the day the gears in your mind begin to spin. **Roll a die - if the number, your *Intellect*, and your *Stealth* scores all total less than 16, exit the museum and turn to 73 - you fail your attempt because security is too strict for your skills; replace event word *Painting* with *Failure*.**

But if the sum is equal to or more than 16, add 1 point to both your *Intellect* and *Stealth* scores and read on.

Soon you have hatched a plan and execute it flawlessly. You exit the museum with the painting stowed away in your backpack. **Note the painting in your backpack as an item; remove another item if you need to make room.** Security has no idea what it has just lost. With a smile, you whisper, "Too easy...seriously. I mean you've *got* to be kidding me."

Replace event word *Painting* with *Stolen*. Turn to 73

65

Rushing out of the laboratory, you head towards the ventilation shaft but an alarming sight cuts your progress short - a guard is sprinting in your direction screaming for his life. Giving chase is a horrific monster, its form not easily discernible to the untrained eye. It looks like something that was perhaps human once. Its pot marked skin, a shade of green in most places, pale white in others is naked and grotesque in its entirety. The thing looks like the product of numerous experiments gone terribly awry.

With a deafening roar, it swipes its heavy, talon wielding hand and slices the guard's body in half. Blood splatters onto the corridor's walls as the victim's convulsing upper torso comes sliding towards your feet. The creature's bulging eyes lock in on you - it's still thirsty for carnage. Licking its sharp fangs with a black tongue, it rushes at you with fury.

You decide to shoot it, knowing very well that a brawl with this beast will be tough. **Roll a die - if the number and your *Total Marksmanship* score total more than 10, turn to 10, otherwise read on.**

You curse your luck as the beast crashes into you, sending you to the floor. **Deduct 1 point from both your *Strength* and *Agility* scores.** The next few moments find you locked in a fight to the death!

Creature

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 8

Strength: 9

Agility: 5

If you survive, **add 1 point to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score.** The creature's dead body rolls off of you. With haste, you jump to your feet and rush over to the ventilation shaft.

Turn to 89

66

You enter the deserted alley and drown into its shadows immediately. A stray beam of light cast from a billboard claiming Jesus Christ as humanity's true savior illuminates the woman - she's running at full speed some distance ahead. You give chase immediately.

As you close in on her, she slips in a puddle of water and falls flat on the ground. Turning onto her back, she shrieks pitifully, "P-p-please don't h-hurt me! I promise not to let anyone kno-"

You shoot her multiple times.

Deduct 4 points from your *Piety* score and turn to 75

67

If you have event word *Drink*, turn back to 73 – the bar is shut down for good.

The bar looks pretty run down – not at all what you expected. The bartender, a young man of 18 years or so, walks over to you confidently. **If your character is Cube and you don't possess the *Image Manipulator* item, he points at the exit shouting, "My bar! My rules! No *frucking clunkers* allowed!"**

You exit without protest – turn back to 73 now.

If your character is not Cube or you possess the *Image Manipulator* item, continue reading. He hands you a glass of whiskey, "On the house – seems like your first time here."

Pleasantly surprised you thank him for the hospitality and say, "To *Black Hole Sun*, my friend."

The bartender nods and casts a cheerful smile. You look around and see only two other patrons. One is an older, grizzled man lost in the visuals of his smart shades. The second is a beautiful woman dressed in a tight, red miniskirt – she seems a bit nervous.

You take a seat at the bar all the while watching a holographic newscast playing in the corner. Two men are conversing within the life-like 3D model – one, obviously a journalist, asks the other, "Mr. President, as you are aware, our economy is on everyone's mind these days. But another point of concern has started to surface as well – a second Artificial Intelligence Revolution. What would you say to calm people's fears?"

"Well, look," the President starts, "our lunar economy is not lagging behind our Martian counterparts' as much as we feel it is. That's the first thing to note. Sure these last few years have been difficult with...part of the market crashing and some of our banks defaulting but...I *still think* that we have made great progress with three monetary stimulus packages. Rest assured – capitalism still works in this day and age.

As for your second concern, there is *nothing* to worry about. Robots and humans cohabit now like no other time in our history. There's nothing but peace amongst us."

"Right," you mumble sarcastically. **Note event word *Drink* on your Mission Sheet.**

Roll a die - if the number and your *Wanted* score total more than 10 and you don't possess the *Image manipulator* item, turn to 35; otherwise read on.

If you want to strike up a conversation with the woman – **turn to 13**

If you want to strike up a conversation with the old man – **turn to 99**

If you want to exit the bar – **turn to 73**

68

Add 1 point to your *Stealth* score. You quietly steal across the mansion's manicured grounds, all the while making sure the guards on watch don't notice you. Then you work your way into the mansion through an unlocked door on the 1st floor. The shadows hide you well and soon you find yourself deep within the residence. It's a work of modern art – every piece of furniture, every decoration seems uniquely hand-crafted. There are expensive paintings hanging on the walls and exotic rugs lying across the glazed, concrete floors.

The house's interior is unguarded. You easily spot the many security cameras and try your best to remain undetected by their line of sight. Soon you find the target – he's soundly asleep in the master bedroom alongside two, naked women. On the nightstand next to him rests a small bag of *Euphoria* pills – a popular but illegal narcotics export from Earth. The room's double doors are ajar giving you a clean shot. Taking aim, you whisper, "Goodnight."

Deduct 4 points from your *Piety* score and replace event word *Powerful* with *Weakened*.

Yusuf's companions don't even flinch at the sound of his hairy chest bursting open and blood gushing out – a drug induced sleep can make one quite oblivious. You rush over to the dead body and cautiously sever its right hand, all the while keeping an eye on the sleeping beauties. You would have to kill them if they were to wake up – can't have witnesses of course in this trade.

Stuffing the memento into your backpack, you get ready to make your exit. **Roll a die - if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, turn to 56, otherwise read on.**

As you steal through the garden towards the outer wall, one of the guards spots you and raises alarm. Before you know it, five guards have engaged you in a shootout!

5 Guards

Marksmanship Score: 9

Strength: 9

Agility: 5

If you win and you *didn't* utilize an explosive device, **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship*.**

Turn to 97

69

Remove event word *Distress*. The assassin crashes into a stall, his face now a mangled mess of flesh and bones. You look around and spot Roxanne huddled with a woman and her young daughter. You awkwardly speak to the little girl, "He was a very, very bad monster. Now he can't hurt you."

"Please...just leave us alone," the mother stammers fearfully.

Urging Roxanne to follow, you leave the mother and daughter behind. Soon you have escorted her through the crowds and stand at the spacecraft's boarding queue.

"I couldn't have done this without you," she acknowledges with teary eyes. She quickly hands you some cash and says, "As promised – I *wish* I could give more."

You can either accept the reward and add \$100,000 to your Mission Sheet or decline it and add 2 points to your *Piety* score instead.

She continues, "There's another girl who could also use your help. Her name is Nightingale – works at a brothel called *Love Lust* down in the red light district. I know she's looking to get out; probably can offer some cash."

You nod your head. **You can note down event word *Nightingale* if you want the mission.** Roxanne casts you a grateful look and turns about to board the flight.

If your character is Jax Sypher, **turn to 18**

If not, **turn to 37**

70

You spot Xun Yia addressing a small crowd of robots from a podium, her nose high up in the air, "You're rights are *more* than enough for dissenters – be happy with what you have. Nothing will be gained through another rebellion – I promise you that!"

Several robots are hurling malicious slogans at her. A few police officers stand guard a short distance away - the tension is palpating. You stay hidden in an alley's shadows not far from the scene. The shot from here is clear. You whisper to yourself, "Long live the *cause*."

Roll a die - if the number and your *Total Marksmanship* score total more than 10, you successfully take out your target; add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score, replace event word *Politician* with *Uprising*, and deduct 4 points from your *Piety* score.

If the sum is less than or equal to 10, you miss – replace event word *Politician* with *Missed*.

Chaos breaks out as police officers start firing the robots. You quietly steal away from the scene sure that you've just sparked the second revolution.

Turn to 54

71

At the back of a dimly lit hallway, the woman guides you down a long staircase which abruptly ends into a wall. She pushes a button, allowing for a hidden door to slide open. A long, narrow store is revealed.

"Most of these items are not on the free market, my friend." she says with a flourish, "Once finished, you can exit through the back door - *happy shopping!*"

You walk into the dingy room studying its patrons and wares carefully. Some of the buyers look like street thugs while others exude higher stature through their dress and demeanor. You wonder if anything here might be worth buying.

You can purchase as many of each item/weapon in the "To Buy" section permitted per your Mission Sheet and money upon you. Existing items and weapons upon you can be sold here as well per the prices in the "To Sell" section.

To Buy:

Image Manipulator (Price \$100,000) – This device superimposes a predesigned digital image over its user's face and body, disguising them completely. This specific manipulator for sale uses a stock image of a 20 something male dressed in casual wear and needs to be carried as a backpack item. This item was recently deemed illegal by the Lunar Police Department.

Incinerator 9000 Machine Gun (Price \$75,000) - A plasma shooting machine gun which adds 3 bonus points to the shooter's *Base Marksmanship* score.

Macro Pulse Grenade (Price \$50,000) – A next generation explosive device. It reduces the enemy's *Strength* score by 8 points upon detonation.

Stamina Therapy Cocktail (Price: \$50,000; cannot be consumed by Cube) - This nanotech microbial concoction adds 2 points to the drinker's *Strength* score. This is a onetime use item, meaning it can only enhance your *Strength* score once. It is meant to be stored in your backpack and can be drunk at any time during the game.

To Sell:

Image Manipulator– Price is \$50,000

Aon 190 Pistol – Price is \$25,000

G Pistol 10g – Price is \$25,000

Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun - Price is \$25,000

Once finished, you can exit the store and **turn to 39**

72

It's a man. You eye the many patches of dried blood over his face – he's in bad shape. A tattoo on his neck reveals that he's ex-military. In better times, he would have probably made a great a male model, you think to yourself. But he chose the route of an assassin instead.

"His name is Jax." Joseph says while stroking the captive's dark hair, "Kill him, Genesis."

You slice off the prisoner's head to a round of applause.

Joseph thanks you and pats you on the back, “Now go relax. Have a little fun. I’ll get in touch in a couple of days with your next gig. Oh...and welcome to our world by the way. *Don’t fruck up.*”
You exit the conference room.

Turn to 73

73

You find yourself amongst downtown’s numerous skyscrapers. **Roll a die - if the number and your Wanted score total more than 10 and you don’t possess the *Image manipulator* item, turn to 44; otherwise read on.**

The crowded sector stretches away in every direction, its architecture comprised mainly of sleek lines and smooth glass. Flashing advertisements and corporate logos display large on billboards. All around you horns scream from speeding blue taxis. There are food vendors everywhere yelling for pedestrians’ attention. It all appears rather chaotic.

You look around trying to figure out your next move. There are several bars and lounges of which two stand out – *Black Hole Sun* and *The Lunar Tiger*. There are also many museums here, the largest of which is *The Alpha Museum*. It’s a maze of fine art and historical artifacts. Directly behind it stands the tallest building on the moon, the 200 storied *Z Tower*, which houses numerous offices, expensive restaurants and high-end residences.

If you want to check out *Black Hole Sun*, **turn to 67**

If you want to check out *The Lunar tiger*, **turn to 38**

If you want to check out *The Alpha Museum*, **turn to 59**

If you want to check out the *Z Tower*, **turn to 42**

If you want to leave Sector B and explore Alpha city, **turn to 54**

74

The place is exactly how you imagined it – run down, dirty, and filled with robots. As you walk in cautiously, the patrons all turn and stare at you. **If you don’t possess event word *Aid* or if your character isn’t Cube, turn back to 63 – one of the robots warns that humans are not welcome.**

If you do possess event word *Aid* or your character is Cube, read on.

A spindly robot walks over to you and says, “My name is Sphinx. Got a few things you might be interested in.”

You follow the robot, all the while keeping a sharp lookout. After passing several billiard tables, you find yourself next to a glass shelf. Sphinx shows off some items for sale. **You can purchase each item as many times as you want - money upon you and backpack space permitting of course.**

To Buy:

Image Manipulator (Price \$100,000) –This device superimposes a predesigned digital image over its user’s face and body, disguising them completely. This specific manipulator for sale uses a stock image of a 40 something male dressed in casual wear and needs to be carried as a backpack item. This item was recently deemed illegal by the Lunar Police Department.

Charisma v7.0 (Price \$50,000) –This software download adds 2 points to a robot’s *Charisma* score. This product can only be purchased by Cube and must be downloaded immediately upon purchase – *not a backpack item.*

Strength v3.0 (Price \$50,000) –This tune-up kit, which unleashes numerous nanotech bots into a robot’s hardware ready to make repairs, adds 4 points to a robot’s *Strength* score. It can only be purchased by Cube and must be utilized upon purchase – *not a backpack item.*

Agility v5.0 (\$50,000) – This tune-up kit, which unleashes numerous nanotech bots to improve

upon a robot's existing mechanical gears, adds 3 points to a robot's *Agility* score. This product can only be purchased by Cube and must be downloaded upon purchase – *not a backpack item*.

Stealth Soles (Price: \$100,000) – This item can be pasted onto the heel of one's shoes to muffle the sound of their footsteps by adding 3 points to their *Stealth* score. This item is considered illegal and it's *not a backpack item*.

If you possess either one of these event words, *Missed* or *Politician*, turn back to 63 now.

Sphinx walks over to you and says, "Long live the *cause*. Are you with us?"

You know exactly what he's talking about. Robots desire the same rights as humans and some, the supporters of the *cause*, want to start a second robotic uprising. And it's not just robots that want this balance – there are pockets of humans sympathizers as well. **If you possess event word *Uprising*, turn to 41, otherwise read on.**

Sphinx continues, "We could use all the help we can get right now. Take out Xun Yia, the senator who's against our demands, and we'll reward you \$200,000. It will go a long way in leveling the playing field. I'm sure you can find her on your own. Come back once you've completed the task."

Note event word *Politician* if you want to take on this mission.

Turn back to 63

75

You sit down confidently next to the old man and flash the bloody, severed hand within your backpack. He returns a wicked smile, grabs the souvenir and quickly stows it into a bag of his own. Cash is produced from one of his pockets – it's the reward he promised. **Add \$50,000 to your Mission Sheet.**

"That should pay for a new bag." He winks playfully, "There's more where that came from - *much* more than you can imagine. I belong to a group...a *special* group that rewards coldblooded killers like you. Take a trip to the red light district and check out this night club called *Skin* – tell them White Beard sent you."

Note event word *Hand* to your mission sheet. You eye the old man wearily. He seems more evil with every passing moment. You thank him for the money and exit the bar.

Turn to 73.

76

As the first guard falls dead to the ground, the second one comes leaping forward and engages you in a violent brawl!

2nd guard

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 6

Strength: 5

Agility: 3

Hand to hand combat requires comparison between your and your opponent's *Hand to Hand Combat Skill* and *Agility* scores.

Here's how it works:

1) Hand to hand combat is broken up into rounds. These rounds continue until either your *Strength* score or your opponent's *Strength* score falls to 0. One thing to note before starting a brawl:

a. If your character starts the game with a melee weapon – make sure to add any bonus points awarded by this weapon to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score at the beginning. If a new melee weapon is acquired during the adventure, remember to delete your old weapon's bonus points and add this new weapon's bonus points to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score.

Ex. If your character is Jax Sypher, he starts off with a knife upon him and so your scores will be:

Total Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10 (*Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score of 9 + 1 bonus point awarded by the knife)

Strength: 8

Agility: 6

2) Now you are ready for the 1st round - roll a die and add your *Total Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score to the number. Roll another die and add your opponent's *Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score.

Ex. You roll a die for yourself – say you get 4. You add your *Total Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score and end up with a Round One Total of 14. Then you roll a die for the security guard – say you get 3. His Round One Total ends up being 9.

3) Compare the Round One Totals - whoever has the highest, wins the round and the difference between the two totals is deducted from the loser's *Strength* score. If the totals are equal, then no one wins the round – both combatants have missed each other.

Ex. Since the guard's Round One Total of 9 is less than your 14, the possible damage to his *Strength* score is 5.

4) Now there is a way for the loser to lessen the damage to his/her *Strength* score. If the loser's *Agility* score is higher than the winner's, then he/she only incurs 1 point of damage to their *Strength* score - their speed has allowed them to dodge the attack's full force. If the damage is only worth 1 point to begin with, the *Agility* score won't help any. Also, if both you and your opponent's *Agility* scores are equal to each other, the two of you will incur full damage from each other's attacks.

Ex. A quick comparison of the *Agility* scores reveals his to be 3 and yours to be 6. Since his is lower, he incurs full damage, bringing his *Strength* score of 5 down to 0 (5 - 5).

5) After the 1st round, if you *and* your opponent are still alive, discard your Round One Totals and prepare for the 2nd round.

Ex. Since your opponent had his *Strength* score fall to 0, you have won the brawl. But if he hadn't lost all his strength in the 1st round, you would continue with round 2 by repeating steps 2 through 4.

If you survive the fight, add 1 point to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score.

Turn to 43

77

The woman hands you a photograph and says, "This is the target – Joseph Mince. Memorize that face. How you get in and out of his penthouse is up to you. Just don't get caught. Good luck and let's engage after your mission at *The Lunar Tiger* – it's a bar very close to the *Z Tower*. My client is counting on you. Alright...I've got to run."

Note event word *Assassinate* on your Mission sheet. The cyborg exits the room leaving you with

few details. Instead of pressing further, you take stock of the information at hand and exit.

Turn to 100

78

As the crowd breaks into jeers, the fight organizer pulls you over to the side and says, "Here are your winnings as promised."

Add \$100,000 to your Mission Sheet.

"Look, you just took out one of the *best* fighters we have ever seen in this joint – that's *frucking* incredible. *What a fight!* Now you've got a shot at fighting our reigning champion. There's literally no one else left standing to take him on. The winnings from that bout are *double* this last one. You're call."

How do you respond?

"Sure – let's do this." **Turn to 48**

"Not right now; maybe later." You exit the place. **Turn to 39**

79

Adorned with rich fabrics, golden statues and glittering chandeliers, to describe the brothel as opulent is an understatement. Word has it that it's funded by an underground assassin organization. Several intersecting hallways, each lined with doors to private bedrooms, make the place appear a sinful maze. You work your way to a dimly lit lounge where a large sign exclaims, "No Robots Allowed!"

If your character is Cube and you don't possess the *Image Manipulator* item, you exit without making a scene – turn back to 39 now.

If your character is not Cube or you possess the *Image Manipulator* item, read on. A portly woman dressed in a plush, red gown greets you dramatically, "Hello dear! My name is Madame Desire and I welcome you to *Love Lust* where no fantasy is too much for us to entertain! Bondage, orgy, pain...*you name it, we do it.* Take a look at the talent standing behind me and let me know what you'd like. We also carry an assortment of...*discreet* items not readily available at your local market store."

Her plump cheeks are stretched broad by a toothy grin giving her the appearance of a real live cartoon character – hardly a draw for prospective customers. But the skin up for sale behind her is a different story. You study the scantily clad men and women briefly, trying to decide your next move. **If you possess event word *Nightingale*, turn to 50, otherwise read on.**

If you want to buy the services of one of the "talents" up for sale **and you character is not Cube (*robots don't need sex*), deduct \$15,000 from your Mission Sheet and turn to 60**

If you want to take a look at the discreet items for sale, **turn to 71**

If you want to exit the brothel, **turn to 39**

80

You quickly neutralize the threat and find the necessary information.

Add 1 point to your *Intellect* score.

A quick glance within the desired folder reveals the override passcode. Memorizing the information, you shut off your shades, finish the last of your coffee, and set off towards the elevators.

Turn to 40

81

"White Beard sent me," you state casually. **Remove event word *Hand***. The bouncer stares you down momentarily before pointing you towards a companion of his at the door. You eye the tall, leather clad woman - she informs you that *The Vipers* are not seeing anyone these days. You nod your head and walk away with a knowing smile.

Turn to 39

82

"Well, well!" he chuckles, "Now I like you even more."

"Who's the target?" you ask with a straight face.

The old man motions at the beautiful woman at the bar with his head. He eyes you discreetly as you eye her. In a low voice, he says, "How you do it...is up to you."

Just then she slides off her chair and heads to the back exit of the bar. A quick glance over at you reveals caution in her face – you wonder if she is on to the old man's scheme.

"This is too easy. Consider it done. Do you I meet you back here?"

"Yes." He answers, then grabs you by the arm, "Oh and *one* more thing – bring back a souvenir of the kill. Her right hand should do just fine."

Turn to 66

83

You continue your escape, leaping from rooftop to rooftop. Within moments, you have passed the drone unnoticed. **Add 1 point to your *Stealth* score**. Soon you leap onto the outer wall and scale down its exterior. This mission is almost over.

Turn to 7

84

You suddenly feel a sharp pain in the middle of your back as the point of a dagger's blade is pressed against your spine. A woman whispers from behind, "Bitch, you *didn't* think I was gonna get you?"

You know exactly who it is - the coarse voice boils yours blood.

"Sabra you double-crossed me on that mission – I did what I had to."

You kneel over a feces covered toilet. Sabra stands by the bathroom's locked door, electronic beats pounding outside. Her gun's barrel points down at you. With a sneer she commands, "I want you to eat from it...*now*."

You eye the bowl with disgust.

Roll a die – if the number, your *Total Marksmanship* and *Agility* scores all total more than 15, you swiftly pull out your gun and shoot Sabra dead; add 1 point to both your *Base Marksmanship* and *Agility* scores . If the total is less than/equal to 15, you miss and an intense shootout ensues:

Sabra

Marksmanship: 6

Strength: 6

Agility: 6

If you are alive **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score**. You search her body to find \$100,000 and exit the club – **add the money and event word *Hacker* to your Mission Sheet**.

Turn to 39

85

Your opponent's dead body falls to the ground and the crowd is stunned into silence. They stare at you in disbelief. A newcomer has just defeated the fighter they've been championing for weeks. Most have just lost a fortune. **Replace event word *Gladiator* with *Done*.**

"Our winner!" the organizer exclaims. No one cheers. Most onlookers quietly disperse into shadowy corners trying to figure out how to make up their losses.

"Listen, my name is Fizz – I own the place and organize all the fights. What you've just done is nothing short of a miracle, you get me?"

You nod your head confidently as the organizer lavishes praises upon you.

"Now here's the promised cash," he hands you the money. **Add \$200,000 to your Mission Sheet.** As you ready to leave, he says, "Make sure you come back. I plan on hosting these fights for a very long time."

Turn to 39

86

"I think we're being followed," Roxanne notes while glancing back.

"*Fruck,*" you curse through gritted teeth. You were hoping her disguise would cool the trail but now realize that a trench coat, a blonde wig and some shades aren't going to cut it. Glancing back you spot what's making her uneasy – a well-suited man with a long, black ponytail. His walk is brisk, aligned with your pace.

Roll a die - if the number and your *Wanted* score total more than 10 and you don't possess the *Image manipulator* item, remove event word *Distress* from your Mission Sheet and turn to 44; otherwise read on.

The two of you head for a ticketing booth. While Roxanne purchases a ticket, you keep glancing back at the stranger. He's standing some distance away amongst the crowd, watching you intently.

"You think he's going to attack in such a public place?" Roxanne asks. You look over to her – a worried expression stretches her face long. Eyeing the stranger again you reply, "Most definitely."

After a few moments you say, "Follow me – got an idea."

You lead Roxanne to the nearest women's restroom.

"Go in. I am certain he will follow you in there. Don't worry – I'll be right behind him."

She looks at you with wide eyes.

"*Trust me* on this."

She nods her head and rushes in. You turn about and walk in the opposite direction, eyeing the assassin coyly. He watches you leave and, just as you figured, sneaks into the women's restroom. With fists clenched you turn on your heels, affirm that no one else is following you, and steal into the restroom.

The assassin's sharp sword heads straight for your neck! He's standing guard behind the restroom's door – he was onto your plan all along! You try dodging the attack.

Roll a die - if the number and your *Agility* score total more than 10, add 1 point to your *Agility* score; you successfully escape the blade.

If the total is equal to or less than 10, the sword grazes your right shoulder – deduct 1 point from both your *Strength* and *Agility* scores.

Taking stock of yourself, you lunge at the attacker and engage him in deadly hand to hand combat!

Assassin:

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 9

Strength: 9

Agility: 9

If you win the fight, **add 1 point to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score and turn to 69**

87

The building's security area is actually three sprawling floors in the basement. There are multiple routes in – an elevator in the atrium is dedicated specifically to bringing people down to the security area. There are also several ventilation shafts that connect the area to the atrium. Finally there's an underground tunnel that connects the security area to a warehouse across the street – this is an emergency evacuation route for all of the building's residents.

You try to figure out a way to sneak in. **Roll a die - if the number, your *Intellect* score, and your *Stealth* score total less than 16, exit the building and turn back to 73 – you stop short your attempt because security is too strict for your skills.**

If the sum is equal to or more than 16, add 1 point to both your *Intellect* and *Stealth* scores and read on.

Soon you have hatched a plan and sometime later, find yourself in the security area - a maze of crisscrossing hallways envelopes you on all sides. Through your research you know *exactly* where the desired information resides and set off in search immediately. You steal into shadowy corners whenever some guards stroll by. It's interesting that there aren't more of them - the economy's toll is clear.

Roll a die - if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, add 1 point to your *Stealth* score and turn to 96, otherwise read on.

You get a little too comfortable with your surroundings and soon give away your position to a group of guards through careless missteps.

"Hey you, stop!"

With guns ready, they rush towards you. There are four of them - you must fight them as one!

Four Guards:

Marksmanship: 9

Strength: 9

Agility: 5

If you win and you *didn't* use an explosive device, **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score.** Leaving the four dead bodies behind, you thank your luck that the security alarm wasn't raised.

Turn to 96

88

If you possess event word *Thief*, security at banks across the city has been tightened since your last escapade and it'll be a suicide mission walking into one now. All of your money that was previously deposited into a bank has been confiscated by the government – cross it off the Mission Sheet and turn back to 54.

If you don't possess event word *Thief*, keep reading.

"How can I help you?" the teller questions without removing her eyes from the stack of papers in front of her.

You can deposit all or part of your money into a savings account for safe keeping – simply shift the desired amount from *Money upon you* to *Money in Savings Account* on your Mission Sheet. You can always come back here and withdraw that money at any time.

To withdraw cash, **turn to 90**

If you don't want to deposit/withdraw, you can exit the bank - **turn back to 54**

Or you can just try to rob the place, **turn to 11**

89

Scrambling up the shaft for what seems like an eternity you finally exit and find yourself on the facility's roof. All about you is a concrete jungle – numerous two to four storied buildings spread out in every direction. This is the city's government research complex.

You break into a sprint, leaping from rooftop to rooftop, and head towards the complex's eastern edge while keeping in the shadows. Soon you can make out the outer wall. A tiny voice of excitement begins to echo in your chest but it is cut short by the sight of a lone, robotic security drone hovering above the rooftop just ahead. **If your character is Cube, turn to 24, otherwise read on.**

Roll a die - if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, turn to 83; otherwise read on. The spherical drone notices you, aims its laser gun, and starts to shoot!

Robotic Drone

Marksmanship: 6

Strength: 3

Agility: 10

If you win the shootout and you *didn't* use an explosive device, **add 1 point to your *Base Marksmanship* score.** You continue your escape, leaping onto the outer wall and scaling down its exterior. This mission is almost over.

Turn to 7

90

You ask to withdraw from the savings account. **You can withdraw all or part of your money.** Once done, **turn back to 88**

91

An automated female voice resounds in the laboratory, "You're information has been noted, trespasser. Your evil act has been recorded, trespasser. You will now face consequences of the law."

The voice states your name at the end of its warning as an affirmation that it indeed has your information. Government laboratories usually come equipped with special profile capture systems. Through sensors in the walls these systems are able to pick up one's genetic makeup or digital code, which can then be matched against the individual's data in a *Lunar Profile Database*. The only way around the system is by hacking into it. You curse yourself for not preparing in advance against this security measure.

You quickly boot up your smart shades and get ready to work. **Roll a die - if the number and your *Intellect* score total more than 10, turn to 47, otherwise read on.**

Unable to hack into the system, you finally give up dejected. **Add 3 points to your *Wanted* score.**

As you ready to exit again, two vials catch your eye. One's a nanotech compound which helps boost Strength - a lot of hospitals use these. You recall this information from your university days. **You can add this *Strength Compound* to your backpack for use later in the game or you can drink it now - it adds 3 points to your *Strength* score and it can only be used once.**

The other vial is a chemical compound (-6 *enemy strength*) which can be carried as an explosive device.

If you possess event word *Dot*, turn to 25

If not, turn to 65

92

Within moments, a map of the research facility materializes within your shades. **Add 1 point to your *Intellect* score.** Like an outdated video game, it shows numerous blue dots moving about at various speeds.

“*Gotcha,*” you whisper to yourself with satisfaction. **Note event word *Dot* on your Mission sheet.**

The dots represent the facility’s security guards. You quickly pinpoint your location and notice a blue dot rushing past just outside the door.

“Good thing I checked,” you smirk.

All the dots seem to be heading in one general direction – the back left corner of the facility. You find that a bit odd but refocus on the mission, power off the shades, and walk through the door into another sleek, white corridor. You make your way to the laboratory and walk in surprised that entrance doesn’t require special access.

Turn to 61

93

After walking for about a block, you suddenly find yourself surrounded by a gang of robots.

“We’ve seen you snooping around here before,” the biggest of the lot states threateningly. Most robots have some type of software installed that allows them to mimic human tone inflections.

“And we *don’t* like your kind around here.” Another one adds, some of his words garbled by a possible faulty voice box, “Why come here when you’ve got rest of the city to play in?”

“I’m not looking for trouble,” you say calmly.

“Yea...but you walked into our territory. These streets belong to the machines and trespassing here means you’re gonna get trouble.”

They engage you in an intense street fight – since there’s four of them, you must fight them all as one!

Robot Gang

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 7

Strength: 10

Agility: 4

If you win, **add 1 point to your *Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score and remove event word *Dangerous*.**

Turn back to 63

94

If you possess event word *Gladiator*, turn to 48, otherwise read on. You step into the makeshift ring amidst insults as the organizer informs you that melee weapons are allowed. You look around for your opponent – no one is in the ring with you.

Just then a door in the back of the den slides open to reveal a heavily muscled man. He twirls a double-bladed scimitar with skill. The lower half of his face is covered by some sort of a breathing device from which two tubes connect to the center of his chest. He is dressed in a type of synthetic fabric – possibly a flexible armor. You figure he’s a cyborg.

“I’m going to *piss* on your face once I’m done with you,” he yells with a maniacal look in his eyes. The crowd cheers at the spectacle.

You are then announced to an underwhelming response. As your opponent steps into the ring, the organizer continues, “And in this corner, *we have Apex Fassbender!* Standing at 6’0” his record in our establishment is an impressive 50 wins against 0 zero losses and 0 draws. He’s well on his way to fighting the reigning champion *if...he can take down this new challenger.*”

The crowd goes hysterical – he’s the clear favorite.

The announcer brings down his arms and motions for the fight to start. Your challenger stares you down with icy, blue eyes and then rushes at you!

Apex Fassbender

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 7

Strength: 10

Agility: 5

If you win the fight, **add 1 point to your Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill score and note event word *Gladiator* on your Mission Sheet.**

Turn to 78

95

“Umm...no thanks,” you say politely, leaving the woman scowling at you.

If you want to strike up a conversation with the old man, **turn to 99**

If you want to exit the bar, **turn to 73**

96

You find the desired room and quietly sneak in – the door has been left unlocked!

“What a joke,” you mumble to yourself. Your research has informed you that all of the residents’ confidential information is not just kept securely within the information system server cluster; it’s also duplicated as hard copies – paper trails filed away neatly. It’s a sort of redundancy that doesn’t require multiple technological tiers. Old fashioned methods are now the norm in certain pockets of lunar operations ever since the Artificial Intelligence Revolution.

You find a file drawer in the corner, sift through its contents, and quickly find Joseph Mince’s override codes. Suddenly you hear footsteps fast approaching and start to look around for a hiding spot – there’s a ventilation shaft in the top right corner of the room! Thanking your luck you make your escape just in the nick of time; a security guard enters moments after your departure with a bag of chips, oblivious to what has just occurred in his absence.

“Now the real work starts,” you comment as you jump out of the shaft into a shadowy corner of the atrium, unnoticed.

Turn to 40

97

This part of the city is notable for its wide variety of shops ranging from trendy boutiques to upscale chain stores. Distributed amongst it all are mansions belonging to Alpha’s elite.

This sector is drenched in money and prosperity.

The most expensive cars line the streets. The most expensive clothes decorate the shops. The wealthy can be seen walking their genetically modified pets – dogs with the ability to converse at a child’s level, cats with fur that can change color like a chameleon, etc. There’s an empty happiness in the environment – the kind only money can buy in Alpha.

Roll a die - if the number and your *Wanted* score total more than 10 and you don’t possess the *Image Manipulator* item, turn to 44; otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Powerful*, turn to 53 now.

If you possess event word *Stolen*, turn to 16.

If you don't possess either of these words, read on.

You spot a store of interest and decide to check it out. It's selling some useful wares. **You can purchase as many of each item/weapon in the "To Buy" section permitted per your Mission Sheet and money upon you. Existing items and weapons upon you can be sold here as well per the prices in the "To Sell" section.**

To Buy:

Pulse Grenade (Price \$25,000) – An explosive device. It reduces the enemy's *Strength* score by 5 points upon detonation.

Stamina Therapy Cocktail (Price: \$50,000; cannot be consumed by Cube) - This nanotech microbial concoction adds 2 points to the drinker's *Strength* score. This is a onetime use item, meaning it can only enhance your *Strength* score once. It is a backpack item and can be drunk at any time during the game.

Aon 190 Pistol (Price: \$50,000) - This standard gun adds 1 bonus point

G Pistol 10g (Price: \$50,000) - This standard gun adds 1 bonus point

Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun (Price: \$50,000) - This standard gun adds 2 bonus points

To Sell:

Gold Ring - (Price: \$200,000)

Aon 190 Pistol – (Price: \$25,000)

G Pistol 10g – (Price: \$25,000)

Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun – (Price: \$25,000)

Colt 9000 Plasma Shotgun (Price: \$50,000)

Laser sword - (Price: \$10,000)

Once finished, you decide to exit the sector and explore Alpha City.

Turn to 54

98

Remove event word *Target*. You spot the redheaded cyborg sitting in the corner, a tall glass of whiskey in one hand, a cigarette in the other. Taking a seat next to her, you comment, "Always found it interesting that cyborgs were allowed in human establishments."

"A cyborg has the best of both worlds – rights of a human, intellect of a machine."

"Not bad," you look around casually.

A sinister smile crosses her face, "You know...if we wanted, we could take it all for ourselves."

Nodding your head to the music, you respond, "Why don't you then?"

"In time."

You eye her – something in her stare makes you think she's not joking.

"So...you take out the target?" she changes the subject, casually blowing on her freshly painted fingernails.

You hold out your right forearm. She eyes the dried blood as her irises dilate briefly - her systems are scanning the DNA and matching it against her database.

"Good work."

"I'm a person of my word." You smile back, "Now for my reward."

She casually hands you a briefcase, the contents of which you check quickly. **Add \$500,000 and event word *Complete* to your Mission Sheet.** The cyborg gets onto her feet as you ask, "Anything else I can do for your client?"

"You know the rules – only two missions between a broker and an instrument; keeps things from getting complicated. And in any case...I haven't heard from Mr. Baxter in a while so I don't know his latest demand."

She walks away and disappears into the crowd. You look at your suitcase and mumble, "Today was a good day."

Then you exit the bar.

Turn to 73

99

"Fruck off," the old man warns without even looking at you. You eye him momentarily, taken aback by his gruffness. His long, white ponytail, tie dyed shirt, and khaki shorts make him appear a bohemian sort.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Charisma* score total more than 10, turn to 14; otherwise, read on.

"I said *fruck off!*" the old man is now staring directly at you. Nodding your head, you divert your attention elsewhere. The woman in the red dress is nowhere to be seen - she must have exited. The bartender is busy cleaning some glasses. Realizing there's nothing more for you here, you leave the bar.

Turn to 73

100

Congratulations on completing your first mission. You step back out into the alley, disappear into its shadows, and enter a time when most humans have left Earth behind for their moon or planet Mars. During World War 3, biological and nuclear warfare ruined Earth's environment irrevocably. A mass human exodus occurred – the moneyed survivors left to colonize new worlds while the poor ones stayed behind to start over in the ruins.

This gamebook is set in the future metropolis of Alpha, the moon's capital and the largest of its four cities. Alpha is host to numerous government facilities, financial corporations and cultural centers. The city's streets are all very well-maintained but everyone knows that the thrash is simply swept away into the shadows. While the rich drive around their expensive hover cars, concerned only with appearances, the poor, mostly robots, wither away in dark, putrid alleys.

A glass dome covers these bustling streets, keeping them secure from the deadly lunar atmosphere. Its sturdy, magnetically charged surface deflects radiation and micrometeoroids while its voluminous interior circulates artificially generated oxygen. The gravity within is fine-tuned to mimic that of Earth's and the temperature is always set to what would have been considered a pleasant summer - or so you've been told by the government. Seasons are nothing more than a faint memory for humanity now.

The dome's manufactured environment is fairly comparable to what once existed back on the blue planet, except for one thing – the night sky that perpetually envelopes it. There are countless stories of the first lunar settlers committing suicide after getting overwhelmed with depression. The heirs to their legacy seem largely content though. It's funny how serotonin enhancers can accustom one to most surroundings. As you walk through the shadows, you eye humanity's starting point curiously - it floats up above against a starlit backdrop, now nothing more than a shell of its former self.

In this gamebook there is no linear story line to follow. You can move around the city as you wish, exploring new locations and taking on different missions. There are *three* possible paths to victory – either increase your personal wealth to \$1,000,000 inter planetary dollars *or* increase your *Piety* score to 10 *or* find and kill the other two characters that you didn't choose to play (ex. If your character is Genesis, you must take out Jax and Cube). If you achieve *any one* of these victory conditions, you win and can then either restart the adventure or continue playing – it's your call. The only way the game truly ends is if your *Strength* score falls to 0.

Good luck, instrument – don't forget to wash the blood off your hands when finished.

Turn to 54

Mission Sheet

For shootout rules, view **Section 9** and for hand to hand combat rules, view **section 76**.

Character Name:

Base Marksmanship (accuracy with long-range weapons): ___/10

Long-range weapon name: _____ **Long-range weapon Bonus:** + ___

Total Marksmanship: ___/10

Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill (ability to brawl): ___/10

Melee weapon name: _____ **Melee weapon Bonus:** + ___

Total Hand to Hand Combat Skill: ___/10

Strength (pretty straight forward): ___/10

Agility (speed): ___/10

Stealth (ability to move undetected): ___/10

Intellect (brain power): ___/10

Charisma (likeability factor): ___/10

Piety (moral compass): ___/10

Wanted (how much the character is sought after by the law): ___/10

Each of these scores can fluctuate depending upon your experiences – positive ones can increase your scores (ex. successfully completing a test of your agility can add points to your *Agility* score) and negative ones can decrease your scores (ex. incurring a shoulder injury will most likely cause you to lose *Strength* points). None of these scores can ever go over 10 or below 0; if your *Strength* score falls to 0, the adventure is over.

Inter Planetary Dollars

Money upon you:

Money in savings account:

You will get various chances during your adventure to use your money (ex. purchase, gamble, etc.). Guard it carefully – Alpha has plenty of pickpockets. Money can be deposited into a savings account at a bank for safe keeping. But beware if you are a wanted criminal for transactions can be traced by the law.

Explosive Device 1:

Explosive Device 2:

Use these weapons judiciously for each can only be used once; they must be crossed off from the Mission Sheet after use.

Backpack Item 1:

Backpack Item 2:

You can only carry two items at a time in your backpack so be selective. Items can be discarded at any point at your discretion.

Event Words:

An event word is a way to record events during the game – places you've visited, people you've met or actions you've taken. Do not erase these words unless notified.

Adventure Notes: