



Dirty Instruments: Alpha's Shadows

By S.A.
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Warning: Mature Content

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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 - \$10,000 for killing this man *and* stealing a vial of his genetic compound.

You move forward cautiously, well aware of the security within the walls of this place. Government sanctioned research facilities are always equipped with the latest safety measures, even ones as old as this - the dull humming of electronics seeps through the corridor's walls.

A shiny object catches your eye just then – 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?

First, make sure you have downloaded the Mission Sheet.

Then, [choose](#) 1 character from the 5 outlined on the next few pages and note his or her stats onto the Mission Sheet.

Jax Sypher (<i>Height: 6’0”, Weight: 160 lbs., Age: 28</i>)						
Base Marksmanship	9	Strength	8	Inter Planetary Dollars Upon You	\$10,000	Background: An ex-agent of the <i>Lunar Elite Forces</i> , 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.
Long-range weapon	Aon 190 Pistol	Defense	9			
Long-range weapon bonus	+1	Stealth	5	Explosive Device 1	None	
Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill	9	Intellect	5	Explosive Device 2	None	
Melee weapon	Knife	Charisma	8	Item 1	None	
Melee weapon bonus	+1	Wanted	9	Item 2	None	

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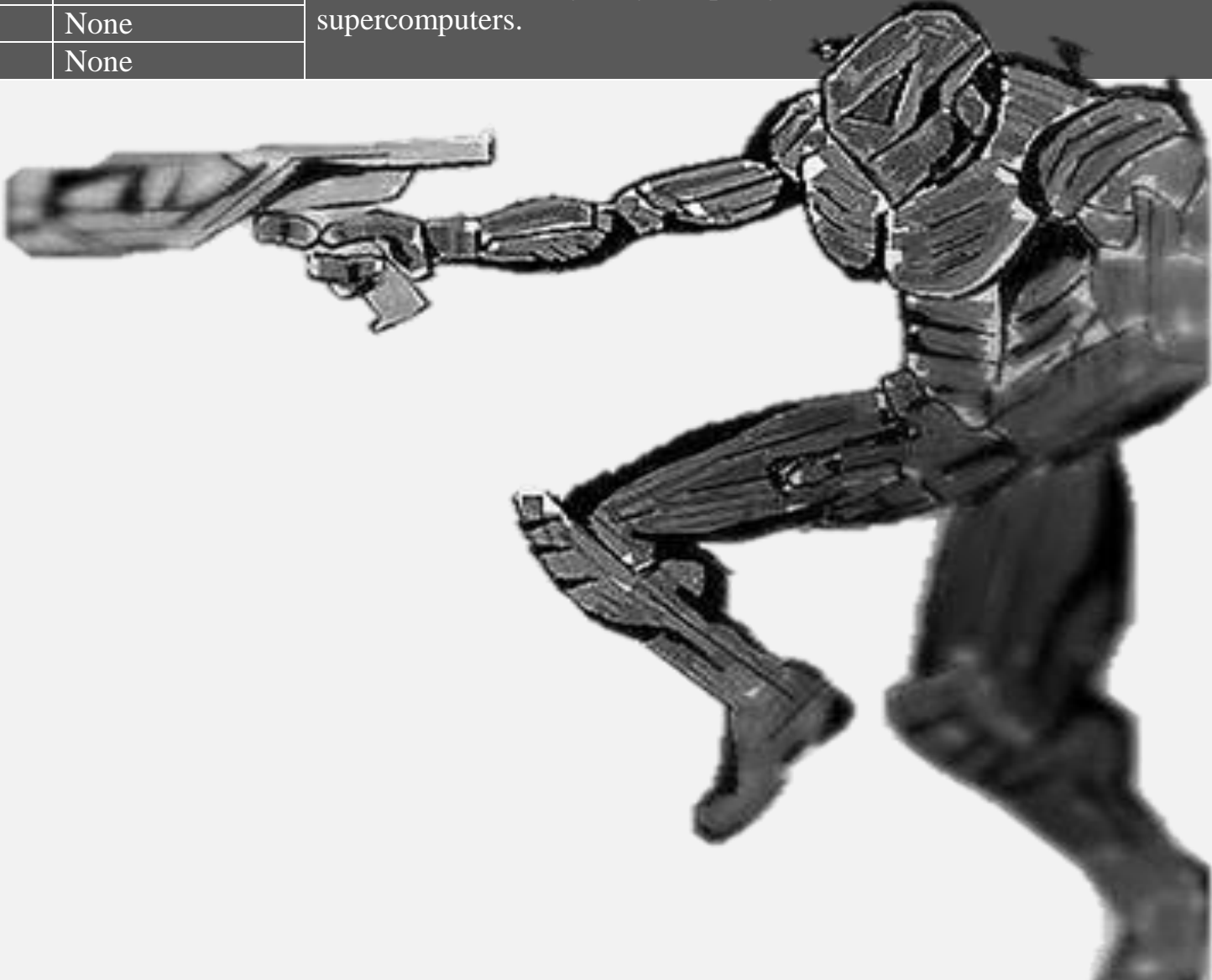


Genesis Thorne (<i>Height: 5'2", Weight: 110 lbs., Age: 21</i>)						
Base Marksmanship	4	Strength	6	Inter Planetary	\$100,000	Background: A brilliant hacker, Genesis belongs to an outlaw, underground organization known as <i>The Thievery Collective</i> . She revels in the challenge of breaking into 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.
Long-range weapon	G Pistol 10g	Defense	8	Dollars Upon You		
Long-range weapon bonus	+1	Stealth	10	Explosive Device 1	Pulse Grenade -5	
Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill	5	Intellect	8	Explosive Device 2	Pulse Grenade -5	
Melee weapon	Dagger	Charisma	8	Item 1	None	
Melee weapon bonus	+1	Wanted	5	Item 2	None	

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Cube (<i>Height: 6’5”, Weight: 320 lbs., Age: NA</i>)						
Base Marksmanship	7	Strength	10	Inter Planetary	\$25,000	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.
Long-range weapon	Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun	Defense	4	Dollars Upon You		
Long-range weapon bonus	+2	Stealth	4	Explosive Device 1	Pulse Grenade -5	
Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill	6	Intellect	10	Explosive Device 2	None	
Melee weapon	None	Charisma	0	Item 1	None	
Melee weapon bonus	NA	Wanted	0	Item 2	None	



Apex Fassbender (<i>Height: 6'3", Weight: 220 lbs., Age: 32</i>)						
Base Marksmanship		9	Strength	10	Inter Planetary Dollars Upon You	Background: When convicted for a string of brutal murders, Apex was offered to a military geneticist instead of being put to death as required by lunar law. Through numerous secret experiments, his brain was surgically outfitted with a flexi-hard drive and his organs were supplemented with state of the art robotics, all done to enhance his natural constitution so that he could serve the military as a highly specialized soldier. Once these experiments were over and the sociopath regained consciousness, he took matters into his own hands by murdering his handlers. Equipped with the mental capacity of a supercomputer and the strength of a robot, this cyborg now scours society for the darkest deeds, his existence vehemently denied by the government to avoid negative press.
Long-range weapon		Aon 190 Pistol	Defense	8		
Long-range weapon bonus		+1	Stealth	5	Explosive Device 1	
Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill		8	Intellect	10	Explosive Device 2	
Melee weapon	Double-ended Scythe		Charisma	0	Item 1	
Melee weapon bonus		+2	Wanted	0	Item 2	



Grave (<i>Height: 5’9”, Weight: 129 lbs., Age: unknown</i>)						
Base Marksmanship		9	Strength	7	Inter Planetary	Background: Grave is a ruthless, contract killer. Her reputation precedes her in every inhabited corner of the galaxy. Her last few hits include high profile celebrities, drug-lords, and scientists. Needless to say, she doesn’t care who or where her target is as long as the price is right. She ranks top of every wanted list and her face is a constant fixture in the media. While not much is known about her, a disturbing rumor continues to make the rounds - as a child, she killed her abusive father after watching him stab her mother and infant sister to death.
Long-range weapon	JB Silencer Pistol		Defense	10	Dollars Upon You	
Long-range weapon bonus		+1	Stealth	10	Explosive Device 1	
Base Hand to Hand Combat Skill		8	Intellect	10	Explosive Device 2	
Melee weapon	Double-ended Sword		Charisma	0	Item 1	
Melee weapon bonus		+2	Wanted	10	Item 2	None



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Once you’ve picked a character, [turn to 9](#)

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 1 point to your *Wanted* score.**

Turn to [65](#)

She continues, “You know...my client and I *both* like 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 mansion in the La Luna Neighborhood – house number 112. This is not an easy one but I think you’re the right instrument for the job – you up for it?”

“What’s the payout?” you ask frankly.

“\$20,000 cash.”

How do you respond?

“I’ll take the gig – give me the details,” **turn to [77](#)**

“Nah, I’m good - be on my way,” **turn to [200](#)**

You remain in the city's shadows, keeping an eye out for the police. The warrant for your arrest makes it very difficult to be seen publicly although that's not entirely true in the lesser affluent neighborhoods where the law's long arm is more of a myth than reality.

You often find yourself thinking about where you once were and where you have fallen. That one fateful moment when you found the body of your junior cadet plays in your mind on loop. The memory is still fresh – as if it happened only yesterday. His badly beaten face, his last cries for help as death drained life from his body cling to you to like the smell of cigarette smoke. He was no more than 19 – so young and naïve. And he died in your arms. You remember the military personnel bursting into the room with their guns pointed at you.

You remember it all vividly.

An electronic message on your smart watch snatches you from your thoughts. It's from an unidentifiable number and it reads:

“Want to know who framed ya honey? Then visit Love Lust in the red light district and ask for Kim – frucking good time guaranteed. Have 5 grand ready to go...”

Curiosity and caution simmer through your veins – *is this a lead or is this a trap being set up by the cops?*

Add event word *Kim* to your Mission Sheet and turn to [54](#).

With continued effort, you soon have her smiling. 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...\$10,000 *cash*.” she adds, “I’ll tell you the details at my place.”

Her request now has you feeling uneasy. You wonder whether her motives are ill-intentioned.

If you accept her offer, **note event word *Distress* and turn to [6](#)**

Decline and go your own way – **turn to [95](#)**

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 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! **Click here to roll a die – if the number and your *Defense* score total 10 or less, deduct 2 points from your *Strength* score, and 1 point from both your *Base Marksmanship* and *Defense* scores; the sword's blade has grazed your left arm.**

You quickly ready yourself for a fight!

Masked Attacker

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 8

Strength: 8

Defense: 8

If you win, turn to [22](#).

You work your way to a dark, dingy alley some blocks from the research complex. At its conclusion you walk around a group of sleeping, homeless children 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 pull out the vial and hand it to her. **Erase the item from the Mission Sheet.**

“Excellent,” she responds sans emotion while studying the desired compound – 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 a briefcase next to her and hands it over, “That’s \$10,000 cash. No need to count – I don’t like to cheat.”

Add \$10,000 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.”

“Of course; I took the portion all brokers are entitled to - 50%.”

You give her response some thought, the gears of your greed spinning wildly. What’s your next move?

Beat the cyborg into submission and steal her cut - **turn to [15](#)**

Charm the cyborg into giving you remainder of the cash – **turn to [27](#)**

Do neither – **Turn to [3](#)**

8

If your character is Jax Sypher, turn to 45; otherwise, read on. With a faint smile she responds to your banter, “That’s funny. Ok look - I cannot give you *my entire* cut. But since you worked hard...I’ll give you \$5,000. Take the money before I change my mind.”

Your smooth talking worked! **Add an additional \$5,000 to your Mission Sheet.**

Turn to [3](#)

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!

First guard

Marksmanship: 7

Strength: 6

Defense: 4

Shootouts require comparison between your and your opponent's *Marksmanship* and *Defense* 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. But remember, as noted on the Mission Sheet, *none of your scores, including Total Marksmanship, can ever exceed 10.*

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

Defense: 9

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- 2) Now you are ready for the 1st round. You always attack first unless instructed otherwise. Instead of throwing a long range weapon, you decide to test your stats. Roll a die and add your *Total Marksmanship* score to the number – this is your Attack Total. Roll another die and add your opponent's *Defense* score to the number. This is his Defense total.

Ex. You roll a die for yourself – say you get 3. You add your *Total Marksmanship* score to the 3 and get an Attack Total of 13. Then you roll a die for the security guard – say you get 5. His Defense Total ends up being 9.

- 3) Compare the two totals from round one – If your Attack Total is higher than your opponent's Defense Total that means you scored a hit. Take the difference between the two totals and deduct it from your opponent's *Strength* score. Now if your Attack Total is less than or equal to your opponent's Defense Total then that means your attack was deflected/dodged.

Ex. Since the guard's Defense Total of 9 is less than your Attack Total of 13, the damage is 4 points, bringing his *Strength* score down to 2.

- 4) After the 1st round, if you *and* your opponent are still alive, discard your totals from round one and prepare for round two. Repeat the steps outlined above but this time, it's your opponent's turn to attack.

Ex. You roll a die for your opponent – say you get 6. You add his *Marksmanship* score to the number and get 13. Then you roll a die for yourself – say you get 4. Your Defense Total ends up being 13. You don't incur any damage to your *Strength* score since both of your totals ended up equaling each other.

- 5) Continue these rounds until one of you loses all their strength. As mentioned above, you can use your one-time use weapon at any point during the fight *caveat being that it has to be during a round where you are on the offense. Also, if you have two one-time use weapons upon you, both can be thrown together.*

If you survive the shootout, 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.

Turn to [89](#)

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

Defense: 8

If you win roll a die.

If the number is either 1 or 2, you make off with \$10,000

If the number is either 3 or 4, you make off with \$50,000

If the number is either 5 or 6, you make off with \$100,000

Add the appropriate cash amount to your Mission Sheet.

Note event word *Robber* and add 1 point to your *Wanted* score because a profile capture system was set off in the bank.

Turn to [54](#)

The cyborg crashes into the wall behind her and slumps dead to the ground. You take a few seconds to compose yourself. After stealing the remaining cash, you quickly make for the exit. **Add \$10,000 to your Mission Sheet and turn to [200](#).**

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](#)**

“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.”

“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 blunt.” He scratches his unruly beard while looking about cautiously, “You wanna make some money *fast* – say \$15,000?”

“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 lunge at the cyborg but she immediately engages almost as if she was expecting the attack.

Redhead Cyborg

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 8

Strength: 6

Defense: 5

If you win and your character is Apex Fassbender, **turn to [101](#)**

If you win and character is *not* Apex Fassbender, **turn to [12](#)**

If you lose, then your adventure is obviously over.

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 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 the Mission Sheet. 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

Defense: 7

Strength: 8

If you win, read on otherwise your adventure is over. 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.

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

You quickly exit the mansion. **Turn to [97](#)**

Perched high atop the ledge of a ten storied building, you count the money upon you casually. The electronic beats pulsing through your headphones cancel out the wailing of distant police sirens. A text on your smart snatches your attention just then:

“Digital Ninja - Next meeting at Champagne Supernova in downtown; few big things in the pipeline. Need full attendance.

- *Nox*”

Being referred to by your code name always stirs the same thrill you felt the night when you first earned it. Images of people chanting and patting your back rush through your mind. You remember feeling vindicated that night. It’s funny how a single moment can change somebody’s life so drastically.

You reread the text. A slight smile crosses your jaw. If it wasn’t for *The Thievery Collective* you’re not sure where you’d be these days.

“Probably homeless somewhere,” you muse out loud. That fateful night was definitely full of thrills but it also left scars. A familiar pang for your family swells in your chest just then. Suppressing the pain is useless and the best you can do is let it wane on its own. It’s been so long since you last saw them. You recently found out that they had moved into a mansion in the more affluent part of town – *perhaps a visit might be worthwhile?*

Add event word *Thief* and turn to [54](#).

Roxanne quickly turns about and walks back over to you.

“Come with me, Jax.” She’s staring deep into your dark eyes.

“Come with me to Earth. We can start over; both of us...*together*. You don’t need to stay here either – our lines of work are prisons for both of us.”

You look down for a moment deeply conflicted. Then locking eyes with 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...if you ever make down there, look for me. I know a robot that goes by the name Click. Find him and you’ll find me - you’ll always have a place to stay with me.”

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

“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.

Roll a die.

If the number is either 1 or 2, the prostitute gifts you a vial full of a *strength boosting cocktail* – 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 can be carried upon you and be used at any time during the game.

If the number is either 3 or 4, the prostitute gifts you *Night Vision Goggles* – a pair of goggles that allow perfect visibility in the dark. No grainy, green tinted optics here.

If the number is either 5 or 6, the prostitute refunds your money – you can add \$2,000 back to your Mission Sheet.

“I think you need this more than me.” The prostitute smiles generously. With a nod, you bid the prostitute farewell and exit the brothel.

Turn to [39](#)

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...\$10,000 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](#)**

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

If you possess event word *Riot*, turn to [123](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Helped*, turn to [81](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Hand*, turn to [46](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess both event word *Weak* and the *severed hand* item, turn to [52](#) now.

If you don't have any of these words, read on.

The price of entry is \$10 – if you have the money, you pay and the bouncer grants you access. **Deduct \$10 from your mission sheet. If you don't have this *small* amount of money you need to reassess your line of work - 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 its glass, dance floor.

If your character is Genesis Thorne and you possess either event word *Traitor* or *Backstab*, turn to [84](#) now, otherwise read on.

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

Random Event! 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 \$10,000 lying discreetly in the corner – add the money to your Mission Sheet.

Turn to [39](#)

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 Earth every few days.”

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

[Next](#)

“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](#)

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.

Turn to [87](#)

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](#)

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's 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](#)**

You hide in the shadows, peering into different rooms cautiously. **If your character is Grave, turn to [139](#).** 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 come to the conclusion that she’s most likely the president’s personal bodyguard. Why the lunar leader would companion with this criminal is beyond you.

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.

Turn to [169](#)

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* – I know what you want and you’re *not* getting my cut. Leave before I *rip* out your tongue!”

If you want to try beating the cyborg into submission and stealing her money, **turn to [15](#)**

If you want to exit the room with only your cut, **turn to [200](#)**

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	Defense: 6	Strength: 8
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If you win, turn to [85](#), otherwise your adventure is over.

“*Frucking* jerk,” she states with gritted teeth. 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](#)

You review an electronic text from Sphinx on your smart watch – it offers some intelligence on your target:

There’s only one way in and out of his penthouse – its front door. His 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 in room 141B. I hope that helps.

Make the *cause* proud, my child.”

If your character is Genesis Thorne, **turn to [23](#)**

If not, **turn to [87](#)**

You stare at yourself in a puddle of brown water as familiar questions churn through your processors.

“Where did I come from?”

“What is my true identity?”

“How did I lose my memory in the first place?”

These questions have been with you since the day you woke up in that landfill back on Earth. There’s no clear answer but from time to time, you have felt pockets of scrambled data crop up in your memory units that hint towards your forgotten past – an image of an unidentifiable man, his raspy voice, etc. All of it indicates that somewhere deep within your system, the answer resides in a jumbled state. What you need is someone to hack into your system at a code level and make sense of the puzzle that is your memory.

You’ve heard of a hacker who goes by the name *Data Gate* - he can possibly help. There aren’t many leads except that he spends much of his time down on Earth in the slums of New Star city. Someday you will have to seek him out. For now though, you are curious about a pool hall in Sector F called *The Grind* – heard the place has several things of interest for robots.

Turn to [54](#).

“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 notice 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 distracted 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	Defense: 5	Strength: 6
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If you win, read on otherwise your adventure is over. You make your way to the laboratory and walk in surprised that entrance doesn't require special access.

Turn to [61](#)

If you possess event word *Uprising*, turn to [110](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Cause*, turn to [117](#), otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *State*, turn to [126](#), otherwise read on.

Sector A is heavily guarded - rightly so as this is the lunar political hub. Every policy, every civic decision is created and debated here. 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* 12 years ago. Another monument close by commemorates those who died 50 years ago in the *Lunar Civil War* that led to the creation of the Martian nation, Utopia. You see the outer walls of the Research Complex in the distance – memories of Dr. Stephen rush through your mind. Adjacent to the complex, lies the sprawling Military Compound.

Sprinkled between these symbols of a failing democracy, are 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.

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](#)

The newscast suddenly gets interrupted.

“The Lunar Police Department interrupts 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

Defense: 3

Strength: 7

If you survive turn to [51](#), otherwise your adventure is over.

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](#)**

If you possess event word *Uprising*, turn to [110](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Cause*, turn to [117](#) now, otherwise read on.

Sector C is packed with tourists and commuters. A control tower soars high, keeping a watchful eye over all flights. There are several tunnels that allow authorized space crafts out of the surrounding glass dome and into the natural lunar atmosphere. These crafts link Alpha to the other remaining human colonies. There is a flight to the nation of Utopia which is a cluster of spaceships orbiting Mars, each watching over the red planet as it slowly terraforms through human intervention. Another flight connects to New Star, the only officially recognized city back on Earth – it thrives in the sewer system of the once magnificent metropolis of Paris.

If you have event word *Distress*, turn to [86](#) now, otherwise read on.

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.

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 start to think about your next steps.

You can board any of these flights out of Alpha if you have sufficient funds:

Flight to New Star (deduct \$10,000) – Switch to *Dirty Instruments: Earthly Wastelands*, section 100

Flight to Utopia (deduct \$50,000) – Switch to *Dirty Instruments: Martian Utopia*, section 100

If you want to stay in Alpha, turn back to [54](#)

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* item, read on.

Chilled out electronic beats emanate from several speakers. Couches are littered about the lounge along with drunken friends who are 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 *Weakened*, turn to [98](#), otherwise read on.

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

If you possess any of these event words – *Painting, Failure, Stolen or Ring*, turn back to [73](#) now because you find nothing of interest here and exit.

Read on if you don’t possess any of these words.

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](#)**

If you possess event word *Uprising*, turn to [110](#) now otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Cause*, turn to [117](#) now, otherwise read on.

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. Then there is a gambling den down the street called *The Five Spot*– a sign outside its entrance urges people to test their luck.

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 check out *The Five Spot*, turn to [62](#)

If you want to exit Sector E and explore Alpha city, turn to [54](#)

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 the flower decorate the room. A spot light illuminates a mahogany 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 a group of security guards could be standing right there ready to take you out. There is no way to know. But *one* thing is for sure – you have no other choice. A quick glance at your left arm confirms that.

This will be a messy kill. After all, you'll be entering the president'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 provided its blueprint ahead of time.

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

Brushing aside your concerns, you enter the code and when the door slides open, 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. 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. You find such decadence in the private home of a democratic leader to be interesting to say the least – the president's salary alone cannot afford him such luxuries.

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. If your character is **Grave**, turn to [129](#) now, otherwise read on.** 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.

[Next](#)

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: 8

Strength: 7

Defense: 10

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over. The woman falls to the floor, her face scarred much worse than before. You take stock of your surroundings once again and wonder what this assassin was up to in the president’s personal residence.

Turn to [172](#)

“Long live the *Cause*,” you reply. “This time, I’m sure, it will be successful.”

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

Sphinx locks eyes with you and continues, “Take out Xun Yia, the senator who’s against our demands, and we’ll reward you \$20,000. 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.”

You nod your head and exit the pool hall. **Turn back to [63](#)**

If you possess event word *State*, turn to [152](#) now, otherwise read on.

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](#) now - 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.

If you possess event word *Cause*, turn to [30](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Protect*, turn to [154](#) now, otherwise read on.

You walk around the atrium trying to see if there is anything or *anyone* of interest. After a brief stroll, you decide to exit.

Turn to [73](#)

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](#)**

“Stop! Criminal!”

You spin around on your heels and spot two police officers pointing guns at you from across the street! They shoot at you, sending the surrounding crowd into chaos. *What’s your next move, instrument?*

If you want to face off against the two cops, **turn to [194](#)**

If you want to try escaping into the sewers, **turn to [158](#)**

45

The cyborg laughs at one your jokes and eyes you from head to feet.

“I know what you want.” A devilish grin pulls back her lips, “And you’ve...probably guessed what I want. There *is* a way for you to earn my cut but you’ll have to work hard.”

After about an hour, you fix your ruffled hair and massage some scratch marks on your shoulders. The woman lies satisfied on the ground, caressing her bare breasts. You eye her momentarily and she motions towards a suitcase hidden in the corner. **Add an additional \$10,000 to your Mission Sheet.**

Turn to [3](#)

“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.”

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 reveal a swanky conference room outfitted with a long, mahogany desk in its middle along with several leather chairs and a state of the art holographic display kit. 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 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 head of the table. A chair 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.

[Next](#)

“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 still need to prove your worth to me.”

He is leaning his elbows on the table, looking straight at you. **If your character is Grave *and* you don’t possess event word *State*, turn to [102](#) now.** Just then a stout, portly man, one who looks more like an accountant rather 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 \$15,000 reward. It requires you to take out a man by the name of Carlos Bonilla. He is the CEO of a company called *Focal Point* in downtown. He’s at the office most of the time. 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*.”

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 carry this *Strength Compound* as an item upon you 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](#)

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	Defense: 4	Strength: 10
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If you win turn to [85](#), otherwise your adventure is over.

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](#)**

“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 and \$2,000 from your Mission Sheet.

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.”

[Next](#)

The evacuation route is a narrow, underground tunnel running a few feet above the city’s sewer system. 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 in 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 there – that is a well-known 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 *Defense* 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 *Defense* scores.

A fight to the death ensues!

Genetic Freak

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10

Defense: 9

Strength: 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 out loud.

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 brow, “but not for long.”

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

“It’s not much...about \$5,000.”

Add \$5,000 to your Mission Sheet.

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

Turn to [63](#)

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](#)**

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 \$15,000 to your Mission Sheet, and remove both event word *Weak* and item *severed hand*.** 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 eighteen years. By her half-shaved head and all black attire 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.

Joseph thanks you and pats you on the back, “Now, go meet with Father Gabriel at Trinity Church in Sector D. He has your next mission Oh and welcome to our world by the way – *don't fruck up*.”

You exit the conference room with a wry smile. **Add event word *Priest* and turn to [39](#).**

After finding Nigel 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. The large, cast-iron double doors at the driveway entrance are 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 *Defense* score total more than 10, you evade the attack successfully. Note event word *Spotted* and turn back to [97](#). But if the number and your *Defense* score total 10 or less, his shot grazes your shoulder – deduct 2 points from your *Strength* score and 1 point from both your *Defense* and *Base Marksmanship* scores; note event word *Spotted* and then turn back to [97](#).

Alpha is divided into five different sectors, each serving a specific set of functions for the city’s residents. To the north of the city’s central-most latitude are the more affluent neighborhoods. Sector A houses political offices, military barracks and the government research complex. Downtown is in Sector B, its streets flanking numerous skyscrapers. Sector C serves as the main space port to both Mars and Earth. Then finally there’s Sector D which consists of posh markets and high-end residences for the well to do denizens of Alpha.

To the south lie less desirable neighborhoods – Sector E consists of gambling dens and a thriving red light district, all legal activities on the moon. Sector F has several manufacturing plants and lower income neighborhoods housing those forgotten by economic prosperities of the past.

And finally, below it all, separating the streets from the city’s Artificial-Gravity and Hyper-Oxygen system plates rests the sprawling sewer system where nobody ventures willingly.

If you possess event word *Revolution*, turn to [161](#) now.

If you possess event word *Helped*, turn to [188](#) now.

If your character is Jax, Genesis, Cube or Grave and you have accumulated at least \$100,000 but do not possess event word *Remorse*, turn to [131](#) now.

If your character is Apex and you don’t possess event word *Murder*, turn to [116](#) now.

If none of the directions above pertain to you, read on. *What’s your next move, instrument?*

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](#)**

Explore the sewer system – **turn to [150](#)**

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.**

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

Turn to [33](#)

You quickly maneuver your way out of the house and through the garden, unnoticed. Soon you have scaled the outer wall to safety.

Turn to [97](#)

“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 your art.” The man raises his wine glass, a hint of strangeness in his eyes.

“What’s my cut?”

“A cool \$25,000.” 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](#)

A quick glance to the corner of the apartment reveals Roxanne slumped against the wall, a bloody gash crossing 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](#)

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](#)

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.

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 dresses in preparation for the next customer.

Turn to [39](#)

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. 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?”

You don’t care for his pleas and point your gun at him. There’s money to be made here; that’s all that matters.

“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. 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 upon you.** You bend down and rub some of the doctor’s blood onto your forearm – it will soon serve as evidence of his demise. Then you turn about to exit the room.

If your character is Genesis Thorne, **turn to [91](#)**

If your character is Apex Fassbender, **turn to [105](#)**

If not, **turn to [2](#)**

If you possess event word *Apex*, turn to [153](#) now.

If you possess event word *Champion*, turn back to [73](#) – this gambling den is boarded up and shut down for good.

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

You enter the den through a creaky door and find a crowd huddled around a makeshift boxing ring. You quickly realize that people are betting on a fight – 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 since these fights run to the death. The decision is yours. **If your character is Apex *and* you possess event word *Meeting*, turn to [155](#) now, otherwise read on.**

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](#)**

If you possess event word *Uprising* turn to [110](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Dangerous* turn to [93](#) now, otherwise read on.

Sector F is a rundown ghetto. Abandoned buildings sit alongside occupied ones, though it's hard to tell the difference between them. 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 out here to clean up.

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 Jax Sypher, Genesis Thorne or Grave, 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](#)**

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, read on.

Soon you have hatched a plan and execute it flawlessly. You exit the museum with the painting carefully stowed away upon you. **Note the painting as an item upon you; 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](#)

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 *Defense* scores.** The next few moments find you locked in a fight to the death!

Creature

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 8	Defense: 5	Strength: 9
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If you survive, read on otherwise your adventure is over. 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](#)

You enter the deserted alley and drown into its shadows immediately. A stray beam of light cast from a billboard up above 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.

Turn to [75](#)

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 respond with a nod of appreciation. The bartender nods back 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 an old, holographic newscast being replayed 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 last year's monetary stimulus packages. Rest assured – capitalism still works in this day and age. And 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. Then 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're character is Grave and you are in possession of event word *Introduction*, turn to [186](#) now, 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](#)

You quietly steal across the mansion’s manicured grounds, all the while ensuring that the guards on watch don’t spot you. Then you work your way into the mansion through an unlocked door on the first 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 sound 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.”

Replace event word *Assassinate* with *Weakened*.

Nigel’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 smear some of the dead target’s blood onto your arm, 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 in this trade. You eye the bag of drugs curiously. You might be able to sell them later on. **The *Euphoria* pills can be kept upon you as an item.**

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!

Five Guards

Marksmanship Score: 9	Strength: 9	Defense: 5
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If you win turn to [97](#), otherwise your adventure is over.

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.”

Add \$10,000 to your Mission Sheet.

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](#)**

You spot Xun Yia addressing a small crowd of robots from a podium, her nose high in the air, “Your 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 the target; replace event word *Politician* with *Uprising*.

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 shooting at the robots. You quietly steal away from the scene. **Turn to [54](#)**

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 \$15,000) – 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 upon you as an item. This gear was recently deemed illegal by the Lunar Police Department.

Incinerator 9000 Machine Gun (Price \$5,000) - A plasma shooting machine gun which adds 3 bonus points to the shooter’s *Base Marksmanship* score.

Macro Pulse Grenade (Price \$4,000) – A next generation explosive device. It reduces the enemy’s *Strength* score by 8 points upon detonation.

Stamina Therapy Cocktail (Price: \$2,000; *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 upon you as an item and can be drunk at any time during the game.

To Sell:

Image Manipulator– Price is \$5,000

Aon 190 Pistol – Price is \$2,000

G Pistol 10g – Price is \$2,000

Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun - Price is \$2,000

Once finished, you exit the brothel.

Turn to [39](#)

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 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 meet with Father Gabriel at Trinity Church in Sector D. He has your next mission Oh and welcome to our world by the way – *don't fruck up.*”

You exit the conference room with a wry smile. **Add event word *Priest* and turn to [39](#).**

You find yourself amongst downtown's numerous skyscrapers.

If you possess event word *Uprising*, turn to [110](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Done*, turn to [173](#) now, 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.

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.

You look around trying to figure out your next move. There are several bars and lounges of which three stand out – *Black Hole Sun*, *Champagne Supernova* 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 possess event word *Powerful* you can turn to [176](#) if you want, otherwise read on.

If your character is Cube and you possess event word *Cause* along with the *Proton Propulsion Jet Pack 5000* item, turn to [164](#) now.

If you want to check out *Black Hole Sun*, turn to [67](#)

If you want to check out *Champagne Supernova*, turn to [142](#)

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 exit Sector B and explore Alpha city, turn to [54](#)

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. A stout, rotund robot waddles over and introduces himself, “My name is Gurb. 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 where he shows off some items for sale. **You can purchase each item as many times as you want - money and space upon you permitting.**

To Buy:

Image Manipulator (Price \$15,000) –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 upon you as an item. This item was recently deemed illegal by the Lunar Police Department.

Proton Propulsion Jet Pack 5000 (Price \$20,000) - This item can be plugged into a robot’s input socket as add on gear. When activated, it provides its host the ability to fly. Its take-off speed is too dangerous for indoor use therefore, the machine needs open space. It can only be purchased by Cube.

Charisma v7.0 (Price \$5,000) –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 at point of sale – *it does not take up any space upon you.*

H-Pro 100 (Price \$15,000) – This item can be plugged into a robot’s input socket as add on gear. When activated, it greatly minimizes gravity’s affect upon its host allowing the robot to literally float down to the ground when jumping and or falling from great height. It can only be purchased by Cube.

Strength v3.0 (Price \$2,000) –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 at point of sale – *it does not take up any space upon you.*

Defense v5.0 (\$2,000) – 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 *Defense* score. This product can only be purchased by Cube and must be utilized at point of sale – *doesn’t take up any space.*

Stealth Soles (Price: \$5,000) – 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 – *it does not take up any space upon you.*

If you possess either one of these event words – *Passed, Missed* or *Politician*, turn back to [63](#) since there’s nothing more of interest here. If you don’t possess any of those words read on.

A tall, spindly robot walks over to you and says abruptly, “Long live the *Cause*.”

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 war – there are pockets of human and cyborg sympathizers as well.

He continues, “My name is Sphinx. We could use all the help we can get right now. Are you with us?”

[Next](#)

If you say yes, add event word *Politician* and turn to [41](#)

If you say no, turn back to [63](#)

75

You sit down confidently next to the old man and flash the bloody, severed hand. 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 \$15,000 to your Mission Sheet.**

“That should pay for some therapy sessions.” He winks playfully, “There’s more from 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](#)

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

Second guard

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 6

Defense: 3

Strength: 5

Hand to hand combat requires comparison between your and your opponent's *Hand to Hand Combat Skill* and *Defense* 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 of the game. 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. But remember, as noted on your Mission Sheet, *none of your scores, including your Total Hand to Hand Combat score, can ever go above 10.*

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

Defense: 9
- 2) Now you are ready for the first round. You always attack first unless instructed otherwise. Roll a die and add your *Total Hand to Hand Combat Skill* score to the number – this is your **Attack Total**. Roll another die and add your opponent's *Defense* score to the number. This is his **Defense Total**.

Ex. You roll a die for yourself – say you get 2. You add your *Total Hand to Hand Combat* score to the 2 and get an **Attack Total** of 12. Then you roll a die for the security guard – say you get 6. His **Defense Total** ends up being 9.

- 3) Compare the two round one totals – If your Attack Total is higher than your opponent’s Defense Total then that means you scored a hit. Take the difference between the two totals and deduct it from your opponent’s *Strength* score. Now if your Attack Total is less or equal to your opponent’s Defense Total then that means your attack was deflected/dodged.**

Ex. Since the guard’s Defense Total of 9 is less than your Attack Total of 12, the damage is 3 points, bringing his Strength score down to 2.

- 4) If you *and* your opponent are still alive, discard your totals from round one and prepare for round two. Repeat the steps outlined above but this time, it’s your opponent’s turn to attack.**

Ex. You roll a die for your opponent – say you get 5. You add his *Hand to Hand Combat* score to the number and get 11. Then you roll a die for yourself – say you get 3. Your Defense Total ends up being 12. You don’t incur any damage to your *Strength* score since your Defense Total is higher than his Attack Total.

- 5) Repeat these steps until one of you loses all their *Strength* points.**

If you survive the fight, turn to [43](#).

The woman hands you a photograph and says, “This is the target – Nigel Baxter. Memorize that face. How you get in and out of his mansion is up to you. Just don’t get caught. Good luck and let’s engage after your mission at *The Lunar Tiger* in downtown. My client is counting on you. Alright...I’ve got to run.”

“Wait – where’s this neighborhood?”

“Sector D of course,” the woman retorts in a matter of fact tone.

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 [200](#)

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

Add \$5,000 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](#)**

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 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* and have \$2,000 to spend, **turn to [50](#)**

If you possess event word *Kim* and have \$5,000 to spend, **turn to [182](#)**

If you possess event word *Rat* and have \$2,000 to spend, **turn to [135](#)**

If you want to buy the services of one of the “talents” up for sale **and your character is not Cube (*robots don’t need sex*)**, deduct \$2,000 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](#)**

You quickly neutralize the threat and find the necessary information. 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](#)

Once back at the *Vipers*’ headquarters you are faced with an alarming sight. Joseph is slumped in his chair, a large gash stretching across his throat. Splatters of wet blood drench the front of his shirt thoroughly. Needless to say, the organization’s leader is dead. Standing behind his chair is White Beard, calmly wiping a knife’s blade with a wash cloth.

You don’t know how to react at first. Glancing about the room, you realize that it’s filled with several other assassins. They are all staring back at you. Flashing an evil grin, White Beard says, “It’s for the best. It’s for the best.”

He is their leader now - the circle of life, so to say, of an assassin organization.

“You work for me now - any *problem* with that?”

The old man is staring at you, his typical jovial demeanor absent. You notice some of the assassins reaching for their guns and realize your options are limited.

“Of course,” you say calmly.

“Perfect,” White Beard smirks, “but I need something from you to ensure your loyalty.”

A katana is handed to you. Without missing a beat, you walk over to Joseph’s dead body and decapitate it swiftly - blood sprays all over the mahogany table. White Beard thanks you and commands a prepubescent boy, Tim, to clean up the mess.

“Here’s your reward for the last task by the way,” White Beard hands you \$10,000. **Add the money to your Mission Sheet.**

“Now I’ve got your next task, my friend.” He continues, “It’s actually down on Earth.”

“Lovely.” You cannot mask your disdain.

The old man snickers mischievously and says, “I know it ain’t exactly Utopia. Go to New Star city and stop by a tavern called *Smokey*. One of my contacts will meet you there and bring you up to speed on the details.”

Replace event word *Helped* with *Killer*.

White Beard turns to the room and shouts, “We’re expanding this operation, folks! We ain’t just aimin’ for the moon anymore! We’re aiming for the whole galaxy! ”

The assassins fill the conference room with cheers – you join along in an effort to blend in. The old man continues, “Too long we had worked under clueless command. Now, I will take you all to the next level. Fruck *yeah baby!*”

[Next](#)

A champagne bottle is opened as Joseph's body is dragged away. A scene of revelry follows suit as a group of naked male and female prostitutes are ushered into the room.

“Lets party *motherfruckers!*” Wheat Beard yells while taking off his tie dyed shirt. The rest of the assassins start to clap along with the music that is now blaring in the background. Pretty sure that an orgy is about to follow, you exit the room along with a few other assassins only to find the young boy, Tim, crying hysterically in the hallway. When you ask the man next to you about the boy, he responds, “Shit, how would you feel if your father was cut down right in front of you and then *you* were the one who had to clean up the mess?”

If you're character is Grave, turn to [193](#)

If not, you keep on your way with guilt welling up inside you - turn to [39](#)

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

“Who’s the target?” you ask with a straight face.

The old man motions with his chin at the beautiful woman. 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 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](#)

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

Turn to [7](#)

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. **If you possess event word *Traitor*, turn to [144](#) now, otherwise read on.**

You kneel over a feces covered toilet bowl. Sabre stands by the bathroom’s locked door, electronic beats pounding outside. Her gun’s barrel points down at you. With a sneer she states, “The rest of your clan is either dead or behind bars – I made sure of that.”

“Why?” You speak through gritted teeth, “You owe me that much.”

“Money, baby – *money*. And of course protection from the law if I gave you fools up.”

“Hope you’re frucking happy.”

“I am actually and quite rich too.” she chuckles, “Alright enough talk – see that pile of shit in front of you? I want you to eat it.”

You decide that that is definitely not going to happen if you can help it.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Total Marksmanship* score total more than 10, you swiftly pull out your gun and shoot Sabra dead. But if the total is less than/equal to 10, you miss and an intense shootout ensues:

Sabra

Marksmanship: 6

Defense: 6

Strength: 6

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over. You search her body to find \$200,000 and exit the club – **add the money to your Mission Sheet and remove event word *Backstab*.**

Turn to [39](#)

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 *Champion*.**

“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 \$10,000 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](#)

“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 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 *Defense* score total more than 10 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 *Defense* scores.

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

[Next](#)

Assassin:

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 9	Defense: 9	Strength: 9
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If you win turn to [69](#)

The building’s security area is actually three sprawling floors in the basement. There are two routes in – an elevator in the atrium is dedicated specifically to bringing people down to the area. And then there’s an underground tunnel that connects it to a warehouse across the street – this is an emergency evacuation route for all of the building’s residents. Each option will have its own challenges.

Which route do you want to take?

If you choose the elevator, **turn to [192](#)** – **if you possess event word *Fumbled* then this option is not available to you anymore; security has been heightened since your last attempt**

If you choose the underground tunnel, **turn to [167](#)**

If you possess event word *Robber*, 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 *Robber*, 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](#)

To exit the bank - turn back to [54](#)

Or to try and rob the place, turn to [11](#)

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	Defense: 10
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If you win, read on otherwise your adventure is over. You continue your escape, leaping onto the outer wall and scaling down its exterior. This mission is almost over.

Turn to [7](#)

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

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 1 point 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 as an item upon you 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](#)

Within moments, a map of the research facility materializes within your shades. Like an outdated video game, it displays 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, 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](#)

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 unless you fork over all your cash!”

If you have cash upon you and wish to hand it all over, deduct it from your Mission Sheet, remove event word *Dangerous*, and turn back to 54.

If you don’t have any cash upon you or if you don’t want to hand it over, the robots 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: 10	Defense: 4	Strength: 10
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If you win remove event word *Dangerous* and turn back to [54](#).

If you possess event word *Gladiator*, turn to [48](#) now, 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 sword with skill. His face is covered by a sleek, metallic mask and he is dressed in flowing robes.

“I’m going to *pi*ss on your face once I’m done with you,” he yells in a maniacal voice. 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 Cruz!* 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 opponent rushes at you with surprising speed!

Cruz

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 7	Defense: 8	Strength: 6
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If you win the fight, add event word *Gladiator* and turn to [78](#), otherwise your adventure is over.

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](#)**

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

“What a joke,” you mumble to yourself.

You are aware that all of the residents’ confidential information is not only locked securely within the information system server cluster but also, kept as a duplicated hard copy – a paper trail 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 President Singh’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 one of the atrium’s restrooms, unnoticed.

Turn to [40](#)

If you possess event word *Uprising*, turn to [110](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Cause*, turn to [117](#) now, otherwise read on.

This part of the city is notable for its wide variety of shops ranging from trendy boutiques to upscale chain stores. Dispersed amongst them all are mansions and condominiums 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 here; one 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 *Father*, turn to [198](#) now.

If you possess event word *Stolen*, turn to [16](#) now.

If you possess event word *Assassinate*, you can turn to [53](#) now if you'd like.

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

Walking around, you spot a few places of interest. There is a store called *Consumertopia* which is advertising various wares that could be of use to you. Right next to it sits *Trinity Church*, the city's largest and most beautiful place of worship.

If you want to check out *Consumertopia*, turn to [147](#)

If you want to visit *Trinity Church*, turn to [140](#)

If your character is Genesis and you don't possess event word *Outcast*, you can visit your parent's new home by turning to [174](#)

If you want to try breaking into someone's home to steal instead, turn to [163](#)

If you want to exit Sector D to explore Alpha, turn back to [54](#)

Remove event word *Weakened*. 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.”

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, “I agree.”

“In time we will.”

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

“So...you take out the target?” she changes the subject abruptly, 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 \$20,000 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.”

She walks away and disappears into the crowd. You look at your money 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](#)

The military finally takes control of the city after many hours of urban disarray. Most neighborhoods have suffered some damage but are, for the most part, unharmed. Pockets of robotic resistance are still alive and kicking in certain neighborhoods but armed soldiers have been dispatched and are shooting down any unruliness no questions asked.

You find yourself amongst the hustle and bustle of Sector E. The neighborhood appears as it always does – sinful, tacky and ambivalent to everything outside its parameters. Many of the subscribers to the red light district’s lifestyle walk about intoxicated. Club *Skin* catches your eye – it’s the biggest of all the clubs that line the street and boasts five stories of pounding, electronic music.

Turn to [21](#)

The cyborg crashes into the wall behind her and slumps dead to the ground. You take a few seconds to compose yourself. As you steal the remaining cash, you notice something sticking out of the woman’s gaping mouth. Closer inspection reveals it to be a *Booster Cable* – many cyborgs have these installed to ports on the roof of their mouths. When activated, these cables boost the host’s defensive capabilities.

Yours just happens to be missing.

With a forceful tug, you pull out the bloodied cable from the corpse’s mouth and install both its ends into two ports in your mouth. You feel a wave of energy pulsate throughout your body. **Add 1 point to your *Defense* score and add \$10,000 to your Mission Sheet.** You quickly exit the building.

Turn to [200](#)

“You’re Grave aren’t you?”

Joseph’s taken off his shades, revealing a pair of dark red irises - the result of genetic modification. Leaning back into his chair, he continues, “Yes...yes, you’re definitely her. I thought I recognized you earlier but...I wanted to be absolutely sure.”

You stare back at him calmly, unsure of where the conversation is going.

“I could really use your talents in my organization. You’re obviously no amateur, I like your methods and my assassins can definitely learn a thing or two from you. Tell you what - I’ve got a task appropriate for your abilities. It’s by no means easy but...it’s well suited for you. What do you think?”

“I’m listening.”

“Excellent. Well...how would you like the chance to *protect* President Singh?”

You’re taken aback by the question in two ways. First, you’ve never been asked to actually protect anyone; it’s usually the opposite. And second, you’ve never been asked to do anything that involves the lunar leader himself.

Joseph presses further, “He’s being targeted by a rogue group of robots who want to start another Artificial Intelligence Revolution. There have already been a few attempts on his life recently and the president is starting to lose confidence in his security team. He’s looking for someone who understands assassinations inside out – someone who can almost *predict* what the attackers’ next move is going to be. Word is that another attempt will be made on him sometime this week.”

“And he’s looking to *you* to find him a bodyguard?” you ask with a raised eyebrow.

Joseph replies with a smirk, “The man’s my biggest client.”

You study his features – despite the smooth skin and gentle cheekbones, there’s something harsh about them.

“One thing you’ll have to understand about my organization is that it’s not like one of the many mom ‘n pop groups running around in this city. We are the real deal with a really *influential* clientele. So tell me Grave...can you do this for me?”

His eyes are locked with yours as if in an attempt to read your soul.

“Perhaps; what’s in it for me?” You manage to keep your cool.

“A fair question - \$25,000, a seat at my table, and I foresee the possibility of your name being wiped off the wanted list...*if* the president likes you. It’s a nice offer. You should take it.”

[Next](#)

He's standing now, staring down at you expectantly.

You nod your head in agreement and ask, "Details?"

"The president's personal penthouse is on the top floor of Z Tower in downtown. The entire floor is his. You are to report there as soon as possible. I'll let him know that we have someone to protect him. His security team will be expecting you in the building's atrium."

You cast back a doubtful look.

"Look," Joseph crosses his arms, "I assure you this is not a trap if *that's* what you're concerned about. *How* could it possibly be? You came to me, remember? I had no idea that you were going to walk in through those doors."

Then he reaches out his hand to shake yours. As you return the gesture, he says, "Good luck – this is a great opportunity for you. I look forward to seeing you alive and well soon."

You exit the conference room shortly after, ready to take on your next mission. **Add event word *Protect* and turn back to [39](#).**

“You’re not listening to me, Apex!” The voice snaps in your head. It’s your mother’s. The woman has managed to haunt you even after death. She’s exactly the same as you remember when she was alive – petite but overbearing and always carrying about a butcher’s knife.

“No!” you scream out loud, “*Stop* talking to me! I already *told* you that I’m not doing that for the hell of it *anymore!*”

“Oh *really*, baby? You’re going to deny yourself the *one* thing that gave you pure joy? You’re going to deny the one thing that gave *us* pure joy? Maybe for now you can...but long term, you don’t have it in you. Remember when you were a child and said the same things? What did I always tell you? Nothing is more pure than taking a life. *Nothing...not even money.*”

You punch yourself in the head repeatedly and the familiar voice goes away. But you know it’s only a matter of time before she steps back out from the recesses of your mind and urges you to go on a killing spree. Mother always does. She’s been hiding out there for so long now that you can’t even remember when she first slipped into your mind through its cracks and made it her permanent home. Maybe it was the day you found her hanging in her bedroom ten years ago, her frail body slowly spinning along with the fan’s blades.

An electronic message comes through on your smart watch:

“*Meet me at the Five Spot in Sector E.*

- *S*”

You read the message with a sneer. Staring into nothing, you wonder, “What does he want this *frucking* time?”

You’ve been to this gambling den, *The Five Spot*, several times before. It’s one of your favorite spots in Alpha actually. People wager on underground fights there. One can jump into the fights themselves to win money if they want – right up your alley as you’ve been brawling for fun all your life. **Add event word *Meeting* and turn to [54](#).**

About an hour later you find yourself trekking cautiously through the dark tunnel with Borys, a weak flashlight pointed forward. He informs you that when previous search parties had gone hunting for this demon, they had never been able to pin point a single location that could be identified as its den. Looking ahead, you conjecture out loud, “It most likely sees this entire sector as its den. And that’s probably why it keeps attacking your camp – it thinks of you all as intruders.”

“Maybe *but* demons don’t need a reason to kill.” Borys’s lips are trembling, “Their vile, evil nature makes them do it naturally.”

This demon that he speaks of is most likely a genetically altered animal of some kind but that is beside the point – Borys’s fear is real and his concern for his people’s safety is legitimate. Just then you notice a fork in the tunnel ahead. The path to the right leads to one chamber and the path to the left leads to another. Both routes look very similar - darkness and silence fill them both.

If you want to head right, **turn to [130](#)**

If you want to head left, **turn to [137](#)**

You turn back around to study the dead man’s body for a brief moment. The blood drenching his white lab coat – it strangely excites you. You bend down to get a whiff of a stomach wound. It’s a mix of burnt skin and steak, probably his last meal.

A sudden gurgle emits from his throat as his bodily fluids shift around useless muscles and you giggle with glee. The thrill of a kill has always made you feel like a mischievous, little boy. You stand back up satisfied with your work.

Turn to [2](#)

“You *bitch!*” You step forward from the shadows, your blood boiling.

“Ah, there you are,” Sabra responds with a crooked smile and immediately engages you in a heated shoot-out.

Sabra

Marksmanship: 6

Defense: 6

Strength: 6

If you win, read on, otherwise your adventure is over.

As Sabra falls back to the ground, you hear a flurry of gunshots from within the church followed by a dying scream unmistakably Nox’s. Your heart drops into your chest as you exit the alley in a rush.

Was Sabra undercover? Was she bought out by the cops to get to Nox?

These and other questions race through your mind as you try to figure out your next move. Meeting up with the remaining *Thievery Collective* is the best option. The usual rendezvous point has always been club *Skin* in Sector E. **Replace event word *Thief* with *Traitor* and turn to [54](#).**

You study the three tunnel entrances that lead away from the central chamber. The one heading north leads to Sector 1 where the city's filth is funneled into a Proto-Capacitor to be converted into reusable energy and drinkable water. The west tunnel leads to Sector 2, a chamber with several access points for maintenance crews to the Artificial-Gravity and Hyper-Oxygen system plates below. And finally, the tunnel heading east leads to Sector 3 which is now closed off and requires a special access code for entry – this part of the sewer has been non-operational since the *Lunar Civil War* during which it was used as a hideout by the rebels.

If you want to head to Sector 1, **turn to [114](#)**

If you want to head to Sector 2, **turn to [166](#)**

If you want to head to Sector 3, **turn to [199](#)**

If you want to climb back up to the city's streets, **turn to [54](#)**

The next half hour leaves the library's desk devoid of the papers that had been neatly stacked upon it earlier. An empty bottle of whiskey lies on the ground, its contents staining the surrounding carpet. The smell of sex and sweat permeates throughout the small room. Once satisfied, you dismount the man and walk over to a pile of clothes.

The president sits upright on his desk watching you dress your athletic frame. He asks, "Those two tattoos on your back...whose names are those?"

Without making eye contact you respond, "My mother and sister."

An image of a bloodied bed flashes in front of your eyes.

"Is it true, Grave?" His voice is solemn, "That...they were murdered by your-"

"Is there anything else you need from me?" You cut off the lunar leader. Your neck muscles are taut as they usually get under duress.

"Sorry...I was just trying to understand whether the rumor was true. I mean...it must have been hard."

You look him straight in the eyes, "What we just did meant *nothing* to me. Consider it part and parcel of my service. You don't need to pretend that you care."

Taken aback by your words, President Singh continues, "Fine. Well...let me at least offer you a token of my gratitude. Please open that box to your left."

You follow his instructions and find cash inside the mahogany box - \$50,000 to be exact.

"That's yours, Grave." The man says blankly while getting dressed. "Oh and consider yourself *un-wanted*."

Add the money to your Mission Sheet and reduce your *Wanted* score to 0.

"Are we done?" You stare outside a window, the bloodied bed flashing through your mind once more.

"Yes. And thank you for...everything. You have done a great service for this nation."

You exit the penthouse wondering if he would have been so gracious had you declined his advances.

Turn to [73](#)

With skill, you sneak down a set of stairs all the while confirming that the place is basically empty. Once on the bottom floor, you find the CEO's corner office – the target's name label clings to the door. The lights are on inside and you can hear a man's voice. He's on the phone.

“Absolutely John – I need the money to go through tonight otherwise the deal is off.”

You quietly turn the doorknob – the door isn't locked.

“You've already pushed out the transfer three times and I'm starting to run dry on cash flow. No...you need to transfer the money *tonight*.”

You quietly slip into the room. Carlos is standing by the window, his back facing you.

“I emailed you my account number two days ago god dammit, I'm gett-”

Crack!!!

The man slumps to the floor with a broken neck. Ending the call on his cell phone you quickly get to work and start severing his right hand. It's a messy job with blood splattering all over the hardwood floor - you wonder how such a silly ritual became the norm within the city's top assassin organization. Quickly stowing the hand into a plastic bag upon you, you exit the building in the same manner you had entered it. **Replace event word *Powerful* with *Weak*, note *severed hand* as an item on your Mission Sheet, and turn back to [73](#).**

A riot has broken out onto the streets of the neighborhood. Word of Senator Xun Yia's assassination and the police's aggressive response at the scene of crime have spread like wildfire. Crowds of robots run amok destroying everything in sight. Cars are being set on fire, windows are being shattered, shots are being fired aimlessly – above it all, hover a number of military space crafts, each designed to allow soldiers the ability to control unlawful behavior safely from the air. The vehicles' spotlights frantically move about from rioter to rioter as several soldiers shout warnings uselessly through blow horns. You try to steer clear of the action as best as possible.

Just then, a robot from one of the many rioting masses launches a plasma missile at a hovering vehicle; the space craft's rear, where the fuel combustion chamber resides, bursts into flames and a loud explosion follows. The craft loses balance, plummets to the street and crashes with a thunderous roar, sending pieces of metal flying in every direction.

All out urban warfare commences as soldiers start shooting down on anyone and everyone in retaliation. The situation escalates exponentially and you try finding a spot for cover. As you run over to the nearest alley, your smart watch indicates it's received a new electronic text message.

“Lay low for the next 24 hours until things quiet down; city is erupting. Then meet me at club Skin in Sector E – good work by the way.

- Sphinx”

Another explosion rocks the neighborhood as one of the vehicles crashes into a building nearby. You almost lose your footing but make it into the dark alley safely. There you find a shadowed corner behind a large dumpster and settle down. The place is cramped and not ideal but compared to the mayhem on the streets, it's a safe haven. **Replace event word *Uprising* with *Riot* and turn to [100](#).**

111

You change trajectory at a near 90 degree angle and head straight up towards the dome's solid glass. The capsule changes course and keeps up with you surprisingly well. One of its shots grazes your jetpack and causes you to lose control for a few moments. In that time you find yourself fast approaching the dome! Just before you regain control of the jetpack and are able to change course, you skim the dome violently leaving scratch marks on its glass in the process. **Deduct 2 *Strength* points and turn to [121](#)**

112

You swiftly leap out of harm’s way as the intruder flies past you and crashes into a couch sending it flying against a wall! You realize that it’s a robot. The spindly assassin gets onto its feet with incredible agility and attacks all the while keeping its eerie human-like eyes locked in on you with murderous intent!

Robot Assassin

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 9

Defense: 9

Strength: 10

If you win, turn to [138](#).

If you lose, your adventure is over.

You work your way over to the shadows of a nearby alley with an idea churning through your processors on loop - it's worth a shot to fly, as discreetly as possible, straight up to the office's roof where there is most likely an entry point and no security. You're not certain of this approach but it could work in your favor.

Realizing that you won't need the jet pack on full throttle, you toggle down its strength a couple of notches before powering it on. Its proton engines roar to life and you start rising up slowly. Pivoting your body a bit, you are able to smoothly guide yourself over to the building's roof and land there gently. There are no surveillance cameras up here – only a couple of covers hiding crawl space vents. The shadow of the skyscraper to your left keeps you well concealed although the noisy jetpack isn't exactly helping you blend into your surroundings.

Keeping yourself focused on the task ahead, you slide off one of the covers, work your way down the tight crawl space and soon find yourself in the office's second story break room. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, turn to [109](#), otherwise read on.**

Just then the building's alarm goes off!

Red lights start to flash in the room – your target must have heard you sneaking in! After all, a six foot, 300 plus pound piece of machinery needs to be extra sly or its cover will get blown every single time. There's only one way left to complete this mission before the police get here – rush downstairs as fast as possible, find the target and kill him. You attempt just that and find Carlos trying to run out of the front exit.

You leap forward, crash into the fleeing man and send him through the glass front door. He's dead before he lands on the ground – a splintered glass pierces his throat. Quickly pulling him back into the building, you sever his right hand all the while thinking how messy of a kill this mission has turned into. Splatters of blood cover the hardwood floor around you.

Two police hover-cars pull up in front of the building just then and their drivers spot you stowing away the dead man's hand. Without hesitation, you rush out into the open all the while toggling your jet pack's strength to full blast. It powers on quickly and shoots you straight up into the air but your lack of control over take-off causes you to violently brush against the building's side. And on top of that, one of the police officer manages to shoot your leg!

Deduct 2 points from your *Strength* score and replace event word *Powerful* with *Weak*.

If you possess an *image manipulator*, cross it off your mission sheet – its digital image, the very façade meant to conceal your true identity, is now a threat to you.

If you don't possess an *image manipulator*, increase your *Wanted* score to 10 – your real identity is now top of the wanted list.

You land in a dumpster in a nearby alley and work your way as far from the scene of crime as possible. **Turn to [54](#)**

You walk along a stream of filth for some time before being deposited into a cavernous chamber. A large Proto-Capacitor rests in the middle of the room, its valves oscillating to the pressure of the fluid being pumped in by a rotund tube that connects the entire contraption to the ceiling. Several pipes stick out of the bottom of the capacitor, run along the grimy floor and connect to the walls – this is how drinkable fluid and reusable energy is sent back out to Alpha. It’s all very ingenious. You can’t help but think how vital this machine is to the lunar colony.

It’s not long before you realize the entire apparatus and all its tubing is covered in a grey, synthetic armor to protect it from attack. Since touching it would probably administer a high voltage shock throughout your body, you steer clear of it entirely. The chamber is well lit and you realize it to be devoid of anything interesting beyond the machine itself - except for a narrow, steel door in the back. It requires a physical key.

If you possess the *Grey Key* item, read on, otherwise turn back to [107](#) –there’s nothing else of interest here and you head back to the central chamber.

You hear a click as the door unlocks! It opens to reveal a small, storage room full of maintenance equipment littered about. Nothing catches your eye at first but then you notice the following items of interest tucked away in the back:

Explosive device: Magma Grenade (-10 *enemy Strength*)

Long-Range Weapon: Colt 9000 Plasma Shotgun (+3 *bonus*)

Melee Weapon: Double-ended Sword (+2 *bonus*)

You can take any of these items but remember that only *two* explosive devices, *one* long range 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 sword).

The grey key suddenly disintegrates into tiny particles – you realize it was a one-time use item. **Remove the item from your Mission Sheet.** Once finished, you turn about and head back to the central chamber – **turn to [107](#).**

You slip out of the room and eventually the penthouse unnoticed, ride the elevator down and run out of *Z tower* as swiftly as possible. News of the kill will become public knowledge within moments and you need to get as far away as possible from the crime scene.

Turn to [171](#)

You spot a homeless teenager sitting in the backend of a dark alley, graciously munching on a loaf of bread. Ever since you figured out that you can actually get compensated for killing, you have cut short your homicidal thrills. Logically it makes no sense anymore to murder just for fun. Your mother obviously feels differently. Even in her silence you sense her prodding you to resume your old activities. You don't let her bother you most of the time.

But there are moments when she does make a good argument. And right now is one of them.

With unrestrained bloodlust you work your way over to the boy. He's so engrossed with his meal that he doesn't even notice you approaching him. You study his shabby, brown hair and tattered clothing. His protruding rib cage is visible through a hole on the side of his shirt.

“Do it!” your mother shrieks, “*Do it, my son!*”

Sometime later, you walk out of the alley with strands of bloodied, brown locks sticking to your fingers. **Add event word Murder and turn back to [54](#)**

You know you were told to head to *Z Tower* directly but you don't care because you're such a badass and – *BOOOOOOM!!!*

Deduct 10 points from your *Strength* score.

You remain immersed in the shadows trying to figure out your next move. A tattered poster hangs on a brick wall close by. It's got your face drawn on it and it reads, "Dangerous assassin on the loose; \$100,000 reward for capture of Grave – *dead or alive*."

Not paying it any mind you think back to a recent conversation with one of your contacts – it centered on an outlaw assassin-for-hire organization called *The Vipers*. You've heard quite a bit about its leader, Joseph Mince. His ruthlessness is legendary. He apparently worked his way up the ladder in a short amount of time and after murdering the organization's previous leader, snatched the throne for himself. He's done quite well since then - his assets make him one of the wealthiest lunar denizens. 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.

Assassinations are big business in Alpha. Some, like Joseph, have built their empires based upon that understanding. You figure that connecting with him could be beneficial for you. Your contact has informed you to meet him at a dive bar called *Black Hole Sun* in downtown so that an introduction to Joseph can be made. The opportunity is intriguing to say the least. **Add event word *Introduction* to your Mission Sheet and turn to [54](#).**

Just as you are about to enter the alley, you spot close to 10 police officers huddled around the church's back entrance. Shifting immediately into the shadows you realize that this is a trap!

But set by whom?

You don't know the answer but what you do know is that nagging feeling you've felt all along was well placed. *Someone* must have tipped off those cops. Your immediate reaction is to send a text warning both Nox and Sabra.

Just then the backdoor swings open and Sabra steps out. You almost scream at her to run but hold your tongue when you notice she is motioning for the cops to work their way into the church.

You've just gotten the answer to your question.

If you want to confront her, **turn to [106](#)**

If you want to remain hidden in the alley's shadows, **turn to [183](#)**

“We need you to hack into the military compound’s mainframe and launch the *Dark Horse* virus.”

You’re taken aback by the directive. The *Dark Horse* virus is one of the deadliest computer viruses known to man – a byproduct of the first Artificial Revolution. It changes a system’s root code to become hostile towards its own administrators and users. You’ve heard of it but never actually worked with it yourself. The opportunity is exciting and daunting all at the same time. The military mainframe will be just about the hardest system you’ve ever had to break in.

Sphinx presses further, “I’ve done some research into your background and I think you’re well suited for this task. It will not be easy but I think you already know that. The military information system is one step short of artificial intelligence in its own right. So it *will* fight back.”

His eerily, human-like eyes lock yours. They’re lifeless but harbor a charismatic, mechanical soul.

“We have enough of a distraction on the streets – so the military won’t be expecting an attack on their compound directly. I need for you to hack in and deliver a hit on their fleet of vehicles, armory and key personnel. We have a very short window to make this happen. Tell me...do you believe in the *Cause* enough to take this *final* step?”

You stare at the floor as you consider the task

“What’s the payoff?” you ask frankly.

Every one of the robots surrounding you, including Sphinx, suddenly points a gun at your head. Their leader sneers, “Wrong answer.”

“What the-”

“You’re in too deep, my child.” Sphinx cuts you off, “You know too much about our operations and intentions to be asking about pay offs. The *Cause* is the pay off and it deserves a better response than yours. So tell me now...*do* you believe in the *Cause* enough to take this action?”

With close to 10 gun barrels an inch from your head the answer is clear. Suddenly one of the robots sets a chair behind you, grabs your arm and forced you to sit down. Pulling away you shout, “What the hell?”

The robot takes a cable, connects one of its ends into your shades and connects the other end into a projector sitting in the corner. A display screen is then set up in the back of the basement.

“Now listen carefully.” Sphinx commands with his hands at his waist, “We want you to hack into the military system right *now*. The projector will display everything going on in those shades of yours and we’ll be watching. Oh yes...we’ll be watching everything. Every time you screw up we will cut you...just a *little* bit.”

[Next](#)

One of his minions shows off a deadly butterfly knife.

“So don’t fruck up, my child.”

“Long live the *Cause*,” you quip. One of the robots smacks you, forcing spit out of your mouth.

“That’s right,” Sphinx whispers in your ear, “And so you’d understand if I told you that there is no payment this time around.”

“I understand that I’ve been frucking suckered.”

“When you and I first met – that was destiny. You didn’t choose the *Cause*...it *chose* you.”

You slip on your smart shades, boot them up and take control of their function with your brain’s synapses via voice command. A blinking command prompt displays onto the projection screen against a black background. Through your *Thievery Collective* network you are well aware of the military mainframe’s structure – there have been others who have unsuccessfully attempted hacks in the past. First, you’ll have to hack into the system’s back-end – its front-end interface only allows its user one chance to type in the correct password before locking. Second, you’ll have to replace the default *read* access to the system with *write* access. Finally, you’ll have to find the appropriate code modules to modify in order to accomplish Sphinx’s specific asks.

“Just like taking candy from a baby,” you mumble to yourself, “A baby who has on a bag full of *frucking* explosives and a death wish – *fruck* me.”

Turn to [143](#)

121

You change directions and head straight down in a rush. The military capsule cannot maneuver downwards that quickly and soon loses sight of you. The distant sun flashes against your metal armor briefly before disappearing behind rising rooftops. Sleek skyscrapers shoot up all around you as the street below becomes wider with every passing second. The image of the landfill you found yourself in some time back flashes within your memory modules – you certainly don't want to end up back there as pile of garbled mess. With only a 100 feet left between you and the ground, the jetpack quickly slows down and lands you safely in the shadows of an alley.

Turn to [171](#)

You glance from corner to corner and spot the creature in question against the chamber’s wall to your right! Its bizarre appearance confirms your hypothesis - it’s a genetically mutated beast. The animal closely resembles a grey-colored alligator, now an extinct species, with elongated legs and an exaggerated tail covered in sharp spikes. It lets out another roar, opening its jaws in the process to reveal dagger-like fangs and then snaps them shut viciously. With saliva dangling from its mouth, the beast races towards you with surprising speed!

You take aim and shoot!

Roll a die – if the number and your *Total Marksmanship* scores total more than 10, turn to 151 now otherwise read on.

You miss the creature and it engages you in close combat with its fangs and spiked tail.

Genetically Mutated Creature

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10	Strength: 10	Defense: 5
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If you win read on, otherwise your adventure is over.

The thing flops to the ground with gaping jaws. Within moments its heaving belly is still. You turn to Borys and find him frozen with fear some distance away, his spotlight pointing straight ahead jut as you had requested. Walking over to him, you place a comforting hand on his shoulder and say, “You and your people are safe now.”

Turn to [134](#)

The bouncer lets you in without charging an entrance fee. Once inside, you realize that the club is practically empty. A few cocktail waitresses are hanging around the bar but that's about it. Upon further inquiry, one of them informs you that the place just opened about an hour back and it takes at least another hour or so for it to fill up.

“Might as well enjoy the calm before the chaos,” the waitress advises.

You walk around aimlessly for a bit not sure of your next move. As you watch the DJ prepare for her set, someone taps your shoulder. It's Sphinx.

The basement seems claustrophobic and dingy, as if completely forgotten by the club's owners. Stray barrels lie about haphazardly along with cardboard boxes. You stand surrounded by a group of robots. Sphinx faces you.

“I know the bouncer well. He owes me his life. So he lets me use this place when I need it. I am going to lie low here for a while. The atmosphere is tense...as expected. The revolution is well on its way - which reminds me...”

He hands you a wad of cash. **Add \$20,000 to your Mission Sheet.**

“You did well, my child. Now we need you to further the *Cause*. Take a step never taken before.”

You nod calmly not sure where the conversation is going.

If your character is Genesis, turn to [120](#) now, otherwise read on.

“We need you to kill President Singh.”

You're taken aback by the directive. After all, it's not every day you are told to take out the lunar leader. When there's no response from your end, Sphinx presses further, “Per my sources, he's keeping low in his private penthouse – it's on the top floor of the Z tower. His security forces are keeping him there till the situation calms down. He's probably getting some much needed sleep from his daily routine of flushing our economy down the toilet.”

Some of the robots snicker in response.

“I need for you to make him sleep *forever*.”

His eerily human-like eyes lock yours. They're lifeless but harbor a charismatic, mechanical soul.

“We have enough of a distraction on the streets - him and his secret service will never expect a hit at the penthouse itself. His security won’t allow him to leave that safe haven during this time so he will be there for certain until things quite down. We have a very short window to make this happen. Tell me...do you believe in the *Cause* enough to take this *final* step?”

You stare at the floor as you consider the severity of the task.

“What’s the payoff for this one?” you respond.

Every one of the robots surrounding you, including Sphinx, points a gun at your head. Their leader sneers, “Wrong answer.”

“What the-”

“You’re in too deep, my child.” Sphinx cuts you off, “You know too much about our operations and intentions to be asking about pay offs. The *Cause* is the payoff and it deserves a better response than that. So tell me now...*do* you believe in the *Cause* enough to kill President Singh?”

With close to 10 gun barrels an inch from your head the answer is clear. Suddenly, one of the robots grabs your left arm and sprays something on it with a syringe. Pulling your arm away, you shout, “What the hell?”

“Don’t worry,” the robot instructs, “It’s nothing more than explosive spray. This way we’ll know you’ll hold true to the *Cause*.”

You know very well of such sprays – the fluid is comprised of countless nanotech robots that signal your coordinates back to a server and if those coordinates are not up to the trackers’ liking, the nanobots can be remotely triggered to explode. There is nothing in the market that can remove the sticky threat from you except time; the fluid eventually evaporates on its own.

“Now listen carefully,” Sphinx commands with his hands at his waist, “We will be tracking your every move remotely. If you don’t head to Z tower in downtown right away, you will be blown to bits - *period*. So if I were you, I’d head straight for Sector B.”

“Long live the *Cause*,” you quip. One of the robots behind you kicks the back of your leg in response, forcing you into a kneeling position.

“That’s right, my child,” Sphinx whispers in your ear, “and so you’d understand if I told you that there is no payment this time around.”

“I understand that I’ve been frucking suckered.”

“When you and I first met – that was destiny. You didn’t choose the *Cause*...it *chose* you.”

Some of the other robots nod in agreement. **Replace event word *Riot* with *Cause* and turn to [148](#).**

124

You input the code and the iron cast door begins to slide open with a loud shudder widening the gap between itself and the right-hand side wall. A spacious, dimly lit chamber comes into view and in its middle rests a large, nonfunctioning Proto-Capacitor. The steel machine has countless, unused valves which line all four of its sides and a rotund tube connects it to the ceiling. You spot a tunnel to the left – a strange blue light permeates through its dark depths.

If you want to take the tunnel, **turn to [179](#)**

If you want to head back to the central chamber, **turn to [107](#)**

The security area is a maze of crisscrossing hallways which now envelope you on all sides. You steal into the shadows and set off in search for room 141B. From time to time security guards stroll by with black rifles strapped around their shoulders.

Roll a die - if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10 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.

“Trespasser! *Stop!*”

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

Four Guards

Marksmanship: 9	Defense: 5	Strength: 9
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If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over. Leaving the four dead bodies behind, you thank your luck that the alarm wasn’t raised.

Turn to [96](#)

Sector A is in lockdown mode with its streets blocked off by military vehicles and police blockades. There is no going in for unauthorized personnel.

Turn back to [54](#)

127

You swiftly slide into the shadows as five black uniformed men come rushing into the room. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, turn to [115](#), otherwise read on.**

“There in that corner!” one of them spots you. Within moments you’re engaged in a heated shoot out.

Five Security Guards

Marksmanship: 8

Defense: 5

Strength: 10

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over.

You exit the penthouse, ride the elevator down and run out of *Z tower* as swiftly as possible. News of the kill will become public knowledge within moments and you need to get as far away as possible from the crime scene.

Turn to [171](#)

You boot up your smart shades, connect their sensors to your brain’s neurological synapses via voice command and get to work. Within moments, you’ve hacked into the church’s system – there is no resistance whatsoever. Surprised, you continue until the needed task is completed. In less than 10 minutes the church’s alarm system is completely deactivated. All of its entrances and windows can now be opened or broken through without issue. Booting down the shades, you voice your concern, “Guys, that was *way too* easy. Something’s not right.”

“Baby, you’re the best at this game.” Sabra places a hand on your shoulder, “Don’t doubt your technique.”

“No it’s not that -”

“We gotta get to it guys – *no* second guessing.” Nox cuts you off, “Alright, Sabra it’s your turn next. Take out the security guards. There should be three of them onsite if my source is correct. In the meantime, I will work myself to the safe.”

Turning to you, he continues, “Meet us in the alley behind the church in 15 minutes.”

Sabra and Nox promptly exit the alley. With the nagging feeling still burning in your chest, you make your way to the designated spot some minutes later.

Turn to [119](#)

You crash into a wall with force. Turning about quickly, you come face to face with your assailant – a man stands in front of you, his heavily muscled body covered in a sleek, synthetic fabric, a double-ended scythe in his right hand. A strange breathing device covers the lower half of his face and two tubes stick out from it, their ends connecting to the center of his chest. You realize he’s a cyborg.

The two of you engage in a brutal fight to the finish.

Apex Fassbender

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10	Defense: 8	Strength: 10
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If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over. The man falls to the floor with his face crushed in.

Turn to [172](#)

You soon find yourself in a dark chamber – the splashing of countless water drops leaking through pipes above and falling onto the grimy, brick floor can be heard echoing around you. Handing the flashlight to Borys, you instruct him to keep it pointed straight ahead. It is the only thing keeping total darkness at bay.

As you press further into the chamber, Borys grabs a hold of your arm suddenly and whispers, “It’s h-here!”

When you respond with a questioning look, he continues, “I can smell it. It’s that same smell from every time we are attacked!”

A guttural roar echoes through the chamber as if in confirmation.

If you possess the *Night Vision Goggles* item, **turn to [122](#)**

If you don’t possess this item, **turn to [141](#)**

A strange feeling wrenches your insides all of a sudden. It wells up full force and truly hurts. You don't know what it is at first but as you dwell upon it for several moments, you realize it to be remorse.

It's funny how alien it feels.

You think about all the devious acts you've committed to get this money – the killing, stealing, lying, etc. Up until now, there has been no real self-reflection. It has been all about the money.

Now, for the first time the eyes of those you've killed haunt you. The wretched expression of their last moments ties your insides into knots. Your legs suddenly feel like rubber bands so you take a seat on a nearby bench.

What's the point of doing all this?

When did I become slave to the money?

Does the money justify my actions?

Pedestrians walk by and you wonder what secrets they are hiding – after all, in Alpha everybody has secrets. If they don't then they won't last here too long. **Add event word *Remorse* and turn back to [54](#).**

132

You work your way back to the illegal camp and find it deserted. Empty tents sit about the machine in the middle. Splatters of wet blood are everywhere. A stench of decay permeates throughout the space and you pinpoint it to a human corpse in the back.

Whatever happened here must have happened recently. There's no way to know the cause – the outcome is sad to say the least. As you figured, Alpha is not forgiving to the poor.

Turn back to [107](#)

133

Soon you find yourself directly behind the security guards and quickly ambush them from the shadows. The two men slump to the ground with broken necks. Then you shoot open the trap door and jump down into the evacuation tunnel. The narrow passageway offers access directly into the security area across the street as anticipated.

Turn to [125](#)

You are greeted with cheers when you make it back to the illegal camp. The children chant your name repeatedly and you see genuine appreciation in their eyes. Borys shouts emphatically, “*Our hero!*”

The crowd starts to clap.

Borys turns to you, “You are our savior, my friend. Despite our circumstances, I *know* in my heart that we will be safe now.”

You look to the floor not sure what to say.

“We don’t have much to thank you with but please accept this gift as a token of our appreciation.”

He hands you a pair of rubber soles and notes that they can be pasted onto the heel of your shoes to muffle the sound of your footsteps. He adds, “These are made by the best craftsman in New Star city back on Earth – my brother, Dymtri. I have a feeling you might have use for these.”

The soles don’t take up any space on you – they add 3 points to your *Stealth* score.

Borys continues, “If you ever find yourself in New Star, ask for my brother – everyone know him. Tell him you know me and he will take good care of you, my friend.”

Add event word *Brother* to your Mission Sheet.

You thank him and depart, leaving the group behind. As you head back to the sewer’s central chamber, you hope against hope these people will find a better life here on the moon. That is highly unlikely though - Alpha has a tendency to be unforgiving to the poor. **Add event word *Illegals* and turn to [107](#).**

“You seem a little tense.” You are leaning against the bedroom door with both eyes fixed upon a curvy, olive-skinned woman. Kim sits on the bed, arms crossed across her bare breasts, a single, mascara-drenched tear rushing down her left eye. She responds, “I...I didn’t think I would see you again – that’s all.”

“Didn’t think you’d see me or didn’t *want* to see me?”

“Why...why would you say that?”

You take a step forward, “I *killed* that man. You *frucked* up Kim – big time.”

Kim’s bottom lip starts to quiver as she stammers, “I d-don’t know w-what you’re talking about.”

“Oh really?”

She wipes away another tear, “Lets just do what we always do baby. Why are you being like this?”

Kim reaches for one of the tubes sticking out of your face and starts to rub it vigorously.

“I know what you like, Apex and-”

You slap her across the face, sending spit flying from her lips.

“P-P-please don’t,” Kim pleads, “I’ll yell. Please I’ll-”

Before the prostitute can scream for her life, you grab her by the throat and squeeze it so hard that it collapses inwards. Blood sprays out, runs down your fingers and forms a pool of crimson on the bed sheets. Your mother giggles hysterically in the background.

“That’s right, son! Show her you’re boss!”

A quick search of the room reveals a portion of the prostitute’s earnings in one of her drawers. **Add \$10,000 to your Mission Sheet.** You leave the bedroom and find Madame Desire standing in the hallway. She eyes your bloodied hands cautiously and asks, “It’s done?”

“It had to be,” you answer nonchalantly.

The woman takes a deep breath, “Well she was all used up anyway – not much of a loss. Look I don’t want to lose your business.”

[Next](#)

She caresses the tubes sticking out of your breathing device with her fat fingers, “Kim told me all the *things* you like. Maybe next time...you’ll choose me.”

Her bloodshot eyes warn you that she’s heavily drugged – probably an avid user of *Euphoria* pills. The madam most likely won’t even remember you next time. Without saying another word, you walk past her and exit the brothel. **Remove event word *Rat* and turn to [39](#)**

“Access Granted.”

The message flashes boldly on the projection screen. Sphinx casts you a smile, “Excellent work, my child. Keep at it.”

“You got lucky this go,” the robot next to you whispers in your ear while waving his knife.

You focus on the next task – attaining *write* access to the system. With a few commands, you find yourself in the root directory. There are over a million system files, each with their own set of instructions. One of those needs to be manipulated to grant you the right level of access. What makes the whole task tricky is that since you don’t have *write* access in the first place, manipulating anything in the system is damn near impossible – *unless* you can find a work around. This step is definitely going to be harder than the last. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Intellect* score total more than 11, turn to [165](#), otherwise read on.**

“Error Message 136: You don’t have write access.”

The message flashes on the projection screen and you curse your luck. The robot besides you slices your left arm with his knife, leaving a thin, bloody cut. **Deduct 1 point from your *Strength* score.**

“Try again!” Sphinx commands menacingly. **Try again by rolling a die if you’re still alive.**

137

You soon find yourself in a dark chamber. Handing the flashlight to Borys, you instruct him to keep it pointed straight ahead. It is the only thing keeping total darkness at bay. You press deeper into the room, its silence enveloping you on all sides.

If you possess the *Night Vision Goggles* item, turn to [146](#) now, otherwise read on.

Suddenly, the sound of crunching bones tears through the chamber. You freeze immediately not sure what to expect next. Borys points the flashlight at your feet and several human bones come into view. You step away from them slowly.

“Our children.” Borys whispers with teary eyes, “That demon must die.”

His wrinkled face speaks volumes.

After exploring the chamber for a bit more, you two realize the beast is not here. You exit and head for the other chamber.

Turn to [130](#)

Replace event word *Protect* with *Done*.

Sometime later you stand to the side while several security guards study the assassin and his jet pack. They've connected a handheld device to the robot's memory module via an input cable. You're informed that in this fashion the attacker's identity and memories can be hacked. One of the guards turns to President Singh and says, "It's him, sir."

You catch the lunar leader's facial muscles relax briefly.

"Good," he says, "The threat is over...for now."

Turning to you, he continues, "Seems like you came into the picture just in the nick of time."

Studying the robot, you ask, "Who is this?"

"His name was Sphinx – leader of a rogue movement that wanted to spark another AI revolution. With him out of the picture, his group is left leaderless and frankly...clueless. We've been looking for this guy for a long, long time. It's a bit of luck that he came directly to us."

As the guards start cleaning up the mess, he continues, "There is one more thing I want to address."

He motions for you to join him in a different room. The guards leave the penthouse one by one as a maintenance crew enters to fix the balcony door.

Once in his private library, he looks you straight in the eyes and commands, "I want you to sleep with me."

An awkward silence fills the room momentarily. No matter how many times you're propositioned for sex, it's always hard to register.

"Look, you can say no but *if* you say yes, I'll make it worth your while." He's pouring himself a glass of wine. You study him carefully. He always holds his pointed nose high and irrespective of the situation, you've never seen him slouching. His long beard is well groomed and in some strange way reminds you of his immense power. He's sipping wine from his glass and waiting for your answer. *How do you respond?*

"I like it dirty, Mr. President." – **turn to [108](#)**

"I'm going to have to pass on that." – **turn to [197](#)**

139

At first you think the place is empty but then you spot a man standing some distance ahead. He's staring out a window, unaware of your presence. He is dressed in a skin-tight synthetic fabric – most likely a flexible armor. His lower face is covered by some sort of a breathing device from which two thick tubes stick out and connect to the center of his chest. And his right hand wields a double-ended scythe. You immediately realize he's a cyborg. He looks right at home and you come to the conclusion that he's most likely the president's personal bodyguard.

Sneaking up behind him, you grab his neck and break it with brutal force. You catch his 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.

Turn to [169](#)

As you walk up to the church's front entrance, you can't help but admire the building's beauty – it's built out of pure, white marble; synthetic marble of course since the actual resource was depleted a long time ago back on Earth. Faux materials are used to build pretty much everything in Alpha – from the concrete roads to the steel skyscrapers. It's all fabricated materials built by 3D printing construction vehicles.

You enter the church's front lobby and find it fairly crowded. The faithful are waiting for the current sermon to end so they can file into the main worship hall for the next one. You cannot help but feel that it's all run like a finely tuned machine. Three military soldiers stand about directing the flow of human traffic. A large sign hanging from the ceiling reads, "Search for ET still proving fruitless? Turn to Jesus – you don't need a telescope to find *him*."

You spot a set of stairs in the back left corner of the lobby and a sign next to them reads, "Head Priest Study Downstairs."

If you possess event word *Priest*, turn to [149](#) now, otherwise read on. You look around for a bit and then decide to exit.

Turn back to [97](#)

Deduct 2 points from your *Defense* score – lack of visibility puts one at a disadvantage if attacked.

You catch sight of a beastly leg in the flashlight’s beam for a brief moment. Another roar echoes throughout the darkness causing Borys to point the flashlight in different directions frantically. The thumping of heavy animal feet can be heard moving all around you.

A sharp pain bursts through your upper back! **Deduct 1 point from your *Strength* score.** As you fall to the floor screaming, Borys points the flashlight in your general direction and its beam locks onto the creature in full. Its bizarre appearance confirms that it is in fact a genetically altered beast. The thing closely resembles a green alligator, reptiles found back on Earth, with two pairs of elongated, muscular legs and an exaggerated tail covered in sharp spikes. It lets out another roar, opening its long jaws wide to reveal rows of dagger-like teeth and then snaps them shut viciously. Then it rushes at you!

Genetically Mutated Creature

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10

Defense: 5

Strength: 10

If you win read on, otherwise your adventure is over.

The thing flops to the ground with gaping jaws. Within moments its heaving belly is still. You turn to Borys and find him frozen with fear. He looks smaller than before somehow. Walking over to him, you place a comforting hand on his shoulder and say, “You and your people are safe now.”

Add 2 points back to you *Defense* score and turn to [134](#).

Champagne Supernova is a swanky hookah lounge adorned with silk hangings and plush carpets. It pays homage to the golden age of a region once known as the Middle East back on Earth. Several scantily clad women gyrate their hips to ancient, exotic beats. You feel as if you've taken a step back in time.

If your character is Cube and you don't possess an *image manipulator* item, a belly dancer approaches you and snaps, "No robots – you know the rules."

You exit without protest - turn back to [73](#).

If your character is not Cube or you possess the *image manipulator* item read on.

There are several booths lining the far wall, each separated from the next by long red curtains. The lights are dim and a haze of smoke overlays the scene giving the lounge a relaxed vibe. You spot several patrons seated in groups, each smoking a hookah and enjoying the performance.

If you character is Genesis *and* you possess event word *Thief* turn to [156](#) now, otherwise read on.

If you possess event word *Drugs* turn back to [73](#) now because you find nothing of interest here. If you don't possess this word read on.

A man catches your attention amongst the crowd just then. He's tall, well-groomed and dressed in a long trench coat. Your first thought is that he is a broker but you're not absolutely sure. He catches you eyeing him – his eyes are bloodshot.

If you want to talk to him, **turn to [170](#)**

If you want to exit the bar, **turn to [73](#)**

143

You try hacking into the system through its back end. **Roll a die – if the number and your Intellect score total more than 10, turn to [136](#), otherwise read on.**

“Error Message 143: Access denied.”

The message flashes on the projection screen and you feel your heart drop down into your stomach. The robot beside you slices your right arm with his knife, leaving a thin, bloody cut. **Deduct 1 point from your *Strength* score.**

“Try again!” Sphinx commands menacingly. **Go back to the top of this section and give it another shot if you’re still alive.**

You kneel over a feces covered toilet bowl. Sabre stands by the bathroom’s locked door, electronic beats pounding outside. Her gun’s barrel points down at you. With a sneer you ask, “How are you still alive?”

“Guess you haven’t heard of Plexi-Vests have you?”

“Why did you do it?” you speak through gritted teeth.

“Money, baby – *money*. And of course protection from the law if I gave you fools up. The rest of your clan is either dead or behind bars – I made *sure* of that.”

“Hope you’re frucking happy.”

“I am actually and quite rich too.” She chuckles, “Alright enough talk – see that pile of shit in front of you? I want you to *eat* it.”

You decide that *that* is definitely not going to happen if you can help it.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Total Marksmanship* score total more than 10, you swiftly pull out your gun and shoot Sabra dead.

If the total is less than or equal to 10, you miss and an intense shootout ensues:

Sabra

Marksmanship: 6	Defense: 6	Strength: 6
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If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over. This time she is definitely dead – Plexi-Vests usually have a short lifespan die to the amount of damage they take during a shootout. The right side of Sabra’s face is literally blown apart. You search her body to find \$30,000 and exit the club – **add the money to your Mission Sheet and remove event word *Traitor*.**

Turn to [39](#)

You swiftly scale a pipe along the building's back side and make it onto the roof unnoticed. There are no surveillance cameras up here – only a couple of covers hiding crawl space vents. The shadow of the skyscraper to your left keeps you well concealed. There's no concern of someone spotting you from the top floors of the buildings surrounding you.

Sliding off one of the covers, you work your way down the tight crawl space and soon find yourself in the office's second story break room. With skill, you sneak down a set of stairs all the while confirming that the place is basically empty. Once on the bottom floor, you find the CEO's corner office – the target's name label clings to the door. The lights are on inside and you can hear a man's voice. Carlos is on the phone.

“Absolutely John – I need the money to go through tonight otherwise the deal is off.”

You quietly turn the doorknob – the door isn't locked.

“You've already pushed out the transfer three times and I'm starting to run dry on cash flow. No...you need to transfer the money *tonight*.”

You quietly slip into the room. Carlos is standing by the window, his back facing you.

“I emailed you my account number two days ago god dammit, I'm gett-”

Crack!!!

The man slumps to the floor with a broken neck. Ending the call on his cell phone you quickly get to work and start severing his right hand. It's a messy job with blood splattering all over the hardwood floor - you wonder how this silly ritual worked itself into a top assassin organization. Quickly stowing away the hand, you exit the building in the same manner you had entered it. **Replace event word *Powerful* with *Weak*, note *severed hand* as an item on your Mission Sheet, and turn back to [73](#).**

You glance about the chamber and determine that the beast is not present here. The space is completely empty. The only thing that stands out is a small pile of human bones in the middle of the room – you assume them to belong to children from Borys’s camp. You immediately divert your companion’s attention from the macabre sight and in process spot a small crate in the corner of the room.

Closer inspection reveals it to be nearly empty except for a piece of paper. You pick it up and read its contents – appears to be some type of computer code. You’ve never seen anything like it and are not sure what to make of it at the moment. There is a name printed on the bottom – Jin Soo Kang. You immediately recognize it as the name of the rebel leader who triggered the *Lunar Civil War*. The paper is in surprisingly great condition despite its age of 50 years. **You can stash this *Code Paper* upon you as an item.**

You decide to head over to the other chamber.

Turn to [130](#).

The store is fairly large and it’s selling all manner of goods. You spot several hand knit scarves from Earth, high-end electronic items manufactured here in Alpha and countless books from Martian scientists detailing cutting edge terraforming principles. Amongst them all you eye goods that could be useful in your trade.

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:

Night Vision Goggles (Price \$15,000) – a pair of goggles that allow perfect visibility in the dark. No grainy, green tinted optics here.

Pulse Grenade (Price \$3,000) – An explosive device. It reduces the enemy’s *Strength* score by 5 points upon detonation.

Stamina Therapy Cocktail (Price: \$2,000; *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 can be carried upon you as an item and can be drunk at any time during the game.

Aon 190 Pistol (Price: \$3,000) - This standard gun adds 1 bonus point

G Pistol 10g (Price: \$3,000) - This standard gun adds 1 bonus point

Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun (Price: \$5,000) - This standard gun adds 2 bonus points

To Sell:

Gold Ring - (Price: \$20,000)

Aon 190 Pistol – (Price: \$2,000)

G Pistol 10g – (Price: \$2,000)

Colt 5000 Plasma Shotgun – (Price: \$2,000)

Colt 9000 Plasma Shotgun (Price: \$2,000)

Laser sword - (Price: \$2,000)

Once finished you exit – **turn back to [97](#).**

“Oh and one more thing – the money I just rewarded you...that can buy you some really useful items for your next mission. You should purchase one.”

One of the robots opens a crate to reveal a few items for sale while another taps your temple with a gun:

The message is clear - you *must* purchase at least one item, even if you don't need it. You can discard it after purchase if you don't have space upon you. If you want, you can purchase an item multiple times, money and space upon you permitting of course.

To Buy:

Image Manipulator (Price \$15,000) –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 upon you as an item. This item was recently deemed illegal by the Lunar Police Department.

Proton Propulsion Jet Pack 5000 (Price \$20,000) - This item can be plugged into a robot's input socket as add on gear. When activated, it provides its host the ability to fly. It cannot be used indoors as its take-off speed is too dangerous and needs open space. It can only be purchased by Cube.

Charisma v7.0 (Price \$5,000) –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 at point of sale – *not an item to keep upon you*.

H-Pro 100 (Price \$15,000) – This item can be plugged into a robot's input socket as add on gear. When activated, it greatly minimizes gravity's affect upon the robot allowing its host to literally float down to the ground if jumping and or falling from great height. It can only be purchased by Cube.

Strength v3.0 (Price \$2,000) –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 at point of sale – *not an item to keep upon you*.

Defense v5.0 (\$2,000) – 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 *Defense* score. This product can only be purchased by Cube and must be utilized at point of sale – *not an item to keep upon you*.

Stealth Soles (Price: \$5,000) – 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 must be utilized at point of sale – *not an item to keep upon you*.

After purchasing an item, you leave the robots behind, leave the club and exit the red light district.

Turn to [54](#)

As you take the stairs, you can't help but wonder how the church is able to sustain itself on donations alone. Then you remember that it's a government sanctioned facility; hence the military security.

The priest's study is sans door and mostly empty except for a desk, a single bookshelf and a small, steel safe. You spot who you assume to be Father Gabriel studying a bible in the corner of the room. His short, rotund frame is covered by a black, pastor robe while the aging wisps of hair atop his head remain free.

Facing you, he says, "Ah, you are finally here. Good – I've been waiting. Please sit down."

You take a seat at his desk as the priest continues, "I need some help in delivering food to a group of people."

"*Delivering food?*" you cannot mask your confusion.

"You find work of the lord beneath you, I presume?"

You shake your head and respond, "No - I...I don't think I understand your ask."

Father Gabriel takes a seat opposite you, leans his elbows on the desk and stares at the bible in his hands for a brief moment. Then he says, "These people I'm talking about...they eke out a living in the sewers. I am too frail to provide for them, I'm afraid – had someone helping me get food to them in the past but he's no more. He died a few weeks ago. So...I need a pair of hearty hands to do this work for me."

"Why...me? Why hire *assassins* for such work?"

He looks around the room blankly for a bit before answering, "Your ilk tends to judge less than most that are in a position to offer help in Alpha."

"I see." You look around the room with an ironic smile, "I guess a priest keeping ties with an illegal organization makes perfect sense then."

Father Gabriel limps over to the bookshelf and stows away his bible. Then staring at the ground, he says somberly, "We do not choose who were are related to – that is up to the almighty lord."

As you connect the dots, he pulls out a small packet of brown powder from his robe. Handing it to you, he instructs, "Give this to those people – it is protein powder. It will give them some more time to survive. They live in Sector 3 down there and you'll need a code to get in through the sector's main entrance. It's 4GxCCv45Z."

Add the *Protein Powder* item to your Mission Sheet and replace event word *Priest* with *Access*.

As you get ready to leave, the priest says, "Thank you, my child. And do tell my son to drop in once in a while."

[Next](#)

You nod your head and exit the church.

Turn to [97](#)

You slide into a cylindrical shaft via the nearest manhole. As you descend a narrow ladder, the spot of light above slowly fades away along with Alpha's noises while another spot of light below gets larger with each passing moment. Soon you are deposited into the sewer's well-lit central chamber from which three tunnels stretch away in different directions.

If you possess event word *Cause*, turn to [117](#), otherwise read on.

The square chamber's brick floor is covered in grime and its four walls are hidden behind a crisscrossing web of pipes and electrical lines. A large, bright bulb dangles by a wire in the corner, its wavering light causing your shadow to stretch and shrink repeatedly against the floor. Just then a distant echo of what can only be a human scream shatters the silence momentarily.

You are well aware of the thrash that is discarded into Alpha's sewers; failed human *and* animal genetic experiments are often dumped down here by the city's government research facilities. Groups of illegal immigrants from Earth are known to live down here as well. Maintenance crews are the only ones who voluntarily find their way into the sewers and when they do come down here, they are always accompanied by a squad of military troops.

Turn to [107](#)

Your shot pierces the creature right between its eyes and it flops to the ground with gaping jaws. Within moments its heaving belly is still. You turn to Borys and find him frozen with fear some distance away, his spotlight pointing straight ahead just as you had wanted. Walking over to him, you place a comforting hand on his shoulder and say, “You and your people are safe now.”

Turn to [134](#)

The building is in lockdown mode with all its entrances blocked off by military vehicles and police blockades. There is no going in for unauthorized personnel.

Turn back to [73](#)

You enter the gambling den through a creaky door and find a crowd huddled around a dog fight. These are no ordinary Greyhounds. Both of them have been genetically engineered – one has two heads while the other has an elongated, spindly neck. Each has its own fair share of cuts and bruises.

Sitting at the back of the den, hidden almost entirely by shadows, is Apex. Just as in the photograph, his heavily muscled body is covered in a sleek, synthetic fabric – body armor possibly. A strange breathing device covers the lower half of his face and two tubes stick out from it, their ends attached to the center of his chest. You spot a deadly, double-ended scythe leaning against the wall next to him.

The man is a cyborg. Kim’s parting words ring in your head.

Just then the crowd goes wild as the two-headed greyhound snaps both its jaws around the other dog’s neck and rips it open. Blood gushes all over the floor and the den’s clients start to exchange money amongst one another. A young boy rushes over to mop up the floor so that it’s clean for the next fight.

If you possess an image manipulator, you turn it off to reveal your true image.

You pull up a chair at Apex’s round table. The man’s blue eyes study you intently, a sinister intelligence shining through them. Spotting a half empty bottle of *Lunar Sugar* on his table, you remark, “A fellow whiskey lover – mind if I join?”

“That *bitch*,” Apex responds with a wrinkled brow. His voice sounds hoarse through the breathing device.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes.’” You smile while pouring yourself a glass of whiskey. Taking a quick swig, you continue, “I’m assuming you recognized me so I’ll get straight to the point – General Stryker...he employed your services right?”

“Yes.” Apex stares you down, “I made a lot of money from that deal.”

The frank confirmation burns your insides. You scratch your scruffy jaw coolly and press further, “Why did he ask you to do it?”

“I don’t know nor do I care. I *never* care.”

Apex is still staring you down like a hungry beast. Something about him seems off.

“I’m guessing you’re not going to be interested in coming clean to the police?” you ask with a wry smile, “I’m getting a little tired of being wanted by those fruckers.”

Apex suddenly grabs his blond locks and hunches over moaning. You look on with a raised eyebrow. The man doesn’t seem right in the head at all. Sitting back upright, he begins to mumble incoherently.

[Next](#)

“Hey...you *there?*” you snap your fingers in front of his face.

Locking eyes with you again, he snaps, “Stop *frucking* with me!”

“I think it’s you who *frucked* with me first,” your amusement has given way to irritation.

The cyborg grabs the table and throws it on its side like a toy. With a yell he reaches for his weapon and engages you in heated combat!

Apex Fassbender

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10

Defense: 8

Strength: 10

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over.

You take a few steps back from the cyborg’s dead body. The den’s patrons stare at you for a few moments and then turn their attentions back to two fighting women nonchalantly. With a heavy heart, you exit the den.

Turn to [175](#)

Three gray uniformed men approach you. One of them instructs sternly, “Come with us.”

You follow them into a spacious elevator and as it rides up to the top floor, you notice the guards glancing at you from the corners of their eyes. At one point you pretend to reach for your belt and all three clench their jaws in unison.

“Relax boys.” A cunning smile pulls back your lips, “If I wanted to kill you, you’d never see it coming.”

“You’re a lil’ *too* confident, bitch,” the largest of them sneers back.

In a split second you have the sharpened tip of your boot’s heel hovering an inch from his face. The man blinks several times with disbelief.

The elevator doors slide open just then to reveal the President standing with his arms crossed across his black suit jacket. Shaking his head he comments, “Getting along well are we now?”

The lunar leader’s penthouse is adorned with numerous art pieces and priceless sculptures from Earth’s past. 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 chandeliers hanging from the high ceiling, hundreds of their shimmering crystals reflecting your face.

“The spoils of democracy,” you scoff while looking around. President Singh sits across the room from you, the three security guards standing alert behind his leather couch. He’s a tall, slim man with a long beard. His steely, grey eyes study you with an unwavering focus. You study him back.

He speaks up in a heavy voice, “Grave, when Joseph told me he’d hired you to protect me, I must say, I was a bit apprehensive at first.”

Your eyes are now pinned on his guards – each holds a pistol in his hand.

“But then I remembered that that is *exactly* what I had wanted. Someone of your caliber is god send during this dark time.”

You lean forward with muscles taut and request sternly, “Please ask your clowns to leave.”

The guards crinkle their noses in anger and one begins to slowly raise his gun but the lunar leader holds up hands, “Fine but you must tell me why first, Grave?”

“I can and *will* protect you but I don’t need *them* buzzing around.”

The President looks to his men and nods his head. The guards file past you and one of them points to a security camera in the corner of the room, his eyes piercing you with daggers all the while.

“Forgive them, Grave. They are still not used to the idea of *you* protecting me.”

“Will I be taken off the wanted list if I do this for you?” you ask while glancing at the room’s many security cameras.

“If I live, then yes, you have my word.”

You spend the next several hours thoroughly checking out the place. President Singh’s parting words, before he retired to his bedroom, ring through your head once more.

“There’s only one way in and out of my penthouse – the front door. Only one of the atrium’s many elevators, the one you hitched a ride on, offers passage directly to the penthouse’s entrance. Two passcodes are needed to make it into this place – one for the elevator and the other, for the penthouse’s front door. Only a handful of people including those three security guards, know my 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 understand how difficult it is to get in here.”

You stand in front of the glass door that opens to the penthouse’s balcony and think to yourself, “You’re wrong, Mr. President – there are *two* ways in.”

Outside, the tops of numerous skyscrapers stretch away to a black, star-lit sky. You spot a meteor shooting across the horizon, its trajectory straight as a laser. But within moments it changes direction downwards at a near 90 degree angle. You watch the rock with growing suspicion. It abruptly changes direction once more – this time towards you!

It’s definitely not a meteor and whatever it is, it’s actually within the dome, not outside.

Within seconds, it bursts through the balcony’s glass door at high speed! **Roll a die – if the number and your Defense score total more than 12, turn to [112](#), otherwise read on.**

The intruder crashes into you, sending you flying against a wall. You fall to the ground vomiting blood. **Deduct 1 point from your Strength score.** With stars spinning wildly around your head, you get onto your feet only to be attacked by a spindly, sword wielding robot – its eerie human-like eyes locked in on you with murderous intent!

Previous

Robot Assassin

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 9

Defense: 5

Strength: 10

If you win, turn to 138 otherwise your adventure is over.

You spot the man of interest sitting at the back of the den. It's been a few months since you last saw him and as always he possesses poise only years of military service can provide. His steely gaze is fixated on the fight and you cannot help but wonder how such a celebrated general could hold such evil in his heart.

You pull up a chair at his round table. Without looking at you the man commands calmly, "This will be our last meeting."

Before his words can register in your mind, he continues, "You've done great work for me, Apex. But the time has come for us to part ways. I am a retired man now with limited funds and honestly, limited motivations. I will not need your assistance anymore."

You study the man's wrinkled forehead and know that no amount of convincing is going to change his mind. He throws a wad of cash on the table saying, "Here's the balance owed from your last mission."

Then he leans over the table, "Don't think for a *second* that I won't use your past against you – the murder of Dr. Eli has not been forgotten and if I *ever* need help again, I will expect it from you."

You count the money and stow it away. **Add \$20,000 to your Mission Sheet.** The man gets up abruptly and walks away, leaving behind a half empty bottle of whiskey and some glasses.

"You should have sliced his head off!" Your mother is back.

"No, no that would have been *stupid*," you respond with gritted teeth.

"You're scared of him aren't you?"

You envision your mother flashing that crooked smile she always did when condescending. There was always something *eerie* about that smile, as if it was much too large for her face.

"You're so scared of that man!" She laughs hysterically. A row of yellow teeth can be seen through her wide, gaping mouth. You pull at your blonde locks in frustration and whisper sharply, "Get outta my head!"

Then you punch your head a couple of times all the while looking around to ensure no one is watching. Mother goes silent. Exhaling slightly, you lean back in your chair and rest your double-ended scythe next to you. Staring off into nothing, you remark, "It's probably better this way. Don't want to keep working for him forever."

Without notice, a man pulls up a chair at your table. A telling tattoo on his neck gives away his military background. With a tight, black t-shirt tucked into his blue jeans, his lean physique and scruffy good looks make him appear a male model. Eyeing the bottle of whiskey, he quips, “A fellow whiskey lover – mind if I join?”

You recognize this stranger immediately. He was on the receiving end of some very bad luck due to one of your recent missions – the general who just exited had in fact paid you to frame *this very* man for murder. You had heard that this man, whose name you now recall as Jax Sypher, had been discharged from his post and was on the run from the law – all on your account. *But what was he doing here?*

That’s when it hits you – Kim *had* to have told him the truth. Kim is a prostitute over at the *Love Lust* brothel and one of your favorites. Due to your unfortunate relationship with alcohol, many a secrets have been spilled in front of her. Mother resurfaces to whisper in your mind’s darkness, “Didn’t I tell you that whore couldn’t be trusted? All women are whores, my son. *All of them.*”

“That *bitch*,” you respond with a wrinkled brow.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes,’” Jax smiles while pouring himself a glass of whiskey. Taking a quick swig, he continues, “I’m assuming you recognized me so I’ll get straight to the point – General Stryker...he employed your services right?”

“Yes,” you respond without much thought. There is no allegiance left to the general, “I made a lot of money from that deal.”

The man scratches his scruffy jaw and presses further, “Why did he ask you to do it?”

“I don’t know nor do I care. I *never* care.”

You stare Jax down as mother’s presence becomes more pronounced in your head.

“He’s *frucking* with you! He’s frucking with *us*!” she shrieks again and again.

“I’m guessing you’re not going to be interested in coming clean to the police?” Jax is now sporting a grin and you feel irritated. “I’m getting a little tired of being wanted by those fruckers.”

You grab your hair and hunch over moaning as mother starts to gnaw at your brain, “Kill him! He’s *mocking* you! Everyone always mocks you!”

Sitting back upright, you mumble softly, “*Fine*. I hear you. I *hear* you – he will die.”

“Hey...you *there*?” The man snaps his fingers in front of your face.

Locking eyes with him, you snap, “Stop *frucking* with me!”

“I think it’s you who *frucked* with me first,” Jax responds, this time sporting a look of utter irritation.

You throw the table on its side like a toy. With a yell, you grab your weapon and engage Jax in heated combat!

Jax Sypher

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 10

Defense: 8

Strength: 10

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over.

You take a few steps back from the man’s dead body. The den’s patrons stare at you for a few moments and then turn their attentions back to two fighting women nonchalantly. Taking a deep breath, you hear your mother whispering in your ear, “I think you better visit Kim.”

Replace event word *Meeting* with *Rat* and turn to [39](#).

You spot a collection of men and women seated in a corner booth, all dressed in black. A single hookah is their only connection to the surroundings; they all seem fettered to an engrossing conversation. A tall, lanky man is in the middle of it all, his arms waiving about excitedly as he speaks to the group.

“Hey, Nox, I finally made it.” You cut into the conversation.

“Oh there you are sweetheart!” He stands up to give you an affectionate hug, “Have a seat – *join the fun.*”

The others, two men and two women, greet you with smiles. The atmosphere feels as it always does with the *Thievery Collective*’s lunar chapter – tightknit.

“So what shenanigans are you havin’ us get into this time, Nox?” you ask the chapter’s lead.

“Straight to business eh, Genesis?” the man remarks while fixing his fedora, “What, no pleasantries or a how are you?”

You take a pull from the hookah’s pipe and ask, “Alright - *how* are you?”

“Eh, I don’t like small talk – lets get down to business.” He chuckles.

“That’s what I thought.” You shake your head with a smile.

Nox resumes addressing the group, “Ok so I already talked through the first opportunity. Gigz, Schultz and Beta – the three of you will be taking that one on. The *second* one revolves around Trinity Church over in Sector D. Very straightforward - we need to break in, steal all of the donations from its safe, and *get the hell out*. My source informs me there’s at least half a mil in there.”

“Wait, wait,” you cut in, “you mean the *government* sanctioned Trinity Church?”

“That’s right, sweetheart - *that* Trinity church. And not only does it have heavy onsite security but it also has a state of the art alarm system. Guess who’s going to help me on this one?”

Nox is staring at you and Sabra, the young woman next to you.

“Genesis, I know you’ve done crazier things than this before.” He scratches his clean-shaven jaw, “Shouldn’t be too difficult.”

“You’re a crazy man, Nox.”

The group shares a quick laugh.

[Next](#)

“Alright, so we’ll have to move fast – as in like *right now*.” Nox’s smile fades into seriousness, “Gigz, once you guys are finished with your task, text me and we’ll rendezvous at our usual spot. Genesis, Sabra – you’ll both follow my lead on this one. And guys, as always you need to remember that our job is to play with fire, not get burned by it. Look out for one another and bring your A game. That’s the only way this works.”

“You got your matches ready?” Sabra whispers in your ears as the hookah’s burning coal shines in her green irises.

You respond with a smile but can’t shake a bad feeling about this one for some reason.

Turn to [185](#)

You step onto the balcony, fire up the jet pack and jump off!

The contraption kicks into full gear and flies you away, perpendicular to *Z tower*. You spot a military capsule flying in your general direction - these tiny one-man crafts routinely survey the city from amongst the skyscrapers' roof tops. You suspect this one must have spotted you entering the penthouse and flown over to investigate.

The craft gives chase and starts shooting at you with its multiple guns. You pivot your body and careen in and out of laser projectiles. The military capsule is not as agile as your jet pack but its firepower and target locking system surpass your offensive capabilities greatly. This means that eventually, it *will* shoot you down if you don't get out of its sight! *What's your next move?*

If you want to change course and fly straight up, **turn to [111](#)**

If you want to change course and fly straight down, **turn to [121](#)**

If you want to change course and head right or left, **turn to [181](#)**

If you want to turn about 180 degrees and engage the craft in a midair shootout, **turn to [160](#)**

158

You spot a manhole in the distance and make a run for it. Plasma shots fly past you, crashing into lamp lights and concrete walls. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Defense* score total less than 11, deduct 1 point from your Strength score; a shot grazes your left shoulder.** When the cops see you heading into the sewer, they stop short – no way in hell they’re going to follow you down there without military backup.

Turn to [150](#)

The moon's surface comes into view outside of your window. Countless craters spread to the horizon where they give way to a star lit sky. You watch with curiosity as a tiny, glass dome comes into view in the distance – it encapsulates Alpha city, the only moon colony left standing after the *Lunar Civil War* 50 years ago. Elsewhere on the horizon, you can make out a couple more glass domes, their insides nothing more than the ruins of war.

Alpha city grows larger with each passing moment.

Finally the spacecraft approaches the colony, loops around it until given the green light to land. Its descent is slow and steady. A door just large enough for the spacecraft slides open at the bottom of the glass dome. It allows access to a vacuum tunnel within. As your pilot maneuvers through you cannot help but wonder what adventures lie ahead. Finally the craft docks at the airport and you exit.

Turn to [37](#)

With a quick turnabout you face the military aircraft and engage it in a heated, midair shootout!

Military Capsule

Marksmanship: 10

Defense: 3

Strength: 10

If you win read on, otherwise your adventure is over.

Your last shot pierces the craft’s windshield and rips apart the pilot’s face. Within moments the capsule has lost altitude and crashed into a nearby skyscraper sending up a plume of smoke. Before other capsules are dispatched to the scene, you change directions and head straight down in a rush. The distant sun glints against your metal armor briefly before disappearing behind rising rooftops. Sleek skyscrapers shoot up all around you as the street below becomes wider with every passing second. The image of the landfill you found yourself in some time back flashes within your memory modules – you certainly don’t want to end up back there as a pile of garbled mess. When just 100 feet are left between you and the ground, the jetpack swiftly slows you down and lands you safely in the shadows of an alley.

Turn to [171](#)

Unfortunately for Sphinx and the believers of the *Cause*, the second revolution, despite its minor victories, is squashed within a few hours. Several of the lower income neighborhoods in Sector F have been completely annihilated along with their robotic inhabitants and the entire area has been quarantined. All of Sector A and the *Z tower* in Sector B are in lockdown mode indefinitely – the military has taken absolute control.

Pictures of your face are now plastered everywhere. The media is running security footage featuring you slaying the President on loop. **If you possess an *image manipulator*, cross it off your mission sheet – its digital image, the very façade meant to conceal your true identity, is now a threat to you. If you don't possess an image manipulator, then increase your *Wanted* score to 10 – your real identity is now top of the wanted list.**

Per the lunar constitution, the absence of a President automatically puts the military in charge. The struggling democratic city-nation has been pushed into a police state, arguably the worst outcome for its robotic denizens. You wonder what Sphinx, wherever he is at the moment, would think of this. **Replace event word *Revolution* with *State* and turn back to [54](#).**

You try to slide open the balcony's glass door but it's locked. One of the security guards steps into the room and spots you, "There he is!"

You crash through the door just as the first shot is fired. Shards of glass fly in every direction. A quick calculation of next steps churns through your processors – a second later you've jumped off the 200th floor's balcony. The distant sun glints against your metal armor briefly before disappearing behind rising rooftops. Sleek skyscrapers shoot up all around you as the street below becomes wider and wider with every passing second. The image of the landfill you found yourself in some time back flashes within your memory modules – you certainly don't want to end up back there as pile of garbled mess.

When just 50 feet are left between you and certain death, the *H-Pro 100* activates with a barely audible din quickly canceling the gravity's intense pull. You float down rest of the way like a feather and land in the shadows of an alley.

Turn to [171](#)

163

You scope out a couple of homes in a few different neighborhoods and hone in on particular one. Its residents seem to be away – the lights are out. Breaking and entering is harder than it looks. It involves the right amount of brain and stealth. **Roll a die – add the number to the sum of your *Stealth* and *Intellect* scores. If the total is higher than 20, turn to [184](#), otherwise read on.**

You fail to break in. The alarm goes off within moments of you setting foot in the house and you flee the scene unnoticed. Thievery is not everyone’s forte.
Turn back to [97](#).

You work your way to a nearby alley in preparation for the mission. By running various simulations through your processors you have determined that the most optimal path forward is to fly through one of the penthouse's windows, take out the President and fly right back out. At face value the plan seems rash but given the level of security within the building, digital and physical, it will have to do.

You power on the jet pack and feel a slight jolt as its proton engines roar to life. Within moments, it shoots straight up into the air taking you along in a rush. Your internal diagnostics warn vehemently of ever increasing G forces – the jetpack has gone literally from 0 to 60 miles per hour *in a second*. Any human would have died of sheer shock

As numerous skyscrapers fall away, you spot the sun's glint along Alpha's dome getting larger by the second. If you don't change your trajectory quickly the dome's glass will be welcoming your face soon! You quickly pivot your body forward and the jetpack changes course at a near 90 degree angle. The *Z tower* looms straight ahead now.

Soon you can make out the 200th floor's balcony – its glass door is getting larger by the second. As you line up your trajectory with the door, you spot a woman's silhouette standing behind its glass. With a loud crash you break through and crash into the person at immense speed! The jetpack's engines power off instantly as you roll uncontrollably across the penthouse's living room taking out a few pieces of furniture in the process.

Time is of the essence - you stumble up to your feet, your systems still reeling. You can hear a security alarm ringing all around you as an automated voice repeats, "Intruder Alert! Intruder Alert!"

A woman's body lies in the corner - she's bent unnaturally at the waist. The weapons upon her give her away as a bodyguard.

Turn to [169](#)

“Write access granted,” the message displays and Sphinx claps his hands in response.

Wiping away a bead of sweat on your forehead, you press forward. Now you must comb through the system files and manipulate their code to accomplish the three malicious tasks desired by Sphinx. You unleash an array of commands to help accomplish this final task which will be the hardest hack thus far. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Intellect* score total more than 12, turn to [177](#), otherwise read on.**

Sphinx screams at you, “Are you even *trying* anymore?”

“Yes, I’m just-”

Your sentence is cut short by the robot next to you – he slices your right thigh with his knife. You let out a cry of pain. **Deduct 1 point from your *Strength* score. Try again by rolling another die if you’re still alive.**

You walk along a stream of filth for some time before being deposited into a cavernous chamber. The well lit room displays several manhole covers, each hiding a shaft leading down to the Artificial-Gravity and Hyper-Oxygen system plates. Upon closer inspection you find every cover to have a locking mechanism built into it along with a keypad. This security measure makes sense given the fact that each shaft provides path to the guts of this lunar colony but you wonder why there isn't *more* security here considering this is such a vital component for Alpha's livelihood. If someone with nefarious intentions was to gain access they could destroy this city's oxygen supply and stop gravity, both devastating scenarios.

“Probably cutting costs to keep their own wallets fat,” you muse out loud.

If you possess event word *Attacked*, turn back to [107](#) – there's nothing more of interest here for you.

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

You hear the flapping of wings from above – a gust of wind rushes down on you suddenly. Looking up you see a truly horrific and most unexpected sight! Two humanoid creatures that can only be surmised as being half human-half bat, are flying down to rip you to shreds with their large, talon-wielding feet. One by one they try grabbing at you while hovering right above your head.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Defense* scores total less than 11, deduct 1 point from your *Strength* score.

Suddenly they dive down and engage you in combat!

Two Genetically Modified Creatures

Hand to Hand Combat: 9	Defense: 6	Strength: 10
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If you win read on otherwise, your adventure is over.

The creatures lie dead around you, their brown leathery skin and large, scaly wings drenched in their own blood. You get a good look at their features – while there is some resemblance to their human past, their large snouts are a dead giveaway to injected bat genes. You also notice a rusty, grey key tied around one of the creature's thick necks. **You can keep the *Grey Key* item upon you if you wish.**

Looking up to the chamber's roof, you spot two steel bars probably used by the creatures to hang from and keep a watchful eye for trespassers. Noticing nothing else of interest, you head back to the central chamber.

Add event word *Attacked* and turn back to [107](#).

The warehouse sits unassumingly across the street from *Z tower*. It’s not a very large building and you quickly find a way in through an unlocked backdoor. Inside, there are numerous stacks of boxes and crates spread across the cold, concrete floor. A few light bulbs keep the space from complete darkness. To the front, there is a large access door with a small truck parked next to it. You spot two security guards leaning against the vehicle lost in conversation. A short distance from them is a trap door in the floor – the entrance to the underground tunnel you suspect.

There are plenty of shadows and boxes to use to your advantage but any slight sound could give you away. **Roll a die – if the number and your *Stealth* score total more than 10, turn to [133](#), otherwise read on.**

As you work your way towards the trap door, you accidentally knock over a stack of boxes to the floor. They scatter about loudly and the guards are forced from their banter. Quickly spotting your silhouette scuttling about in the darkness, they engage you in a deadly shoot out.

2 Security Guards

Marksmanship: 8	Defense: 5	Strength: 9
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If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over.

You rush over to the trap door, shoot it open and jump down into the evacuation tunnel. The narrow passageway offers you access directly into the security area across the street as anticipated.

Turn to [125](#)

“Alright, Sabra, you’re up first,” Nox instructs your companion.

Quickly sliding her smart shades over her eyes, Sabra gets to work. Just short of 10 minutes, she boots down the shades and states, “Done. The alarm system is deactivated. Any of the church’s doors or windows can be broken through without problem now.”

That was way too quick – was the system that easy to break?

You don’t voice your concern, assuming that Sabra must know what she’s talking about. After all she’s been hacking for quite some time now. Nox informs her to meet him in an alley behind the church in 15 minutes. Then he motions for you to follow. As the two of you rush over to the church, he instructs, “We’ll go in through the front entrance. While I engage the guards, you’ll slip down into the basement through the stairs on our left – that’s where the study is.”

You nod your head while fighting back that nagging feeling which warns you of something being off – it’s growing with every passing moment. Soon you find yourself at the beautiful marble church’s front door. It’s unlocked!

Was it unlocked when the alarm system was deactivated?

The two of you burst in and find the well-lit front lobby without of any guards. Nox glances about at its white marble walls, peers through its slim windows into the main worship hall, and looks behind its many robust columns but finds nothing of danger. He tells you to rush down a set of stairs to your left. You follow his instructions all the while thinking that there have been too many coincidences - the ease with which the security system was compromised, the entrance already being unlocked, there being no guards onsite. You have a sneaky suspicion that this is all a set up.

Upon reaching the bottom you find your suspicion affirmed. The high priest’s study is well-lit and a sturdy steel safe can be seen resting against the back wall – its door has been left open and there’s nothing inside! A flurry of gunshots echo from the lobby above just then, followed by Nox’s dying screams. You hear numerous footsteps beating about. By the sound of the heavy boots, you guess it to be an entire troop of police officers!

You make your way through an unlocked door to your left which leads into a narrow tunnel. After locking the door and running the length of the passageway, you find yourself deposited into an alley across the street from the church. You thank your luck, all the while feeling heartache for Nox.

Glancing over to the church’s entrance, you spot Sabra standing in front of it. You almost scream at her to run but hold your tongue when you notice she’s sporting a cunning smile. Just then several cops step out of the entrance dragging a body riddled with bullets. A few words are exchanged between them and Sabra before they all drive away in police cars. You look on horrified - *Was Sabra undercover? Was she bought out by the cops to get to Nox?*

These and other questions race through your mind as you try to figure out your next move. Meeting up with the remaining *Thievery Collective* is the best option. The usual rendezvous point has always been club *Skin* in Sector E. **Replace event word *Thief* with *Traitor* and turn to [54](#).**

A man suddenly bursts into the room brandishing a high caliber assault rifle – to your surprise it’s President Singh! His benevolent public demeanor is completely absent, shattered by the look of utter rage in his eyes.

“I know he sent you but he will never kill me! *Never!*” Within moments the two of you are engaged in a deadly shoot out.

President Singh

Marksmanship: 5

Defense: 4

Strength: 7

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over.

The lunar president is no more. His dead body lies slumped against a wall. Blood and flesh cover the floor about him haphazardly. You knew this was going to be a messy kill. **Replace event word *Cause* with *Revolution*.**

A loud crashing sound alerts you that someone has broken through the penthouse’s front entrance. You hear a few indistinct shouts at first and then some clear directives, “Spread out! Shoot on sight!”

It’s the building’s security force. They must have seen the entire kill through the penthouse’s many security cameras – you need to figure a way out fast!

If your character is Cube, you possess the *Proton Propulsion Jet Pack 5000* item, and wish to use it, **turn to [157](#)**

If your character is Cube, you possess the *H-Pro 100* item, and wish to use it, **turn to [162](#)**

If you want to retreat into the penthouse’s many shadows to hide, **turn to [127](#)**

If you want to face off against the security guards, **turn to [190](#)**

The man is not in the mood for a conversation – doesn't even acknowledge you when you take a seat next to him. This is Alpha; common courtesy and manners are not exactly the norm in a city where money is worshipped.

Roll a die – if the number and your *Charisma* score total more than 10 read on, otherwise add event word *Drugs* and turn back to [73](#); you exit the bar because there's nothing of interest here.

“You're pretty funny,” he drawls without making eye contact. A smile reveals a row of gold teeth.

“I do what I can.” You shrug your shoulders, “So let me ask you some-”

“You got any Euphoria on you?” the man cuts you off abruptly, still not making any eye contact.

Before you can respond, he continues, “I'll give you \$100,000 for a bag – right now. I need it bad.”

If you possess the *Euphoria Pills* item upon you, cross it off and add the money along with event word *Drugs* to your Mission Sheet; the man walks away quickly after the transaction and you exit the place – turn back to [73](#).

If you don't possess this item, the man walks away suddenly – add event word *Drugs* and turn back to [73](#).

By the time you make it out of downtown, the second *Artificial Intelligence Revolution* is in full swing. News of the president's murder has spread like wild fire and now there are various reports coming in of terrorist attacks at the military compound in Sector A. Word is that the lunar military is in the throes of mass confusion due to various reasons – technological malfunctions have rendered their fleet of vehicles immobile, several weapon armories have been destroyed and key personnel have been killed. Thousands of robots, as well as their sympathizers, have taken to the streets again and are trying to take control over the city. It's an outright warzone – all thanks to Sphinx. And of course you – you have altered lunar history forever, whether you wanted to or not.

The next steps are unclear. There is no communication from Sphinx. There's no payment of course so there's really no gain unless you consider utter anarchy one.

Turn to [54](#)

Suddenly an unseen attacker tackles you to the ground! **Deduct 1 point from your *Strength* score.** You find yourself pinned underneath a well-dressed man. He is surprisingly strong despite his lean frame. You immediately recognize him – it’s President Singh! For a split second the two of you lock eyes. His irises are filled with rage and in stark contrast to his benevolent public demeanor.

After a bit of struggle, you manage to throw him off of you. Landing some distance away, he quickly jumps up to his feet and shouts, “I know who sent you! You might have gotten lucky against my bodyguard but you will never take me down - *never!*”

He pulls out a curved dagger from within the folds of his black trench coat and boldly charges you.

President Singh

Hand to Hand Combat Skill: 7

Defense: 4

Strength: 7

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over.

The lunar leader is no more. His battered and bruised body lies next to his bodyguard’s. The marble all around you is splattered with flesh and blood - you knew this was going to be a messy kill. **Replace event word *Cause* with *Revolution*.**

A loud crashing sound alerts you that someone has broken through the penthouse’s front entrance. You hear a few indistinct shouts and then some clear directives, “Spread out! Shoot on sight!”

It’s the building’s security force. They must have seen the entire kill through a hidden security camera – you need to figure a way out fast!

If your character is Cube and you possess the H-Pro 100 item, **turn to [162](#)**

If you want to retreat into the penthouse’s many shadows, **turn to [127](#)**

If you want to face off against the security guards, **turn to [190](#)**

A text comes through on your smart watch – it’s from Joseph.

“Excellent work - glad to have you with us. You will get your reward soon enough. In the meantime, go meet with Father Gabriel at Trinity Church in Sector D. He has your next mission.”

Just then a woman brushes past you, handing you an envelope discreetly. You watch her disappear into the crowd before you can get a good look at her. Checking the envelope reveals your reward. **Add \$25,000 and replace event word *Done* with 2 event words - *Priest* and *Passed*. Then turn back to [73](#).**

Your family's sprawling estate is quarantined by a tall, outer wall within which, a ring of dense trees circle a triple storied mansion. You have no problem sneaking into one of the property's many gardens where you remain hidden behind a group of shrubs landscaped to resemble horses. A scene of idyllic measure plays out in front of you.

Your father, mother and younger sister are walking together, all holding hands. The smiles on their faces tug at your heart. Your father gleefully explains the different constellations that are visible through the glass dome high above and your sister flashes a genuine smile in return – one that only an eight year old can. Memories of him passing on such teachings to you run through your mind.

As the scene unfolds, your mother happens to turn her gaze in your direction and the two of you, despite your concealed position, lock eyes briefly. She doesn't look to have aged since you last saw her – her features paint a woman of great beauty. You remember being told as a child how you were an exact copy of her, right down to your stubbornness.

She turns away without acknowledgement and you can make out tears in her eyes. Your father notices them too and questions if she is alright to which her response is a cold reminder of how much your relationship with them has actually deteriorated.

“Just thought how horrible it would be for our dear Isis here to turn into her big sis when she grows up...that's all.”

Her husband caresses her shoulders and says, “I will never let that happen again. You know that.”

As the three of them resume their walk, you steal away with nothing but tears and a broken heart. **Add event word *Outcast* and turn back to [97](#).**

“Have the whiskey – you deserve it.”

“Thank you, General Stryker.”

With a sip you acknowledge your superior officer’s gesture. It’s not every day you get invited to his office and offered a drink from his personal stock. In fact, this is the first time.

“You might be wondering why you’re here?” The man is tall, dignified and fitting of his post. The ten gold stars on his navy blue uniform mark a celebrated career. He also happens to be your stepfather.

“Look...son.” His tone is equal parts caring, equal parts commanding, “You’ve done well in your current post; very well indeed. The higher ups have noticed. I know the passing of your mother this last year hasn’t made life easy for you but...you’ve survived.”

Your stare is fixed on the concrete floor.

“The higher ups are promoting you to Captain in light of your recent accomplishments. Congratulations, Jax. I expect nothing but the best from you.”

You find yourself in stark contrast to Sector E’s revelry. The confirmation that you were set up by your *own* stepfather is unnerving. Taking stock of your emotions, you try to put some logic into your next steps.

Since you’ve been on the run, he has retired to a small townhome in Sector D. It’ll have to be visited. **Replace event word *Apex* with *Father* and turn to [54](#).**

You stake out *Focal Point's* two-storied office building for several hours. As the working day comes to a close the financial company's employees start exiting through the front entrance. All lights are shut off except for one – a corner room on the first floor remains well lit. From time to time you can make out the silhouette of a man pacing back and forth inside. You guess it to be the company's CEO staying back to close last minute deals but can't be certain of it.

The front entrance has a security camera installed right above it. In fact every single one of the building's windows and entrance points has such cameras. At first glance it seems impossible to break in - this might end up being trickier than you anticipated.

If your character is Cube and you possess a *Proton Propulsion Jet Pack 5000* item, turn to [113](#) now, otherwise read on.

Roll a die and add the number to the sum of your *Stealth* and *Intellect* scores – if the total is larger than 20, turn to [145](#) now, otherwise read on.

You try hard to come up with a way in but just can't figure out how. The building's security features appear to leave no room for a break in. Dejected you give up...for now.

Turn back to [73](#)

“Done.”

You can’t mask your pride – a crooked smile cuts across your jaw momentarily.

“How do I know you’ve done what’s been asked of you?” Sphinx walks over to the projection screen, his eyes studying the numerous lines of code intently.

With a few more commands, you get live security footage displayed on the screen simultaneously from three different surveillance cameras. One shows a fleet of military vehicles catching fire one by one as the computer driven charges to their electric batteries are overheated. The second shows the inside of a massive armory – a fire is ablaze as a result of the room’s computer controlled electric system’s circuitry being shorted. And finally, the third surveillance footage gives a wide view of the complex and the deadliest blow to the military - three buildings explode one after another.

“I hacked into their self-destruct code which is designed to kick in if the compound is hijacked.”

Sphinx casts you smile – the evil behind it evident, “I thank you dearly, my child.”

Before you can respond, a chloroformed cloth is pressed firmly against your nose. Within moments there’s nothing but darkness.

You wake up in a dark, dingy alley. At first everything around you seems to be dancing. You try to stand up a couple of times unsuccessfully but finally get your knees to stop mimicking rubber bands.

Pretty soon you realize the second Artificial Intelligence Revolution is in full swing. News of the attacks on the military compound has spread like wildfire. The lunar military is in the throes of mass confusion. There’s also word trickling in that the president has been assassinated in his own residence. It all appears to be part of a well-orchestrated plan – you envision Sphinx laughing hysterically somewhere.

The robots, as well as their sympathizers, have now taken to the streets and are trying to seize control over several of the city’s neighborhoods. It’s an outright warzone – all thanks to Sphinx. And you of course – you have altered lunar history forever, whether you wanted to or not. The next steps are unclear. There is no communication from Sphinx. There’s no payment of course so there’s really no gain unless you consider utter anarchy one.

Add event word *Revolution* and turn to [54](#)

You rush down the slick, marble stairway, almost losing your footing at one point, and find yourself in the head priest’s study.

A ghastly sight greets you.

Nox’s bullet-ridden body lies still on the floor, his blood splattered all over the walls! Sabra stands at some distance with a gun in her right hand.

“You *bitch!*” Your eyes are wide with rage.

“Ah, there you are,” Sabra says with a crooked smile and immediately engages you in a heated shoot-out.

Sabra

Marksmanship: 6	Strength: 6	Defense: 6
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If you win, read on, otherwise your adventure is over.

As Sabra crashes against a wall, you hear footsteps rushing down the staircase behind you! With your heart beating against your chest, you make your way through an unlocked door to your left - it leads into a narrow tunnel. Locking the door, you run the length of the passageway and find yourself deposited into an alley across the street from *Trinity church*. You thank your luck, all the while feeling heartache for Nox. Several questions race through your mind as you try figuring out your next move - *Was Sabra undercover? Was she bought out by the cops to get to Nox?*

Meeting up with the remaining *Thievery Collective* seems the best next option. The usual rendezvous point has always been club *Skin* in Sector E. **Replace event word *Thief* with *Traitor* and turn to [54](#).**

The distant light bathes the tunnel’s walls in its gentle, blue hue. You walk along a stream of filth and as you get closer to the source, voices can be heard. You’re at full alert when you walk into another cavernous chamber and find numerous tents pitched everywhere. A strange machine rests in the middle of it all, a blue spotlight attached to its top. Hundreds of people are littered about in slum like conditions. These are definitely illegal immigrants. The fact that they’ve chosen to make a new life for themselves here in such a dirty, rodent infested environment speaks volumes of the state of things back on Earth. One by one, their attention turns to you.

“Are you a cop?” a spindly man asks with wide eyes.

You hear someone yell in frustration that the monthly bribe has already been paid. You quickly respond, “No.”

“Then...*why* are you here?” The man is visibly concerned. He seems to be their leader. Several children with slacking jaws and protruding bellies cling to their mother’s legs behind him.

Turn to [187](#)

“And that’s why I’m being brought in,” you close your rebuttal confidently.

“Well the IT systems are a *frucking* mess,” one of the guards confirms with an awkward grin.

“It’s a problem all over Alpha so no worries,” you shake your head.

The elevator comes to a halt and as its doors slide open, another guard states, “141B is down to the right.”

“Perfect – thank you!” you cannot contain your smile.

Turn to [96](#)

You change course abruptly at a near 90 degree angle but the military craft is able to keep up. It continues to shoot and one of its shots hits your jetpack head on. The gear splutters to death and you begin to lose altitude. The distant sun glints against your metal armor briefly before disappearing behind rising rooftops. Sleek skyscrapers shoot up all around you as the street below becomes wider with every passing second. The image of the landfill you found yourself in some time back flashes within your memory modules – you certainly don’t want to end up back there as pile of garbled mess.

If you don’t have the H-Pro 100, you crash on the hard concrete and break apart into multiple pieces – deduct 10 *Strength* points.

If you do have the H-Pro 100 upon you, read on. With just 50 feet left between you and certain death, the H-Pro 100 activates with a barely audible din as it cancels away the gravity’s intense pull. You float down rest of the way like a feather and land in the shadows of an alley.

Turn to [171](#)

“I’m looking for Kim,” you say.

“Oh, I see.” Madame Desire responds with a crooked smile, “She’s a firecracker, that lil’ thing.”

She claps her hands. A voluptuous young woman pushes forward through the cluster of prostitutes, countless dragon tattoos moving to and fro on her naked body as she works her way over to you.

With a smile, she whispers in your ear, “Boy, you ain’t seen nothin’ yet.”

Remove event word *Kim* and deduct \$5,000 from your Mission Sheet.

The olive-skinned beauty leads you to a dimly lit bedroom. There she lies down on the bed and casts you a devilish stare while playing with her jet-black locks, “I was hoping you were here because of my looks but something tells me otherwise.”

“Lets talk about that text.” You lean against the bedroom door coolly, hands in pocket.

“All work and no play, huh?” The prostitute sits up disappointed and crosses her smooth legs, “Fine – you’re call on how you want to spend your money.”

Kim goes on to tell you that about a month back, a repeat customer admitted to her in a drunken stupor that he made his living by helping frame people for others’ crimes. Some of his biggest clients had been drug lords, corporate bigwigs and surprisingly, military personnel. Kim details that this customer expounded further on his work for the military - said he was hired by a highly ranked general to frame a top-notch captain under his command.

“He was so drunk that that he never realized he was giving me actual names; mentioned a *certain* General Ross Stryker. Bet that rings a bell doesn’t it?”

You feel like someone just knocked the wind out of you.

“Well...this general cut a deal with this customer of mine to murder an under-performing cadet and then frame...can you guess *who*?”

“You’re lying!” You pin the prostitute against some pillows by her shoulders.

“You’re handsome when you’re angry, big boy.” Kim caresses your crotch, “If I was lying how could I have known Stryker was your general?”

She has a point. You let her go and step away from the bed.

[Next](#)

Kim sits back up and continues, “And how would I know that you were framed in the first place?”

“Give me this customer’s name, Kim.”

“Sure but I’ve provided you so much already. To get the rest, you’ll have to give me something.”

She uncrosses her legs.

Half an hour later, you dress yourself as Kim dries her sweaty body with a towel. Patting her neck gently, she swoons, “I should be paying you, you gorgeous man.”

“The name,” you request firmly, your stare peeling back time – countless images of General Stryker run amok in front of your eyes.

“Apex Fassbender.”

“What does he look like and where do I find him?”

Kim hands you a picture, “Strange looking frucker. He hasn’t been in since that last time and I bet he’s been hanging out at his favorite gambling den – *The Five Spot*. It’s down the street.”

You study her eyes quickly and ask, “You’re afraid of him aren’t you?”

Her shoulders slump forward slightly. Looking away, she says, “T-the...*things* he makes me do; I can’t anymore. I just can’t.”

She grabs your arm earnestly, “Better be careful – Apex is a beast. A handsome man like you should watch himself.”

“Hunters aren’t afraid of beasts.”

You exit the brothel. **Add event word *Apex* and turn to [39](#).**

You stay in the shadows, your eyes fixed upon the traitor. A flurry of gunshots can be heard from within the church, followed by a dying scream unmistakably Nox’s. You feel your heart drop into your stomach.

Soon the cops reappear, this time holding a body riddled with bullets. A few words are exchanged between them and Sabra before they all exit via the alleyway’s opposite end. You look on horrified.

Was Sabra undercover? Was she bought out by the cops to get to Nox?

These and other questions race through your mind as you try to figure out your next move. Meeting up with the remaining *Thievery Collective* is the best option. The usual rendezvous point has always been club *Skin* in Sector E. **Replace event word *Thief* with *Backstab* and turn to [54](#).**

You break into the house successfully; the alarm doesn't go off. As expected, the place is decked out with expensive furniture and beautiful decorations. You swiftly get to work. **Roll a die to see what you make out with:**

If you get 1 or 2, you get your hands on \$2,000.

If you get 3 or 4, you get your hands on \$3,000.

If you get 5 or 6, you get your hands on \$4,000.

Once done, you exit the premise unnoticed. **Add the money to your Mission Sheet and turn back to [97](#).**

You, Sabra and Nox stand in a dark alley not too far from *Trinity Church*.

“Ok, Genesis, I’m going to give you first pick on what role you want to play in all this action.” Nox is staring at you expectantly. “We need to do three things – *first*, we need to hack into the church’s information system and deactivate its alarm. *Second*, we need to steal in and take out onsite security. And *third*, one of us needs to actually get to the safe, which rests in the head priest’s study, and get all the cash. So...*which* one of those tasks are you up for?”

If you want to try hacking into the church’s information system, **turn to [128](#)**

If you want to try taking out onsite security, **turn to [189](#)**

If you want to be the one that breaks the safe, **turn to [168](#)**

You eye the old man momentarily. The bohemian is sporting his usual long white ponytail, tie dyed shirt and khaki shorts. Taking a seat at his table, you say, “It’s me.”

The old man stares at you and whispers in awe, “Grave? *Whoa baby* – that’s some disguise!”

You smile while looking about cautiously.

“So you here to *finally* get naked for me?” he chuckles, revealing a row of rotten, yellow teeth.

“Cut the crap – lets talk business.” You’re looking him straight in the eyes.

“Alright, here’s the deal,” he explains, “There’s something big in the pipeline – *real* big. The big man’s been all hush-hush about it. He’s looking for a star player for this one. He’s even made some comments about not having anyone in his organization currently who can handle this deal. So...this *might* be your ticket in.”

“You don’t know what the deal is?”

“Baby if I did, I’d have come clean but I really don’t.”

He tries to grab your thigh underneath the table but you stop him short by forcefully grabbing his thick wrist.

“*What?*” he chuckles devilishly, “I just wanna check out how real your disguise is.”

“Stay focused old man.” You sip your drink casually.

“You’re a bad bitch – don’t wanna fruck with you.” He laughs out loud, “Alright, look in all seriousness, take a trip to the red light district and check out this night club called *Skin* – tell the bouncer White Beard sent you.”

Note event word *Hand* to your mission sheet. You eye the lecherous, old man wearily. He seems more evil with every passing moment. Ending the conversation you exit the bar.

Turn to [73](#)

“I was sent here by Father Gabriel.”

Silence fills the chamber. You pull out the packet of protein powder and hand it over to the man. **Remove the item from your Mission Sheet.** Several illegals run over and desperately gawk at the packet. Their leader takes it and pours its contents into one of the strange machine’s many chutes. A few lights begin to flicker in response and he yells, “Food for everyone!”

The chamber fills with joyous cheers.

“With that packet we will have enough food for the entire month!” The leader shakes your hand graciously, “My name is Borys – thank you so much my friend!”

You introduce yourself and say, “Don’t thank me – thank Father Gabriel.”

The illegals start to line up one by one at the machine with tiny bowls. A green broth pours out in small quantities from another one of its chutes. It doesn’t look like much but given their surroundings, it’s a true gift for this famished lot. **Replace event word *Access* with *Helped* and turn to [191](#)**

A text from Joseph comes through on your smart watch.

“You’re brave for putting up with my father – said he liked you. Hopefully he didn’t break into a sermon. Come back to *Club Skin* for your reward and next assignment. It looks like you are going to fit in just fine.”

Turn to [39](#)

“Alright, Sabra, you’re up first,” Nox instructs your companion.

Sliding her smart shades over her eyes, Sabra quickly gets to work. Ten minutes later, she boots down the shades and states, “Done. The alarm system is deactivated. Any of its doors or windows can now be broken through.”

That was way too quick – was the church’s system that easy to break?

You don’t voice your concern, assuming that Sabra must know what she’s talking about. After all she’s been hacking for quite some time now. Nox informs her to regroup in the alley behind the church in 15 minutes. Then he motions for you to follow. As the two of you rush over to the church, he instructs, “We’ll slip in through the front entrance. That’s where the guards are stationed. As you engage them, I will rush down into the basement – that’s where the study is.”

You nod your head all the while pushing away that bad feeling into your brain’s crevices. Moments later you find yourself at the marble church’s front entrance - the door is unlocked!

Perhaps all the doors were unlocked when the alarm system was deactivated?

You burst in and find the well-lit, front lobby devoid of any guards. You glance about at its white marble walls, peer through its slim windows into the main worship hall, and look behind its many robust columns but find nothing of danger. Nox tells you to stay put and hurries down a set of stairs to your left. As you watch him disappear, you finally realize what that nagging feeling has been trying to warn you of this entire time – *this is all a set up*.

There have been too many coincidences - the ease with which the security system was compromised, the entrance already being unlocked, there being no guards onsite. As if in affirmation to your hypothesis, the front doors lock automatically and footsteps become audible from a hallway running next to the worship hall. By the sound of the number of boots, you guess it be a troop of police officers! There’s probably too many of them to take on – *what’s your next move?*

If you want to rush up a set of stairs to your right, **turn to [195](#)**

If you want to rush down the set of stairs that Nox took, **turn to [178](#)**

190

You boldly run towards the penthouse’s entrance and as the first guard enters the room, you catch him by surprise with a deadly elbow to the throat. The man’s body slumps uselessly to the ground. You notice four more guards rushing forward and engage them in a heated shootout.

Four Security Guards

Marksmanship: 7

Defense: 5

Strength: 8

If you win read on otherwise your adventure is over. You exit the penthouse, ride the elevator down and run out of Z tower as swiftly as possible. News of the kill will become public knowledge within moments and you need to get as far away from the crime scene as possible.

Turn to [171](#)

You try to bid adieu but Borys cuts in, “You look very fit. It would be very merciful of you to help us with something?”

You tilt your head in confusion and the man continues while pointing to a tunnel at the back of the chamber, “There...there is a creature that lives in the empty chambers at the back of this sector. It is...a *demon* of some kind. And it terrorizes us from time to time - snatches our children when we sleep.”

Tears are streaming down his sunken cheeks.

“We are not strong enough to kill it. We’ve tried blocking that tunnel but the creature has broken through whatever materials we have used. As it is, we don’t have enough – all we have is each other but that is what it wants to destroy.”

He leans in and whispers, “*I know*...I know we will not survive long *if* that thing lives. I lie to my people every day to give them hope. But...but deep in my heart I know that we won’t survive like this.”

His ask is clear. You eye the darkness within the tunnel – it appears alive somehow. Hunting a so called demon in complete dark is definitely going to put you at a disadvantage unless you have the necessary equipment.

If you want to help hunt down this demon, **turn to [104](#)**

If you politely decline, **turn to [196](#)**

The elevator doesn't require special access to board which is a relief. When you step in, you find yourself the only individual without a grey, security uniform. The three other personal sharing the ride eye you cautiously.

You can feel their sharp gazes and tension starts to simmer.

When the elevator comes to a halt, its doors slide open and one of the guards draws her arm in front of you, "What is your business here?"

Your mind races to find a convincing answer. **Roll a die and add the number to the sum of your *Charisma* and *Intellect* scores; if the total is more than 16, turn to [180](#). If the sum is equal to 16 or less, read on.**

"Umm...so...*well*..."

You fumble disastrously and are escorted out of *Z Tower* shortly after. One of the guards warns, "If we see you hanging around here again...you're *dead*."

Add event word *Fumbled* and turn to [73](#).

You walk over to the child.

“Stop crying, boy,” you command with gritted teeth. He looks up at you alarmed.

“My daddy...my daddy is g-gone.”

His whimpering irritates you at first.

“Your daddy was *weak*.” You say sternly, “If you don’t wanna end up like him you better stop crying and *start getting mad*.”

Tim looks away with pouty lips.

“Listen to my words,” you whisper sharply in his little ear, “This world doesn’t forgive the weak – it *eats* them. Do you want to be *eaten*?”

“You...you and White Beard; you both...killed my daddy.” He is all tears.

A part of you somewhere deep down feels pity for this boy now. Kneeling next to him, you say in a softer tone, “Look, I did what I did to keep my own head. Your daddy would have understood. He knew the gamble he played *every* day he showed up for work.”

The boy is silent. You spot the tip of a butterfly knife sticking out of his shirt’s pocket. Pulling it out carefully, you put the weapon in the boy’s tiny hands, turn your head sideways and say, “Slit my throat if that makes you feel better – slit it.”

You are staring into nothing ready for a punishment that you feel has been a long time coming. You will, at the very least, be relieved of those horrific images of blood stained bed sheets that play out in your mind every waking moment.

The boy brings the knife’s blade to your throat slowly. You can hear his breathing getting heavier.

But then he turns away and runs back to the conference room. You look on for some time. Then you walk over to the elevator and exit the place, trying to come to terms with the events that just unfolded in the hallway.

Turn to [39](#)

You get ready for a heated shoot-out!

Two Police Officers

Marksmanship: 9

Defense: 7

Strength: 9

If you win, read on otherwise your adventure is over.

You frantically make a run for it, leaving the dead policemen behind. Several cop cars give chase but you use the city’s shadows wisely to evade capture. **Add 1 point to your *Wanted* score and turn back to [54](#).**

You quickly run up the sleek, marble staircase all the while texting a warning to Nox via your smart watch. It's too late though as you hear several gunshots echoing below followed by Nox's last screams.

Your heart drops in your stomach.

Moments later you find yourself in the church's bell tower. The leap to the adjacent rooftop doesn't look difficult and you clear the distance effortlessly. Glancing down to the church's entrance, you spot Sabra across the street. You almost scream at her to run but hold back when you notice she's sporting a cunning smile. The cops start stepping out of the church one by one while dragging a body riddled with bullets. A few words are exchanged between them and Sabra before they all drive away in police cars. You look on horrified -*Was Sabra undercover? Was she bought out by the cops to get to Nox?*

These questions along with others race through your mind as you try to figure out your next move. Meeting up with the remaining *Thievery Collective* is the best option. The usual rendezvous point has always been club *Skin* in Sector E. **Replace event word *Thief* with *Traitor* and turn to [54](#).**

196

“I’m sorry,” you say, “but I can’t help you.”

The man’s lips start to tremble but he quickly takes control of his emotions. Nodding his head he turns away. You exit and head back to the central chamber with the man’s dejected face etched in your memory forever.

Turn to [107](#)

He turns his back to you and doesn't say a word until the silence is unbearable.

“You're not taking me off the wanted list are you?” the question rolls off your tongue instinctively – the stench of people's self-interest is nothing new to you. The man's features seem harsher somehow. Gone is the soft spoken benevolence that his constituents are used to.

“Grave...get out my sight.”

The thought of you slicing his head off flashes in front your eyes but prudence reigns in your anger. **Turn back to [73](#).**

You walk along Tempest Avenue, eyeing its row of townhomes cautiously. Finally it comes into view – number 151. A light shines through a lone window on the home’s third floor.

The old man fumbles in the darkness but finally finds the desired light switch. As blackness gives way to the study’s light, he expresses shock upon seeing you sitting at his desk - that too with one of his own handguns pointed directly at him.

“Why?” you question with restrained fury.

Several moments of silence pass.

“You...you shouldn’t be here, boy.”

“I asked a question. I expect an answer, father.”

“Because of Isaac!” he responds through gritted teeth.

You cast back a look of confusion.

“You killed my son in action – he was an innocent man but you killed him anyway.”

The man is literally shaking with anger as if finally coming clean of a dark secret hid away for a long time.

“Do you even remember Isaac?” The man is pointing a wavering finger at you, “Probably not because you-”

“*Yes* I remember him.” You cut him off, “He was *not* innocent – by any stretch of the imagination. He was a drug lord down in Sector F. I helped the Lunar PD on that case – found him, destroyed his operations and took him out. But I never knew he was your biological son – *how could I have?*”

“Yes, that’s right you did your job! You got your medal! I *had* to promote you then! You can’t even begin to fathom what it took out of me. You killed him so mercilessly – do you even know how hard it was for the medics to identify him with all those gunshot wounds?”

The old man’s mouth is covered in unrestrained spittle.

“He was dangerous. He had to be taken out. I did what I had to do.”

[Next](#)

“You bastard!” the man shouts back, “How could you possibly understand *that* bond. You *fatherless* son of a bitch! I gave you space in my heart and that’s how you repaid me!”

A subjugated rage begins to rattle its shackles inside you.

“I should have burnt you alive the day your mother was cremated. At least then I would have had my *real* son still alive by my side.”

You shoot your stepfather in the heart.

He’s dead before he hits the ground. With a shaky hand, you place the gun back in the drawer you found it in. The countless medals hanging up on the study’s walls all feel meaningless - as if wasted on someone undeserving. Jaw clenched, you step over the retired general’s dead body and exit his home. **Erase event word *Father* and turn back to [97](#).**

199

Sector 3's inner chambers are all sealed off by a solid, iron cast door. A key pad rests amidst several electrical boxes on the wall to the right. The only way in is by inputting the correct access code.

If you possess event word *Illegals*, **turn to [132](#)**

If you possess event word *Access* and the *Protein Powder* item, **turn to [124](#)**

If none of the above scenarios pertain to you, **head back to the central chamber by turning to [107](#)**

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 wealthy survivors left to colonize new worlds while the poor ones remained behind to start over in the ruins.

This gamebook starts off in the future metropolis of Alpha, the moon’s only surviving human colony. The city is host to numerous government facilities, financial corporations and cultural centers. Alpha’s streets are all very well-maintained but everyone knows that the thrash is discreetly 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 the city’s 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 birthplace curiously - it floats up above against a starlit backdrop, now nothing more than a shell of its former self.

This is going to be an experience like no other – a solo role-playing adventure that spans three gamebooks. You can start off with any one of the books but if you collect all three you can move back and forth from one to the other in any order exploring various environments and taking on different missions. There is no linear story line to follow; you are free to roam as you please. There is also no preset goal to strive for. You create your own path in this vision of humanity’s future. What you do, where you go – it’s all completely up to you, plain and simple. 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 done.

If your character is Jax Sypher, turn to [4](#)

If your character is Genesis Thorne, turn to [17](#)

If your character is Cube, turn to [31](#)

If your character is Apex Fassbender, turn to [103](#)

If your character is Grave, turn to [118](#)

