

## LOATH-R-HIL

In a remote portion of Alpha complex, beyond the Sector Where the Two Water Mains meet, live the peaceful clones of HIL sector. HIL sector is very different from other sectors of Alpha Complex. It is well elevated above all the main sectors. It's main chamber is a vast 12 kilometer wide dome whose scaffolding and supports are only barely visible from the ground. The whole dome seems to cast a soft white light through most daycycles, but the length and intensity of this illumination varies. there are agro-ponic algae beds everywhere, including some elevated ones that are kept closer to the light of the dome. One minor inconvenience is that HIL sector is kept relatively humid, and often collected moisture from the dome and the algea beds will fall in mists or drops upon HIL sector residents. HIL sector residents are used to this, and during their morning exercises, they listen to the day's moisture forecast so that they may dress appropriately.

HIL sector also seems to be less angular and mechanical than other sectors. Certainly, all the machines and terminals are there, and certainly, the sector is constructed of the typical metals, plastics, etc that make up other sectors...but it has a softer feel. All the corners are rounded, the surfaces curved, and the shapes excitingly chunky.

The last major feature of HIL sector is the startling lack of Computer presence. The Computer is always available if citizens have questions and there are the usual number of confessionals, etc, but most Computer directives are filtered to the HIL citizens through a select group of leaders. Do to their distance from other major sectors, important Computer commands most often come in as a series of encoded rays. HIL's leaders can receive and translate these rays with their L-series Direct Encoded Ray Recievers (L-DERRs). The L-DERRs can only be activated by a special key consisting of three small, magnetically encoded ball bearings. The leaders, as the keepers of these 3-ball keys, are known collectively as the Tri-ball L-DERRs of HIL sector. (Whew—long-ass way

to go for a pun!) In this way, the Tri-ball L-DEERRs can control what information HIL citizens actually see.

Loath-R-HIL-1 is a member of the CPU service unit (or Central Processing Unit—the Computers bureaucratic, middle-management division), and as such, he is well versed in all modern management techniques as well as the finer points of Alpha Complex law and regulation. His specialty is interpersonal skills, and his last tour was as a peer-counselor in HIL sector. His clearance does not allow him to prescribe pharmaceuticals or other therapies, but he is familiar with them (familiar enough that display of such knowledge may be treasonous at his clearance).

Loath is being groomed by the Tri-ball L-DEERRs to possibly join the ranks of HIL sector leadership some day. As such, Loath is privy to other treasonous knowledge regarding HIL sector. Loath is a member of the Flat Earth secret society. HIL sector is close to the surface of the world, and Loath has visited the Egress of HIL sector during his initiation and has gotten a brief and wondrous glimpse of the Outside.

More than anything, Loath knows how to work with people. He is a master of bootlicking, fast-talk, con, bribery, extortion, blackmail, leadership, etc. He is always very sensitive and willing to listen, but he also expects that his orders will be followed. When differences arise, he always works at a compromise, but the compromise almost always closely resembles Loath getting his own way. (e.g.—“OK, I can sympathize. You don’t want to test the experimental bazooka, and who can blame you? So, tell you what, you go over there and shoot it just the once, and if you are uncomfortable after that, then you can quit. Thanks a bunch.”)

Loath has some mechanical aptitude. He is fairly good with communications devices and vehicles.

Loath has the treasonous skills of Outdoor Survival and Old Reckoning Cultures.

Loath's only weapon is his standard issue laser. He has only very basic training in its use.

Loath is a mutant with the ability to extend his senses in a variety of ways: Amplified hearing, infrared vision, olfactory chemical analysis, telescopic vision, hypertouch, etc. About anything you can imagine, he can probably do. The ability is not terribly reliable, and sometimes, he gets the wrong sense, or sometimes it happens without him willing it to. But Loath puts these super-senses to good use—mostly to gather blackmail information. Loath enjoys getting the goods on somebody, but prefers not to turn them in for their crimes. Rather, he prefers to subvert them—collect favors in exchange for his silence. When his victims ask where he got his information, Loath gets a big kick out of feigning omnipotence.

The members of the Flat Earth secret society don't believe in the Computer. Not that they don't believe in its tenets or rules, but that they actually do not believe in its existence. Flat Earthers have long known that Alpha Complex is a gigantic man-made structure, but that Outside of it is a much vaster World. A World complete with ferns and goats, birds and mercury cougars, trees and bugs. Flat Earthers want to see a return of clone-kind to this natural world (and also don't mind bringing a little of that natural world into Alpha Complex as well). In this respect, Flat Earthers are similar to the Sierra Club (who make pretty decent allies), except for their denial of the Computer's existence.

Flat Earthers believe that the "Computer" is nothing but an elaborate hoax. The world's biggest conspiracy theory— invented by very powerful high programmers who wanted to use this artificial "ultimate being" to enforce their own positions of power. Actually, the philosophies of the Flat Earthers are terribly seductive. Once you are in on this

ultimate cruel joke, a lot of things start to make sense: Why are so many things hidden from the ordinary people? Why does the "Computer" contradict itself so often? Why do high programmers wield so much power when the Computer is supposed to be the only authority? Why is Alpha Complex not a utopia if this "Computer" is so smart.

In reality, the confessionals are programmed with very simple Q & A programs that pick out key words to respond to (which explains why so many questions are given nonsense answers). If these programs don't recognize your question, they simply respond, "Not authorized at your security clearance."

The Computers main orders are actually those of various high programmers being passed along. The "Computer" is involved in so many things at once, that at any time, there may be hundreds of these programmers all pretending to be the Computer at once—thus the contradictions.

I'm sure you can build on this as we go.

Things that will get you ahead as a Flat Earther:

- 1) Bringing clonedom closer to nature in any way— knowledge, shared experience, artefacts, etc.
- 2) Exposing contradictory elements of the Computer and it's works to help display its false nature (this is incredibly dangerous).
- 3) Foiling and/or reducing the power of high programmers who created and who perpetuate this Computer myth.

In HIL sector, it is assumed that all of the Tri-ball L-DERRs are Flat Earth members, and they seem to have created a safe haven for Flat Earth philosophies in the distant HIL sector.

Loath has:

1 RED jumpsuit 1 set of RED reflec armor 1 laser pistol with a RED barrel 3 spare laser barrels 2 notebooks 2 pens 1 utility

belt with fanny pack 1 flashlight 1 bag of granola 1 gray plastic poncho (for moisture protection) 1 flat hat (like a policeman's hat) 1 com unit | 1 F-series DERR (for secret communication with Flat Earthers in HIL sector) 1 round mirror (15cm diameter) 1 large gray nylar duffle bag 1 laser pointer (projects a harmless red dot up to half a kilometer) 1 portable music player with headphones 4 tapes of popular patriotic music 1 a stick reportedly broken from a maple tree Outside 1 lighter 1 hot glue gun (with a dozen glue sticks) battery powered 1 super-compact folding chair/cot (folds down to a small box) 1 large towel 1 change of clothes 1 small jar of "pigfat". Loath does not know what this is or what it could be good for, but he does know that on the two occasions that he opened it, it stunk like hell, and it took almost a week for the stench to clear out of the activity hall. Loath carries it for good luck.