

Conspiracy

Benjamin Disraeli smiled to himself as he slipped back out the door of the Yoyodyne factory. Mossad had been looking for the KGB's secret bioweapon labs for over a year now, and he'd finally found them. He'd destroyed the entire sample of Ebola-9 except for the tube of it in his pocket, which he was taking back to the Mossad labs for analysis. Everything was looking up.

Except for the man in the turban, holding a gun on him. He pulled the vial out of his pocket, and yelled "If it falls, we're both dead!" The man with the gun just shook his head and smiled. "Benjamin, Benjamin. You don't understand. Why would I want to shoot you? After all, Mohammed or Moses, we are all children of Abraham. Awaken, Jaffar." A shudder ran through Benjamin, and he reeled in shock. When he looked up again, his name was Jaffar al'Sadin, ace 'al Qaeda operative restored after his three year deep-cover mission in the Mossad. He smiled to himself, as he handed over the vial to his superior officer. It would be the Ultimate Weapon for their Reign of Terror.

The world of the shadows has grown even more treacherous in recent years, the shades of grey that a spy lives in darker, and more perilous. In the face of the threat from WARLOCK and SWORD, whose brainwashed loyal agents are rumored to have infiltrated the very highest levels of the world's governments, those same governments have turned to their own methods of brainwashing in an attempt to fight fire with fire. For those on the street, it means an uncertainty beyond any they have had to deal with before... You could never trust your neighbor, but how can Conventional methods succeed if you can't even trust yourself?

"Hello, and welcome to New Anaheim! Our floating platform was built on top of the original Anaheim, sunk in the Catastrophe of 2000, and has every possible convenience. We're confident you will enjoy your stay.

"Several of our visitors have been concerned about the recent bankruptcy of Atlantis Corporation, the builders of New Anaheim, and the allegations it was some sort of terrorist front. Please be confident that no difficulty with your reservations or your visiting experience will result from these trying times. A number of other corporations, including WayneCorp, Stark Industries, and Gienentonix have stepped in to fill the gap, and you should see no interruptions in service whatsoever.

"Indeed, we are thrilled at the confidence expressed in our service by the various events taking place here in the next week or so. Whether you're here for the Republican National Convention, the filming of Disney's latest smash hit movie, or the contest to be part of the first manned mission to Mars, we're confident that when the day is done, you'll want to kick back and relax in New Anaheim's newest night club, Calypso. Have a great day!"



Conspiracy, the sequel to Convention (Spring 1994) and Catastrophe (Fall 1996), is a ten-day spy game written by Jeremy Brown, Tom Giordano, Charles Hope, Jerry Marty, and Mike Person, coming to the guild Feb. 13-22, 2004. Knowledge of the previous games is not required, but they're both in the archives if you're curious what sort of games we write. Whether you're interested in corporate intrigue, brainwashing, being a movie star, brainwashing, running for president, or brainwashing, this is the game for you! For more information, email lit-gms@mit.edu.

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