

data dump 5



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PLOTTING THE FUTURE...

Doesn't time fly? It seems like only yesterday that we were planning for the upcoming summer convention season, and now it's almost over. Both Origins and GenCon have come and gone; only DragonCon remains and by the time you read this that will probably be over too.

We always enjoy our convention trips as it gives us the opportunity to meet a lot of you and to introduce new players to the game. The Saturday night Big Bash has now become a tradition and a highlight for me at all major cons. This year at Gencon we had 8 people playing; three of the players were new to Rezolution and in all cases, they had never played a game outside of the demo. All five factions were represented and even a couple of the new releases (only available at GenCon for the first time) appeared on the battlefield. Not a typical Rezolution game, but a lot of fun. It always draws a lot of people to the table to watch, although the watchers tend to lessen as the clock moves towards the early hours of the morning. In this issue of Data Dump, I have included pictures from both major conventions so even if you were not able to attend, you can share in the fun.

This year at GenCon, we had the added excitement of displaying some of the prototypes for Warlands, our new 20mm post-apocalyptic battle game to be released in November. On display were the prototypes for the LoTek's and a must have for all post-apocalyptic games, the Zombies! Also on display was the metal prototype for the

LoTek buggy (the finished model will have a resin body). Along with the cover art, the overall reaction to Warlands was extremely positive.

But enough about the conventions as I am sure you are wondering what else is in this issue of Data Dump. For those of you who have always wanted to make some cool bases for your Rez figures, we have a two-part article that shows you how to make them and then how to cast them in resin. We also have two pieces of fiction for you, Chapter 2 of the Legend of the 61st as well as a piece of original fiction submitted by one of our players.

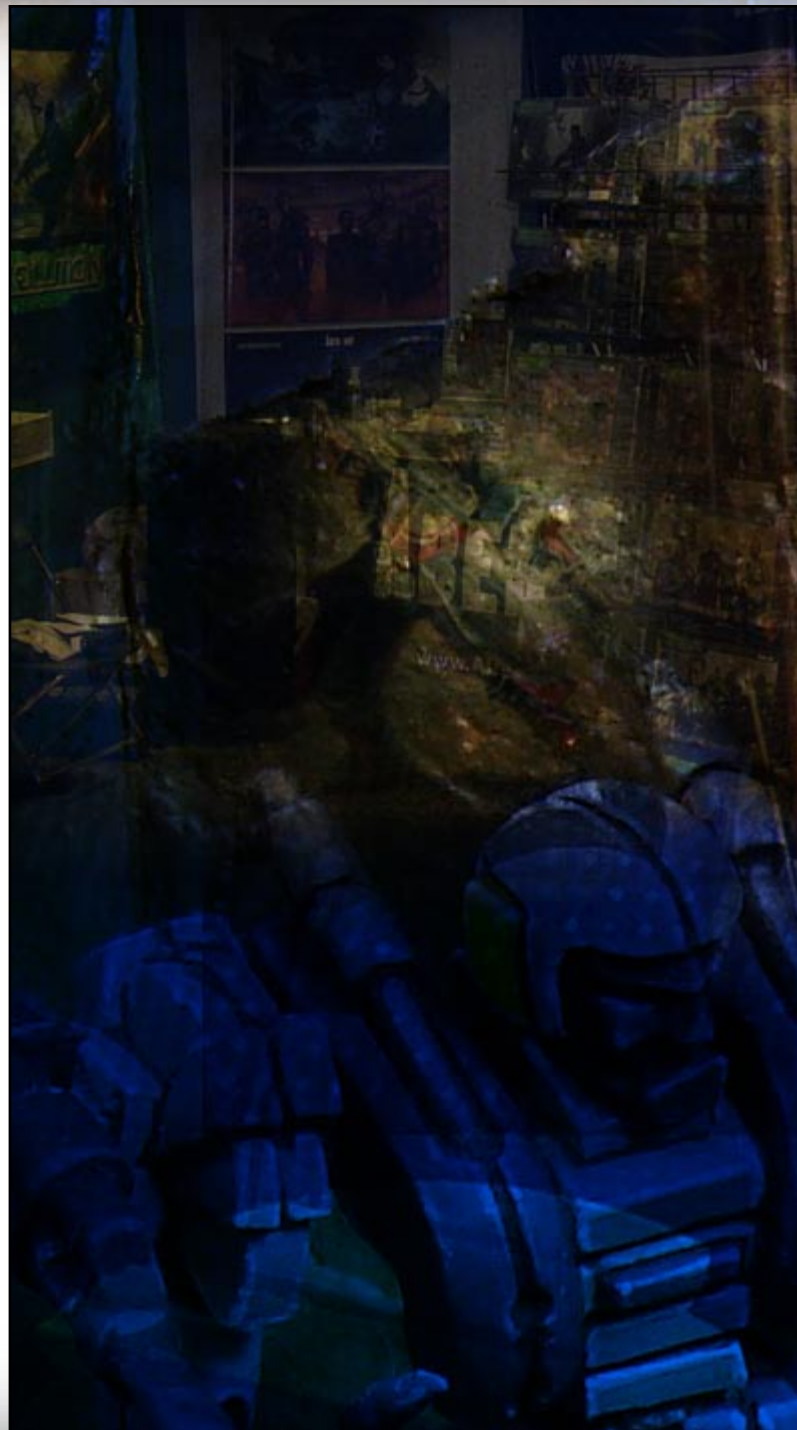
As a treat for all you APAC players, we have included three special characters (all official) that can be used in your APAC forces. Also included are printable stat cards for these all-new characters. With a battle report, a couple of assignments and one player's perspective on the Ronin, Data Dump 5 is packed with something for everyone.

Tony Kenealy

August 2008

Coming in the next issue:

As we get closer to the release of Warlands, we will feature a full battle report showing what it's like in the wastelands after cataclysmic disaster has struck the world. We will also feature more from the 61st as well as articles from you, our players – so get those submissions in!



A TRILOGY

By Chris Passeno

Three assignments that make one story arc. A beginning, middle and end. Each ramping up in crew totals.

Trilogy Preamble:

Some rookie cyberjock has been bragging of his recent foray into Xenone Corps' data-server. The worst part is that he might not be lying. Well, actually, the worse part is he opened his pie-hole. Now people know. Bad people. Dravani International, Asia Pacific, CSO, and the Vatacina are chomping at the bit to find out what Xenone is up to. Since Xenone's recent acquisition of Mann Aerospace, there's been some intriguing rumors. Nothing concrete, but very intriguing. The Ronin, on the other hand, know the data's worth cash to everyone, including Xenone.

One little, two little, three little data packets.

Briefing:

The data has been split into 4 parts, three of which have been stored on hidden drives located in separate terminals.

Objectives:

Your crew needs to recover the pieces.

Game Length:

Each assignment has a two-hour time limit, with 30 minutes prior to play for set-up and 30 minutes after for clean-up.

Set-Up:

Heavy city terrain. Crews start in opposite corners, 8" square. An invisible line is drawn to connect the unoccupied corners. 3 HPT are placed along that line. The first is dead center. The players then take turns placing the remaining two. They can't be within 15" of each other and must remain along that line. At least one hacker per crew. For this assignment, in addition to the standard use of Infiltrate, they cannot start within 13" of an HPT.

Crew total for this assignment: 400.



Special Rules:

These terminals are non-transmitting and stand alone. Damaged or destroyed HPTs mean no data and loss of income. Use the HPT Action Sequence on page 52 of RADT. *(summary: one action is required to hard-wire into the HPT. On the next Control Phase the data is gathered. The next Control Phase, the hacker must declare they are disconnecting from the Grid. On its activation, the hacker can leave).*

Come out, where ever you are!

Briefing:

Most of the data has been recovered. Ei-

ther you got it or someone else has it. But there is still a loose end - the hacker and the final piece of data in his head. Rumor has it, he's holed up in the slums.

Objective:

Find the hacker and gather up this wayward data.

Your crew needs to recover the pieces.

Game Length:

Each assignment has a two hour time limit, with 30 minutes prior to play for set-up and 30 minutes after for clean-up

Set-Up:

Heavily cluttered city terrain with lots

of buildings and alleyways. Place the target hacker model dead center on the board. Crews are set up like the first assignment. If data was gained in assignment One, a hacker for each data packet must be in the crew for this assignment and clearly marked as such.

Crew total for this assignment: 500.

Special Rules:

This part of the Trilogy takes place at night. For night, use the Low Light Rules in RADT page 72. Each Control Phase, during the random movement phase, the target hacker will move according to standard random movement rules.

Showdown

Briefing:

You might have some of the data, none of the data or all of the data. Either way, it has hit the fan.

Objective:

Your superiors or clients, as the case may be, won't settle for anything less than all the data and no witnesses. It's all or nothing.

Game Length:

Each assignment has a two hour time limit, with 30 minutes prior to play for set-up and 30 minutes after for clean-up

Set-Up:

Heavy industrial area, with a few very large open buildings. Crews are set up as in assignment Two. A hacker for each data packet must be in the crew for this assignment and clearly marked as such along with another model designated as the head-carrier.

Crew total for this assignment: 600.

Endgame

At the end of the Trilogy, the player in control of the most data wins.

About Chris Passeno...

I spent most of my youth moving from one place to another, but I've been married to my High School sweetheart for the past 16 years and am the father of 2 boys, ages 10 and 4. My degree is in Commercial Art and I have been using a paintbrush for quite a while, but I've only been working on miniatures for about 2 years.

I shifted to Rezolution because of its focus on the importance of a single figure. My goal is to not have to paint an entire army again! I started playing CSO and switched to Ronin after I won the '07 Origins' Tournament. We have 4 regular players in our area and are always looking for more. So if you find yourself in central Ohio, look me up.



ORIGINS 2008 RECAP

By Bryan K. Borgman

In my opinion Origins Game Fair 2008 was significantly smaller this year than in the recent past. Reflective of that, all of the organized events I ran for Aberrant Games over the course of the long weekend were smaller in size that I anticipated. This was the first year for any official Rezolution events at Origins that were sponsored by Aberrant Games other than demos, so in all fairness, the turn-out wasn't too bad and fun was had by all.

Marc Berlove was the big winner of the weekend. Marc, known as Rocketman on the Aberrant Games forums, used his Ronin crew to win the Incursion assignment on Thursday, the Assassins assignment on Friday, and the Origins Tournament on Saturday. Other participants of the Origins Tournament included: Matt Coppel (CSO), Rob Fernandez (CSO), Chris Passeno (APAC), Aaron Skrivaneck

(APAC), and Colen Stapleton (CSO).

The pictures below are of Tony Kenealy (right) of Aberrant Games awarding Marc his Bladerunner DVD Gift Set prize for winning the tournament. Marc was also awarded a \$50 gift certificate for each assignment he won; he chose to spend the money to create a new Dravani crew with which he intends to reap destruction next year.

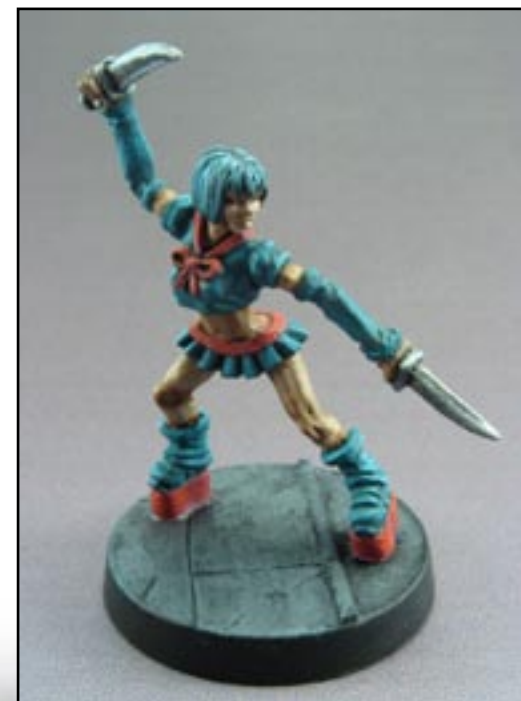
The other big Rezolution winner of the weekend was Aaron Skrivaneck. Aaron's APAC won the massive 6-player Firefight that began around 10:00pm on Saturday evening and wrapped up some time around 2:00am Sunday morning.

Other participants included: Marc Berlove (Ronin), Matt Coppel (CSO), Rob Fernandez (CSO), Tony Kenealy (CSO), and myself (Dravani). This Origins multiplayer game was a pseudo-rematch of last year's Gencon 7-player game. In addition to the Firefight, Aaron took home the title of "Best Painted Model" for his Bishoujo Senshi.

As already mentioned, despite our small numbers everyone had a really great time at Origins and I know I'm looking forward to next year.

About Bryan K. Borgman...

Bryan is the Organized Play and Events Coordinator for Aberrant Games and works part-time at Alley Cat Games & Comics in Dublin, Ohio where Rezolution is played regularly. In addition to gaming, Bryan is both a musician/composer and a stay-at-home father of two fantastic daughters and a third child on the way!



THE LEGEND OF THE 61ST

By Tony Kenealy

Chapter 2 – February 27th 2175

Data flashed across screens, the command center filled with the low murmur of electronic equipment. CSO operatives tapped on keyboards while others, jacked into the grid, searched for data on AeroTech Biolabs. Three wide screens filled one wall, showing images of the surrounding area transmitted from the Ark hovering above.

Marshal Jenson peered at a computer tablet, attempting to gather as much data as he could. The door flew open and Sergeant Ross hurried in.

“What’s got into you, Sergeant?” Marshal Jenson looked up, raising his eyebrows.

Before Ross could answer a tall figure swept in behind him.

“Good afternoon, Jenson, how are the kids? Well, I hope.” Marshal Tyler was confident, exuding an air of total control. She never expected, nor waited, for a reply. “I hear you have a little problem with some unwanted intruders? I’ll need full access to all your intel and a place for my team to set up.” She looked down at Jenson’s computer tablet. “Still using the old model, I see?” She smiled. “I’ll see what I can do about that.”

Jenson snapped into overdrive. “Sergeant Ross! Give Marshal Tyler and her unit everything they need. Clear the auxiliary command center of all personnel, the 61st will set up there.”



“Yes, sir! At once, sir!” Ross strode out of the room, only allowing himself time for a brief glance at Marshal Tyler. She was an imposing sight, over six feet tall, her customized peacekeeper armor increasing her bulk. Despite this, she still moved effortlessly around the room, her coat tails streaming behind her.

“The kids are fine, thanks for asking. It’s good to see you, Tyler.” That was the end of the pleasantries. Marshal Jenson got straight down to business. “AeroTech Biolabs have been working on new technology,

the subject of which we, the mere grunts in this organization, are not allowed to know. Those above us seem to think this is an important operation, a code red. Currently we have an unknown number of intruders, in an unknown part of the building with a state-of-the-art high tech security system active around the perimeter. Too many unknowns for my liking.” Jenson looked straight at Tyler. “This is going to be a tough one.”

“They always are Jenson, they always are.”

The auxiliary command center was a bustle of activity as CSO troopers swiftly exited the space. CJ clanked into the room whistling a tuneless riff, a cross between Aerosmith and the Spice Girls.

“CJ, stop! Just give it up!” Sergeant Jackson swung his equipment case onto a vacated tabletop. “Chips, get jacked in, I want a way into this place, and I want it yesterday. Fowler, get the security camera images to come up on these screens. I want to see what we have to play with. Keep the visual channel open to the Old Girl as well.”

“Yes, Sarge, already on it.” Chip was unwinding a jack lead as he replied, plugging himself into the portable satellite computer on the desk in front of him. He hunched down in his chair, his body still, with just an occasional twitch behind closed eyelids. Unseen to those around him, his avatar swam the Grid, flowing into systems, through firewalls and into secret places searching for the intel they needed.

“Where’s Knuckles?” Jackson’s eyes searched the room, “we didn’t lose him again, did we?”

“No Sarge, he’s outside. He can’t get through the door.” Trooper “Retro” Dawson chuckled as she pointed to the warbot standing beyond the door, getting more than enough attention from the surrounding press and public who massed behind the barriers.

Sarge switched on his communicator. “Knuckles, get set up. I want you ready to go in five minutes.”

“I’m always ready Sarge, just show me the way.” The computer voice, almost human, echoed in his earpiece.”

A flash of bright blue light lit up the room and the smell of electrical fire assaulted everyone’s nostrils. Chips catapulted back from the console, his jack lead jerking from the port as he hit the ground with a crash. Rolling over, he raised himself up on his knees, his armor smoldering. “Wow, that is some security system, I only just got out in time. There’s some very aggressive programming on this one, Sarge. Have to find a different way to disable it. Maybe I’ll give Gertrude a try, been waiting to activate her for real. Give me five clicks.” Moving back to the computer, he dropped into his seat and pushed the lead into the connection port. Immediately his eyes closed and his body slumped back into the chair.

Sergeant Jackson could not understand the need for naming everything, especially a computer program. Still, when it came down to it, whatever the unit needed to get through the hell that was their usual working day... as long as they did their job, and survived. He looked around at the unit he was responsible for. They were not



your usual bunch; they couldn’t be with the assignments they got. If the mission was tough, then it came their way. The Old Girl wouldn’t say no to anything. He didn’t know what drove her, but something did. She was always pushing the envelope, always going for that one more mission. With her record, she could have retired years ago, a quiet life in a peaceful city. But no, here she was commanding the 61st. A ragtag unit of CSO Troopers with state-of-the art-equipment, a warbot called Knuckles with a personality that could get him killed by his own comrades, a music loving Iron man and a MISU called Pummel! They may be a strange bunch, but they were the best.

Marshal Tyler strode into the room, tearing him from his thoughts. At that same moment, Chips opened his eyes and yelled across the room. “The perimeter has been breached, ma’am! It’s those bloody press guys again. They are trying to move to the back entrance. They must be out of their minds!”

Marshal Tyler sprang into action. “Knuckles. Move your big metal hide and get round the back. Take Payback, Sherlock and Tiny and if you can’t get those idiots out, shoot them yourself and save us a lot of trouble.”

“On my way.” Knuckles was already on his way out the door followed by three troopers.

“Sarge, get the rest of the unit ready, this is going to stir up a hornet’s nest of trouble with the intruders when they see Knuckles moving in.” She turned to Chips. “I hope Gertrude is as good as you make out as we are going to need her singular program – it’s our only hope of getting into this place!”



CONVERTING A SENTINEL INTO A PURIFIER

By Devan Moorman (Pyreos)

In this conversion of a Sentinel into a Purifier, there were four parts to talk about: the shield leg, the flamethrower, the sword ("enormous stick of justice" is the actual title, I think...), and the body.

The only materials needed are Greenstuff (or some other sculpting epoxy), Plasticard (or old/spare credit or gift cards, they're honestly the same thing!), glue (more on the assembly part really), pliers, and a trusty modeling knife.

The body

What I did here was take the extra plates of armor on the shoulder, and fill them in with epoxy so that it was a flat, uniform area. Use as much as you want as you can always shave it off later. Then, make a roll of putty long enough to wrap from one end of the shoulder to the other (widthwise), and flatten it out, until it looks squarish with pointy edges. Lastly, take small dots of putty and place it in intervals along that final strip (the part with pointy edges). Push these into the strip until they look like semi-spheres (you could also make them squarish or hex-shaped), just something that looks like large rivets in the metal. Rivets are a sure-fire way to make something look armored or make the metal stand out.



The sword

The first step is to take your credit cards or plasticard (I used 0.75mm thick) and cut two identical long, thin strips (maybe 3" by 1/4", but this is for you to decide). Be sure to make it a little longer than you want the blade as you will probably taper one end (along the wide part), so that it looks more like a blade. Glue the two pieces together. All you are doing is making one of the pieces you cut, twice as thick - now is when you taper one end of the blade. At this point, you have a perfectly respectable blade, but it can still be better. If you want to add some detail, cut two identical pieces of plasticard that are significantly smaller than the others, but still long and thin. These you will glue to the hilt end of the sword, with one edge parallel and touching the back edge of the blade. These should not take up any significant length of the blade - remember they are only detail. Next, break out the epoxy and fill in the right angle where the blade and these additions meet so that it is a gentle

transition from the wider point to the thinner point of the blade (just smooth out the rough parts). You can make the additional plastic the full width of the blade nearer to the hilt and then thin it out later - again, it's for you to decide. Then taper the thin edge of the blade to make it look sharp. Finally, you just need to figure out a way to attach your new sword to the arm of the Sentinel. I used a combination of pinning and loading it down with epoxy.

The flamethrower

I'll be honest on this one - I cut up a GW flamer, but I can still go over the additions and modifications. For kerosene tanks, get two pieces of plastic (maybe 1/4" x 1/4"), and whittle them down into semi-spheres. I used the hilts of some lances that were lying around, but anything should work. Then you want to pin them together with the flat sides facing each other and glue it. Once the glue dries, fill in the area around the pin with epoxy and smooth out. At this point it should look like a pill capsule, and all you need to do is attach it to the rest of the flamethrower somehow.

For tubes - if you are running off of a liquid igniter, you'll probably be dealing with tubes. These can be easily made with simply wire. Just crack open some old electronics and strip the wires. Bend them how you like, and attach them to the gun (again with glue and/or epoxy). It doesn't hurt to add a flame on the tip, and then all that's



left is to attach the whole gun to the arm (same as sword).

The shield

The first thing you'll want to do is make some sketches of what you want the shield to look like (to scale drawings help). Once you

have the outline, draw it on to the plasticard - a permanent marker is really the only thing that will work as everything else rubs off. Cut out the shield, and gradually bend it like a parabola (pliers without teeth work best here). Bend it slightly down the middle, then again more towards the edge, and again and again, etc. This creates an even curve along the shield. Once again, this is a perfectly legitimate shield, but it can be better. To make it more detailed, I gave it an edge somewhat like the body. I took strips of 1.5mm quarter-round plasticard and placed it around the edge of the shield. Cut the strips of quarter-round into lengths equal to each single edge, then bend them to match the curvature of that edge, and glue it on (the rounded part facing outward). The ends of these strips need to be cut or tapered so that two strips can intersect without it looking ugly. Do this all the way around the perimeter then smooth everything out with epoxy. I say everything because there are an enormous amount of rough spots on the shield so anywhere two pieces of plasticard meet, smooth it out. You can also place a logo or symbol

in the now blank center of the shield. This is easiest if you can sketch out the symbol and break it down into major chunks. Each of these chunks can be created with one glob of epoxy (just to make a fairly difficult task simpler). Creating the symbol takes more explanation of sculpting than converting, so I'll leave it at that. Armoring parts of the shield using the same method on the body is also an option. Finally, all that is needed is to attach the shield to one of the legs. For this I used a pretty large amount of epoxy.

So the conversion is done, and all that's left is to paint away and then start spraying Holy Flame amongst your enemy's ranks!

About Devan Moorman (Pyreos)...

I'm a 16 year old hobbyist who enjoys converting and really digging into the fluff, as well as the play of games. I've mainly played Warhammer, but Rezolution for some time now. I hail from Colorado, and anything truly fantastic is what interests me most."

COMING SOON

ABG 5011 - Ronin Brawler\$7.99

ABG 7007 - Vatacina Pistol Fencer\$7.99



BLOODBATH ON THE HIGHWAY

By Marcel de Groot

Battle Report: Campaign Game – Assassination (750 points)

Before the Battle:

Following some rather successful assignments, the “Fighting Wyverns”, the APAC crew of “Lightning” (real name unknown...) is rather a pain in the side of the local CSO contingent. After being wounded and having to sit out the previous engagement with the Fighting Wyverns, Marshal Matters is out for revenge. He has been asked to stop the APAC incursions at any cost before they

become too powerful.

Intelligence suggests that Lightning is traveling with only a small security contingent in a truck supposedly carrying cars for the Indy 2175 demolition derby. Marshal Matters sets up an ambush near Exit 23 of the main highway. Demolition charges will stop traffic and if the APAC leader survives, Marshal Matters will strike from the forest on the south while his second in command leads an upgraded Peace Keeper force from the north, with “Eyes of Eagle”, his ace sniper covering the north east.

Unknown to Marshal Matters, the intelligence was planted and a large APAC force, including two more Arashi colleagues with their pet Panthers and a TADS, is hidden in the forests to the south, and a couple of

Numb Sisters and a Panther are deployed in houses to the north.

Initial Deployment & Layout:

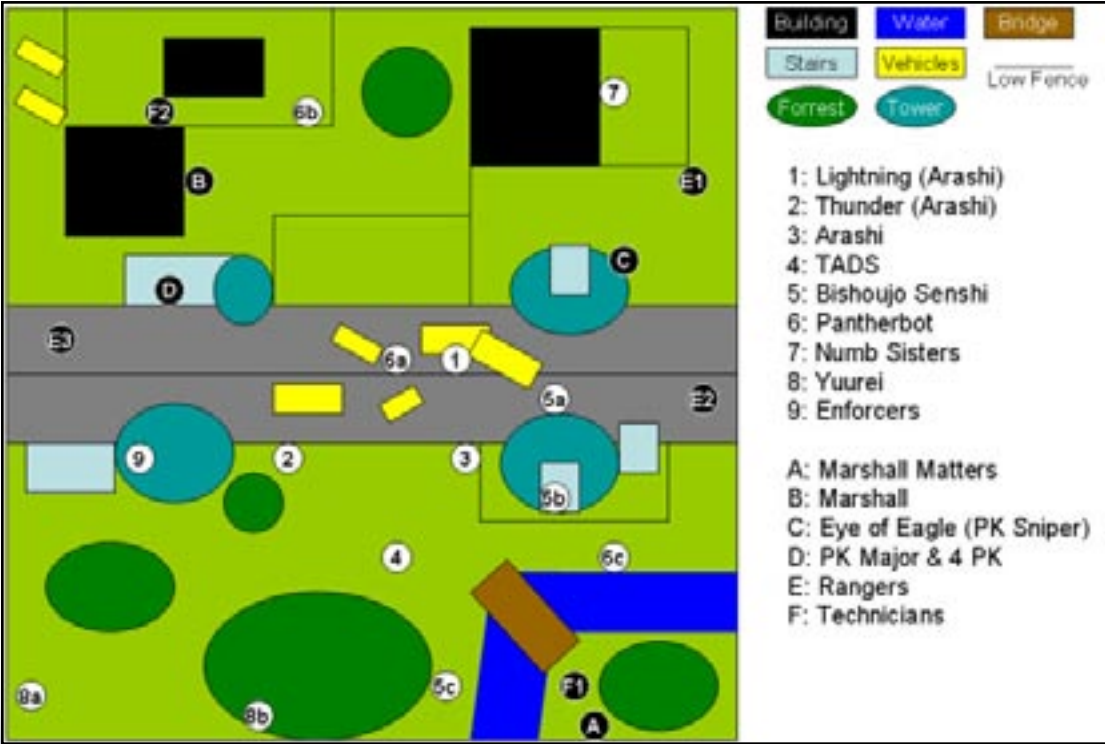
The Fighting Wyverns (Marcel)		APAC casualties
Arashi Leader “Lightning”	65	
Arashi “Thunder”	67	
Arashi	63	63
TADS	63	63
3 Bishoujo Senshi	123	41
3 Panther Securibots	111	74
2 Numb Sisters	66	66
2 Yuurei & programs	90	
4 Enforcers	96	96
(14 Activations)	744	403 (54.2 %)

Marshal Matters Forces (Paul)		CSO casualties
Marshal Matters	91	91
Marshal #2	86	
PK Sniper “Eye of the Eagle”	70	70
PK Major	56	
3 Rangers	183	183
4 Peace Keepers	212	53
2 Technicians	52	26
(9 Activations)	748	423 (56.6 %)

Round 1

Control Roll – CSO

- Marshal Matters shoots TADS (2 hits)
- APAC leader Lightning casts Storm Shield and Rides the Storm out of harm’s way
- PK Sniper Eyes of Eagle shoots, and kills Panther (6b) (6 hits)
- Bishoujo Senshi (5c) shoots Marshal Matters (2 hits)





- Technician misses Bishoujo Senshi (5c)
- Arashi casts Storm Shield and Rides the Storm
- PK shoots Panther (6a) (1 hit)
- Enforcers shoot PK (2 hits)
- Female Marshal runs forward and shoots Enforcers (misses)
- Numb Sisters Choke PK Sniper (3 hits)
- Ranger (E2) shoots Panther (6a) (2 hits)
- Arashi Thunder Arcs PK and hits 3 for 1 hit each
- Panther (6a) charges PK, 2 hits and stunned
- Panther (6c) charges Technician (F1) (6 hits, killed)
- TADS hits Marshal Matters (2 hits)
- Bishoujo Senshi (5b) shoots and kills Marshal Matters (2 hits)
- Bishoujo Senshi (5a) misses Ranger (E2)
- Other units just move for position

Round 2

Control Roll – CSO

- PK Sniper, PK and Bishoujo Senshi (5a) fail Fatal Damage rolls
- Ranger (E3) shoots Thunder (3 hits)
- Thunder uses Medic skills (+2 healed) and Rides the Storm
- PK move and shoot Panther Securibot (6a) (7 hits, killed)
- Ranger (E1) shoots Numb Sisters (1 killed, 7 wounds and 1 wounded, 3 hits)
- Bishoujo Senshi (5b) misses Ranger (E2)
- Ranger (E2) shoots Arashi (2 hits)
- Enforcers shoot Ranger (E3) (2 hits)
- Marshal shoots Enforcers (2 x 3 hits)
- Technician (F2) shoots Enforcers, killing 1 (1 hit)
- TADS shoots Ranger (E2) (1 hit)
- Arashi uses Wrath of Heaven on Ranger (E2) (2 hits)
- Arashi Lightning uses Wrath of Heaven on Ranger (E2) (5 hits, killed)
- Other units just move for position

Round 3

Control Roll – CSO

- Numb Sister is OK, Enforcers Panic and Flee
- Arashi Lightning uses Wrath of Heaven on Ranger (E3) (3 hits, killed)
- Numb Sister fails to choke Ranger (E1)
- Marshal shoots Enforcers (1 killed, 6 hits and hurts another, 3 hits)



- Technician (F2) kills another Enforcer
- Ranger (E1) shoots Numb Sister (5 hits, killed)
- Thunder heals his wounds and Rides the Storm
- Arashi fails to hit PK with Arc
- TADS shoots PK (2 hits)
- Other units just move for position

Round 4

Control Phase – APAC

- Enforcer fails Fatal Damage roll (killed) PK are stunned
- Arashi uses Wrath of Heaven on Ranger (E1) (3 hits)

- PK shoot TADS (3 hits, killed)
- Bishoujo Senshi (5c) misses Ranger (E1)
- Marshal shoots Arashi (6 hits, killed)
- Ranger (E1) shoots Bishoujo Senshi (5c)(3 hits)
- Other units just move for position

Round 5

Control Phase – CSO

- Bishoujo Senshi (5c) Stunned
- Bishoujo Senshi (5b) shoots Ranger (E1) (3 hits, killed)
- Marshal shoots Bishoujo Senshi (5b)(1 hit)
- Technician (F2) misses Bishoujo Senshi (5b)
- Other units just move for position
- End of Turn 5 – APAC leader lives – Objective Achieved

After the Battle:

The Fighting Wyverns return not only victorious from a successful, yet expensive, ambush, but can now boast being responsible for the demise of an experienced Marshal... but how will the CSO retaliate?

About Marcel de Groot...

I'm a chemist when I'm not wargaming or roleplaying and also the treasurer for the Deal Wargaming Society (Deal UK), where I have a great opportunity to try out and play many wargames. We are currently running a small Rezolution campaign where my peaceful APAC team gets harassed by those meddling CSO types. I've been collecting and playing wargames/roleplaying games for the last 20 years.

Aftermath Stage 1: Victory Points and Revenue

CSO		APAC
+1	Playing a Campaign Game	+1
	Victory (Primary Objective)	+2
	Secondary Objective Achieved	
	Defeating a Named Character	+4
	Survivor Bonus (25% or less casualties)	
+1	Merciless (reducing enemy by 50% or more)	+1
	Overwhelming Odds (play against 25% stronger opponent)	
+2	Total	+8
112	Revenue	149

Aftermath Stage 2: Casualties

APAC		
Arashi	Needs 4+	OK
TADS	Needs 4+	OK
Bishoujo Senshi (5a)	Needs 4+	OK
Panther (6a)	Needs 4+	OK
Panther (6b)	Needs 4+	DEAD
Numb Sister	Needs 4+	DEAD
Numb Sister	Needs 4+	DEAD
Enforcer	Needs 4+	DEAD
Enforcer	Needs 4+	OK
Enforcer	Needs 4+	DEAD
Enforcer	Needs 4+	DEAD
CSO		
Marshal Matters	1-2 Dead, 3 Captured, 4 Wounded, 5-6 OK	DEAD
PK Sniper "Eye of Eagle"	1-2 Dead, 3 Captured, 4 Wounded, 5-6 OK	OK
Ranger (E1)	Needs 4+	DEAD
Ranger (E2)	Needs 4+	OK
Ranger (E3)	Needs 4+	OK
Peace Keeper	Needs 4+	OK
Technician (F1)	Needs 4+	OK

Aftermath Stage 3: Reputation

Arashi Leader "Lightning"	Needs 5+ to increase REP by 1	FAIL
Bishoujo Senshi (5b)	Needs 5+ to increase REP by 1	SUCCESS
CSO Marshall "Matters"	DEAD	DEAD

CUSTOM BASES

By Chris Passeno

Designing a custom base.

In this article I will tell you several methods that I use to make custom bases. All of them are pretty easy and quick.

You will notice as you read through these directions that you will need to pin at least one foot of the mini to attach it to the base. It is also possible to clip the tab into two little spikes on the bottom of the feet. Because of this, one of the most important things you want to do before making bases is to put the designated figure on the base and get an idea where the feet will be. You can make the coolest looking base in the world, but it won't hold your figure if you don't allow for it.

If you are making bases to hold many figures, you are also going to need to take that into account. Elevations should be minimal to accommodate the varied feet positions.

A simple one level or two level base can go a long way. As fun as it is to cram as much stuff onto a base as possible, try and keep it simple. The focus should be on the mini, not the base.

Asphalt themed base.

Materials: 60 Grit sandpaper

Tools: Hobby knife, Side cutters, Zap-a-Gap, Superfine foam sanding block.

Directions: This is probably one of the easiest ways to get a good base. Just rough cut the sandpaper down to the basic size of the base. Glue it. Wait for it to dry. Use the side cutters to snip along the edge of the base. Use the foam sanding block to sand the sandpaper flush with the base. Prime and paint.

Wood Floor themed base.

Materials: Flat toothpicks

Tools: Side cutters, Zap-a-Gap, Superfine foam sanding block.

Directions: This can be as simple or as difficult as you want to make it. There are several variations you can play, each of them in-

volving gluing flat toothpicks side by side to the top of base. Flat toothpicks are tapered from wide to skinny, so you can alternate by flip flopping end over end in sequence as you lay them down. This will give you a pretty solid and level floor. If you chose to keep the skinny sides together, you get a fan pattern.

Once you have finished gluing the toothpicks down and they have dried, take the side cutters and trim the toothpicks flush with the base. Then sand the edges flush with the foam sanding block. Prime and paint.

You can also change the type of wood used for different effect. Try round toothpicks, coffee stir sticks, hobby sticks, or balsa wood.

Plate themed base.

Materials: Pick a flavor of textured plasticard

Tools: 1" Circle scrapbooking cutter, Zap-a-Gap, Superfine foam sanding block.

Directions: The hardest part of this one is to choose a textured plasticard. You can usually find a sample pack with various textures in it - I like the Diamond Plate or the Tile texture. Just stick the plasticard in the cutter, and push down to pop out a 1" circle of the plasticard. Glue that onto the base, and trim it down to near flush with the base. Use the foam sanding block to finish up making it flush.

To add more interest, you can cut several chunks out of the plasticard and glue them next to each other, almost touching. This will give the impression of plates meeting each other. If you put some strips or riv-

ets on there, it'll look even better.

Grate themed base.

Materials: Fine wire window screen

Tools: 1" Circle scrapbooking cutter, Zap-a-Gap, Superfine foam sanding block

Directions: This is the same as the Plate themed base. Just use the wire screen.

Rivets.

Materials: Plain plasticard. Not too thin and not too thick.

Tools: Handheld 1/16th inch and 1/8th inch hole punches (in the scrapbooking aisle).

Directions: Spend some time and just punch out holes in the plasticard. Most of these punches will have a nice little lid on the top to catch the bits - those little bits are your rivets. Poke them with your hobby knife and stick them on the plate base with thin Zap-a-Gap. If you use a thicker Zap-a-Gap, the glue will muddle the detail.

Ground Cover.

Materials: Playground sand. Wood glue.

Tools: An old gnarly brush.

Directions: This is probably the most common method of basing ever. You brush on the wood glue and sprinkle sand on top of it. Wipe the edges and let it dry. Prime and paint.

Combinations.

You can combine the above techniques to make more and almost infinitely varied bases. That is what I did for my APAC bases: I kept the wood floor as my primary theme and added another of the methods listed to spice it up. The 25mm are simple one and two level bases. The 40mm are a

bit more crazy, but you have more room to work with.

Casting Custom Bases.

For my APAC force, I had about 40 bases that needed to be made. Since I was going for an Oriental/cyberpunk feel to them, I ended up making up 6 x 25mm, 2 custom oval bases, and 2 x 40mm bases.

What you need:

Smooth-on Casting Kit (\$40 at Dick Blick), Trash bags, Small oz. mixing cups, Coffee stir sticks, Sheet of glass or plexi, Hot glue gun, Custom-made bases to cast!

Making the mold

The first thing you are going to need to do is to make a mold, so tape down a garbage bag to the table to contain the mess. The kit comes with the 2-part mold material that you need. It's a simple 1:1 ratio, which is good, as I don't have a mini-scale to measure weight.



I hot glued the bases onto a board to hold them in place for the mold process. This board was a piece of scrap "ultra-board", which is plastic coated foam-core, but you can use just about anything. Next I cut the carrier board down to fit into a plastic bowl to keep the mold material from leaking out. The directions say that you are going to want a 1/2" of clearance all the way around, and that includes depth as well. I've recently switched over to using Lego blocks to make the retaining wall for my molds. They are easier to make into the shape you want (and with a couple kids, I've got a fair amount of them!)



Next you need to seal the bases. This really isn't important if you made the bases out of a non-porous material like plasticard, but I ended up using real wood that needed to be sealed. A spritz of sealer and a quick brushing to work into the details, and then let it dry for a couple minutes. You may want to do this stage twice, depending on the materials used.

Then you are going to want to spray on the mold release that came in the kits. Brush that into the detail spots as well and let it sit for a couple minutes. It will evaporate into a fine powder. Though they don't recommend it, you could use spray cooking oil or talcum powder instead of mold release.

Pouring the Mold.

Now you mix the 2-part molding agent. One part is pink and the other part is a gray color. Just pour each part into cheap clear plastic cups to the same level for each part. Then pour both parts into a bigger cup and use the coffee sticks to mix it together. You are going to want to mix this thoroughly for a couple minutes, but don't get too aggressive as you don't want too many air bubbles in the mix.



Next you are going to want to pour it into the container. This step is pretty important. You are going to want the tip the container a bit and pour the molding agent into the mold in a very thin stream, starting at one corner and letting the material slowly fill in the gaps. Shake the container while you are filling it or smack the table every once in a while to get the air bubbles out. Fill the container to about a 1/2" above the highest point. I spend a couple minutes shaking and banging the table to force out air bubbles after pouring it. Then let it sit for about 6 hours. I did this before going to bed and it was ready when I got up in the morning.



Once set, you can pry the mold out of the container. It may take some effort, but the mold is pretty resilient. The bases will pop right out as well.

Pouring the Resin.

Check over the finished mold for any air bubbles, and then you can move onto casting the resin.

Prep the mold by spraying on mold release or some other releasing agent, or just spray it with cooking spray or talcum powder. Once it is prepped, you get to pour the resin.

The resin is a two-part system as well, much like the mold agent. Both parts are clear, so don't get them mixed up. Mix them the same as you did for the mold in clear cups, with the same amount



in each, and avoid air bubbles in the mix.

This mix has a short life span, so don't mix for more than 30 seconds. It will set up in about a minute, so don't dawdle around. Like the mold, pour the casting resin on top of the mold, but not directly onto the holes for the bases. You are going to want to pour in long thin streams and let it gently fill in the areas. You can then bang the table for the air bubbles and use a toothpick to pick out the stubborn air bubbles. Overfill the mold a bit with the resin - trust me, it will save time later.

Next you are going to want to lay a piece of glass or plexi that has been coated in mold release on top of the mold. (I ended up raiding a picture frame for its glass) Put it down in a slow diagonal motion, starting on one side and slowly laying it flat on the mold. This should push out the air bubbles and it will also push out excess resin over the sides of the mold. Don't worry about that, as it will pop right off.



This mix will start to cloud over with opaque white as it cures. It will be ready to pop out in 30 minutes.

After the 30 minutes, you can pop off the plexi/glass and pop out the new bases from the mold. Inspect them for air bubbles that can wreck the cast. Some are happy accidents.



A little bit of clean-up with files and sanding paper and they are ready for mounting!

This process is fairly quick. I was able to cast all the bases I needed in a couple hours after the mold was ready.



About Chris Passeno...

I spent most of my youth moving from one place to another, but I've been married to my High School sweetheart for the past 16 years and am the father of 2 boys, ages 10 and 4. My degree is in Commercial Art and I have been using a paintbrush for quite a while, but I've only been working on miniatures for about 2 years.

Note: These characters are official and can be used in Aberrant Games sponsored Tournaments.

2

Enforcer Boss

5 3 3 3 3 3 3

DAMAGE GAUGE

-1 -2

Skills & Abilities:

- Honor in Death
- Leadership
- Shrug-it-Off
- Snap Shot

Weapons & Equipment:

- AP Smart Pistol
- Master Crafted Katana
- Smoke Grenades

COMBAT

0 4 1

1

Enforcer Boss Faction: APAC Class: Human

Weapons & Equipment:
AP Smart Pistol
Range: 12/20" -1LR Damage: 4d6 P2
Master Crafted Katana
Range: Close Combat only Damage: 5d6 P2
Special: Model always wins combat on a draw.
Smoke Grenades
Range: Thrown (BDY + 5") Damage: None
Special: Smoke Grenades template. Blocks line of sight. Roll 1d6 each control phase, smoke stays in play to see what happens to the template: 1-3 remove template, 4-5 template stays in play, 6 moves randomly.

Skills & Abilities:
Leadership: If a crew model is within 6" or is a member of the same team, it may use this models NRV for all morale based tests. If a model with Leadership is a member of a team, all models within that team may make morale-based tests using its NRV attribute even if they are out of the 6" range as long as they are in coherency with other team members
Honor in Death: A model with this ability may ignore modifiers in the fatal damage section of the Damage Gauge if a successful NRV test is made. Modifiers are applied before the test and are then removed if successful.
Shrug-it-Off: If a model only receives 1 point of damage, it is ignored and not marked on the Damage Gauge. Any additional effects such as Poison or Fire still take effect.
Snap Shot: Models may fire twice in a turn with weapons that are classified as pistols. All weapons that are designated as pistols can be used with this ability. Each shot suffers a -1 modifier to their RCA score in addition to any others that are incurred.

Crew Allowance: 0-1 per 10 Enforcers in play Independent

Enforcer Demolisher
Faction: APAC **Class:** Human

Weapons & Equipment:
Fists: Close Combat only Damage: 5d6

Launcher
Special: Move or Fire - model may not move and fire this weapon during its turn. Player must announce which shell it is firing before dice roll (default **Fragmentation**)

Shell / Fragmentation
Range 10/24 -1LR Damage: 4d6
Special: 5" Blast template

Shell / Splitter
Range: 14/28 -1LR Damage: 3d6 P3

Shell / Shock
Range: 26" Damage: Special
Special: 5" Blast template. Models in template are knocked prone if they fail to roll UNDER their BDY. Models that roll a 6 are considered stunned.

Skills & Abilities:
Honor in Death: A model with this ability may ignore modifiers in the fatal damage section of the Damage Gauge if a successful NRv test is made. Modifiers are applied before the test and are then removed if successful.

Shrug-it-Off: If a model only receives 1 point of damage, it is ignored and not marked on the Damage Gauge. Any additional effects such as Poison or Fire still take effect.

Crew Allowance: 0-1 per Enforcer team
Enforcer team attachment

1

Enforcer Support

5 2 3 3 3 2

DAMAGE GAUGE

1-2

ACTION

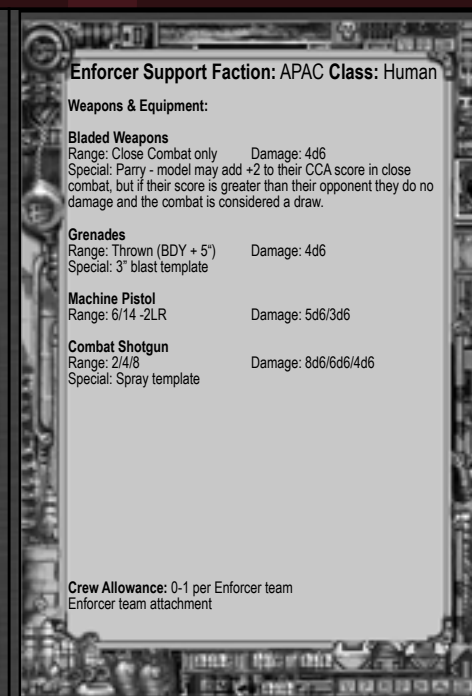
EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT:

- Bladed Weapons
- Combat Shotgun
- Grenades
- Machine Pistol

COST

0 2 6



Enforcer Support Faction: APAC Class: Human

Weapons & Equipment:

Bladed Weapons
 Range: Close Combat only Damage: 4d6
 Special: Parry - model may add +2 to their CCA score in close combat, but if their score is greater than their opponent they do no damage and the combat is considered a draw.

Grenades
 Range: Thrown (BDY + 5") Damage: 4d6
 Special: 3" blast template

Machine Pistol
 Range: 6/14 -2LR Damage: 5d6/3d6

Combat Shotgun
 Range: 2/4/8 Damage: 8d6/6d6/4d6
 Special: Spray template

Crew Allowance: 0-1 per Enforcer team
 Enforcer team attachment

THE SNIPER

By Rik Johnson

The two men held her one on each arm. Binko and Fraud had been working their revenge on her for hours. The third man, Smirky spat on her CSO badge and punched her again in the mouth. It was just as hard as the many previous blows he had laid upon her, but she had lost count. Saliva-filled blood poured out of her mouth as it was again cut deeply by his fist colliding with her cheek. He drew his pistol.

Brigit Lovfald Jakovich was unsure if the smirking man was going to pistol whip her or shoot her, but the mystery soon came to an end when she heard the familiar “click-click” and then felt the cool barrel against her forehead. Filled with twisted lust, his eyes met hers. Confronted by her concentrated gaze, he acknowledged her look completely, taken that it was not an expression of pleading or mercy. Her stare was intense, professional, cold, calculated, and bold. At that moment, he realized that she was not afraid nor had she ever been afraid the entire time they had beaten her.

“No!” A deep voice snapped the silence as a big man approached from behind.

Smirky didn’t look to see the source, already familiar with the voice. He lowered his pistol, “What’s the matter boss? Wanna do her yourself?”

“Yes, my most trusted leader of insects. If there’s going to be any killing in this moment, then I’ll be the one to do it.”

Smirky chuckled, drooling with anticipation of a headless female toy, “Yea! Go for it boss!”

Greggor’s voice vibrated with an unusual depth and sincere gratitude as he replied, “Oh, why thank you, bug excrement.”

The shot was louder than anyone had anticipated and Fraud was instantly covered in cranial gore. Binko, mouth agape, watched in horror as Smirky’s headless body slumped to the ground. Fraud coughing blood that was not his own, tried his best to suppress the next cough and not move, not even a millimeter.

Binko, more stupid than bold, muttered “Boss?” as he looked blankly at the mountain with the smoking .45 semi-auto.



The big man looked at Binko and smiled, “How ya doin’, Binko? You doin’ ok?”

Binko nodded, his bottom lip hanging down and accenting his still open mouth.

“Do you insects know what you’re holding?”

With slightly more confidence, Binko peeped out “No.”

“Oh, well let me tell you...”

Fraud accidentally found his voice and stupidly interrupted, “But Boss, she took out half our crew! Aren’t you gonna give her some punishment?”

Greggor was a patient man, a quality that contradicted his large, muscular bulk that put most of those around him in shadow. His dark black hair parted naturally, lying to the side. He looked at Fraud through a lock of his hair and calmly replied, “Well, it looks like you have already punished her, and I

was about to tell you what you were holding in your hands... but I was interrupted.” The last word was said slowly and clearly.

The blood in Fraud’s face drained to his feet as he realized that he had indeed interrupted Greggog. Greggog holstered his gun, “What you’re holding is a goddess. A true, 100% pure blood goddess! She is beautiful... er... when she’s not slobbering like a two-year old...”

He raised an eyebrow and looked at his minions, “You guys will have to trust me on this.” He cleared his throat and began again, “She’s beautiful, strong, intelligent, and has the power of life and death... which you two experienced recently, apparently?”

Binko nodded, “Yeh, we did. She pinned the group down for about three days. We couldn’t move an inch without some shot ricocheting around or punchin’ through one of us. Guys would try to pee, get somfin’ to drink in this frickin’ heat, or get somfin’ to eat, and they’d pay for it with their life. It was like she never slept. It didn’t matter day or night – if someone moved, they died.”

“Ah yes, good observation Binko!” Greggog was pleased, “It appears she doesn’t need to sleep – another reason she’s a goddess. Since goddesses don’t need to sleep, but you knew that, right Binko?”

The rhetorical nature of the question was lost on Binko, “No, no I didn’t.”

“Oh, well they don’t.” Greggog questioned why he bothered to clarify the fact.

Fraud felt he could speak again, “So what are we gonna do with her? Keep her?”

“Oh, no. No, we’re not going to keep her.”

Greggor said, without looking at Fraud. "No, we're going to leave her here. That's why I had you drive her out to the canyon lands, out here 100 miles into the middle of nowhere. A work of art like Jakovich comes along once in a millennia. I'm no barbarian. The civilized do not destroy fine art. Having said that, I do think it would be incredibly dangerous to drop her off at the nearest choke and puke.

Greggor closed in on Jakovich and leaned forward.

"I really do love you." He whispered.

She spat blood on his cheek, not with any force or drama, but to make a statement.

Greggor stepped back and smiled. With a raised eyebrow he said, "I'll save that for later." and with a wink he turned on his heel and walked off to his armored transport.

The insult, or lack of reaction, was the last blow that Jakovich could take and she fell to the ground. Her knees hit first, then she sat on her heels, and finally her face hit the dirt with each arm flopping to their respective side.

"You two bugs clean up your mess and meet us back at the dump." He yelled as he entered the rear of the vehicle. The chauffeur shut the door and drove off in haste.

Binko started to clean up as Fraud stood there in the blistering heat eyeing her. Sweat tickled down his face, but he never flinched. Several minutes had gone by while Binko threw knapsacks into the back of the buggy. Upon realizing that he was laboring solo, Binko turned around to find Fraud still staring at the sniper, particularly her hind-quarters stuck up in the air.

"C'mon Fraud!" Binko demanded.

Fraud started towards Binko, but he could not take his eyes off of Jakovich. She was very beautiful. His neck started to stretch and twist, rebelling against the rest of his body that moved forward.

He stood next to Binko and leaned against the buggy, "No. No I think I'm going to tap me some goddess."

Binko looked slapped, "Wha... WHAT!"

Fraud's eyes narrowed, "Yea... I never had any goddess before. She's gonna die out here anyway!"

The last look was for approval, but Binko didn't give it to him. He pursed his lips and shook his head from side to side, "Boss'd kill you... nah wait! He'd torture you and then he'd kill you!"

"She's gonna die anyway, I said! How's he gonna know?" and with that Fraud bounced his butt off the buggy towards Jakovich.

Binko was almost pleading, "You're playing with fire, Fraud! You don't know her! You're..." Binko couldn't finish his sentence because his breath was stolen by what he witnessed.

Fraud approached Jakovich eagerly, but when he was about 2 feet away she sprung into the air with her arms spread wide, her waist matching the height of Fraud's face. She brought up handfuls of dirt that spread out in the breeze giving her a fan-like width, like a cobra preparing to strike. Fraud, wide eyed, watched with his mouth open. The breeze was exactly what Jakovich had hoped for as the dust clung to Fraud's open eyes, so that he was unable to see what was

coming next.

In slow motion, Binko watched Jakovich launch in the air in a cloud of dust and observed her left boot swing out to greet Fraud's jaw. The "chink-crunch" sound of teeth colliding together filled him with as much terror as seeing a chunk of Fraud's tongue flying out of his mouth. Fraud never saw anything coming, as his head twisted over his left shoulder forcing his body to follow suit. Gravity took over and he fell, unconscious, face first in the dust.

The sniper's right leg was the first to touch the ground, landing with strength and confidence. Her right knee bent and brushed the ground to absorb the shock of her landing, as her left knee bent and arrived near her left cheek. She placed both palms out at her sides to steady herself. She slowly looked up and zoomed in on her next victim. Without taking her eyes off Binko, she crawled forward a few paces. With his hair in one hand and her other hand over what was left of his jaw, she twisted Fraud's head in one swift, sharp jerk. Binko, momentarily paralyzed by horror, anticipated the snapping sound of Fraud's spine, but the anticipation was nowhere near the shock of reality.

Despite Binko's articulate vocabulary and groomed speech, he wasn't as stupid as he seemed. His arms flew out like a chicken and his knee lifted into the air as his body contracted to give him the greatest push of speed he could muster. This burst of strength and agility even impressed Jakovich as she watched his backside fly into the vehicle and zoom away. The last several hours had been grueling, but she couldn't help smiling when she thought of the expression on Binko's face. Jakovich collected herself.

"So why was the shipment late?" asked Runmay.

"Some sniper had the convoy pinned down for three days on the DDH (Dezoned Desert Highway)," the scrawny survivor answered as he piled crates.

"C'mon! One freakin' sniper? Three Days!"

The scrawny man immediately stopped what he was doing, stood up straight, and glared at Runmay, but said nothing, his face blank.

Runmay could only say, "Oh."

The other man went back to moving the boxes, but Runmay couldn't leave it be, "So what kind of round was he using?"

"Dunno, I don't know what those PK Snipes are using now, but she was punchin'em through our cover and bouncing rounds into guys with real precision."

"She?"

The other worker stopped again, clearly annoyed at being questioned. Sarcastically, he spoke slowly to the questioner, "Yeh... SHE..."

Runmay felt awkward that every question was weighted with unbelief. He tried again, "How far out was she?"

The box mover continued to work without looking at Runmay, "Well, I said I didn't know the ammo she was usin' so I couldn't tell from the body spray, but the follow up team found her about two miles out they said."

Runmay had heard enough, "Ok, twiggy, you're a bad frickin' liar." and he walked off.

90 minutes later, Binko arrived at the dump site, fleeing his vehicle and stumbling up to Greggor. Greggor watched the event as if it was a B movie.

Binko, panting, his tongue literally hanging out the side of his mouth, "She... she... I gotta catch my breath!"

"Didn't I just see you pull up in a vehicle, Binko?" Greggor sounded amused. "Seems like you ran the whole way by how much you're panting."

Binko continued to gulp air, "She got Fraud, she got Fraud, she snapped his neck like one of them fancy seegars you smoke."

Greggor looked Binko over carefully, "I'm impressed."

"Yeh, me too. She exploded on 'im, kicked 'im in the mouth... he done bit his tongue off and broked up his teeth." In a quick, jerky motion Binko punched out his right fist and pulled his left fist into his body hitting himself in the stomach to emphasize his next sentence, "And then she crawled on top of 'im and popped his neck! Everythin' I could do to get the hell outta there!"

Greggor smiled, "No insect, YOU impressed me."

Again, Binko looked slapped, "Me!"

"Yeh, you! I left you two schlubs out there for her! And you escaped! Well done, bravo! Hey, why don't you go shut off your rig and close your door, and I'll pour you a drink Hmm? We'll celebrate!" Greggor slapped Binko on the back causing him to stumble.

Binko paused, confused, and then meandered off to his vehicle.

Jakovich scrounged what she could and headed off toward a canyon.



RONIN, EVOLVED

By Paul

Part One - Hide and Seek

A Ronin gang starts with a Juggler. Professionally, he is a talent scout and a manager, but before all else, he must be a good judge of character, as well as invisible. The Juggler cultivates a wide and diverse range of contacts (favoring one side or the other is bad for business.) He finds jobs for the Ronin to do, and independent contractors to help them do their jobs well as success is a great way to earn new business.

As with most talent scouts, the Juggler finds new and upcoming talents on the downtrodden streets. The local doctor who patches up the gangers in the favelas, or the bartender at the underground speakeasy will get a kickback when they point their friend the Juggler to some up-and-coming gunslinger with a talent for violence, or to a young hacker with an eye to buying some hot deck and becoming a ghost. These inexperienced but talented youth are a prime commodity - one that can be cultivated as Ronin.

However, the Juggler must remain as secretive as possible. No one other than their contacts can know what they are doing, else it be traced back to them. And more than anyone else, they know that it only takes one bad move for the wrong person to be able to figure out who they are and what they're up to. There's not a Juggler alive who hasn't made enemies who'd like to see them dead. It's the cost of doing business. So multiple false identities and creative methods are the rule of the game.

Part Two - Family Trust

Whenever possible, the Juggler will approach a couple of young gangers at the same time. Friends who came up from the favelas together are an excellent choice. What they might lack in experience or training can be made up for with equipment and learning, but the bonds of trust and camaraderie grow from many shared experiences. You always want your new teams to be able to work together well for their own survival. A couple of friends can be teamed up with other local youths who display some promise. The Juggler can help them get the equipment they need using his contacts and suppliers, as well as supply the wisdom as to what this new operation actually requires and what would just be flashy and ineffective (flashy and effective is, of course, just fine!) Helping equip the new group will also teach the young Ronin to learn to trust their Juggler, for this bond is just as important, as we shall see later. When ready, the Juggler will send his new team out on some simple jobs, always keeping a close eye on them, looking to gauge their quality and potential, and giving advice with a degree of diplomacy.

Part Three - Professional Courtesy

The family will grow as time goes on, but not everyone will make it. Being a Ronin is a nasty business, with a high mortality rate, and not everyone succeeds. The Juggler's job is to figure out who is cut out for a future in the industry, and give them the support they need. Potential Ronin may be reluctant to leave their family and friends behind, however this is where the Juggler



can step in again, and move those friends into support roles. Ronin are good at what they do, but they need an armorer and a medic they can trust, ready transport and supplies, fences for stolen data, etc. All of these are people the Juggler has connections with, so this, of course, ties the Ronin to the Juggler's support structure, which is all the better. Two groups of Ronin working for the same Juggler can also be combined to take on bigger jobs, as well as using younger Ronin brought in to fill empty slots and learn from their more experienced colleagues.

By this point, trust should be implicit. The Juggler has an efficient, capable and dependable crew. The Ronin have a clever, well-connected and shrewd Juggler working behind the scenes, finding them profitable work they can all cash in on. Most Ronin crews stay on this level for the rest of their career, preferring a smaller, close-knit organization of people they can trust, that is compact and maneuverable with the skills to survive and thrive. Career opportunities for upward advancement are as rare as retirement at a ripe old age. But opportunities do exist...

Aside - The Invisibility Contract

A Juggler only exists from the point of signing on to a new job to when it pays off. Yes, they do a lot of behind-the-scenes work, making sure the groups have the resources they need to get the job done, but the Maven doesn't need someone standing over her shoulder, second-guessing decisions. And the corporations and mob bosses only want to encounter a Juggler when they need some covert work done, or when they have to pay for the successful completion of that work. Anything else could lead to... distasteful entanglements. But

this is the way they want it: no extraneous connections. Getting emotionally involved with one of your crews is an invitation to get hurt when that crew ends up on the wrong side of a firefight. Plausible deniability is raised to an art form, with false names and false identities being tools of the trade.

Part Four - Syndicate Rules

Once in a while, an ambitious Juggler will seize an opportunity to move one step further. As his outfit grows, the Juggler will streamline operations, having groups work in tandem to achieve greater objectives and to fulfill contracts too big for a single cell of Ronin to do. And while the cells may or may not be aware of the other groups in the syndicate, they certainly aren't aware of the scope of the franchise. Freelancers can be shuttled from job to job, solely on transport run by the Juggler. Ronin gangs operate in tandem, with bribed guards looking the other way for a smuggler's shuttle to deliver the equipment for a delicate extraction, while another gang of rookies set up a major distraction through some shock and awe at a nearby location. Another group flies out to the quarry, while yet another flies out to what they think is the quarry, but which is actually a decoy to throw the CSO off the track. No-one but the Juggler and his direct employees is aware of the whole operation. Obviously, an operation of this scale removes the familial level of trust that the Ronin feel earlier in their career. Gangs rarely work with each other twice in a row, and the clever Juggler will keep them moving around undercover to avoid warrants and bounties. What's lost in team spirit and close bonds is made up for in volume and scale, always professional, always shooting for the grander payoff. The force and talent that can be projected in the short term can be staggering, and fluid enough to disappear when the job is done. The experienced Juggler at the head of the syndicate requires his operatives to develop a sense of faith in his organization, that he has gotten them this far, and there's a horizon of more opportunities ahead.

Aside - True Operators

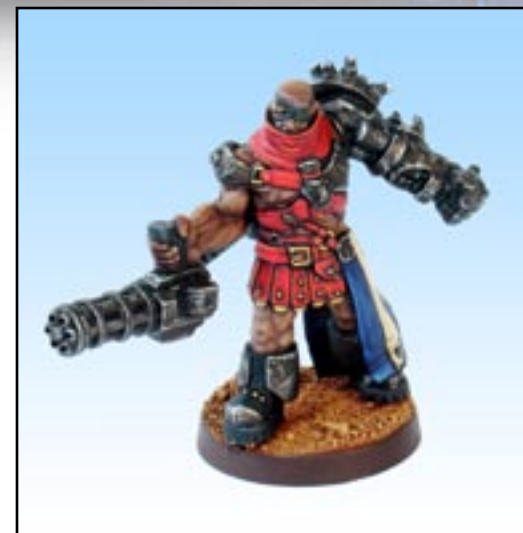
The paradox of the Juggler is that their lifeblood is their reputation. They are hired based on the name they make for themselves, but they must always be invisible when they operate. This delicate balance is crucial to their survival, the final secret they must embrace. A cultivated invisibility underscored with a professional detachment keeps them safe from the powers-that-be, who are some-

times targets as well as their employers. Power may be a seductive temptation, but if they exploit what they know, they expose themselves and their reputation to dire risk.

Assets

Ghosts are a hot commodity in this business. A syndicate Juggler will set up cottages of hidden ghosts, with just a few locked away in a tower, an abandoned and well-protected factory, or an orbital archipelago. Ghosts with a flair for the creative are hired on to harvest surveillance data, cataloging and interpreting graffiti for clues and signs. Promising Ghosts are hired on as staff, to do nothing but alter or erase evidence of the jobs done, and cover any syndicate tracks. More analytical Ghosts might be assigned to pour over stolen data for leads and obscure details, or breaking and designing new and better codes in the constantly shifting war of security and penetration. The Juggler trusts their innate curiosity to drive their investigations wherever the data leads.

Mavens are the Juggler's eyes and ears in the field, the only ones to talk directly to the Juggler, and trusted to use their judgment to find solutions to problems given the resources on the ground. The Second man-



ages the crew, and handles the more practical concerns, freeing up the Maven to keep control of the assignment. Fiddlers facilitate the operation, focusing on the equipment and transportation.

Bricks, Shootists, and Fists, are action personified; the package to deliver what needs delivering, whether it be mayhem or a message. A projection of force, they are a versatile expression of will, directed by their bosses to see that the job gets done.

The Esper is the wildcard, and correctly so. The enemy can't plan for what they don't know, and Espers, while never completely reliable, consistently provide that unknown edge that can change defeat into victory.

To outside observers, like the CSO task forces assigned to take out these syndicates, the Ronin are little better than terrorists, a mercenary army. This may be a fair description, but there is certainly more to them than may first appear.



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