

data dump

REZOLUTION™

HALLOWEEN ISSUE!

ABERRANT

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PLOTTING THE FUTURE...

Welcome to our first ever Data Dump Special Edition. It's that time of year when everyone's thoughts turn to ghouls and ghosts, candy and cobwebs – Halloween! One long-standing tradition is the telling of ghost stories and things that go bump in the night. So to continue with that tradition, here are a few offerings to maybe put some chills into your next game of Rezolution.

So if we all sitting comfortably with the lights down low, let us begin...

COMING SOON ... in the next main issue of Data Dump we will at last be revealing details of our new miniatures game, Warlands. This will include battle reports as well as scenery articles and a few stories to introduce to the post-apocalyptic world of Warlands. We will also be continuing The Legend of the 61st and of course anything else we can get our hands on before publication - so keep those submissions coming in!

REGGIE'S TALE

By Bryan Borgman

Reginald Alexander Todd was born to Susan and Elijah Todd on April 13, 2153 in a nondescript favela on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Little Reggie was born with a slight mental handicap, which stunted his developmental and social skills. For Susan Todd, a mother's love knew no bounds, but the same, however, could not be said for his father who left the family just prior to Reggie's third birthday.

Struggling to make ends meet, Susan had many male companions during the years following her abandonment. Many of these so-called boyfriends were abusive toward Reggie and his mother. A week prior to his eleventh birthday, Reggie was under the supervision of the latest boyfriend who had invited a buddy over. Together the two men attacked and then attempted to drown a beligerent Reggie in a rusty oil drum filled with stagnant water out back of the squalid tenement in which they lived. Susan, home from work early, heard Reggie's screams. Enraged, she grabbed her ex-husband's shotgun and rushed to the rescue of her son. She entered the alleyway screaming and then began shooting as she witnessed the abuse. Her first shot missed, but chased the men away from the boy. As they took off running, Susan's second shot took the buddy down. Her boyfriend made it to his truck, but escape was not an option and as the man started up the truck and put it in gear, Susan fired a third shot at the windshield. Crashing through the pitted glass, the buckshot hit the man in the right shoulder as he slammed his foot onto the accelerator. Too close and too late to avoid her,



the truck slammed into Susan, pinning her to the ground. After stopping to check his own wounds, the driver leapt out of the pickup and stood over Susan's crushed body. As she gasped her last breath, a small smile came to her face. Suddenly scared, the boyfriend noticed a second shadow join his own beneath his feet, and went instinctively for the abandoned shotgun. But it was too late. While the man was reaching for the gun, Reggie stabbed a rusty machete repeatedly into his abuser's body. Dying, the boyfriend fell to the ground, gazing up at

the face of his assailant, horrified to see a dripping-wet Reggie wielding the large blade. With a final stab, Reggie turned and walked away.

The case of the "Upper Favella Homicides" went cold and years passed before the local CSO precinct began linking several other reported slayings (all male victims) with the missing Reggie. The largest slaying was a massacre in the San Gabriel Mountains where Reggie stumbled upon a group of street kids, teenagers and older, enjoying some illicit nighttime activities away from the favelas that surround the Los Angeles dome. Perceiving their actions to be abusive, Reggie began attacking the men. While her lover was being gutted, one woman grabbed a knife from her meager possessions and attacked Reggie from behind. Confused, Reggie batted the attacker off and then stabbed her to death as well. A guy came at Reggie with a hatchet and managed to lodge it in the killer's skull. Falling face-first onto the ground, Reggie's body thrashed around before finally becoming still. Horrified at both his actions and the murder of his friends, the survivors dragged Reggie's body to the side of the cliff and pushed him over. Terrified, they fled the scene as thunderstorms rolled in.

Before the sun finally broke through the constant smog, a group of Baggers searching for organs to harvest stumbled across Reggie's mutilated body. One of the Baggers approached the dead man just as lightning struck a tree. Electricity raced along the wet ground and engulfed the lifeless body, knocking the curious Bagger off its feet. At that same moment, Reggie's steaming body began to jerk. Re-animated, the once-dead man attempted to stand. Several days later, a pile of unidentified remains was found by a CSO patrol. Although partly human, the remains could not be fully identified. Further human remains were found in the area above the cliff, mutilated and ripped apart, left for dead. From that day forward, the media named the unknown psychopathic killer as the mysterious San Gabriel Slayer.

Despite no strong evidence linking the Upper Favella Homicides to the San Gabriel Slayer, in retrospect Reggie's motive was clear and simple. After years of child abuse and then the attempted drowning, he witnessed his mother kill and then be killed by his abuser. At first Reggie laid low, but after a few years he began killing men he perceived to be violent toward women (he was often wrong in his assessment – the relations were consensual – but most

likely his handicap prohibited him from discerning the difference). His victims were now both male and female after his encounter with the street kids. When the woman stabbed him, this apparently sent Reggie into a “survival of the fittest” mentality and ever since, his victims have been essentially anyone with whom he has come in contact.

In May 2173, after nine years of murdering at random, Reggie made his way out of the wilderness that had shielded him from the authorities and into an abandoned warehouse in the San Fernando Valley. Here the killer seemingly met his match. Through a course of events, Reggie was both electrocuted and strung up to hang by a wily young woman who then fled and enlisted the aid of the authorities. However, when the CSO – members of the 17th – arrived on the scene, nothing but a few signs of the confrontation remained. Reggie had escaped, but not without consequences. As a result of being hanged, Reggie’s voice box had been crushed, but not completely destroyed. His injuries prohibited him from actual speech other than some low grunts when extremely agitated.

On October 31, 2174 – Halloween Night. Even people inside the Los Angeles Dome were not safe as Reggie re-emerged, this time in downtown Los Angeles where he slaughtered a half-dozen prostitutes and their pimps and beaus before the first CSO units could arrive on the scene. The night was long and the pursuit was bloody. By sunrise, seven Peace Keepers, their Major, and a Special Weapons Officer were dead, all good men and women, and all brutally murdered by Reggie. Worst of all, Reggie Todd had once again eluded capture, apparently replacing a battered sports mask he had taken to wearing with that of a Peace Keeper helmet. The only responding officer who survived the night was Graham Dawson, a seasoned Ranger who received a non-fatal stab wound to the abdomen that left him lying in the streets, bleeding, while his compatriots died at the merciless hands of their assailant.

After a full physical recovery, Dawson wrote these closing words in his report on Reggie...

>>He just walked straight for us. It was as if he preferred to stalk his victims at a steady, walking pace, rather than a running chase. Presumably this masked murderer believes that he will catch his prey sooner or later so he prefers to “walk down” his victims. The sort of psychological intimidation that Reggie wields against his intended

victims leaves a lasting impression on those few who have managed to escape – myself included. To the best of my knowledge, I am one of only three to have survived an incident with Reggie and I’m the only one still on the outside. I visit the others now and again, when I get the chance. Both are in an asylum just outside the Dome, probably for the remainder of their natural lives.

I saw that Reggie’s weapon of choice was a machete, but it has been reported that he has also been known to wield an axe, a chainsaw, combat knife, or anything else that will get the job done. Next time we cross paths, I’m bringing a Stomper!<<



WHEN HELL BREAKS LOOSE

An Assignment By Bryan Borgman

Briefing:

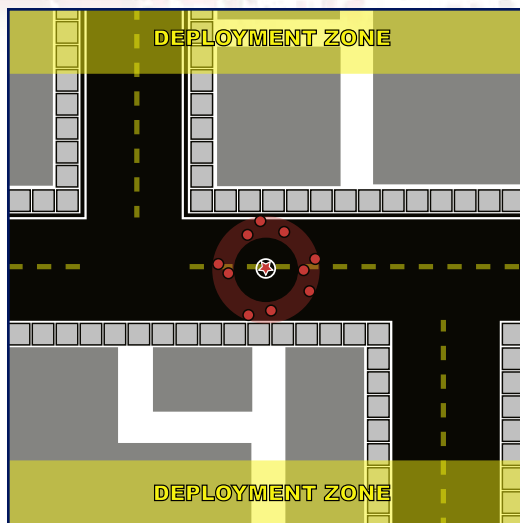
As if the gates of Hell were suddenly swung open and the darkest of horrors known to humanity were poring forth, Reggie the Slayer resurfaces in Los Angeles leaving a grisly path of carnage in his wake. No one is safe. The CSO want this psychopathic killer off the streets and locked away for good. The Vatacina have declared him an abomination to be sent back to the fires of Hades from which he came. The Ronin want him off their turf – terrorizing the masses is their job! The Dravani are curious, but not concerned as such an individual does not fit into their master plan. The APAC simply want him dead!

Objective:

Eliminate Reggie the Slayer by any means available. For the safety of all humanity, Reggie must be stopped.

Game Length:

The game lasts for 5 rounds. At the end of the fifth round, if Reggie and the Toxic Zombies are not removed from play, the CSO call in an air strike and everyone still in the vicinity will find themselves in the crosshairs of a deadly combination of napalm and explosives.



Missions Specs:

This is either a 2-person game or a multi-player on a 4' x 4' table. If it is a 2-player game, then the players should set up on opposing table edges, both heading for center.

Recommended Point Value: 500 points per player.

Recommended Terrain should be an exterior urban setting since the story is supposed to take place in Los Angeles.

Set-Up:

Reggie the Slayer is deployed within 8" of the center of the table. Next, four groups of two Toxic Zombies are deployed within 10" of the center of the table, but no closer than 6" to Reggie the Slayer. The two zombies in each group should be within 3" of each other at the beginning of the game, but will follow standard random movement rules every Control Phase. Players should take turns deploying their Toxic Zombies.

Finally, after all the horrors are on the table, the players are to deploy on opposing table edges as mentioned in the Mission Specs, following all standard team/model rules.

Special Rules:

Models with Infiltrate are to consider Reggie the Slayer and the Toxic Zombies as enemies and are not permitted to be deployed within 12" of these horrors, nor can they set-up within 12" of the opposing players' models.

Models with Scout are not permitted to set-up within 12" of Reggie the Slayer or any Toxic Zombies.

Special Environmental Effects:

An eerie mist and low-hanging clouds are covering the streets making line of sight impossible. The only relief are the periodic breaks in the haze that allow the light of the full moon directly overhead to pour down revealing the horrors all around.

Each model must attempt to target an enemy model, using Spotting rules dictated on page 40 of Resolution: A Dark Tomorrow. These Spotting rules are in effect for any action where a model wants to see to shoot or engage in close combat – telepathic attacks are not inhibited by the haze. The special exception to the normal Spotting rule is that once a model spots an enemy, the enemy's location is NOT automatically revealed

to the rest of their crew. The cloudy haze is extremely dense and models may not see what other members of their crew are shooting at. To represent the light of the full moon chasing away the haze, the Spotting rules are unnecessary in the 3rd and 5th rounds of the game – almost as if the moon wants to give the players a chance at eliminating the horrors plaguing L.A. before the CSO are forced to raze the city.

About Bryan K. Borgman...

Bryan is the Director of Sales and Organized Events Coordinator for Aberrant Games. In addition to gaming, Bryan is both a musician/composer, a husband of eleven years, and a stay-at-home father of two fantastic daughters and a third child on the way!

2

Reggie Todd

MVE

RCA

CCA

SAS

BOY

NRV

6 0 4 1 6 5

DAMAGE GAUGE

Skills & Abilities:

Berserk

Dead

Enraged

Not Dead Yet

Ponderous

Random Movement

Shrug-it-Off

Sufferance

Twisted Presence

Weapons & Equipment:

Hands

Machete

0

9

0

0

Reggie Todd **Class:** Undead

Weapons & Equipment:

Hands

Range: Close Combat only

Damage: 4d6

Machete

Range: Close Combat Only

Damage: 5d6

Skills & Abilities:

Berserk: Rolls an additional damage dice in close combat; can never Parry. If it kills all its combatants, must immediately move and attack the nearest model within its MVE range. If none available, turn ends as normal

Dead: Cannot be affected by telepathic attacks

Enraged: When this model reaches ! on Damage Gauge, roll 1d6. 1-2 nothing happens; 3-6 model must immediately attack the nearest enemy model within MVE range.

Not Dead Yet: When this model is destroyed, it may make one last attack at any enemy model(s) in range.

Ponderous: Cannot make a Run move

Random Movement: Model moves randomly during the Control Phase 1d6"

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.

Sufferance: Model does not need to make morale checks due to taking damage.

Twisted Presence: Each round, any living enemy model within 6" must pass a NRV test or automatically flee.

Crew Allowance: Cannot be purchased as a Merc for a crew, but can be added to assignments to provide an additional challenge for the players. reggie is not owned by any player and will attack the nearest enemy model.

Independent. Cannot be part of a team.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

By Tony Kenealy

“That place has been abandoned for years,” Slick swung her arm to point towards the dark building beyond the chain link fence. “Everybody knows that, so what makes you think we need to go in there?”

“There’s talk on the Grid, people have seen things in there, like shadowy figures moving around. Something’s going on and the talk is it could be big. We are the nearest Ronin team and this could be our big chance. We can get in first, get whatever is in there and get out. Just the way you like it.” Chester smiled the smile that Slick could not resist, but something told her she was going to regret this.

“Ok, you win, but this is the last time I agree to any of your schemes. You’d better be right or that Board will not be seeing the light of day for a long time once I have finished with you.” She knew it was an idle threat; Chester and her had been an item for a long time now. “Get the rest of the crew together, we move in ten minutes. Slick waved Chester away dismissively as she turned to face the building now looming in front of her. She did not like this, not one bit. Something about that building was wrong, she couldn’t put her finger on it but her senses were tingling.

Ten minutes later, the whole crew was there ready to move out. Tom Tom was their resident Brick. He loved his rocket launcher and was never seen without it; even now he was wiping the damp night air off the tube. Jasper was new to the crew; he had joined them a few months ago bringing his much needed esper abilities to Slick’s crew. He was not a great talker, but Slick was fine with that, as long as his abilities were there when she needed them. Ying and Yang, the twins, were Shootists, good ones, fearless and accurate, a formidable combination. The last surviving member, Chester, their Ghost was vainly searching for building plans on the Grid and mumbling to himself.

“There’s nothing, no plans, no government paperwork, it’s as if this building doesn’t exist.”

“Well, I can sure as hell see it,” said Ying. “Lets get on with this.”

“Ok, Jasper do your stuff. Ying and Yang, you go first jaunt, but this time wait for us on the other side. You got that?” Slick remembered the last time they jaunted into a building, when Ying and Yang nearly got themselves killed moving off before the others arrived.

“No worries boss.” Ying smiled as she vanished.



Only minutes passed before Jasper reappeared in front of Slick and Chester. Before they could say anything, the chain link fence vanished to be replaced with the rust colored metal wall of the building.

Slick looked around, Ying and Yang were nowhere to be seen. “Damn them!” she said.

To their left was a door slowly swinging in the wind. Slick grabbed the door just as it swung open. Peering into the darkness beyond the door, Slick felt sure she could hear

something.

“Ying. Yang. Are you there?” she hissed. No answer. Jasper re-appeared behind her with a silent Tom Tom by his side. Signaling to all three to follow her, she slipped into the darkness.

They found themselves standing in a corridor; the air stale, musty and full of dust as if a small whirlwind had passed through, disturbing the years of decay. Slick grabbed a light stick from her pocket, but the cone of light did little to penetrate the dark. Swinging the light around the area she saw another door, half open. Did it move or was the light playing tricks?

Suddenly, the outside door crashed shut a few feet behind them. Chester, who was bringing up the rear turned and tried to turn the handle, but it was stuck fast and would not budge.

“No going out that way.” Chester moved to stand beside Slick. “Looks like we get to explore after all.”

“No chance of not doing that anyway, Ying and Yang are here somewhere. Lets go.” Slick pushed open the door in front of her.

Dust covered tables and chairs filled the room they entered. It looked like no one had been here in years except there were footprints in the dust. Slick followed them across the floor to where they finished at a door in the opposite wall. The door was shut and locked.

A sudden movement out the corner of her eye caught her attention. A black shadow... she was sure she had seen something moving across the room. There – it was a noise...



like a chair scraping across the floor! Taking no chances this time, she raised her combat shotgun, bringing it to bear on the chair she couldn't see and the shadow that wasn't there.

"This place gives me the creeps" said Chester's voice behind her shattered the silence.

"Shh, I thought I heard something." Slick cocked her head to one side, listening intently. "There it is, shuffling feet, the other side of that door." She rushed over to the door in the wall and tried the handle. This time it was unlocked. Opening the door, she leapt through, shotgun leveled at the invisible enemy with the cone from her light stick fighting a losing battle against the darkness.

She could feel movement all around her in the darkness. There must be someone there! And the light was playing tricks again as there were shadows...there, just outside the light, or no, maybe not.

"Follow me..." The voice whispered softly

in her ear. Slick turned swiftly and came face to face with Chester as he came through the door, his knife in his hand.

"What was that noise? I heard a scream? Came from down there." He pointed further into the gloom.

"What scream? I didn't hear a scream." Slick was confused. She was sure she had heard a whisper in her ear, but Chester had heard a scream. Slick turned to call to Jasper and Tom Tom in the other room just as the door slammed shut. They both hammered their fists on the door, calling out, but to no avail. They were cut off.

They now had no choice; they had to carry on into the darkness.

Beyond the edges of their light, they heard a door open. This time, they both heard the voice whispering, urging them forward. But there was something else, another voice behind it.

"Get out. Get out now..." The voice was cut short, silenced before it could say anything more.

Reaching an open doorway, Slick and Chester took a deep breath, and stepped over the threshold, weapons ready.

Before they had gone half a step, the shadows and the sounds were all around them. Shadows upon shadows moved around the room, coalescing and splitting above their heads. Shuffling sounds seemed to be everywhere as if the room was full of unseen bodies. Slick brought up her shotgun and fired. A scream, a horrifying scream tore through the darkness and made them cover their ears. The blackness parted and Ying's body fell to the ground in front of them. But this was not the Ying they recognized. As they stared in horror at their mutilated crew member, the shadows fell upon them and darkness surrounded them.

The last noise they heard before their own screams filled the air was the clink and scrape of surgical instruments being sharpened...

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APAC ENFORCER PAINTING CONTEST

by Bryan Borgman

APAC Enforcer Boss: Winner - Rob Didur (silentbob27)



Enforcer Boss: Runner-up - Andrey Tatarinov (Duck21)



On September 7, 2008 Data Dump #5 was released online and introduced three new Special Enforcers for the APAC faction: the Enforcer Boss, Enforcer Demolisher, and Enforcer Support. Within hours, discussion began on what models to use to represent these new characters on the tabletop. This discussion was the inspiration for the first official Aberrant Painting Contest that ran from September 15 to October 20. The entries were judged by Simon McKenzie, Tony & Jane Kenealy, and myself.

The contest rules were these:

1. The model used must be an official Rezo-lution model as sold by Aberrant Games. Any official model is allowed – it does not have to be an APAC model.
2. You must customize and paint your cho-

APAC Enforcer Support: Winner - Zaid Fouquette (Ryoga).



sen model with your interpretation of any of the three special APAC Enforcers found on page 17 of Data Dump #5.

APAC Enforcer Demolisher: Winner - Chris Passeno



Although not all categories received a large number of entries, the models we received were really top notch and made the final decisions difficult.

Congratulations to the winners and special thanks to all participants in this our first Painting Contest. A new contest will be announced shortly.