

LEGENDS

STAR WARS

WILD SPACE MAGAZINE

Issue 2



STAR WILD SPACE MAGAZINE WARS

Wild Space Magazine was originally envisioned by Daniel Stull of the Shooting Womp Rats Podcast as a way to promote the Star Wars D6 System loved by so many.

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HOLOMESSAGES

Letters From The Editors

Howdy, Readers!

Issue Two is before you, the culmination of lots of work, frayed patience, and most importantly, a love for a system that has taken our imaginations to new heights in the *Star Wars* universe. I thank all the writers for this issue:

- Mike Fraely, *One Man's Trash*
- Don Diestler, *The Kingdom of Ice*
- Raymond McVay, *Doc Woc and the Angel*
- Nathanael Christen, *The Spoils of War*
- Jeff Diamond, *A Promise Made*

It's their efforts that make this what it is. Issue Two's layout work is courtesy of Peter Lomas, a new addition to the team. A lot of his work can be found on the G+ *Star Wars* D6 community, so please have a look at it and let him know what you think. Another new recruit is Raymond McVay, whose artistic talent and creativity really bring a whole new level to *Wild Space*. He's feeding me a lot of imagination fuel for upcoming issues.

In the coming issues, we'd really want to see more from you. This is quickly becoming the OSR of *Star Wars* roleplaying, and with the new REUP line of sourcebooks, Womp Rat Press is up to its virtual eyeballs in good times. If you want to help, even if it's an idea you'd like to see in print, let us know!

Until Next Issue,



Daniel Stull
Editor-In-Chief
Wild Space Magazine

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HOLONET NEWS

Violent Protests in Wake of Suspect's Death

In the undercity section of Foresht local enforcement officials have been on high alert for nearly a week following the detainment and unfortunate death of a non-human suspect. Foresht is predominantly non-human, rife with poverty and crime. The aforementioned suspect was lawfully stopped then subsequently attacked officials who were forced to use deadly force to keep the individual from hurting them and other bystanders. Rogue elements within Foresht have used this unfortunate event as catalyst for anti-government propaganda. A number of marches have turned violent as these persons have manipulated honest citizens into an angry mob. Officials have attempted to reach out to community leaders in an attempt to stem the tide of violence.

Galaxy's Greatest Grav-Ball Competition Begins

This week kicks off the Mexetor Grav-Ball Competition. Held bi-annually, grav-ball teams from over a thousand systems will meet for nine days of competition, battling it out on the field to see who is the best! Porchense won the lottery eight years ago to host, and the planet has spent trillions of credits building state of the art stadiums and accompanying facilities. The crown jewel of the event is the newly constructed grav-ball facilities of High Dome Stadium aboard the orbital station Gilton II. The station is named after the planets last sovereign, and no expense was spared in the building of this luxury space station. With the largest space dome ever created on a station it also houses no less than seven arboretums with accompanying fauna. It also hosts a number of casinos, hotels, spas and every amenity possible for citizens attending the games.

Baa-dhy Stands Firm

The Baa-dhy of Trom announced he would not step down as the leader of the planetary government. Now facing five weeks of civil unrest on the planet, a number of government officials have stated they strongly believe it is becoming a civil war and have made overtures to the Baa-dhy to step down. The Baa-dhy of Trom was educated in the Core Worlds and though Trom is an Outer Rim planet, he was thought to be a progressive leader. Independent observers have accused the Baa-dhy of Trom of war crimes even as the leader petitions the Core Worlds for support. Independent holonews reporter Kent Rothpewl, currently embedded with the so-called Fiaesa il-Quohn movement, reports the rebels have had several significant victories but continue to lack supplies and specifically heavy military equipment.

Deadly Virus Returns

Imperial immunologists are responding to a critical viral outbreak on the planet Ghorman. The virus has not been seen on Ghorman in the 350 years after the near-plague pandemic ravaged populated centers on the planet. It is as of yet unknown how the virus is transmitted, but 75% of victims die within 7-10 hours of when symptoms manifest. Imperial authorities claim there is no reason to be alarmed, and the outbreak appears to be contained. Tapani Sector authorities have closed ports on Achillea, Tallaan, and Mrlst to outside travel.

Written by
Don Diestler & Mike Fraely

HoloNet News Spanning The Galaxy



ONE MAN'S TRASH: SALVAGE IN THE GALAXY

Overview of Salvage in the Galaxy

At a first glance, salvaging looks like little more than garbage picking and scavenging one's way through the galaxy; taking an easy way out of digging through debris to make a quick credit. This illusion has seduced far too many free traders who, having fallen on hard times, swallowed their pride to do what they could to make some sort of living. They made the mistake of believing the illusion until mired in government bureaucracy, ending up at the wrong end of a claim jumper's blaster, and floundering with their dealings with the black market underbelly of the galaxy. All too often they find that a salvager's life is one of far more risks than rewards.

This supplement will help gamemasters introduce salvagers into their current Star Wars game, or perhaps develop new campaigns around a scavenger's life. The statistics and game information is presented during the time of the Galactic Empire. The general assumption is that the galaxy is ruled by an oppressive and callous regime, and the players are struggling against the structures of political power as well as hostile rivals in the universe. However, gamemasters can adapt the information for use in other eras of play.

Starting Out

There is a single, most common mistake that any free trader-come-scavenger makes: assuming anyone can wander out into the galaxy and claim an unmanned wreck as his own and walk away with what he wants. Finders keepers is the rule of the galaxy right? While there is a kernel of truth in this mis-perception, it is only a kernel. After all, there are laws concerning who can legally do salvaging expeditions,

when a disabled ship becomes legally salvageable, and what ships may participate in the salvage missions.

Salvage Licenses

Nothing is ever free, not even if it has been abandoned in space for a century with no living being to lay claim to it. If there is money to be made, then someone else wants a cut – especially the Empire. Where some beings resort to thievery, threats, or other messier forms of persuasion, the Empire's method is that of fees and licenses, and plenty of them. Any ship captain beginning a salvage expedition must first register for a galactic standard salvager's license. Usually, these are available at any galactic level starport with Bureau of Ships and Services (BoSS). Any starship captain capable of providing a Ship's Operating License, and a Captain's Accredited License – assuming the captain has already paid the application fees for them, that is – can then apply for a License for Acquisition of Abandoned Property (LAAP). Going through normal channels it costs 750 credits and takes approximately a galactic standard week to process. During this time, Imperial desk workers perform background checks on the captain and check the ship's transponder code for any major infractions. Some have managed to hasten the process by paying an "expedition fee" of anywhere between 500 credits up to a few thousand if a petty Imperial bureaucrat is sufficiently persuaded to rush the background check. The LAAP must be renewed annually to stay current.

In addition to the LAAP registration, the Empire has a separate registration for any starship undertaking salvaging expeditions. Most independent starship captains see this for the redundancy that it is. Though corporate salvage company owners find it easier to acquire their personal license, and then file for a Salvage Starship Permit (SSP) for each starship in the company's fleet. Nonetheless, some independent captains often find the value of paying for the SSP. Any ship suspected of pulling illegal salvage are subject to boarding by patrols, having their crew questioned, cargo and manifest examined, and any number of minor infractions logged and fines issued. Any ship not broadcasting its SSP along with its transponder can be considered "suspected" of illegal salvage, and thus prone to petty harassment by sufficiently bored or particularly bullying patrols. Broadcasting the SSP removes some level of potential suspicion – whether real or imagined

– and provides a salvage crew with a bit more leeway during its operation. Also, any ship that has filed for an SSP is also allowed to file for an advanced weapons and shielding permit in order to better fend off claim jumpers. If the owner pays the weapons permit fee, they are eligible to install a single military-grade energy weapon on the starship. The application for the Salvage Starship Permit is 500 for starfighter scale vessels, and up to 2,000 credits for capital scale vessels.

Independent starship crews operating without a license or a starship permit are subject to penalties for a Class Four infraction, with fines from 1,000 to 5,000 credits. In some cases the captain has been subject to a few months to a year of imprisonment.

Forging Registrations

Filing for all of these forms and permits also assumes that the captain has nothing to hide. Should a starship captain wish to avoid all of these legal hassles she could opt for following any number of illegal hassles. A clever forger can create a permit and registration as easily as the Empire can grant one, but the cost is much higher. For a convincing forgery one can pay anywhere from 4,000 to anywhere above 10,000 credits. Convincingly encoding an SSP with the ship's transponder is one thing. Breaking into the computer security systems to implant convincing matching records is another. It requires skills most freighter captains lack. Even if the captain has the funds, dealing with the less scrupulous members of society comes with a cost beyond credits. Should one forgo legalities altogether and attempt to salvage without any permits at all, the captain restricts himself to dealing outside the major patrolled space lanes where weapons become the rule of law, and selling mostly to shadow ports where organized crime is the way of life. In the most unsavory shadow ports the crime is not even organized, and there is no rule or code beyond what a person can do and what he cannot do. Such a way of life is not for the green starship captain. It is either for the very brave or the very stupid.

Making a Claim

Now that you have license, a ship, and a crew you are finally ready to start turning a profit. But where do you look? How can you tell if something is salvageable, and when can you legally make a salvage claim? First, you must understand that there are some guidelines determining who can salvage what, and when a being can make a claim. Imperial law states a ship or other property must be kept out of space lanes, and can only be unattended for a reasonable period of

time. Any property that is abandoned is fair game for salvagers. Of course what “reasonable” and “abandoned” means is up for interpretation, and generally depends on where the potential salvage is.

N-System Salvage Claims

Most planetary regulations state that a ship or wreckage cannot be left in orbit to block space traffic. On outer worlds, ships or wreckage are not considered abandoned for approximately a standard galactic week. The closer to the major planets the time frame collapses to a narrow band ranging from 36-50 standard hours. If a crew must abandon ship, the owner must begin to take action quickly or risk losing her ship. If the captain is very lucky she may find that her ship has only been impounded by local officials. If the authorities are too preoccupied keeping the peace, fending off pirates, or simply harassing spacers, the local prefecture may allow a subcontractor or independent salvage corporation to collect the ship and store it privately. Many less scrupulous corporate salvage companies have made tidy profits by charging storage fees to captains who did not get a damaged ship to a stardock within a “reasonable” time frame.

Once the reasonable time frame has expired, or if the owner has officially waived claim to the remains of a starship, a salvager may move to the wreckage site and begin processing the debris. Most planetary bodies have policies that once a salvager has made a claim in-system, then the salvager must *completely* clear the debris. This prevents single-minded salvagers from poking into the wreckage to make off with a few choice items, leaving the navigational hazard for someone else to deal with. Planetary systems are most concerned with keeping the space ways free hazards, and keeping the steady flow of star traffic going. Because of these restrictions, usually only planet-based salvage businesses file for in-system claims. Some are even contracted with the local planetary government to keep the space ways clean.

Interplanetary Space Lane Claims

Any trader knows that there are favored hyperspace routes from one system to the next. Occasionally accidents happen, clashes with pirates leave remains of crippled ships, and various other incidents create debris fields. The likelihood of these fields creating a mass shadow large enough to pull a ship from hyperspace is relatively slim. So it there is seldom any pressing need to clear the debris field. But there is also no harm done in letting someone else reclaim the mess. That assumes, of course, that the original owners are not coming back to claim part of the wreckage. Many times when cargo

shipments do not arrive at their destinations the intended recipients go looking for the remains hoping to cut some of the losses on the trip. Thus, the standard of a “reasonable” time frame still remains in effect. In major hyperspace routes the reasonable time frame also depends on how well traveled the area is and how close the region is to an inhabited world. Most sector authorities allow anywhere from one week to one month to file a claim for damaged property or a disabled starship. Salvagers are encouraged to use their best judgment while scanning for engine emissions, remnants of energy discharge, or any records that may be recoverable from a ship’s log. Any crew finding a starship intact must copy the log to determine the last date of entry. If a reasonable time frame has passed, then the debris or starship is open for a salvager to post a claim.

In actuality, this is one of the least enforceable set of laws. Though some cargo crews are able and willing to wait out an appropriate amount of time, there is little to stop them from taking what they find in the galactic flotsam without posting a claim. If a starship is found intact but disabled, then the less scrupulous have little difficulty doctoring the logs. If the crew finds cargo that is not highly traceable, there is little to say where it came from or when. Such illegal salvage is a Class Three galactic infraction. Patrols will arrest the crew, impound the vessel, and the crew may be subject with up to two years of imprisonment and up to a 5,000 credit fine. This, of course, assumes that someone is actually picked up by a patrol.

Deep Space Salvage Claims

Far out in the dark corners of the galaxy, far from trade routes or inhabited systems there are vast amounts of inadequately charted and infrequently traveled space. Here there are few onlookers and little legal oversight. Most of the same practical and legal guidelines from interplanetary trade routes also apply to deep space salvage. However, the time it required before a ship is declared abandoned is usually between a month and two months. If a ship is destroyed or disabled, it could take a life pod a matter of weeks to reach a safe port, and thus salvage regulations allow for adequate time for a crew to reclaim their losses.

The possibilities for the scavengers of the galaxy are nearly endless. Uncharted space battles, ships lost in hyperspace, and long-abandoned space stations are potentially there for the taking. Of course, there is also the potential for cubic light years of absolutely nothing. Still, with tales of lost cruise liners, legendary forgotten battlefields, and so much more, the temptation to venture out in hopes of striking it big is ever present. And these galactic vultures are all

too willing to endure the weeks and months of boredom at the controls.

Filing a Claim

Imperial regulations state legally salvageable materials must first be marked with a navigational hazard beacon. This warns other ships not to venture into the area lest they risk a collision. Once the crew places a beacon, the salvagers may report to the nearest galactic level starport to file a claim. The starport governmental office registers the claim with the captain’s name (or corporate name), the starships collecting the materials, the coordinates of the salvage, the general contents of the debris field, and the galactic stardate of the claim. The captain or crew may return to the same or another government clerk to update the file to keep the claim current. Any salvage claim expires after the wreckage is completely cleared or if the salvager has abandoned the area for one standard year. Abandonment of a salvage area is defined as letting the claim expire, regardless of whether the salvager continues to visit the area. Filing costs 100 credits per claim for the first year and 50 for each subsequent renewal.

That is the official procedure, of course. The unofficial modes of operation are usually quite different. Few salvagers are willing to drop a beacon capable of alerting other starships to the claim. Doing so only invites claim jumpers to swoop in before the salvager may return from a starport claims office. Those who leave beacons modify the broadcast range to an area that extends just barely beyond the debris field. This satisfies the letter of the law without alerting miscreants from getting any early pickings. Also, most salvagers will file a post hoc claim. Once they have dropped a beacon – if one is dropped at all – they will investigate the potentials of the flotsam, and take the best pickings with them to the starport to sell as soon as the claim is filed. When a starport official or customs officer catches a captain doing so, the offender is seldom punished in any official capacity. Rather, the captain pays a small “off the books fine” – also known as a bribe for officials to look the other way for such a minor infraction. Should a licensed salvager with no outstanding warrants forgo the official procedures and begin collecting without filing a claim or dropping a beacon, it qualifies as a Class Five infraction with fines commonly set at 500 credits for less traveled regions. In-system or high traffic areas carry fines of up to 1,500.

Claim Jumping

A ship’s crew found acquiring any materials in an area claimed by a licensed salvage crew is considered theft, and the guilty parties are subject to charge with a Class Two in-

fraction. This means impound of the salvage vessel, imprisonment of up to 10 years, and fines of up to 10,000 credits. In highly patrolled areas, the rule of Imperial law is a realistic deterrent. In the remote areas of the galaxy, claim jumpers have the wrath of the original claimant to deal with. Any starship with a valid SSP is licensed to carry limited military-grade weaponry and shielding and there are no restrictions on blasting another salvager pushing in on your claim. The claim jumper's ship just becomes another part of the debris field.

Still, claim jumping happens more often than the honest salvager likes to admit. Some will simply wait for the original claimant to leave for refueling, restocking, or to unload the new acquisitions. Once the rightful owner is gone, the claim jumper takes a few sweeps, or looks for particularly enticing hardware that the honest salvager may have missed. Other claim jumpers use much more devious methods to make a claim and put the law on their side. Some claim jumpers will install relatively fast hyperdrives so that if they find a navigational beacon, they can destroy it, replace it with one of their own, and make a hyperspace jump back to a stardock before the original salvager can make it there. Once the first salvager arrives she is alarmed and dismayed to find that someone else just claimed that section of space within a matter of days or hours before. Alternatively, if word leaks out that someone has found a particularly lucrative stash, some claim jumpers are not above using technological skullduggery to their advantage. Electronically breaking in to a government clerk's secure files is no easy task, but it can be done. Once inside, the data can be altered, affixing the claim jumper's personal and starship data to the file. If the claim jumper's skills are up to endeavor and if the electronic paperwork is convincing enough a forgery, then the jumper can prosecute the original claimant. Since this requires altering several data entries to prove that one person, and not another has been making trips to a salvage field, it is simply easier to alter the dates on the records to make it appear as though the claim has expired, and it is now open salvage again.

Regardless of tactics, a claim jumper is wise not to haunt any given claim too long. Though independent salvagers tend to be solitary people, they are not above banding together to eliminate a common threat. Claim jumpers are despised by all remotely decent beings. And most beings tend to protect their claims well when they suspect claim jumpers are cutting into profits.

Working with starship wreckage can be a dangerous job and bring you into contact with hazardous – even explosive –

materials. Salvagers have known to seed their fields with impromptu explosives when they expect to be away for a length of time. Tampering with a starship reactor core to make it prone to detonation, or disguising unexploded military munitions are reasonably common practices.

The scavenger-turned-saboteur knows where to find her traps and disarms them before continuing the operation. The newly arrived claim jumper does not have that luxury.

Other salvagers are less subtle. Some are known to power their ships down and wait amongst the debris if they suspect someone slipping in between visits to their claim. If the hunch proves to be right, the stage is set for an ambush. Even others, the less subtle have simply found the identity of the claim jumper and buy them a drink at a nearby starport and serve a blaster bolt as a chaser.



Military and Government Salvage

Though one is free to pick through almost any bits of space trash one may find drifting about, there are a few places salvagers may not go. The first is historical battle sites. When the Empire decides that a site has become a monumental part of galactic history, it may declare it an historical battlefield. Many times this is a stage for the Imperial Ministry of Propaganda to launch a new campaign touting a long string of victories. Most sites that have existed long enough to become historical have already been picked over to some degree. However, on the rare occasion that a battle has actually stood the test of time and showed to be worth historical value, the remains are preserved for posterity.

Non-historical military salvage carries with it its own restrictions. Neither the Sector Moffs nor the officers of the Imperial Navy are fool enough to let just anyone latch onto the remains of a Star Destroyer or a gunship and make off with functional capital-class turrets. However, the Imperial Navy seldom performs its own salvage missions, but normally contracts out that work. The salvagers are most often

corporate entities that have been thoroughly vetted for their loyalty to the Empire, and extensive background checks are performed on all members of the business as well as their family members. Any hint of disloyalty or association with unfavorable individuals will nullify a military contract. Once the Empire has given approval for a salvage company to perform services on military restricted sites, the salvage company has an expectation of returning all salvageable material to its rightful owner. Any combatant ships are also to be dismantled, though any flight recorder data, navigational computer data, or any sensitive information is not to be accessed at any time. A military salvage contract can be very lucrative, though the Empire only pays the salvage agency on commission, rather than by the market value of the items. Further, in times of peace, military collections are few and far between. Fortunately for salvage corporations, peace is nowhere in sight!

Similar to restrictions on military salvage, there are also restrictions on any salvage claim on all Imperial-owned ships. Any type of salvage on any Imperial shuttle, courier, or cargo vessel is strictly prohibited, and may only be carried out by vetted salvage companies or individuals. This restriction also applies to any independent vessels contracted to carry Imperial cargo. Where most abandoned or destroyed vessels will eventually be declared legally abandoned, Imperial or government contracted ships always remain the property of the Galactic Empire. Any attempt to retrieve items from such ships is considered theft of Imperial property, is a Class Two infraction, and carries a penalty of 10 years imprisonment.



Though salvaging Imperial ships is illegal, there are no innate restrictions on salvaging refuse ejected from Imperial ships. One would think such legislation ought to be unnecessary, as who in their right minds would go looking in space for government trash? However, it is standard Imperial procedure to dump their garbage before they go to light speed. Though Star Destroyers and other cruisers are not likely to

dispose of a working or repairable laser turret, there are often little treasures amongst the drifting mass. For example coolant gas tanks are disconnected from their systems once they reach 20% to create a buffer against a dangerous meltdown. The “empty” tank is exchanged for a full tank before the techs discard the low tank. A salvager collecting five such tanks may have the remaining coolants pumped and refill one of the tanks at maximum capacity. Periodically a Star Destroyer or other patrol craft may also hastily discard perfectly serviceable replacement parts and other useful gear. The reason for this is that Imperial craft and particularly over-funded military ships allocate as much space to such cargo as they possibly can. When being prepared for military engagements, the ships are to be stocked full of replacement and repair parts. Many times power actuators, blast door servos, and other parts are stocked in crates in multiple units. If the techs are in a hurry to make room for restocking, they will periodically trash containers that are only one third full. Though such wastefulness would shock the average citizen if they knew, the prodigal regime is not particularly concerned with the general populace’s opinion of how their extraordinarily high taxes are spent. However, the general citizen’s loss may be the salvager’s gain. The savviest scavengers are able to recover and repackage discarded equipment, and some are even able to sell them back to the Empire via legal suppliers.

Salvage Collection Methods

A variety of collection methods are common in the galaxy, all of them require specialized equipment. It would behoove the salvager to plan what sort of salvage she will be doing and outfit herself accordingly. Few salvagers devote themselves to one type to complete exclusion to the others, though salvagers are known to gear their ships and crew to one type but will engage on other collection methods if the pickings look particularly favorable, or to help them through harder times. Generally speaking there are three types of collection methods, *in toto*, targeted salvage, and passive collection.

In Toto

As mentioned above, there are some cases where an entire debris field needs to be collected and processed. It may come from a need for clearing a navigational hazard from traveled space, or possibly the Empire may want an entire remains of a ship recovered and processed for forensic study. Regardless of the motive, when a salvager clears an entire area of all debris, it is referred to salvage *in toto*, as the totality is removed from space.

In toto salvage is most often conducted by contract, usually by corporate entities, or subcontracted to other independent salvagers. Most frequently there is at least one capital-scale vessel dispatched with a large crew to break up the vessel. Using controlled demolitions and plasma torches they break up the larger sections of hull to manageable sections, and then storing them away in the ship's massive cargo holds. Occasionally the remains of disabled starfighter-scale starships may be towed in their entirety to a port where they can either be disassembled or disposed of. Such towing also qualifies as *in toto* salvage.

Targeted Salvage

Though the large remains of a starship loom in the viewport of a scavenger's ship, he may not want the whole vessel. A large star liner sitting derelict in the vacuum of space may not be something that a salvager has the resources or interest to restore to working order. However, a ship full of functional parts may be something in which she has a keen interest. Looking in a salvage field or a disabled starship for select items, and bringing them aboard is called targeted salvage. The crew only targets certain items for collection. The rest is left and may hold no interest for that particular salvager. Yes, sections of the hull may be remade into hull patches for other ships, true the wiring can be stripped out and either recycled or resold, but some salvagers are looking for items that hold a particular interest. Maybe they are looking for remaining cargo still in the hold. Perhaps they want only the sensor systems. Or they just might be looking for something a little more elicited tucked away in some corner of the remains. Nonetheless, the salvager doing targeted collection is usually on a mission for something, or certain kinds of property.

Passive Collection

Quite the contract to targeted salvage, passive collection is for the salvager who wants to spend less of his time doing spacewalks, and is happy enough to let his ship drift through a debris field as automated systems pick up nearly everything in range of the ship. Sometimes these collection systems are computer-controlled appendages linked with the ship's sensor systems to pick up debris capable of fitting through apertures in the hull. Such systems have varying levels of sophistication; some will pick up anything within range, others will be more selective. At any rate, the salvager is scavenging for more or less anything and is not particular about what he brings on board. After the mass of debris is in the cargo hold, it must be separated and sorted. The sorting varies from salvager to salvager. Some have collecting areas for working parts, repairable pieces of technology, and refuse. Others are hoping to make a small profit by turning

the materials over to reclamation centers to be recycled, and thus must be sorted by types of materials. Those wishing to peddle scrap metals likewise have to sort by composition. He may put duroplast in Hold A: Section 1, natrium alloy in Hold C: Section 2, and so on. Of course there are breeds of scavengers whose "organization methods" elude any rational being.

Passive collection seems easier at the onset. There is less risk involved insofar as one need not leave the safety and comfort of the ship. There are no dangerous spacewalks into unstable hulls of broken ships. Though for those with less sophisticated sensors, there is risk in terms of what they bring on board. If the captain is not diligent with sensor sweeps, he may very well bring onboard radioactive or other hazardous materials. There is less time spent in the hunt for just the right kind of cargo, but the passive collection means the crew spends innumerable hours sorting through the collection area trying to figure out what is on board, and what the value of such items may or may not be.

Corporate and Independent Salvage Operations

Generally speaking, if one expects to begin a salvage business, there are two major models represented in the galaxy. One may either belong to a larger salvage corporation, or one may belong to an independent salvage crew. Both have different methods of operation and both have different views of the other.

Corporate Salvage

Most larger planetary bodies have at least one resident salvage corporation. Sometimes the operation is locally owned, and other times it is just an office of a larger sector-wide business or galactic mega corporation. Though the power structures and modes of operation will vary as widely as any type of corporation, there are some general themes that span corporate salvage operations. Usually the company is headed by an individual or small board of beings who either handle or delegate the day to day operations. Such companies own multiple ships, and often operate at least one capital-class starship per sector. In areas where navigational anomalies make starship collisions more likely, some corporate entities have at least one capital ship on a planet with a corporate office. Such fleets might initially seem extravagant, as starship accidents do not happen every day, but many spacefaring beings know how useful a reliable salvage company can be. Should a ship's sublight engines become disabled, or should a crew be forced to abandon ship because of a failing life

support system, salvage companies are easy to contact, and tow the crippled ship to a nearby starport. Because of larger operation's capability of taking ships *in toto*, salvage operations become the primary towing agencies in civilized space. As has already been mentioned, incorporated bodies are also trusted by local governments to keep space lanes clear of hazardous debris, are eligible for government and military contracts. Corporate bodies are also more likely to conduct *in toto* salvage. Not only because they handle in-system wrecks, but because they have large enough of an employee base to make sorting debris worthwhile. Many have the resources to collect metals for reclamation and either sell them, or melt the metals down for easier storage once cooled. Stored metals are often kept for speculation on the market, waiting for some alloys to rise in value enough to make turning them in en masse more profitable.

Because of the nature of corporate licensing, not every individual star pilot needs to have a salvager's LAAP (License to Acquire Abandoned Property). For all practical purposes, the corporation must obtain a single LAAP and register for a SSP for each starship in the corporate fleet. However, a corporate LAAP carries a greater cost. It is only \$5,000 for any operation of 50 employees or less, but goes up considerably for entities of a larger employment base. The SSP (Starship Salvage permit) carries the same registration costs for private individuals and corporate salvagers, though *every* ship in a corporate fleet must carry a current SSP.

The life of the corporate salvager is much like any other labor job in the galaxy. In larger companies here is a need for custodial personnel, clerical workers in addition to qualified pilots, mechanics, and many beings willing to do the hours of grunt work necessary to get the job done. The corporate salvager is more likely to expect steady pay regardless of what kinds of jobs the corporation takes. The average worker is not getting paid by the job, and there is considerably less risk, but also much less freedom than a member of an independent salvage crew. The corporate salvage pilots and space-based crews often look at independent salvagers with some suspicion. They often perceive themselves as hard-working beings trying to make an honest credit. By contrast, they see the independents as treasure hunters aimlessly drifting from wreck to wreck. Corporate salvagers commonly portray the independents as vultures trying to take the most valuable morsels for themselves, and leaving the rest of the remains to be the galaxy's problem.

Independent Salvage

Independent salvagers are not unlike the tramp freighter crews of the galaxy. Some have finally worked their way up to purchasing their very own starship. Whether acquired through loans or hard earned credits, the starship is the key to a new way of life. It is a free life where the boundaries are as far as the distant reaches of space. From there, the experiences and motivations of individual salvagers vary greatly. Some were originally free traders who had fallen on hard times and found a lucky break by stumbling on to a claim. Others sought solitude and found that with a few labor droids they could sustain themselves liberated from the constraints of more civilized sectors of space. Occasionally, there are scavengers who simply love the thrill of the hunt. They enjoy pouring over scanners and readouts hoping to come upon the next exciting find. Others follow the history of lost ships and crews, counting on the vacuum of space to preserve the long-lost wreckage. For such crews the mystery of what happened in the final moments of a dying ship is almost as exciting as the salvage itself.

There are a few constants in an independent salvager's life. There is always a perceived need of secrecy. When one stumbles on a reasonably exploitable find, there is always the fear – or in some cases, paranoid delusions – of claim jumpers finding it as well. Anyone coming back to the same port with holds full of functional equipment is going to get some notice. Often salvagers will travel from port to port as to avoid drawing attentions to themselves. The more paranoid will make numerous hyperspace jumps to and from their precious finds to keep their movements from becoming traceable. Salvagers are also constantly under the scrutiny of port authorities and galactic patrols. Piles of seemingly random equipment make good hiding places, and more than a few would-be salvagers are little more than smugglers parading as honest businessmen. Where a corporate salvager may have a reasonable expectation of a steady flow of credits, the independent is living depends on what she finds or fails to find. Ships need to be refueled, docking fees need to be paid, ship systems always need repairs at the worst times, and salvage ship crews need to have profits to split. Independent salvage ships are only three missed meals away from a mutiny.

The independent salvager does have a few opportunities that a corporate entity may never receive. It is not uncommon for a cargo company to hire a salvager to investigate a missing shipment. Whether because of pirate attacks, hyperspace mishaps, or one of a thousand different kinds of incidents, shipments go missing from time to time. Rather than waste time and resources on tracking down the missing craft,

the cargo shippers often contact a salvage crew, provide them with the last known coordinates and intended hyperspace route, and pay them to bring back sensor scan data and any recoverable materials. Occasionally cargo survives relatively intact, even if the ship is no longer serviceable. A seller may want to avoid a larger salvage company for any number of reasons. Sometimes those reasons deal with privacy and the corporate secrecy surrounding the cargo in question. Other times less than legal shipping operations are in play and if a local salvage company is known to be sympathetic to the Empire they could pose a significant risk. When the shipment is arranged by organized criminals to ship illicit goods, and hiring an individual or small crew helps ensure that the company can also buy the salvager's silence. Regardless of the reasons stemming from the contract, many discreet recovery operations are given to independent smugglers. However, dealing with such elements involves a certain amount of danger. Dealing with organized crime may come with a high risk or with further strings attached later on. Even legal operations demanding high levels of secrecy involve corporate espionage, and there is some information that some beings would be willing to kill for.

Despite the risks, the majority of independent salvagers prefer their life of wandering to being planet-bound to a corporate master. True, their lives may be harder than they would have wished, but they are their own masters. If trading quips with corporate salvagers at the local spacer's cantina, the independents are likely to say that the corporate employees hardly belong in the establishment. A spacer's cantina is a place for actual spacers, and not one who hitches a ride on the big boss's ship. The view of corporate salvagers is of one who has accepted a limited mundane life that is only a vague shadow of the independent's work. The independent requires true grit to be rewarded with freedom instead of comfort.

Buyers

Collecting salvage amounts to very little unless the salvager can turn it into some sort of profit. While there is some degree of useless refuse that winds up in a salvager's hold, the purpose of the collection is to sell the valuable materials. There are any number of beings in the galaxy who may want some of the obscure pieces and parts found in the far reaches of space, but the salvager is challenged with the task of getting the goods to those who want it. As much as a salvager may be able to obtain valuable items, it does him no good unless he knows who to turn to when trying to turn those collections into credits.

Junk Dealers

While most purveyors of second hand and refurbished goods would never deign to call their wares junk, most of the rest of the galaxy calls it as they see it. However, ship captains tend to see that "junk" a little differently when their ships need repairs and no one else has a Type J-2 hyperdrive. And where do such secondhand parts come from? In fact they come from many places, but good salvagers know that junk dealers will always have a need for intact starship components. For those salvagers with a skilled technician a part of their crew, many collected parts can be repaired even if they were not completely functional when first collected. Such pieces do not garner as much attention from the junk dealers, but when dealing in components that have been out of production for some time, even refurbished pieces can bring credits in. Most salvagers try to establish a relationship with a few junk dealers in various locations and then make the circuit between them when the holds are full.

Some of the more successful salvagers will open their own junk shop on a planet or space station within reasonable distance of their claims. Less commonly some will try to temporarily set down on a planet and try to unload wares directly to starship techs in need of repair parts. However,



spacers are more likely to trust an established business – even if only marginally more so. Unscrupulous traveling scavengers are just as likely to sell you a bad load of parts and be off to the next system by mid-day as to sell you working components. Experienced spacers have learned to be wary of such crooks and half-witted tinkers. Nonetheless, salvagers are anxious to seek top prices for their collections, and selling them directly to the consumer is one means of doing so. This is especially so, when most junk dealers only offer the salvager half the credits they hope to make off of the part on the second-hand market.

Industry Outposts

Mining colonies and deep space energy collection centers are popular waypoints for salvagers. Many such outposts are underfunded and poorly supplied. Though the salvager is unlikely to have replacement parts for the exact models of equipment used at the outpost, the workers and techs in these industrial centers are very adept at jury rigging and adapting equipment for their purposes. Many times such outposts will send out a looped transmission for continual broadcast inviting salvage vessels, especially when they are in particular need for replacement parts.

Tech Shops

Though junk dealers will take nearly anything that barely works, tech and repair bays belong to an industry where they depend on their good name. Tech shops need to be able to sell quality parts and provide reasonable repair services to those in need of their wares. Thus, tech shops will take items from salvagers, though it is not nearly as easy a sale as it would be with junk dealers. Most often a salvager will present repair parts that are in high enough demand and meet a standard of quality. Techs will conditionally accept the gear the salvager gives them, but will perform a thorough inspection before offering any credits. Usually there is at least a one or two day turn around, afterward the salvager may return to accept her credits as and take back any rejected materials.

Information Brokers

Though undamaged cargo, reclaimable ship materials, and repair parts are common commodities, the physical materials are not the only items of interest, and some things carry an even greater value. Information brokers specialize in evaluating the value of bits of data. They either use that information as leverage, or sell the information to those who can. The question is, what is more valuable to the Empire, a Rebellion prototype starfighter hull fragments, or a surviving nav computer with coordinates for its point of origin? Sector patrols putting together an anti-piracy task force may pay a modest amount to salvagers that recover flight recorder data from attacked ships. At least then they will be able to better determine the pirate's tactics and capabilities. There may be any number of oddities found on or in ships that could be worth something to someone, the information brokers will know who and how much they are willing to pay. Naturally one can get a higher price from the eventual recipient by trying to sell the information directly, but most salvagers are not connected well enough to know exactly who to whom they should sell the information. Scavengers are also ill equipped to play the dangerous game of using the information without putting themselves in harm's way.

Arms Dealers

One of the most dangerous segments of the black market involves those who deal in restricted or illegal military grade hardware. Whether personnel weaponry or capital-scale blaster batteries, there are those in the galaxy who watch the careful balance of supply and demand of illegal arms and are willing to evade detection in order to keep their clients well equipped. Though the tactics are many and varied for transporting the contraband, acquisition is always a challenge. Though many well-connected dealers have arranged for methods of supply from corrupt or inept government officials, others have less steady methods of getting their hands on the weaponry they desire. That is where the salvager comes in. Though military salvage is strictly regulated, battles sites are often looted before the winning side can come to collect materials and information. Further, in rare occasions a salvager to come upon the remains of archaic battleships with sufficient weaponry either intact or serviceable. When a salvager removes gun ports, batteries, military power sources, ammunition caches, and other such materials, they can fetch premium prices to paramilitary organizations, small militias, and rebel groups. Unfortunately, the nature of such organizations is to remain hidden lest they receive swift retribution from the Imperial authorities. Further, one does not simply stride through Imperial patrolled space with a hold full of munitions and sell it to the first being that has the credits. Such would be a plan leading to immediate arrest and charged with conspiracy and treason. The salvager punished under a Class One infraction such as this would mean a minimum of 30 years in prison, and is more likely that they would become an enemy of the Empire and suffer execution. Transporting military-grade good means knowing the right channels of information, following paths of safehouses, knowing which documents to forge (such as falsifying bills of landing, registered militia end-use documents, and other such necessities), having connections for credit laundering, and knowing which officials to bribe and not to bribe. Most salvagers do not have the slightest idea where to begin in such a process. However, an arms dealer is much easier to find for those who have associations on the shadier side of salvaging. Arms dealers have the experience and connections to provide the weaponry to those who desire it, though the salvager will never earn as good of a price through them as they would dealing with the recipients directly. Nonetheless, there is much less risk selling to such dealers than unloading goods to militias directly. Any crew selling weapons directly also have another risk. Arms dealers are middle men by nature, and they do not appreciate a salvager trying to cut them out. Almost invariably, those who have an interest in arms are bound to notice a salvager who sells parts and supplies compatible with military ships. Such criminals are likely

contact the salvager, rather than the other way around. And when they arms dealer comes to call, the crew can count on an unfriendly reception.

The Rebel Alliance

The Empire is well known of its corruption, bigotry, merciless retribution to those who vocalize against public policy, and steady oppression against those who seek to change the New Order. It is far from surprising when Imperial practices and crooked officials finally push a salvager into the open arms of Rebel Alliance. The needs of the Rebel Alliance are no different than the needs of any active military unit. The main difference is that the Alliance freedom fighters are poorly funded, under equipped, and always looking for new recruits. Salvagers are unlikely to see any front line fighting, but the Rebels are willing to take whatever aid the freedom-loving beings in the galaxy are willing to provide. Ships with large holds can smuggle goods, transport support equipment, and even help transport personnel. However, there are more likely tasks for the salvager. Every military needs good intelligence, and often times the intelligence begins directly after a military engagement. When the Rebel forces win a victory against the Empire, retrieving forensic data on new weaponry, recovering flight recorders, and removing navigational computers are support services in high demand. Also, recovering unexpended munitions and obtaining salvageable goods helps keep the Alliance in supply of badly needed materials.

Of course, aiding and abetting any Rebel group will immediately brand the salvager as a terrorist and enemy of the state. Any such activities are listed as Class One infractions and carry the death penalty, though it is highly unlikely that the salvager would ever see any official judicial process. If captured in any Rebel activities, the salvager can expect to be captured, tortured for information, and simply disappear from society. If the salvager is very lucky, she will find herself in one of the galaxy's secret penal colonies where she can expect to waste away in anonymity. However, it is just as likely that she will be processed for information, and hastily disposed of.

Archaic Starship Collectors

The nobility of the Tapani sector are known for their frivolous pastimes. Every foppish fifth son of a Baron spends his hours in ways that confound the majority of the universe. One such diversion for the young nobles is collecting antique starships. Some such antiques become classics, and others are extraordinarily rare oddities. Most ships stand incomplete in a family hanger, as the young nobles wait until they can finish the products of their labor, ending with a functioning

ancient ship. Certainly these high-born collectors can commission missing components for their prize collections, but ultimately they strive for original pieces from the ancient manufacturers. Most, if not all, of the oldest starship manufacturers are no longer in operation, and even those that are no longer manufacture obsolete components. This leaves the privileged dandies of Tapani throwing their credits at anyone who can find and deliver working parts. Salvagers who stumble on an ancient starship adrift in the far reaches of space can find a small fortune in a centuries-long discontinued part by selling it to a dilettante who does not understand the value of his credits, but only his own desires to finish the prized starship.

Used Starship Dealers

There are some beings in the universe that will buy almost anything. Especially so if they believe the plausible lies they are told about the starship's past, and used starship dealers are just the ones to tell such lies. It would be unfair to depict all such starship dealers as such, but a good salvager knows where to find the least honest sellers. Some ships are taken *in toto* and fetch reasonable prices from the used dealers – at least a better price than selling the ship for scrap. The dealers will then set their techs on to getting the ship in working condition. However, the word “working” is often qualified in very small print in the bill of sale. Occasionally a used starship dealer will accept vessels with multiple hull breaches and other heavy damage, though the vessel requires intensive labor to become spaceworthy again. And even though the dealers accept vessels that require days or weeks of his techs' time, there is a point of diminishing returns. If he will have to pay his techs more than he is expecting out of the starship, he will simply pass on the vessel. True, the battered ship may see a captain and crew again one day, but it may not be worth his time and effort to be the one to bring it up to the required minimums for space travel.

Reclamation Centers

Pieces of hull, rent blast doors, conductive wiring, and starship grade plastics are all materials that are in high demand on spacefaring worlds. The process of refining ore into the finished product is a long and expensive one. Many manufacturers find it just as easy to accept recycled materials. Reclamation centers are refiners that accept the used resources and turn them into industrial grade materials again. The cost of turning blasted hull scraps into something appealing to a starship company is higher than most being expect. As such the market price for scrap metal is relatively low. Though with enough volume, a salvager may turn in the contents of his holds for a meager profit. Before accepting materials for recycling almost all centers require the items be

minimally sorted. Plasteel should be separated from durasteel, and aluminium should be separated from transparasteel. The reclamation center will then further sort the materials by grade and quality. For example 9093-T7511 durasteel will be sorted from 9095-T8511 and melted down.

The prices a salvager fetches depends on the overall galactic market, changes in ore supplies, and output capability of the industry. Supply and demand also changes from sector to sector. What metals may have been valuable last month in this sector will be worth considerably less next, where it may be more valuable two sectors away. Though many see the Correllian Mill Index (CMI) as a reference for their prices. Industrial mills combine refined ores with metal purchased from reclamation centers. The CMI lists the average sell prices of mills in the Corellian Sector.

Reclamation centers only pay a fraction of the CMI index price, as they invest labor into sorting, melting, and purifying the recycled materials. Also, most reclamation centers will only buy several metric tons of material at one time.

The chart below shows the range of high and low prices frequently indexed on the CMI (per metric ton) and corresponding scrap prices.

As has already been mentioned previously, some salvagers may stock cargo containers of sorted materials in hopes that the market may improve. Because prices vary, most captains will check and index of local reclamation rates before making port.

Running a Campaign

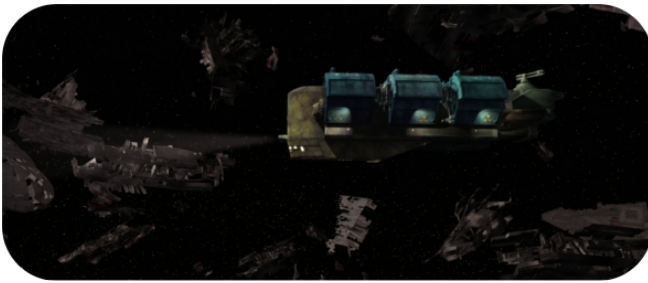
Salvage operations introduce countless possibilities for gamemasters and palyers alike in a Star Wars campaign.

Like tramp freighter campaigns, a group of salvagers highlight the action and adventures that happen on the fringe of the galaxy. The following section will help provide some broad guidelines and helpful ideas to keep the creative ideas flowing.

First, remember that adventures can only sustain players' interest if there is sufficient challenge, though determining the sort of challenge they desire will shape the campaign. If the players want to have a financially-driven campaign, then the players can feel the burden of an independent startup operation. A gamemaster can also set several financial roadblocks, but also provide ways around the normal routes. If the players cannot afford a ship, then financing through a loan shark provides a reoccurring pressure. The players may not be able to navigate the licensing bureau, but find that they can perform side-quests for a clerk willing to bend a few laws. Also, in a financially-driven campaign the players will likely want to acquire more wealth to get the newest toy for their ship. However, to keep the challenge going, the players need to feel the financial squeeze often enough to remember that they cannot own the galaxy. Port docking fees, constant repairs on the ship, refueling costs, and even the basics of food and fresh water constantly need to have them digging into their credit accounts. If the players are willing to splurge for a new toy for the starship, one may try throwing their extravagance into sharp relief by having something go terribly wrong on the next salvage mission, requiring a repair or even overhaul of a ship system, requiring an expense to repair. Remember, keep the finances a challenge, without creating a sense of dread or the pressures of an undue burden. Keeping up vehicle repairs is stress enough in the real world that the gamemaster should add high-adventure incentives to the finances. There should be a constant temptation to earn money on the shadier side of the business where the players must choose between risky profits or honesty money with only meager earnings. The moral choice is one that

	Plasteel	Durasteel	Transparisteel	Bronzium	Duranium	Trimantium	Aluminium
Mill / H	1800	2550	2375	1900	2650	2900	1855
Mill / L	1620	2295	2137	1710	2385	2610	1670
Scrap / H	720	1020	950	760	1060	1160	742
Scrap / L	648	918	855	684	954	1044	667

gamemasters should always put before the players. The consequences of the player's actions should commonly reflect that there are very real costs to shirking moral norms. Once they begin dealing with arms dealers, there may be expectations to continue being suppliers, and the dealers are more than eager to react violently to those who do not meet expectations. Crime lords and gangsters may provide benefits, but they are not friends by any means. Such criminals will demand a little quid pro quo. The results can be extraordinarily dangerous.



If your players favor plot lines more along the paths of galactic level conflict and high adventure, there are also plenty of opportunities. Usually, such adventures make note of costs and credits, but they do not have to focus on them quite to such a degree as one would with a finance-driven campaign. The tension of the galactic threat should take the place of the pressure of costs. Such campaigns can focus on fighting a foe common to the entire galaxy, such as a rising force that could threaten both Empire and Rebel Alliance, or perhaps an ancient evil awakened on a dark planet in a forgotten sector of the galactic disc. In a game where the players are fighting an enemy of the free people of the universe, the tyrannical rule of the Empire may fill this role, though it is not by any means the only alternative. There are plenty of ideas for helping military forces in their salvage efforts, though intelligence gathering, capturing enemy technology, and recover of critical materials can play a role. However there should also be issues of the human spirit in campaigns of galactic conflict. If the players do not a story set amongst the conflict between Empire and Rebellion, the players could salvage bits of information about starships periodically going missing, and a new model of android can be vaguely connected to such disappearances. As the players gain more information, they discover a mad cyborg slowly replacing major heads of state and CEOs of corporations in the cyborg's plot for a revolt of synthetic life forms. Regardless of the type of conflict, the gamemaster should give the heroes human connections and personal investments in something outside their ships and ports of call. Once the players make those connections, the gameaster should move to heighten

tension by making galactic events threaten the things and people that the characters love.

Regardless of the type of adventures the gamemaster plans, she should always keep the players on the ropes, so to speak. Yes, the players should have rewards and be able to feel the thrill of victories, but victory after victory or achievements that happen too easily. The players need to feel that they are sometimes just one step ahead of their enemies, and periodically feel as though they are just two steps behind in those that challenge them.

Note that most of the salvage mentioned in the module deals with relatively mundane salvage missions. True, the average salvager in the galaxy spends most of his time drifting through fields of space junk looking for otherwise useless things to recycle. However your players are not playing those sorts of salvagers. They are playing heroes and adventurers! Your players will be brushing with claim jumpers, encountering bizarre threats that have destroyed other ships, solving mysteries of unknown destructive potential, and even finding ancient alien artifacts. A gamemaster creating a campaign for salvagers will not think solely about the job, but about the tales that spin off of people in that profession. Players should make finds that are well out of the norm. Instead of a field of debris, they can find ancient starships whose crews have been wiped out by a strange creature, but a creature that has been dormant in the intervening centuries. Alternatively the adventurers should find a ship that is completely clawed, bitten, and smashed by an enormous creature, the likes of which no one has ever put on record. The infinite possibilities of rare finds make the adventures worth playing, especially when each one is enshrouded in mystery and danger.

Salvager Skills

Salvaging requires a crew to have a skill set somewhat different than the average tramp freighter. Though it is true that she may need the same piloting skills, and nearly every character should have a reasonable amount of dice in *blaster* and *dodge*, there are several other skills players need to consider for their characters. Naturally a salvager is only going to be able to claim what she can find. She cannot find space debris if the ship has insufficient sensors, or if his *sensors* stat is dismally low. Further, once he finds a debris field how is he to know what is of any use? Though *value* is an underused skill, it is one that will play a major role in a financially-oriented campaign. The *value* skill may also play a role in helping a character discover whether or not she has discovered a particularly rare artifact. Once the character has established

the value of an item, there is a question of selling it. *Bargain* then becomes a necessary skill.

The above skill set assumes that the character is selling through legal means. If the character is attempting to make contacts through the black market, the character will need a reasonable *streetwise* skill to help her gather information without looking suspicious to law enforcement, and without looking like law enforcement to the suspicious. Contacting black marketers is dangerous on any planet, and requires a fairly decent roll to keep from running afoul of those that would either take advantage of the character or incarcerate her.

Any salvage ship needs a solid technician. A player with a high *Technical* attribute is essential to keeping the ship running, but also provides necessary skills for repairing salvaged units. Skills such as *space transport repair*, *capital ship repair*, as well as other repair skills are vital to making sure that all the parts are in good working order before they are sold. An unhappy seller is likely to take out his losses on the crew the next time they come to port.

Finally, those working within the realm of the Imperial government clerks should invest well in *bureaucracy*. With the massive salvo of red tape and endless petty government workers, any player wanting to maintain the mere appearance of a legal operation will get more than his character points' worth out of this skill.

Adventure Hooks

There are infinite possibilities as you construct your own campaign. You and your players can take each other in countless directions as you search the reaches of space, face dangerous clients, and find unknown life forms in the dangers of space. As you build your campaigns consider the following possibilities for your adventures:

Stolen Identity

A salvage vessel comes on a field of years-old debris, and begins passive collection. While sorting, the characters find a military grade space-ejection suit with a body in it. The identification card reveals a pilot who had a distinguished military career. A man won a major appointment to a government office three weeks ago leaning on the credentials and identity of the deceased pilot. So, if the man with the credentials is dead, who is the man in office? What do the characters do with this information? Extort the man in office? Sell it to an information dealer? Try to ignore the

information?

Useful Intel

During an illegal salvage after a battle with Rebel forces, the characters find a navigational computer with retrievable coordinates to a Rebel base. Do they try to sell the information? If so, to which side? Alternatively, might they join up to offer their services?

To You I Bequeath...

An old spacer is a long-time friend of the party. The locals regard him as a washed-up has-been. When the party is away doing a run, the old man dies, leaving them his few material possessions. Among them is a set of coordinates that leads to an aged battle site that has never been registered, but has several salvageable pieces of military-grade technology. The question is whether the characters try to fence the weapons. If they do, can they survive the dealings with the black market? If they sell directly, how long before the black marketers introduce themselves and demand their cut?

Slippery Cargo

An Rebel-sympathetic smuggler made a hasty hyperspace jump to evade authorities and went missing. The players are contacted to locate the missing ship. Using their wits they find the remains of the ship, but the cargo is not in the hold, apparently picked by a salvager. The players must use clues left behind to start following the trail to track down the cargo.

I'm Only the Messenger

During a salvage operation, the adventurers come across a sizeable diplomatic pouch. It shows that a planetary governor was getting ready to turn away from the Empire and defect to the Rebellion. Apparently the package never made it to its destination. Now, will the party carry the package to its intended destination?

Getting the Jump

The players find that their favorite salvage fields are being picked over by a claim jumper. The claim jumper is clever enough to evade detection at the site, but they must use clues left behind and track parts through nearby sellers to find the identity of the thief and confront him.

Like the Ones of Old

The characters come upon an ancient derelict craft. Among the many strange and potentially valuable artifacts, they discover an ancient Sith in suspended animation. Unfor-

tunately, the character's activities on the ship have awakened him, and they discover his cruelty and lust for power.

The Right Market

The characters get a faint reading on their scans, and move in to investigate. Aboard the derelict ship they find high-end military hardware. However, the hardware has very specialized uses. If they can find the right buyer it could be worth a substantial amount of credits. The problem is the materials are so specialized, it is difficult finding the right buyers, and also evading Imperial agents pulling sting operations on illegal arms deals.

These Aren't the Droids You're Looking For

The adventurers find a bulk freighter intact drifting in space. Scans show life support is inactive and no life signs aboard. All escape pods are in their proper bays. When the characters board the vessel they find that the ship was smuggling military-grade Clone-Wars era droids. The droids had killed the crew, and now they will attempt to exterminate the new boarders and cut off every chance of their escape.

Read on...

Be on the lookout for the companion article: Greighven's Fantastic Technology: Junker's Guide to Ships and Equipment. You can find it in the next issue of *Wild Space*.

Special thanks

Special thanks to Phil Hatfield, David Stairs, Chris Campell, Jamie Collins, Jens-Arthur Leirbakk, and Eric Nordquist for their suggestions and article ideas as well as Khairul Hisham for his art contributions for the character templates.

Written by
Mike Fraely

Name: Dystaen V'Nar

Template: Salvage Captain

Species/Gender: Human/Male

Background: Once first mate on a cargo freighter, you got a taste for working life in space. But that taste was never enough, and you yearned to venture out on your own; to be in charge of your own destiny. You managed to scrape together enough and take out a loan to get your own starship. Hauling cargo lost its thrill after you found a derelict starship during a stopover. The mystery and thrill of your first steps into a wreck adrift set the path for the rest of your life. Now your days are spent looking for the next haul. The payoff isn't what drives you, but the discovery of what lays in depths of space.



DEXTERITY

2D+1

Blaster

Dodge

Lightsaber

Melee parry

Running

PERCEPTION

2D+2

Bargain

Command

Hide

Persuasion

Search

Special Abilities:
None.

KNOWLEDGE

2D+1

Languages

Streetwise

Survival

Value

STRENGTH

3D

Brawling

Climb/jump

Lifting

Stamina

MECHANICAL

4D

Repulsorlift Ops

Starship Shields

Space
Transports

Starship Gunnery

TECHNICAL

3D+2

First Aid

Capital ship repair

Computer
Programming/Repair

Transport Repair

Wound Status:

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

Move

10

Force-Sensitive

Force Points

Character Points

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), datapad, 300 credits, Galofree Yards GS-100 Salvage Ship.

Name: Torenelle

Template: Treasure Hunter

Species/Gender: Human/Female

Background: For some it is the independence of having their own ship. For others it is the exploration. For you, it is the thrill of the hunt. You fell in love with the stories of old space wrecks with treasures in their holds. Then you fixated on an historical ship or two. When you read about a luxury liner with a full vault that went missing 20 years ago, you started putting together clues and theories to find it. You convinced a crew to look for ship and made your first payoff. From then on you lived from researching wreck to wreck, following the logs, the ports of call, running probabilities of astrogation calculation mishaps.



DEXTERITY

3D

Blaster

Dodge

Lightsaber

Melee parry

Running

PERCEPTION

2D+2

Bargain

Command

Hide

Persuasion

Search

Special Abilities:

None.

KNOWLEDGE

2D+1

Languages

Streetwise

Survival

Value

STRENGTH

3D

Brawling

Climb/jump

Lifting

Stamina

MECHANICAL

4D

Repulsorlift Ops

Starship Shields

Space
Transports

Starship Gunnery

TECHNICAL

3D+2

First Aid

Capital ship repair

Computer
Programming/Repair

Transport Repair

Wound Status:

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

Move

10

Force-Sensitive

Force Points

Character Points

Equipment: Sporting blaster (3D+2), datapad, vacuum environmental suit, comlink, 750 credits



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The Kingdom of Ice was published in marvel Comics magazine Pizzazz #10-16 but the magazine was cancelled with two parts of the story unprinted. Later that year the final six pages (two parts) were published by Marvel UK in Star Wars Weekly. This was way back in 1978-1979. Oh the “good ole days.”

-Don Diestler

Opening Crawl

War has erupted throughout the galaxy. The Rebel Alliance has struck its first decisive blow against the evil Galactic Empire, and is gaining support from other worlds that share its ideals. Akuria II is one of those worlds struggling against the Empire’s might yet not aligned with the Alliance. You are sent there in the hopes of opening negotiations with its resistance movement, and are briefed to look for a homing beacon on the surface...

EPISODE ONE: THE KINGDOM OF ICE

Summary

The players are on a mission to Akuria II to make contact with a new group not aligned with the Alliance who are fighting the Empire. There is no response to coded transmissions from the characters. The players were advised of a homing beacon to guide them in but it is not functioning. An Easy (10) Sensors check will pick up two TIE/ln closing fast. The players must navigate the polar regions which are covered with towering peaks of sparkling ice. Once the battle appears to be over their ship is blindsided by a previously unseen TIE/ln, which comes in high over the ice peaks.

No matter how well the players fly, the TIE hits them. Read the following to the players:

The ship shudders from the impact of the TIEs laser cannons. Warning tones come on immediately as your shields have failed. More noise adds to your stress as you discover that the port engines and thrusters have been damaged and are no longer operating. You begin to list and lose speed. The sensors console explodes, filling the cockpit with smoke and flame. You slam, belly-first, on to a glacial plain. As you scramble out of your ship, you see the TIE turning to make a final pass. As it reaches firing range, it is struck in the port panel, and is sent hurtling to the ground by a volley of laser fire. You can see the smoke from the crash not far from you.

Should the players opt to take a look at the crash, they can see the wreck about 500 meters from their wreck. There’s no sign of a pilot exiting the craft either. A rooster tail of snow is heading toward the TIE as well.



THERMAL SUIT (COLD WEATHER)

Model: Merkadin Pesil-14A

Type: Cold weather clothes

Cost: 400

Availability: 1

Game Notes: Provide enough heat to keep a person alive in temperatures down to -75 degrees C for as many as 8 hours, perhaps a day or two with careful regulation.



AKURIA II

Akuria II, commonly called Akuria, is an ice planet in the of the Outer Rim Territories. The world is dominated by native Akurians and several human colonies. It has extensive crystal mines, which made it a target during the Clone Wars, Galactic Civil War, Thrawn campaign, and in other conflicts. The special crystals were able to produce energy that could power vehicles and blasters.

Early in the Galactic Civil War, prior to the destruction of the first Death Star, the planet was the site of an Imperial base. The Imperials there were defeated by a Rebel force led by Colonel Odan. The Alliance originally considered basing themselves there, but chose Yavin 4 instead.

The planet was also the homeworld of the native Snow Demons, also known as Akurians, which the Empire hunted without realizing that they were an intelligent species.

Akuria II

(Outer Rim Territories; Oplovis sector, Akuria System)

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Cool

Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere: Moderate

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Ice, snow, geysers

Length of Day: 22 hours

Length of Year: 325 days

Sapient Race: Akurians

Starport: 1 Limited services

Planet Function: Crystal mining, homeworld

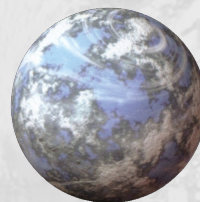
Government: Imperial governor

Tech Level: Stone

Major Exports: Power crystals

Major Imports: None

Points of interest: Akuria rebel base, polar base, Polar Wastes, Great Geyser Sea



TIE FIGHTER REMOTE

Craft: Modified Sienar Fleet Systems TIE/In

Type: Space superiority fighter

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 6.3 meters

Skill: Starfighter piloting: TIE

Crew: None

Crew Skill: Starfighter piloting 4D,
starship gunnery 4D

Cargo Capacity: 65 kilograms

Consumables: None

Cost: Not for sale to the public

Maneuverability: 2D

Space: 10

Atmosphere: 415; 1,200 km/h

Hull: 2D

Sensors:

Passive: 20/0D

Scan: 40/1D

Search: 60/2D

Focus: 3/3D

Weapons:

2 Laser Cannons (fire linked)

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Starship gunnery

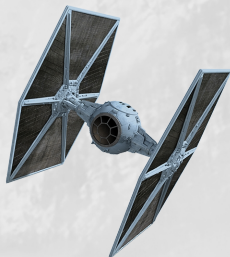
Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 5D

Capsule: Commander Sohl originally wanted to use droids to fly the mission but the programming required would have taken too long. Knowing he only had a small window of opportunity to capture the unsuspecting Rebel envoys Sohl had his technicians modify a number of TIE/In so they could be remotely piloted. Though the range was limited and the technology unreliable the mission was a success.



AKURIAN (SNOW DEMON, SNOW STOMPER)

Akurians, known by their nickname, Snow Stompers, and the derogatory Snow Demons, were tall, white-furred sapient's similar in height and build to Wookiees, with crests of hair running along their scalps from nose to nape of neck. They were indigenous to Akuria II and aided Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia Organa against Imperial forces stationed on Akuria II around 0 ABY. After the Imperial garrison was removed from Akuria II, the Rebels allowed the Snow Demons to reclaim their icy homeworld. The leader of the Akurians at the time was Fafnir.

Personality: Akurian tend to be honorable, but insular, with strong familial and tribal ties.

Physical Description: They are a wampa-like species from the ice planet of Akuria II. Their most notable feature was blue fur covering most of their body. Their fur served them well, protecting them from the cold climate of their homeworld.

Homeworld: The snow and glacier covered world Akuria II.

Languages: Akurian speak Akoosh, consisting of growls, grumbles and hand gestures. They understand Basic but lack the ability to speak it.

Example Names: Fafnir

Adventurers: Akurians are so attached to their tribes that it is rare for an individual to venture into the galaxy alone.

Average Akurian: Dexterity 2D+1, knowledge 2D, mechanical 1D, perception 3D, strength 4D, technical 1D. Move: 10.



WAR SLED

Type: Modified Sohkan Transport
Scale: Walker
Length: 90 meters long, 20 meters tall
Skill: Ground vehicle operation: Sohkan transport
Crew: 5; 17 gunners, skeleton: 3/+20
Crew Skill: Varies widely
Passengers: 100
Cargo Capacity: 40 metric tons
Cover: Full
Cost: Not for sale
Maneuverability: 1D
Move: 35; 100 km/h
Body Strength: 3D
Weapons:

2 Dual Heavy Projectile Cannon

Fire Arc: Front
Crew: 3
Skill: Vehicle blasters
Scale: Walker
Fire Control: 2D
Range: 50-300/1/3 km
Damage: 5D

Dual Heavy Laser Cannon

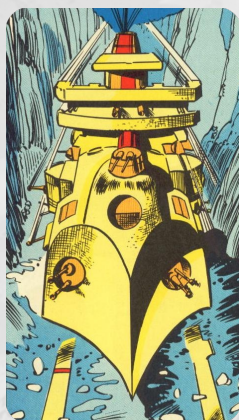
Fire Arc: Turret (front, left, right)
Crew: 1, 3
Skill: Vehicle blasters
Scale: Walker
Fire Control: 2D
Range: 50-500/1.5/3 km
Damage: 6D

14 Dual Light Blaster Cannons

Fire Arc: Turret 7 (front, left), 7 (front, right)
Crew: 1
Skill: Vehicle blasters
Scale: Speeder
Fire Control: 2D
Range: 10-200/500/1 km
Damage: 4D

Game Notes:

Bantha Catcher: the front of the War Sled has a giant, curved blade. Its purpose is to clear snow and ice from in front of the vehicle. Collisions involving the bantha catcher are -4D damage to the War Sled.



EPISODE TWO: THE SNOW DEMONS

If the players investigate the downed fighter, they'll see that a mobile fortress is the cause of the rooster tail of snow. No matter what they choose, they will be approached by snow demons. If any of them are alert and are keeping an eye around them, have them make a Difficult(20) Perception check. If they make the check, they'll see, through the snow falling around them, several white furred forms appear, silently walking to them. These are Akurians, the native population of Akuria II.



Read the following to them no matter if the Akurians are seen or not:

Out of the snow approach several white-furred forms. They do not appear to be making any overt hostile moves, and you're unsure of their intentions. One thing is for certain - they are all armed, larger than you, and watching you closely.

The first character to make a hostile move will make the Akurians close in quickly and attempt to grapple with them. In two rounds, the mobile fortress arrives, guns blazing away at the Akurians. A human male in cold-weather gear waves the players aboard the fortress, warning them about the "snow demons" and that they can't stop for long as the demons use explosives. When the players try to board the fortress, the Akurians split the party by dragging them away from the fortress. The group that manages to stay aboard the fortress sees their compatriots disappear into the snow.

EPISODE THREE: TREACHERY

GM: *This section is for the group that was taken by the Akurians.*

Read the following to the “captive” group:

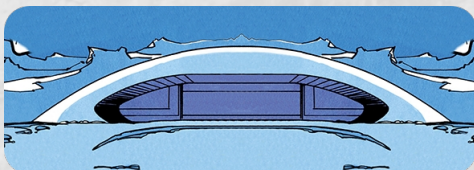
You are stripped of your weapons. One of the furred forms barks commands at you in a growling, guttural language that you do not understand. Eventually, through a series of hand motions and shoves, you are herded over the plain. Hours pass, and through the glare of the snow, you see a structure carved out of the side of a glacier. You enter inside...

The captured players are taken to a base, of sorts. It's kept warm naturally by a series of hot springs. A human male rushes the Akurians and accuses them of not completing the job of getting “the whole group.” One Akurian responds in their language, and a Difficult (15) Languages check will reveal that they are just as angry due to the risk they took. The human concedes that it was a tough job - the Imperials set up the group by disguising themselves to look like Rebel forces.

If asked, the man introduces himself as Colonel Odan.

AKURIA REBEL BASE

The structure is heated from within by an underground geyser. The base is used by Colonel Odan and his forces as well as his allies the native Akurians. After Odan's War Sled was captured by Imperial forces, he escaped to the base and worked with the Akurians, who sympathized with the Alliance.



FAFNIR

An Akurian from the planet Akuria II. He was apparently second in command to Colonel Odan after the capture of the majority of Odan's forces during an attack on his War Sled.

Operating out of the Snow Structure, Odan ordered Fafnir and a task force of Akurians to rescue the Rebels who were due to arrive on Akuria II for a meeting with Odan. The Imperials on the world had decided to set up a ruse in which their leader would pose as Odan in order to lure the Rebels into their confidence and get them to spill secrets about the Rebel Alliance.

Type: Primitive Freedom Fighter

Species/Gender: Male/Akurian

Age: 45

Height: 7'2"

Weight: 330#

Physical Description:

DEXTERITY 3D+2: Blaster 4D, brawling parry 4D,

dodge 4D, melee combat 5D+1, melee parry 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D: Intimidation 4D, survival 4D+2

MECHANICAL 1D+2: Repulsorlift operation 3D

PERCEPTION 3D: Hide 4D+1, search 3D+2

STRENGTH 4D+2: Brawling 5D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Special Abilities:

Hairy Pelt: Allows Akurians to make survival and stamina skills rolls involving cold at +2D.

Skill limits: Beginning characters may not place any skill dice in any vehicle or starship operations or repair skills.

Story Factors:

Reputation: Akurians are widely regarded as primitive, brutal and mindless.

Equipment: Club (Very Easy, STR+1D), blaster rifle (5D, 3-30/120/350), equipment harness

Move: 10m

Force Sensitive? No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side: 0

Character Points: 5

Odan then explains that the Imperials have masqueraded themselves as he, and that the war sled - his mobile fortress - is compromised. He was able to escape the ambush, but his men were taken. The Imperials learned of the party's mission to Akuria II and will now interrogate them for information, then most likely execute them as traitors.



EPISODE FOUR: DEATH TRAP

Read the following to the players:

Aboard the fortress, speeding away from the creatures, you note that the vehicle was the site of a battle of some sort. Blaster scoring is around you, some of it covered. The human introduces himself as Colonel Odan, and you get the impression that he can be trusted. "Welcome aboard the war sled, our home away from home," he says, looking each of you in the eye. "I apologize for the cold welcome but with the snow demons about, we can't afford to take chances. What's the news from the Alliance? Hopefully you have the information we need to make the next move."

"Colonel Odan" explains that before any sort of action against the Empire can be committed to, he needs to know more about the Alliance plans. "Odan" has not given any established Alliance recognition codes, and if called on it or if the players see through the ruse, he then summons a squad of snowtroopers, declares them under arrest for treason against the Empire, then takes a random member of the captives at blaster point into the bridge of the war sled. He orders the war sled's controls to be disabled.

COLONEL ODAN

Type: Independent Freedom Fighter

Species/Gender: Human/male

Age: 35

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 225#

Physical Description: Odan was a burly man, well equipped to deal with the harsh conditions of Akuria II. Sporting a large, thick beard, Odan gave the impression of a man prepared for cold weather. Odan was also equipped with an eye patch over his left eye, giving his face a more fearsome demeanor. Alongside a yellow bandana that he wore around his head, Odan fit the part of a formidable Rebel commander

DEXTERITY 3D+1: Blaster 6D+1, brawling parry 4D+1, dodge 5D, melee combat 4D, melee parry 4D, vehicle blasters 5D+1.

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1: Alien species 3D, intimidation 4D+1, survival 4D+2, tactics 4D.

MECHANICAL 3D: Repulsorlift operation 4D+1, space transports 3D+2, swoop operation 4D.

PERCEPTION 3D+1: Command 5D, hide 4D+2.

STRENGTH 3D+2: Brawling 4D+1, climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 4D.

TECHNICAL 2D+1: Armor repair 3D, blaster repair 3D, first aid 4D+1, repulsorlift repair 3D+2.

Equipment: Cold weather gear, blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120), comlink

Move: 10m

Force Sensitive? No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side: 0

Character Points: 5



COLONEL ODAN CONTINUED:

Background: Early in the Galactic Civil War, prior to the Battle of Yavin, Odan was in command of a rag-tag group of rebels fighting to liberate the planet Akuria II from the Empire. Although Odan's group was opposed to the Empire, they were not officially part of the Alliance to Restore the Republic, and their resistance group worked without support from the larger rebellion. The large Imperial garrison on the world forced the colonel and his men to resort to hit-and-run attacks. Odan's operations were run primarily from a large vehicle known as the War Sled. The massive sled could move rapidly across Akuria II's snowy plains, allowing Odan and his group to stay one step ahead of the Imperials. During their battles with the Imperials, Odan and his group made friends with the Akurians, the local populace of the planet, who went by their nickname of the Snow Demons, and recruited them to help combat the Imperial forces. Although the War Sled was Odan's main base of operations, he also made use of abandoned ice worm tunnels, and a hidden base occupied by the Snow Demons, to stay out of reach of the Imperials.

Following the Battle of Yavin, the War Sled was boarded by Imperials and their leader. Snowtroopers easily defeated Odan and his group, capturing most of his men and the War Sled with it. Odan was able to escape, but the battle had come at the worst possible time.

Personality: Colonel Odan expected the best of the men under his command. He was often quick to anger, and was known to resign himself to despair in desperate situations. In fact, he even equated his success to simple blind luck at times. However, Odan proved himself to be incredibly persistent, fighting in the most hostile conditions, constantly evading capture and death. He ended up being the only human to escape the sneak attack on the War Sled. Unlike many humans during the reign of the Galactic Empire, he was not xenophobic, and he generally respected and valued the Akurians that fought under him. The Akurian Fafnir became Odan's right-hand being during the final overthrow of the Empire from Akuria II. Although prone to excitable outbursts, Odan was not a tough commander, nor a strict disciplinarian.

Read the following to the players.

The false Odan turns to the rest of you, his once-friendly features now revealing a sneer. "I'm about to give the Rebels their precious sled back, granted, that's if they want to try to get it from the bottom of the Great Geyser Sea. You have a choice: either reveal your mission and the Alliance's plans for Akuria II, or join your friend."



Give the players only a few moments before the false Odan turns away, orders them sealed into quarters, and leaves.

GM: *This section is for the players at the Rebel base.*

The real Odan begins to formulate a plan to retrieve the war sled from Imperial hands. The Akurians have power skis to get around the frozen tundra, but they're not fast enough to catch the war sled. When he escaped the ambush of the war sled, he did so in a snow-flyer. The snow-flyer requires a T-3 droid in order to pilot it, and Odan's T-3 was destroyed in the escape. He proposes that the party try to find a way to repair the droid and the flyer to get the war sled back.

T3 SERIES UTILITY DROID

Type: Duwani Mechanical Products

T3-Series Utility Droid

DEXTERITY 1D

KNOWLEDGE 1D

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift operation 4D

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 1D

TECHNICAL 2D

Repulsorlift repair 4D

Equipped with:

Four wheeled legs

Vocabulator (droid speak only)

Tool access port

Auditory and sonar scanner

Radar eye

Radionic sensor

Multi-function arm

Move: 5

Size: 0.96 meter

Availability: 2, F

Cost: 4,500

Era: Old Republic era, New Jedi Order era

Capsule: The T3 droid was originally designed for repair and general maintenance duties, and worked at its optimum level aboard starships. As with other utility droids of the era, the T3 unit had four wheeled legs, of which the front two were attached to the droid's blocky chassis by rotating joints, allowing the droid to slide backwards and forwards to adjust the unit's height. The T3's flattened, cylindrical head featured a large main photoreceptor and two secondary ones, a broadcast antenna and vocabulator that allowed the droid to communicate in Droidspeak. Without periodic memory wipes, these models developed personality and behavioral traits. It was even known for some units to form gangs, making a living as thieves. Others sold their computer slicing skills to criminals.

T-3 units were droids employed on the ice planet Akuria II during the Galactic Civil War. Older and sturdier than the more modern astromech droids, the T-3 units were resigned to service aboard Snow Flyers, where they apparently had a primary role in the craft's operation, since the vehicle could not function without them.



SNOW-FLYER

A snow-flyer was a type of vehicle mainly used on the ice planet Akuria II. The craft is designed to move quickly over the icy terrain of the planet, but for some reason needed a droid to regulate its movements. Snow flyers typically used a sturdy T-3 unit situated in the back end. However, certain particularly hardy astromech droids could also fill the same role. Snow flyers were used both by the Rebel and Imperial forces on Akuria II.

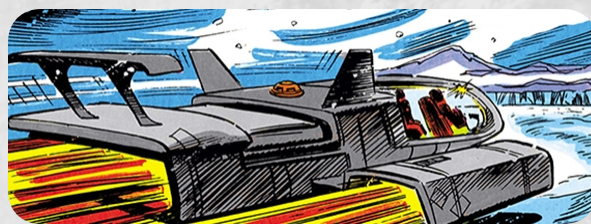
Craft: SoroSuub Snow-flyer

Type: Landspeeder

Scale: Speeder

Length: 5.9 meters

Skill: Repulsorlift operation: snow-flyer



The players have several options on their hands:

- They can make a Difficult(20) Droid Repair check to outright repair the T-3, whose brain and CPU were shredded by shrapnel. This will also require parts from the snow-flyer that will render it at -1D Maneuverability. This also takes the least amount of time.
- They can take their time and scrounge for other parts. This will be easier with a Moderate (15) Droid Repair check, but will result in the group leaving the base later, which will have negative consequences for the captured group.

GM: *This section is for the players captured by the Empire.*

Back aboard the war sled, Commander Sohl has a random player dragged to the bridge, restrained to the commander's chair, then orders the controls to be set for the Great Geyser Sea, then disabled.. He turns to the unrestrained players one more time. "Last chance. Either tell me what the Alliance's plans are, or watch your friend go down with the ship." If the players remain silent, he simply leaves, calling for a strato-hopper to extract him and his troopers. If they spill the beans, however, have him listen, *then* leave.



IMPERIAL COMMANDER KILOM SOHL (DISGUISED AS COLONEL ODAN)

Type: Imperial Commander

Species/Gender: Human/male

Age: 33

Height: 6'

Weight: 185#

Physical Description:

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 5D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Bureaucracy 5D+1, intimidation 5D, law enforcement 6D, planetary systems 4D+2, tactics 6D+2

MECHANICAL 3D

Ground vehicle operations 3D+2, Repulsorlift operation 5D+1

PERCEPTION 3D: Command 5D+1

STRENGTH 3D: Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Equipment: Cold weather gear, blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120), commlink, officer's uniform, code cylinder

Move: 10m

Force Sensitive? No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side: 0

Character Points: 12

EPISODE FIVE: SNOW FURY

GM: *This section is for the players captured by the Empire.*

Sohl returns to the bridge one last time. Read the following to the players:

Commander Sohl comes back into the bridge, dressed now in his Imperial Army uniform. He points toward the viewports. "Our ride is here. This is your final chance. Give me the intel I need, and I will release your friend and get you off of here."

No matter how the players answer, he takes all but the one trapped on the bridge. His ride, a strato-hopper, arrives, and he exits with his snowtroopers. The war sled begins its final journey.

Read the following to the players:

The war sled begins to buck and shake about you. A look at the viewports show towering walls of ice on either side of you, and an expanse of steam rising before you.

GM: *This section is for the players with the Rebels.*

The players are all aboard the snow flyer, making best speed toward the war sled's last known location. In a manner of minutes, the players find the war sled. Colonel Odan tells them that the sled is headed toward the Great Geyser Sea, and is confused by that course, as the sea will destroy the sled and everyone aboard it. Their only recourse is to crash the snow-flyer aboard the war sled. Have the snow flyer's pilot make a Difficult (20) Repulsorlift Operations check to make a controlled crash.

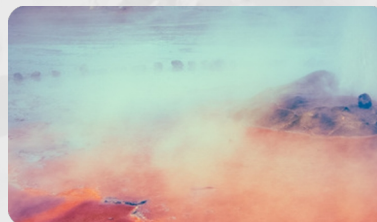
If the check fails, have the players roll their Strength versus 3D, as the snow-flyer has slammed into the war sled. If a complication is rolled, increase the damage to 4D as the snow flyer's thrusters suddenly misfire and send it into the war sled even faster.

Either way, the players have landed. Read the following to them:

The war sled is empty after you exit the flyer. The flyer is so damaged that you doubt it would fly again, even if you did manage to repair it before the sled reaches its end. You

GEYSER SEA

The Geyser Sea was a body of water located on the planet of Akuria II. The sea was kept warm through a system of hot geysers beneath it that also seemed to have the effect of changing the color of the water to an orange hue. The Akuria Rebel Base was internally heated by diverting a portion of the Geyser Sea into the base.



are nearly shaken off your feet as the war sled slams into a wall of ice, and continues to its destination.

GM Option: *Start a timer at five minutes. The players have that long to find their comrade, or a way off the war sled before it plunges into the Geyser Sea.*



Odan leads the players to the bridge, where their comrade is strapped into the command chair. Reunited, the story of the controls being tampered with comes out. Odan states that there is no way to repair the controls in time, and that the flyer's not an option, but that there are some power skis for emergency use. Everyone straps on the skis, and escape the sled only to experience another of Akuria II's wonders: an ice storm.

Read the following to the players:

You strap on the power skis and hastily jump from the war sled. You watch as it plunges off the glacier and into the sea. Odan turns back toward the Rebel base, then stops suddenly. You follow his gaze to see a massive cloud of ice rushing toward you...

POWER SKIS

Power skis were small repulsorcraft used primarily on the ice planet Akuria II. They could apparently match the speed of the much larger Snow Flyers, but were decidedly less powerful, not sporting weapons or any type of armor to keep the pilot from harm.

Craft: Mobquet Deneir-1 Swoop

Type: Swoop

Scale: Speeder

Skill: Swoop operation

Crew: 1

Cargo Capacity: 2 kilograms

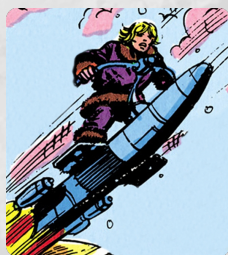
Cover: 1/4

Altitude Range: Ground level-35 meters

Maneuverability: 3D

Move: 175; 500 km/h

Body Strength: 1D



EPISODE SIX: THE ICE WORM COMETH

Trapped between the sea and the ice storm, which Odan describes as "shards of ice that will rip us apart," the players have to work together to discover what to do. If they make a Moderate (15) Survival check, they will know that the only feasible solution is to find shelter of some type, even if it is made by digging in.



If the players don't come up with a solution quickly, Odan points his blaster into the ice at his feet and begins shooting away at it, creating a shallow pit. This also weakens the ice, and everyone will fall. Players that make an Easy (10) Dexterity check will land without damage. Those who fail land heavily, and will have to make an opposed Strength check versus 2D of falling damage.

Read the following to the players:

Odan lands on one knee, and scans around. "An ice worm burrow. This will do to keep us safe from the storm. This whole polar region is honeycombed with this burrows. We'd sometimes hide in here from the Imps. Ice worms are almost extinct, too - so no real danger there. Let's head back to the base through here."



EPISODE SEVEN: SHOWDOWN

As the players make their way through the tunnels, have them make a Moderate (15) Perception check. If they pass the check, they will notice a rumbling behind them.

Read the following to them:

Odan's face suddenly freezes. He whirls around and snatches up his power skis. "Ice worm! Run!" Shortly after mounting the power skis, you see it - a green slug-like creature the size of a freighter begins making its way to you. It rears up for a moment, and you can see a flat tooth-filled maw. Tentacles writhe among the teeth. The chase is on.

The worm is impervious to blaster fire. Running is the only sane option, and Odan is adamant that they escape, but will leave the players behind if they insist on the suicidal choice to attack. After a few minutes of chasing the players on their power skis, the ice worm bursts through the ceiling of the cave and strikes out. A rending of metal can be heard, then the ceiling around the players shakes violently. The ice worm detected the strato-hopper and attacked it. Sohl escapes the wrecked strato-hopper, takes a snow flyer, and takes his hostages on to the Imperial base.

ICE WORM

The ice worms were large predatory creatures from Akuria II. Their burrows honeycombed Akuria II's icy surface, making it highly dangerous to walk on. Ice worms were green, slug-like creatures, with mouths filled with sharp teeth and lined with tentacles. They moved through their burrows on a series of small pseudopods. By the time of the Galactic Civil War, they were nearly extinct.

Type: Underground Arctic Predator

DEXTERITY 3D

PERCEPTION 4D

Search: tracking (arctic) 6D

Sneak: arctic 7D

STRENGTH 4D (6D versus energy)

Special Abilities:

Body Bash: STR+2D damage

Bite: STR+2 damage

Move: 15

Size: 100 meters

Scale: Walker





EPISODE EIGHT: PURSUIT

The players return to investigate the carnage. There was no winner in the contest.

Read the following to the players:

You return to the surface to discover a scene of violence. The ice worm lies unmoving, smoke rising from several large holes in its hide. The wreckage of a ship - Odan calls it a strato-hopper - is nose-down into the glacier. Snowtroopers are scattered about the strato-hopper. You can see a snow flyer howling away at top speed.

Odan immediately takes off in pursuit of the snow flyer using his power ski. The players should do the same lest they lose their teammates. "Get under the flyer!" Odan yells as he speeds after it. "It will shut off if its repulsors sense a life-form under them!"

Give the players three Moderate (15) Repulsorlift Operations checks. If any checks fail, they do not get close to the snow-flyer. If two or more checks fail, they do not get under the repulsors. If a complication is rolled, their power ski slams into a snow bank. Roll a d6:

TYPICAL IMPERIAL SNOWTROOPER

DEXTERITY 1D

Blaster 4D, blaster artillery 3D, brawling parry 3D, dodge 2D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Survival : arctic 4D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 3D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Move: 10

Equipment: ST-I (5D damage, adds +1D to blaster skill), ST-II (6D damage), ST-III (6D damage, +1D to blaster), blaster pistol (4D damage), concussion grenades (5D/4D/3D/2D), utility belt, terrain grip boots, snowboot slippers (+2D to running over snowdrifts), survival kit, snowtrooper armor (see below)

Snowtrooper Armor

Model: Standard Cold Assault Trooper Armor

Type: Cold-terrain military armor

Scale: Character

Cost: Not available for sale

Availability: 3, X

Game Notes:

Armor Protection: +1D physical and energy, -1D Dexterity and related skills.

Comlink: Tongue-activated helmet comlink.

Sealed Body Glove: Climate controlled body glove and breath mask allows operation in extreme cold.



- 1-4: they manage to keep control of their power ski and continue the pursuit
- 5: the player will crash, suffering full speed damage
- 6: the player slams into the snow-flyer, suffering full speed damage

If all the players fail to reach the strato-hopper, Odan succeeds. Either way, the snow-flyer crashes to a halt.

Read the following to the players:

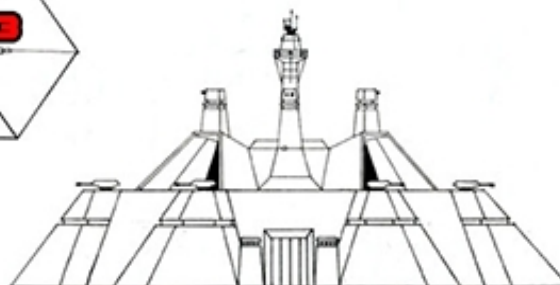
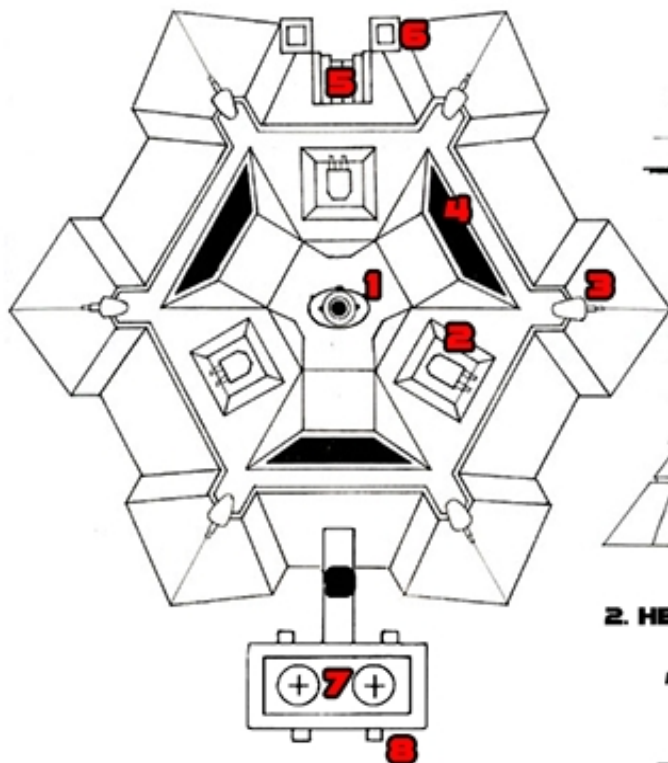
The snow flyer's hatch opens, and a man dressed in an Imperial uniform exits the snow-flyer. He slowly takes his blaster pistol and drops it to the ice, then raises his hands in the air. "So you have me. I've already called ahead and reported that I have prisoners. I'm sure Polar Base will send TIEs to find us."

EPISODE NINE: STORMING POLAR BASE

Odan decides to use his new prisoner as leverage to storm the Imperial base.

Read the following to the players:

Odan drags the Imperial commander back to the snow-flyer. "You're getting off this planet," he decrees. "All of you." He accesses the communications panel, and makes a transmission. "Fafnir, this is our chance. Get the clans together and head straight for the Imperial base." He turns back to the Imperial. "Give us the codes to pass the energy fence, and you can go free."



1. SENSOR SUITE TOWER
2. HEAVY TWIN TURBOLASER TURRETS
3. HEAVY LASER TURRETS
4. TIE FIGHTER LAUNCH TUBES
5. HEAVY BLAST DOORS
6. GUARD TOWER
7. SHUTTLE LANDING PLATFORM
8. AT-AT DOCKING STATION
9. CONNECTING RAMP

Now, the players have to work with Odan in order to convince Sohl to give up the codes. Any move at torture should result in a Dark Side Point for the player committing the act. They have several ways of doing this:

- **Intimidation:** They can opt to try to intimidate Sohl into giving up the codes. Sohl, however, is an Imperial commander, used to the doctrine of rule by fear. Give Sohl a +1D to his Willpower versus any Intimidation attempt.

POLAR BASE

Scale: Capital

Personnel: 3,000

Hull: 7D

Shields: 3D

Sensors:

Passive: 40/1D

Scan: 60/3D

Search: 80/4D

Focus: 10/4D+2

Weapons:

3 Heavy Twin Turbolasers

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 3

Skill: Blaster artillery

Scale: Starfighter

Fire Control: 3D

Space Range: 3-15/35/75

Atmosphere Range: 6-30/70/150 km

Damage: 7D

6 Heavy twin Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: Forwards

Crew: 2

Scale: Walker

Skill: Blaster artillery

Fire Control: 2D

Atmosphere Range: 50/500/1/2 km

3 Tractor Beams

Fire Arc: Forward

Crew: 4

Scale: Starfighter

Skill: Blaster artillery

Fire Control: 3D

Atmosphere Range: 50-50/750/1.5 km

Damage: 6D

- **Persuasion:** Sohl can be persuaded easier than intimidated. Players should appeal to his self-preservation. Sohl cares more for himself than anything else, the base included. However, if he is given a mode of escape (which he will certainly try to bargain for), he will betray them by rushing straight to Polar Base.
- **Con:** Conning Sohl into anything will take work, time, and excellent roleplay by the player attempting the con. This has a neutral chance of success, and will take the most time.

If the players take too long in coming up with a plan, Odan takes over and puts Sohl in the snow-flyer, then tells the players to join him - he will use Sohl as a hostage, banking on Sohl not wanting to run afoul of the energy fence.

Outside Polar Base, Sohl's codes function correctly. The energy fence comes down, and Odan lands the snow-flyer.

Read the following to the players:

Odan sets the snow-flyer down, and he nods, reaching under the piloting console and adjusting controls. "I think we've got about two minutes to get out of here before this snow-flyer explodes. Let's get to it." He reaches for his com-link and says, "Fafnir, wait for the explosion. Then the gates will be down."

Stepping down from the snow-flyer, the players will have to think of a way to get away from it before it explodes.

GM Option: *Start a two-minute timer. The players have that long to make a move away from the snow-flyer before it explodes, causing 10D of damage to anyone or anything within a twenty meter radius.*

The battle begins as soon as the snow flyer detonates. Its explosion tears the gates from their hinges, and snow demons begin pouring in. Odan directs the players to the hangar to find a way to stop the turbolaser emplacements and TIEs. They can achieve this several ways:

- By flying TIEs and dogfighting it out (and facing off against the turbolaser batteries)
- By sabotaging the turbolaser batteries (and going up against a series of snowtroopers)
- By disabling the controls to the remote TIEs

If the players choose to steal TIEs:

The TIE hanger is located in the upper levels of the garrison. They should face off against a mix of snowtroopers and TIE pilots. Upon stealing TIEs, the garrison's turbolasers don't aim at them until they actively engage the enemy TIEs. They can make it easier if they can convince Sohl to assist them.

If they choose to sabotage the turbolasers:

The players will have to reach the guard tower, located at area 6 on the map. This will require a lot of cunning to do it stealthily, or a lot of firepower as they will have to essentially fight for every meter to get to the guard tower. Once at the guard tower, they can shut down or disable the batteries with a Difficult (20) Technical check.

If they choose to disable the remote TIEs:

The pilots sit at remote terminals similar to TIE cockpit simulators in the hangar. They can cut the power to the cockpits, or quite possibly even slice into them by making a Difficult (20) Computer Programming check.

Once the players set a goal, and complete it, read the following to them:

Everywhere you turn, you see Akurians fighting, and dying, to storm the base. The Imperials are taking massive losses, and the Akurians seem to be limitless. In a space of a few hours, the final shots sound across the garrison. All the Imperials are either dead or in Alliance custody. Bodies-Imperial, Rebel, and Akurian, are strewn about. Odan's victory is subdued, and you spy him walking among the Akurians, speaking quiet words to them.

If they engage Odan, he expresses sincere gratitude to them for their help freeing Akuria II from the Empire. He's unsure what the Alliance will do at this point, but guarantees that he will remain to help the Akurians remain free as well as repair the garrison to use as a supply base.

Fafnir is overjoyed to see his people finally free, and will hug a random player, squeezing the breath out of them.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

After Polar Base is taken from the Imperials, the adventure ends. Some ideas to continue on, or to build upon the adventure:

- The players can help with repairs only to discover a series of coded communications from a source within the base to Imperial command. Who's the source, and will the Empire retaliate?
- Polar Base becomes a permanent supply base for the Alliance, and during a run to it, they discover it has been abandoned. No personnel remain, and the Akurians are nowhere to be found.
- Whatever happened to Commander Sohl?

Summary: Closer looks shows the approaching rooster tail is created by a large mobile fortress. Even if the group does not separate to investigate the downed TIE, the snow demons will approach. Whichever character acts the most aggressive will be grappled. In the ensuing fight the group will be broken down into two separate groups. The mobile fortress will show up with guns blazing. They are instructed by Colonel Odan to board the War Sled when they move close. He explains that the snow demons use explosives and heavier weapons. They need to move now or they will be sitting ducks. The group will be forced to leave the other party members behind.

Summary: The party is taken by the snow demons over the ice pack and to some sort of structure built into a glacier. Back on the war sled, if the party presses Colonel Odan to go back to save their friends, he will explain it is out of the question. The secret of their success against the Empire has been to stay constantly moving. He agrees to that once they are out of the ice canyon his helmsman will swing around to search for them. Back at the ice dwelling, the group sees it is a base of sorts kept warmed by a series of hot springs. A human approaches and is upset with one of the snow demons, saying they didn't get the whole group. The snow demon yells back, and the human concedes it was a rough job as the Imperials were set up the situation to pretend to be his people. If asked who he is he explains he is Colonel Odan leader of the Rebel cell on Akuria II. At least he was until recently when Snowtroopers sneak-attacked the War Sled. He was able to escape but they captured his vehicle and most of his men. Odan will explain the ruse is to get the party to give up as much information about the Alliance and its plans before capturing and executing them.

Summary: Colonel Odan explains that before he can commit his forces against the Empire he needs to know more about the Alliance plans. Blaster burns can be found throughout the ship, some attempt has been made to disguise them. Odan did not use the established recognition codes

when they first met. Once the characters figure out that Odan is not what he seems he enter the room with several henchman and tell them they are now prisoners of the Empire. Since they have seen through his elaborate ruse they will have to settle on less subtle tactics to get the information. One of the group is taken to the bridge and Odan prepares to abandon the War Sled. Back at the Rebel base the real Odan explains the snow demons have power skis but they need something faster to catch up with the War Sled. he had escaped in a snow-flyer which requires the use of a T-3 unit to help pilot it. His T-3 was destroyed in the escape. They must figure out a way to repair the snow-flyer. Back at the War Sled, the false Odan has exited the ship with his crew, headquarters have been contacted and transport is on the way. One of the party is strapped to the command chair on the bridge of the War Sled. False Odan tells them to send the War Sled to its doom. The vehicle will be put into motion and the controls jammed and disabled. It will be set to travel down the ice canyon which empties into the great geyser sea. He thinks maybe the rest will talk to save their friend.

Summary: Stormtroopers have exited the War Sled and Odan is now in his Imperial uniform. The Strato-hopper appears. He explains this is the last chance to save their friend. Meanwhile the War Sled slams into canyon walls as it continues its runaway trek to its destruction. The snow-flyer using its sensors finds the War Sled. They quickly figure out the ship has been set on auto pilot to crash into the geyser sea. The only way to make it aboard is to jump the snow-flyer onto the War Sled. The vehicle will crash and be inoperable. They blast open the hatch and charge for the bridge. There they find the tied up character. Odan says they will cut him loose and half the War Sled. The character know the controls have been fused and tells him. Odan explains there are power skis hidden behind some bulkhead panels in case of an emergency. They escape the War Sled just as it plunges into the Great Geyser Sea. As they take stock of their situation they notice an ice storm is approaching. Capable of slicing unprotected persons to ribbons with wind-blown ice. They are trapped between the Geyser sea and the storm.

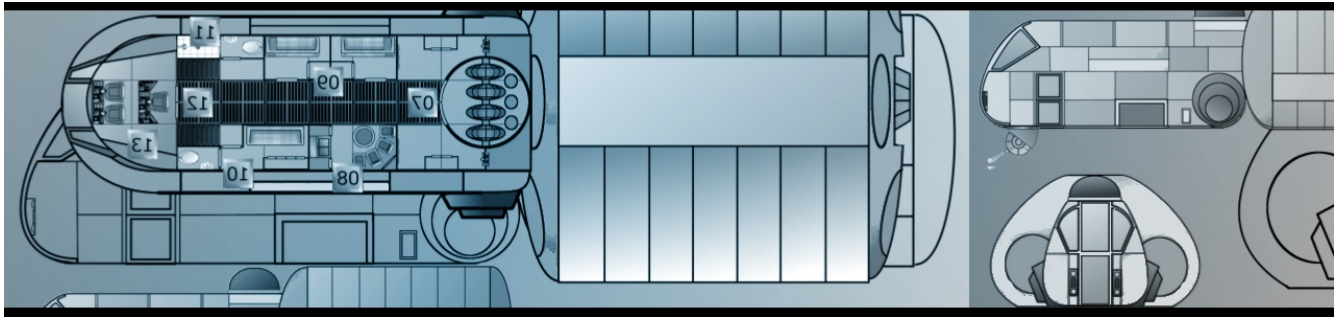
Summary: If the characters make a Moderate (10) roll, they will notice that there is a heat source overhead, perhaps something as large as a local strato-hopper. The bad news is they just noticed a life form as well, coming directly from behind them. its an Ice Worm. Hand blasters will have no effect on the creature. They board the power skis and attempt to escape. The Ice Worm attracted by the heat signature of the strato-hopper crashes through the ceiling and outside, crushing part of the strato-hopper the Imperials fire at the Ice

Worm. As this happens false Odan has takes an emergency snow flyer from the strato-hopper and the remaining party hostage and heads out towards the Imperial base.

Summary: The battle between the Stormtroopers, strato-hopper, and the Ice Worm is over, both sides having defeated the other. Giving chase with their power skis, they are able to catch up but need to board the vehicle and disable it before they can get away. Safety equipment will automatically cut in and shut down the engines, bringing the flyer to a halt. Odan explains though he has been defeated for now he has already radioed ahead and told them he was bringing in a prisoner(s). TIE fighters are probably going to be sent to find them.

Summary: They decide to enter the base using the commander's codes. He will need to be convinced to give the codes up. With the codes, the energy gate is dropped. Once inside the gate they exit and detonate the snow-flyer. The gate will be destroyed and the tribes of snow demons encamped around the base will attack in earnest. If the TIEs are launched this battle could turn on the snow demons. The party members are able to get into the hangar area and forcefully take control of at least two TIE fighters. They take out a couple of TIE fighters and gun emplacements. The battle continues until the Imperial forces are defeated.

Written by
Don Diestler



“DOC-WOC” AND THE ANGEL

One of the more notorious forms of smuggling in the galaxy is drug trafficking. Next to slaving, no field of illicit commerce is as reviled as supply of harmful pharmaceuticals to the ne'er-do-wells across the planets. But not all who practice this trade are villains; as the forces of tyranny continue to oppress sentients throughout the stars, there are many who choose to smuggle not deadly drugs to fuel the underworld, but medicine.

DR. CHIGGA “DOC-WOC” JAQUIN

All stats 2D except:

Blaster 2D+2, dodge 3D,
medicine 5D, streetwise 3D+2,
starship operation 3D+1, starship gunnery 2D+1,
stamina 2D+2

Character Points: 15

Move: 10

Equipment: *Starwell* tanker (*Angel*), blaster (3D),
datapad, comlink, first-aid kit, 2,000 credits.

Dr. Chigga Jaquin is one such smuggler. Once a successful physician, Dr. Jaquin was forced to watch as his prosperous home world was ground down under the heel of Imperial brutality. Never one to take arms, Jaquin instead worked as a surgeon in one of the many refugee camps that had come into being.

Even such horrid places were not exempt from the Empire's cruelty; when the camp's warden ordered a mass execution because in response to the rumors of Rebel recruitment, Dr. Jaquin quietly left his world and vowed to alleviate the suffering he had seen anyway he could.

For the last three years, “Doc-Woc” has smuggled Bacta

to refugee camps and Rebel bases throughout the Miatt sector in a modified *Starwell* Tanker. He has numerous contacts among Rebel groups and despite not being formally affiliated with any of any of them, he is generally trusted and can depend on them for help just as they depend on him for medical supplies.

While no longer a practicing physician by any means, Dr. Jaquin has been known to scrub in when the Rebel medical centers he visits are overwhelmed. Several Rebel soldiers report that Doc-Woc was at Hoth Base when *Executer's* fleet attacked, a rumor the good Doctor gruffly dismisses whenever asked about it.

GMs can use Doc-Woc and the *Angel* in a variety of ways. If PCs are members of a Rebel group, then Doc-Woc can, of course, be a supplier vital to the war effort. If one or more of the PCs grew up in a refugee camp, or spent time in one, then perhaps Doc-Woc helped them more directly in the past. Alternately, Doc's trusted position as an independent means that in the event of his capture, rebel groups would most likely mount a rescue operation.

If the PCs are smugglers themselves, a character like Doc-Woc can provide an example of a Fringer that still does their part to help fight the Empire. Starting PCs can be shown the ropes by Doc-Woc, who has learned quite a few tricks and has many contacts in the galactic underworld.

Written by
Raymond McVay

ANGEL

Craft: Universal Transports CL-3 Starwell

Type: Light tanker craft

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 22.5 meters

Skill: Space transports: Starwell tanker

Crew: 1

Crew Skill: See "Doc Woc"

Passengers: up to 3

Cargo Capacity: 700 metric tons (liquid; 75 tons in hidden compartments; up to 18 tons other)

Consumables: 3 months

Hyperdrive Multiplier: x1

Hyperdrive Backup: x2

Nav Computer: Yes

Maneuverability: 0D

Space: 4

Atmosphere: 480;800 kph

Hull: 4D

Shields: 1D

Sensors:

Passive: 10/0D

Scan: 25/1D

Search: 40/2D

Focus: 2/3D

Weapons:

Laser cannon

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 1 (can be fired from cockpit)

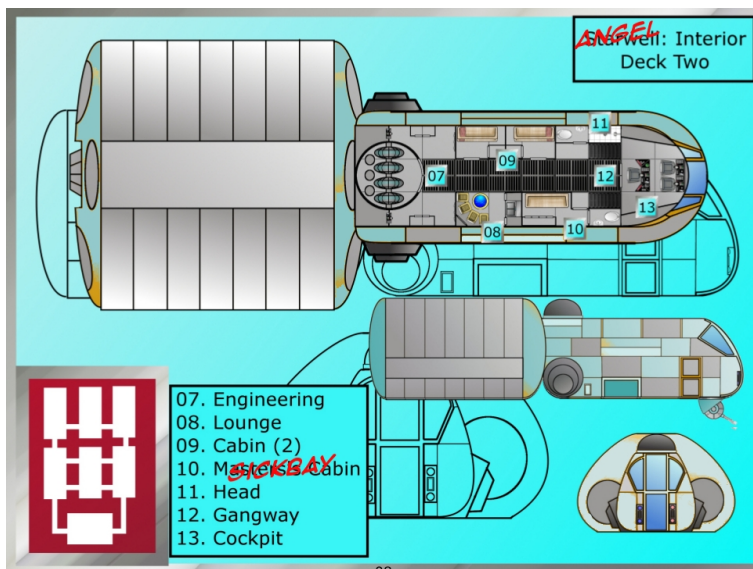
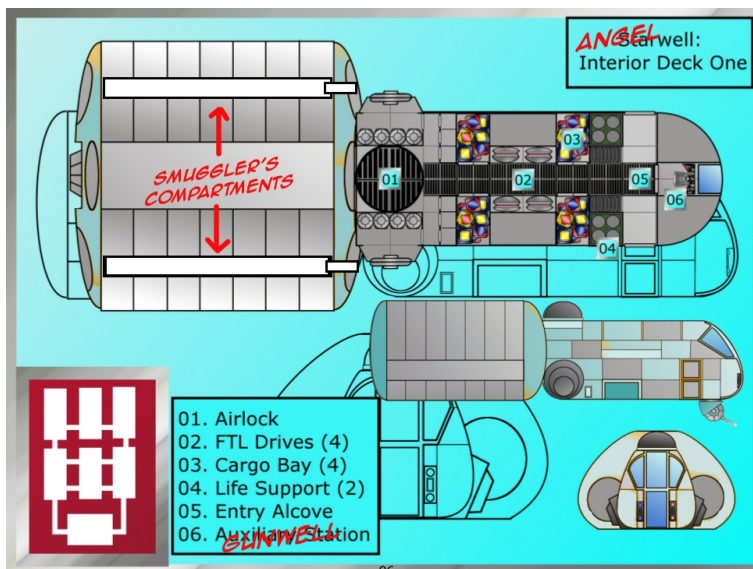
Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D (1D from cockpit)

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmospheric Range: 100-300 m/1.2 km/2.5km

Damage: 4D



WILDERNESS DINOSAURS LASERS ALIENS AETHER POWER ARMOR APOCALYPSE MYTHS RESISTANCE FIGHTERS VEHICLES COMPLICATIONS RUINS TRAPS HUNTERS EPICS INTRIGUE MURDERS SURVIVAL RAIDERS DEMONS MERE ENARIES SUPERSTITION EXPLOSIONS PERKS DREGS THE COOPERATIVE LEGENDS **BREACHWORLD**

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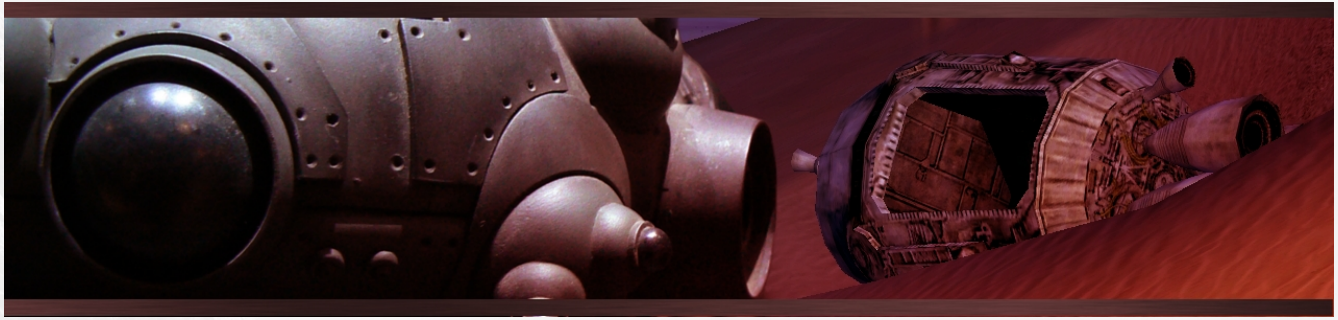
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THE SPOILS OF WAR

This short scenario is intended for a relatively new party of heroes, but can easily be adapted for more experienced groups. Moreover, it is designed to be used as a sequel to the adventure “Crashing the Party” from Issue 1. It can be run as a stand-alone scenario with just a little modification, however.

The Ultimatum

Darth Vader delivered his report to Grand Moff Tarkin with little emotion—something made easier by the mask that he wore. “Her resistance to the mind probe is considerable. It will be some time before we can extract any information from her.”

Sergeant Ezana Oresh, standing guard duty nearby, shuddered at the memory. He'd been stationed in cell block AA-23 when Vader and his interrogation droid paid that visit to Princess Leia. While he'd not been able to hear much of the conversation that took place, he'd certainly heard the screaming. That Alderaanian princess had to be one tough woman, even if she was a Rebel.

Tarkin considered those words, but as he did so an underling approached him.

“The final checkout is completed,” the newcomer informed him. “All systems are operational. What course shall we set?”

The faint hint of a cruel smile spread across Tarkin's face. “Perhaps she would respond to an alternative form of persuasion.”

“What do you mean?” Vader asked.

“I think it is time we demonstrated the full power of this station,” Tarkin turned to his underling. “Set your course for Alderaan.”

“With pleasure.” He turned on his heel and exited.

Sergeant Oresh was stunned. He'd heard talk that the Death Star's superlaser could destroy a planet. Did Tarkin really mean to use it in blowing up Alderaan? For a moment he tried to imagine what it would be like for a whole world just to be blown away—all its people, its buildings... its commercial goods.

Oresh had an idea.

. . .

It was two hours before Ezana Oresh finished his shift on guard duty in the conference room. Normally he'd head to the mess for some food before seeking out some R&R, but not today. Instead he headed back to Cell Block AA-23. There he knew he would find, in Cell #2143, the prisoner with whom he needed to speak.

When the door to the cell swooshed open, Oresh found Cray Sadova lying on his back on the chamber's hard bunk, holding his hands with splayed fingertips in front of him as if contemplating the situation. He turned toward the door. “Can I help you?”

“Cray Sadova.” Ezada let it hang in the air for a moment. “I've heard that you're a well-connected man.”

Sadova shrugged. “I know a few beings.”

“And you work extensively throughout the Core Systems.”

“Here and there. Why?”

“I need you to arrange shipment for a cargo.”

“A cargo?”

“A cargo: foodstuffs, consumer goods and the like.”

“Why?”

"All will become clear, eventually." Oresh smiled. "The only thing you need to know is that, if you can arrange the shipment, I'll do what I can to arrange clemency for you."

Sadova considered the proposition and then shrugged. "Okay. I mean, what do I have to lose?"

• • •

"That's the last of it." Captain Shona Venn consulted the manifest on her datapad as Kublarrha pushed the hover-platform onto the cargo lift and started it moving upward.

The Wookiee roared a question.

"I don't know," Venn conceded. "The order came down from Sadova. He said it's to be kept entirely hush-hush, but to me this stuff seems like nothing more than ordinary cargo."

Kublarrha growled again.

"Right. Even so, it doesn't really matter if we get paid for making the delivery, right?"

Once the goods were stowed, they headed for the cockpit. While the Wookiee finished the pre-flight prep, Venn activated the comm. "Aldera City spaceport control, this is the freighter *Flame Ibbot* preparing for takeoff.

There was a lengthy pause, with no response.

She tried again. "Aldera City spaceport control, this is..."

"Roger that, *Flame Ibbot*," a voice responded. "We're advising no travel right now, and recommend that you hold off on departure."

"Why is that?"

"It's, well—I don't know, to tell the truth. We've had a vessel come out of hyperspace close to the planet, and we're trying to determine its intentions."

"You think it might be hostile?"

"Frankly, we don't know. It's unlike anything we've ever seen before."

"Roger that. *Flame Ibbot* out." Venn turned to her Wookiee partner. "What do you think?"

Kublarrha shook her head and warbled a response. "I agree. Let's go."

As they eased in the repulsorlifts, raising the Ghtroc 720 freighter out of its docking bay, the comm sounded again. "*Flame Ibbot*, we're still advising no travel—"

Venn ended the connection and cut in the sublight drives; before long, the cloud-spotted blue sky of Alderaan gave way to the star-speckled black of space.

Only then did they see why the spaceport controller was being so cautious.

At a first glance, it looked like Alderaan had gained a second moon. Closer inspection, however, revealed that the newcomer was some kind of massive space vessel.

Venn's eyes went wide. "Kublarrha, I've got a bad feeling about this."

The Wookiee rumbled agreement.

"Set us a course out of here. Caamas, Kattada—anywhere but here."

While the Wookiee set to work, the human pushed her thrusters for everything she could. Despite the ship's inertial dampening, they were pushed back into their seats.

As they rocketed away from the planet, the surrounding space was lit up with a flash of XYZ. The vessel created a bolt of energy, bigger than anything either being had ever seen, which fired into Alderaan.

The planet exploded.

The *Flame Ibbot* was rocked by an expanding shockwave as Alderaan was reduced to little more than drifting pieces of rubble.

"What in hell was that?" Venn asked.

Kublarrha, stunned, could only shake her shaggy head.

"Let's get out of here."

The Wookiee nodded vigorously and pulled backward on the ship's hyperdrive throttle; the familiar pinpoints of stars streaked past the canopy, giving way to the mottled backdrop—and safety—of hyperspace.

• • •

They emerged from hyperspace near the planet Caamas. Immediately their sensor console lit up with a flashing warning. The comm squawked a message in unison with it. "Incoming vessel, power down your engines and shields, and prepare to be boarded."

An Imperial-class Star Destroyer hung in orbit above the planet.

"Right." By way of a response, Shona Venn pushed the sublight drives for all the thrust they could provide. The *Flame Ibbot* dove for Caamas's atmosphere. "These guys just blew up an entire world. I don't think we can expect any co-operation from them."

The Wookiee roared agreement.

Beneath them, the planet's atmosphere was a turbulent mix of brown and grey. Venn recalled that it had been a lush world, much like Alderaan, but that it had been ruined by an Imperial attack not long after the Clone Wars. Now the biosphere was compromised, poisoned by the ashes and dust of extinct flora and fauna.

Her recollection was interrupted when the ship shook, struggling against an invisible force. They were caught in a tractor beam.

"Kub," Venn suggested, "head aft; move the cargo from the hold into the port side escape pod."

The Wookiee rumbled a question.

"No. We haven't broken any laws, but I don't want the Empire taking control of our cargo." With that, Venn pushed the *Flame Ibbot* for all it was worth, trying to buy time. A minute later the ship was swallowed by roiling black and grey clouds, and then a swirling brown began to rattle against the ship's hull. It was a dust storm.

Kublarrha, meanwhile, made her way back to the port cargo compartment. She could feel a steady tremor through the deck, the effect of the Imperial tractor beam. R2-D5 met her halfway there, and chirped an interrogative. The Wookiee roared in response, and together the two set about hauling crates.

Throughout the process, Kublarrha could feel the *Flame*

Ibbot's struggle against the tractor beam begin to fade. The rolling waves in the decking gave way to a steady shudder, and then stopped altogether.

"Kub," Venn called through the comm, "we're running out of time. How's it going back there?"

The Wookiee howled in response. At the same time, R2-D5 beeped a question. *How would they find the escape pod once they returned?*

Kublarrha considered that for a moment, and then decided. Grabbing the droid by its leg joints, she pushed it into the escape pod and slammed the button that closed the hatch. Then she jettisoned it.



The Wookiee almost thought she could hear an angry electronic trill as she felt the jolt of the pod being launched. At the same time, the *Flame Ibbot* shuddered to a halt.

Background

In a cave on the planet Caamas lies a cargo of Alderaanian foodstuffs and consumer goods. The only beings who know of its location are Shona Venn and Kublarrha the Wookiee—but an Imperial agent by the name of Kaleb Oresh also suspects its presence. Given the recent destruction of that world, the cargo is now worth a small fortune. That is why the two smugglers are looking for help in recovering their lost items—help in the form of an unlikely band of heroes.

KUBLARRHA

Type: Wookiee First Mate

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Dodge 3D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 2D+1

STRENGTH 5D

Brawling 7D

Melee 7D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

First Aid 4D+1

Space Transports Repair 5D+1

Special Abilities:

Berserker Rage, Climbing Claws: See the core rulebook for details.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 7

Move: 10

Equipment: Wookiee bowcaster, comlink

Something of a rarity among Wookiees, Kublarrha is golden in color. She has traveled with Shona Venn ever since a chance meeting on Druckenwell, where the Human freed her from captivity. As such, she owes the smuggler a life debt. Even so, their relationship is one of equals, with the two partners working together toward a common goal.



Introduction

This scenario can begin in a number of different ways, depending on whether or not the heroes participated in the events of “Crashing the Party.”

If they did help rescue Shona Venn and Kublarrha the Wookiee from Imperial clutches, then the two smugglers owe the heroes a favor. By way of recompense, they offer to help recover “some items of considerable value.” At first they offer a 50/50 split, but a Bargain check opposed to Venn's willpower can change this to 60/40 or even 70/30. Given the circumstances, she and her copilot are willing to be generous. To that end, they also agree to make the journey to Caamas aboard the heroes' own ship.

On the other hand, if the heroes didn't participate in that scenario, then it should be assumed that Shona Venn and Kublarrha escaped from Imperial clutches through their own efforts, and thus don't have command of the *Flame Ibbot*. For that reason, they are looking to charter a vessel and crew to help in making the run. In this case they offer a 70/30 split, with them keeping the nexu's share, but can be talked up to a 60/40 or even 50/50 arrangement with the aforementioned opposed skill checks.

Whatever the case, as long as they can reach a deal, the heroes and their two compatriots can begin to plot their journey to Caamas. At the GM's discretion, this could require an Astrogration check, with failure leading to unexpected consequences.

EPISODE 1: ARRIVAL

Upon reaching Caamas, the heroes are greeted by a planet swathed in grey and brown clouds. It has rocky terrain, mostly devoid of life in the aftermath of the Imperial bombardment. There is also an *Imperial*-class Star Destroyer, hovering in space just at the edge of the horizon. While it doesn't present any threat now, it will later. At this point, Venn plots her coordinates and directs the heroes to steer their ship into the sandstorm.

Into the Storm

Piloting through a sandstorm requires a DN 18 Space Transports check. Success means that the heroes are able to

navigate the turbulence, while failure means that the vessel suffers 3D damage and the pilot must try again to fight against the railing winds and scouring sand.

At the same time that the heroes are navigating the sandstorm, Shona Venn begins transmitting with the hope of contacting her droid. She begins transmitting her signal —“R2-D5, are you there?”—before receiving a rather terse warble in response. Characters who can understand Binary, or who can make a DN 12 Languages check, recognize that the droid sounds pretty angry about what has transpired.

The Landing

The landing field is a niche between two ranges of hills (see map for details). It provides some protection against the sandstorm. In the middle of this area sits the escape pod, with its hatch open; it is empty. As they investigate the pod, the heroes face a new danger.

MUTATED BEHEMOTH

Type: Native Predator

DEXTERITY 3D

Hide 4D

Search 4D

Sneak 5D

KNOWLEDGE 1D

MECHANICAL 1D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 5D

Brawling 7D

TECHNICAL 1D

Special Abilities: None

Force Points: 0

Character Points: 0

Move: 14

Equipment: None

The mutated behemoth stands two meters tall at the shoulder and is four meters long. It has six legs with clawed feet, a maw filled with sharp teeth, bony ridges along its head, and a stubby tail. While it is covered in fur, clumps of this hair are falling out, a sign of the damage that Caamas's changed environment has done to the creature.

CAPTAIN SHONA VENN

Type: Human Smuggler

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 4D+1

Dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Streetwise 3D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Space transports 5D+2

Starship gunnery 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 3D+2

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Special Abilities: None

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Flight suit, vest, comlink, blaster pistol(4D, 3-10/30/120)

Shona Venn has dark skin and hair and brown eyes. She is cocky, as befits a Corellian smuggler, but that aura conceals a woman of strong moral principles and great dedication. She has devoted herself to helping Kublarrha and the enslaved Wookiees of Kashyyyk, delivering cargoes into the depths of that planet's forests in order to promote the resistance movement that is growing there.

As the heroes step onto the surface of Caamas, they should make Perception checks opposed to the Sneak effort of a mutated behemoth attracted by the tumult. This creature is hungry, looking for an easy meal. To that end, it lashes out at the nearest character (use the table for grenade scatter to determine its starting position). The behemoth attacks until it has suffered two wounds, at which point it retreats.

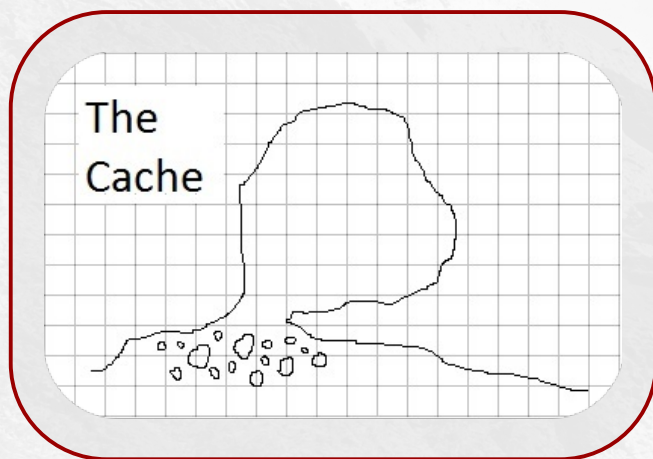
Note that, for parties who are particularly capable in combat, the GM may wish to have more than one mutated behemoth attack.

The Cave

In the time since Shona Venn and Kublarrha dropped their cargo, R2-D5 has become pretty bitter about being left

on this wasteland of a world. That's why the little droid puts out its arc welder and attempts to zap the first being who approaches it. It can be calmed with a DN 12 Bargain check, a suitable display of force, or the like.

Inside the cave are the cargo crates, still sealed. R2-D5 dragged them here, fearing that staying in the escape pod would attract unwanted attention. It took the droid a number of hours to drag them, but the heroes should be able to move them in a matter of minutes.



Unwanted Attention: Part 1

The heroes' arrival attracts two more unexpected visitors, however. One is a local mystic named Pree Tu'anu, a Force-sensitive Caamasi who lives in the wasteland and has become rather unhinged by living here. He felt through the Force the destruction of Alderaan, and now feels a subtle connection between the cave and that lost world. For that reason he has come to speak with the heroes.

Pree can be something of a nuisance for the party, but one that could prove useful in the future. While he is unhinged, he also possesses Force abilities and could act as a teacher for heroes who want to learn how to manipulate that mystical energy field. He can also make for interesting interactions, given that he is prone to speaking in riddles and delivering lectures that meander into esoteric mumbo-jumbo.

Unwanted Attention: Part 2

While the heroes are in the process of loading the goods, they receive another uninvited guest; this time it's an Imperial probe droid. Once again the heroes should make Perception checks (or Search checks, for those characters who are

actively on the lookout for trouble) opposed to the droid's Sneak attempt.

The droid transmits its report before the heroes see it; once they've spotted it, it opens fire with its blaster cannon and tries to position itself beneath their ship.

As soon as it is disabled, the droid's self-destruct mechanism is activated. In this way, they must devise a means of moving it before it blows up and damages their vessel's landing gear.

EPISODE 2: DEPARTURE

The appearance of the probe droid should be a signal for the heroes to leave Caamas. As the heroes should rightly suspect, its transmission alerts the Star Destroyer *Pride of Brentaal* to their presence, and it immediately dispatches four TIE fighters to intercept them. The fighters, for their part, give chase and blast away at the heroes' ship in the hope of disabling it.

If they want to make an escape, the heroes need to plot a hyperspace jump (requiring a DN 15 Astrogation check) while fighting off the TIEs. R2-D5, if the droid is feeling mollified, can assist with that effort. In a similar way, players whose characters are not starship-combat-oriented might want to take control of Shona Venn to operate one of the ship's weapon systems. In this way, she could be something of a rival for hero gunners. Note that, if the heroes' ship doesn't have multiple weapon emplacements, or if the heroes aren't that good at using them, the GM may wish to reduce the number of pursuing TIE fighters to two. As long as the heroes can survive for six rounds—representing the time it takes to reach six planetary diameters from Caamas—they can make the jump to hyperspace and safety.

On the other hand, if the heroes should be captured, things become a good deal more complicated. In that case, the GM may need to arrange a session in which they are shipped out to an Imperial penal colony, but eventually find a means of escaping.

CONCLUSION

This scenario leaves a number of plot elements unresolved; described below are a few of the directions in which the

PREE TU'ANU

Type: Caamasi Force Adept

DEXTERITY 2D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Cultures 6D

Languages 6D

Survival 5D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 4D

Persuasion 6D

Search 5D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D

Special Abilities:

Control 2D

Sense 3D

Force Powers Known: Hibernation Trance; Life Detection, Magnify Senses, Receptive Telepathy, Sense Force; Projective Telepathy

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 5

Move: 8

Equipment: Robes, walking stick, medpac, backpack with foodstuffs and bedroll, canteen

Pree Tu'anu was on Camaas when the Imperial bombardment occurred. In the aftermath, he wandered the broken landscape of his homeworld, trying to make sense of what had happened. Because he is very sensitive to the feelings of living things, Pree became a bit unhinged by all of the misery and destruction that surrounded him. What is more, even as he struggled with those issues, he was stunned again to feel the Force effects when Alderaan was destroyed. Now he seems like little more than an eccentric nuisance, but his insight can still be quite keen.

Pree has grey fur and dresses in tattered brown robes similar to those of a Jedi Knight or a Jawa. He carries his gear in an old backpack, and usually leans on a walking stick.

IMPERIAL PROBE DROID

Type: Arakyd Viper Probe Droid

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Planetary systems 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

Sensors 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 4D, search: tracking 7D+1

STRENGTH 4D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Equipped with:

Long-range sensor (+1D to search for objects between 200 meters and five kilometers away)

Movement sensor (+2D to search for moving objects up to 100 meters away)

Atmosphere sensors – can determine atmosphere class (Type I, Type II, Type III or Type IV) within one half-hour

Blaster cannon (4D+2, 3-10/30/120)

Self-destruct mechanism

Repulsor generator for movement over any terrain

Several retractable manipulator arms

Several retractable sensor arms for gathering samples

Move: 14

Size: 1.6 meters tall

Cost: 14,500 (new)



story could lead.

- First and foremost is the question of what the heroes will do with the cargo. Options here included advertising it and arranging an auction, seeking out a specific group such as the Rebel Alliance or other survivors of Alderaan, selling it to a crime boss, or the like. Many of these options will be addressed in the follow-up to this scenario, "Special Delivery."
- Depending on what the heroes decide, Shona Venn and Kublarrha could decide to work with them, or they might try to claim the cargo for themselves.
- Pree Tu'anu presents numerous opportunities for roleplaying, along with the chance to mentor Force-using heroes. Despite being a few card-chips short of a sabacc deck, the Camaasi does have a way with using the Force to see deeper into situations than what most beings can perceive.

Whatever the case, this scenario should serve as a launching point into many future adventures.

Written by
Nathanael Christen

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PLANET LOG

MUSTAFAR

A small planet located in the Mustafar system of the Outer Rim Territories, coreward of Rutan, between the Hydian Way and the Ninth Quadrant.

A fiery volcanic world where lava was mined like a precious natural resource, Mustafar often served as a place to dispose of unwanted evidence, a quality which drew Black Sun to the planet. It also drew the Sith. It was on Mustafar that Darth Maul began his Sith training. Mustafar also served as the last capital of the Confederacy of Independent Systems, and was the site of the Separatists' downfall, an event that shaped galactic history. In a duel that followed, Darth Vader fought his former master, Obi-Wan Kenobi, and lost, as a result of which he was forced to wear dark armor for the rest of his life.

Geography

Mustafar was a very young and volatile world, torn apart by opposing gravitational forces of the gas giants Jestefad and Lefrani, with the former being the closer of the two. Astride thick-skinned lava fleas, the native Mustafarians leapt across the lava fields to mine the planet's unique and valuable minerals present in the lava.

The intense geological activity creates natural scanning interference that has kept prying eyes away from Mustafar for most of its history.

The Mustafarians oversaw the mining facilities constructed by the Techno Union on the planet.

Early History

Once a lush green world, Mustafar was home to a Jedi Enclave built around 5300 BBY. Jedi Master Chu-Gon Dar, an individual whose mastery of physical Force was unmatched,

also lived there. He created a unique Force-sensitive object while on the planet known as the Chu-Gon Dar cube which was used to both channel and manipulate the physical Force to alter the physical properties of an item placed inside it. However, in 3996 BBY, the resurgent Sith wished to exterminate the Jedi, and so a climactic battle took place on the planet. This battle was so intense that one of the nearby gas giants was pulled into its current location by the Force, starting the gravitational tug-of-war. The environmental hazards caused by this forced the Jedi to abandon their temples on the planet. This caused all knowledge of Chu-Gon's cube to be lost. Mustafar would also be the home of the Force organization the Blackguard.

Mustafar was home to two variants of sentient Mustafarians—the northern Mustafarians, who were tall and thin, and the southern Mustafarians, who were short and squat. Centuries ago, a cataclysmic eruption destroyed all Mustafarian settlements except for Fralideja.

Clone Wars

At the time of the Clone Wars, the Techno Union had owned Mustafar since 300 BBY, harvesting minerals and energy from the 800-degree-hot lava. It was comparatively cool compared to most other lava due to the unusual mineral allotropes that became molten at a lower temperature. Regardless, the lava could only safely be mined when a repulsor field was placed to repress any eruptions and deflect heat away from those harvesting it.

But the Techno Union wasn't the only corporate power interested in Mustafar. Before the Clone Wars started, Damask Holdings maintained a facility on the planet, in a structure previously owned by Boss Cabra, Vigo of Black Sun. There, the Nightbrother child who would become Darth Maul was trained by Darth Sidious so that he could serve the purpose of the Sith Lord and his secret Master, Darth Plagueis.

During the early years of the war, Supreme Chancellor Palpatine, in his guise as Darth Sidious, tasked the Duros bounty hunter Cad Bane with kidnapping Force-sensitive children and taking them to the Damask Holdings facility on the planet, where he could turn them into a cadre of

Force-wielding spies for the Galactic Empire. The plot was scuttled by Anakin Skywalker and his Padawan, Ahsoka Tano.

At some point prior to the second year of the war, Black Sun, under the leadership of Xomit Grunseit, moved its headquarters to a fortress on Mustafar. Death Watch, together with their new allies Darth Maul and Savage Opress, arrived in the Black Sun complex with an offer of allegiance. When Grunseit refused, Opress murdered all the members of his cabal, making Captain of the Guard Ziton Moj leader of the syndicate.

The main Separatist stronghold was located in a massive industrial complex located on a fiery cliff bracketed by two huge lava flows. Collection arms mined lava from the area, while durable industrial droids worked further afield. Within this facility lay a Separatist command center, one of the most secure bunkers in the galaxy.



Toward the end of the Clone Wars, Palpatine would continue to have a vested interest in the planet, ordering General Grievous to move the Separatist Council there near the end of the war, apparently for their own safety, but in reality to gather them together so that Skywalker, newly anointed as Darth Vader, Palpatine's new apprentice, could kill them all, and deactivate the droid armies, bringing about the end of the war. Shortly afterwards, a duel between Obi-Wan Kenobi and Darth Vader would also take place on the lava planet. During the duel, the controls to the mining complex were destroyed and the repulsor fields dropped, allowing the violent lava eruptions to overwhelm the complex.

Vader suffered grievous injuries, including the loss of his remaining limbs, and the searing of his lungs, when he attempted to jump to higher ground from a platform on the lava river, only to be immobilized by Kenobi. He was later

rescued by Emperor Palpatine, who brought him back to Coruscant, where he was rebuilt into the feared cyborg executor of the Emperor at the Emperor Palpatine Surgical Reconstruction Center. It was also on this planet, immediately prior to the Kenobi/Vader confrontation, that Lord Vader, who, unknown to Padmé Amidala, was no longer the man she had married, Force choked the pregnant Senator of Naboo into unconsciousness. This would eventually contribute to the causes of her death, alongside the loss of will she suffered, as well as her broken heart.

Imperial Era

After the destruction of the Separatist Council and the Imperialization of the Techno Union, Mustafar was largely forgotten, until a Separatist stalwart, the fugitive Geonosian Gizzor Dellso, holed up on Mustafar during the early days of the Galactic Empire and re-activated an independent battle droid factory, intending to rebuild the Confederacy's previous military strength.

From 18 BBY to 12 BBY, he constructed a small army and a flotilla of warships above the planet, and got the support of several fellow Geonosians. One year later, the situation had been required by the attention of the loyal 501st Legion of stormtroopers to storm the planet. At the battle's end, with the droid schematics destroyed and Dellso eliminated, the base was annihilated in a massive orbital strike from Imperial I-class Star Destroyers, which resulted in the fall of the Geonosian Industries, along with the fragmentation of the Separatist holdouts.

At some point, Mensix Corp established the Mensix Mining Facility, built to replace the previously destroyed Klegger Corp Mining Facility complex.

Four years before the Battle of Yavin, an Imperial fleet was stationed above Mustafar commanded by Grand Moff Wilhuff Tarkin aboard his Imperial I-class Star Destroyer the *Sovereign*. During the mission to rescue Kanan Jarrus, the *Sovereign* was destroyed during Kanan Jarrus' and the Inquisitor's duel after his lightsaber was cut in two by Jarrus and fell into the ship's power core, sending it falling towards the lava fields below.

Galactic Civil War

Prior the time the Death Star plans were stolen, Twi'lek mercenary Rianna Saren and Zeeo were sent to gather Intel on current Imperial operations and sabotage the Mirkanite

Mining Facility.

The mission was successful as the duo narrowly escaped from Imperial soldiers and a squadron of TIE fighters.

After the destruction of the first Death Star, it was rumored that several would-be Jedi found their way to the legendary world of Mustafar, and were apparently guided on their path to Knighthood by the spectral form of Obi-Wan Kenobi. A disturbance caused by a gathering of dark side energy drew Kenobi's spirit to the planet. Other explorers at the time apparently encountered the ancient assassin droid HK-47 along with an ancient Hammerhead-class cruiser.

Written by
Don Diestler



MUSTAFAR

Region: Outer Rim Territories
Sector: Atravis
System: Mustafar
Sun(s): Piate
Trade Route(s): Tosste Spurr
Orbital Position: 2
Moon(s): -
Length of Day: 36 hours
Length of Year: 412 standard days
Starport(s): Limited
Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Searing
Atmosphere: Type II
Hydrosphere: None (35% lava covered)
Gravity: Standard
Primary Terrain: Wasteland, volcanoes, lava rivers, mountains, caves
Points of Interest: Klegger Corp Mining Facility, Damask Holdings Mustafar accounting facility, Black Sun fortress, Berken's Flow, Tulrus Island, Burning Plains, Smoking Forest, Crystal Flats, Mensix Mining Facility, Jedi Enclave, Southern Jedi ruins
Native Flora: -
Native Fauna: Blistmok, Kubaza beetle, She Kar, Tulrus, Xandank
Native Species: Northern Mustafarians, Southern Mustafarians
Immigrated Species: Skakoans, Falleen, Humans
Population: 20,000 (95% Mustafarians, 3% Skakoan, 2% other)
Languages: Mustafarian
Government: Corporate (Techno Union)
Tech Level: Space
Planet Function: Mining, raw materials
Major Cities: Fralideja (capital)
Major Exports: Processed ores, Mirkanite
Major Imports: Foodstuff, technology, water
Affiliation: Mustafarians, Jedi Order, Techno Union, Damask Holdings, Confederacy of Independent Systems, Geonosian Industries, Separatist holdouts, Gizon Dellso, Galactic Empire



A PROMISE MADE

Opening Crawl

Morale is soaring as the heroic REBEL ALLIANCE celebrates its victory against the Empire over the forest moon of Endor. The attack on the second DEATH STAR, now widely known as "Ackbar's Gambit," scattered a large portion of the Imperial Navy. Celebrations abound throughout the galaxy.

With the destruction of the Empire's latest super-weapon comes also the death of the Emperor's evil right hand, DARTH VADER and the vile EMPEROR PALPATINE himself. Admiral Ackbar, the Alliance's foremost strategist and commander orders the fleet to press its advantage while the Imperial Navy is in disarray and without clear leadership.

With the Death Star destroyed, the Alliance's first objective is to liberate the wookiees on Kashyyyk. The Imperial governor of the system has placed the planet under martial law and given Trandoshan slaver clans free reign over the population. The wookiees have long felt the yoke of oppression, and now the Rebel Alliance prepares to begin restoring freedom to the galaxy starting with the wookiee homeworld of Kashyyyk...

PROLOGUE

Admiral Ackbar surveyed the starfield through the viewports of his command ship, *Home One*, as a female Sullustan approached with news. "The fleet is in position, Admiral," she said. "All capable ships are clear of the debris field and are awaiting orders to jump."

"Very good," Ackbar replied, swiveling his chair to look at the small, lithe figure. He could see the pride in her eyes. It was true that they'd gained a great victory over the Empire, but now wasn't the time to start relaxing too much. "Remember, the war is far from over. There are still many systems under Imperial rule."

The Sullustan's smile faded slightly beneath her folded cheeks, but Ackbar could still see she was beaming about the victory three days earlier. The admiral had felt the skin around his mouth crack slightly as he spoke, although he felt the same pride that everyone in the Alliance must feel right now.

He reached down to the control console on the right arm of his command seat and flipped a switch that would broadcast his voice to the entire gathered fleet. "All capital ships, are your fighters accounted for?" While waiting for reports, he turned on the steam collar around his throat to keep his skin moist.

Holograms popped up before him, each one showing the commanding officer of one of the ships in the fleet. Some tried to give a verbal response while others saluted, but their mere appearance was enough to inform Ackbar of their status, each one blinking out once the commander had reported.

Once the cacophony of noise and visuals finished, Ackbar ordered the fleet into position, and brought up a holographic display of the fleet as it slowly maneuvered into position for the hyperspace jump. The heavy cruisers and escort frigates were the first to jump, followed by the transports, fighters and finally the command ships. Ackbar always loved jumping to hyperspace; it was something he'd done countless times, yet watching the starfield stretch into the bluish-white

of a realm nobody quite understood was something he got a great thrill from. The time spent in hyperspace also seemed different than that of realspace. Time didn't pass in the same way; it wasn't faster, but it was too fast. It was almost tangible. After what seemed only a few extra puffs of steam from his collar, Ackbar heard the navigational officer begin to start the countdown to realspace reversion. Bracing himself, the admiral watched the lights of hyperspace shorten back down to dots.

Home One reverted into the Kashyyyk system and was immediately embroiled in the firestorm above the planet. Several Imperial-class star destroyers were in orbit, in addition to more gunboats, corvettes, frigates and fighters than he could count. The Imperial navy even had a cruiser acting as an interdicator to prevent any ships from leaving the system. *Great*, Ackbar thought. Just after one of the greatest tactical victories of his career, he stumbles into a situation like this. He jabbed at a button on his command seat to raise a general ship-wide alarm, and claxons began blaring in his ears. He reached up to his right to pull a microphone to his mouth. "Red alert! All hands, charge turbolasers and fire at will! Fighters deploy from the docking bay immediately!"

EPISODE ONE

Jek had developed into a respectable pilot; he was no Han Solo, but he could hold his own. But when the Alliance fleet jumped straight into the jaws of an Imperial armada, there was only so much fancy flying could do. The large capital ships and bigger gunboats started taking heavy damage immediately, but their smaller freighter, the *Selonian Dawn*, was able to duck and weave to stay intact.

The first of the Alliance craft to go down was a Nebulon-B frigate that broke in two. Shortly after, Alliance Core Command raised their ship, commanding the *Dawn* to follow the listing cruiser, *Justice Ascendant*—a nearby Mon Cal cruiser that was succumbing to heavy fire from an Imperial-class star destroyer. Kale was receiving the orders and co-piloting while Jek focused on flying and the main cannons.

"Like we don't have enough to worry about!" Jek shouted. He banked the freighter down sharply and to the right to run close to the ship, but cursed as he immediately had to dodge a sudden blast of plasma, the results of another direct hit from the star destroyer. Each hit opened a hole, and the negative pressure of space forced whatever or whomever was unfortunate enough to be within at the time. Jek didn't think

he would ever get used to seeing people die in battle; especially when they were spaced. Jek felt sick as he turned and spun around to avoid incoming and outgoing turbolasers as well as any fighters that might come their way. The *Justice* was now the focus of a more intense attack, venting its vital components and staff. Jek tried to harden himself to the possibility of hitting someone, but he prayed he didn't hurt any of those that might still have the ability to feel.

"Clicks! Lallia!" he shouted over the ship's comm. "We've got to follow that cruiser wherever it goes. I'm going to have to focus on dodging stuff, so I need you to cover all directions!"

"Great, *more* targets," Lallia replied from the ventral quad laser bank. Jek was surprised; she usually liked having more things to shoot at. Maybe she was just getting tired of the game she and Clicks played.

The *Justice Ascendant* began to dip into a steeper descent toward the planet; its engines were failing, and now it was caught in Kashyyyk's gravitational pull. Jek swore and adjusted his flight so the *Dawn* wouldn't burn up on entry while watching the large cruiser continue to fall. As the cruiser dropped and picked up speed, plating and exposed components began superheating and peeling away from the carefully constructed fuselage.

"*Watch out!*" Kale shouted as Jek pulled the controls in all directions, dodging between red-hot wreckage. Heat sensors blared throughout the cockpit.

"It's getting hot down here!" Clicks shouted over the comm from the belly turret.

"*Shut up!*" Jek spat back. Sweat was dripping from his brow now, both the heat and concentration wearing his nerves thinner than they were when fully engaged in battle. Now that *Justice Ascendant* was entering the atmosphere, smoke was starting to trail fires that broke out and continued to burn. Jek juked to the right to get out of the smoke cloud, and straight into a white-hot piece of plating. The sudden shock threw Kale out of his seat, hitting his head on controls that should not have been hit. The ship was now falling through Kashyyyk's atmosphere, picking up speed and heat. "Kale! Get up!" Jek yelled.

Kale didn't reappear in his seat, but Jek heard footsteps running toward the cockpit, fairly regular despite the lowered gravity induced by their fall. Lallia came in, shouting "*Were you aiming for that piece of kriffing—*" she stopped

when she saw Kale, and stepped over him to take the copilot seat.

It was taking all Jek's strength to hold the ship steady. Lallia wasn't a very good pilot, but she had strong arms. "Take your controls and just help me keep her steady. *Justice* is going to hit hard, but I want to walk away when we do."

Lallia nodded, and Jek felt the weight from the controls subside greatly when Lallia took her side, so he felt comfortable enough to reach out in front of him to the comms panel. "Clicks, we need you up here. Kale needs you."

Another sheet of metallic debris peeled off the *Justice* and struck the *Dawn*, jerking the controls free from Jek's hands for a moment. It didn't take him long to regain control, but too many hits from debris could easily end them.

Clicks came up the corridor as briskly as she could, but with the increasing weightlessness of the ship's acceleration, she was having difficulty. Jek chanced a glance over his shoulder as she came in and saw her pale. Her job now was to take care of Kale while Jek figured out how to best crash the ship.

Clicks easily lifted Kale back to the living space. "We'll buckle in," Clicks yelled over the noise of impacts and burning metal.

"Good," Jek said. "This landing isn't going to be the softest we've ever had." Jek didn't often doubt his ability to fly a ship, but this was one time when he wasn't sure he could get it down in one piece. All he could do was pray they hit something soft.

• • •

Lallia could never have imagined how tall the wroshyr trees on Kashyyyk were until the *Justice Ascendant* began crashing into them. At first, they just began splitting apart like water would break on either side of an oceangoing vessel. But it wasn't long before the stubbed fins of the Mon Calamari cruiser began breaking and flattening the canopy of trees in its way. Finally, the resistance of the gigantic trees arrested the ship's momentum enough to let the *Justice* settle atop a mass of broken, uprooted and injured trees, and the *Dawn* wasn't far behind in striking into the surface.

Thousands of things seemingly happened at once, yet were separated by ages of time compressed into an instant. The *Selonian Dawn* hit a tree on the port side, sending it into

a spiral. Clicks watched as the world became a blur, only to be interrupted by striking something else. The cockpit showed her only sky and she felt weightless as the ship fell down toward the ground; she'd never been so terrified about falling before, and didn't think she'd ever feel the same about heights. It was in the weightlessness of acceleration that she noticed the cockpit had been shattered and shards of the glass-durasteel amalgam were hovering before her face.

Everything came to an abrupt halt, and gravity reasserted itself with violent force. The shards which she'd only just noticed hanging in the air had either bounced off her, cut into her or found their way onto her person; she knew she'd be finding the stuff for days. For long moments, the ship tipped onto its dorsal side and crashed hard into mossy soil. *I'm sure glad I strapped in*, Lallia thought.

"You think we're safe to get out?" Jek asked from her left. He looked horrible. The glass had cut his face quite badly, especially on the left side. And after the exertion, he looked to be ten years older. She probably didn't look any better.

"I would imagine so," she said as she reached for the harness buckle at the center of her chest. She unbuckled and climbed onto what used to be the ceiling. "Let's go get the others."

Clicks and Kale were in the living area. Kale was slumped, unconscious while Clicks was trying to figure out a good way to release him and catch him. In any other situation, it would have been humorous. But after the bumps, scratches cuts and sprains, Lallia was sure everyone just wanted to be in the open air. She and Jek helped get Kale down from the chair Clicks had strapped him into.

"We need to get some medical supplies," Clicks said.

Lallia and Jek both nodded. "You get that," Lallia said. "I'll go get some weapons. Jek, get whatever survival gear you can get your hands on. There's no telling how long we'll be here."

Jek, Lallia and Clicks finally got the emergency hatch on the starboard side to open, and got Kale out of the broken ship first before going back in and gathering the supplies they needed. They'd been fortunate enough—if that term could be used—to crash near the *Justice*.

Lallia sat down and took stock of the situation. Jek told them about Kale having received orders, but that they'd been struck before Kale could give specifics. Lallia nodded at

that, worrying that with a blow to the head so severe, Kale may not remember the orders. She looked around. Several fires were raging and spewing black smoke into Kashyyyk's atmosphere. With that pillar of smoke, she wouldn't be surprised if the Empire came out looking for survivors. She also noticed that they weren't sitting on top of a wroshyr tree platform or at a place where they'd grown together. They were sitting on *soil*—soil that had probably not seen daylight for millennia.

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Clicks was finally able to get Kale's injuries treated—more or less. The blow to his head had cut him from his right temple and down his cheek, barely missing his eye before jutting backward into his scalp, cutting his ear in two. He'd need bacta and a surgical droid to get it fixed properly, but at least this should keep it from getting infected. Clicks was wrapping a bandage around Kale's head when he finally came around.

“...What happened?” he asked, trying to lift himself from the ground.

“It's okay, stay there,” Clicks said. She tried to keep her voice even and calm. “We got orders to follow the *Justice Ascendant*, but we ended up crashing with it.” The others started to press forward, but Clicks shooed them away. “You hit your head really hard and lost quite a lot of blood. How do you feel?”

Kale lifted his hand to the bandage. “It feels like you set the side of my head on fire. What did you do?”

Clicks stuck her tongue out at him. “Just kept you from getting an infection and dying.”

“Ah. Well, I guess I'll live with the fire, then.” Kale looked around as best as he could with Clicks keeping such a close eye on her patient. “Where are we?”

“As far as we can tell, on the actual ground of Kashyyyk,” Lallia said, leaning over him. “We're about 500 meters from the crash of the *Justice*.”

“The *Justice*?” Kale asked. “That sounds like it's important.”

Clicks could see the thick fog in his eyes, but there were wheels turning inside. “We'd gotten orders to protect it for some reason, but lost you before we could get specifics.”

Suddenly, Kale's eyes brightened. “Yes! I remember now,” he said. “The captain of that ship knows more of our strategies and locations than almost anyone in the Alliance. His name is Vadooshk. We need to go see if he survived.”

“Can you move?” Jek asked. “Not to sound callous, but searching the wreckage will be hard if we have to carry you.”

Kale waved Jek's concerns aside. “I'm fine, as long as my doctor will let me go.”

“Just take it easy,” Clicks said. She really didn't want him overdoing it, but it seemed to be in his nature—he'd been doing it ever since she met him in the trenches all those years ago.

“Let's all take a pack with supplies,” Lallia said as she helped Kale to his feet. “Except you. You can just carry your blasters.” She handed him his E-11, which he holstered, and his DL-44, which he didn't.

Clicks didn't like where this was all going. But the orders stood. This was either a search-and-rescue or it was a search-and-recover. Either way, they had to move. “Stay sharp, everyone,” she said. “The Empire controls this planet, and if they see smoke, they might come with a welcoming party to search for survivors.” *Or just bomb the place into a hole in the ground*, she added to herself. “I have a bad feeling about this.”

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Kale had lied to Clicks. His head wasn't on fire. It was *so* much worse than that. He could barely see for the aching and pounding even as his stomach threatened to empty itself. But if the Academy had taught him anything, it was that when a job needed to get done, it needed to get done. And they were the only ones that could do it now.

The group crept along the port side of the ship, beginning at the engines and working toward the bridge. It was a strange feeling walking next to a cruiser that was normally so teeming with life—thousands of people either evacuated this ship, or dead or trapped inside. Sparks came from innumerable places within and without, but that and the roar of fires around the site were the only sounds. Those same roaring fires that were blotting out the sun with smoke were casting the group's shadow on the ship's hull in a million different ways, as if the ghosts of all who'd died on board were still there wandering around the vessel. Kale felt his arms

prickle as a chill ran along his spine. Intellectually, he knew there was nothing to be afraid of; they were just searching for survivors on a downed ship. But his baser nature had a solid hold on him and he was literally jumping at shadows. "Let's stick together, everyone. We don't want things going downhill like they did back on Ixtar," Kale said.

Each time they came upon a hole blasted by a turbolaser or battered in by a giant wroshyr tree, one or more of them would step in to look for anyone still alive. The main reactor was offline, and the normally pristine white curves now looked like tunnels created by insects with impeccable flair. The only thing that broke that image was the way so many of the corridors had caved in on themselves or burned with fires of their own.

As they drew closer to the bow of the ship, Kale thought he could hear something. "Wait, stop," he said quietly. It almost sounded like a fight. "Does anyone else hear that?" He hoped it wasn't his newly decorated ear playing tricks on him.

"I do," Lallia said, pulling her second E-11 from its holster. "It's up ahead."

Kale nodded. The others set a fast pace, all with blasters aimed and sidearms loose in the holsters, but Kale had a hard time keeping up. The ground didn't seem too steady, but he managed to bring up the rear.

Scratching and brushing ahead and to their left made them all jump, but they continued moving in the direction of the blasterfire. As far as Kale knew, wookiees didn't ever come down to the actual surface, so he had no idea what to expect. Were he in a more stable state, his imagination would conjure up all sorts of nightmares for him to lose sleep over.

The first suggestion that something bigger was happening was when Lallia—who'd decided to take point in this footrace into battle—fired her blasters. The others began soon after, and as Kale came around the curved nose of the massive ship, he could see why. The Alliance soldiers were fighting what looked like a giant rodent, as big as a wookiee. It had short fur covering its body and razor claws that had already dismembered several troops that had been too close. Its mouth opened wider than any animal's physiology should allow as it roared and bit at the two survivors. It swiped at one of them, tearing through the man's blaster and cutting a bloody gash across his chest. The other one, a woman, fired a long rifle at the creature's head, striking it in the eye. The creature opened its jaws wide toward the sky in a deafening

scream before lunging at the woman and biting her in half.

Kale looked down at his feet. He couldn't believe what he'd just seen happen. They had things like that back on Corellia, but they were small. They were rodents. Vermin. Something to be gotten rid of with simple traps, but there were at least five bodies now on the ground before this creature. And his friends were shooting at it now.

The creature turned toward them and launched itself with what looked more like a pile of stone than a tail. It was club-like and lumpy, but Kale didn't have much time to dwell on that as the beast sailed toward them on a pair of membranes that connected its fore and hind legs. Kale finally joined in the fight, although the ground still felt uneven to him and the burning ozone that accompanied blasterfire didn't help. Most shots hit, but the creature continued even after a lot of its underbelly was blackened. Just before it landed, Clicks fired a shot that struck its soaring membrane. The creature yelped like it was in true pain, and roared at them as soon as its hind legs touched ground. But rather than attacking, it sprang away, flying awkwardly now that its aerodynamics were off.

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Lallia didn't know what to think after the...thing, whatever it was, flew away. It wasn't until Clicks pushed past her that she suddenly realized that there was at least one survivor on the ground. She motioned the others forward and kept her blasters at the ready.

The man wasn't doing well. Those razor-sharp claws had cut deeply into his forearms and might well have been the end of him if they hadn't been close at hand. Clicks was hard at work applying pressure and treating the wounds. The man was very gracious as she worked on him, despite wincing in pain every time she was a little rough with a wound.

"I can't tell you... how glad I am to see you here," the man said. "But *why* are you here?"

"We got orders to protect the *Justice* and when it started to go down, we were told to come down and rescue the captain," Jek said. "But I think that when I get my hands on him—if he's still alive—I'm going to strangle him because my ship crashed chasing him."

"Oh, you're looking for Captain Vadooshk?" the man asked. "He's not dead. Not yet."

"You know him?"

"Of course I know him. He's me," Vadooshk said. "But please, restrain yourself from strangling me until our mutual friend here can patch me up."

Clicks slowed and looked at Jek, and Lallia noted the question in her eyes—Jek had *really* loved that ship. He might actually follow through on the threat.

Nobody said anything, so Lallia took the lead; she seemed to be the only one with her full faculties, despite being a little shaken from their encounter with the giant creature. "Sir," she said, addressing him formally. "Alliance Central Command relayed orders that we were to rescue you if you survived. However, we lost our ship, and I doubt the fleet will send a shuttle down until the battle above is done."

"And that will take a while," Vadooshk said. "I'm guessing that an Imperial team will be here before that happens." Clicks tied off the last of the bandages and put the remainder in the medkit. It may be ancient medical technique, but it worked. Vadooshk planted his hands on the ground to lift himself up. Lallia saw him wince as he did, which she didn't blame him for—his arms had taken a beating. He looked at Jek. "Well, do you want to strangle me now, or should we get to know each other first?"

Lallia could see the tension in Jek drain away, and she hadn't even known it was building. *Wow*, she thought to herself. *No wonder they sent us after him. He can be a really great leader.* "Well," Lallia said. "Since it was your idea, why don't you lead the way?"

"Right. However, I do have some business I must attend to before we leave the planet," Vadooshk said.

Lallia's warm feelings vanished. "I have a bad feeling about this."

"Come on." Vadooshk motioned as he turned and started into the forest. "I'll explain on the way."

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Jek followed close to Vadooshk in case he tried anything—Jek didn't trust the captain. He seemed to be a complete stuffed shirt. What's more, the fool seemed almost *happy* his cruiser got shot down and thousands of people killed because he wanted to get onto this planet.

"I've got some unfinished business at the city Kachirho," Vadooshk said. "It concerns a dear friend of mine named Rothwrykk." The captain stopped walking and looked at his feet. He blew out a long breath of air before continuing into the forest, though at a slower pace. "Several months ago, I saved Rothwrykk from an Imperial slave pen in the Expansion Region. And you know how wookiees are—if they feel you've saved them, they'll swear a life debt to you on the spot. And they take them *very* seriously."

"I've heard of things like that, like General Solo and Chewbacca," Kale said. Kale was a huge fanboy of General Solo's, and would probably keel over if he ever met the general.

Vadooshk nodded. "Right, they're a great example. Anyway, I told him he *really* didn't need to, but he insisted—and I make it a point to never argue with a Wookiee. After a while, the two of us became close friends despite the hard time I had with the wookiee language. But a few days ago at the battle over Endor, the bridge of my ship—a different one—took a direct hit and he saw a support beam break free above me." He stopped, and they all gathered around. Jek was still furious about losing his ship, but he couldn't help feeling pity for this man who'd obviously lost a close friend.

"Rothwrykk pushed me out of the way, but wasn't able to dodge the beam himself." Tears were now starting to stream down Vadooshk's hard cheeks. "He was my best friend. But before he ... passed, I promised him I would come to Kashyyyk and make sure his sister, mate and two daughters were safe and get them off-planet."

The five of them now stood in a circle, the crew of the *Dawn* watching Vadooshk, who had his eyes on the forest floor. Jek saw Clicks glance quickly at each of them, probably gauging their moods, but Jek knew exactly what was going to happen. None of them could have a clean conscience if they let him go alone. "We want to help you," she said. Jek groaned inwardly. Sure, he would help, but he had a very bad feeling about this.

EPISODE TWO

Lallia stepped as lightly as she could along the sodden forest floor. She hated trudging through places like this under the best circumstances, but they also had to watch out for those flying rodent things.

The forest floor probably hadn't seen natural sunlight for

thousands of years. The *Justice Ascendant* crashed through many trees, allowing some light in, but it was the fires the crash sparked that gave the forest its eldritch cast as they slogged deeper in. The crash had happened in the morning, and the sun had been shining into the forest, but as they went into the forest, the sunlight quickly went away, and eventually almost all the firelight was gone, as well. Jek got into his pack of survival equipment and picked out some lightsticks to illuminate the immediate area. It wasn't a focused beam like on their E-11s, which made Lallia feel much more comfortable. If something was going to try sneaking up on them from behind, at least they might get a chance to defend themselves.

"I like these lights and all, but do you think we might draw a little bit of attention with them?" Lallia asked. She could feel paranoia starting to creep into her mind.

"What do you mean?" Clicks whispered.

"Well, anything that lives down here probably wouldn't like a bunch of strange bright things wandering through where it should be dark." Lallia shivered. "And whatever it is would have a big advantage over us because we can't see in the dark."

The vague outline of Kale nodded. "Don't get complacent or cocky, is what you're saying."

Vadooshk shushed them sharply. "Too much chatter. Stay sharp to stay alive."

They followed standard Alliance small group protocol and formed a tight circle, with Vadooshk walking point. It seemed to take ten standard minutes to pass a single one of the giant wroshyr's trunks, and that was when they didn't have to climb over roots that seemed more like walls. More than once, the group had to stop where several trees had roots sticking from the ground, cutting off their path. When that happened, the group often had no alternative than backtracking and trying to find another path leading in the same direction.

Lallia could almost feel the fear and darkness of the forest grow deeper and more palpable as they walked deeper in. Her fear, at least. The lightsticks cast shadows that began moving in unnatural ways as the group passed, and everyone had to excuse themselves once or twice for squeezing a shot off at the darkness. She really didn't know how much deeper her sense of dread could get, but each terrible step compounded the horror she was already seeing around her. She

couldn't stand this much longer, so she approached Vadooshk. "Captain," she said as loudly as she dared. "How much further do you think it is until we reach the city?"

He stopped and the party halted, but Vadooshk didn't answer her right away. "I would guess maybe another whole day or so." He sighed. "It's much more difficult to navigate this forest floor than I would have ever guessed. We may want to start looking for a place to rest."

In the glow from the lightsticks, Lallia saw the entire group nod, but also saw the trepidation in their faces. She wasn't the only one that was terrified.

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Clicks could practically feel the fear; it was like a thick, damp fog that blinded you to everything beyond your immediate vision, while also clinging to your skin and providing a constant reminder of itself. She shuddered. She'd *never* been so terrified, and doubted she ever would be again. Sweat and humidity accumulated, making her clothes stick to her and feel as if someone were touching her. The result was a paranoia that forced her to look over her shoulders almost constantly so she would be sure to catch whatever or whomever it was that was creeping up from behind.

A sharp crack came from behind her, and Clicks instinctively spun and dropped to one knee. The lights from other E-11s came around, and in a moment of twisted relief, she noticed that their beams were shaking as much as hers was.

Nothing was there. Another sound from her right, and she brought her blaster rifle around to where it had been. This time, she distinctly saw light reflect from pure white orbs; how many she couldn't count. They were only there for the tiniest of moments, but she was *sure* she'd seen something hiding in the trees. Her shaking legs took her backward of their own accord, although she realized that might be just as deadly as what was stalking them. A deep, guttural sound started coming from somewhere within the trees. Clicks couldn't stop a wordless, high-pitched squeal of terror from escaping her throat as she felt her eyes and crotch grow damp.

The creature struck from the shadows just to the left of where Clicks was aiming, and she began firing at it as soon as it showed itself. Clicks could feel her throat getting sore from the mindlessly terrified scream, but she could only hear it as if from a distance. The creature also let out howls of pain, but it didn't seem to back down; she couldn't really tell

what it was—it seemed to be both mammal and reptile, but also somehow amphibian. Three long feelers came whipping at her head. She ducked and sucked in a deep breath. She stood back up, and saw one of the appendages trying to stab at her face. She desperately dodged to the side and felt the slimy, sickly thing rip a gash in her left cheek. She shivered. Something smooth like that shouldn't be able to *rip* her skin.

Now crying from fear and pain, Clicks swung her E-11's light around to find the creature and put an end to it. It was only when she looked down toward her left leg that she saw a cluster of a dozen pure white eyes staring back at her before shying away from the light. Clicks screamed again, but didn't hesitate. She depleted her entire energy cell on the creature within a minute, and then started falling over herself in an attempt to back away from whatever it was.

"Are you okay?" Lallia asked.

"Where were all of you?" Clicks asked.

"We were fighting it, too," Kale said.

"We've got to find shelter. Now." Vadooshk picked his lightstick from the ground and held it up, but Clicks had to immediately look away from the unexplainable thing on the ground. She didn't feel undignified as she vomited, nor in the fact that her crotch was now very uncomfortable as they ran, trying to find a place for refuge. If there was such a thing down here.

They ran for what seemed like hours, but was probably mere minutes. The adrenaline from the fighting the beast was wearing off, and now Clicks was starting to feel the terror mounting in her stomach again.

"It looks like there's a cave over there," Kale said as he pointed the beam of his E-11 to the right. Despite the fact that his stimpack was most definitely wearing off by now, he was doing remarkably well. When Clicks saw what he'd found though, her skin prickled almost as badly as it had when facing down the last creature.

"I really don't like the feel of it," Jek said.

That was an understatement for Clicks. She was screaming inside and covered in a cold sweat. All she wanted to do was run away, yet the fear also kept her speechless and rooted her to the spot like one of the giant wroshyr trees surrounding them. Besides, although she was frightened of whatever lurked in the cave, the forest would be no safer.

"Neither do I, but we should stop here and rest a while," Vadooshk said. "A little protection is better than no protection at all."

The others began toward the cave, and Clicks began moving forward despite her feet wanting to rebel and turn back after every step.

"How long should we rest?" Lallia asked, shining the forward lights of her blaster rifles deep into the cavern. The light only seemed to pierce the darkness a few feet before the group, but it was a good supplement to the glow of the lightsticks everyone else held.

"Long enough so we can go a long time in the forest without getting too tired," he said. "As the *Justice* came down, I got a good idea of where the coast is, and if we keep heading in this direction, we should get there in about a day, as long as we don't have any more visitors."

Clicks hadn't realized how heavy her pack of medical supplies had become until she took it off and let her back decompress. The five of them sat down in a circle with their lightsticks in the center, supporting one another so they stood almost upright. They all sat quietly, and Clicks mused to herself about what creatures she'd seen today. What wonders nobody knew lived down here. Or what dangers, as they'd learned today. Nobody in the group ate much, in keeping with the general mood of the group. But the longer she sat in the cave, the less frightened she became and the more...she didn't have a word for it.

The group decided to split watch duty and everyone volunteered for a time so they could all get some sleep, but each small sound in the cave or outside prevented Clicks from falling asleep. She didn't know if it was the perpetual darkness beyond the glow of the combined lightsticks, the fear of what lurked outside or the fear of what they still didn't know lurked out there. After a lot of tossing and turning on the cave floor and a fitful bit of sleep, Clicks felt a hand shaking her. It made her jump slightly, but Jek didn't seem surprised at her reaction. It was finally her turn to keep watch, and she wished Jek luck in getting a little sleep. She was second-to-last, so her exhaustion was going to plague her through the next day, she was sure.

The forest and the mouth of the cave seemed even more menacing now that she knew she would be the first in line when something came looking for dinner. She sat down on an exposed rock and tucked her knees beneath her chin and shivered. The others had showed some reaction to this place,

but they must not have felt it as keenly; if they had, they would have all agreed to find another place to rest. Instead, the others seemed more bothered by what had happened through the day.

“*Come this way,*” she heard. Or maybe she didn’t hear it. It was almost more of a *feeling* that she’d heard something. Again, the beckoning came from deeper within the cave. “*This way.*” Her ears didn’t register any sound, she knew it was some sort of communication and where it was coming from—deeper in the cave.

Clicks cast her E-11’s light deep into the belly of the cave, but it did no good; the cave was too deep for the light to catch anything but the cavern walls. She looked at the other four members of her party, all lying on the cave floor. *I’m sure I’ve got time,* she thought. *Nothing’s happened so far, and I doubt my hour and a half will be any different.* She was still nearly out of her mind with fear of the things she couldn’t imagine nor describe, but the ... impulse was intoxicating. Whatever it was, it *felt* right, Clicks found herself on her feet without realizing it.

Somehow, she *knew* beyond any doubt that the other four would be fine. But it was her watch, so it was her job to stay here and make sure nothing dangerous came and hurt the others. So why were her legs moving deeper into the cave? Was this one of those creatures that control your mind and body before devouring you?

The cave was deeper than she thought, and the light from her E-11 occasionally glinted off minerals in the cave wall. She made a steady descent, turning left and right often. When she came to intersections, she instinctively knew which path to take, and knew the voice—or presence—was in total control of her movement.

Suddenly, Clicks stopped. Her fear and anxiety over this impromptu spelunking trip had brought back all the fears and terrors she’d felt earlier, but this was different. She wasn’t too afraid to continue, but she didn’t really want to go on. Her feet had simply reached the point they were to go to, and stopped. But it didn’t bother her at all.

“*You’ve come far,*” the voice—impression—said.

“Who are you? Or *what* are you?”

Visions burst forth in her mind, one after the other and all so dizzily fast that her mind didn’t have time to make sense of all of them. A man holding a blaster. The same man hold-

ing what looked like a glowing vibrosword. The Emperor. Darth Vader. More of the glowing swords. A blue-skinned alien with red eyes. An entire group of people with glowing swords, failing somehow. Fighting each other. Fighting the darkness of the galaxy and beyond. And all through these impressions, physical pain wracked her body although she was perfectly comfortable in the process. Nothing made any sense.

As suddenly as they’d begun, the visions ceased and she doubled over with exhaustion. She’d dropped her E-11 during the ordeal, and its beam now skidded across the stone floor to gleam off a piece of metal stuck in the soil. Clicks took her blaster in hand and looked around the chamber to see if there were any more clues as to why that force had brought her here, and why she’d had those visions. None of the visions made sense. She called out to whatever voice had spoken to her before, but no response came. As far as she could tell, she was completely alone here, and had been the entire time. She approached the half-buried metal and freed it from the packed soil. She flew backward as a skeletal hand came up with it when she pulled it, but she had the impulse to take whatever it was, anyway. She knew it would fetch a royal price on any market, but part said it was much, much more than that. It was shiny, that was for sure. It was a cylinder, about four or five centimeters in diameter and about thirty centimeters long. It looked pretty and old—maybe it was some sort of antique decoration. But something in those visions made her wary of this thing.

Suddenly, a foe was on her. Her attacker came from above somehow—maybe a secret door, but he had one of the laser swords in his hand as he came down. Clicks raised her blaster to fire on him, and he did something she never thought was possible. He deflected her shots away from himself and toward the ground, wall or back at her. It didn’t make sense! Her shots were good, and nobody should be able to do that!

He was close now, and with one swipe of his sword, cut Clicks’s blaster in half, leaving the rear workings useless in her hand. The barrel with the light attached fell to the ground, and the only light besides that was the deep purple from her assailant’s sword. Her hand flew to the antique she’d just acquired; it was obviously what this person wanted, but somehow, a deep, beautiful jade green emitted from it and clashed with the attacker’s purple one, stopping it.

“Never forget this, young one,” the attacker said. “Use the blade well.”

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Lallia couldn't sleep long, although she kept herself down in case her eyes could actually close. But something wasn't quite right. She reached into her pack and pulled out a chrono. It couldn't be right. That would mean that she should have relieved Clicks almost an hour ago. She got into another pack for another chrono to compare it to, but they both matched.

She sat bolt upright. "Clicks?" she whispered. No answer. "Clicks?" she said again, more urgently. Still, nothing. Lallia stood and grabbed her pair of blaster rifles. Something was wrong. She turned her lights on and easily found fresh footprints on the ground. The trail never seemed to end. That's when she saw Clicks, spread out on the floor, her E-11 to one side and a strange cylinder on the other. Lallia shook her. "Clicks! Wake up! Are you there?"

Clicks remained unconscious, but Lallia was never one to give up easily. It was a difficult maneuver to do alone, but Lallia managed to get Clicks's unconscious form over her shoulders while also carrying three blasters and the strange artifact that was laying next to Clicks.

When she managed to get back to the group, everyone was awake and panicking. "What happened?" Vadooshk asked. He seemed more furious than concerned.

"I woke up about a half hour ago, and she was gone. I saw tracks and went looking for her," Lallia said. She laid Clicks on the ground, and the others came forward to help her ease Clicks down. "She was like this when I found her. Any ideas?" she asked, looking around the group.

They all shook their heads, even Vadooshk. Clicks had been the one that had immersed herself in keeping them all patched up, but now that *she* needed help, nobody was sure what to do. Vadooshk looked at Kale, who still wore bandages around his head. "Do you think you can carry her on your back?" he asked.

"Maybe," he said.

Clicks took in a sharp, deep breath and her eyes opened wide. She rolled onto her side and coughed before looking around her. "How did I get back here?" she asked.

"I woke up and realized I should have relieved you an hour before," Lallia said. "I found tracks leading deeper into

the cave, and found you in a chamber of some sort. Speaking of which," Lallia retrieved the items she found with Clicks. "I found this cylinder thing next to you, and here's your blaster."

Although the light was dim, their eyes had acclimatized to it, and Lallia could see the shock in Clicks's expression. "How on Nar Shaddaa did you—" Clicks paused, taking her blaster. "It was cut in half!"

Lallia had never questioned the sanity of any of her crewmates before, and didn't want to start with Clicks. Lallia knew the stress and fear they'd all experienced the day—night?—before had overwhelmed her, and she had been walking uncomfortably until they stopped to rest. But none of them had wandered off like Clicks had, nor had any of them hallucinated something like their weapon somehow cut in half. "I don't know what you mean," Lallia said. "It was just sitting next to you. So was the other thing."

"Now isn't the time to discuss this," Vadooshk said. "Clicks, can you walk?"

Lallia watched as her friend rose to her feet, albeit unsteadily. "We won't move as fast if I don't. So what are we waiting for?"

"Trandoshans," Vadooshk said.

Everyone paused. "Wait. Maybe my ear is still adjusting. Did you say '*Trandoshans*'?" Kale asked.

Vadooshk nodded. "Alliance intel recently got a report that the governor of this system gives Trandoshan slavers more-or-less free reign to do as they please. I didn't want you to be in for any surprises when we got to Kachirho."

Even with the glow of the lightsticks obscuring a lot of Jek's expressions, Lallia started preparing herself to pull the two men apart if Jek attacked. Jek had *really* loved that ship. "First, we have to go through an uncharted part of the planet, full of dangers nobody can imagine, and one of our friends goes missing while on watch," Jek's teeth were clenched. "And *now* you tell us we might have *trandoshans* to deal with? *For all we know, this could all be part of a hunt for them!*" Jek shouted.

"Calm down," Lallia said, stepping closer to Jek and putting a hand on his chest. "He's right. It's better we know now. At least now they won't catch us off-guard."

Jek didn't seem placated, but nodded anyway. Lallia waited until Jek backed down before turning to Vadooshk. She took a calming step nearer to him before slapping him hard across the face. She knew she was strong, felt gratified when Vadooshk staggered back several steps. "What the frack are you thinking?" she yelled. "We were sent to get you, and almost got ourselves killed in the process, yet you kept something like a Trandoshan presence secret from us?"

Vadooshk spat to the side—Lallia felt blood rush to her face and lekku, thinking she might have loosened a few of his teeth. "I didn't keep it secret," he said. "Priorities! When it comes down to getting killed by whatever creatures were in the forest or getting caught by Imperials, I felt it was a better option to get away first."

Lallia took a few deep breaths to calm herself. "Then we'll just have to watch out," she said she picked up her blasters. She was worried the lights would dim; the lightsticks were designed to produce for days, but those on the blasters were only supposed to last for a day at most. They needed to get back into the sunlight so it could charge. "Let's move out," Lallia said, watching Vadooshk. She wasn't asking him. If she needed to take charge of this whole kriffing journey, she would. Vadooshk nodded and took point, but Lallia stayed close to him and motioned for Kale to be with her. He and Clicks were the most level-headed about all this, so this should keep one of them from killing Vadooshk if he sprang anymore "intel" on them.

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Everyone was jittery the whole day. The moment any sound came from above them, the entire group's attention—and weapons—turned toward it. Kale wanted to be ready for anything, especially if they had to deal with the rodent-like creatures, Imperials *and* trandoshans.

The trees were thinning slightly; they were getting closer to the port, but there was still no natural sunlight making it to the forest floor. What light there was was weak and tinged heavily green by the forest above. The entire party continued using lightsticks to make the way easier to navigate, and the day went much smoother than it had the day before. Still, Kale's nerves frayed a little more each time she heard something moving behind or above them. To make it worse, he was practically deaf in his right ear, so he was doubly nervous about things approaching from that side.

After hours of walking, Vadooshk stopped and leaned against the trunk of one of the massive wroshyr trees. "Let's

stop and rest a moment," he said.

Kale couldn't have agreed more. He'd gotten very little rest, as it was difficult to sleep when it felt like the right side of his face was broken. But for as tired as he was, Vadooshk looked much the worse for wear. His entire demeanor was that of someone already chasing phantoms, like he knew there wasn't much chance of finding three specific wookiees on their native planet. Especially when the Imperial governor had them under tight control and trandoshan slavers were constantly taking more off-world for sale on the life-traffic-ing market to be sold like slaves—or cattle.

"How do we know we're going in the right direction?" Kale asked. He could feel blood caking the bandages on his head; Clicks would have to change them soon. "I don't have anything to tell where we are, and we weren't able to get anything out of the *Dawn* to lead the way."

Captain Vadooshk yawned and stretched his back against the tree. "Like I mentioned before, I was able to get coordinates and send them to a small tracking pad. I've been checking it occasionally, and we should start coming upon it soon."

"And if we see any stormtroopers?" Lallia asked. "If we start shooting, we'll give away our position."

"True." Captain Vadooshk stood up straight again and the other four took their places in a tight formation behind him. "We'll just have to keep our heads down and pray that doesn't happen."

Kale looked at Lallia, and saw her expression grow darker in the glow from the lightstick. Her lekku shuddered. She was either terrified or furious, but Kale guessed it was a combination of the two.

The shriek from above nearly obliterated what was left of Kale's hearing, but his training kicked in before he had a chance to register the danger. One of the flying, club-tailed creatures was bearing down on the group, teeth and claws bared. He couldn't hear himself firing at the thing, but knew he was; red heat was spewing from the business end of his blaster. Most shots went wide, as did most of the shots from the others. The creature seemed to duck and glide in the air as it came down. The shots that hit seemed to do little damage to the creature other than just singe its short hair and burn skin. The group took cover around the small clearing they'd been in as the creature came screeching down.

Nothing seemed to faze the creature. Only a direct hit to the eye and membranous flaps seemed to scare one away before, so everyone seemed to be focusing on those areas and hoping for a lucky shot. He darted backward to hide behind a large tree root while continuing to fire.

The creature was now wheeling in a circle on the forest floor, swiping its claws or biting whenever it saw one of them; each time it did so, huge chunks of rock or tree bark scattered and cut through the air like blades and cutting into anything or anyone who got in its way. Kale felt a flying splinter of bark slash into the bandages around his head, pulling the caked blood off.

He could see the others ducking and dodging just in time to avoid being crushed by the large club-like tail as it destroyed the tree roots and left craters in boulders. Kale fired another shot that did nothing. It turned toward him and let out a chilling shriek as if to say that he looked delicious.

There was a strange hissing sound from the opposite side of the clearing, and suddenly the animal's screeching turned from one of rage and animal ferocity to pain. As it spun to see its new attacker, Kale was shocked to see that a portion of the tail was gone—it looked like it was cut off cleanly, but the outermost parts of the structure and the bone glowed slightly as if they were smoldering. Whoever was attacking it from the other side was doing something right, and he wanted to find out how.

Now that the creature was wounded, Kale knew of one soft spot to take advantage of. He fired at the charred remains of the animal's tail as quickly as he could. With his hearing already damaged and the new gash in the side of his head, he couldn't tell whether the animal's screeching increased, but it was now obviously in pain and frightened. Now, rather than clawing at their cover, the creature was using its razor claws to ascend the trees. Kale was happy to see this creature leave, but was just as anxious to find out what had happened on the other side of the clearing.

The others had all come out from behind their positions, as well. Through the afterglow of blasterfire, Kale could make out a beam of jade-green light. Everything within the circle was silent, until Vadooshk called out from Kale's right: "What the hell just happened?"

With the adrenaline rush wearing off, Kale was thinking more clearly and entered the clearing where the creature had been. He looked up, but couldn't see it anymore; it had probably used those membranes between its fore and hind legs to

get further away. But that wasn't what interested him the most. Everyone in the group was now coming out of the shadows, picking up lightsticks and other dropped equipment, but all attention was riveted on what Clicks was holding.

"When its tail came at me, it knocked me into a tree. This thing must have come out of my bag and ... I guess it turned on. I didn't know what else to do, so I just held it up like a vibrosword. It cut the tail clean off." Clicks looked as surprised as anyone else in the circle.

The rich green light reflecting off each of them and the trees created an uncomfortable atmosphere, and Kale saw Lallia shiver to his left. "Do you think you could turn it off or something? It's probably not something we want to mess around with." Lallia asked. It was obviously dangerous so Clicks *should* turn it off, but Kale noticed a tremor of fear in her voice. Something so small, yet so powerful could be unpredictable. She didn't want to be on the wrong end of it if it turned on again.

Clicks turned it around in her hands and found some controls—one changed the length and the other seemed to suck the beam back into the small, previously unassuming tube. The air was still warm where it had been, but now that Kale knew what that tube was capable of, he wished they could just get rid of it.

"What is that thing?" Kale asked. "Is that one of the magic swords like the Jedi in the stories used?"

"A lightsaber, I think they're called," said Vadooshk. "I've seen General Skywalker, and noticed he carries something like that, but I didn't really think anything of it. He claims to be one of those Jedi, but I'm more inclined to believe he's just using the stories to inspire people. There's probably nothing more to it, just a symbol or something. Still, the thing certainly came in handy. Maybe you should hold on to it."

Kale sighed in relief and looked around. He'd gotten turned around in all the excitement. "You remember which way we were going?" he asked Vadooshk.

The captain looked around the clearing for a moment. The giant furry creature had done so much damage that it was hard to tell which direction they'd come from. "I think I see our path back there," Vadooshk said, pointing behind Kale. He then motioned in the opposite direction. "Let's go this way and trust we are going in the right direction."

As with so many parts of the “plans” the group had come up with, this one was flimsiplast-thin at best. Yet Kale found himself following not out of a duty to stick with the group, but because it was the only plan any of them had. Once they found the city, a new plan would emerge.

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Kachirho was a lot different than Kale imagined. Of course, most of what he'd seen had come from Imperial holos of the Battle of Kashyyyk back in the Clone Wars, but now the city—such as it was—was more slave camp than an established city. Troopers and Trandoshan slavers moved along the beach, herding the two-and-a-half-meter-tall wookiees toward one transport or another.

Captain Vadooshk, Clicks, Kale, Jek and Lallia kept out of sight behind some of the forest's growth, close enough that they could see and hear things going on, but far enough that Imperials wouldn't be able to hear them.

“Did your Wookiee friend tell you how we're supposed to know his mate from all the rest?” Kale asked. “I mean, let's be honest—it's kind of hard to tell one Wookiee apart from another when you're not familiar with them.”

“I know Awarooh and the girls—Rothwrykk and I visited many times. We should try the residence first and see if anyone's home. Otherwise, we'll just have to talk to a wookiee and figure it out,” Vadooshk said. “I picked up Shyriiwook during my time with Rothwrykk. They laugh at me when I try speaking it, but they understand Basic.”

“So what's the plan?” Kale asked. He had a strong suspicion Vadooshk didn't have *any* plan beyond getting to the city, and the captain's hesitation seemed to confirm Kale's concern.

Vadooshk motioned to the city. “Kachirho is a city that's more or less integrated with the tree. We need to get into the city or to one of the fishing villages and speak with a wookiee to find out if any of them know what happened to Rothwrykk's family.” He looked to the group, all clustered behind him then back out toward the city and outlying villages.

“And we're going to get past the Imperials and slavers...how?” Lallia asked.

Vadooshk didn't answer. Kale thought he might be studying the troop movements and patrol patterns just as he was, so they all sat in silence, which gave everyone too much time

to think about what could possibly lie ahead. “I've got an idea,” Vadooshk said. “I'll go to that tree over there. When they come over, I'll come at them from behind while the rest of you come at them from the front.”

Kale began to object, but Vadooshk got up and snuck over to the tree before anyone could stop him. As Vadooshk kept peering around the tree, Kale followed his line of sight to where a cluster of stormtroopers was gathered, meeting with a group of Trandoshans.

“He's going to bring every Imperial in the system down on us. *And* every Trandoshan.” Jek said, looking over at the armament the enemy had. Each stormtrooper had the standard E-11 to match their own, but the Trandoshans had their stun guns as well as some of the famous particle-beam guns they made.

“It might be fun to get my hands on something new,” Lallia said. “Maybe I could even get a newer E-11.”

“What's wrong with the six you already have? Besides, don't you have enough weapons?” Clicks asked. “You can't even manage to carry a quarter of what you've already got.”

“I bet you wish we had them all now.”

“Not really,” Jek interrupted. “If our guys lost in space and we caused a big ruckus down here, I doubt the Empire would shed too many tears in having a star destroyer bombard the area.”

The cluster of troopers and slavers broke up, the trandoshans moving toward one of the transports and the stormtroopers moving toward the tree-city. Toward where Kale and the group were hiding.

“There are a few of them—do you think we can get the jump on them and knock them out before they can raise the alarm?” Clicks asked.

Kale mentally weighed the odds. He and Clicks knew Imperial protocols, equipment and training better than anyone in their group, so everyone looked to them for an answer. Options ran through Kale's mind as quickly as he could process them; time was running out. The troopers would pass the tree Vadooshk was hiding behind in mere moments.

Snap decision. “No weapons,” he said. “Go for the neck seal and get the helmet off.” The troopers would be missed when they failed to check in, but Kale crossed his fingers

that they would have what—and who they needed by that point. Kale would *prefer* to be off-planet by then, but that wasn't an option. “Move on my signal,” Kale said.

His heart pounded as he watched the troopers getting closer to Vadooshk's cover, knowing they'd probably been assigned to check as deep into the trees as they could manage while in armor, which would put them well beyond Vadooshk's hiding place.

Vadooshk kept the tree between himself and the three troopers as they passed, and Kale gave the signal. The entire group immediately sprang into action, using whatever street fighting or martial arts techniques they possessed to take the stormtroopers down. Kale focused on the one furthest from the original hiding place, as he had a slight head start on the others. Flattening his hand like a blade, he struck as hard as he could at the trooper's throat. The trooper's hand immediately went to the area, and Kale used the opportunity to seize the trooper's arm, pull his helmet off and force him, face-down, onto the somewhat sandy ground. He darted a look over his shoulder at the others, and each had had similar success: Clicks had pulled the helmet off the one she attacked and Jek and Lallia had teamed up on the other one. The trooper Jek and Lallia were dealing with was struggling to free himself from their grasp so he could call out for help, but Lallia quickly put an end to it by taking his helmet off and hitting him with a well-placed blow to the back of the head.

None of the troopers were going to be up soon, if at all. Kale still felt bad taking a life—any life, but at least everything was quiet. Kale appraised the situation and motioned Vadooshk over. “Let's get these guys into the forest. We'll take their armor and get up into the city. Then you can ask around for Rothwrykk's mate and daughters.”

Vadooshk nodded, and helped Kale move the trooper into the forest so they wouldn't be seen. Kale and Clicks volunteered to get into the armor, which had undergone some minor changes since their time serving the Empire, but the entire process was remarkably fast for them. They helped Vadooshk into the third suit, although he seemed to despise the armor. For good reason, no doubt—they all fought the Empire for their own reasons.

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Clicks wasn't sure if she liked being back in the armor. It was nice in some ways. It felt safe, she had environmental controls and the Empire had even added features since she

and Kale went AWOL; they now had variable near-field comms to chat amongst themselves without broadcasting to everyone. But she remembered the things she hated, too, like the way the armor compressed her chest and squeezed her hips, as well as providing the total inability to bend down.

The three of them left the cover of the forest as nonchalantly as possible, acting as if they'd just taken a little while longer to patrol the forest. Clicks turned on her near-field comms. “If anyone asks, let's just tell them we heard some weird noises in the forest,” she said.

Kale clicked on. “And Vadooshk, don't forget to limit the range of your transmissions. It's probably not a good idea to let other people hear some of the things we have to say.”

Vadooshk was acting as their point man, and it took him a few moments to respond. Finally, Clicks heard his voice sounding in her helmet. “Alright. I had to figure out how to use this kriffing thing first. Anyway, let's head toward the city's second platform.”

She was surprised at how quickly the ascent up the tree-city Kachirho was. It was a massive tree, but all of it was flickering, like it was lit from within by thousands and thousands of small candles. It was a beautiful sight, and Clicks only wished she could see it without the helmet. Tactical overlays were great when going into battle, but not when trying to appreciate the beauty of adaptive architecture like what this city had.

Behind them, a jet catamaran thrummed—or rather, buzzed—to life and took off as another one landed. Neither was loaded with Wookiees, of which Clicks was grateful. It wasn't that she didn't want to see Wookiees returning home; she just knew those Wookiees were no longer “useful” to whomever had been using them.

Vadooshk paused when he got to the second level. Their ascent had apparently been quick for a reason—the only beings on the second-tier platform were either Imperials or Trandoshans. “Great. Martial law. That'll make it a *lot* easier to get out with a family of two-meter-tall wookiees.”

“We'll do what we can,” Clicks said. “Even if that means putting on a good show of things.”

Vadooshk nodded slightly and began walking briskly straight toward the opposite side of the platform and slightly left. Moving too fast.

Kale took a quick step forward to get closer, and Vadooshk considerably slowed his pace. Once she was back with them, she was automatically included in their near-field comm. "Clicks here and I were the same way back when we first got out of the academy, so don't feel too bad about it. But let's not make ourselves targets just yet. If some of these veteran troopers or any of the officers pick you out as a shiny, they might take to hazing you."

Clicks felt fortunate that new female stormtroopers rarely got harassed. Veterans and other shinies alike were quite respectful of any woman that came through the Imperial Academy. But she'd heard that some of the hazing rituals were...interesting. And that was something they *certainly* couldn't afford time for.

They made their way across the platform. It almost looked as if the Wookiees who'd built the platform had wanted to mimic the rings made within a tree as it aged; they'd alternated dark and light rings radiating from the center, and if Clicks hadn't seen the structure holding it up, she would have sworn she was walking across a slice of the largest tree in the galaxy.

Nobody stopped them as they walked the platform, and interaction was limited to a brief nod, wave or salute. Most were casual, but the officers seemed uneasy; obviously, they'd heard word of the Emperor and Darth Vader, but hadn't shared all the particulars with their troops yet. Just as well for them, as it made it much easier to avoid scrutiny from anyone that could bring down some serious trouble by calling them out.

Vadooshk approached a door over three meters tall and very broad, and knocked.

Nothing happened. "Um, how do we know they're actually *here*?" Kale asked over the near-field com.

Vadooshk shooshed him and knocked again, leaning very close to the door. "Rothwrykk sent me," he said quietly—not over the com, but through his vocoder. Kale suddenly felt his stomach clench as he thought of the consequences of a random passerby—Imperial or slaver—hearing something like that.

The door opened slightly, and allowed a glimpse of a Wookiee with deep brown and black fur. A bunch of growls and howls Kale couldn't understand were followed by Vadooshk nodding and gripping his blaster by the barrel instead of the handle. The wookiee shot quick glances at both

Kale and Clicks, obviously expecting—or hoping—they to do the same. Kale looked around at the platform. Even though the crowd was fairly small, three stormtroopers disarming themselves before what the Empire saw as an inferior race would be much more noticeable. Kale cocked his head toward a pair of officers in intense discussion and shook his head, although he did make a point of taking his hand off the handle while keeping it in place. Clicks did the same, and the Wookiee opened the door for them, seeming satisfied.

Once inside, the helmets came off. The depressurization seemed to hit Vadooshk harder than it did Kale or Clicks, but he wasn't able to do much before the Wookiee had scooped him up in a hug that looked almost as vicious as it did joyous. Kale couldn't understand what the Wookiee was saying, but whatever it was, it was an outpouring of pure joy.

"I know, I know! It's been far too long, Awarooh. I've missed you, too. We've come to get you and the girls. Rothwrykk's sister, too." Vadooshk said as the wookiee Awarooh put him down.

More howling. This time, it was like cold water poured on a spark of hope. "Oh, no. I'm so sorry," he said, putting his arms around the creature. It hugged him back, and turned to Kale and Clicks with a few more howls. "Oh. Sorry about that. Awarooh, this is Kale, and this is Clicks," he said, motioning to each of them in turn. He then motioned back to the wookiee. "This is Awarooh, Rothwrykk's mate."

Awarooh started howling, and Vadooshk nodded. "Yeah, I see. But you said the girls were just taken on the last transport, so they're probably still in-system." Vadooshk looked at Kale and Clicks. "Let's sit down and figure out a plan to get them back."

"No time," Clicks snapped. "We need to get back to the group. We *must* be almost out of the city before anybody notices three missing stormtroopers. Preferably far away from here."

Much of the excitement Clicks had noticed before returned, and Awarooh turned her head toward Vadooshk.

Vadooshk paused for a moment. In that moment, Clicks could feel the poor wookiee's world and heart shatter—first her daughters are taken, then her mate's partner shows up. She gets her hopes up, only to have them dashed. Vadooshk reached up to put his hands on her shoulders. "I'm so sorry," Vadooshk said. "We were fighting at Endor. Our ship was hit, and he saw a support beam above me come loose, so he

dove to push me out of the way. But that meant he was caught beneath it instead.” Vadooshk sounded like he had a lump in his throat as he spoke. Clicks was getting teary-eyed, herself. “Before he...” Vadooshk started. “Before he...passed, I promised him that I would come to Kashyyyk for you, your daughters and anyone else I could free.”

Awarooh nodded. She yowled quietly in what Clicks could only imagine was a prayer of some sort. She turned toward Kale and Clicks “[Thank you for accompanying my friend Vadooshk here to tell me this and to take me away,]” she said, with Vadooshk acting as translator. “[Although he'll be missed, I know his sacrifice was honorable—he was true to his life debt until the end. But I suppose Clicks is right. We should leave so we can avoid as much notice as possible.]”

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Clicks was uneasy with the whole plan. Crossing the platform with Awarooh between her and Kale, Vadooshk walking ahead of them, they were inconspicuous enough. Just some troopers taking another big walking carpet somewhere. The hardest part was hiding the fact that they'd removed the control collar and that she wasn't shackled. Awarooh pantomimed wearing the wrist restraints in case to keep up the facade, but she was ready for anything. If things went sour, they'd need to clear a path to one of the jet catamarans on the beach, and having a wookiee with free hands would be very helpful in that.

“When we're about halfway to the beach, call the others,” Vadooshk said to Clicks over the near-field.

Clicks acknowledged, and they kept walking. They passed a trio of silent stormtroopers—they were on a near-field, as well, and Clicks picked up just inane chatter about women and alcohol as they passed.

“Halt,” said a voice from their left. An officer approached, looking to be in a bad mood. “Where are you going with this Wookiee?” he asked with a superior Core affectation.

The small group stopped and raised a salute. “We got a call from below that they needed one more to finish filling the next transport up to the orbital platform,” Kale said.

The officer's eyes narrowed and his lip curled into a sneer. “The next transport? I was under the impression that it wouldn't start loading for another three hours.”

Clicks shrugged. “We're just doing what we're told. It took us a while to find this one.” She looked to Vadooshk, then back to the officer—a colonel, based on his rank bars and cylinders. “I hope we didn't miss that transport,” she said in as worried a tone as she could. It wasn't a stretch to sound worried—things could get very ugly very fast with all the Imperials and trandoshans on the platform, not to mention those on the beach.

“Let me see your identification,” the officer said.

“Seriously? You don't need to see my identification,” Vadooshk said flatly, then added with some sarcasm, “We've been stationed here, watching these furbags for such a long time, and you're going to make us show you ID before get this cargo the transport?”

Unruffled by Vadooshk dodging the order, the officer repeated himself. “Trooper, what's your operating number?”

“Well, I tried,” Vadooshk said. His E-11 lit up the officer's face for a blinding moment before anyone on the platform could react, including Kale and Clicks.

Without missing a beat, Kale and Clicks both sprang into action, moving Awarooh toward the descending platform with Vadooshk taking point as the officer's body began falling backward. Kale sprayed blasterfire onto the platform, forcing any possible threats to duck for cover. Meanwhile, Clicks reached behind her to the cylinder on the small of her back and pressed the button that released a concussion grenade. Primed and ready, she threw it just shy of where the biggest group of enemies was under cover. Taking those threats out gave them time to get away, so she motioned for Kale to get down the ramp as quickly as possible, keeping an eye out for enemies on the ground.

Clicks pulled the comlink from her belt and called for Jek and Lallia. “Come out and get into the jet catamaran!” she shouted. “Make it fast!” Then a thought occurred to her. Jek and Lallia wouldn't be able to tell if they were friend or foe if they still had their helmets on. As comforting as it was to have protection for her head, she also wanted protection from friendly fire. She pulled off her helmet just as she reached the bottom of the landing, about 50 meters from the jet catamaran that would take them to the shuttle. Her boots sank into the sand and she nearly toppled face-first into the ground before her feet could catch up with her body. “Helmets off!” she shouted to Vadooshk and Kale.

It was then that Clicks realized that she'd dropped her

comlink while she was pulling her helmet off. “*Damn!*” she snapped at herself. She was getting careless.

She could hear the jet catamaran starting to hum as the inner workings began warming up; good. They could make a quick getaway.

Clicks felt a shock of pain go up and down her leg as she dropped to the sand. Blaster bolts were showering down from the platform 100 meters above her, but stormtroopers were good shots, despite what the Alliance tried to tell its people. She tried standing up on it again, but it was useless; the wound was deep, and the shot must have struck a nerve or a very important muscle. *Is this really how it'll end for me?* she asked herself. She continued firing on the white armored figures coming down the ramp and standing at the edge of the platform and firing at her. Despite being so far away, they all managed to hit the ground mere centimeters from her.

Suddenly, she felt a furry pair of arms wrap across her chest and pick her up. Awarooh carried her to the catamaran, but let Clicks face rearward so she could continue firing on their enemies. As soon as they were on the craft, though, Clicks saw the platform and beach rocket away from them as they made their escape.

Clicks collapsed back and breathed heavily. Her legs were dangling off the rear of the open-air craft, but it was making her left leg—the one that'd been hit—more painful than she could put words to. Whether it was the humid air rushing past or the searing pain of being hit by a blaster, she couldn't stand it.

“We made it,” Kale said, breathing hard.

“But what did we do?” Clicks asked. She wasn't sure whether it was the pain or frustration suddenly coming out. “Sorry Awarooh, but we initially came to free you, your daughters, and Rothwrykk's sister. But if they've already been taken off-planet, we don't have any idea where to even begin searching for the others now.”

“Not true,” Jek said. He was piloting the catamaran, and doing quite well with it. “The trandoshans control an orbital platform that's a kind of hub for their slave trade. If what you've said is true and they were taken recently, the odds are almost 100 percent they are on that station.”

“You know how I feel about odds,” Kale said. “Still, I can't argue. If the trandoshans use that as a slave trading cen-

ter, then we should be able to find them there or track them to whomever bought them.”

Clicks let out a long sigh, then laughed to herself. They'd skirted danger today, just sneaking into a city with a nominal Imperial and trandoshan presence. Tomorrow? They were heading into the den of the gundark.

EPISODE THREE

“Avatar Orbital Platform, this is Kashyyyk Shuttle 5147 requesting permission to dock.” Jek said before he leaned back in the pilot's chair to wait for a reply. Vadooshk had patched Clicks up as best he could with her guidance, but he was nowhere near the medic she was.

Ever since they'd stolen the Imperial shuttle, they'd all been wondering what to do when they finally got to the platform. They finally decided to drop the whole Imperial act and go with their normal rough-and-tumble selves. First, it was a lot more comfortable than having to explain why three stormtroopers were accompanying an unbound wookiee, and they were each able to get to their weapons easier.

A whistle came across the comm, and a hissing voice came out of the cockpit speaker. “This is station command,” came a rough, reptilian voice. Trandoshan. Jek had an irrational fear of Trandoshans, so the thought of being surrounded by hundreds or thousands turned his skin to ice. “State your business. We didn't have you on the schedule until three days from now.”

Jek looked at Kale. Both shrugged their shoulders. Maybe a lie cloaked in honesty would do the trick. “We're not the normal crew for this shuttle, station command. The normal crew was indisposed with some unpleasantness at one of the cities on the surface, and we decided it would be best to get the shuttle off the ground in case the violence spilled over to the landing platform.”

As small as the asteroid-base was, it seemed to loom exponentially larger with every second that passed. It wasn't immense, but it was big enough to house hundreds of shuttles as big as this one quite easily.

“I don't think they're going for it, Jek,” Kale said from beside him. Jek's breathing had sped up, unconsciously giving away his frame of mind. He turned back to where Lallia was manning the guns. “Stay sharp. You're our only hope if they send a welcoming committee out for us.”

Lallia nodded, but didn't say anything. She was already scanning the platform's launch bays to ensure nothing dangerous came from them.

Jek just hoped that platform didn't have turbolasers.

A whistle came from the comm and the raspy reptilian voice returned. "Shuttle 5147, you're clear to come aboard. Please cut your engines and we'll tractor you to a docking bay."

"Acknowledged, control," Jek said and clicked off the transmitter. Kale was busy shutting down the engines, and Jek heard the whine of the engines behind them begin to die down. A heavy lurch let him know that they were now in the platform's tractor beam, and some clawed, Trandoshan hand was guiding them to a random spot in the honeycomb of berths in the platform.

Once Jek had given up control of the craft, he unlatched himself. The others did likewise and started going over the plan. Jek however, was mesmerized by the complexity of the platform. The Avatar Orbital Platform looked like it was originally just a small place for space-going races to stop, refuel, maybe make some minor repairs and socialize. But as the years had gone on, the number of landing bays had gone from an original dozen or so to thousands, all dotting a single side of the station. At some point during its eccentric expansion, it must have had a much more significant economic importance, because a good chunk of the asteroid had been carved out to make way for now what amounted to a small city—and it looked to be a brightly lit, opulent city at that. He'd heard of cities like Cloud City on Bespin, Coruscant, old stories of ancient Taris, even his own homeworld capital of Theed; in its glory days, the Avatar Orbital Platform would have ranked alongside them.

The group's goal was simple: get in, get Rothwrykk's daughters and sister, and get out. However, the proof was in the poodoo. They needed to act quickly to discover if the wookiees were on- or off-station. Assuming they were on-station, they would then have to find them, secure them and get off the station without getting caught. Easy. Kale would be doing most of the work, and the rest of them would just be there for protection.

The shuttle finally settled into bay B9, near the center of the sprawl of the artificial burrows. The ship, now on autopilot, deployed the landing gears and he felt the ship settle onto the floor. If this station had been in service for as long as Jek thought, this bay was probably one of the first built; from what he could see, it was dirty, rusty and generally unkempt.

A flickering light from behind the ship began to shine against the inner wall, telling Jek the magnetic seal was engaged and the bay was sealed.

While the bay was filling with atmosphere, everyone took stock of what they needed: Kale had a datapad and data spikes to hack the station's records if need be. The rest of them merely gathered as much weaponry as they could easily hide.

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Kale watched the loading ramp drop to reveal a particularly grumpy-looking trandoshan with a datapad in his arm and a stormtrooper at attention to either side of him. A knot started forming in his chest. He was armed, but he was relying on the others to protect him, and it felt wrong. He'd been in combat and seen the horrors of this war close-up. *But this time, I'm not one of many*, he thought. *If I failed before, I died. If I fail now, chances are everyone dies and the wookiees we came to save are sold into slavery and die painful, premature deaths.* His breath was coming in short, rapid gasps now. He reached his arm up to wipe his brow, and it came down soaked; he was sweating like a womp rat before an acklay. *Calm! I need to calm down if I don't want to arouse suspicion*, he thought.

Kale's training instincts kicked in and he had to make a conscious effort to not fall into or try forming up some sort of position. Together, they'd all agreed to have at least one of them behind Awarooh all the time so it looked like she was their prisoner; at least until things started going badly. No doubt Awarooh was more than ready to take her rage out on any Imperial or trandoshan that got in her way.

The group disembarked from the shuttle, and the Trandoshan began questioning them; Kale was actually surprised that this one didn't seem to have the malicious-toward-everything aura he imagined. It was like this one was just a regular bureaucrat checking in a new arrival.

"Names, please?" the trandoshan asked, barely looking up from his datapad.

They all looked at one another. They'd gone through customs before, but they knew they could buy their way out of scrutiny. Kale doubted this was one of those times, but this time, Kale stepped forward. "Why do you need all our names, friend? We just came here to trade this wookiee," he said, motioning to Awarooh. "Seems she was ordered special for someone fairly high up. I mean, wouldn't it be stupid to

come clear up from the surface to the opposite side of the planet just to bring a *single* wookiee?"

Shut up, you idiot! Kale screamed in his head. The trandoshan had looked up from his datapad now, and was studying Kale with an intense gaze. He started growling; that was never a good sign. He must have smelled something he didn't like within the group beyond the Wookiee.

It took all Kale could muster to not slink back to the ship. Clicks remained behind Awarooh with her blaster at the ready to perpetuate the image, but she would only need to move her blaster a few centimeters to take out one of the stormtroopers. "Sorry, I have a tendency to ramble. I'm Kell," he said.

The Trandoshan took the name down on his datapad, but looked at Kale. "And what business have you on the Avatar Platform?"

Kale looked at Awarooh, and put on his winningest smile. "We have a Wookiee for sale, and practically have the sale in the bag." The Trandoshan didn't seem to believe this. *Time to grease the wheels*, Kale thought. "How about this. Is there a bar or tavern somewhere on this platform?" The bureaucrat nodded. "How about this evening when we close the sale on this Wookiee, we buy you and your boys here all the drinks you want. We're selling her for one hell of a price."

The Trandoshan's smile was a horrible thing to see. "I understand. Very well, Kell" he said. "I'll expect you there tonight. Meet us at the Laughing Wampa." He and the two stormtroopers turned and started to leave the docking bay.

"Wait!" Kale said. "I don't have a map of the station. I can't find the bar without it."

"For as much Wild Cortyg brandy and Accarrgm as you're going to be buying me tonight, you could probably rent this docking bay for a year! I think I can spare you a station map," the trandoshan said, still with that wicked grin on its face. He half-turned back toward the group as Kale pulled out his datapad. After a quick transfer, the trandoshan turned back toward the door and shouted. "See you at the Wampa!"

The group started doing lip service to taking care of the ship: act like they were going over it for damage, cleaning up inside and refueling, while they were really just trying to figure out where a computer terminal might be so Kale could slice into it.

The datapad projected a moderately-sized holo of the facility. It was amazing. The bay they were in now showed a small red dot to indicate where they were, but the rest of the asteroid sprawled out before him. It was amazing. It seemed there had been some attempt to keep the station somewhat regular, but it looked to be a later addition. The constructed facility itself only existed to about halfway through the asteroid, but long, wild tunnels snaked in every direction, leaving the unconstructed half of the asteroid's interior to look like the hive of some space-bound creature.

The sweat on Kale's forehead turned from that of anxiety to the result of fast, hard work. He was able to find various computer terminals, but as he scanned through them, he became increasingly pessimistic. "This doesn't look promising," he told the others, who were waiting for directions from him.

"What is it?" Vadooshk asked. He looked more nervous than ever; even more so than when they were under threat from the creatures in the forest. He had been sticking close to Awarooh near the boarding ramp, but he broke away and came to find out what Kale was looking at.

"Well, there's good and bad here," Kale said.

"Let's hear the good first."

"There are *plenty* of computer terminals scattered around the station. So finding one won't really be an issue."

Vadooshk's eyebrow went up. "So that's the good. Isn't that about all we need?"

Kale shifted his head to either side. "Yes and no. The bad news is that all the computer terminals are deep in the interior of the platform. It'll take at least a half hour to get to the closest one."

"But still, it could be worse."

Kale winced. "Funny you should mention that. I don't know how much computer slicing you've done in the past, captain, but getting this kind of information is best done somewhere where nobody can see what you're doing and nobody can track it to you. A place that's both public *and* private, if you understand my meaning." He pointed to the holoprojection hovering in the air, which suddenly came to life with a hundreds of lights. "These dots are all the terminals. Nearly every one is in a corridor, or set up kiosk-style in a bar or other facility. We'd be noticed pretty quickly if we

were to try slicing into one of those.”

“Ah. Now I see.” Vadooshk motioned the others over and relayed what Kale had said.

“Is there one out of the way enough that we're unlikely to be spotted?” Jek asked.

Kale thought for a moment. “Not really. The economic district is more in the center here,” he said, putting his hand inside the projection. “And the living quarters are kind of like a shell around it. The odds of someone unfriendly seeing us is pretty high no matter where we go.”

“How long would it take you to slice the system?” Jek asked again.

“It really depends on the security in place. I can hack standard Imperial security in about five minutes, but I have no idea what encryption these slavers might have.”

Everyone fell silent, and the holographic map of the platform continued to hover before them, making everyone's faces glow from the faint blue light it produced.

Finally, Vadooshk sighed, looking at Awarooh. “I promised Rothwrykk. I'm also a man of honor, and will carry through on my promise.” He turned to the others. “I know you were sent to keep me out of Imperial hands because of the things I know. I feel that I can't ask you to go any further with me, but ... I need you.”

“Sir,” Lallia said. “I think I can speak for all of us when I say that we're with you.”

“We want to help you, Awarooh,” Clicks said, taking hold of the wookiee's arm.

“Okay. Well, I guess it's time to come up with a concrete plan,” Kale said.

• • •

Lallia wished she had her repeating blaster. Sure, it would be an easy tip-off for any figure of authority that they were not supposed to be there. But it would make her feel better. And it would make any potential firefights much faster. But she wouldn't be too picky. Not everyone was able to use two E-11 rifles at once, nor wear them in public. She smiled to herself. *I wonder if anyone has the guts to not take me seriously with these*, she thought.

The group calmly headed deeper into the economic “district” of the station—the place where all the slave-selling, gambling, blood sports and other semi-legal activities thrived. Fortunately, having a wookiee here was common; beings from all over the galaxy brought them here to buy, sell or just as servants.

A small bank of public computer terminals was set into the wall on their right as they approached a large opening for blast doors. On the other side was a chasm that seemed deeper than was possible, considering how big the asteroid was. It was almost perfectly round, with inset walkways and lifts connecting the levels. The entire scene was brightly lit with electric pinks, reds, purples, blues and other colors Lallia had no name for. The effect was an almost vomit-inducing assault on the senses when combined with the sounds of shouting from various establishments and an acrid smell wafting from thousands of sentients.

“This looks like a good place,” Kale said. “I'll jack in here.”

The rest of them formed what they assumed would look completely normal—a group of friends hunched around a computer terminal, a couple of them exchanging words over something more or less trivial. Lallia and Clicks leaned their backs against a wall near Kale and tried to act normal, but Lallia began stroking one of her lekku absentmindedly. She tried to calm herself. “So Clicks,” she said. “Did you bring that light sword thing you found on the planet with you?”

Clicks looked at her. “Of course I did. I'm not very good with a vibrosword, but if I don't end up practicing with it, I could always sell it. I'm sure it would fetch a hefty price.”

“I'm sure it would. It looks like just the metals that went into it are worth enough to buy a ship.”

Clicks laughed. “Under any other circumstance, I'd say we are in the perfect place to do that.” Both women looked out at the seemingly bottomless pit, particularly noting signs for bars, trading shops, establishments of ill-repute and many others. A lot of them had signs stating that certain Trandoshan clans weren't welcome, the most common of which were either Zssik or Blackscale. It seemed there was a tense hatred between the two, and Clicks began wondering if they'd brought enough ammunition. The group may not look like it, but they were armed to the teeth; but an angry trandoshan could pull off a lot of shots when it wanted to.

“Got it,” Kale said. Lallia turned to see him downloading

information to his datapad.

That's when everything went sour.

Klaxons started blaring and red alarm lights began flashing as far as they could see. A voice came over a loudspeaker somewhere overhead: "Data security breach, mid-core. Corridor AA-23. Search and destroy." It was an Imperial's voice—clearly, the Empire didn't trust the trandoshans all that much.

The group rallied around Vadooshk, who began heading farther into the interior of the station.

Lallia hissed, "What are you thinking? We want to head away from the people who want to kill us, not *toward* them!"

"I know!" Vadooshk said. "Trust me!"

Once the group got into the chasm, they could see more clearly see the chaos unfolding around them. White-hot blaster bolts came whizzing past Lallia's head, narrowly missing her lekku, all coming from a few levels below and to their left. The bolts sizzled as they rang off the durasteel plating that made up the shaft, while the heat from them took longer to die off. The result was a hot, sweaty affair with more trandoshans showing up every second to fire on them. Fortunately, no stormtroopers yet. Stormtroopers wouldn't miss from this distance.

Somehow in the confusion, Lallia suddenly heard a guttural sound behind her. She was lucky; it alerted her to a large group of trandoshans spilling out of a club, blasters in hand and fighting amongst themselves. Firing almost blindly into them, many of her shots passed through the drunken melee combat and hit some trandoshans clad in black armor, dropping them to the ground. Some of her shots hit; she knew it wouldn't be long before the blaring alarms would alert the inebriated trandoshans to the prospect of a hunt.

"Go the other way!" Lallia shouted as she fired. Vadooshk led the group away, but Lallia didn't know how long that would help—it wouldn't do any good to bumble into a random corridor to find enemies any more than it would be to continue running in circles on this level and finding yet more enemies hemming them in. Eventually, they'd be on the receiving end of a blaster shot.

"Kale!" Vadooshk yelled. "I need you to get the information on Awarooh's daughters!"

The group formed up around Kale and Awarooh, all keeping low to avoid as much exposure as possible. Blasterfire still came from the level above, but Clicks and Jek were able to provide a lot of covering fire as they moved about. Lallia took the rear, and kept an eye out on the levels below while Vadooshk searched for somewhere to get out of the line of fire. It would only make the Trandoshans more excited for a hunt—and thus, more deadly—but it could also help shift the odds in their favor. Lallia liked the plan.

"Something's changed," Clicks shouted over the deafening noise echoing through the chasm. They're not firing at us anymore."

Lallia spared a glance up from firing on her targets. It was true—the Trandoshans on the levels above weren't firing down on them. Rather, they were firing down on the patrons of the bar that spilled out onto the walkway, who were firing back with an almost insane intensity. But as Lallia continued looking around to gauge the situation, she saw that it wasn't an isolated situation. Trandoshans were now darting out of nearly every establishment with blasters, slave guns and any number of bladed weapons in hand and began using them on one another. What had begun as an intruder alert had quickly become a clan skirmish like none Lallia had seen before.

"*Attention all troops! Attention all troops! Riot alert! Armed conflict on level AA, and spreading to adjacent areas. Confine and neutralize threats,*" said the loudspeaker voice.

"Kale, we have to get out of here fast! What have you learned?" Clicks asked as Vadooshk doubled their speed toward a corridor which let them get out of the central chasm.

"*Stop!*" Kale shouted. "We need to go back a little bit. This says that our three wookiees are down that corridor and that we can get to the hangar bays from there."

So we have to head into the teeth of angry trandoshans! Lallia thought to herself. *Great.*

With the party now turned around, Lallia took the lead in heading down the corridor Kale indicated. Once inside Clicks and Jek peeled off. Jek dropped back to ensure no surprises came from behind, and Clicks came forward to watch for extra support. Lallia smiled. Since she could use two blaster rifles at once, that gave them three guns in front. That would be very helpful if they came upon any more...unpleasantness.

Blasterfire behind them told Lallia that they weren't done yet, all the while Kale gave a string of instructions that took them deep into the web of corridors.

Finally, they stopped running. Lallia couldn't hear the battle in the central chasm anymore, but she didn't doubt there were still stormtroopers on the loose, looking for whomever tripped the security alarm. They'd be angry at having to trade blows with trandoshans, and the trandoshans would no doubt be angry that their quarry had escaped; they'd been seen by at least two dozen trandoshans—and exchanged fire. “Keep a sharp eye, all,” Lallia said. “I have a feeling everyone on this station is going to be looking for us.”

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Jek's stomach sank. *Why are people always chasing us? Is it too much to ask for just one day of rest? Pilots get tired too, you know!* He peered over the barrel of his E-11, following the group alongside Vadooshk and making sure nobody snuck up on them.

Once they'd turned what seemed the hundredth corner, Jek felt himself emotionally shatter. Cages lined the walls on either side of the corridor, all of which were filled with wookiees old, young and in-between stood huddled together. Each cage was only about a meter and a half square, and each contained between three and eight wookiees.

“How can *any* being do this to another?” Jek asked when he caught his breath. This was the most horrific thing he'd seen in his life, and he'd been fighting in a war for the past three years.

Awarooh pushed between Clicks and Lallia to run toward the cells. There was a bunch of growling and grunting he didn't understand, but every wookiee in the corridor seemed shocked at their new visitors.

“She's asking where they are,” Vadooshk said to Jek as the two of them watched wookiee heads turn and rumbling start to take place.

“I'd guessed,” Jek said, his voice now hollow. From a long distance, in the rear of the corridor came a loud, higher-pitched growl.

In a flash, Arawooh and Vadooshk were running toward the sound, leaving the rest to try keeping up. It wasn't as far as Jek would have imagined; maybe sound just didn't travel very well with so many furry bodies packed so tightly to-

gether.

When Jek arrived at the cell, Arawooh was hugging two smaller Wookiees and yowling something to them—no doubt motherly words of reassurance. She stood and gave another Wookiee a hug—an adult this time.

“We need to get out of here,” Vadooshk said. “Kale, is there a quick route to a hangar so we can get out of this rock?”

“Let me look,” he said, scanning his datapad quickly. “Yes, we go back three corridors and go straight instead of turning left. That'll put us almost directly into a bay.”

“Great,” Vadooshk replied. “Let's go.” Before he could move at all, Arawooh had a grip on his arm and was howling something at him. “I know, don't worry. I need to find something to pry it open with.” As he turned, Jek looked around at the long corridor of cells, and wondered how many wookiees there might be down this hall. Then an idea struck him.

“Hey, Kale. Does the map say whether there are any other places like this? Places where there are a lot of Wookiees held?” Jek asked.

“Hmmm. Let me look,” Kale said, looking back down to his datapad. Jek could see Kale was in his element now—he was a great copilot and navigator, but their crew had benefited more from his computer prowess than anything. “Got it. There are several others scattered throughout various levels, but only two others on this one. Why?”

Jek smiled and looked around at the Wookiees in the cells, all of whom were watching them with longing in their eyes. “Hey, Wookiees! How would you like to get out of these stuffy little cells?” Roars of approval washed over him. “And how many of you would like to get back at the Imperials and Trandoshans that put you here?” Again, howling, but with a much angrier cast came from the imprisoned Wookiees. Jek looked back toward Kale, Clicks and Lallia, who were all smiling as well.

Vadooshk had been listening while he hunted for something to pry the door open. He returned with an armful of electrostaffs the Trandoshans probably used for “discipline.” He quickly turned it on and slammed the electrified end into the cage's locking mechanism, frying the circuitry and freeing the wookiees within.

It was like releasing a breath after holding it in for too

long. Many wookiees practically fell out of the cell as they were provided more space to move than they'd had for quite some time. Awarooh embraced her daughters and her mate's sister euphorically, while two other Wookiees went around them to Vadooshk. After a lot of howling, Vadooshk shook his head. "No, no, no. I can't have another life debt owed to me. I'm here fulfilling one of my own, and I'm just glad I can help you escape." He handed the Wookiees the electrostaffs and motioned toward all the cells with wookiees in them. "There are certainly a lot of Wookiees here. Once all your slave collars are off, I bet there would even be enough to pull the arms off every Imperial and Trandoshan on the station."

A Wookiee laugh was an odd thing. But in this circumstance, Jek couldn't imagine a more pleasant sound.

"That's not what we came here to do," Kale said, looking up at Jek from his datapad.

Jek bristled. "No, but it's immensely satisfying." He shook his head. "We have to let them out. Besides, each wookiee can decide whether to fight or not, and it'll give us some time to find a ship."

Kale nodded. "I wasn't saying anything from a moral or ethical standpoint. I just wanted to make sure we don't get sidetracked."

Once Vadooshk handed the electrostaffs to the two Wookiees who shared a cage with Rothwrykk's family, it was like a wildfire began. Two cages opened and ten Wookiees got an electrostaff. Then ten cages. Then seventy. Wookiees poured out of cells now, grabbing whatever they could find for a weapon and moving the direction from which Kale had led them.

The group, now with their three new charges in tow, left the same way. Some of the first Wookiees out were already scuffling with Trandoshans or stormtroopers, and Jek could see that this was a battle that would quickly spiral out of control for both sides. He didn't know how many Wookiees were on the station, but if they were all as capable as the ones he was seeing, the Trandoshans wouldn't be in control long, and neither would the Empire.

"This way!" Kale said as a stormtrooper spotted them. They all dodged toward where Kale was taking them, beams narrowly missing them each time.

They ran along the corridor, now awash with creatures of all races trying to get out. Jek hadn't realized how much di-

versity there actually was on the station, but it made sense as it was a trading hub. Stormtroopers, trandoshans and wookiees battled amongst the crowd, and while the Wookiees took care to spare any bystanders, the Imperials and slavers had no such reservations. The newly released army of Wookiees began a slow push to Jek's right, back toward the core of the station. Vadooshk motioned in the other direction—toward the hangars.

They all kept their heads down as well as they could, but the adult Wookiees had a harder time than most. Among all the targets the Imperials and Trandoshans would be looking for, it would be a Wookiee, so they all did their best to flow with the crowd and run toward the hangar bays.

They began to get close to the docking bays, although more enemies were appearing all the time, often accompanied by a Wookiee or two to battle against them. The sound of blasterfire was in constant pursuit of them as they ran. Finally, they reached the rows of turbolifts on either side of the wall that provided technician access to the various levels of docking bays.

Without taking time to really think, Vadooshk found a nearby bay which had a green light on it—indicating the magnetic seal was on. Jek ducked as blasterfire zipped toward him, narrowly missing. Instead, it scarred and blackened the metal wall next to him. Jek, Clicks and Lallia, who'd been too focused on where they were going to this point, rounded on the source and began returning fire.

Most civilians jumped out of the way, although some were unfortunate enough to be mowed down by Imperial troopers. Now nine, the group backed through the blast doors Kale had opened and were immediately greeted with yet another volley of blaster bolts, coming from the opposite side.

Jek spun and saw a large Gozanti cruiser with a complement of four TIE fighters, pilots and enough to crew the ship comfortably. Sitting next to it was what looked to be the skeleton of a serviceable YV-664 freighter. Boxes of supplies were scattered about the landing platform, and every one of them dove for cover.

A heavy *thud* made Jek look behind him. It was Rothwrykk's sister; she'd fallen to the ground and was writhing in pain, holding a blaster wound in her chest.

Immediately, Awarooh and her daughters rushed over to the other wookiee, howling and grunting so quickly that not even Vadooshk could interpret it. But that didn't solve the

immediate problem of the stormtroopers firing on them.

“Awarooh, are you a good aim?” Lallia asked.

The Wookiee looked up, confusion on her distressed face.

Lallia held up her trooper canister of concussion grenades. “It’s full, but I don’t think I can throw it far enough,” she said. She was probably right—it was at least 60 meters, and Jek knew he couldn’t throw something that far with accuracy.

Enraged as she was, Awarooh got to her feet quickly, took the cylinder and threw it into the heaviest concentration of troopers. The explosion was magnificent. Lallia must have had at least three standard grenades in that cylinder, plus the compressed air would have made the explosion even more powerful. The blasterfire from the other side of the hangar immediately stopped, although Jek could hear some faint groaning over the new sounds of fire. There had been troopers standing next to the Gozanti cruiser, but now the cruiser’s TIEs were damaged—which would be great when they finally made a break for it.

“Get her into the ship!” Vadooshk yelled, taking the wounded Wookiee’s feet. Awarooh took the other side and dragged her up the loading ramp of the battered YV-664.

“Will this thing even fly?” Clicks asked as she limped along on her patched-up leg.

“I don’t know, but if it can, I’ll make it,” Jek said as he made a beeline for the cockpit. “Lallia, you take one of the gun turrets. Clicks, take the other!” Each woman nodded acknowledgment and assumed their positions, Clicks wincing in pain. She hadn’t complained about her leg until now, and she was leaving a trail of blood. The medicine must have worn off, and she’d reopened the wound. The Wookiees had all moved into the main living space on the ship, and Jek guessed they were trying to heal Rothwrykk’s sister now. He wished them luck, but he had his own problems to worry about at the moment.

Jek looked around the cockpit and wondered how the original owner found anything. Corellian Corp. was great at keeping things standardized so you knew where everything was, but someone had obviously customized this. After finding the switch he thought turned the ship’s engines on, a low, howling sound began to build in pitch.

Jek heard blasterfire from outside the ship. “We’ve got to go!” Jek shouted behind him. “We’re going to have to take off cold and charge the guns and shields as we fly. We’ll just

hope no company comes until then!”

The ship’s controls were clunky, but Jek was able to keep the ship steady and get out of the hangar quickly. It glided through the magnetic containment field. The ship lurched, and Jek gripped the controls tighter to keep the ship steady. “Kale, find out where the ship-wide communicator is, and tell Clicks and Lallia to take down anything that looks hostile.”

“Got it,” Kale said, beginning to familiarize himself with the ship.

Meanwhile, Jek focused on trying to tread the line between getting away from the orbital platform quickly and pushing the ship too hard—a burnout at this point would be disaster. Even if the ship stalled, any ships that came after them wouldn’t give them a second chance.

Kale was speaking to Clicks and Lallia, who’d already spotted turbolaser batteries starting to point their way. Over the comm, Jek could hear the roar of the quad cannons, but he couldn’t tell who was firing. As long as they got away, it wouldn’t matter much.

Jek spotted the subspace communicator and hyperspace comms relay and dialed into the Alliance’s general distress channel. “Anyone out there listening, we need help. We just escaped from the Avatar Orbital Platform over Kashyyyk, and need assistance!” Only silence greeted him, as the quad laser cannons on the dorsal and ventral sides blasted away. Fighters were appearing in Jek’s field of vision, so he did what any self-respecting Rebel would do: fight.

At first, it was disorienting to see where the forward-facing lasers were coming from—the YV-664 cannons were mounted at the forward tip of the saucer sweeps, but the cockpit wasn’t in the same place as other models. This made Jek feel exposed as more and more TIEs and trandoshan fighters came at them.

Once Jek got the ship fully under control, the team was finally working as one. Jek flew the ship in ways that Han Solo himself would smile at, and the rest of the team was perfectly efficient at defending themselves.

A laser blasted into the ship. Well, *almost* perfectly efficient. Another laser blast rocked the ship, causing the shield warning to start blaring, and Jek redoubled his efforts to duck and dodge every shot. He could hear Lallia shouting something to Clicks and Clicks shouting in pain from the

quad cannon bays. Jek felt sorry for Clicks, but he *had* to ignore it while he waited for some sort of transmission from the fleet.

Finally, something came through. “Unidentified vessel, this is Alliance vessel *Home One*. Please identify the nature of your—”

“We’re the crew of the *Selonian Dawn*, and we were sent to protect the *Justice Ascendant*. We rescued Captain Vadooshk, but weren’t able to find any other survivors.”

“Hold, please,” the voice on the other end said. There was a definite note of urgency there that wasn’t present before, as if the person on the other end of the line knew that this was a vital communique.

“Unidentified vessel, where are you now?” the voice asked after breaking off for mere moments.

Another laser blast struck the ship, and sparks started flying from above Jek’s head. “We’re on the dark side of the planet, but we’ve picked up some guests, and they’re *very* unhappy with us.”

“Understood. We’ll dispatch fighters to aid you, but try to make it as far toward the sun-side as possible.”

Jek couldn’t take his concentration off his piloting for a moment, even to acknowledge the order. TIEs and TIE Interceptors were everywhere, with more coming all the time. Combined with the number of trandoshan ships that were showing up, it was almost as if half the station had been dedicated solely to space defense.

Jek fired off another burst from the forward cannons, and a TIE erupted in a burst of flame, which was quickly extinguished by the lack of oxygen. The pilot and debris from the wreckage smashed into one of his wingmates, causing him to spin uncontrollably into a heavily-armored Trandoshan ship. While it didn’t destroy both ships, the trandoshan ship was visibly crippled by such a hard impact, and most of the dorsal turrets were in ruins.

“Clicks! Lallia!” Jek shouted over the ship communicator. “We’ve got to get sun-side, and I’ll need you to hold them off no matter what!”

“Got it, boss,” Lallia said, echoed shortly by Clicks.

Jek lined the ship up with the planet’s single axis and hit the throttle. The engines were heated up now, so it only took

moments for the ship to reach terminal velocity. Jek felt himself pushed back into his seat as inertia tried to hold him back.

Tense moments passed with the quad cannons firing more frequently and the fore cannons firing less frequently. As the sun came around the planet, Jek saw small outlines of ships. And although he couldn’t be certain of whether they were large ships far away or small fighters coming close, he knew that in mere moments they would be safe.

• • •

Clicks watched as the space battle began in earnest. To this point, it had been more of a shooting gallery, but with the arrival of the first X-wing, she knew that the rest was going to be a battle between fighters—not something like the ship they’d stolen.

As more Alliance fighters came to join the fray, the farther their ship got from the action, and eventually Clicks wasn’t firing at all. She switched her communicator on. “So does that mean we’re done here?” she asked.

“I think so. We’re going to dock with *Home One* and have a debriefing with Vadooshk and Admiral Ackbar himself,” Jek said.

“Great!” she said. She got up from her chair, silently thanking the gravity suspension in the quad laser turrets. Her leg was killing her. Hopefully she could get some treatment before that debriefing. As she reached the deck plating and stood upright, she stopped, almost doubled over with a sickening feeling in the pit of her stomach. She could feel...pain. Death. Terror. It was an overwhelming feeling, and made her want to both cry and vomit. And there was something else. *Hatred*. A lot of it. Images flashed in her head of the laser sword she’d found clashing against another one, but one that seemed powered by some dark energy comprised of hatred and pain. But how could she feel something like that? It didn’t make any sense. She remained next to the quad turret pods until the ship was entering the hangar of *Home One*—something felt wrong, and it all felt tied to the battle.

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Kale, Clicks, Jek and Lallia watched Vadooshk come out of the debriefing with the admiral. He’d asked them to wait outside before going to the funerary service for Rothwrykk’s sister.

Clicks was in a more solemn mood than the rest of the funeral party, as her gloomy feelings had just been compounded by learning of the horrible loss of life on the orbital platform and in the space battle that followed. She picked herself up from the couch outside the admiral's briefing room and leaned on her crutches. All walked to the services in silence.

Awarooh asked Vadooshk to say a few words despite not having met Rothwrykk's sister before that day. "There isn't a whole lot I can say," he said, standing before the small crowd gathered around the body. "All I can really tell you is that Rothwrykk spoke of her often as being one of his inspirations growing up and that he knew he could always depend on her. And that was the legacy Rothwrykk left with us, too. No matter what, that's the reason he wanted me to find her—it wasn't just blood ties, but it's also that she was a great sister and mentor for him when he needed it. Rothwrykk loved his sister, just as I know he loved you, Awarooh, your daughters and..." Vadooshk paused. "Um... Awarooh, I don't think I ever actually learned her name."

Awarooh growled, and Vadooshk nodded. "Mowrylla." Vadooshk looked down at the body again. "Thank you, Mowrylla. For everything you inspired in my best friend, and all the things you did that nobody realizes were vital to them."

Clicks came forward. "Awarooh," she said. "If it's okay with you, I think we'd all be honored if we could use Rothwrykk's name or Mowrylla's name as our new ship's call sign. It may seem like a strange request, but it's the best way I think we can pay homage to the sacrifices each of them made for others, and the contributions they've made to improve the lives of others."

Awarooh gently embraced Clicks. "[Of course. I owe you and your crew so much more than just a simple life debt,]" Vadooshk translated for her. "[You've done so much for us. It's not just me and my daughters that are in your eternal debt, but the entire wookiee race. The trandoshans are no longer in control of the space platform and the Imperial presence on the planet is dwindling to nothing. Our people are free at last thanks largely to you and your brave efforts.]"

Each of them took turns embracing Awarooh. She may have been emotionally destroyed, but she was one of the bravest Wookiees Clicks had met.

...

Jek smiled and announced over the ship-wide comm. "Alliance Command has agreed to give us a couple weeks off, but I don't know that I'd put much stock in that. They seem to like us."

"Maybe until then, we can do something fun? Or lucrative? We could always try to run some goods, since we're in a new ship and all," Clicks said from her newly-claimed living quarters. "The Empire won't have us red-flagged yet."

Jek nodded. "Well, are we ready?"

"Ready as ever," Lallia said.

Jek warmed up the ship's engines as Kale started getting the astrogation computer online. The ship would take a lot of breaking in, getting used to and tinkering, but it would do. They left *Home One*'s containment field and took one last look over Kashyyyk's lush, blue-green surface before turning toward their next destination.

"Course is laid in," Kale said. "Everyone buckle in," he said over the ship-wide communicator.

Jek reached forward to pull back on the hyperspace control throttle and once again *Rothwrykk* was traveling the galaxy.

Written by
Jeff Diamond



A PROMISE MADE

THE ADVENTURE

Opening Crawl

The hidden Rebel fleet has attacked from Wild Space in a gambit to destroy the unfinished Death Star II in orbit around the forest moon Endor. Against all odds the Alliance to Restore the Republic has won a resounding victory against the evil Galactic Empire. Destroying not only the fully operational space station but killing the vile Emperor Palpatine and his servant Lord Vader.

After the destruction of the Death Star II the Imperial fleet is thrown into disarray. Taking tactical advantage Admiral Ackbar commands the Alliance fleet to engage the confused Imperials. Stunned the Imperial fleet takes devastating losses but is able to withdraw from the engagement.

Word spreads quickly through the Alliance fleet, "Emperor Palpatine is dead." As impromptu celebrations break out aboard orbiting ships and on the surface of Endor there are those who wonder, "Where is Vader?"

Capitalizing on their victory the Alliance fleet gathers above Endor while Admiral Ackbar and others prepare for the Liberation of Kashyyyk. Having been placed under martial law by the Imperial planetary governor and its populace enslaved by Trandoshan slave clans. Alliance Command has made the decision, Kashyyyk can no longer remain under the yoke the Galactic Empire.

GM Introduction

- Endor-9 is the furthest of nine moons in orbit around the gas giant Endor.
- With the destruction of the Death Star II the Imperial fleet is in disarray, the Alliance fleet hammers them badly forcing them to withdraw or be destroyed.
- The celebration at the end of RotJ takes place roughly three days after the destruction of the Death Star II (4 ABY).
- In orbit around Endor-9 the Alliance fleet has consolidated in preparation for the Liberation of Kashyyyk.
- Morale is high. The Empire is finally on the run.

EPISODE ONE: THE FLEET ARRIVES

Look Who's Coming to Dinner

Hyperspace Rebel Fleet from Behind: engines flare bright whitish blue against the swirling backdrop of hyperspace. The camera sweeps in a semi-circle allowing you to see 100s of capital ships and hyperspace capable starfighters: MC80 Liberty-class star cruisers, CR90 corvettes, DP20 frigates, Nebulon-B escort frigates, B-Wings, Y-Wings, A-Wings, X-Wings and many other types. Camera rests on a MC80 Home One-class Mon Calamari cruiser, then quickly magnifies towards the bridge. A number of humans, mon calamaris and other species can be scene going about their duties. The Camera slightly blurs at it artfully passes through the bridge viewscreen to rest on the face of Admiral Ackbar.

Bridge Interior Home-One: Vapor rises from the moisture collar around Admiral Ackbars neck. He spins around in his chair towards the communications tech, a diminutive sullustan. "Contact the fleet, attack squadrons ready for transition into the kashyyyk System. May the Force be with you." The sullustan speaking her own language passes the message on to the fleet. The camera quickly spins around the command section as people move quickly about their duties. The bridge is brightly lit, white and chrome surfaces. The camera points towards the space dome directly above Admiral Ackbar, passes through it with a rippled effect, flies over the fleet, gaining speed, passing the fleet until the hyperspace field fills the screen. The stars shorten towards the middle of the screen as the ships exit hyperspace into the Kashyyyk system.



Interior cockpit of the Ardent Venture: The captain looks towards his co-pilot and toggles the oversized switch for communications. A voice speaking sullustan crackles through the cockpit speakers, white subtitles appear at the bottom of the screen, "*Ardent Venture*, proceed to coordinates R778. You are to protect the *Justice Ascendant*. Good luck and may the Force be with you!" The comm goes silent as the pilot reaches above the console and bats at the hanging fuzzy dice then looks to his co-pilot, "What? Its for good luck."

Space Above the Planet Kashyyyk: Camera over the polar cap of Kashyyyk the system sun burns brightly in the foreground of the screen, add in some lens flare J.J. Abrams style. The alliance fleet begins transitioning into realspace. They appear small and far away. A rumbling blasts from the sound system as the shadow of something big approaches from top of screen. The long triangle shaped underbelly of a Star Destroyer II flies overhead. Then another from the right, then one from the left. The screen falls into shadow as a new and louder rumbling is heard. The underbelly and finally the

large engine cones of an Executor-class Star Destroyer is seen surrounded by dozens of capital ships and TIE fight squadrons.

Interior cockpit of the Ardent Venture: a red flashing alarm on the console. Looking up a large Imperial armada can be seen stretching into the distance: Imperial Star Destroyers, Carrack-class cruisers, Immobilizer 418 cruisers, a monstrous Executor-class Star Dreadnought, TIE/in, TIE interceptors, TIE defenders, TIE bombers and many other classes of ship. From the passenger seat behind the captain a figure unseen until now leans forward the hood of his dark brown robes thrown back, "I have a bad feeling about this." There is a flash outside the cockpit and the ship is violently shaken. "Keep your feelings to yourself," mumbles the captain as he brutally twists the ship yoke. The camera passes through the cockpit window, pans away from the *Ardent Venture* as it pulls into a tight looping roll ending above the *Justice Ascendant* two TIE fighters in fast pursuit, cannons blasting!

Battle Above Kashyyyk

The players are attacked by two TIE/in and a single TIE Defender. After this they must render assistance as able to protect the *Justice Ascendant*.

They will take part in an attack run with a squadron of B-Wings on a Carrack-class cruiser then come back around just in time to intercept a TIE Bomber getting ready to drop its load on *Justice Ascendant*.

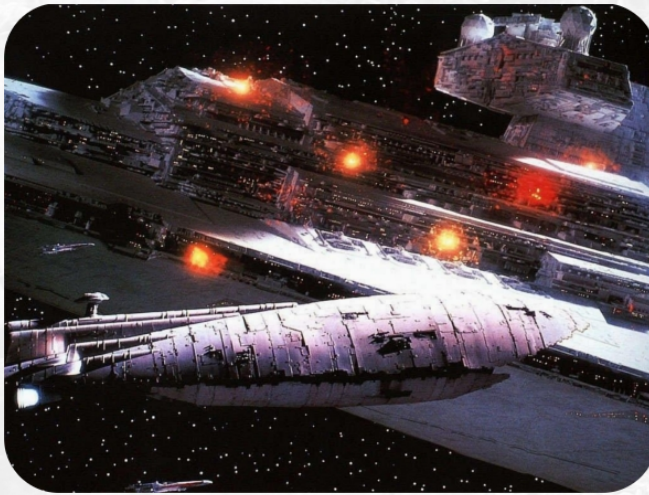
Below is a brief list of possible ships that may be seen in this battle:

- Executor-class
- Star Dreadnought
- Battlecruisers
- Imperial I-class Star Destroyers
- Imperial II-class Star Destroyers
- Tector-class Star Destroyers
- Victory I-class Star Destroyer
- Victory II-class Star Destroyer
- Carrack-Class light cruisers
- Immobilizer-418 interdicator
- TIE/in
- TIE Interceptor

- TIE Defender
- TIE Bomber.

As the battle continues the battered *Justice Ascendant* lists badly, plasma explosions rock the ship, escape pods blast off from the lost ship. The nose begins to drop. Plasma licks at the body and nose as the mighty ship enters the upper atmosphere of Kashyyyk.

There were only four of these in the fleet. One was destroyed at the Battle of Endor.



Rescue Vadooshk

Characters are hailed by AFC (Alliance Flight Command). Identifying herself Princess Leia explains the ship crashing towards Kashyyyk is the *Justice Ascendant*. Her Captain, Krydd Vadooshk, cannot be allowed to fall into Imperial hands. He is one of the three top commanders in the Alliance fleet. He must be rescued!

Interior Cockpit of Ardent Venture: the *Justice Ascendant* can be seen through the cockpit canopy. Increasing speed you are able to partially close the distance. As you watch, parts of the ship break off in the atmosphere. Lines of fiery plasma play across the surface and nose of the once mighty Mon Calamari ship. Escape pods begin to blast away from the ship like fireflies in flight. Continuing to plummet out of the sky parts of the ship begin to snap off. Breaking flaps pop out along the sides as it continues down the planetary gravity well. Parachutes deploy but the plasma burns them away. The planet rapidly fills your viewscreen. Gently pulling back on the starships yoke your ship eases its descent. Banking to the right you as the *Justice Ascendant*

crashes into a grove of large **Wroshyr trees**. Its massive body tears their large bases from the ground, toppling several of the mighty 500m tall trees and setting the surrounding jungle ablaze. Chunks of hull rain down upon the planetary surface, the bulk of the ship swallowed by a thick fog that reflects the orange and red flames below..

EPISODE TWO: WRECK OF THE JUSTICE ASCENDANT

Welcome to Kashyyyk

Kashyyyk Jungle, Night Time, Exterior of Ardent Venture: Huge, low hanging branches of wroshyr trees force the pilot to move away from the crash site of the *Justice Ascendant*. Veils of moss and cables of vines stretch from tree to tree. Looking for a safe spot to land the ship slows and rotates when suddenly there is a loud chittering from outside followed by a metallic thud as the ship is violently shaken. Only a hazy image appears on the scanners. Standing up and looking through the cockpit canopy two strange creatures are seen. Fur covered, with a membrane stretching from elongated arms and legs, the creatures jump from one tree to another. Gliding past the ship and striking it with a club-like tail.

Moryyr: large flying, short haired marsupials with a large club-like tail and long arms and legs with a membrane that allows them to glide by jumping from one tree to another. These creatures are territorial and smart for creatures. They will use their quick movement and natural terrain to hide. They are stubborn, but can eventually be driven away. They will continue to chitter from the shadows of the jungle canopy. If the GM wants to ramp up the drama he can have players roll occasionally to recognize sound coming from the jungle as belonging to the Moryyr.

Kashyyyk Jungle, Night Time, Exterior of Ardent Venture: The ship shudders slightly as the pilot banks it around and cuts to repulsors for the landing. Maybe one or more the repulsor globe fields were damaged. The battered YV-664, running lights reflect eerily through the dense smoke as it descends to the surface. Floodlights harshly illuminate a landing area of long grass, black dirt and surface vegetation. A rotund, four legged creature with an armored shell sits upon it back while eating stares up at the descending vessel. Its

eyes snape wide in surprise as it quickly scampers into the underbrush.

Alliance Soldiers Under Attack

The thick and humid atmosphere immediately descends on the group. Sparse vegetation dots the ground with many frond-like plants and vines. Colors range from various greens and browns with splashes of yellow. Glowing fungi along THE bottom sides of branches and vine curtains illuminate the darkness as well as a mushroom shaped plant that glows from under its cap. Looking about the still standing wroshyyr trees stretch hundreds of meters into the sky. A number of waterfalls spill from different elevations falling to the jungle floor where the wreckage of the *Justice Ascendant* lies broken into several pieces, it and surrounding vegetation dotted with fire. The high pitched sound of blaster fire cuts through the jungle sounds followed by hushed voices. [anyone making a *moderate* Search roll will see something fast moving through the limbs and vines of the jungle] Silence then a scream followed by additional blaster fire. Players should make a *moderate* Survival skill roll to track the location of the fight.

Near the broken body of the *Justice Ascendant* and illuminated by its burning hulk, three Alliance soldiers are seen. Back to back they shoot into the jungle darkness. Something moves from the inky blackness of the jungle, grabs one of the soldiers and drags him into the jungle. The man's scream brutally cut-off.

The men will be panicky after surviving the crash only to immediately be attacked by an unseen and deadly predator. Players will need to make some Persuasion or Command rolls to get the men under control. Once this is done the creatures will mysteriously stop attacking.

If asked about Captain Vadooshk. The soldiers states they don't know if the Captain or anyone else survived. the soldier will point to an oversized backup on the ground and suggests if they can get the comm gear working they might be able to find him or other survivors but the gear looks to be in bad shape.

Comm Gear

The comm gear powers up but doesn't receive a signal. Repairing the comm gear will require a *Moderate* Equipment Repair skill roll will be able to repair the gear in short order using whatever they scavenge at the site.

Easy Communications roll will pick up a lot of Alliance encrypted chatter. Cleaning this up and decoding it requires a *Moderate* to *Difficult* Communication roll. If successful they are able to get some Alliance transmissions. Listening its obvious the battle above Kashyyyk is not going well. Then Admiral Ackbar gives the order for remaining ships to form up and prepare to retreat.

The comm gear fails and requires a another Equipment repair. Regardless of the outcome it will work but its range is drastically reduced. No matter what they do they cannot listen to fleet communications anymore. They will pick up beacon signal. A *Moderate* Communications or Survival roll will allow the party to figure out direction and rough distance to the beacon. Once this is done the comm gear explodes in a shower of sparks. It cannot be repaired.

Heading for the beacon site takes some Climbing rolls and some Search rolls. After roughly thirty minutes of travel they come upon the Captain in a canopied area of glowing moss.

Meeting Captain Vadooshk

Scene Description: A man steps forward from near the glowing moss holding a carbine threateningly. Command uniform streaked with ash, streaks of dried blood on his face from a gash to the forehead. He recognizes the soldiers letting the blaster carbine fall to his side as he rushes forward to clap each man on the shoulder and shake his hand. Looking to the others, "And who the hell are you people? You weren't part of my crew."

While this takes place any Force Sensitives will get an uneasy feeling those with Sense making an *Easy* roll will feel uneasy and a general direction.



Kashyyyk Jungle: Vadooshk waits for an answer when a loud warbling sound cuts through the jungle night. In the ac-

companioning silence the tall grass rustles. Looking towards the sound one of the two remaining soldiers is dragged into the undergrowth screaming which is abruptly cut off. Vadooshk quickly takes command, "Fall back, fall back to the cave. Follow me!" He turns and runs towards the base of a large wroshyr tree where a cave entrance can be seen partially overgrown with moss and fronds. A small stream of water exits the cave and pools outside. Splashing through the shallow water the group makes it way to the inside of the cave. As they try to get comfortable they can see they are being watched from the jungle.

Exploring the cave will lead to several meandering passages. It is extremely easy to get lost here. Occasionally they will hear snuffling and scraping from the rear or side passages of the cave. Captain Vadooshk suggests a rotational watch during which nothing of note will happen. If tension needs to be raised play up the sounds from the rear of the cave.

While characters who are Force Sensitive sleep they will have a Force Dream. The dream will be troubling, full of fear and some anger though specifics are illusive. Mist and a man in black armor, bearing a red lightsaber, he looks at the character in the dream and attacks. The character feels as though its real and whether he owns one or not will have a lightsaber. Make some lightsaber skill rolls, but eventually the vision will strike them down. In a flash of pain they will awaken from the troubling dream. Everyone else will be awake at this time, staring out the front of the cave.

Vadooshk having taken the last watch looks to the group, "The last of those things pulled out an hour ago. I never got a close look, but I saw them going through the wreckage of my ship. Our watcher left shortly after the main group did. I think its safe to leave this cave now" With that he reaches down for his survival backpack and slings his carbine.

Now that they are safe to leave the characters tell Captain Vadooshk their ship is nearby and they can leave. He refuses and explains he had a **wookiee** comrade he owes a debt to.

Kaskyyyk Jungle, Exterior Cave: Vadooshk stops and looks at the characters. "I'm sorry, I can't leave yet." A ripple of shock runs through the group. "Several months ago I saved a wookiee named Rothwrykk from an Imperial slave pen the Alliance had liberated. He immediately swore a debt to me personally and though I told him it wasn't necessary he took it very seriously. We quickly became best friends. Three days ago during the initial attack on the rebuilt Death Star the bridge of my ship took a heavy hit. Rothwyyrk saw a support beam break free and would have crushed me if he

hadn't pushed me out of the way. My friend was pinned under that beam and died not long after. Before he passed he asked me to find and free his wife and their twin daughters who were still on the planet Kashyyyk. Their home is the coastal city of **Kachirho**" [location of the last great battle between the CIS and Galactic Empire]. I will probably never be closer to fulfilling that oath than now and that's what I plan on doing!"

EPISODE THREE: PORT CITY KACHIRHO

Over the River and Through the Jungle to Kachirho We Go ...

An *Easy* system knowledge roll using the ships computers will find the navigational information for Kachirho city. The ship lifts off on its repulsor fields. Vadooshk suggests staying below the canopy of the trees until we reach the coast. It will take longer, but will keep them from being spotted by patrols. Doing so adds several hours to trip. As the ship passes through the jungle have the pilot make a few skill checks to avoid great cables of vines and jungle growth. On a failed attempt roll ship hull vs 5D. The trip will be quite beautiful as they pass groves of trees with multiple waterfalls falling 200 meters to the foggy jungle floor.

Getting into Kachirho



Approaching the coordinates of the city, the ship exits the jungle. Immediately to the left the the great ocean extends out of site. To the right is open space made up of what looks like some fields and shacks. Directly in front of the ship is small fishing village with a dock and boats. Across the cove the tree city Kachirho and its additional ground buildings can be seen. Observant players will see a number of Imperial

craft moving about and behind the tree city including two Carrack-class cruisers parked in an open field towards the rear of the city. A flight of TIE's from the city comes towards the fishing village then makes an abrupt left turn, accelerating into the distance. Its obvious the Imperials have the city in lockdown.

At the docks the characters see a **jet catamaran** they can steal in order to cross the cover to Kachirho. The jet-catamaran thrums to life and they can make trip across the water to the beach in front of Kachirho without incident. If the GM wants to add additional drama have a few repulsor boats with searchlights appear in the distance. Once on the beach there are natural materials such as lose fronds and large leaves that can be used to cover the catamaran. A quick look towards the city reveals patrols of **Imperial Stormtroopers**. Martial law is in effect and there is a strictly enforced curfew as the streets are all but deserted.

Making their way through the city and to the second tier of the jungle city players exit onto a wide, wooden walkway. Two of Kashyyyk's three moon's cast a milky sheen of light over everything. A group of four Stormtroopers and two Trandoshans walk by. The Trandoshan wearing a heavy blast vest and blaster rifle says to his companion similarly dressed, "I am not sure I am happy about this. Lord Drayth may not continue to honor the deal we have made with Planetary Governor Daarc." If the players do not attack they do not notice them and continue on their way, soon disappearing from view.

Kachirho City, Exterior Dwelling: Vandooshk steps forward and quietly knocks on the door. No answer, he knocks again, louder this time. You look at each other sharing the same thought. Did someone hear that? Will Stormtroopers come to investigate? Finally the door slowly opens, golden light from inside spills out in a bright triangle onto the walkway. Illuminated by the interior light stands a slight and almost willowy figure of a female wookiee. Flowers adorn the hair, framing her face. "We are friends of you husband Rothwyyrk, please let us in" informs the captain. Though surprised she recovers quickly and ushers the group in, checks outside and shuts the door behind them.

Pera asks about her husband. Vandooshk explains quickly that he gave his life to save his own and that he promised to rescue his wife and children. With eyes brimming with unshed tears she states, "you are too late. The twins and my sister were taken by the Trandoshan slavers for processing at the **Avatar Orbital Platform**." When asked how long, she tearfully replies, "three maybe four hours ago. Just before

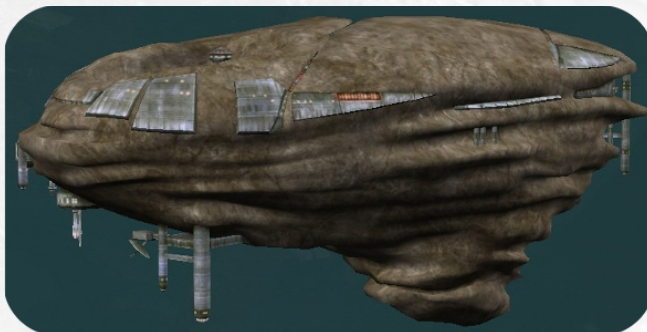
curfew." Looking about the room, anger flashing in his intense eyes Vadooshk says in a tight voice, "Then to Avatar Platform we go."

The group passes a number of Stormtrooper patrols but the lack of people on the walkways and streets between the ground buildings make it easy to get back to the jet-catamaran. Removing the disguising brush you pull the vessel back into the water and start the motor. It thrums to life. As you prepare to head for the fishing village a bright beam of light pins the group. A raspy mechanical voice of a Stormtrooper floats across the water, "Halt where you are, by command of the Imperial Governor or we will fire."

EPISODE FOUR: AVATAR ORBITAL PLATFORM

"Hey We Got This Wookiee for Sale ..."

Outer Space, Above Kashyyyk, Cockpit Interior Ardent Venture: The ship rockets quickly through the Kashyyyk sky scattering a flock of Dunbyyr birds its ion engines flash brightly boosting it into the upper atmosphere and the blackness of outerspace. A number of Imperial capital ships move about in lazy orbits. Pulling up system information [roll Planetary Systems] the crew finds the proper grid coordinates for Avatar Orbital Platform. Its on the opposite side of the planet, the current light side, facing towards the system sun. The ship is hailed on an open frequency. "*Ardent Venture*, what is your flight destination?"



Outer Space, Avatar Platform, Cockpit Interior, Ardent Venture: "Your flight vector and glide path for AOP is being sent now. Do not deviate from flight path or you face fines and possible accidentally disintegration." the ship moves towards it intended coordinates and rapidly ap-

proaches Avatar Orbital Platform. Towed from the neighboring asteroid field the surface is dotted with many zero-g buildings and docks. Dozens of ships come and go, many in stationary orbit awaiting docking privileges. For the second time today Lorum is hailed, raising his eyebrows and playing to crowd in the cockpit he mutters, "popular today." A hissing voice slithers from the cockpit speakers, "*Ardent Venture* we do not have you on our regisstry. Ssstate your busssinessss or begone."

If the players cannot figure out a way aboard the station, Vadooshk will suggest posing as bounty hunters with a wookiee for sale. This will require Persuasion or Con rolls and eventually they will be given permission to land, a landing bay number and told a representative will meet their ship.

Outer Space, Avatar Platform Docking Bay: "*Ardent Venture* you are cleared for docking bay B9. A procurement offissser and Imperial represssssentative will meet you at the dock. Have your property and papersss ready." the transmission goes dead with a loud hiss and click. The ship closes with the planetoid facility, growing larger the cockpit window. A large freighter passses overhead heading towards the planetoid casting a shadow over *Ardent Venture*.

Flying to the assigned docking bay it is a low-tech and dirty facility. The ship passes through the magnetic lock and lands in the bay. Behind them the white oval of the magnetic lock flickers a couple of times then glows a steady white. The walls are dingy and there are unused power cables and empty containers stacked in odd places. Waiting for you is a Trandoshan official with a datapad, to either side of him is a well armed and attentive Stormtrooper.

If the Trandoshan is questioned he explains he does not personally have the information they need. They would have to access the Avatar datacore which he does not have access or privileges to use.

Cracking the DataCore

Using the map provided by the Trandoshan officials datapad it should be easy to find the DataCore facility. Along the way you pass a large amphitheater with a strangely vaulted ceiling. looking down you see sloping areas from the edge down to an open area in the middle. A number of stages can be seen with a bright light above illuminating those unlucky enough to be on the auction block. There are several groups of bidders. Round repulsor droids the size of basketballs flit around recognizing bids and posting current bids on a screen

on either side of the body. Turning away in disgust you make your way to the DataCore. You open the door and it quickly shifts up and out of the way. You have entered the DataCore.

To get someone to help you will require making either a Con, Persuasion or Intimidation roll. If this fails a fight may break out. There are five technicians in here. If a fight ensues an alarm will sound and the base made aware that something is wrong.

Cracking the DataCore [*Difficult* Computer roll] they find out that the twins and sister are part of a short lot purchased by a slaver. The information on proof of sale and acceptance of goods [*Moderate* Computer] is listed as ten minutes ago.

Another computer roll [*Difficult*] will give the landing bay for the slavers ship.

If they do not hurry they will be attacked by several Trandoshans and supplemental Stormtroopers.

The Rescue

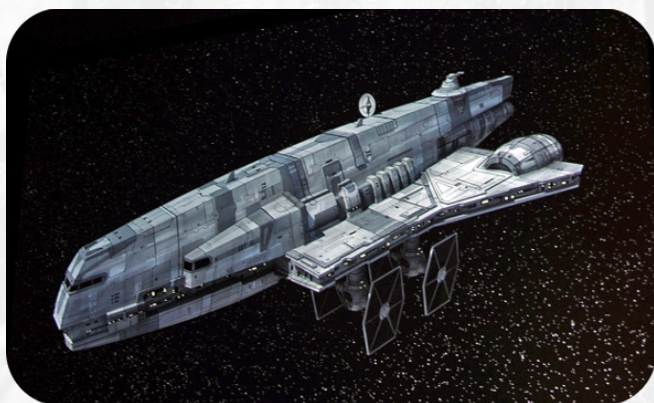
Avatar Platform, Interior, Docking Bay: You pass quickly through the halls with the datapad tightly gripped. Running down dirty hallways, past desperate sentients and those whose only want in life is greed and the misery of others. The smell is like a physical thing, cloying at your throat making it burn. Ahead you see the docking bay. Your almost there. Rushing up you hit the door release. It is about five meters wide and parts in the middle, the doors receding into the walls. The docking bay is a dirty place. Empty loading containers stacked about haphazardly. Ceiling light covers busted off making the light appear harsh. Towards the end of the docking bay you see a frumpy man with greasy hair and a weasely face using an electric prod on an adult female wookiee manacled with cuffs. Forcing her up the loading ramp to the waiting ship. Halfway between you and the man is a slave post. Chains with manacles spread about it like the tentacles of some grotesque sea creature. Attached to that post are two wookiee younglings. As the door opens and you step forward to the younglings looks towards you. Hope and desperation etched deeply in their features.

If the characters are hostile he will order four illegal battle droids that were hidden partially behind the landing gear to stop them. If it looks as though he is going to lose he leaves the twins outside and blasts off with the sister. Otherwise play this out however.

The characters now have to traverse back through the base on high alert to their ship and escape.

The Last Hurrah

Space, Exterior Avatar Platform: Boarding your ship you hastily exit the docking bay. Doing so you fly past a modified **Gazonti-class cruiser**. Searching the heavens for a quick exit point AOP hails the ship. The pilot should be looking for a proper exit vector and attempting to move the ship a proper distance from Kashyyyk's gravity well to enter hyperspace before they are stopped. The Gazonti cruiser moves to block the characters exit from the system. A hail comes in from the Imperial ship, protocols are overridden and a cold and precise voice rings through the cockpit speakers, "*Ardent Venture*, stop and immediately dampen your reactor in preparation for boarding and inspection. Failure to comply will result in your immediate destruction." Looking at the sensors [make Sensor roll] the group spots four probable TIE/ins rapidly closing.



During this final encounter the party will spend as many rounds as dramatically appropriate to maneuver to a point they can make a clean entry into hyperspace. In the meantime they will be maneuvering around other large space vehicles, being chased by multiple TIE fighters and perhaps a random turbolaser shot from either the Imperial cruiser or Avatar Orbital Platform. Also make the roll for astrogation. This is a perfect scene for players to learn about using shields, maneuverability, fire control, communications, etc.

Space, Exterior Avatar Platform: A yellow light flashes on the panel in front of pilot, "Hold on they are trying to lock tractor beams on us." He violently twists the control yoke forcing the old YV-664 into a barely controlled twist and turn. The light goes out. The pilot smiles to his companions, "its all in the reflexes." he whispers. A green light flashes on the control board, he looks towards the nav computer, then reaches for the three levers that control the hyperdrive. Vio-

lently he pulls all three back. There is a loud roar as the hyperspace engine engages. The stars outside begin to stretch and the ship accelerates entering hyperspace with a snap, boom of released energy.

Written by
Don Diestler

Notes

Imperial Forces (Grand Admiral Peccati Syn)

- 1 Executor-class Star Dreadnought
- 1 Battlecruisers
- 15+ Imperial-class Star Destroyers
- 2+ Imperial I-class Star Destroyers
- 5+ Imperial II-class Star Destroyers
- 1 Tector-class Star Destroyers
- 5 Victory-class Star Destroyer
- 12 Victory II-class Star Destroyer
- 22 Carrack-class Light Cruisers
- 14 Immobilizer 418 Cruisers
- Hundreds of Imperial Starfighters (various types)
 - TIE Fighters
 - TIE Interceptors
 - TIE Bombers
 - TIE Defenders

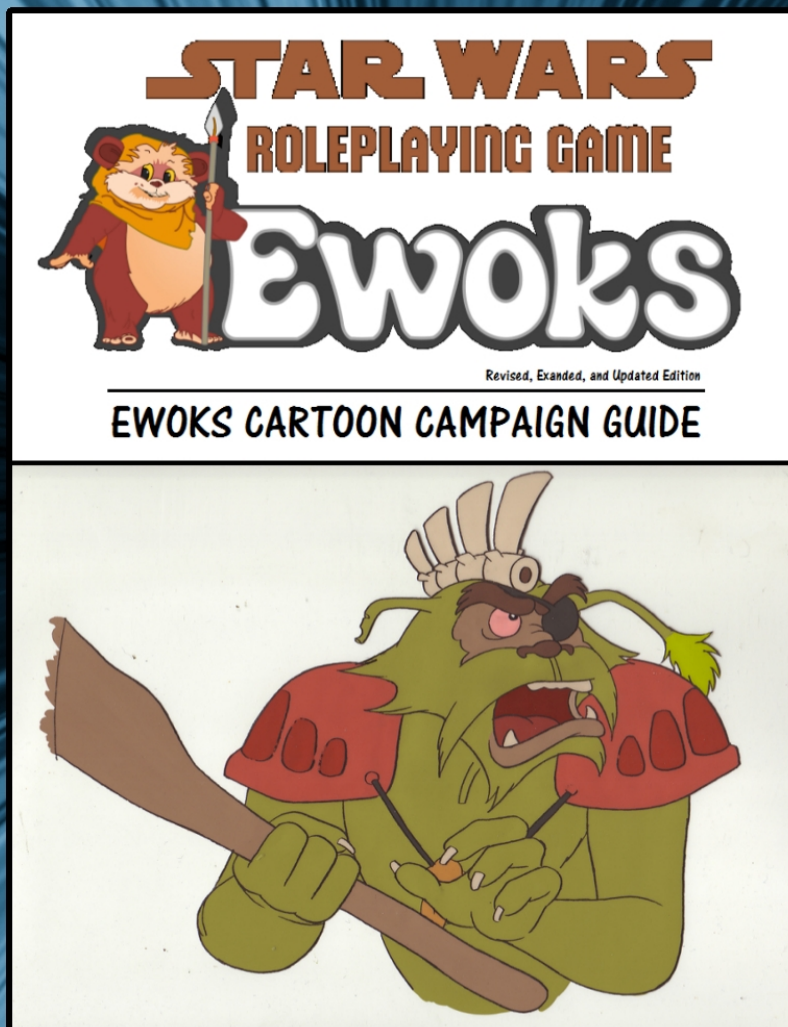


Rebel Command Fleet at the Battle of Endor (Admiral Ackbar)

- MC80 Home One Type Star Cruisers
 - Defiance
 - Home One
 - Independence
 - Unidentified MC80 Home One Type Star Cruiser
- MC80 Liberty Type Star Cruisers
 - Liberty
 - Maria
 - Reef Home
- MC80 Wingless Liberty Type Star Cruisers
- MC80a Star Cruisers
- Smaller Mon Calamari Star Cruisers
- Destroyers
- Carriers
- Dreadnaught-class Heavy Cruisers
- Manowars
- 1+ Neutron Star-class Bulk Cruiser
 - Urjani
- 1+ Quasar Fire-class Bulk Cruiser
 - Flurry
- 10+ EF76 Nebulon-B Escort Frigates
 - Antares Six
 - Redemption
 - Valiance
 - Yavaris
- Kesselian Blockade Runners
- CR90 Corvettes
 - Eridain
 - Masanya
 - NovaFlare
 - Old Republic
 - Pushti
 - Saki
 - Ullet
- DP20 Frigates
 - Chandi
 - Ensaiav
 - Ghorman's Honor
- Mastala
- Telsor
- Walerv
- DukeDoom
- Steadfast
- GR-75 Medium Transports
 - Limnate
 - Luminous
 - Tuima
- 2 Braha'tok-class Gunships
 - Braha'tok
 - Torktarak
- Tankers
- Alderaanian Gunships
- Over 650 Starfighters
 - B-Wing Starfighters
 - BTL Y-Wing Starfighters
 - RZ-1 A-Wing Interceptors
 - T-65 X-Wing Starfighters
 - Z-95 Headhunters



Coming Soon...



By bixbamtastic

STAR WARS LEGACY

VONG CAMPAIGN MINIGUIDE

V 1.1

Sith-Imperial War

In 127 ABY, after failed Vong terraforming sabotaged by the One Sith, the One Sith and the Empire allied and defeated the forces of the Galactic Alliance and the New Jedi Order in 130 ABY.

Second Imperial Civil War

After victory in the Sith-Imperial War, the One Sith led a coup against the Empire. The Empire was split in two between forces allied with Darth Krayt, and the Empire-in-Exile still loyal to Emperor Fel. The nomadic Alliance Remnant, and the Empire in Exile, in the former Imperial Remnant, allied to fight against Darth Krayt's Empire, and succeeded in 138 ABY.

Third Jedi Purge

In 130 ABY, the Sith led a campaign to exterminate all Jedi and Imperial Knights. The Jedi were greatly depopulated, though not nearly as dire as in the Great Jedi Purge.

- Bothans still declared genocide on all Vong
- Vong look less warped, as heavy implants have fallen out of style
- There is probably a lot of resentment against Vong by the GA Remnant for inadvertently triggering the Sith-Imperial War
- Vong are probably still unsure about droids
- Mandalorians have been neutral through almost the whole ordeal
- The Chazrach were probably freed at this point and could be roaming around, maybe at Zomana Sekot or Bakura, like the P'w'eck

After the Yuuzhan Vong War, the Vong migrated to the living planet Zomana Sekot. Before the Sith-Imperial War, the Jedi supported a project to have the remaining Vong terraform devastated worlds, starting with the temple world Ossus. Ossus was a great success, so 100 more worlds were selected. The One Sith sabotaged the project, and the terraformed worlds began poisoning the population, the Jedi suspected sabotage, and the Alliance defended the Vong. Some Alliance planets seceded, and the Empire used the event as an excuse to declare war. Zomana Sekot retreated into the Unknown Regions, and the remaining Vong from the project were stranded.

Campaign Ideas

- Yuuzhan Vong come from Zomana Sekot to rescue shapers
- Vong help Jedi in war against Sith
- Sith or Bothans come to hunt Vong
- Vong battle the remnants of the Ssi-Ruuk or Rakata in the Unknown Regions
- Peace Brigade also live on Zomana Sekot
- Vong holdouts reemerge and declare war on the galaxy
- Chazrach invade Zomana Sekot



STAR WARS

WILD SPACE MAGAZINE



REUP EDITION

V 1.0

OUT FOXED MICROSUPPLEMENT

BASED ON THE SHORT STORY BY ROB VALOIS

SYNOPSIS: COMMANDER FOX AND THE CORUSCANT GUARDS ARE FIGHTING AN INFLUX OF BOUNTY HUNTERS HIRED BY THE SEPARATISTS TO KIDNAP REPUBLIC SENATORS. T'DOSHOK IS ONE SUCH BOUNTY HUNTER SENT TO KIDNAP SENATOR SHAYLA PAIGE-TARKIN. FOX AND THE GUARDS OUTFRAN AND OUTMANEUVER HIM UNTIL HE IS CAUGHT AND SURRENDERS.

T'DOSHOK

TYPE: TRANDOSHAN BOUNTY HUNTER
DEXTERITY: 2D **KNOWLEDGE: 1D**
MECHANICAL: 2D **STRENGTH: 3D**
TECHNICAL: 3D **PERCEPTION: 2D**
 FORCE POINTS: 1 DARK SIDE: 2
 CHARACTER POINTS: 8 MOVE: 7
 EQUIPMENT: ACP SCATTER GUN 3D, ROCKET PACK
 DESCRIPTION: A COWARDLY MALE TRANDOSHAN BOUNTY HUNTER WHICH WORKED FOR THE CIS, AT LEAST ON OCCASION. IN 22 BBY, HE PURSUED THE SENATOR'S BOUNTY ON SHAYLA PAIGE-TARKIN. HE DIDN'T GET FAR BEFORE BEING APPREHENDED BY COMMANDER FOX AND THE CORUSCANT GUARD. HE SPOKE DOSH AND AT LEAST SOME BASIC, ALBEIT BADLY. HE COULD BE CONSIDERED AROUND 33 STANDARD YEARS OF AGE.

CC-1010(Fox)

TYPE: GAR CLONE COMMANDER
DEXTERITY: 4D **PERCEPTION: 3D**
KNOWLEDGE: 3D+1 **STRENGTH: 3D+2**
MECHANICAL: 2D **TECHNICAL: 3D**
 FORCE POINTS: 1 DARK SIDE: 1
 CHARACTER POINTS: 6 MOVE: 10
 EQUIPMENT: DC-15A BLASTER RIFLE 5D+2 (WITH 10 METER GRAPPLER), BLASTER PISTOLS 5D, PHASE 1 CLONE TROOPER ARMOR (+2D PHYSICAL, +1D ENERGY, -1D DEXTERITY, -2 MOVE)
 DESCRIPTION: HONOR BOUND AND CONFIDENT, FOX WAS THE LEADER OF THE CORUSCANT GUARD, COMPLETELY LOYAL AND DEDICATED TO THE SENATE AND THE CHANCELLOR. MORE THAN WILLING TO TAKE OUT A CRIMINAL TARGET. HE IS NOT FOND OF JEDI AND HE HAS NO TOLERANCE FOR WHAT HE VIEWS AS TRAITORS.

STORY IDEAS/SEEDS

- ☐ BOUNTY HUNTERS ARE HUNTING SEPARATIST BOUNTIES
- ☐ FOX IS TRACKING DOWN CRIMINALS IN THE UNDERWORLD
- ☐ T'DOSHOK ESCAPES FROM PRISON AND SEEKS REVENGE ON THE CORUSCANT GUARD AND COMMANDER FOX
- ☐ FOX TRACKS DOWN AND CRUSHES SEPARATIST UPRISING MOVEMENTS IN THE UNDERWORLD
- ☐ ASSASSINS BEGIN SWARMING INTO CORUSCANT TO TAKE DOWN REPUBLIC LEADERS
- ☐ REPUBLIC HIRES IT'S OWN BOUNTY HUNTERS TO TAKE SEPARATIST LEADERSHIP ON VARIOUS CIS WORLDS

Some stats obtained from RPGGamer.org and the d6 Holocron Wiki

Out Foxed was released as a 4-page PDF on Target.com, presumably to promote other Star Wars young reader books, which the author had also wrote several of.





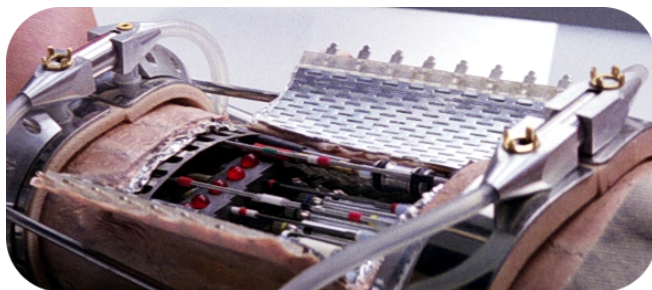
StarMed brings you the best in medical care, wherever you are! One press of a comlink will send StarMed services straight to your location!

Don't just believe us, look at what our customers say!

"I'd just been stabbed with a vibroknife. One press of my comlink and StarMed was right at the cantina and patched me up in minutes!"

"I went into labor on my way to work. I knew what to do. I set my speeder down, called StarMed, and they got to me in seconds. Six healthy pups, and it's all thanks to StarMed!"

Availability restricted by StarMed facilities. Not all planets are covered. Contact a StarMed representative for more information.



StarMed is a corporation dedicated to providing emergency medical care to beings all over the galaxy - at a cost, of course. The difference between StarMed and a regular planetary emergency medical service is night and day. StarMed keeps actual doctors on their crew, whereas a planetary emergency crew usually consists of beings that are only trained to stabilize a patient enough to get them to a hospital. StarMed also uses the latest in mobile technology and medical tech to repair injuries on-site, whereas a planetary group is hindered by local governmental funding.

Speaking of funding, StarMed is a private corporation. While this means that a being has to pay for services, it also

means that StarMed isn't bound or loyal to a certain government or species. StarMed takes its call seriously, and will not refuse service to anyone as long as their contract is current.

StarMed began service shortly after the close of the Clone Wars, and took advantage of Corporate Sector backing and funding to get off the ground. It has enjoyed incredible success in the Corporate Sector, so much so that within the space of just a few years it has expanded its influence and service outside the Corporate Sector. It's even rumored that the Emperor himself has a sponsored contract. Nevertheless, StarMed is quickly becoming a household name via an aggressive HoloNet advertising strategy.

StarMed's services are simple. Contracts are sold in levels: One, Two, or Three.

A **Level Three** contract is simple planetary service, anytime. The customer hits their comlink, and StarMed dispatches an armored airspeeder to them, as long as there is no apparent danger. Any injuries to StarMed staff will result in a penalty to the contract holder. There is a limit of two calls allowed per standard galactic year without penalty. A Level One contract will cost ten thousand credits per standard year.

A **Level Two** contract allows for a little more leeway. StarMed professionals will extract a contract holder depending upon assessment of danger. The penalty for StarMed staff being harmed is lesser. StarMed will also perform three extractions per galactic standard year without penalty, and will cost fifty thousand credits per galactic standard year.

A **Level One** contract, the most expensive by far, covers any extraction, at any time, regardless of present danger. There are no penalties for StarMed staff injury, and there are no limits to how many extractions can be called at any time. As this is by far the most extensive contract, it will incur the highest cost. A Level One contract will cost one hundred thousand credits per galactic standard year.

STARMED: MEDICAL CARE EVERYWHERE!

AVAILABILITY RESTRICTED BY STARMED FACILITIES. NOT ALL PLANETS ARE COVERED.
CONTACT A STARMED REPRESENTATIVE FOR MORE INFORMATION.

MEKUUN HIGH-ALTITUDE ENTRY TRANSPORT

Craft: Mekuun High-Altitude Entry Transport
HAET-221

Type: Dropship assault transport

Scale: Speeder

Era:

Affiliation: General

Source: +Daniel Stull

Length: 17.2 meters

Skill: Repulsorlift operation

Crew: 1, gunners: 1

Passengers: 12 (troops)

Cargo Capacity: 200 kilograms

Cover: Full

Altitude Range: Ground level-500 kilometers

Maneuverability: 2D

Move: 295; 850 km/h

Body Strength: 4D

Shields: 1D

Weapons:

Repeating Blaster

Fire Arc: Turret

Scale: Character

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Crew: 1

Fire Control: 2D+2

Range: 3-75/200/500

Damage: 7D

Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 1D+1

Range: 50-400/1/2 km

Damage: 5D+1



TYPICAL STARMED AIRSPEEDER CREW

Pilot, Co-pilot

All attributes 2D except: *blaster 4D, dodge 4D, mechanical 3D, communications 3D+2, repulsorlift ops: airspeeder 5D+2, strength 3D+2, first aid 4D*. Move 10. Blaster pistol (4D; pilot), blaster carbine (5D; co-pilot), field armor and helmet (+1D *physical*, +2 *energy*), helmet comlink, utility belt with supplies, smoke grenade (1 blue, 1 red), medpack.

Tac-Team

All attributes 2D except: *dexterity 3D+2, blaster 6D, dodge 4D+2, brawling parry 4D, intimidation 5D, perception 3D+1, command 4D, search 4D, strength 3D+2, brawling 5D, first aid 4D*. Move 10. Blaster carbine (5D), blaster pistol (4D), field armor and helmet (+1D *physical*, +2 *energy*), helmet comlink, utility belt with supplies, smoke grenade (1 blue, 1 red), 2 stun grenades (5D), medpack.

Medic

All attributes 2D except: *blaster 4D, dodge 4D, perception 3D+1, search 4D+1, technical 3D+2, first aid 5D, medical 3D*. Move 10. Pistol (4D), field armor and helmet (+1D *physical*, +2 *energy*), helmet comlink, utility belt with supplies, smoke grenade (1 blue, 1 red), backpack medpac (5 medpacs), datapad (medical procedures, +1D modifier when using first aid).

MA-4V Medical Assistant Droid

DEXTERITY 2D

KNOWLEDGE 2D: Alien species 4D.

MECHANICAL 1D

PERCEPTION 3D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D: First aid 4D.

Equipped with:

Repulsor unit with 10 meter flight ceiling

Several retractable manipulator arms

Medical diagnostic database

Hypodermic dispensers

Medicine dispenser (treat droid as having 4 medpacs)

Move: 10

Size: 1.5 meters tall

Cost: 3,200 (new)

StarMed crews usually consist of one pilot, one medic, and a medical droid to round off care for a Level Three contract. Level Two crews are more rounded - one pilot, two security specialists, and a medic/droid combination. Their craft are also capable of carrying a small portable bacta tank for critical injuries. Level Three crews are the cream of the crop - a pilot, three security specialists, an actual doctor, a droid, and their craft is essentially a mobile trauma center.

Written by
Daniel Stull

Concept by
Garkhal



STARMED DRIVER/PILOT

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster

Vehicle blasters

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Streetwise

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Ground vehicle operation

Hover vehicle operation

Repulsorlift operation

Space transports

PERCEPTION 2D+2

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 3D

First aid

Repulsorlift repair

Space transports repair

Move: 10

Force Sensitive? No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 5

Special Abilities:

None

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), vehicle or starship (as mission requires)

Background: You always had a knack for operating vehicles, even when you were a kid too young to do it legally. You knew that your future was behind the controls, and as soon as you were able, you signed up for the military. You did your duty as a combat transport pilot, but for your own reasons, mustered out when your term was up. You saw that StarMed was hiring and you knew that it was an opportunity to help people **and** make money doing it.

Personality:

Objectives: To not die while flying or driving in emergency situations.

Connection With Characters:

SECURITY SPECIALIST

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster
Brawling parry
Dodge
Grenade
Melee combat

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Survival

MECHANICAL 2D+2

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Search

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling
Lifting
Stamina

TECHNICAL 3D

Blaster repair
First aid

Move: 10

Force Sensitive? No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 5

Special Abilities:

None

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, vibroblade (STR+1D)

Background: This is all about the money. Bounty hunting's too dangerous, and you think that stormtrooper armor is just a bit too flimsy for your liking. Securing VIPs for StarMed, though...that's got some promise...and cash.

Personality:

Objectives: Ensure the safety of the VIP.

Connection With Characters:

MEDIC

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster
Dodge

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Survival

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift operation

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Command
Hide
Sneak

STRENGTH 2D+2

Brawling
Lifting
Stamina

TECHNICAL 3D+1

First aid
Repulsorlift repair

Move: 10

Force Sensitive? No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 5

Special Abilities:

None

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), 5 medpacs, advanced medical kit

Background: "Go to college," your parents said. "Be a doctor." Instead, you joined the military, thinking you would do some good and save some lives all while serving an honorable duty. Things weren't what they seemed, though. Governments were only about themselves, and not for the individual dying in the fields. You got out, and wandered for a time until you saw the ad for StarMed. Finally, a chance to help people without the limitations of political lines. You signed up immediately.

Personality:

Objectives:

Connection With Characters:



SCOUT'S LOG

I've just exited hyperspace at the fringes of what I'm designating as Ahan, or IPS 21-465. It's in a system of three planets, but only Ahan itself appears inhabitable, or shows signs of life, I should say. The system's star is a yellow-white ball in the distance, but even now, my sensors register it as being in main sequence. It will be sustaining life for quite some time.

My LSA-2 passes a sphere of ice which comes back with no tech or life. It appears to be nothing more than a planetoid. I've recorded its existence and possibility for a mining survey, and move on to the next planet. It's nothing more than a rock with no atmosphere, too large to be a moon. Another one for the miners.

I reach the maximum distance from Ahan itself, and begin preliminary scans. Ships are currently in orbit. They are old, though: my computer relates to me that they're freighter analogs that are possibly hundreds of years old. I decide to hang back and watch their patterns. Their sensors do not detect my LSA-2 - yet. I monitor the traffic, then fly closer for atmospheric samples.

The atmosphere of Ahan, I learn, is heavily polluted. So much so that the computer designates it a Type-II. I'll have no choice but to wear a breath mask once I land on the surface. I open a comm channel, seeking starport clearance. After a few moments, a voice answers back in Basic. They seem unaware of the Empire, and sort of out of the loop of galactic events. I state my intent, to survey the world for the Empire, and they grant me clearance. Before entering the atmosphere, though, I record local communication channels and take a more detailed sensor sweep of Ahan:

Atmosphere

Type II (Breath Mask Suggested)

Can support life without use of a breath mask, but either due to too much or too little atmospheric pressure or oxygen, or unusual gases or contaminants, it is recommended that a breath mask be worn. Without a breath mask, detrimental effects, such as slowed reactions, reduced brain activity, poisoning, or a myriad of other effects can begin to occur within just a few hours of exposure. Many alien species can comfortably breathe type II atmospheres without having to resort to breath masks. Planets with a type II atmosphere will have life or at least had life recently.

Hydrosphere

Dry

The planet is 50-84 percent covered by land. The planet has some standing liquid, and the land is probably a mixture of desert, dry plains, tundra, or other terrain types not requiring a great deal of water.

Length of Day

21 hours

Length of Year

465 days

Starport

Standard Class

The starport is fully-staffed and equipped. Restocking services are available, and there is a small shipyard for minor repairs and modifications. Prices for repairs and modifications can be up to double normal prices, and take twice as long to accomplish.

Population

250 million

Function

Administrative/Government

This world is bureaucracy at its largest. The main industry is the orderly (or at least managed) operation of a government, business, or other large institution. Imperial sector capitals often qualify for this designation, but the homeworlds of major, galaxy-spanning corporations and institutions such as BoSS (Bureaus of Ships and Services) may also be considered administrative in nature.

Government

Theocracy

A government run by a religious organization. Typically, the citizens are required to participate in certain religious rites and profess faith in the tenets of the religion. Theocracies may be highly tolerant of divergent views, but some are also quite repressive.

Tech Level

Space

This is the stage of most planets within galactic civilization, and is characterized by hyperspace travel, droids, blasters, and highly efficient industry. Planets at this level are often integrated into the galactic economy, and produce many goods for export, but also import many goods. Theocracy: A government run by a religious organization. Typically, the citizens are required to participate in certain religious rites and profess faith in the tenets of the religion. Theocracies may be highly tolerant of divergent views, but some are also quite repressive.

I frown at the comm traffic. Most of Ahan, if not all, seem to revere something the locals call "The Seed." As a matter of fact, all transmissions seem to have something to do with a cult surrounding "The Seed." Ahan appears to be a world centered around its theocratic government. I make a final scan for military strength and am surprised to note that there's no real strength here at all. A small ground force of "holy warriors." I record the findings then enter the atmosphere.

I come down at the starport around sundown local time. I keep my flightsuit and breath mask on as I exit the LSA-2. A small committee of robed forms meet me at the ramp. They're smaller than human average, and I take out my datapad - slowly. I'm in no rush to spark an interstellar event here. I begin taking a live recording of my first encounter with the locals.

Scout: Greetings, I'm Lan Cai Sprax. I represent the Galactic Empire as a planetary scout.

Local One: We are of The Seed.

Local Two: We greet you, scout.

Note: The locals do not seem to be fazed by the polluted atmosphere. Genetic adaptation?

Local Three: How can we of The Seed be assistance, scout?

Scout: I'm here to learn what I can of this world. Your records call it Ahan, correct?

Local One: (*puts a hand over its face*) It is correct, but we of The Seed do not use that name. It is sacred.

Scout: Duly noted. I am currently in your computer network and am transferring data on your world to my superiors. Am I correct in saying that you don't get visitors very often?

Local Two: Visitors become part of The Seed.

Local Three: Will you be one of The Seed?

Scout: While I am honored that you would consider me for such a thing, I have to respectfully decline.

Local One: All become part of The Seed.

Local Two: You will become part of The Seed.

Local Three: We of The Seed will accept you gladly.

At this point, I've backed up the ramp. The three locals are attempting to board my LSA-2. I hastily retract it and begin engine startup. I make orbit before any sort of hostile action can be taken, and I avoid the freighters, plotting out my next hyperspace jump.

Written by
Daniel Stull

JASON HARKOR IMPERIAL SCOUT

Species/Gender: Human/male

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D+1
Dodge 5D+1
Grenade 4D+1
Vehicle blaster 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D+1

Survival 4D

MECHANICAL 1D+1

Beast riding 3D
Repulsorlift operation 4D+1

PERCEPTION 2D

Hide 3D+2
Search 3D+2
Sneak 3D+2

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 5D+1

TECHNICAL 1D

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D), field armor and helmet (+1D physical +2 energy), grenades (5D), helmet comlink, survival gear, utility belt with supplies

LONE SCOUT A-2(LSA-2) - "LOANER"

Craft: Sienar Fleet Systems "LSA-2"

Type: Stock scout vessel

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 24 meters

Skill: Space transports: LSA-2

Crew: 1

Passengers: 3

Cargo Capacity: 125 metric tons; 50 cubic meters

Consumables: 1 year

Hyperdrive Multiplier: x2

Hyperdrive Backup: x12

Nav Computer: Yes

Space: 5

Atmosphere: 295; 850 kmh

Hull: 4D

Shields: 1D

Sensors:

Passive: 30/0D

Scan: 50/2D

Search: 75/2D+2

Focus: 5/3D+2

Weapons:

1 Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Starship gunnery

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 4D



STAR WILD SPACE MAGAZINE WARS

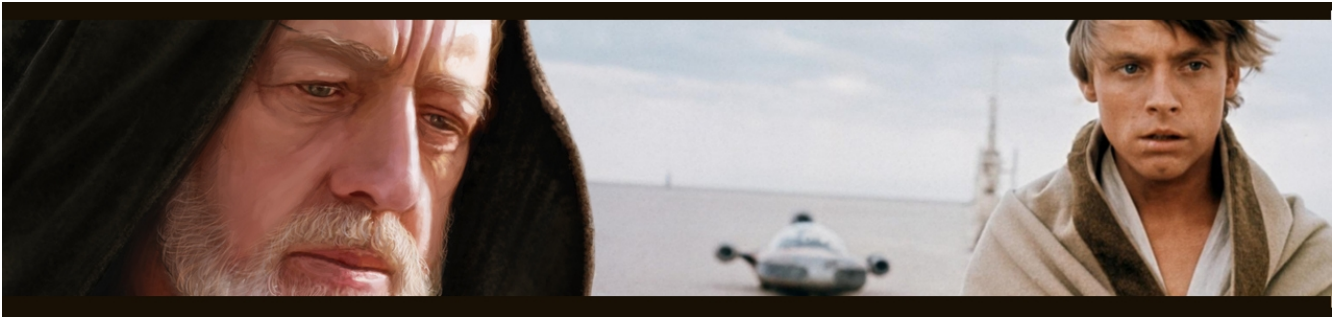
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WHAT IF?

A NEW HOPE

GEORGE: Hey guys, wanna play a new game?

MARK: Sure, what kind of game?

GEORGE: Its a role-playing game.

MARK: A 'role-playing game?' Like D&D? That's that game you and Alex play, right?

HARRY: Haha, right. The one where [mocking voice] 'you're a Sorcerer,' right Alex?

ALEX: Dude, I'm a wizard. And shut up, it's cool. I can shoot FIRE.

GEORGE: There are no 'Wizards' or 'Sorcerers' in this game really, it's kinda different. But it says there sorta is magic, I guess. It's called "Star Wars." I've read the book, it looks like Buck Rogers-style science fiction, but with laser swords.

MARK: Dude, I'm totally in! I want a laser sword! [makes laser sword sounds]. I could be a knight! Do they have those?

GEORGE: Yeah, but they're called ... [flips through book] ... Jedi.

HARRY: Pff. Swords are dumb. Do they have guns? I want to be a cowboy. [aims finger at invisible target].

GEORGE: Absolutely. It's kinda Wild West-y too. It's weird, I think you'll love it.

HARRY: Cool, I'm in. I'll call Peter, he might want to play too.

GEORGE: Awesome! I already ran a little intro game with Carrie, Tony, and Kenny. We can pick up right where they left off, like one big story!

KENNY: Oh cool, my Andro is still there?

MARK: What's an Andro?

TONY: It means Android, right George?

GEORGE: Actually they're called "Droids," it's the other way.

TONY: Really? I thought it was Andro. Whatever. Mine's

name is R2-D2. He doesn't talk, he's just a whistling trash can on wheels. Tony's a "Droid" too, a gold human-shaped one.

ALEX: Does he whistle too? Is that what Droids do?

TONY: No, he can talk. He has a British accent; he's like a golden butler. He's scared of everything.

ALEX: Cool. I want to be a Wizard! I'm good at playing Wizards.

GEORGE: Dude, I said there's no Wizards in Star Wars.

ALEX: Fine, call me a "crazy old man" if you want, I just want to use whatever the magic here is. I want a really weird name, like "Qui-Gon" or "Obi-Wan."

MARK: "Qui-Gon" sounds like you already left.

ALEX: Fine, "Obi-Wan.... Kenobi." Like those old samurai movies.

GEORGE: Cool. Mark, you?

MARK: I want to be a knight! But, like, not a knight yet. Like, a knight-in-training, or a guy who will BE a knight. Maybe a simple trader or farmer. With a big swashbuckling name, like "Luke Skywalker!"

HARRY: [snicker]. Oh, we're doing stupid names? Fine, I'm "Han Solo," as in, "I don't need you jerks." I'll be a ship captain, some kind of outlaw. A smuggler.

GEORGE: What about Peter?

HARRY: He loves bears. Make him a bear.

GEORGE: Fine. And Carrie's a princess named Leia.

MARK: Should we read the rules? Or just jump in?

GEORGE: Let's just jump in, you'll learn really fast.

TONY: Yeah, we picked it up in no time. There's no weird dice like D&D, it just uses Yahtzee dice.

MARK: Sounds easy. Let's go!

GEORGE: Ok.

We open on a black star field. It's STAR WARS! Chapter One, A New Hope.

It is a period of civil war. Rebel spaceships, striking from a hidden base, have won their first victory against the evil Galactic Empire.

MARK: Was that the game you played?

TONY: No, we just did a little shootout. I think this was all before.

GEORGE: [continuing] ...During the battle, Rebel spies managed to steal secret plans to the Empire's ultimate weapon, the DEATH STAR

HARRY: [snicker]

MARK: Shut up!

GEORGE: ...an armored space station with enough power to destroy an entire planet!

MARK: [whispering] cool...

GEORGE: Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, Princess Leia races home aboard her starship, custodian of the stolen plans that can save her people and restore freedom to the galaxy.... So that's the setup. Me and Tony, Carrie, and Kenny played the opening. The Droids ended up on a planet that's just this huge desert, called Tatooine.

ALEX: What about Carrie?

GEORGE: She's busy with model U.N. and writing class. Her part's over for a while anyway.

MARK: ...she's cute.

HARRY: Dude, she's annoying. Anyway, we're on tattoo parlor.

GEORGE: TatooINE. And for that I'm gonna make you wait to come in.

HARRY: Whatever. When I show up it'll be awesome.

GEORGE: Ok. Tony and Kenny got captured by traders, called Jawas.

Now those Jawas have brought their giant, rusty sand-crawling fortress to your farm, Mark. They sell Droids to farmers, but they have really crappy ones usually.

MARK: Farm? I thought it was a desert.

GEORGE: It's a moisture-farm. They collect water.

ALEX: Oh, that's pretty cool. Like a sci-fi thing.

GEORGE: Yeah, there's a lot of that kinda stuff. Anyway, Mark, you're a young moisture farmer living with your aunt and uncle. You really want to leave town but you're stuck here because your uncle Owen is a stickler.

MARK: Bummer.

GEORGE: Your aunt's nice though. You hear her from across the farm, which is really just a pit in the desert where

you live. 'Luke? Luuuuuuke!'

MARK: What's her name?

GEORGE: Beru.

MARK: [getting into character]. What is it, Aunt Beru?

GEORGE: Tell Uncle if he gets a translator to make sure it speaks Bocce.

HARRY: Like the balls?

MARK: Dude, shut up, I'm trying to get into this. [ahem] Doesn't look like we have much of a choice, but I'll remind him!

...

GEORGE: You walk up to the sand-crawler, and see the Jawa traders, all set up with their droids like a flea market. The desert heat is beating down, but it's ok, since you're wearing simple loose desert clothing. The Jawas are aliens.

MARK: Cool, my first alien! And I bet being a simple farmer I don't see many!

HARRY: They probably smell. What do they look like?

GEORGE: They're tiny. Like, three feet tall. And they all have brown cloaks that cover their faces, and glowing gold eyes.

TONY: Like Orko?

GEORGE: Yeah kinda. And they speak in a weird squirrely-like language.

MARK: Can I understand them? Do I speak Jawa-ian?

GEORGE: You have to roll dice to find out, that's how the game works. What is your Languages skill?

MARK: [looks at character sheet] ...Languages... What's that under?

ALEX: [points at sheet]. Knowledge.

MARK: I don't have it. My Knowledge says 2 D's.

GEORGE: Then you roll 2 dice. The D means dice.

MARK: [rolls]. Six.

GEORGE: [checks difficulty]. You understand most of what they say.

HARRY: So we roll dice, and you see if it's possible?

GEORGE: Yeah, I have a difficulty chart that says how hard a thing is, and you try to meet or beat it. If you do, you succeed.

MARK: Ok, cool. That's easy. What are they saying in Jawa-ian?

GEORGE: They're talking to your uncle, Owen, about you, Tony. He wants to buy your droid. Owen looks at you: You!

I suppose you're programmed for etiquette and protocol. ...He sizes you up like property.

TONY: Protocol! Why, it's my primary function sir!

KENNY: Dude, your droid is such a dweeb.

TONY: He's an uptight butler! ...

GEORGE: I have no need for a protocol droid.

MARK: ...What's protocol?

ALEX: It's like etiquette. Being proper.

TONY: [in character] Of course not, sir! Not in an environment such as this. That is why I have been programmed--

GEORGE: [interrupting] What I really need is a droid who understands the binary language of moisture vaporators.

MARK: Oh, I get it, it's like the opposite of 'evaporators.'

TONY: Vaporators! Why, my first job was programming binary LOAD LIFTERS, very similar to your vaporators in most respects!

GEORGE: Can you speak Bocce?

TONY: ...Can I?

GEORGE: Yeah, you speak like 6 million languages.

TONY: [in character] ...Of course I can sir, it's like a second language to me! You could say--

GEORGE: Alright, shut up, I'll take this one.

HARRY: God, Tony, you're a chatterbox.

TONY: [chastised] Shutting up, sir.

• • •

GEORGE: Uncle Owen also points to another droid, a small wheeled one with white and red paint.

KENNY: What about me?!

GEORGE: You can't talk, remember?

KENNY: Nuts.

GEORGE: [as Owen] Luke, take these two over to the garage, will you? I want you to have both of them cleaned up before dinner.

MARK: But I was going into Tosche Station to pick up some power converters!

HARRY: God, does Luke have to be so whiny? I thought you were going to be a Jedi.

MARK: Jedi. Whatever, I'm a young farmer, I'm bored.

GEORGE: You can waste time with your friends when your chores are done.

MARK: ...all right, come on. And the red one too, come on.

GEORGE: He doesn't move.

MARK: Well come on, Red, let's go!

KENNY: Tony, you're not leaving me behind! I whistle and jump and make a racket.

GEORGE: The lead Jawa pulls out his droid-nullifyer and freezes you.

KENNY: NO FAIR! You can't stop humans like that!

GEORGE: Sorry, the book says you can do that with droids.

KENNY: Pff. Whatever, that's dumb.

GEORGE: ...Ok, tell you what. As the red droid is being led away, his internal parts start smoking, and his core blows and spits out components. He's so old, his system has given out.

MARK: I examine him. Do I need to roll?

GEORGE: No, it's pretty obvious what happened. His motivator blew.

MARK: Uncle Owen! This R2 unit has a bad motivator!

KENNY: Yeah! Take that, Red. I bet he was a jerk.

GEORGE: Actually he's an R5.

MARK: I thought all little droids were R2s.

GEORGE: No, there are different kinds. This one's an R5, and there are even non-R robots.

MARK: This game is complicated.

GEORGE: Owen is immediately mad at the Jawa and asks what he's trying to pull, selling bad merchandise. Now's your chance!

TONY: [as C-3PO] Excuse me, sir... But, that R2 unit is in prime condition. A real bargain! ...I point to Kenny.

KENNY: Aren't I all banged up?

TONY: SHH. At least your motivator works.

MARK: Uncle Owen! What about that one?

GEORGE: Uncle Owen turns to the Jawa and bargains for R2-D2. Since he's already bought faulty merchandise, the Jawa gives it to him at a discount.

MARK: I tell the Jawa to take away the smoking one, the R5.

TONY: [to Mark] Uh, I'm quite sure you'll be very pleased with that one, sir. He really is in first-class condition. I've worked with him before.

KENNY: [to Tony] Dude, don't oversell it!

MARK: [pretends he can't hear] Ok, let's go. ...I head inside. Or, underground. Wherever the garage is.

GEORGE: The day is starting to creep on as the two droids follow you down into the homestead, where the shade brings a welcome relief from the beating sun.

TONY: Now, don't you forget this! Why I should stick my neck out for YOU is quite beyond my capacity!

ALEX: Nice.

• • •

MARK: [to Alex] You fought in the Clone Wars?

KENNY: [whispering] What were the Clone Wars?

GEORGE: I don't know, I just made it up. It was a big battle years ago where Obi-Wan and Anakin Skywalker first met. Don't worry about it, it won't be important. It's just set dressing.

ALEX: [in character] I was once a Jedi Knight, the same as your father.

MARK: I wish I'd known him. ...I mope a little.

ALEX: [to George] do I know anything specific about his father?

GEORGE: Just make some stuff up. Improvise. Maybe he's tied in with the villain from last game, Darth Vader.

HARRY: His name is Darth Vader? What kind of villain name is 'Darth?' That's like 'Darryl.'

GEORGE: Whatever, he's cool and big and has scary black armor. You better hope you don't meet him. Anyway, go ahead Alex.

ALEX: [in character] He was the best star pilot in the galaxy, and a cunning warrior.

MARK: Oh that's cool. I took pilot skills too.

ALEX: ...I understand you've become quite a pilot yourself!

MARK: [beaming]

ALEX: ...And he was a good friend.

MARK: Hey George, when do I get my laser sword??

GEORGE: I can't just give it to you, you have to find it or make it or something. Your character wouldn't have one, you wanted to be a farmer remember?

MARK: What if it was my dad's?

HARRY: George said your uncle didn't like your dad, he would have taken it.

ALEX: Maybe I had it and kept it for him?

GEORGE: That's good.

ALEX: [in character] ...Which reminds me, your father wanted you to have this when you were old enough. ...I hand Luke a laser sword I pulled out of an old chest.

GEORGE: Ok. It's silver and black, with lots of knobs and levers. There's no blade, but it pops out with a FWOOSH when you press a button.

ALEX: Your father's... 'Light saber.'

MARK: That's cool!

ALEX: This is the weapon of a Jedi Knight. Not as clumsy or random as a... What are guns called here?

GEORGE: Blaster.

ALEX: ...Blaster. An elegant weapon, for a more civilized age. [continuing] For over a thousand generations, the Jedi Knights were the guardians of peace in the Old Republic. Before the dark times. Before the Empire.

MARK: That's pretty cool. [in character] ...How did my father die?

ALEX: [looks to George]

GEORGE: [shrugs]

ALEX: A young Jedi named Darth Vader - who was a pupil of mine until he turned to evil - helped the Empire hunt down and destroy the Jedi. He betrayed and murdered your father.

MARK: ...Aww, yeah! I'm so gonna get revenge!

Written by
Chris Madden



SPECIES FILE

JAWA

Jawas were typically short rodent-like natives of Tatooine. They were passionate scavengers, seeking out technology for sale or trade in the deep deserts in their huge sandcrawler transports. A band of Jawas was responsible for locating C-3PO and R2-D2 and selling them to Luke Skywalker's uncle Owen Lars. Another tribe of Jawas, led by Tteel Kkak, found Jabba the Hutt's rancor. They had a reputation for swindling, as they had a penchant for selling old equipment such as outdated faulty droids to moisture farmers. However, they were extremely passive beings, and hardly put up any resistance to colonists of their planet unlike the other natives the Sand people, instead seeing foreigners as an excellent business opportunity.



Biology & Appearance

Jawas were easily identifiable by their brown hooded robes, glowing yellow eyes, small stature and high pitched, quickly spoken language called Jawaese.

Through the study of corpses and skeletal remains, Baobab xenobiologists discovered that Jawas appeared to be gaunt, rodent-like creatures, with shrunk faces and yellow eyes. Conflicting research suggests that Jawas and Tusken Raiders, two native species of Tatooine originally evolved from the same extinct species, the Kumungah, as both have common genetic markers, while other research suggests Jawas originated from humans. Due to their timid private nature, and a lack of interest, their exact origins are unknown.

At all times Jawa faces remain obscured by a shroud of cloth to retain moisture, hide their identity and to dissipate their body heat. Polished orange gemstones are embedded within the fabric to protect the Jawas' sensitive vision from the bright sunlight. Jawas were renowned for their incredibly potent and strong smell, which most species generally found close to unbearable. However for the Jawas, this odor contained incredible amounts of information such as other Jawa's identity, health, clan lineage, last meal, maturity, arousal and even their mood. Their odor was compounded by a mysterious solution Jawas dipped their clothes in to retain moisture, and their view of bathing as being a waste of precious water, which attracted swarms of insects to gather in the recesses of their hoods. Jawas evolved several important survival traits, such as exceptional night vision, and a strong immune system. A Jawa's normal body temperature is 46°C (116 F) which resulted in a high metabolism and an efficient digestive system that drew all the needed nutrients from the Jawa staple diet of hubba gourd.

Society & Culture

Jawas were a communal, compulsive scavenger species who spent most of their life devoted to scavenging the deserts of Tatooine in search of any scrap metal, droid or mechanical part left behind from millennia of star travel and technological advancement, where the dry climate of Tatooine preserved almost all debris. Most non-Jawas regarded the Jawas as scavengers and thieves, a description that most Jawas actually found pleasing.

The Jawa's unofficial motto was not to look for uses in a salvaged item, but rather to imagine someone else who might find a use for it. And this was evidenced in their endless

search for wares with which to trade with almost any being Jawas encountered. They had a kind of instinctive feel for machinery and electronics, notorious for knowing how to get a piece of equipment functioning just well enough to sell.

Social Organization

Jawas lived in separate clan families, each with distinct, separate territories for living and scavenging. Each Sandcrawler was lead by a Clan-Chief, who was male. However the overall operation of the Jawa clan was overseen by a female Shaman. A female Jawa became a shaman by either possessing some kind of Force ability with which to perform magic, overcoming an illness accompanied by a hallucinatory vision or was chosen and trained as the successor to the current Shaman. The shamans were believed to possess the ability to foretell the future, and performed spells, hexes and blessings to protect the clan and ensure the wellbeing of all clan members. This title gave them a great deal of respect throughout the clan, which was strange in the largely patriarchal Jawa society, and this allowed the shaman to assume a position where they were to be consulted upon, and asked often for their wisdom. With the important position within the society, the shaman did not travel in the sandcrawler and instead remained within the safety of the clan's fortress. Other than shamans, females were shown little respect in Jawa society.



The primary activity in a Jawa's life was scavenging and trading within their sandcrawler vehicles. Upon reaching adulthood, Jawas were chosen to work on their sandcrawlers, and participate in the scavenger hunt, the search, trade and reselling of useful wares found within the deserts. All remaining Jawas lived within fortresses, nestled deep in the desert where their collected wares was stored, and Jawa children could be born and grow safely. The scavenging Jawas would return to their fortresses before Tatooine's storm season commenced. These fortresses had high walls made from

large chunks of old wrecked spacecraft for protection against Sand people, Krayt dragons and Tatooine's sand storms.

Once a year, just before the storm season on Tatooine, all the Jawa clans would gather in the great basin of the Dune Sea for the annual swap meet. Numerous sandcrawlers converged and the Jawas met to exchange their salvage. Other inter-clan business was also attended to such as the comparing of navigational data of the ever-changing desert and the arrangement of marriages to ensure cultural and genetic diversity.

Adhering to their scavenger instincts, it was quite common for different family clans to trade their sons and daughters for marriage through an intense barter or trade agreement. A common Jawa term for this was the trading of 'marriage merchandise'. Judging from comments made by Wimateeka to Ariq Joanson, Jawas consummated their marriages in public, or at least found it acceptable to do so.

Jawa Clans

- B'ay tribe
- Jawajawa clan
- Kkak clan
- Meeknu clan
- Nebit's clan
- Nkik clan
- Weekkata

Language

Jawa's spoke Jawaese, a randomly variable language which was difficult to interpret due to its extremely high speech rate, and the Jawas' use of scent to add emphasis and tone to their words. To enable Jawas to more easily bargain and trade with other species, they relied on a simplified form of Jawaese, the Jawa Trade Language which removed the use of scent in the language and was quite easily learned by species that commonly dealt with Jawa traders.

History

The Jawas were originally descendants of the Kumumgah species which used to live on Tatooine long before the formation of the Galactic Republic and long before the planet was even a desert. During the Pre-Republic era, sometime before 25,200 BBY, the Rakata of the Infinite Empire pun-

ished the Kumungah for defying their authority by unleashing an orbital bombardment that reduced the surface of the once lush world of Tatooine into little more than fused glass, which eventually crumbled and became desert sand. This extreme climatic change split the Kumungah into two races: the tall Ghorfas (who evolved into the Sand people) and the short Jawas. It is worth noting, however, that during the Jedi Civil War the Jawas spoke of themselves in a manner that suggests they are unrelated to Sand people and are also non-native to Tatooine. Whether this is truth or else a ploy to distance themselves from their more violent cousins is unknown. Also, due to the fact that the Sand People knew their history from generations-old oral narratives, it is debatable if the Jawas even knew of the story.

Analysis of ancient stone carvings found on numerous worlds, including Corellia and even Coruscant, led scientists of the Imperial Archaeological Division in 1 ABY to propose the hypothesis that these carvings were of Jawa origin and that their race once traveled among the stars. It is not known whether further analysis proved their hypothesis to be true.

At approximately 3,959 BBY, following what was believed to be an important mining opportunity, the Czerka Corporation brought many sandcrawlers to Tatooine, though they abandoned the planet soon after they discovered the unstable nature of the local ores. Upon abandoning the planet, the sandcrawlers were quickly adopted by the Jawas, who would use them as mobile homes. The abandoned sandcrawlers radically changed Jawa civilization, serving as mobile fortresses for Jawa tribes searching the deserts for materials to scavenge. These vehicles served as a testament to the Jawa abilities of discovering unusual and unorthodox methods of making things work, and required continual maintenance to keep in working order.

As colonists settled Tatooine, the Jawas were not as hostile towards them as the Sand people were. In their newly acquired sandcrawlers, Jawas would tour the desert, picking up old droids or equipment left by moisture farmers and other settlers, and would then either sell them to any willing customer or trade them for something else. Sometimes, Jawas would steal things that caught their eye, leading to settlers to regard them as untrustworthy. Presumably, they used the money made from their dealings to acquire supplies or other necessities from the settlers or other Jawas.

The Jawas also emigrated to other desert worlds, such as Ryloth and Florrum, and garbage planets, such as Raxus Prime, which was home to the Meeknu clan. One was even

JAWA

Home Planet: Tatooine

Attribute Dice: 12D

DEXTERITY 1D/4D

KNOWLEDGE 1D/3D+1

MECHANICAL 2D/4D+2

PERCEPTION 1D/3D

STRENGTH 1D/2D+2

TECHNICAL 2D/4D+2

Special Abilities:

Jawa Engineering: Jawas are masters at making junk work, even if only for a little while. When making a non-standard repair (jury rigging) the Jawa gets a +1D modifier (repair skills only). These repairs can be made without the proper materials or tools but are unreliable. When the equipment is used and the Wild Die comes up a one, it breaks down immediately (the GM can assess an immediate Complication).

Night Vision: Jawas have exceptional night vision and do not suffer the normal penalties for darkness. They have special lenses inside their hooded cloaks to allow them to see in normal daylight. Without them all actions are a 4D penalty.

Strong Immune System: Because of their abnormally strong immune systems Jawas gets a +2D modifier when rolling Stamina versus typical diseases and poisons.

Story Factors:

Trade Language: Jawas have developed a very flexible trade language which is easy for other species to understand. This is an Easy (10) Language skill roll to understand them.

Varmints: Jawas are cowards and scavengers. They also have a body odor most species and some creatures find unpleasant. For the Jawas, this odor contains information such as other Jawa's identity, health, clan lineage, last meal, maturity, arousal and even their mood.

Move: 8/10

Size: 0.8-1.2 meters tall

Source: Star Wars 2E R&E, Wookieepedia (fluff text), additional game mechanics by +Oliver Queen.

seen on the planet Genon, and several on the planet Coruscant.

At 4 ABY, Tteel Kkak, a Jawa sandcrawler captain, discovered a rancor during the salvage of Grizzid's crashed ship, which he turned over to Jabba Desilijic Tiure.

Sometime after the Battle of Endor, a group of 480 Jawas were transported to Endor as part of a privately funded expedition to salvage valuable hardware from wreckage left there after the battle. They reportedly mutinied, forming a roving bandit gang and preying upon any visitors to the moon.

In 17 ABY, some Jawas were forcefully taken to Skip 5 on the Smuggler's Run to help repair damaged Imperial equipment.

Equipment & Technology

Jawas did not carry weapons due to their passive nature. However they did rely on ion blasters that shot beams of energy to disable droids, and restraining bolts for keeping them under control. Most Jawas also carried around various tools for repairing droids. They were also adept at creating custom droids, cobbled together from spare parts of other droids. These monster droids, as they were called, could be specially designed for the specific needs of a customer.

Written by
Don Diestler



LEGENDS

STAR WARS

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