

STAR WARS

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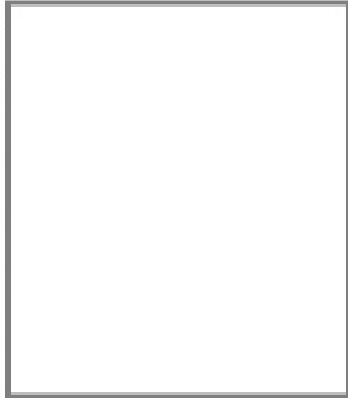
ADVENTURERS JOURNAL

ISSUE ONE



CELEBRATING OVER 30 YEARS OF *STAR WARS: THE ROLEPLAYING GAME*

STAR WARS
ADVENTURERS JOURNAL



Character Name _____
Player Name _____
Template Type _____
Gender / Species _____
Height _____ Weight _____ Age _____
Physical Description _____

Dexterity _____

Knowledge _____

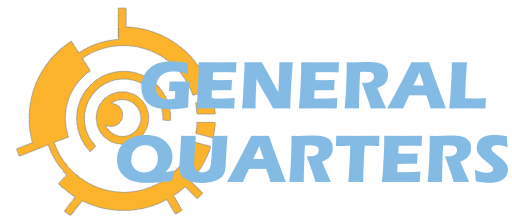
Mechanical _____

Perception _____

Strength _____

Technical _____

Movement _____ Wound Status _____
Char. Points _____ Shun _____
Force Points _____ Wounded _____
Force Sensitive? _____ Incapacitated _____
Dark Side Pts. _____ M. Wounded _____



Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game has just turned 30 years old. Like others, my love for the game is primarily due to the simplicity within the mechanics of the *OpenD6* system and the ambiguity and volatility of the "Wild Die".

Twenty four years ago in February of 1994, issue one of the *Star Wars Adventure Journal* was published by West End Games. Over a three year period and spanning a total of 15 published issues, the journal served as an invaluable resource for players. More than a sourcebook, supplement, galaxy guide, or magazine it was a true companion piece full of adventures, new technology and ships, stories of new planets and creatures, and in universe content not found anywhere else.

The material found within the Journal and the core game books was considered to be the definitive information on the *Star Wars* Expanded Universe at the time and proved invaluable to writers. The most notable instance being Timothy Zahn who was sent a box of West End Games *Star Wars* books to fuel his writing on the *Thrawn* trilogy. Beyond the printed page the game provided proper names and cultural backgrounds to such iconic cinematic aliens as the Ithorians aka "hammer heads" and Twi'leks. With Disney's reboot of the Expanded Universe in 2014, the terminology developed in the game still exists and can be found in new canon works.

As a roleplaying game its iterations and mechanics have transitioned from West End Games *OpenD6*, to Wizards of the Coasts *d20*, and currently Fantasy Flight Games *Genesys System*. The simplicity of the original D6 System of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* will always have a special place in the hearts of gamers, and the love of it grows stronger every day.

The *Adventurers Journal* you now hold or are reading electronically is a spiritual successor to the original *Star Wars Adventure Journal*. It is our hope that it will do justice by presenting a quarterly full of new adventures, stories, articles, original art, and interviews.

From the players of the past, and present, to all the future players joining us in adventures within a galaxy far, far away; "May the Fourth Be with You, Always".

Ranger General Jehro Mors

May 2018

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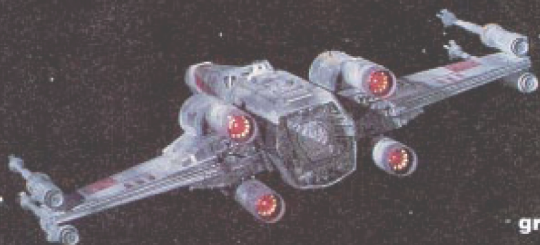
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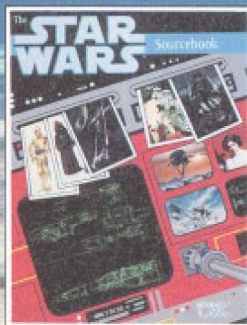
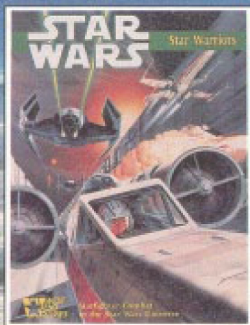
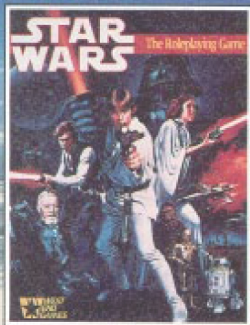
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STAR WARS

Adventure Books & Games



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It is a pure expression of a shared love for *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* as originally published by West End Games.

**UNAFFILIATED WITH WEST END GAMES,
LUCASFILM LTD., WALT DISNEY STUDIOS.**



A History

by Andrew Zavadin

The story begins in the West End Bar near Columbia University in 1974. Daniel Scott Palter used his money and influence from the family business, Bucci Imports, to start a new tabletop wargame company. After some deliberation, and many drinks, the decision was made to name this new company after the bar, and West End Games was born.

West End Games, or WEG from here on, began by publishing tabletop war games, which was Mr. Palter's love. For the next 10 years WEG focused on this type of game publishing games based on real world battles. Games like *Eastern Front Tank Leader*, *DESERT STEEL*, and *The Last Panzer Victory*. WEG would also publish works for more modern warfare like *Fire Team: Modern Squad Level Command*, *Air Cav: Helicopter Warfare*, and even Sci Fi options like *Bug-Eyed Monsters*. One of the most notable may be the *Marlborough at Blenheim: The Grand Duke's Greatest Victory* which was designed by Mr. Palter himself.

This was the primary game design WEG used for about the first 10 years until 1984. The game *Paranoia*, and its authors Greg Costikyan, Dan Gelber, and Eric Goldberg were looking for a new home to publish this new Role Playing Game. WEG brought on the new writers and licensed its first RPG. *Paranoia* would quickly earn fans after it won the Origins Award for Best Roleplaying Rules of 1984 the following year. People also appreciated the games dystopian world with the dark humor feel. Which means it brought in a little profit and led WEG to look further to more RPG licensing.

In 1986 WEG purchased the licensing from Columbia Pictures to create a game for the film *Ghostbusters*. *Ghostbusters: A Frightfully*

Cheerful Roleplaying Game would then become the beginning of what would be coined the D6 system. Up until this time the D6 was used in hundreds of games, but *Ghostbusters* made the D6 how a character would advance. This new game would also make a small profit, and since the war games were on the decline,

Daniel Scott Palter took another chance at licensing another movie. *Star Wars*

It had been 4 years since *Return of the Jedi* had been released, and aside from a few failed attempts with cartoons and Ewok movies, there were no new *Star Wars* works in sight. Some had said that *Star Wars* was dead. That was until Mr. Palter took on the chance to publish a RPG based on this genre. WEG bid \$100,000 to obtain this license, and it wasn't until after when they learned that TSR (the makers of dungeons and dragons) had only bid \$70,000. In 1987 *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* was released with incredible success, which would be to the amazement of WEG and Lucasfilm.

Writer and developers would watch the films multiple times looking for everything that could be written about. It's reported that Bill Slavicsek watched the movies 38 times in the theatre. Names we all know now in the *Star Wars* Universe were almost exclusively invented by WEG. Alien races that were only in background shots all now had names, droids would have purposed and model numbers, and equipment was broken down to even show parts that could burn out from time to time. Before WEG characters like Oola and Bib Fortuna didn't have a species. Now, we all know them as Twi'leks. Companies within the universe were invented, and now we know that Incom will keep us flying against the *Star Destroyers* made by Kuat.

WEG quickly became the authority on the *Star Wars* lore in the next 3 years publishing sourcebooks for the movies and books published after. WEG became so important to the *Star Wars* Universe, and influential, that in 1990 when Timothy Zahn was approached and given an odd request to write the now legendary *Thrawn Trilogy* he was given a box loaded down with the WEG books. Timothy Zahn would then use the written materials as well as be in contact with the crew at WEG for more background materials. A source from within WEG, at the time, estimates that about 70% (give or take) of the material known about the *Star Wars* Universe was created by people at WEG.

The release of the *Heir to the Empire* and its sourcebook would later coincide with the release of the 2nd edition of the Star Wars RPG in 1992. By this time Lucasfilm truly saw the amount of plot holes and story line options that were brought to light by Bill Slavicsek and his team. Lucasfilm gave WEG almost complete freedom to create and write any lore they wished with very few rules to follow. Aside from some very loose rules about Stormtrooper helmets and not killing main characters, WEG was given carte blanche to create and write anything they wished. New stories in companion books and adventures introduced new worlds, alien races, ships, and organizations what will be known as the Expanded Universe, and Lucasfilm saw the increase in desire for even more from fans.

The WEG Star Wars RPG caused fans to return and new fans to be created. Lucasfilm responded correctly by giving these fans more as well. More comic books, video games, and graphic novels flooded the shelves. Many of these would then have their own source books to go along with the RPG. All of them were based on information created by the crew at WEG. Lucasfilm was able to bring Star Wars back from a would-be grave. This success benefited both companies and allowed WEG to also expand into even more games. Daniel Scott Palter never did lose his love for wargames style materials.

Star Wars themed war games were produced at the same time as the RPG. In 1987 WEG released *Star Warriors*, 1988 *Assault on Hoth*, 1989 *Battle for Endor*, and 1990 *Escape from the Death Star*.

This venture would give WEG a platform to create materials for anything that came to mind.

In yet another parallel act WEG released their new RPG *TORG* in 1990. *TORG* would expand on the well-established cinematic RPG genre by mixing any movie genre possible to one game. *TORG* would allow its players to explore the realms of all realities from dinosaurs to space ships. This venture would give WEG a platform to create materials for anything that came to mind. And players did love the ability to become any character they imagined or saw in a comic book or movie. But, *TORG* and *Star Wars* were not the only licenses that were picked up.

In the 90's WEG pursued even more movie and TV genres to put to paper. In 1994 WEG released *The World of Indiana Jones*, *The World of Necroscope* in 1995, *The World of Tank Girl* in 1995,

Men in Black in 1997, *Hercules & Xena* in 1998, *Tales from the Crypt* in 1996, and *Stargate SG-1* in 1998 (sadly abandoned due to bankruptcy). Every one of these would revolve around the *Masterbook* systems, which is a slightly modified version of *TORG*. Which meant that any of the material from one book could be used in another, with minor modifications as times.

WEG became the leader in the genre of Cinematic Role playing games. Unfortunately this is where, I, as a researcher and archivist, begin to lose track of the publications. Perhaps WEG did too, as they began losing out to the shifting clientele in the gaming world to Wizards of the Coast and the collectable card game.

In 1993 WOTC came out with Magic the Gathering and the gamers started to shift away from roleplaying games to a collectable card game. The 'gamers' started to spend even more money for the cards to play MTG and less on RPG books. Despite dwindling sales and Daniel Scott Palter's personal issues, WEG still appeared to be a very viable company with the sales of core rule books and supplements selling out and was still making a real profit. But, the failures with its parent company Bucci Imports led WEG into a troubling downward spiral of financial ruin. In July 1998 Bucci Imports was no longer able to use WEG money to hold itself afloat, filed for bankruptcy, and WEG was forced to go with them. It should be stressed that the financial failure here was not the fault of WEG and its leadership.

The now bankrupt WEG was reformed and renamed to WEG / Creative Design Group and formed a partnership with Yeti, a subsidiary of Humanoids Publishing in 1999. They were still able to keep the license for *Indiana Jones* and *Xena*, but quickly lost Star Wars to WOTC in 2000. WEG did continue work on a few new books under Humanoids Publishing for a D6 RPG based on the *Metabarons* graphic novels and the *DC Universe* in 1999. WEG continued under Humanoids until it was sold again to Eric Gibson's Purgatory Publishing in 2003.

Under Eric Gibson, *TORG* was revised, the D6 system reworked to a more generic system, and many new supplements were published. While these books were met with much admiration by fans, it did not translate to sales. In 2007 they began taking preorders for its new Sci-Fi game called *Septimus*, created by Bill Coffin. But this project was canceled in 2008, and to make things worse, could not afford to back the refunds to those who already ordered it. Customers were offered product as a form of refund,

but Eric Gibson admitted later that they were not even able to afford the shipping of these materials either. Eric Gibson admits that he was “foolishly optimistic” about sales and printed more books than were sold. Purgatory and WEG were forced to destroy much of the product because they couldn’t afford the storage.

The WEG product lines and licenses were now slated to be sold off.

This is when Eric Gibson made a move that this writer believes to be the most intelligent in the WEG history. In 2009 before selling all of the product lines Eric Gibson released the *D6 System*, and its books, under the Open Gaming License (OGL). These books would also become free to download to anyone who wanted to play. This effort was a last chance to bring sales of all products up before they were sold. But, this was also a way to, as Mr. Gibson said, “to protect it from myself”. Which means that the main *D6 System* would be available even if WEG went out of business. This change also caused a change of the name to what is now known as *OpenD6*.

It should be stressed that the financial failure here was not the fault of WEG and its leadership.

Purgatory and WEG now began selling off the product lines to different tabletop gaming companies.

In 2010 *TORG* was sold to Ulisses Spiele, the *Masterbook* system, *Shatterzone*, and *Bloodshadows* were sold to Precise Intermedia.

WEG and its remaining titles were then sold to Nocturnal Media in 2016. Stewart Wieck’s main goal in Nocturnal was to keep the name West End Games alive. Stewart Wieck began with a Kickstarter to fund a revised edition of *Web and Starship* created by Greg Costikyan, and it was successful. Unfortunately Stewart Wieck, the owner of Nocturnal, died in 2017, and the project was canceled. At this point there have been no news from Nocturnal for any new or revised WEG material, and its future is uncertain.

But, this is not the end for the main system that West End Games created. The *OpenD6* is now under the protection of the OGL which has been taken to heart by many fans around the world. Even before the *D6 System* was placed under the OGL fan groups began creating websites devoted to the games, especially Star Wars. Websites like rancorpit.com, verminary.com/rebellion, opend6.wikia.com, and my own humble d6holocron.com were

created to share and hold on to the old game system. Each one of these websites added to the growing number of online gaming

Options like roll20.com and Fantasy Grounds allowed players to find all of the resources they needed to play a game anywhere, and with anyone.

Teams of fans would create conversion books, source books, and companions based on newer media, TV, and movies that were not available during the WEG life span. And, for the most part, these have all been provided for free.

Which may be the legacy that West End Games leaves behind.

Authors Note:

I do truly get a kick out of the fact that most of the Star Wars ‘canon’, or information used in all movies and books came from a small game company. A game company that was a subsidiary of a high end Italian shoe importer. In researching this article it became more difficult to keep this short. I honestly could have written a ‘made for TV’ documentary. In the effort i may have blurred some areas or been vague. If you take one thing away I wish it to be this.

The next time you read a Star Wars book, watch the movies, or read the comic books, and find yourself asking “Where did the made up races, ships, droids, names, planets, or organization details all come from?” West End Games and its authors.

Behind The Screen

Aractnos Sector *by Eric Rodriguez*

Creating an entire adventure for you gaming group is something that takes time and effort, no matter how creative you are or how much time you have. This section provides Game Master Tools designed for those that don't have the time to create a new campaign or are already running a campaign and don't want to mix players together or disrupt their current game.

Presented below is the Aractnos Sector, a distant sector with little Imperial influence, great opportunities, and the flames of rebellion burning brightly. Game Masters can easily change the name of the sector to fit any current campaign. A basic outline of the sector, some of the planets, people the Empire, and Rebellion forces are given to help Game Masters create a quick and easy campaign for any Star Wars game.

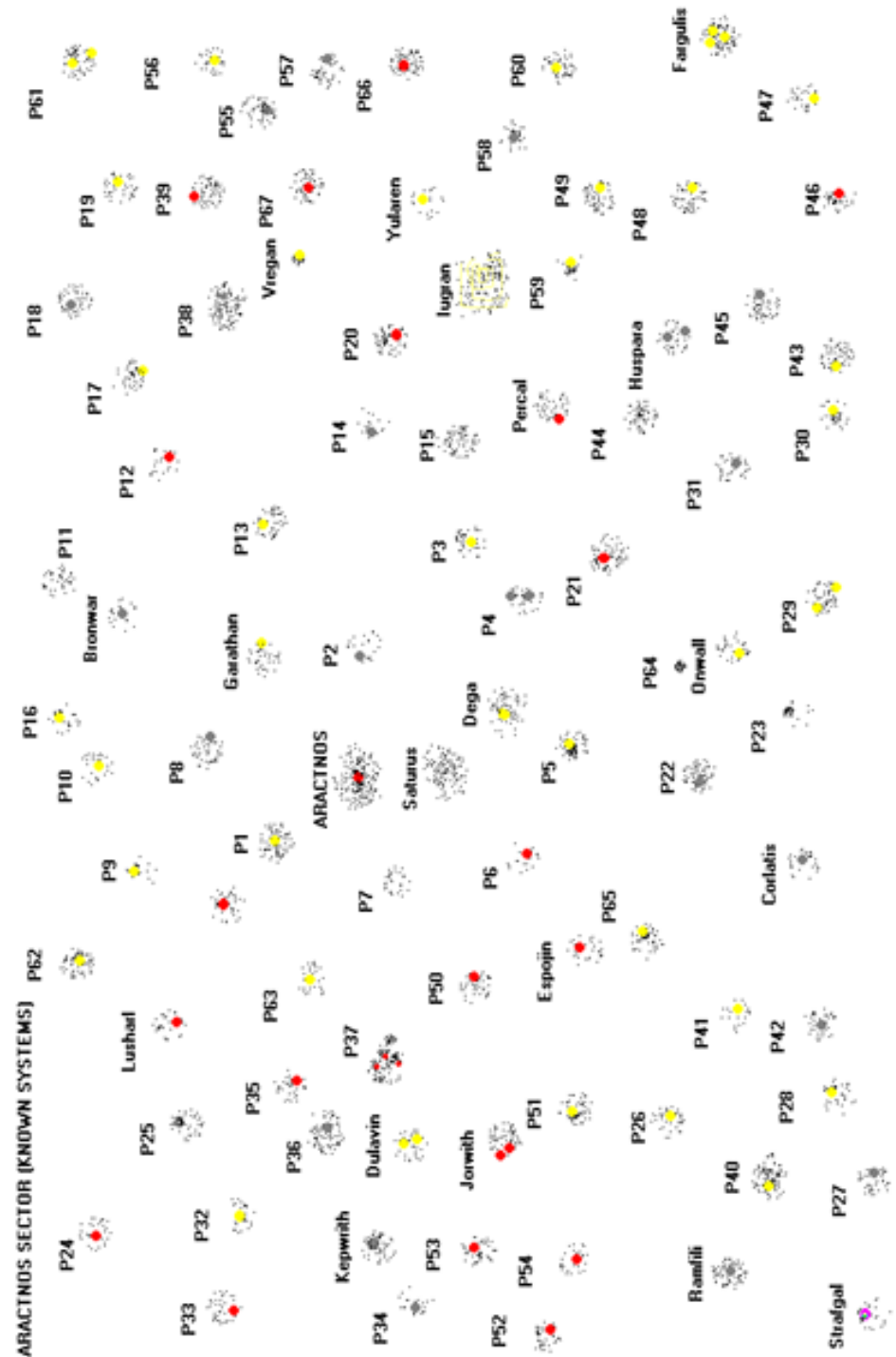
Because of the size of the Aractnos Sector and the location, there are many opportunities for the players to run into non-empire forces. The random tables at the end are for Game Masters use when needing to create some quick information or locations whenever the players throw a 'wrench' in their adventures.

ARACTNOS SECTOR KEY:

- Red Dots:** Represent systems with a Red Giant Sun
 - Yellow Dots:** Represent systems with a Yellow Sun
 - Grey Dots:** Represent systems with a White Dwarf Sun
- (Note: multiple dots represent multiple suns)

Systems:

- 1) Degran System:** Six planets, one yellow sun, Imperial mining facility on fourth planet in system where the rare mineral "Mobisium" is mined.
- 2) Yularen System:** 18 planets, one yellow sun, Yularen gas mines operated off Yularen Prime, independent company that sell's exclusively to the Empire.
- 3) Vregan System:** 3 planets, large gas cloud, rogue asteroids, small yellow sun, and large ore deposits on Vregan II. Independent



company that sells exclusively to the Empire.

4) Aractnos System: 5 planets, one red giant, Lucien's Pride Imperial Sector capital for the Aractnos sector, one of the few planets in sector that environmental suit is not required.

5) Huspara System: 15 planets, two white dwarf suns, indigenous alien species "Kractol", semi-intelligent, used as manual labor on other Imperial mining worlds since they don't need an atmosphere to survive.

6) Saturus System: 2 planets, large asteroid belt, four to six planets collided in the past to create the large asteroid belt, no known species living in system, ruins from an ancient culture, but no identifiable to Imperial archaeologists.

7) Ramfili System: 3 planets in system, entire system covered by Ionic storm cloud, travel is extremely dangerous, Imperial warning beacon's throughout the system, one white dwarf sun.

8) Garathan System: 4 planets, one yellow sun, entire system is littered with the remains from the three year war between the forces of Warlord Lucien, and Warlord Verin. Their war culminated with the intervention of the Old Republic battle fleet. The second planet in system is littered with the remains of all the ground forces, while the entire systems' space is covered with starship remains. The Imperial's of this sector have placed warning beacon's and regularly send patrol ship's to the system to ensure that pirates or brigands don't salvage dangerous material to be used against the Empire.

9) Kepwrith System: 19 planets, one white dwarf, home of an ancient alien species that was destroyed by the old republic due to their warlike and evil nature. The name of the extinct alien species was the "Norgath". They inhabited the 2nd, 4th, and 5th planets of the system when they were alive.

10) Bronwar System: 9 planets, one white dwarf sun, Rebel base located on the 6th planet designated "FB-1", base where characters can start out and use for future missions.

11) Onwall System: 10 planets, one yellow sun, large Atronic firestorm covers three planets, only ships equipped with "sun shields" can penetrate the Firestorm. Small ore deposits on two planets, Independent company that sell's exclusively to the Empire.

12) Strafgal System: 4 planets, sun going nova, no known species living in system, however large crystal deposits on the 1st planet in system, very valuable, but most miners afraid to mine due to solar flares.

13) Percal System: 3 planets, red giant sun, large gaseous anomaly, with asteroid filed inside of it, and ionic storm in center. Imperial warning beacons for highly dangerous ship travel.

14) Corlatis System: 19 planets, one white dwarf sun, major tiberium gas factory located on the 10th and 11th planets in system. Imperial mining facilities on both planets, small Imperial military presence in system.

15) Dulavin System: 19 planets, two yellow suns, Imperial research facility, and communications base, no indigenous alien species, large supply of rare flora and fauna on the 14th planet.

16) Espojin System: 7 planets, one red giant, site of an ancient civilization that disappeared over 2,000 years ago, no one has ever been able to discover the reason why. Several permanent settlements have failed, with the colonists, "disappearing" mysteriously. Currently the planet is quarantined.

17) Fargulis System: 13 planets, three yellow suns, last known stronghold of the warlord Verin. Over the last 100 years, several treasure hunters have searched the 13 planets looking for Verin's stronghold, but have never found it.

18) Iugran System: 16 planets, two red giants, several rogue asteroid's roam this system, caught between the gravity of the two red giants. Large "sensor dead" area's cover the system due to the heavy gravity and solar flares.

19) Jorwith System: 10 planets, two red giant suns', Old Republic Refueling base converted to Imperial standards, now a major stop-off for Imperial convoy's both military and civilian. Star base is located circling the 6th planet in system.

20) Lusharl System: 11 planets in the early stages of development, with a small yellow sun, a biologist and planetologist dream.

All other systems in this sector are designated P1-P67, with individual planets in the system's designated P1a, P4d, etc. Most of these systems are uninhabited, although a few have some struggling colonists or miners, but nothing of significance.

However most are more hostile, environmentally, than the other systems in this sector and contain almost all of the different types of spatial anomalies found throughout the galaxy.



ARACTNOS SECTOR FORCES, IMPERIAL AND REBEL

The Aractnos Sector is situated at the edge of the unexplored region of the galaxy, and includes great numbers of uninhabited systems, due to the large concentration of small white dwarf stars, and large gaseous anomalies that seem to encompass entire star systems.

The only thing of real value to the Imperial forces in this sector, are the Yularen Gas mines and the Ore deposits on Vregan II. The sector headquarters for the Imperial forces in the Aractnos Sector is the planet "Lucien's Pride". It is one of the few planets in the entire sector where environmental suits are not needed to survive in the planets natural environment. Lucien's Pride boasts a capital class star port, as well as several small cities scattered around the planet. The planet is ruled firmly by the three ranking Imperial officers. Admiral Terwen controls the modest space forces, General Bomigon controls the army's forces which consists of a complete Corp of Imperial troops, and Governor Tres Wollvith controls the militia, and the day to day activities on planet.

The Imperials believe that the Rebel forces in the sector are minimal, and pose no threat to the Imperials due to the lack of habitable planets and systems. However, the Imperials couldn't be more far from wrong. Due to the natural phenomenon's and gas clouds, and the uninhabitable planets, the rebels have found the Aractnos sector to be the perfect place to hide their activities, and continue their campaign against the empire.

IMPERIAL FORCES

Army forces consist of an entire corps of ground troops, and support personnel. One division of light assault vehicles, and three companies of heavy armored vehicles make up the ground support. Surprisingly a squad of the new "Nebulon Fire" Heavy Grav assault tanks is stationed at the capital city of "Bertorgral". Rumors abound that the Imperial forces in the Aractnos Sector are working on a new type of metal plating designed to be welded onto star cruiser hulls. Supposedly this new metal is a unique combination of ores and mineral only found on Vregan II.

Navy forces consists of the Imperial class and Victory Class Star Destroyers, "*Viscerator*" and "*Justicator*", three medium strike class cruisers, two Nebulon-B frigate, four Rendilli class Dreadnoughts, eight Corellian corvettes, two Imperial class Tie-carriers, and several dozen system patrol craft.

REBEL FORCES

The Rebel forces in the Aractnos sector are surprisingly large, but scattered. These forces are under the universal command of General William Ulati. General Ulati has kept the number and location of his forces from the imperials for quite some time, and even Rebel high command has no idea the sheer magnitude of rebels operating from the Aractnos Sector. General Ulati has set up several safe worlds, as well as rebel bases throughout the Aractnos sector. Even one the most valuable factories that the rebel alliance has is located on the planet designated G-8. A complete and functioning Y-wing starfighter facility is in full production and produces around 10 fighters per month, as long as materials are available. General Ulati has been able to supply nearby sectors with Y-wings as well as keeping up his quota to the alliance high command. Most don't know it, but General Ulati has built up quite a supply of Y-wing starfighters, and is constantly looking for more pilots. It is estimated that if the General could find enough pilots for his fighters, he could throw well over 100 Y-wings into a battle!

Although the starfighter forces in this sector are high, the starship forces are not. Close to 100 hundred transports of varying size and types, mostly stock light freighters, fly regular supply runs back and forth throughout the entire sector, and beyond.

However, the rebels only boast seven warships of any significance.

The first is the antiquated Dreadnought "*Verin's Pride*" that has been so heavily modified that it has more droids than living beings on board. Three Corellian corvettes that have been heavily modified for different operations, one Corellian gunship, and one modified Terchi-in cruiser and the pride of General Ulatis, "*Deaths Swarm*", an ancient star cruiser from the days of the Old Republic that has been completely gutted and rebuilt, with a starfighter carrier in mind. "*Deaths Swarm*" can carry up to 50 starfighters. This is unheard of in any modern starfighter carrier, either Imperial or rebel, however the "*Deaths Swarm*" gives up maneuverability as well as firepower to be able to carry and dislodge so many starfighters. It is strictly designed to stand back from the battle, and just dislodge its fighters.

Over 5,000 rebel troops occupy the Aractnos sector. There is even a Spec-force training facility on the planet known as "Dead End". It is surmised that there are several more rebel bases, of varying types scattered throughout the Aractnos sector, but General Ulatis is keeping these a tight secret. Surprisingly, Alliance high command is not upset, but pleased at his ingenuity and skill at eluding the Imperial forces in his sector.

REBEL SUPPLY AND COMMAND

Location: Built inside a large asteroid inside the Ionic cloud, code name "Star Castle" within the Percal System.

Personnel: 1,500 (400 troops, 300 support, 200 mechanics, 200 techs, 100 pilots, 50 med techs, 250 specialists (decrypters, computer experts, language specialists, etc.)

Droids: 160 droids of varying types

Vehicles: No ground vehicles, only various loader types

Fighters: 36 Y-wings (3 squadrons "Fury, Void, Maul")

Ships: Docking space for 3 mid-size capital ships (corvette or smaller) with one external docking collar able to handle capital class ships (corvette or larger).

Defensive Weapons: 10 proton torpedo launchers, 10 concussion missile launchers, placed about asteroid

Consumables: Enough food to feed entire base for 16 months

Cargo/storage capacity: 2 trillion tons

Shields: 3D

Aractnos Sector

Command Personnel

Overall Sector Commander:

General William Ulatis

Fleet Commander:

Admiral Fallon Kaan

Ground Force Commander:

General Oshon Morr

Special Force Commander:

Colonel Lesperen Sunstrike

Rebel Alliance Liaison Officer:

Major Fargulan

Civilian Liaison Officer:

Major Harold Martokis

Notable Command Officers

Colonel Mathias Rengoshon

Colonel Hasper'tor

Colonel Zurtoy

Major Marcus Thon

Major Sheila Obrillion

Major Herilia Overla

Commander Rederon

Commander Eron Gothor

Commander Veperil

Captain Jonus Terillion

Captain Wort McTurgal

Captain Strathmore

Lt. Jason Qustral

Lt. Pogortes

Lt. Bemmer Las

Sgt. Iltan

Sgt. Xiphan Malas

Sgt. Yultas Hoshen

Cpl. Volgor Homoron

Cpl. Thaddes "The Blade"
Lesparan

Cpl. Omalcor

Doctor Wessen Malgoshen

Chief Technician Gildor Cross

Standing Orders for "Star Castle"

- During no time will the amount of defense fighters go below two squadrons (24 fighters), for any reason or circumstance.
- At all times one capital ship will be in orbit around Star Castle, or in system (ships usually rotate through this duty).
- At no time will any other base in the Aractnos system jeopardize its security to save or assist Star Castle if it is ever found out by the Empire.
- No personnel or droids will be permitted to know the exact location of Star Castle, unless receiving prior permission from 4 out of the 6 high command officers.
- If Star Castle was to fall or be compromised, then sector command headquarters would move to the Y-wing construction facility on the rebel base code named "Verins' Gambit". If that base was to fall, than sector command would be moved to the rebel base code named "Dead End". If that base was to fall, than sector command would be moved to the most able capital warship left undamaged in the sector.

OTHER REBEL BASES AND SUPPLY CENTERS

- "Verin's Gambit" Y-Wing factory is located in the Iugran system, ninth planet.
- "Dead End" Spec-Force Training facility is located in system "P19d".
- "Shadow Base" Forward Supply Missions base is located in the Bronwar System, sixth planet.
- Fighter Base is located on the third planet in the Onwall system, code named "Strike 1".
- Ground force staging base is located on the 2nd planet in the Ramfili system, code named "Fist 1".
- "Strike 2" Fighter Base is located in system "P50b",
- "Strike 3" Fighter Base is located in system "P10e".
- "Strike 4" Fighter Base is located in system "P38c".
- "Prophet" Communications and Intelligence Base located in system "P37a"
- Deactivated Base in system "P9b".

- Deactivated Base in system "P27e".
- Deactivated Base in system "P1c".
- "Night Cloak" Rebel Forward Supply Missions base is located in system "P32k".
- Rebel Ship repair Facility, mobile ship dock, code named "Armorer", is currently located in the system designated "P62d", it routinely moves from system to system, and currently has two squadrons of Y-wing fighters permanently assigned to it. At any time 1 to 2 vessels could be docked for repairs and modifications.

RANDOM BASES AND HIDEOUTS

Roll 2d6 for size of base (2-7 Small, 8-11 Medium, 12 Large)

- 2-3 Pirate Base
- 4 - Shadowport
- 5 - Corporate Experimental Base
- 6 - Private Base
- 7 - Hidden Storage Facility
- 8 - Abandoned Base
- 9 - Rebel Base
- 10 - Imperial Base
- 11 - Hidden Alien Base
- 12 - Hidden Colony Base

Pirate Base (1d6)

- 1 - Main Operational Base
- 2 - Storage Facility (weapons, food, fuel, supplies, etc.)
- 3 - Starship Repair Facility
- 4 - Auxiliary Operational Base
- 5 - Training Facility (usually large mobile freighter to practice boarding tactics)
- 6 - Special * (Pirate Conclave meeting, hostage transfer, recent booty capture, illegal drug lab, etc.)

Shadowport (1d6)

- 1 - Planet Bound Shadowport
- 2 - Space Bound Shadowport (asteroid, movable ship, space station, etc.)
- 3 - Criminal Operated Shadowport
- 4 - Neutral Operated Shadowport
- 5 - Rebel Operated Shadowport
- 6 - Special* (under-attack by empire or alien race, abandoned port, fully operational, but no living beings)

Corporate Experimental Base (1d6)

- 1 - Experimental Weapons Base
- 2 - Experimental Vehicle Base
- 3 - Experimental Starship Base
- 4 - Experimental Starfighter Base
- 5 - Experimental Personal Weapon Base
- 6 - Special* (shielding, cloaking device, fuel cell, body armor, etc.)

Privately Operated Base (1d6)

- 1 - Operational Base
- 2 - Storage Facility
- 3 - Starship Repair Facility
- 4 - Manufacturing Facility
(weapons, ship parts, vehicle parts, computer parts, etc.)
- 5 - Training Facility
- 6 - Special*
(Med facility, Recreational, Mercenary company, experimental, etc.)

Hidden Storage Facility (2d6)

- 2-3 Old Republic Storage Facility
- 4-5 Rebel Storage Facility
- 6 - Pirate Storage Facility
- 7 - Imperial Storage Facility
- 8 - Private Storage Facility
- 9-10 Corporate Storage Facility
- 11 - Alien Storage Facility

12 - Special*

(experimental weapons, munitions, vehicles, Starfighters, starships, cryo-freezed prisoners, etc.)

Abandoned Base (2d6)

- 2-4 Old Republic Base
- 5-6 Rebel Base
- 7 - Pirate Base
- 8 - Imperial Base
- 9 - Private Base
- 10 - Corporate Base
- 11 - Alien Base
- 12 - Special*

(still functional but stripped, non-stripped, crime lords hideout, bounty hunter hideout, etc.)

Rebel Alliance Base (2d6)

- 2 - Main Operational Base
- 3 - Starfighter Base
- 4 - Listening Post Base
- 5 - Manufacturing Base (food, weapons, computer tech, clothing, etc.)
- 6 - Training Facility (Navy troopers, Army troopers, SpecForce troopers, medical, pilots, etc.)
- 7 - Storage Facility (food, weapons, tech, sundries, materials, starfighters, etc.)
- 8 - SpecForce Base
- 9 - Starship Construction/Repair Base
- 10 - Intelligence/Covert Ops Base
- 11 - Transit Base
(being assigned new mission, recovering from mission, medical recovery, etc.)
- 12 - Special*

(Experimental base, prison facility, sector command, Info storage library, wealth repository)

Imperial Base (2d6)

- 2 - Listening Post
- 3 - Storage Base
- 4 - Main Operational Base
- 5 - ISB Base
- 6 - Infiltration Base
- 7 - Naval Base
- 8 - Army Base
- 9 - Starfighter Base
- 10 - Sector Headquarters
- 11 - COMPFORCE Base
- 12 - Starship Construction/Repair Base

Hidden Alien Base (1d6)

- 1 - Unknown Alien species Base
- 2 - Known Alien species Base
- 3 - Listening Post
- 4 - Staging Base for Invasion
- 5 - Experimental Base
- 6 - Military Base

Hidden Colony Base (1d6)

- 1-2 Human Colony Base
- 3-4 Alien Colony Base
- 5-6 Mixed Colony Base

Type of Colony (1d6)

- 1 - Agriculture Colony
- 2 - Manufacturing Colony
- 3 - Science Colony
- 4 - Religious Colony
- 5 - Trade Colony
- 6 - Recreational Colony



Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game Collection of Eric Rodriguez



Regulators & Renegades

By Daniel Sperelli

The galaxy is filled with countless stars. Some of those stars had yet to even be seen by the eyes of sentient beings. Around some of those stars, there were planets. And of those planets, there were a number of them capable of sustaining life in one form or the other.

But when there are billions of stars and planets, the number that can support life, let alone develop lifeforms, seems small. Still, the number of worlds that support life and have sentient life on them number in the millions.

In the fringes of the galaxy, the territory known as the Outer Rim, many planets existed and sustained life on them in one form or the other. In the age of the Galactic Empire, there were civilized planets on the Rim that had escaped the interest of the tyrannical Imperials. There were other planets that had fallen into legend and obscurity well before the Empire had even come into existence.

One world had slid out of knowledge following the Seventh Battle of Ruusan and the time that followed it. The Sith order known as the Brotherhood of Darkness had conquered the world known as Trudaa during their war against the Jedi Order. But the world was abandoned by the Sith before the final battle on the

planet Ruusan and the Jedi would make sure that the world was free of the Sith. The natives would thank the Jedi for their help and would make a temple in honor of the noble Order. The Jedi preferred to leave it alone though and it would remain forgotten for over one thousand years.

The Clone Wars brought change to the galaxy. With those changes came the return of the Jedi to Trudaa. Fleeing the tyranny and onslaught of Darth Vader, three Jedi hid on Trudaa, hoping to escape the Dark Lord's notice. On Trudaa, the Jedi awoke an ancient evil in the form of Sith spirits entombed on the planet. Fleeing the danger, the servants of the Light side fled to another remote planet to hide on. Once again, the planet was abandoned, and seemingly forgotten to the majority of the galaxy.

The Galactic Civil War brought more change. The rediscovery of the world brought slavers to the remote planet, enslaving the native Trudo. The slavers met their match when they were discovered by a small group of freedom fighters that investigated the planet. Dispatching the evil gang, the freedom fighters left the planet alone for a time. Eventually they returned though. Trudaa was changed into a refuge for those escaping the tyranny of the Empire. Above the planet, a new space station took over an orbit that overlooked the once forgotten world. Warships took position around the planet to defend it, along with the station.

Two people took the most interest in Trudaa. For Anna Verkaik, Trudaa was her homeworld. She had been born there when her parents had fled the galaxy to hide from Darth Vader. She was the second generation Jedi that would someday come to help guard the galaxy against evil. The Trudo were her friends. She knew only happiness from her time on the world.

Acting High Lord Graydon Strykia of the Antrixian Commonwealth wanted to protect and preserve the world as much as possible. Graydon knew of the ancient Jedi temple on the surface and wanted to safeguard it against unscrupulous individuals. He also knew that there were Sith ruins on the planet. Those ruins were not to be disturbed. He feared that an evil paralleling the evil of the Galactic Empire's Emperor could be freed upon the galaxy.

The allied forces that had amassed around Trudaa could easily protect the world. But as always, there are individuals that feel greed set them on paths that have consequences. The rumors of ruins and the possibility of profit sometimes got the best of

people. A special group needed to be created to protect Trudaa and the secrets that existed there. Some of those secrets needed to remain hidden. At some point in time, Trudaa had to be forgotten again, after the need for it was done.



The old station that had survived the attack on it during a past conflict many years before, endless years of drifting and the move to the world of Trudaa, was the new moon in the night skies above the terrestrial world. In the short time that Eidolon Station had been in orbit around the planet, its population had grown little by little.

It was the successor of a famed shadowport station in the Mid Rim territories that was known as a hub for a black market enterprise that had been operating for years. The location of the business might have moved, but the inheritor of the legend was already building into something more than what once was.

Center to it all were the rebels and refugees from the Antrixian Commonwealth that had taken up residence on the station and the planet. Headed by the Lord in Exile, Graydon Strykia, the Antrixians and other Commonwealth citizens had become staunch protectors of the station and their temporary home.

During the final days of the Clone Wars, the Antrixian Commonwealth had been battered by the conflicts with the Separatists and internal strife between the noble Houses of the Commonwealth and upstarts starting a civil war in a bid to gain power. Force-users within the Commonwealth had also allied heavily with the Jedi Order, marking the whole territory as a treacherous sovereign state that could cause problems for the Galactic Empire as it succeeded the dying Republic.

With the new galactic Emperor seizing control of the senate, the Republic military became the Imperial military. The once allied Republic forces within the Commonwealth became an occupational force. All the various planets with the sovereignty eventually were forced to fuel the Western Reaches Pacification Operations.

The noble and honorable people of the Commonwealth rebelled for years, dragging the conflict against the Empire to a stalemate for far too long. Some were able to flee, regroup, and begin plans to retaliate against the Imperials. Under the

leadership of the exiled High Lord, Graydon Strykia, the band of resistance fighters began to grow. The new home on Eidolon Station provided them with a base of operations and a central gathering place.

Bren had informally headed up the ragtag group of starfighters that were known as the Shadow Wolves Irregulars.

Still, Lord Strykia had been worried about others coming from all around the galaxy to Eidolon Station. There were secrets down on the planet below and with those secrets came threats to the safety and security of everyone in the galaxy, not just the refugees and personnel located nearby. The potential discovery of Sith and Jedi ruins could cause an influx of scavengers and smugglers, looking to make a profit off of the history of Trudaa. If the Imperials discovered what lay below on the planet, a whole new dilemma could arise. While this was a concern, Graydon had a plan in mind.

Bren Inarro, the former CorSec officer and now fugitive from the Empire had just finished off his first drink in Eidolon Station's main bar, Quark-Two. He was older and definitely graying, but the air of near-military discipline and hardness hung on him like a tailored coat. His graying hair was still kept regulation length and he was almost always clean-shaven. Tall with broad shoulders, yet slim, Bren's build suggested that he was active and able.

As he was about to order another drink, the old Corellian's comlink buzzed. Looking at it, Bren saw that he was being asked to report to the Operations Briefing Room on Level two. Bren let out a sigh, knowing that a summons like that could only be coming from Graydon Strykia or Rena Traabo. Regardless of which one it was, Bren knew that Graydon and Rena were practically attached at the hip, being engaged to each other.

Rena may have been the "proprietor" of Eidolon Station, but Strykia was calling the shots when it came to the forces gathered on the station and the planet below. The rumor was that the Antrixian Resistance had found the station and started refurbishing it. With Strykia as the overall commander of the Commonwealth's rebel forces, he'd taken control of the station and put his fiancé in charge of its operations.

As Bren got up from his stool, he flipped a credit chit to the Rygelan bartender. "Keep my stool warm. I'll be back."

Taking the main turbolift, Bren quickly bypassed two security checkpoints that had been established since an attempted attack just two days prior. There were elements besides the Empire that weren't happy with the Resistance having a new base of operations. If anything, the Commonwealth's resistance forces were facing enemies from all over.

Arriving on Level two, Bren proceeded to the briefing room, where he was greeted by two Shadow Wardens. An Antrixian and Human female greeted him as he approached. Both nodded to him.

"Bren Inarro," Shasharra Draydess greeted him. "Lord Strykia is expecting you inside."

Bren nodded, waited for the door to open, and stepped inside. He hadn't expected the crowd that was arrayed around the table however. Almost everyone he recognized immediately. Some he knew personally. There were others that he knew from working with them or through association with Graydon Strykia.

At the head of the table sat Graydon, with Captain CJ Morgan on his right. If it hadn't been for the two of them, along with their friends, Bren and his protégée, Angella Chylde, would have been executed by the Imperials as traitors to the New Order. Bren had known CJ since she was a child. Bren had actually helped CJ pass her flight certification test on Corellia when she had reached the required age. Bren felt an obligation to CJ, not only because he had been close friends with her father, despite their career paths, but because the young woman had saved his life.

Graydon was almost the same. He'd helped rescue Bren and Angella, but the history between the two men stretched back farther. When Graydon had first come out of hiding and started venturing out in the galaxy, his true nature had gotten the best of him and he had wound up helping a damsel in distress. As a trained Force user, Graydon was an easy target for the Imperials and was on their "most wanted" list. Bren had helped Graydon in his quest, all those years ago. Graydon had returned the favor by helping free Bren from Imperial custody almost a year ago.

To Graydon's left sat Commander Taless Bashere, the overall commander of the Antrixian Resistance cell known as the Shadow

Wolves. Since Graydon and CJ had won Bren's freedom, he had worked closely with Taless, adding himself as an extra pilot whenever he could. Bren had informally headed up the ragtag group of starfighters that were known as the Shadow Wolves Irregulars. The mismatch of starfighters were culled from himself, Angella, Ulic Rossini and the various other Rotronian pilots still left with the allies, along with Sebastian Synclair and a few Commonwealth pilots.

Beside Taless sat Admiral Atticus Tyrell, the commander of the Antrixian ships assigned to defend Eidolon Station and assist the allied forces for the time being. Tyrell had proven himself to be a capable commander, along with a reasonable advisor to any that needed advice. The Admiral was the second-in-command of the Resistance space forces, under High Admiral Edric Strykia, Graydon's uncle. Even with his elevated position, Atticus had made sure to integrate his forces into the forces gathered there without pressure or haughtiness. The Admiral had basically taken a back seat, allowing Graydon and his group to assume command and control.

Next to CJ sat one of the newcomers, Galen Taym. Taym was another of Graydon's kin and led the Blackstone Pirates. While in the conventional sense, the Blackstones were more akin to privateers rather than pirates, Bren had still heard of them during his time in CorSec. Taym had a ruthless reputation towards the Imperials because of the atrocities they had visited upon the Commonwealth during the occupation and operations within the Western Reaches.

There were a couple others, mostly station security personnel, starship captains, and a couple stuffy nobles of the Commonwealth's governing body, the Landsting. Bren paid little mind to the last ones. They were too uptight for his tastes.

"So is this a court marshal hearing?" Bren asked in his normal, raspy, gruff voice.

"No, Bren." Graydon answered. "This is actually a proposal for you and you alone."

Bren took a seat at the other end of the table, opposite from Graydon. "Alright, Lord Strykia. I'm listening."

"As you're aware, we have the station here to protect, along with the refugees that are living in the mountains on planet

below." Graydon began. "But there is more to that. The buzz is circulating around the station about the possibility of Jedi ruins down on the surface. There's more than just Jedi ruins down there and we all agree that it's in the best interest of everyone that passage down to the planet is limited."

"I'm not sure I'm following." Bren said, hoping to get Graydon to be a little more forthcoming.

"Tyr already caught one of the bar workers trying to sneak onto the shuttle heading down to the surface." Graydon responded. "If the guys peddling black market things out of the back rooms knows that there are ruins down there, it's a safe bet others will soon find out. We don't want treasure hunters down there disturbing anything. That's where I'm hoping you can come in."

"To be honest, I owe you and CJ. Not the other way around."

"Essentially, you want me to be CorSec for Trudaa?"

"No." Graydon responded. "I'm hoping for a bit more."

"I'm listening." Bren leaned back in his seat.

"You've already informally taken command of your cadre of starfighters that are being called the Irregulars." Graydon continued. "What I would like to see is something like CorSec merged with a starfighter squadron, yet at the same time, a group that can support us in our fight against the Empire."

"Think of it as a combination of CorSec, Sector Rangers, and the Alliance's Rogue Squadron all rolled into one." CJ added.

"So you want a combat group that can also provide protection and security here?" Bren asked.

"Yes, but you'd have authority to enforce any mandates and laws that are fit to cover, govern, and protect Trudaa." Graydon answered. "Unofficially, you would be part of the Resistance, but capable of acting independent."

"There's a catch." Bren frowned.

"Yes." Graydon replied. "I want to be able to call upon the group to act against our enemies as needed. I need a dedicated group to carry out special operations, but also be the poster boys for us, so to speak."

"That's a big job to fill." Bren said, looking down at the briefing table.

"This group... This squadron will be able to work independently." Admiral Tyrell answered. "They will need to operate independently. Of course, they will be able to rely on the allies whenever needed, just as we would expect the same in return."

"Well then, to be frank: Why me?" Bren asked, looking up.

"Because you've shown to be a natural leader with the misfit group of fighters you've led thus far." Taless added in.

CJ cleared her throat. "Let's cut the bantha crap, Bren. You have been busting recruits and whipping them into shape since you joined CorSec. You're the perfect person to head up this crack-brained idea."

"Bren," Graydon jumped in. "I trust you and you're my first choice for this. No one else has even been considered."

"I'm honored, Strykia." Bren responded. "I need time to think about this, though."

"I would hope that you would take some time to think about it." Graydon replied. "I'll walk you out."

That seemed to be the signal that the meeting was over. Everyone dispersed and Graydon met Bren just outside the briefing room.

Both men walked down the corridor in silence for a while before either of them spoke. Bren found that he had to accept the fact that the two Shadow Wardens, Shasharra and Selene, were following a close distance behind.

He was pondering the offer that Graydon had put on the table for him. It would mean doing something that meant more than just being a starfighter pilot again. It might even cure the restlessness he'd felt since he tried retiring from CorSec, before he got caught up in the fallacy of Angella's crimes. In the way of it all, Bren knew that it would entail a lot of work too. Was he up to the challenge?

"You've come a long way since the first time I met you on Corellia." Bren said, finally breaking the silence between the two men.

"Thanks." Graydon responded. "Who would have thought that we would end up here, in this situation, way back then?"

"I had my suspicions that you might end up in a situation like this." Bren gave Graydon a half-cocked grin. "And once again, I'm here to make sure you don't get shot up."

"You and everyone else, apparently." Graydon returned the smile.

"To be honest, I owe you and CJ. Not the other way around."

"So... Which way are you leaning on this proposition?" Graydon asked, changing the subject.

"Are there any other details that you can give me?" Bren asked back.

"I've spoken to Rena and the others about this." Graydon answered. "Any supplies, materials, and other valuable items recovered by any operations from this group, in conjunction with operating with the Resistance, will entitle the group to a fair share of it or profits made. The group will get initial start-up assistance from the allies, but after a time, we expect that the group becomes independent and self-sustaining. We will bank on the Rebel Alliance paying bounties on captured Imperial personnel to help with costs."

"Expected, but reasonable." Bren said as he nodded.

"I'm giving special dispensation to the unit for full military rank and command structure. You'll also be able to draw from reserves and surplus we have for initial recruiting."

"There's not a large pool to draw from." Bren interrupted.

"I think you'll find that it's larger than you think." Graydon gave him a knowing smile. "Galen has a couple pilots that he wants to unload. They're effective pilots, but taxing his resources when he already has a squadron to feed and fuel."

"So that means a total of four-"

"There's also a new item of interest that just came up this morning." It was Graydon's turn to interrupt. "Captain Renar and his crew just returned from Nar Shaddaa, leading a small caravan of ships here. He parked them two systems over to get permission to bring them here. Among them is an old Rotronian frigate that's basically retrofitted to be a bulk hauler. It turns out that the

captain has been using his ship as a mobile refugee camp and has housed a couple fighters and their pilots on board.

He might be old, but Bren wasn't dead...

The girl's flirtations still caught him off guard.

That's what kind of inspired me to bring this up, this fast."

"The surplus of starfighters?"

"That and the possibility of a military ship that can act as a carrier and mobile base all in one." Graydon became serious.

"Bren, I'm not going to lie: I need a unit that can handle a large spectrum of assignments that isn't mired down by political affiliations. Right now, I have too many noble Houses from the Commonwealth jockeying for position and favor with me. I need someone that will be straight and true without ulterior motives. You can cull your fliers from the Irregulars and form them into this new vision. I'm leaving it all up to you."

"I'll have complete control and command, right?"

"I'll present to the Landsting-in-exile here that you will be commissioned as a Colonel, independent and not truly affiliated, but supported and supporting the allies. The rest is at your discretion." Graydon answered.

"Let me make sure I've got this straight. You want me to turn a paramilitary group into an elite force that can enforce laws and still kick ass." It was more of a statement rather than a question from Bren.

"Yes. You're mean enough to do it." Graydon responded.

"I don't think you're paying me enough for this."

"You haven't been paid yet."

"That's what I mean! Pissin' down my back and tellin' me it's raining." Bren paused for just a second, knowing that if he didn't say yes then, he probably wouldn't later.

"Damn, I'll do it."

"Welcome aboard, Colonel."



After accepting Graydon's offer, Bren made his way back to Quark-Two to finish what he started before being called to the meeting. To his surprise, his stool was still open. The better part was that the Rygelan that had been working the bar was now replaced by the Near-Human that had caught Bren's attention the first time he was in Quark-two's, Chy'ana.

Whenever Bren was around, the grey-skinned humanoid doted on him, ignoring most other males frequenting the bar. There was obviously something there. He wasn't one to not notice an attractive female when she was present. Chy'ana definitely fit the bill. She was just about as exotic and attractive as a Twi'lek dancing girl.

"Hiya, handsome!" Chy'ana grinned as she stood across from Bren at the bar.

"Hello Chy." Bren returned, trying not to blush. He might be old, but Bren wasn't dead. The girl's flirtations still caught him off guard. It wasn't that he disliked her attention; it was just something he wasn't used to.

"So what'll it be?" Chy'ana asked.

"The usual." Bren responded, in his usual raspy tone.

"Corellian Whiskey?" Chy'ana wrinkled her nose. "Why don't you try something else for a change? I know quite a few drinks that might brighten up that gruff exterior."

"Just like a woman to want to change a man." Bren smirked at the Near-Human. "This is why I never married."

"Maybe I'll change that too." Chy'ana gave him a playful smile.

Bren gave her a flat look, meeting her eyes that were full of playfulness and passion. He knew she wasn't being too serious. Neither one of them seemed like they were ready to move into having an official relationship.

"Maybe sometimes I get tired of creeping into your quarters after the bar closes down." Chy'ana said, lowering herself and half sliding her torso across the bar towards him. There were multiple layers of emotion in her voice. Lust and passion being the most evident. "It would be easier if I was just going home... To you!"

Bren held his ground. He wasn't about to let her gain the upper

hand and cow him into backing off. Of course, that's the way their encounters usually went. Chy'ana would come on to the aging Corellian strong and without subtlety. Bren had to stand his ground, almost like a member of a pair of animals locked in a mating ritual. If he protested, Chy'ana became even more determined. She could be almost aggressive in their coupling if he protested. Bren had found long ago it was easier to give in to his male urges, let Chy'ana put on her display, and then enjoy mutual satisfaction.

"Sorry if we're interrupting." Ulic Rossini said as he sat down next to Bren.

The younger Rotronian had started flying with the Irregulars shortly after Bren had started bossing them all around. Bren had come to admire the younger man. He was a natural pilot and a moral compass for the other fliers. Ulic was bound to be the one he'd put in as the second-in-command. It wasn't just because Ulic had military training, though. Ulic was a strong, compassionate man that was loyal and unswerving.

Next to him sat Angellia Chylde, the fiery brunette from Corellia that had been Bren's partner and protégée in CorSec. She was practically like his daughter, even though she was a pain in his backside more often than not. Glancing at the pair, Bren found them both smiling in his direction.

"Not a damn word out of you two." Bren immediately switched over to his gruff demeanor.

He wasn't mad. In fact, he was a little relieved that these two had shown up when they had. In a sense, they had saved him from Chy'ana making a scene right there in the bar.

Chy'ana smiled, relishing that Bren was now on the defense in front of his associates. She knew that later, she would be able to be more playful than usual with the older Corellian. "I will see you later, my hunk of Corellian love!" Giving Bren a wink, she started down towards the other end of the bar.

Angellia tried to hide her grin the best that she could. "I'm not saying a word, boss."

"What about you, Rossini?" Bren squinted in a mock frown towards the Rotronian. "Do you want to leave the bar with a fat lip?"

"Wouldn't dream of it, boss man." Ulic responded, able to hide

his smile better than Ang.

"Alright you two, we've got some work to do." Bren started. "How do you feel about being in service to the High Lord?"



We've all dreamed of climbing into the cockpit of a starfighter and blasting off to combat foes amongst the stars. There's a certain mystique about the heroics behind the controls of a ship meant to do combat in a one-on-one dogfight setting. Action movies and sci-fi movies have always taken care to portray a brave pilot as a hero, a fearless fighter, and a protagonist that fuels imaginations.

Regulators and Renegades is a short, introductory story meant to provide some background elements for running a campaign centered on a group of pilots. Those pilots might be flying starfighters for the Alliance to Restore the Republic. They also might be working for a planetary government, providing defense and security.

Regardless of the roles to fulfill, Regulators and Renegades can set the stage for something akin to the fabled Rogue Squadron, yet set apart from the archetype that the Rogues presented. The Regulators are meant to be the new security and special division directed to be an elite group that stands out amongst the other fliers out there. The Renegades are the pilots coming into the group with some, let's say, colorful backgrounds.

This could mean a second chance for a character to show that he's not necessarily a scoundrel and a criminal. It can turn a normal pilot into a galactic media star. It can make a kid from a backwater planet into the person that is the hero of legends.

The choice of sticking the character(s) in one type of specific starfighter is there, but R&R was envisioned as beginning with a loose conglomeration of various ships flying under the same banner. There are plenty of ships to choose from too. The choice is ultimately yours.

Roleplaying Game Statistics

■ Bren Inarro – Squadron Commander

Type: Former CorSec Officer (Retired)

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 7D+1, Dodge 6D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien Species 6D, Bureaucracy 7D+1, Languages 7D, Law Enforcement 6D+1, (s)Law enforcement: CorSec 9D+2, Streetwise 7D, Willpower 6D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+1

Astrogation 7D, Communications 6D+1, Repulsorlift Operations 6D, Sensors 6D, Space Transports 5D, Starfighter Piloting 7D+1, Starship Gunnery 7D, Starship Shields 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Command 7D, Con 6D+2, Gambling 6D, Investigation 7D+1, Search 6D, Sneak 6D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 7D, Lifting 4D+2, Stamina 6D

TECHNICAL 2D

Blaster Repair 4D+1, Computer Programming/Repair 4D, Demolition 4D+2, Droid Repair 4D, First Aid 5D+1, Space Transport Repair 5D, Starfighter Repair 6D, Starship Weapons Repair 6D

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 3

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 14

Move: 10

Equipment: Flight suit, flight helmet, comlink, datapad, DL-44 heavy blaster pistol (5D damage), CorSec Incom X-Wing Starfighter, R2-Series astromech droid “R2-KO” (“Rookie”).



Capsule: Bren Inarro was a retired Corellian Security Force Officer (CorSec) that was a close friend of the famed smuggler Marcus Morgan and the Morgan family. Bren helped Marcus' daughter, CJ Morgan pass her Piloting Accrediation test, along with watching over Marcus' mother while he was away on “business”. Bren was also a surrogate father to Angellia Chylde, a close friend of CJ Morgan.

Bren would go on to mentor Angellia in CorSec before his retirement. When Chylde was arrested by Imperial Forces on the false charge of sympathizing with the rebels, Bren helped break her out of the detention area of CorSec Headquarters and stole his old X-Wing fighter and droid, fleeing Rimward with the young Corellian in tow.

Bren would eventually join forces with CJ and her friends, becoming affiliated with the Antrixian Resistance operating in the Mid Rim. Bren initially headed up the Shadow Wolves Irregulars, but was later asked by Graydon Strykia to reorganize the paramilitary force into a new military, starfighter/commando unit that would come to be known as Regulator Squadron. Bren would lead the Regulators through the liberation of the Manchi Sector and until the liberation of the Antrixian Commonwealth, where he was killed battling the Imperials during the Second Battle of Antrixies.

■ Ulic Rossini – Squadron Executive Officer

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D+1

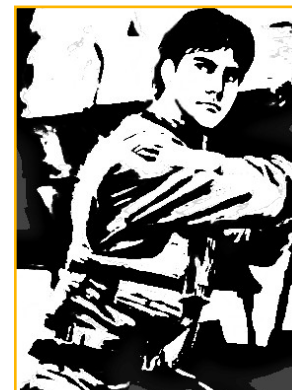
Blaster 6D, Dodge 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Languages 4D+2, Law Enforcement 6D, Planetary Systems 4D+1, Tactics 4D

MECHANICAL 3D+1

Astrogation 5D+1, Communications 3D+2, Sensors 4D+2, Starfighter Piloting 5D+2, Starship Gunnery 5D+2, Starship Shields 3D



PERCEPTION 3D

Command 5D+1, Search 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D, (s)Brawling: Te'Sava Martial Arts 5D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

First Aid 3D+1, Starfighter Repair 4D+2, Starship Weapon Repair 3D, Starship Shield Repair 3D

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 10

Move: 10

Equipment: Comlink, datapad, flight suit, Norex MK-60 Blaster Pistol (4D+1), S&K V-19 "Torrent" Starfighter.

Capsule: Ulic Rossini was a Near-Human who was a private pilot who did contract work with the research facility on Rotex, the Nyystrom Institute, and other corporations. Native to Rotex, Ulic had a deep sense of devotion towards his homeworld and their ways of life. After the Empire occupied his planet, Ulic joined up with a group of other pilots who were forming a resistance cell. Eventually, Ulic came in contact with Graydon Strykia and the Antrixian Resistance.

Ulic joined up with Bren Inarro in the Shadow Wolves Irregulars. Bren and Ulic quickly gained a mutual respect for each other and Bren began to look to Ulic as his second-in-command of the ragtag fighter group. When the Regulators officially formed, Ulic was given the Executive Officer position along with the tag "Regulator 2".

Ulic was laid back and unusually calm in almost every situation. He was quick to mentor his fellow pilots and always played the "good guy" to Bren's gruff attitude. Despite his manner, Ulic always looked after those under him and was considered a very skilled pilot.

Following Bren's death at the Battle of Antrixies, Ulic assumed command of the Regulators, maintaining the group as an elite para-military unit.

■ **Angellia Chylde – Resistance Pilot**

Type: Former CorSec Agent/Resistance Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D+1, Dodge 6D, Grenade 4D, Vehicle Blasters 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien Species 5D, Languages 5D+2, Law Enforcement 5D+2, Streetwise 5D, Value 4D+1, Willpower 3D+2

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 4D+2, Sensors 4D, Space Transports 4D+2, Starfighter Piloting 5D, Starship Gunnery 5D, Starship Shields 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D, Con 4D+2, Gambling 4D, Search 5D, Sneak 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2, Stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Blaster Repair 3D+2, Computer Programming/Repair 4D, First Aid 4D+1, Security 5D, Starfighter Repair 4D+1

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 17

Dark Side Points: 0

Move: 10

Equipment: Blastech DL-18 blaster pistol (4D damage), comlink, datapad, CorSec Incom X-Wing Starfighter, R2-Series astromech droid "R2-P7".

Capsule: Angellia Chylde was a human Corellian Security Force agent that was framed by an Imperial Officer during the Galactic Civil War. Angella fled Corellia with the help of her mentor and former partner, Bren Inarro and later joined the various forces aligned against the Empire in the Manchi Sector



to assist her childhood friend, CJ Morgan, and the Antrixian Resistance.

Having grown up as basically an orphan, except for the help from the Morgan family and Bren, Angellia was used to a rough way of life. She prided herself on turning her life around and being accepted to CorSec, showing that she was more than just a street rat. When she was framed, Ang chose to strike back at the Empire anyway she could.

Cocky, yet skilled, Ang was one of the more vocal members of the fighter pilots assembled under Bren's command. She was usually able to get away with being a mouth-piece in the group due to her history with her commander.

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INTERNAL or EXTERNAL, HARD or SOFT: NEW MARTIAL ARTS

by Jason Dray

The main difficulty in choosing a martial arts form for your PC is the obvious rarity of most of the listed martial arts.

Several martial arts styles were only practiced by the Jedi, Sith, or other force users. Two are practiced only by the elite of the Imperial military. Three are known only to a single race, and/or depend on a single race's physiology to work. But the galaxy is a massive place. With hundreds of martial arts forms developing on a single world like Earth, it stands to reason that more martial arts MUST exist in Star Wars.

The martial arts in this article, nine in total, are more commonly known throughout the galaxy. Finding a school for many of these martial arts is as simple as looking in the Holo-Directory of the nearest high-population world. They are divided, loosely, as to whether they are external or internal, and whether they are hard or soft.

Internal martial arts usually emphasize meditation, and the movements are practiced for some other benefit than self-defense or sport. They often have a highly spiritual focus, often incorporating quasi-religious ideas into many aspects of practice. Tai Chi, Kendo, and Shaolin Gung-Fu are examples of internal martial arts.

External martial arts are often sports or collections of combative techniques that care little for meditation and belief. Good examples of external martial arts are Muay Thai, Western Boxing, Greco-Roman Wrestling, and Krav Maga.

Soft martial arts tend to use circular movements and attempt to either flow with the attack or use the momentum of the attack against the attacker. Aikido and Arnis are good examples.

Hard Martial Arts tend to be very straightforward and direct in their methodology, believing that simpler is better. Most styles of Karate and Western Boxing are good examples.

Shock Boxing (External/Hard)

This martial art, popular throughout the galaxy, is a striking art emphasizing the sole use of hand attacks. This is because the art is practiced with shock gloves, most often in a triangular ring to ensure opponents are easily backed into corners.

Shock Boxing practitioners may substitute their Martial Arts: Shock Boxing skill for their Strength when resisting stun weapons.

Available Combat Actions: *Feint, Flawless Counter, Punch, Instant Stun, Instant Wound, Elbow Smash, Multiple Strikes, Head-butt*

Mundimbe (Internal/Hard)

This martial art, thought to have originated on Bonadan, is a striking art created in the early days of hyperspace travel and combining striking elements from several different alien martial arts. In some ways, it resembles Hapan, but Mundimbe is considered an internal art because of the quasi-religious insistence that the practitioners continue to travel and experience the galaxy's mysteries through cultural contact. Mundimbe practitioners excel at finding weak points to exploit.

Mundimbe practitioners may substitute Perception for Strength when calculating base brawling damage.

Available Combat Actions: *Feint, Flawless Counter, Foot Sweep, Kick, Roundhouse, Snap Kick, Instant Stun, Punch, Weapon Training (stun baton)*

Besuntu (External/Soft)

This martial art, once popularized as "the galaxy's deadliest martial art," is actually a hybrid of several Falleen styles. Through hybridization, the style is said to have a move for every situation, though critics say that it excels at nothing in particular.

Besuntu practitioners gain +1D to hit against opponents who do not have the Martial Arts specialization.

Available Combat Actions: *Disarm, Elbow Smash, Flip, Flying Kick, Foot Sweep, Hold/Grapple, Instant Wound, Kick, Multiple Strikes, Nerve Punch, Punch, Reversal, Shoulder Throw, Weapon Training (staff)*

Jegro-Gando (Internal/Soft)

This collection of techniques was specifically designed by the Nikto to defend themselves from Gand slavers, and is considered the best way to escape from the aggressive Findsmen martial arts style the Gand are taught to disable their quarry with. It has also proven useful against the rage-filled brawling style typically used by Trandoshans.

Jegro-Gando practitioners may add up to half of their martial arts dice to Perception or Search rolls used to resist Gand Findsmen special abilities.

Available Combat Actions: Disarm, Flip, Instant Knockdown, Punch, Reversal, Shoulder Throw, Rolling Throw, Defensive Roll, Blind Fighting

Kusthe (External/Hard)

Also called Gammorean Wrestling, this fast martial arts emphasizes grapples, pins, and take-downs followed by hammer blows and stomps to the downed opponent.



Most modern Kusthe training has submission rules, but the original (as still practiced on Gammor) recognizes no surrender and teaches the use of several axe-like weapons.

Kusthe practitioners may strike an opponent that they have grappled or pinned.

Available Combat Actions: *Charge, Rolling Throw, Flip, Foot Sweep, Head Butt, Hold, Grapple, Instant Knockdown, Power Block, Punch, Reversal, Shoulder Throw, Weapon Training (Axes)*

Gyaddhoon (External/Hard):

The original Zabrak martial art, focusing on headbutts and even dipping the head to damage the hands or feet of the opponent on the Zabrak's horns, is a popular blood sport because of the terrible wounds inflicted by the Zabrak's natural weapons.

Gyaddhoon practitioners may ignore dice penalties for being wounded or wounded twice as long as the damage was inflicted in hand-to-hand combat.

Available Combat Actions: Elbow Smash, Flip, Head Butt, Snap Kick, Multiple Strikes, Punch, Power Block (head only), Back

Strike, Strategic Headbutt (character may make a called shot at no penalty to his attack roll with a headbutt attack)

Chehlwondak (External/Hard):

Originally developed on Ord Mantel by Xim the Despot, this martial art pairs the more straightforward strikes of Teras Kasi and Ecani with melee techniques thought to have been learned from Tusken Raiders into a form that is popular with pirates and bounty hunters for its inclusion of rifle butts, bayonet slashes and stabs, and even pistol whips.

Chehlwondak practitioners may use their martial arts skill for melee to hit and melee parry rolls when using rifles (and bayonets) as a melee weapon, and may use their martial arts skill for melee to hit rolls (but NOT melee parry) when using a pistol as a melee weapon.

Available Combat Actions: Disarm, Elbow Smash, Flip, Instant Knockdown, Head Butt, Power Block (Difficult with hands, Moderate with weapon), Snap Kick, Pistol Whip (strike an opponent with the weapon, causing the opponent to be stunned for the remainder of the round in addition to any damage), Hand and Pistol (make one pistol attack and one unarmed attack in a round with no penalty), Double Weapon (Difficult; with rifle and bayonet, strike an opponent with rifle butt and bayonet slash in a round with no penalty), Deep Stab (Moderate; Ignore armor with bayonet stab. This is the only attack possible in a round)

Internal or External, Hard or Soft: New Martial Arts

Nhoo Kwon (External/Soft):

A Rodian martial arts focusing on aerial and circular kicks and spinning punches, this martial art is possibly one of the most beautiful martial arts to watch, and is often learned by holo-vid actors looking to give an entertaining performance. However, below the theatrics, for a true practitioner, there are many deadly moves to challenge an opponent.

Nhoo Kwon practitioners gain twice the advantage to brawling damage rolls when they roll acrobatics to increase the damage of an attack.

Available Combat Actions: Flying Kick, Foot Sweep, Instant Stand, Kick, Punch, Spinning Kick, Roundhouse, Snap Kick, Triple Kick, Axe Kick, Martial Art Leap, Power Stand, Joint Kick, Handspring Kick, Crescent Kick, Rear Kick

Bou'Hada (External/Soft):

Bou'Hada means "One Spirit" in Twi'lekki, but the martial arts has been corrupted from its once peaceful, internal origins into a martial arts of guerilla warfare. Originally a circular, spinning form called "wind dancing" by off-worlders, the martial arts was heavily modified by the many slaver attacks upon the Twi'lek homeworld to be effective while the practitioner's hands are chained.

This martial art features a wide-variety of kicks, from the original sweeping leg movements to the more brutal snap kicks and knee strikes added in modern days. Added to these kicks are a few straight-line punches and palm strikes. One interesting vestigial characteristic never forgotten from the original martial art is its focus on traditional Twi'lekki weapons forms, though most practitioners don't bother to study them these days.

Bou'Hada practitioners are fast and reflexive, avoiding melee attacks rather than blocking them. They may use their Dodge skill in place of Brawling Parry or Melee Parry when engaged in melee combat.

Available Combat Actions: Weapon Training (vibro-sword, energy staff, throwing disc), Disarm, Foot Sweep, Punch, Spinning Kick, Multiple Kicks, Pivot Kick, Power Stand, Handspring Kick, Rear Kick, Snap Kick

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Reska Jat in...

A SAFE & SECURE SOCIETY

A Solo Adventure by
Mark Dowson

Mark Dowson - REBELLION ERA - SOLO ADVENTURE

In this solo adventure you get to play the character of Reska Jat, a Femme Fatale. First you will need to create your version of her character, using the Femme Fatale Character Template on *page 56*.

From looking at the template, you can see she has six attributes; Dexterity, Knowledge, Mechanical, Perception, Strength and Technical. These attributes each have values next to them in the form of a number, followed by the letter "D", which stands for dice. Some of them also have either "+1" or "+2" after the "D".

At times during the adventure, when you are attempting a task where the outcome is not certain, you will be asked to roll either the number of dice you have in a specified attribute or a stated skill based off it (more about skills later). For example, with having for an attribute, Dexterity 3D, you would roll three six-sided dice and add up the result.

You will be then told to go to one section number if this result is equal or over a certain number or to another section number if it is less than this.

If your attribute number has a "+1" or "+2" after the "D", this value will be added to the combined total from the number of dice you rolled. For example, with having for an attribute, Perception 4D+2, you would roll four six-sided dice. If you rolled a 5, a 3, a 2 and a 6, you would add them together to get a total of 16. You would then add the +2 to it to get 18!

With attribute and skill rolls you can if you want use the Wild Dice rules from the Second Edition of the Star Wars Role Playing Game. One of the dice you roll, before rolling it, is designated the Wild Dice. If it rolls a 6 you get to roll another dice, which also counts as a Wild Dice, and add the result from that one to the total. If you roll a 1 on the Wild Dice however, you must discard the highest result rolled on one of the other dice in that roll and the 1 the Wild Dice rolled.

As mentioned earlier on, you also have skills based off the attributes. These can be up to one or two dice higher than the attributes they are based on. Essentially you have seven dice to put into your skills and you need to pick which ones you will put dice into before starting the adventure. You could pick seven skills and place one dice in each of them or four skills and place two dice in three of them and just one dice in the fourth one.

Alternatively, you could opt to have dice in six skills with just one with two dice in, or five skills with two with two dice in.

The total value for a skill equals the attribute it is based off plus the number of dice you have put in the skill. For example, if you put two dice into Con, which is based off Perception, and you have 4D+2 in Perception, that would give you 6D+2 in Con! If you have not placed any dice in a skill, you just roll the dice attribute the skill is based off has and if this attribute is a high one, you can still do well.

There are fourteen skills which might be useful in this adventure. These are *Blaster*, *Brawling Parry*, *Dodge*, *Pick Pocket*, *Running*, *Intimidation*, *Repulsorlift Operation*, *Con*, *Hide*, *Persuasion*, *Sneak*, *Brawling*, *Computer Programming*, and *Security*. There are no opportunities in this adventure to use any of the skills not listed above so there is less point placing dice in skills besides these fourteen.

If you wish to use the rules for Character Points and Force Points, you can do so but will have to refer to the 2nd edition rule book for them. You would get five Character Points and one Force Point.

Now if you have assigned your skill dice to your character, turn to **page 57** to begin the adventure and as you play through it, use your choices or attribute and skill rolls at the end of each section to determine which section to go to next. Good luck and may the Force be with you!

THE FEMME FATALE

Right from the very first film the powerful female character has been part of Star Wars, starting with Princess Leia. Yes, she got captured in the opening sequence but moments after being rescued she was taking charge and in the following film it was Han Solo who was captured. In the third film she does the rescuing and is pretty bad ass in the guise of the bounty hunter, Boushh, facing off against Jabba the Hutt himself. Okay, so the rescue attempt fails and she gets captured again but this time she does not wait to be rescued and strangles Jabba with her own chains.

In many ways characters like Princess Leia defy the traditional stereotypes imposed on women in the past with the ideas of them being the weaker sex, physically less capable and less suited to the role of the action hero, compared to their male counterparts. The Femme Fatale character however fully exploits the traditional female stereotype of being perceived as weaker, passive and compliant, apparently seeking only to please the men around her. Using her looks and her charm and exploiting the egos of her victims, she is able to manipulate them for her own ends. She often creates the impression she is offering a lot more for whatever she is after than she will ever actually give. If things do not go her way her adversaries then find out she is far from physically helpless and has a chance of taking them down by force, despite how tough they may think they are.

While the Femme Fatale is often seen as a dark, ruthless and manipulative character, leaving a path of emotional devastation in her wake, in an espionage setting, against an oppressive regime, like the Empire, she can be quite the hero, uniquely deadly in her own way.

If you choose to play a character using the Femme Fatale template your greatest strength will be your ability to deceive or seduce your enemies, making frequent use of the Con and Persuasion skills to achieve your objectives. A Femme Fatale might not seem a particularly traditional Star Wars character type, hopefully you will find it an interesting addition to the roleplaying game.

"After eighteen years we are at the dawn of seeing everything with the new order we have worked for reach its pinnacle," proclaims a high ranking official from COMPNOR's Select Committee. His voice is amplified over the sound of your singing and the keyboard and saxophone music from the other two members of the band.

"Very soon it will be our day, when the Galaxy will capitulate to progress and the last dated relics of the Old Republic will be swept away."

How about announcing some actual useful details for a Rebel Alliance spy like myself? you muse to yourself. *Come on, you know you want to.* Rebel Alliance Intelligence had gone to a lot of work arranging for you and Drabbor and Favarth, the other members of your band, to get this gig. You need to come out of this with some intelligence on what COMPNOR (Commission for the Preservation of the New Order) is planning.

Hitting some of the lowest notes in the range of your voice, while surrounded by an artificial fog, created by the band's fog machine, you bring the song "*Save us from the Jedi*" to a close. There is a brief polite applause then you launch into the more upbeat song, "*A Safe and Secure Society*". You and your band did not get any say in the sequence of songs. It was all typically dictated by the Art Division of COMPNOR's Coalition for Progress.

From the stage you watch the guests, a mass of gray uniforms, milling around the room or sat on stools around tables, while you continue singing. You do not know who they all are besides some being regional heads of the various COMPNOR divisions. Above the room hangs an almost priceless chandelier, the light from which contrasts with the band's stage lighting. Through large windows facing you, you can see the upper levels of the night time city outside, its towers illuminated by specks of light from their multitude of windows.

In the conference room you see one COMPNOR official pass the thin plastic rectangle of a data card to a colleague and you know you must acquire it.

Go to 2 if you bring your act into the audience and find an opportunity to steal the data card from the COMPNOR official while you are there, or **go to 25** if you wait until the COMPNOR function is over and follow him as he leaves.

STAR WARS

ADVENTURERS JOURNAL

Character Name

Reska Jat

Player Name

Template Type

Femme Fatale

Gender/Species

Height

Weight

Age

Physical Description

Very Attractive

Dexterity

3D

Blaster

Brawling Parry

Dodge

Knowledge

3D

Intimidation

Mechanical

2D+1

Reputorlift Operation

Perception

4D+2

Con

Hide

Persuasion

Strength

2D

Brawling

Technical

2D

Computer Program / Repair

Security

Pick Pocket

Running

Background: From an early age you found you were very good at getting people to like you. On growing into a beautiful young woman this was even more so combat when it came to men who you became skilled at manipulating. For the most part you have only used your powers ruthlessly on bad men. Through your looks and charm you have become quite a force to be reckoned with and someone who is frequently underestimated to the detriment of those who do so.

Personality: You are the embodiment of charming and very smart. At times you wield your sensuality, beauty, and charisma like a weapon, which in its own way can be more deadly than a blaster to some.

Few men can resist you. You can achieve more with a furtive glance and the right words and tone of voice than many could with an entire arsenal of weapons.

Objectives: To get what you want without getting hurt, be that a life of comfort and luxury, revenge on a crime lord or the overthrowing of Imperial tyranny.

A Quote: "Wait, o kiss, for luck ..."

Equipment: 1,000 credits, five sets of very sexy clothes (which can be adjusted so they change color amongst other things), Hold-out blaster (damage 3D+1 and disguised as a mundane object).

Movement

10

Char. Points

5

Force Points

1

Force Sensitive?

Dark Side Pts.

Wound Status

Stun

Wounded

Incapacitated

M. Wounded

2 Unhooking your microphone from its stand and stepping down from the stage, you dance towards the COMPNOR official, while singing “*I Love My Emperor*”. The song had to have sarcastic undertones to it, considering how ugly and wizened the Emperor is but fortunately they are completely lost on this audience and COMPNOR’s Coalition for Progress, who had insisted upon it.

Turn to 13 if you seek to entice the recipient of the data card into a dance, during which you might be able to take it from him. Considering a prolonged dance might draw attention, **go to 6** to just dance past him as you work the audience and pickpocket the data card.

3 Through the door down the stairs you see what looks to be a cellar, judging by the metal casks of alcohol and among them a few crates of food. Behind the metal casks would be a good place to hide and wait until the Imperials tire of searching for you. **Go to 10** to do this. **Go to 34** to go back up the stairs and go through the door which sounds like it leads into the main club. **Turn to 73** to leave the club and continue along the alleyway.

4 In an explosion of red hot armour fragments the Stormtrooper falls to the floor. Turning around before anymore Imperials can arrive to investigate the sound of blaster fire, you dash through the final doors out of the Imperial conference building. **Turn to 41**.

5 Pulling out the garrote concealed in your head piece, you pull it around his throat and whisper menacingly in his ear,

“Let me make this easy for you. Keep driving if you wish to live. I am a desperate woman and am prepared to do anything, and I mean anything, not to be caught. If they catch us, you will die first before they can do anything to me. Understand?” He nods. “Good boy. Now drive and remember, your life depends upon it.” You pat him on the side of his face.

Go to 23 if you want to let him continue driving, **or to 35** if you decide you would be better off being in control of the air-taxi.

6 As you dance, sway and strut past the COMPNOR official with your cranial tentacles moving sensuously, you allow your body to “accidentally” brush against him, distracting him from your fingers sliding gently into his pocket. Roll either your dice in *Dexterity* or your *Pickpocket* skill. On a 18 or more **go to 21** or on less than

this, **go to 17**. On a result of 6 or less, **go to 51**.

7 On opening the door, you are hit by the loud beat of the synthesized music and the coloured flashing lights. The place is packed with people drinking beverages either around a large bar to your right or sat at tables around the place. In the centre is a fairly packed dance floor.

Go to 20 to make your way through the club and leave by the main doors. **Turn to 55** to enter the ladies’ washroom in the corridor behind you and to your left, and there change your appearance. **Go to 14** to go through the door at the end of the corridor behind you.

8 Some of the COMPNOR officials try to grab you. Roll the dice you have in your *Brawling Parry* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result equal or over 14, **go to 19**. On a result less than this, **turn to 46**.

9 The sound of the synthesized music fully envelopes you, as you manage to sneak back inside the club without the Stormtroopers noticing you. Reaching the door right of the bar at the far end; you push it open and see the corridor beyond. There is a door at the far end of it, facing you. **Go to 14** to go through it. There is a door to the ladies’ washroom along the right side of the corridor. **Turn to 55** to go through it if you want to enter the washroom to make some changes to your appearance by altering your dress. **Turn to 20** to return the way you have come.

10 Moving casks out of the way to get past them then replacing them back in their original positions, you work your way to the back of the cellar. There in the darkness you crouch down behind several casks.

Time drags slowly on. You hear the music and voices seeping down from above in the club. After what could have been hours you hear the cellar door open and a through a gap between the casks see the armoured silhouettes of two Stormtroopers.

“She could be down here,” says one of them through his helmet microphone.

“Nah, she’s long gone,” replies his colleague, “But we better check just to be sure...” Roll the number of dice you have in your *Hide* skill or *Perception*. On a result of 14 or more, **turn to 28**. On a result less than this, **turn to 102**.

11 With the echo of the last blaster shot ringing in your ears the Stormtrooper crashes against the side of the lift and slides to the floor.

In one of the small cannisters on the Stormtrooper's utility belt you find the data card and reclaim it.

The turbolift comes to a stop and the doors slide open, revealing a not unoccupied corridor beyond, as you are furiously pressing the button to go back down. A gray uniformed officer looks your direction and sees you in the turbolift standing over the bodies of two dead Stormtroopers, just as the doors are closing. You get a fleeting glimpse of the open mouthed shocked look on his face before the closing gap in the doors seals shut then feel the turbolift descending. *More trouble*, you think, wishing the turbolift would move faster. **Go to 12.**

12 Finally the turbolift reaches the tenth level and you are sprinting out of it and into the foyer the moment the doors open wide enough. Two sets of double doors later and breathing hard, you are out of the building. **Turn to 41** if this is your first time escaping the conference building or **to 66** if it is the second time.

13 Pouting seductively and fluttering your eyelashes, you close in on your prey, and hold out a hand for him to take in his sweaty palm. Overwhelmed by your sensual beauty, he is unable to resist your invitation to dance. He snakes an arm around your waist and you do the same around his. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Con* skill or *Perception*. On a roll of 11 or more, **go to 26**. On a result less than this, **turn to 32**.

14 Returning to the small hallway you entered by, you see the back door to outside facing you. **Turn to 73** to go through it. To your right, facing the back door, is a set of steps down to another door. **Turn to 3** to take them and head through that door. There is also what smells like the door to the kitchen to your left but there is no benefit to going that way. **Turn to 34** to go back through the door behind you.

15 Through the door you see facing you a set of stairs down, ending in a door, and to the right of the stairs, also facing you, a door on this level, through which you can hear the music coming from. Heavily synthesized, it is not as good as the music your band plays. In the wall to your right is a door presumably to the kitchen, judging by the smells of cooking coming from it. **Turn to 3** to go through the door at the end of the stairs or **34** to go

through the door facing you on this level; which you guess leads into the main club. **Turn to 73** to return to the alley outside and continue along it.

16 Through the double doors you enter a foyer. Knowing you are now in the kind of trouble you might not be able to talk your way out of, you prepare for the worst as you run. Pulling the top off the microphone still in your hand, you slide out of the casing the firing component and barrel of a modified holdout blaster. They click quickly into place onto the side of the microphone casing, which now serves as the handle of the blaster. Your Duros friend, Drabbor, has done an amazing job putting this together in such a way that the microphone still functions.

You are just diving through a set of doors when from a corridor leading off the foyer a Stormtrooper steps into view and fires at you with his blaster rifle. The shot hits the door to one side of you but knowing you probably would not be so lucky a second time, you spin around to shoot back at him.

Roll the number of dice you have in your *Blaster* skill or *Dexterity* and on a result of 12 or more **turn to 4**. On a result less than this, **turn to 22**.

17 You grab the flexible wafer-thin shape of the data card and discretely slip it into a pocket in your red dress, disguised as a natural crease. Unfortunately, you are no more than two tables away, when the official discovers the data card is gone and shouts,

"Thief! The Twi'lek girl's a thief! Stop her! She's stolen a data card!" You make a dash through the crowded room for an exit. Decide now if you are heading for the double doors of the main exit or the smaller door at the back of the stage. Roll the dice you have in your *Running* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result over 11, **turn to 37**. On anything less, **turn to 8**.

18 The moment the turbolift doors close and it starts moving you grab a blaster rifle from one of the Stormtroopers and shoot him with it. He falls to the turbolift floor, but his colleague is not so easily taken down by surprise. Swinging his blaster rifle around, he opens fire at you.

Roll two dice for his *Blaster* skill then roll the number of dice equal to one lower than what you have in your *Dodge* skill or *Dexterity*.

If the Stormtrooper's *Blaster* skill roll is lower than your *Dodge* roll, **turn to 24**. If it is equal to it or higher, **turn to 109**.

19 You are too nimble and quick for the men, as they grasp at the empty space where you had been. **Turn to 37**.

20 Working your way through all the people and through the glass doors of the main entrance, you find yourself out on a main street among a small crowd of others leaving the club. Three Stormtroopers are there outside, presumably as part of the search for you. **Turn to 30** if you want to try and get past them without them recognizing you. **Turn to 45** if you try and sneak back into the club before the Stormtroopers see you.

21 The flexible wafer-thin shape of the data card slides into your hand like as if it knew it belonged there. Yes, even inanimate objects cannot resist your charms! Like a rare mist on Ryloth at sunrise, you slip away.

Returning to the stage, knowing it is only a matter of time before your theft is discovered; you bring your song to a close, bow to the audience and then disappear through the door behind you into the setup room, as if you were just taking a break.

From there you run straight through a door out of the conference centre. **Go to 41**.

22 Your shot misses. Roll three dice for the Stormtrooper's *Blaster* skill and note down the result.

Next roll dice equal to your *Dodge* skill but with one extra dice added to it for the cover provided by the door. If the result of your *Dodge* roll is higher than the Stormtrooper's *Blaster* skill roll, **go to 27**. If it is not, **turn to 109**.

23 The air-taxi driver does his best to try and lose the Imperial Speeder Bikers behind you but with terror clouding his thinking over what you will do to him if they catch you, he is not doing well. Realizing it is inevitable that you will be caught if you stay in the speeder, you order him to drop you off at a nearby alleyway.

You have never seen anyone look so relieved to get away from you, as the air-taxi driver speeds off. Unfortunately, the Imperial Speeder Bikers seem just as interested in you as ever, as they close on you. Some guys just will not take a hint. **Go to 31**.

24 The Stormtrooper's shot hits the side of the turbolift wall. Shooting back at him, roll dice equal to one less than what you

have in your *Blaster* Skill or *Dexterity*. If you roll more than 7, **go to 11**. If you roll lower than this, **go to 29**.

25 After finishing your final song the conference continues for awhile longer. You keep an eye on the COMPNOR official who received the data card. The moment people start leaving, you start after him, doing your best to be stealthy and discrete about it, and see him making for the main doors.

Roll the number of dice you have in your *Sneak* skill or *Perception*. On a result equal or over 13, **turn to 43, or 64** on rolling less than this.

26 It does not even occur to him you might have an agenda for dancing with him. Slipping the fingers of your arm around his waist into his pocket, you go for the data card in the last few moments of your brief dance. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Pick Pocket* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result of 13 or more **go to 21, or 17** if you roll less than this.

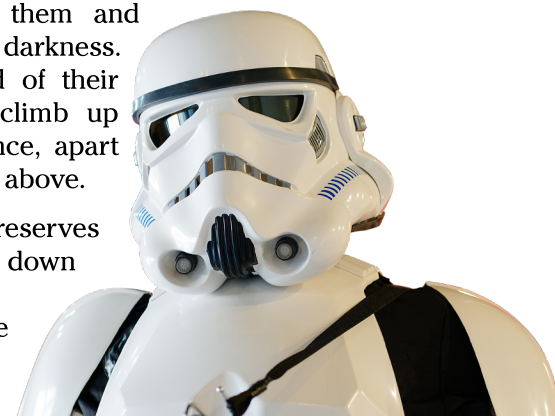
27 The Stormtrooper's shot flashes past your ear. Returning fire again, roll dice equal to one less than what you have in your *Blaster* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result of 12 or more, **turn to 4**. On a result less than this, **go to 22**.

28 Without much enthusiasm the Stormtroopers begin moving casks aside. They are almost to the casks at the back, which you are hidden behind, when one of them sighs,

"Look, this is pointless. We know she's not here and we've looked."

"Yeah, yeah, I agree. Let's get out of here." With a sigh of relief, you watch as the Stormtroopers go back through the door, shutting it behind them and leaving you in darkness. There is the sound of their footsteps, as they climb up the stairs then silence, apart from the music from above.

Drawing upon your reserves of patience, you stay down in the cellar many hours, waiting for the Imperials to give up searching the



streets above outside. At last enough time has elapsed for you to feel it will probably be as safe as it is going to get to leave the cellar.

Returning up the stairs and going through the back door of the club out into the alleyway, you start making your way to the Rebel Alliance safe house, where you will rendezvous with your Rebellion contact. **Turn to 104.**

29 Your shot misses, exploding against the lift wall behind him and he fires back at you. Roll two dice for his *Blaster* skill then roll the number of dice equal to one lower than what you have in your *Dodge* skill or *Dexterity*. If the Stormtrooper's Blaster skill roll is lower than your Dodge roll, **turn to 24**. If it is equal or higher to it, **turn to 109**.

30 If you made alterations to your clothes earlier on, roll the number of the dice you have in either your *Con* skill or *Perception* to see if your disguise works. On a result of 7 or more, **go to 38**. If you roll less than this or are not disguised, **go to 89**.

31 You hear the Imperials open fire at you and with energy bolts flashing through the air around you; you manage to avoid being hit and dive into the relative cover of the alleyway.

Some distance along the alleyway you see the back door of a club, judging by the muted sound of music coming through it.

Go to 15 to go through the door, **or 73** to continue along the alleyway. Coming from above back behind you, you can hear the whine of pursuing speeder bikes.

32 Slipping the fingers of your arm around his waist into his pocket, you go for the data card in the last few moments of your brief dance. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Pick Pocket* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result of 27 or more **go to 21**, **or 17** if you roll 16 to 26. On a result of 15 or less, **turn to 51**.

33 Before he can do anything, you lash out at him with your fists, intent on pummeling him into unconsciousness. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Brawling* skill or *Strength*. Roll three dice for him. If you roll equal to him or higher, **turn to 56**. If he rolls higher, **turn to 42**.

34 You come out into a short corridor. Straight ahead is a door which must lead into the main area of the club, judging by the loudness of the synthesized music coming through it. **Turn to 7**

to go that way. To your left are two doors, which according to the symbols they are marked with, lead to the washrooms. **Turn to 55** if you make use of the ladies' washroom to disguise your appearance with a few alterations to your dress. In its current form your dress is quite distinctive, and it would be such a good idea not to match the description of a blue skinned Twi'lek in a sparkling red gown.

Turn to 14 to go back through the door behind you.

35 "Take us into a less busy traffic lane," you instruct the air-taxi driver. He obeys. "Now move aside so I can takeover," you command him, as you release him from your garrote. "Thank you sweetie," you smile at him, as he moves into the passenger seat and you clamber over into his seat. "Now sit there quietly and sweetheart, don't be naughty. It would not be fun for either of us if I had to hurt you."

Roll the number of dice in your *Intimidation* skill or *Knowledge*. On a result of 6 or more, **go to 54**. On a lower result, **go to 62**.

36 Sprinting over to the fastest looking open top speeder you can see, you pull a length of metal out of your head piece and use it to wrench open the control panel. Quickly you work on deactivating the locking mechanism. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Security* skill or *Technical* attribute. On a result of 9 or more **turn to 49**. On a result less than this, **turn to 53**.

37 **Turn to 16** if you are heading for the double doors of the main exit **or 63** to head for the smaller door at the back of the stage.

38 The Stormtroopers look straight past you, as all they see is some blue skinned female alien in a black skirt and turban, rather than the Twi'lek singer in the sparkling red gown they are looking for.

Breathing a sigh of relief once the Stormtroopers are out of sight, you make your way to the Rebel Alliance safe house for the rendezvous with your Rebellion contact. **Turn to 104.**

39 "Fine, fine." he agrees, deactivating your restraints, which are built into the chair, then gingerly handing you the blaster pistol from his belt.

"Just remember," you tell him, as you switch the blaster to the stun setting, "You saw the door to this room was open and like a

good little Imperial, decided to investigate out of concern. You entered and that was when I shot you." You fire it at him and he falls to the floor, unconscious.

Retrieving the data card from the COMPNOR Official's pocket and for his sake, taking the one he had put on the table, you turn to the door behind it and press the opening control. **Turn to 60.**

40 Turn to 18 if you try to grab a blaster rifle from one of the Stormtroopers when they take you into a turbolift, **or to 82** to do nothing and see where they take you.

41 In the city night time air you rush across the high up platform surrounding the Imperial Conference Centre at this level. Parked here are over a dozen air speeders.

Turn to 36 if you want to try and steal a speeder but the time it might take to do so might be enough for the Imperials to catch you. Alternatively **turn to 47** to dash onto the the network of interconnecting pedestrian bridges and keep running until you can get a lift on an air-taxi.

42 He deflects your punch with his left forearm and swings at you with his right fist. Roll one less than the number of dice you have in your *Brawling Parry* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result of 6 or more, **go to 65**. On a result less than this, **go to 77**.

43 You follow the official out into a foyer and to the turbolifts there. Entering a turbolift, you find yourself alone with him in it, as it starts moving up. He looks at you, blatantly puzzled over what you are doing heading up to the higher levels. The turbolift reaches the eighteenth floor and you follow the official to the room there where he is staying. Finally he turns to face you. **Turn to 71.**

44 Whipping around the building at an insane speed, you leave the Imperials wondering where you have gone, once they get free of the slow traffic and find you completely out of sight.

A few more direction changes and you are confident you have lost your pursuers. **Turn to 52** if the air-taxi driver is with you, otherwise **turn to 97**.

45 If you made alterations to your clothes earlier on, **turn to 9**. If not, roll the number of dice you have in your *Sneak* skill or *Perception*. On a result over 11, **turn to 9**. On a result less than this, **turn to 89**.

46 One of the men grabs your arm in a painfully tight grip and a moment later another Imperial also seizes you. You end up with both arms restrained behind your back and are dragged kicking and struggling across the room. From the main doors enter three Stormtroopers in their white armor, who head over to you.

Two more Stormtroopers enter from another door with blaster rifles drawn and close on the other two members of your band. Someone backhands you across the head, to render you unconscious. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Strength* stat. On a result over 4, **turn to 72**. On a result less than this, **turn to 83**.

47 You have not run far before you are able to flag down an air-taxi. This one is a red open top air-speeder with white stripes and you recognize it as belonging to the Wodashyam taxi guild.

"Where too Miss?" asks the driver, a brash looking human male with windswept hair.

"Obsidian Plaza," you reply, thinking fast of a location further enough away from here in the right direction but not too close to where you will meet your Rebel Alliance contact to be of any use to the Imperials. "I am running very late for an engagement."

"Don't worry Miss. Speed is my specialty. They will hardly notice you're late."

"I'm sure it is for someone as impressive as you."

The air-taxi driver is good to his word and nimbly swerving around other air speeders in the canyon like traffic lanes between the lit-up skyscrapers, manages a very fast speed. Looking back the way you have come, you see behind you Imperials on the sleek, stretched out forms of speeder bikes and have no doubt in your mind that they are in pursuit after you. Doggedly, they persistently stay with you, getting slowly closer. The driver notices them after a few minutes and realizes the same thing.

"You're not late for an engagement but are on the run from the authorities, aren't you? What have you got me into?" he demands.

"No, I don't want to know. This is as far as I go with you." **Turn to 96** if you use your charms to persuade the air-taxi driver to continue helping you. Alternatively, realizing this would make him an accessory and land him in a lot of trouble, **turn to 81** if you do not object to him not taking you any further. It occurs to you he might have children who would end up losing their father

through his involvement with you. **Turn to 5** if you use physical force to make him continue driving.

48 Whatever lies you came up with, you can tell he is not convinced by them and is on the verge of calling security. If you want that data card, you are going to have to act fast and throw subtlety to the wind. **Turn to 79** if you try to grab his blaster pistol from his belt.

Turn to 33 if you attack him with your bare hands.

49 Having successfully unlocked the speeder's controls, you fire up its engines and are lifting off and hurtling into a traffic lane just as Stormtroopers are running out of the Imperial Conference Centre after you. Speeding along canyon like traffic lanes between lit-up skyscrapers, you are some distance from the Imperial Conference Centre, when you notice behind you Imperials on the sleek, stretched out forms of speeder bikes. **Go to 54** to try and out fly them or **turn to 81** to abandon the speeder and attempt to lose them on foot somewhere speeder bikes cannot follow.

50 "Sweetie, when I am questioned I'll have no choice but to confess what I've just seen you do," you tell him. "Everyone talks, when subjected to an Imperial interrogation. The only way to stop them finding out is if you help me escape. Don't worry. I'll make it look like I broke free. Just release these restraints and give me a blaster, if you have one."

"I don't know about this..."

"Look, sweetheart, whatever is on that data card must be pretty sensitive for you to be so concerned about the repercussions to yourself if it was known you almost lost it."

Roll the number of dice you have in your *Persuasion* skill or *Perception*. On a result equal or over 14 or 15 if you hit or shot the COMPNOR Official earlier on, **go to 39**. On a result lower than this, **turn to 86**.

51 The moment you grab the data card, the COMPNOR official realizes what you are doing and shouts "Thief!" as you try to get away. **Turn to 8**.

52 "Hey, we did it," you laugh to one rather dazed looking taxi-driver in the passenger seat. He looks at you blankly. "Hey, cheer up darling," you tell him. "Soon I will just be a hopefully

happy memory to you." **Turn to 97**.

53 You struggle to override the lock on the air speeder then end up tripping a security feature, which zaps you with a stun charge, rendering you unconscious. **Turn to 83**.

54 With your hands on the controls and the Imperial Speeder Bikers closing on you fast, you throttle the speeder up to full speed. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Repulsorlift Operation* skill or *Mechanical*. On a result of 14 or more, **turn to 76**. On a result less than this, **turn to 98**.

55 The ladies' washroom with its long mirror above the wash basins is empty, which is a plus. Finding a small button on the inside of your dress, you press it and it sends a small charge through the garment, changing the colour of its pigments from sparkling red to a plain black. You give the lower section of your dress, which goes down to your ankles, a firm tug and it comes away, leaving you wearing a skirt. The removed part of your dress you then wrap around your head into a turban, concealing your distinctive cranial tentacles so you can no longer be identified immediately as a Twi'lek.

Stepping back into the corridor outside the washroom, **turn to 7** to go through the door to your left, through which you can hear synthesized music coming through it, or to go through the door to your right, **turn to 14**.

56 You feel and hear your fist connect solidly with the side of his head. Roll the number of dice you have in *Strength*. On a result of 12 or more, **go to 67**. On a result less than this, **turn to 75**.

57 Roll the number of dice you have in your *Con* skill or *Perception*. On a result of 11 or more, **turn to 88**. On less than this, **go to 48**.

58 The walls of the room are a utilitarian dark gray and a red light filters down through the metal lattice ceiling above you. You hear the door behind you open and through deliberately half-closed eyes you see the COMPNOR official you stole the data card from walk into your field of vision. He picks up the data card you had tried to steal from him and replaces it with an identical one. If you wish to use the situation you have just witnessed to persuade the COMPNOR official to help you, **go to 50** or if you decide not to say anything, **turn to 87**.

59 Roll dice equal to what you have in either your *Dodge* skill or *Dexterity*. Add 8 to this. On a result of 22 or more, **turn to 31**. On a lower result, **turn to 105**.

60 The door slides open, revealing a fortunately empty corridor beyond, which you quickly dash across to the turbolifts at the other side of it. The doors of a turbolift open, and you dive in and press the button for the nearest floor with an exit from the building. An over long few seconds later the turbolift begins its descent. **Turn to 12**.

61 With one lightning fast movement you grab the handle of his blaster pistol and pulling it from his belt, aim the weapon at him.

“That data card you received earlier on. Hand it to me,” you demand with your finger on the trigger. He complies and reaching into his pocket, pulls out the data card. You grab it from him then switching the blaster setting to stun, you fire at him and he falls to the floor.

In the next moment you are darting across the corridor and back into the turbolift. The doors close behind you and it begins its descent. **Turn to 12**.

62 Once you are sufficiently distracted with driving the air-taxi, the former driver of the vehicle unexpectedly attacks you, shoving you out. You fall several meters to the ground below and are knocked unconscious. **Turn to 83**.

63 As you leap back onto the stage and make for the door at the back of it, Drabbor, the blue skinned Duros who is the band's saxophone player, winks at you and turns up the fog machine, used for atmosphere, covering the room in thick fog. Nodding your thanks to Drabbor, you dive through the door, hearing behind you an Imperial yell out and curse, before the door closes, as he trips over a cable. You have a strong suspicion that Favarth, the band's Ithorian keyboard player, or Drabbor, probably pulled the cable in question taut, deliberately.

Running through the set-up room with the doors to the changing rooms to your left and right, you push through a door out of the conference centre. **Turn to 41**.

64 A large gray uniformed Imperial with short brown hair grabs you and demands, “Why are you following, Lieutenant

Doran?” Roll the number of dice you have in your *Con* skill or *Perception*. On a result of 11 or more, **turn to 74**. On a result less than this, **turn to 107**.

65 Catching his right arm, as he punches at you, you push it aside and down so his fist fails to strike anywhere near you. Grabbing his wrist, you attempt to twist it then punch him in the head. Roll one less than the number of dice you have in your *Brawling* skill or *Strength*. On a result of 7 or more, **go to 56**. On a result less than this, **turn to 42**.

66 As you dash across across the platform outside, surrounding the Imperial Conference Centre at this level, two Stormtroopers run out of the main doors after you. One of them fires his blaster rifle at you. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Dodge* skill or *Dexterity*. Add 6 to it. Roll two dice for the Stormtrooper's Blaster skill while running. If your Dodge skill roll is higher than his Blaster skill roll, **turn to 101**. If it is equal or lower, **turn to 109**.

67 Your punch knocks him out cold and he crashes to the floor. It takes a moment to find the data card on him then in the next moment you are darting across the corridor and back into the turbolift. The doors close behind you and it begins its descent. **Turn to 12**.

68 “Please Sir,” you say with tears welling up in your big alluring eyes, “It was a prank Lieutenant Ceric insisted I played. He told me I had to and that nothing would come of it. I was so stupid. I'm just a simple singer. I would never steal. It's wrong, especially from those trying to do so much to make the Galaxy a secure and better place. I don't know anything about Rebel Alliances. Please forgive me. Don't hurt me. I'm telling you the truth.” At that point you complete your act with breaking down and crying. From anyone else this tall tale would have been unconvincing, but you are a master of this kind of thing! Your interrogator does not even bother having the droid inject you with truth drugs to be certain of your honesty.

“Fine, we will discuss this matter with Lieutenant Ceric,” he says in a softer gentler voice. “I'm sure this whole unpleasant business can be quickly cleared up. Stay here until I get back.”

“Please, these restraints really hurt...”

“Yes, of course. You have suffered enough...” With that he releases you from them. Turning around, you see a tall skinny severe faced man in a gray uniform with receding silver hair.

“The droid...” you whimper, pointing at the interrogation droid and doing your best to look really terrified, “Please don’t leave me alone with it...”

“Yes, we shouldn’t need that now. Eyetee-Oh Six, shut down please.” With a whine the black globe shaped droid powers down and sinks to the floor. “I’ll be back real soon,” the Imperial interrogator says with a warm smile you suspect hardly anyone else has seen. He then disappears through a door, locking it shut behind him and leaving you alone.

Glancing cautiously around the room, you see to your disbelief on the square metal table to one side the data card you stole is still sat there as evidence! Next to it is your deceptively harmless looking microphone. Cautiously standing up, you approach the table and pick the microphone up.

Pulling the top off it, you slide out of the casing the firing component and barrel of a modified holdout blaster. They click quickly into place onto the side of the microphone casing, which now serves as the handle of the blaster. Your Duros friend, Drabbor, had done an amazing job putting this together in such a way that the microphone still functions.

Grabbing the data card with your other hand, you turn towards the door and blast its locking mechanism. **Turn to 60.**

69 Roll the number of dice you have in your Brawling skill or Strength. On a result over 6 or more, **go to 61**. On a result less than this, **turn to 108**.

70 Leaping over the casks and ducking and dodging blaster shots fired at you by the Stormtroopers, you manage to get past them and dash up the stairs then back out through the door into the alleyway. **Turn to 73.**

71 He looks at you with perplexed curiosity and says, “I cannot think of any legitimate reason you must have for being here so you better explain it.”

Go to 57 if you wish to use deception and charm on him to deal with the situation and get the data card. If you think the time for subtlety is over, **turn to 33** to instead attack him with your

bare hands, or **go to 79** if you try to grab the blaster pistol you see in his belt.

72 The force of the blow sets your skull ringing and hurts like hell, but you manage to remain conscious. You suspect the man did not hit hard enough due to thinking you were some delicate flower and of course he wanted you alive for questioning.

Pretending to indeed be out cold, you allow the Stormtroopers to drag you limply from the room and to a turbolift in the foyer outside. Roll the dice you have in *Con* or *Perception*. On a result of 7 or more, **turn to 40**. On a result less than this, **turn to 78**.

73 Leaving the back door of the club behind you, you reach the end of the alleyway. From the street it opens out onto, three Stormtroopers spot you. **Turn to 30.**



74 “I’m a friend of his,” you tell the Imperial.

“With you not even human I don’t think so,” the large man replies.

“Not that kind of friend, silly,” you slur in sultry tones, while stroking a finger across his cheek. “I’m a surprise for him. His Commanding Officer arranged it. I forget the man’s name. I’m so forgetful.”

“Lucky guy...” you hear him sigh.

“Maybe you could help me,” you continue. “I could be your

“friend” too... I’ve forgotten his room number.”

“Floor eighteen, room two-thirteen and I’m Lieutenant Ceric; floor seventeen, room sixty-eight.”

“Thank you so much. I’ll see you soon, gorgeous.”

“And don’t forget my name and...”

“How could I? I have such a weakness for big, strong humans.” In truth Ceric’s bulk is more due to fat than muscle.

Leaving the conference room, you step out into a foyer and enter a turbolift there, which takes you up to the eighteenth floor. The turbolift doors open, revealing a corridor to your left and right, lined with numbered doors. You quickly find room two-thirteen and knock up on its door. The COMPNOR official you now know as Lieutenant Doran opens it. **Go to 71.**

75 **Go to 84** if you wish to try and take your opponent down with a final punch or **to 69** if you try and grab a blaster pistol from his belt.

76 You manage to zigzag through a fast closing gap in the traffic up ahead, leaving the Imperial Speeder Bikers stuck cursing behind slow moving vehicles. A hard-high speed turn through the gap between two buildings to your right is now all you need to lose the Imperials for good. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Repulsorlift Operation* skill or *Mechanical* attribute. Add two extra dice to this. On a roll of 16 or more, **turn to 44**. On a result less than this, **turn to 103**.

77 The Imperial sends you reeling with a punch across the side of the head. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Strength*. On a result of 5 or more, **go to 85**.

On a result less than this, **turn to 93**.

78 The Stormtroopers are not fooled by your act of pretending to be unconscious and one of them hits you hard enough to make sure it becomes real. **Go to 83**.

79 While you continue making up lies to justify following him to this floor, you move in close so he hopefully cannot see you reaching for his blaster. Roll the number of dice you have in either *Sneak*, *Pick Pocket* or *Perception*. On a result of 16 or more, **turn to 61**. On a result less than this, **turn to 108**.

80 Unmoved by your attempts to persuade him, the air-taxi driver fast brings his vehicle down to land and yells for you to get out. **Go to 81** to do as he wishes or **turn to 5** if you physically coerce him to keep driving.

81 With the Imperial speeder bikers closing in, you leap from the speeder as soon as you can safely do so and sprint for the cover of a narrow alleyway.

“Reska Jat, stay where you are and surrender yourself to Imperial custody or we will open fire!” calls out an amplified voice.

“This is your only warning!” **Turn to 92** if you do as instructed and surrender. **Turn to 59** if you run for a nearby alleyway.

82 The Stormtroopers drag you into the turbolift, which takes you up ten floors. From there they take you to a dimly lit room off a corridor, where you are restrained to a chair. **Turn to 58**.

83 You wake up restrained to a chair in a dimly lit room. If this is your first time being captured and ending up restrained to this chair during this adventure, **turn to 58** or **to 95** if this is the second time.

84 You lash out at him again. Roll one less than the number of dice you have in your *Brawling* skill or *Strength*. On a 7 or more, **turn to 67**. On a result less than this, go to **go to 42**.

85 While you are still dazed, he takes a swing at you with his fist. Roll one less than the number of dice you have in your *Brawling Parry* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result of 6 or more, **turn to 65**. On a result less than this, **go to 93**.

86 “I could make sure you cannot talk...” he tells you.

“And be fingered as the prime suspect for killing or critically injuring a prisoner? No one else would have an obvious motive for doing so. I don’t think so.”

“I’m not sure about this...”

“Look darling, we don’t have much time...” **Go to 87**.

87 You hear the door behind you open again and a look of panic appears on the face of the COMPNOR Official, as he sees who has just entered the room.

“Lieutenant Doran, you should not be in here,” declares a stern

older voice to the official. "I want Lieutenant Doran searched."

Two white armoured Stormtroopers enter the room. One of them grabs Doran, while the other checks the man's pockets, finding the data card and placing it back on the table. "No, this does not look good. Lieutenant Doran, you are to be taken into custody. I will see you after I have finished with this Twi'lek girl. Take him away!"

The Stormtroopers march Doran from the room and a black globe shaped interrogation droid floats into view and takes up a position in front of you with its injection needle primed.

"Regrettably," says the voice behind you, "You don't seem to be some nice pretty Twi'lek who knows her place. Most regrettable, especially for you. Either you are some nasty opportunistic thief or even worse a spy, perhaps working for those despicable treasonous subversive malcontents who call themselves the Rebel Alliance. Talk girl!"

Oh dear. This really does not look good for you at all! You are going to have to come up with something extremely good and be very convincing to get out of this, otherwise it will be curtains for you. If you have fired a blaster during this adventure, **go to 94**. If not, roll the dice you have in *Con* or *Perception* and on a total of 21 or more **turn to 68**. On a result less than this, **go to 94**.

Considering what is at stake, it would be worth spending your Force Point, which will allow you to roll double the usual number of dice!

88 "It's very simple," you reply. "I'm here for you. Your Commanding Officer thought you might be "lonely" so paid for me to spend the night with you."

"First the data card then this," he softly sighs happily to himself. "It appears he likes me and might have great things in store for me."

A few moments later the two of you are in his room moving in for a kiss. There is a simple bed to your left, a computer station near it and a table and chair. On the wall is a large Imperial symbol and there is a holo-photo of the Emperor on the table. Before your lips can even touch his, you smash his head into the wall behind him, knocking him unconscious.

It takes another moment to find the data card on him and slip it into a pocket in your dress, disguised as a natural crease.

Standing up, you then press the button to open the door out of his room. **Turn to 60**.

89 "There she is!" one of the Stormtroopers shouts, recognizing you, and both him and his two colleagues open fire at you. Roll the number of dice you have in your *Dodge* skill or *Dexterity*. Add 6 to this roll. If the result is 16 or more, **go to 101**. If it is lower, **turn to 106**.

90 "Please, they'll kill me or worse..." you plead with him, looking into his green eyes. I will be ever so ever so grateful."

"Fine," he sighs, "I guess I always was a sucker for a pretty face. I don't suppose they will be able to identify me and they certainly won't be able to catch us. Hold on tight!" With that he accelerates to an even faster speed, recklessly dodging around other speeders in his way. "Yeer-har!" he woops at one point. With the wind blowing hard in your face, you look around and see the Imperial Speeder Bikers getting further and further away until they are out of sight.

Finally, he slows the air-taxi down. "Obsidian Plaza, as requested," he says with a big smile on his face.

"You were marvelous, baby," you tell him, as you kiss him goodbye. He grins at you happily. **Go to 97**.

91 You slot the data card into the data pad but find you cannot get into the files on it because they are heavily encrypted. To break through the encryption, roll the number of dice you have in your *Computer Programming* skill or *Technical* attribute. On a result of 16 or more, **turn to 110**. On a failure you are unable to break the encryption and **turn to 104**.

92 Raising your hands, you turn around and face the Imperial Speeder Bikers either hovering in the air above the air speeder with their forward mount steering vanes pointing at you or landing on the street around it. The nearest Imperial Speeder Biker draws his blaster pistol, changes the setting on it, and fires. You hear the high pitch sound of a stun blast then your world goes dark. **Turn to 83**.

93 Hitting the floor, you are knocked unconscious. When you awake, you find yourself restrained to a chair in a dimly lit room. **Go to 95**.

94 Whatever you came up with was entirely unconvincing and

you find yourself at the tender mercies of the interrogation droid.
Go to 95.

95 The black globe shaped interrogation droid hovering in the air before you, closes in on you. You manage to hold out against the extreme pain you are subjected to. Eventually they would have broken you, forcing you to betray friends, Rebel Alliance secrets and everything you knew, just to end your suffering. Fortunately, they over-estimate the tolerances of Twi'lek physiology and you go into shock first with your heart giving out.

The End

96 Roll the number of dice you have in your *Persuasion* skill or *Perception*. On a result of 22 or more, **go to 90**. On a result of less than this, **turn to 80**.

97 As the air speeder comes to a stop at Obsidian Plaza, you jump out and run towards a street branching off from the square. On the way you pass the huge black crystal in the centre of the plaza, which gives the place its name. For some it is a sacred site but the Empire is busy defiling it by having the crystal sculptured into the likeness of the Emperor.

Along the streets that follow, you make your way to the Rebel Alliance safe house for the rendezvous with your Rebellion contact. **Turn to 104**.

98 Amongst the rest of the repulsorlift vehicles with pedestrian walkways spanning the traffic lanes, you are not able to maintain your speed for long. The speeder bikers quickly catch up with you and box you in, forcing you to a stop. With their forward mount steering vanes pointing at you, they aim their blasters at you. **Go to 99** if the air-taxi driver is with you, otherwise **Go to 100**.

99 The air-taxi driver is busy babbling,

"It's not my fault. She forced me..." as a speeder with several Stormtroopers in it arrives. **Go to 100**.

100 One of the Imperials sets his blaster pistol to stun and fires and your world goes black. **Turn to 83**.

101 You manage to throw yourself out of harm's way, as the blaster bolts flash through the air where you had been. A small speeder truck then comes hurtling down the street and smashes

into the Stormtroopers, sending their white armoured bodies flying. The speeder truck comes to a stop next to you and Drabbor, who is driving it, says,

"Get in!" Favarth has already opened the side door for you and you jump in a moment before the speeder truck takes off at high speed.

"It was quite tense back at the gig, when you took off," Favarth tells you. "We had to do some real fast talking to get them Imperials to let us go. They were really uptight and un-chilled about whatever it was you did."

"We also had to do some fast shooting," interjected Drabbor, "when the fast talking failed."

"Okay, yes, there was some violent unpleasantness as well," Favarth sighed, "Which I'd rather forget about. I don't know why you had to bring it up."

"But the way you opened fire with that blaster carbine you pulled out of the secret compartment beneath your organ's keyboard was so impressive."

"Regardless, I'm so glad we managed to get away and find you in time."

"I'm glad too," you reply, "And thanks for coming after me."

"Well we'll soon be at the Rebel Alliance safe house."

In the back of the speeder truck you see Favarth's organ, which features a keyboard array encircling the place in the middle where he sits. It has a few fresh blaster burns on it. There are the older blaster burns from the gig where there had been an Imperial raid to catch some individuals with Rebel Alliance connections. That had been quite hairy. More recently there was the time two Weequays had not appreciated Favarth's "singing", resulting from him eating slightly moldy Ithorian Dew Mushrooms.

Glancing around the back of the speeder truck, you see most of Favarth's and Drabbor's instruments and sound equipment is there. Despise the nature of their departure from the COMPNOR function, they had still managed to take time to retrieve most of their stuff. You suspect typically rescuing Reska Jat had come secondary to that, having known them long enough to know their priorities!

To one side you see a data pad. If you wish to use it to find out what is on the data card, **go to 91**. If you do not bother and just wait until the speeder truck reaches the Rebel Alliance safe house, **go to 104**.

102 One of the Stormtroopers aims his blaster rifle at you, having spotted you behind the casks, forcing you to move. Effectively unarmed compared to them and outmatched, your only chance is to make a dash past them and escape up the stairs. Roll one less than the number of dice you have in your *Dodge* skill or *Dexterity*. On a result of 15 or more, **turn to 70**. On a result less than this, **go to 106**.

103 Unfortunately you did not start turning the air speeder soon enough and hard enough at the speed you are going and traveling at over three hundred kilometers an hour, you crash into the side

of a building and do not survive.

The End

104 On reaching the Rebel Alliance safe house, you find it is a small apartment on the sixth floor of a low-class tower block. An old lift takes you up to that level. Within the apartment you find there are three rooms with rather basic but adequate facilities. The first of these is a small and rather cluttered communal room, from where you enter the apartment by. It has a kitchen unit against the far wall, a small table in the centre and around it worn cushions instead of chairs. Off it is a three-person bedroom and a washroom.

After a several hours' wait with early morning daylight now shining through the window of the communal room, an Alliance Intelligence Operative arrives. This is a grim human male in his mid-twenties with a mustache and a generally unshaven look. He is wearing a brown Corellian jacket over light brown clothes. Sitting down on one of the cushions, he joins you around the table.

"You have done well, Reska Jat," he tells you, as you hand him the data card. "I am certain the information on this will be vital for our cause. Sit tight here for a few days while we arrange your passage off this world."

The Intelligence Operative is good to his word and a few weeks

later you are light years away on another mission.

The End

105 The Imperials open fire on you and you are hit in the back by blaster shots before you can even reach the cover of the alleyway. **Turn to 83**.

106 There is the searing pain of a blaster bolt hitting you in the leg and you fall to the ground. The sound of a stun bolt follows. **Turn to 83**.

107 Glowering with suspicion, the large Imperial does not believe anything you say. By the time you manage to get away from him, the COMPNOR official you were following is long gone, as are the chances of you finding him and getting the data card. At least you come out of this alive, even if empty handed.

The End

108 Realizing what you are trying to do, he reaches his blaster first and fires it, hitting you at very close blank range, and your lifeless body falls to the floor.

The End

109 Your world ends in a blinding flash, as the Stormtrooper shoots you in the head.

The End

110 To your satisfaction, you manage to break through the encryption and discover the data card will be worth a lot to the Rebel Alliance. There is quite a bit of data which has no significance to you and then there are the top-secret plans for the dissolving of the Senate and a list of senators to be imprisoned or executed on charges of treason!

An official high up in the Imperial hierarchy must have passed this information down to someone who could not possibly have had clearance for it and is likely to end up in a lot of trouble. **Turn to 104**.

THE GREAT SONG

AS SUNG BY

KU-KARN LOW-GARN

BY JOHN GENDALL

Listen! Can you hear it? The Great Song, it's everywhere if you listen, In the wind on the sand, in the cries of a child, in the hum of a ship's engine, it's everywhere and in everything. That's why my people call it the great song. People of the galaxy refer to it by many names, most call it the force.....

Amongst my people there are some who hear the song better than the rest, I am one of those, they call us Korlecks and it is because of us, that the Empire came to my planet and I had to leave. The Empire doesn't like those who can listen well, they prefer most to not listen, to only hear their words. It's been three years since I left my world and found the greater galaxy. I have seen many wonders, ships that fly between world's metal people who are made to serve. I have listened, I have learnt and I have survived. There were once people like me, people called them Jedi, they have fallen and now people are afraid of those who can hear the song, people like these Jedi.

To survive in the Empire is to pretend you are deaf. Those who can hear the song well, those strong in the force, need to hide their gifts or risk being noticed. The Empire with its bone warriors, its stormtroopers, look out for those who can hear the song. Worse the Empire has others, black-robed creatures who sing a corrupted song full of discord. If these notice you, they will hunt you. I have met one, I got away but he still haunts my dreams.....

There is hope, some descendants of those fallen Jedi, they seek to restore that order. I met a man called Corwyn he was like that. A good man. His way, the Jedi way is not mine, but he and others hide and wait.

Then there's those like me, not Jedi. The Empire does not care what we are, it puts us with Jedi and anyone else who can listen well. We must be quiet, but we still can sing!

If you have one of those laser swords, or should you find one, keep it safe. I find them dangerous but those of the Jedi way are so attuned to the song that they can use them with great skill. However, the mere sight of one can cause panic and fear in the empire and its people. Disguise them, attach them to staffs, and hide them amongst your clothes or in your metal men, your droids. If you should need to use such a thing, use it sparingly and away from large groups. I heard of one fool who used one in the main street on a busy day in the capital city! He later had a garrison of bone warriors after him and a bounty in the thousands!!!!

Use your gifts subtly. If you are like me, you can hear the song within you and others. You can also fetch things to you. Using the force in this way is a gift but be careful how you use it. When I first came to the empire, I was naive, I tasted alcohol for the first time. I lost my sense but not my knowledge of the great song. I tasted more alcohol and wanted more. Before my companions knew it I had others' drinks fly to my hand. Luckily for me, I had found good friends, they took me away from the bar quickly before I got into trouble.

Your inner gifts, the ability to see better, to be stronger, faster are easier to hide. Claim such things are luck, most seem to believe in "luck" more than anything else in the empire. The ability to hear the song well, to sense things as Jedi call it, use wisely but do not explain to others, most will not understand anyway, and those that do may report you to others.

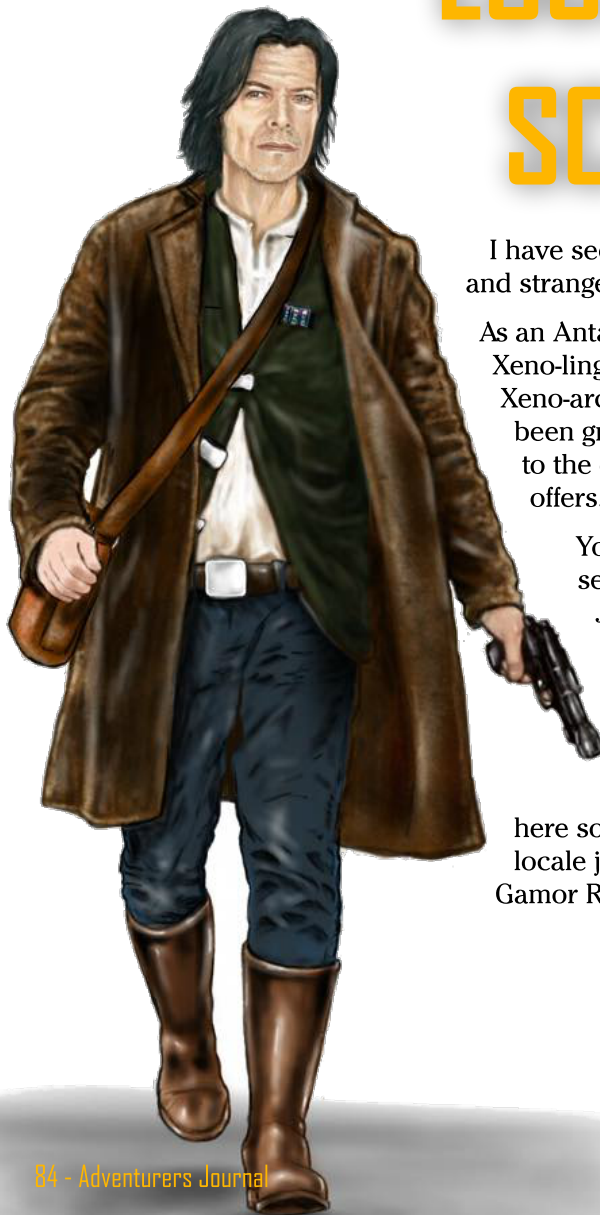
Use your gifts of moving things, to make people trip, or to have things fall on them, rather than to throw them down a street. You can achieve the same results and help your companions without alerting unneeded attention.

Find some friends you can trust, keep them with you. The empire is a huge and at times bad place. Your gifts will mark you out. You will need your friends to help hide you. They will also help you keep harmony. The great song has many movements, it rises and falls. The great song of this empire is melancholy, it is dour and downbeat. Fear is strong here, misplaced fear of the Jedi and anyone like them. The empire ruled by this fear and unfortunately being like us, being who can hear the song, can be overwhelmed by such fear. Keep your harmony, do not fall into discord and strife, beware the Dark side.....

" 'Ello there. I'm Aurek Jenth. Pleased to meet you.

My old commanding officer and good friend General Mohrs sent a communique a few days ago, and said I might have some visitors looking for a step forward on their journey to becoming a..

LOCATION SCOUT



I have seen many wonderful and strange things in the galaxy.

As an Antarian Ranger, a Xeno-linguist, and a Xeno-archaeologist I have been granted a front row seat to the danger and beauty it offers.

You might have even seen my *Adventurers Journal*, out on the holonet, or managed to get a hard copy from the limited print run.

Either way, you are here so let's start off with a locale just North of the Gamor Run.."

Ord Frix Fuel Hub

Hawk-Bat City

System: Frix System, Ord Frix, P-13

Starport Type: Stellar Class

Traffic: Slow

Control: Controller

Landing: Landing Team

Docking Areas: Landing Bays

Docking Fees: 50 credits a day, negotiable (min. 25)

Customs: Imperial (lax)

Services: Food, lodging, repairs, entertainment, storagebays.

Capsule: Hawk-Bat City is one of the few Imperial failures they keep up and running. Due to the unique circumstances of location and an invasive introduced species, the Imperial Navy cannot run this ordinance depot in a standard fashion. It's out of the way location in a deserted section of the Expansion Region leads the staff to be unusually welcoming to outsiders. Consider this one of the few places in the galaxy where civilians can freely mix with imperials with relatively little fear of the consequences, discretely move contraband, and pick up useful information.

The Starport

Ord Frix was little more than a big smooth ball of ice where the winds can exceed several hundred kilometers an hour. A surface outpost was ill-advised. The first thing the Imperial Engineering Corps had to do was bore out a deep system of caverns in the ice. Second thing was a geothermal tap, so the volcanic heat from the molten core of the planet could produce the steam power for running a permanent facility. Third they moved in the equipment and prefabricated structures, including the fuel processors. By the time they were done there were twenty transport-sized bays, repair facilities, ordinance storage, a refuel/refresh depot, hothouse for growing vegetables, and even space for limited retail businesses. The Ord Frix Fuel Hub was ready to go, but then the infestation began.

Hawk-bats are an reptilian avian species native to the under-city of Coruscant. If you've never seen them than consider yourself lucky. They have a 1.5 meter wingspan and more teeth and claws than a nexu. Rare and endangered, these vicious swarming beasts can be extremely dangerous in the wrong situation. Officially, no one knows how the hawk-bats came to Ord Frix. It is assumed they were smuggled in on a supply freighter and then escaped into the wild. But wherever they came from, the hawk-bat population exploded shortly after the Fuel Hub was opened.

As the creatures hate the cold they live in the misty warmth of the caverns near the geothermal tap. They come to the upper caverns and starport when they get hungry, which is often. One-on-one a full grown human is a even money fight with a single hawk-bat, but when riled up the night-fliers attack in swarms. On Coruscant it was not uncommon for the authorities to find the bones of missing persons in the under city, victims of disturbing a clutch of hungry hawk-bats.

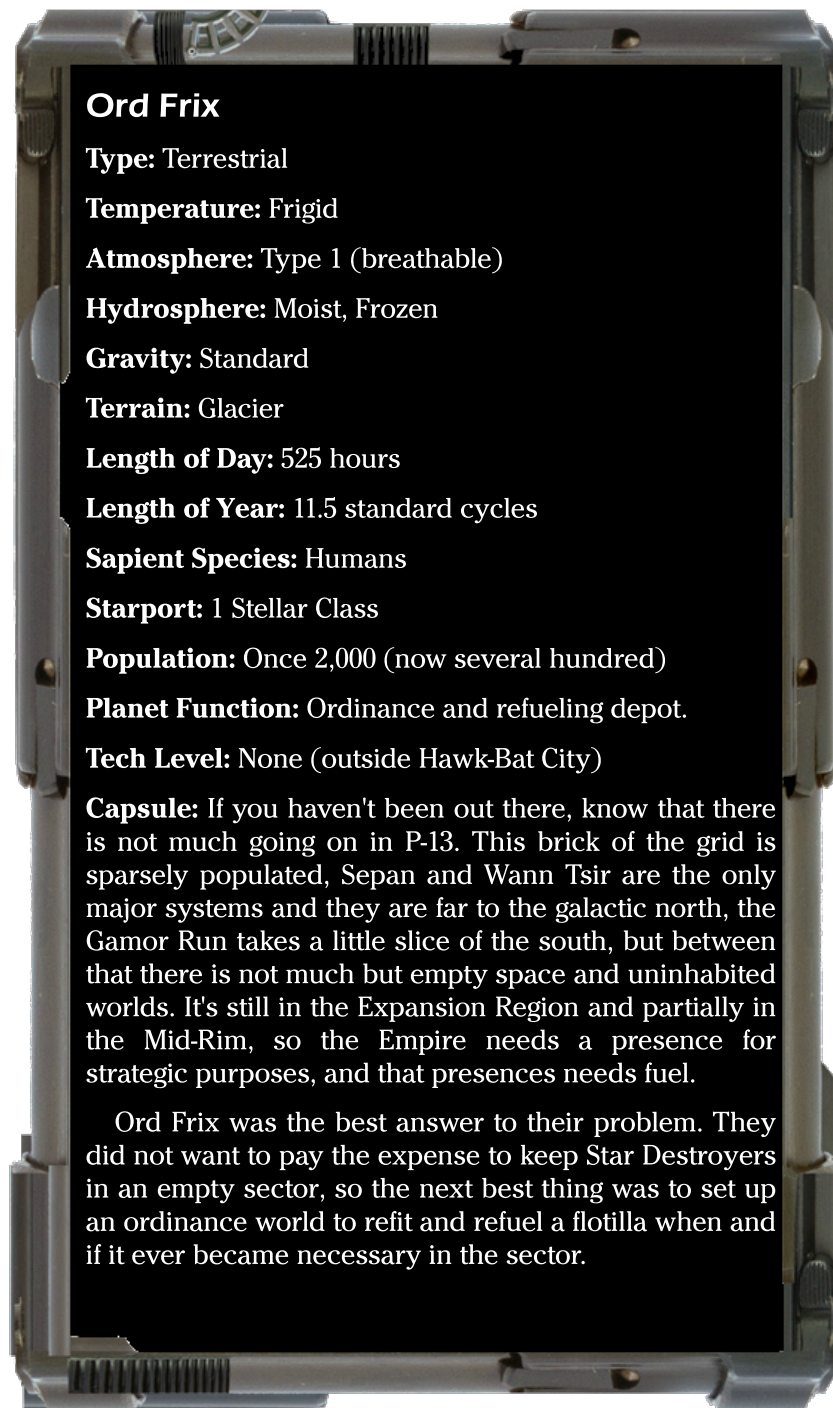
The Imperials have tried to remove the nuisance via force, by sending wave after wave of stormtroopers in an organized attempt to corral and exterminate the deadly critters. The resulting carnage was hideous; Nine deaths, a dozen injuries, and only twenty dead hawk-bats. Worst of all, the bloody bastards have some sort of communal memory. They knew what Imperial uniforms looked like and after a while, by the third elimination campaign, Stormtroopers and uniformed officers would be selectively attacked by swooping hawk-bats from the darkness.

Administration of the facility was quick to sweep the whole mess under the rug, covering the fatalities as accidental cave-ins and paying off the injured with hush money and transfers to other ports-of-call. They have tried to deal with the hawk-bat infestation discretely, with limited results. So far nerve gas has been useless and the structure of the ice caverns prevents the use of high explosive or sonic weapons. Every so often there is a volunteer hunt, but those are done with dark clothing, masks and slugthrowers so the hunters can remain hidden. This periodic culling does not do much for the general mood of the hawk-bats.

Doing work in the caverns soon became dangerous, and all but impossible in uniform. After too many random attacks, for the first time in galactic history Imperial military personnel were required to do their normal duties in civilian dress. This had a massive effect on moral and public relations. They got better.

You see the psychology of the Empire revolves around being a faceless monolith. Stormtrooper armor and naval uniforms are meant to be as intimidating as they are functional. But the civilian contractors and independent businessmen found themselves working with the casually clothed staff of the Ord Frix Fuel Hub more easily than usual. Moreover the Imperials found the relaxed interactions with the locals far more enjoyable than the typical distrust and animosity at other ports-of-call. Once the plans for the orbital drydock were scuttled for budgetary reasons, the Ord Frix Fuel Hub has been left to its own devices.

"Hawk-Bat City" became the nickname of the most informal outpost in the Empire. While the Imperial presence is certainly there, the unique circumstance of the starport has made it a lot more welcoming to spacers and smugglers than usual for an Imperial run facility. So long as you bring a little extra contraband or some of the latest holovids, you'll find yourself making fast friends with Imps and independents alike. It's the best place I know of to lay low when the heat on you is of the non-Imperial variety. Gangsters and bounty hunters do not want to get the attention of two hundred or so bored Imperials in a tightly controlled starport.



Upper Level - Landing Facilities

Hawk-Bat City monitors air traffic and there is always a controller on duty. Advising approaching vessels of wind conditions on the surface, transports are guided into the 100 km long descending tunnel, that has a few twists and turns to cut down on the wind shear. Once past the blast doors visiting ships are directed to one of 20 transport-sized landing bays.

Each stellar bay has stellar class repair and refit facilities, designed to service vessels the size of an imperial shuttle. Some of these have been retrofitted with heavier hydraulics to work on ships up to the size of a GR-75, so they can handle most tramp freighters without much effort. Fuel and consumables are available, but a little pricier than average due to location.

A warning against making illegal modifications. The diagnostic system in the starport has a glitch. It will not detect illegal modifications so long as your engine output is less than capital scale, but any illegal modifications made there are immediately reported to Bureau of Ships and Services. While Hawk-Bat City might be the best place to repair your hot rod, it's not the best place to supe it up.

Besides the repulsortransports down to the middle levels, the only other thing in the landing area is the fuel tanks. They keep them up there just in case of fire, should one happen it's better the fuel tanks burn above the station proper than below. Ice melts and water only flows one way planetside.

If you need repairs to your ship, talk to Robin Zaant. He's the Chief Engineer and really knows his stuff.

Middle Level - Primary Facilities

Customs House

About 80 meters below the landing deck is the main floor of the starport. If you want to unload any cargo you are going to have to report to the custom house. The office is located right off the main drag on purpose, before you get too cozy in their ice cave they want to know what you are bringing in and any taxes or tariffs that need to get paid. Due to the previous outbreak of hawk-bats, I wouldn't go bringing in any exotic species if you could help it.

The nice thing about the customs officer stationed here is he is a reasonable man. He just wants a cut of anything you want to sell, so long as it's not too illegal (death sticks, slaves, heavy repeating

blasters, etc). This definition can change, but most of the time he is fine with the sale of anything within reason.

Security Office

Situated right across the way from the Customs House is the Security Office. It really is little more than an office, a monitor room, interrogation room and holding cells. If you have any personal weapons they are to be turned in here. Blasters in particular are forbidden as even one shot can start a swarm. Technically you are supposed to turn everything in, but they will be happy to just get your blasters. Keep your ticket and you can pick them up on your way out.

Odds are if you lose somebody in your crew they will turn up here anyway. In comparison to the other drunk tanks of the universe, Hawk-Bat City's is Imperial Class.

Parade Ground

Initially intended as a promenade, without the requisite civilian businesses, the main section of the cave is referred to as a parade ground. Though there are not enough stormtroopers around here to warrant a parade, they call it that anyway. Here you will notice high above that the roof of this ice cave the shadows may seem to move. Those are resting hawk-bats, there is a reason we turn in our blasters.

Ord Frix Hostel

Run by a protocol droid named Zazzu, the Ord Frix Hostel is about the only place that a visitor can stay in the starport itself. Sometimes when the hawk-bats are acting up it's not a good idea to walk all the way back to your ship, or sometimes you just don't want to sleep in the same bunk, either way the Ord Frix Hostel is your only chance to get away from the usual.

(I would not recommend going home with anyone stationed at Hawk-Bat City. Half of them live in barracks and the other half have little privacy. They would rather visit your quarters on ship if they can slip away...)

The beds are soft and clean. It's affordable and what you expect. As it is a converted barracks there is little privacy and things are laid out in the most efficient fashion. Office partitions are often the only things between sleeping areas. You get what you pay for, and the Ord Frix Hostel is about as cheap as it gets.

Cagey's Pub

There are exactly 3 places to eat in Hawk-Bat City, the commissary, the officer's club, and Cagey's Pub. The commissary is a cafeteria in the lower-mid level near the barracks, a place visitors can't go. The officer's club is invite only. But Cagey's Pub is open to everyone.

Cagey's get its name from the large number of cargo containers for live animal shipments that were found when the first crews moved in. Multiple species were brought in to do various duties on the surface of Ord Frix, but even if they could take the cold they could not take the wind. Everything from tauntauns to ice mammoths were brought in but nothing survived. What one industrial naval trooper decided to do was tap a keg amongst the empty cages and open an exotic barbeque with the failures.

Somehow Cagey's became an institution, it now has tables and a roof. What it doesn't have is any civilian owner I know of, the naval trooper who founded the place was transferred off long ago. It seems to have a rotating staff of bored locals, low intellect serving droids, and drifters that kind of float through. Needless to say the place has a certain charm for being the only place in town, and few around here would ever deny the chance to tie a few on and get a decent steak.

The Ord Frix Free Clinic

Spacers and crew tend not to take the best care of themselves. Long hauls in the space-between-places can have you spend months breathing recycled air, drinking recycled water, even eating recycled food (ew). Add lack of exercise and general stress on top of that and spacers can have a multitude of health issues. That is why the local doctor started the Ord Frix Free Clinic.

One exam room, four beds and a bacta tank are not much, but for a spacer on a budget you'll never get better for the price. I've flown parsecs to get to Ord Frix just to get patched up by Dr. Curzan. He is efficient, his bedside manner is cold, but he knows his stuff.

Whether it is charity for spacers or he just has to use as many supplies as he can to get the same budget from the Imperial Navy next cycle, Dr. Curzan is like a guardian angel for spacers everywhere. Old radiation burns, festering stab wounds, crabworms infestations, whatever ails you, Dr. Curzan and his 21-B medical droid will fix you up with few questions asked.

Slip a donation in to the box on your way out. If the doctor is dissatisfied and quits we lose one of the better medical resources we can get.

The Gymnasium

On the far side of the parade ground is the gymnasium. Nothing fancy. Simple facilities with weights and treadmills if that is the sort of thing you are into. Inside is all the equipment for three blastball teams, but the hawk-bats put a stop to practicing that particular game on the parade grounds.

Empty Shops

There are five other vacant storefronts on this level. They circle the parade grounds as commerce was always a secondary intention. Unfortunatly no one has set up shop in these for a very long time. It's kind of sad by they may never get properly used.

Officer's Club

The fanciest restaurant on Ord Frix also happens to be the most exclusive. Cdre. Mimsy received as a gift from his parents a Cybot Galactica 434-FPC Personal Chef Droid. Deciding there was little reason to keep his chef's duties strictly to himself, but not stooping so low as to share with the lower ranks, Mimsy's chef droid works diligently at the officer's mess providing whatever culinary delights the commissioned officers could want, limited to standard rations, hawk-bat meat and eggs, and whatever can be bartered off the spacers passing through.

While not much it is easily a cut above the rest, has very comfortable seating and an expensive holovid entertainment system. I know because every so often, when the Commodore wants to impress or reward someone he brings them into the Officer's Club. A half dozen dewback steaks are more than enough to get an invite in most situations.

Barracks

Most imperial troopers sleep here. I've never been inside. 200 Imps sharing one space with little ventilation never intrigued me. I would assume it is a standard design.

Officer Quarters

Not sure if these were meant as housing for the officers or luxury apartments. Either way they are the nicest place to stay if you are

allowed. Basically a 4 story apartment complex surrounded with views of ice or nesting clutches of hawk-bats. More spacious than the quarters of any freighter, if you had to make an extended stay on Ord Frix this would be the place.

Armory & Motor Pool

While there are a few blaster and rifles at the security office, there is a full arsenal of armor and weapons befitting the intended crew size of the starbase, there are weapons and armor for 500 snowtroopers locked away in cold storage. In addition, there are three Draymak ATV X-12 retrofitted as ice-borers.

I did manage to get a peek inside the armory once and it is stacked with row upon row of blaster rifle racks, an e-web cannon, cases of thermal detonators and a few cold-weather air speeders. Spoke to the quartermaster about taking some choice pieces off his hands, but for all his pompous dereliction of duty Mimsy does keep an accurate accounting of this particular supply.

Still, it is here, and things have been known to disappear from much larger and more well guarded places than this.

Lower Level - Support Facilities

Below the relative safe harbor of the landing bays and promenade, the real guts of Hawk-Bat City are laid out in a sprawling system of catacombs. I once took a client down there on a hunting trip. They are as mysterious as they are deadly. It's easy to get lost down there even when you have light. Some gasses are heavier than air and will displace the oxygen, venture too deep and you may find yourself unable to breathe. Throw in the possibility of cave-ins from the planet-wide glacier shifting, void collapse from the heat from the g-tap or atmosphere processor, whole new ice cavern systems opened by venting heat from the power station of atmo-plant, or you just might turn a corner and spook a swarm of sleeping hawk-bats, the lower levels are about as dangerous as it gets.

Geothermal Tap

Despite the frigid surface temperatures, Ord Frix will still be volcanically active for the next few eons. While they are no surface expulsions or geysers, there is bedrock and a molten core beneath. The Geothermal Tap sits on one of these hard spots, drilling deep to bring up the heat, and generating all the power Hawk-Bat City needs. Miles and miles of pipes converge on this

spot, venting volcanic gas to the surface, running melted ice to the Atmosphere Processing Plant, or water and power up to the starport.

A word of caution, if you ever think it is a good idea to throw yourself into the Hawk-Bat City sewer for a quick escape, you will end up here. It easier for them to dump their waste into a lava pit than recycle. So don't flush yourself down the refresher.

On that hunting trip we spent a few days camping out under the cold water pipes. The warm water ones tend to attract the hawk-bats. If enough of them hang from a pipe the weight will cause a leak, the heat of which attracts more hawk-bats. Lucky for us on this trip we were hunting the eggs and not the toothy critters themselves.

Atmosphere Plant

Human-friendly atmosphere is a difficult balance. The Imps were smart enough to put the atmo-plant kilometers away from G-Tap; Losing one is bad enough, losing both would be a death sentence.

Luckily the atmosphere processing plant is a very stable Old Republic design. I've seen similar systems on many core worlds, chugging along for millennia without much trouble. This is the place the fresh water is turned potable, where the air is made breathable, and you can find some emergency rations if you ever get lost down here.

Ice Labyrinth

Most of the connecting tunnels are a meandering mishmash of intentional corridors and accidental channels made by venting steam. There are no accurate maps as the ice always tends to be shifting. This is probably the scariest place on Ord Frix. Having a good guide down here is essential to survival. Step carefully or you may end up falling into a bottomless crevice or breathing poisonous gas. Not to mention the hawk-bats who always seem hungry...

Hawk-Bat Warren

Somewhere deep down in the cracks and the crags beneath Ord Frix is a fissure only seen by a few. Whether it was naturally made by the shifting ice flows of the planet-wide glacier or a byproduct of tapping the planetary core for heat, there is a great wide cavern you could come to if you spend enough time down here. This is the home of the Hawk-Bats.

A mile high cavern with thousands of hawk-bats lining the walls, an edible bio-luminescent lichen that attracts them covering the walls, and a meter thick layer of Hawk-Bat droppings on the floor, this is the mother load of many things. If you are after hawk-bats hides as trophies those should be easy to get. If you are after the hawk-bat eggs to resell as a delicacy on Coruscant they are also easy to find. If you need several tons of authentic hawk-bat guano to sell to cosmetic companies in the corporate sector, it's all right here.

An enterprising crew could make themselves a killing. Even their own.

While all of this might seem like easy pickings, keep in mind that loud noises, blaster shots, or even just too much movement could cause a hawk-bat swarm an AT-AT could not survive. More than a few crewmen from tramp freighters have disappeared down here. Mostly they don't even find the bones.

But if you've come all this way, is it not worth taking one more chance?

Roleplaying Game Statistics

■ Hawk-Bat

Type: Small airborne predator

Planet of Origin: Coruscant(?)

DEXTERITY 5D

PERCEPTION 4D

Hide 7D+1, Search 7D+2, Sneak 8D

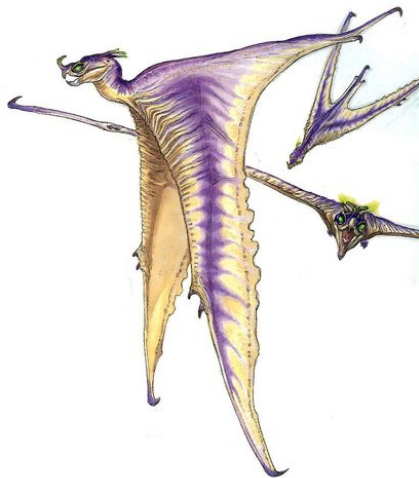
STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 2D+2

Special Abilities

Claws: Do STR+2 damage.

Sonic Stun: Once per day, a hawk-bat can release an incredibly powerful and shrill cry that can stun creatures. This focused blast has a 10 meter range and requires a successful thrown weapons attack. The blast deals 3D stun damage.



Exceptional Reflexes: Gain a +1D bonus to all Perception rolls made to determine initiative.

Blindsight: Using its keen non-visual senses, a hawk-bat maneuvers and fights as well as a sighted creature.

Concealment, invisibility and darkness are irrelevant. This ability has a range of 20 meters.

Move: 4, 30 (flying)

Size: 1 meter high

Source: Ultimate Adversaries (pages 89-90)

Starport Personnel

■ Commodore Jalebop Mimsy

Type: Imperial Bureaucrat

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 4D, Dodge 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Alien Species 4D, Bureaucracy 6D+1, Planetary Systems 5D, Intimidation 5D, Languages 4D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Astrogation 4D, Space Transport Piloting 5D

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Bargain 4D+2, Command 5D+1, Con 4D+1

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 4D

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, datapad, traditional planetary garb, dress uniform

Capsule: Commodore Mimsy, is the textbook example of a political appointment. Jalebop Mimsy was born into a wealthy Coruscanti family. He joined the Imperial Navy out of political ambition, but barely rose above the rank of a deck officer. Luckily for him his familial connections provided him

promotions his ability could not. Serving as the harbormaster of the Ord Frix Fuel Hub was supposed to be a comfortable position for him to serve out the remainder of his tour, far from any shooting conflict and an easy pivot into civilian politics. Unfortunately his appetites betrayed him.

Cdre. Mimsy had developed a taste for a certain Coruscanti delicacy, hawk-bat eggs. The endangered, illusive and dangerous reptilian avians are very protective of their nests. As such a clutch of their eggs goes for a pretty penny in the upper echelons of galactic society. His parents sent him a mated pair of hawk-bats as a gift that their son was more than happy to receive, until one of his subordinates left the cage open.

Cdre. Mimsy is haughty, arrogant and egotistical. He believes in human elitism more than your average Imperial. Cowardly, overweight, and middle-aged, he was looking to exit the service and enter politics. Along with his rank, a well-run starport was supposed to be the shining jewel of his political resume. Now his entire future is in doubt. If Mimsy can deal with the hawk-bat issue discreetly than he can finish his service and get on with his life. If not, he'll have to re-up for another tour just so no one finds out it was his hawk-bats that started the sorry chain of events in the first place.

■ Chief Engineer: Sgt. Robin Zaant

Type: Imperial Chief Engineer

DEXTERITY 3D

Brawl Parry 4D+2, Dodge 4D, Melee Combat 3D+1, Melee Parry 3D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Planetary Systems: Ord Frix 6D+2, Streetwise 3D+2, Value 4D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Ground vehicle Op 4D+2, Ground Vehicle Op: Ice Borer 5D+2, Repulsorlift Op 5D+1, Space Transports 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 3D+2, Gambling 4D, Search 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+1, Climbing/Jumping 3D+2, Lifting 3D+2

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Battle Station Repair 7D+2, Computer Programming/Repair 4D+2, Droid Programming 4D, Droid Repair 5D, Ground Vehicle Repair 5D, Repulsorlift Repair 5D, Space Transports Repair 4D, Systems Diagnosis 8D

Move: 10

Equipment: Stun truncheon (3D stun), Tool kit, Comlink, Dirty Coveralls

Capsule: Rumor has it Robin Zaant came with the starport. By far the longest tenured resident of Hawk-Bat City, CE Zaant was on the initial drilling team from Imperial Corps of Engineers that started work on Ord Frix a dozen years ago when he was a fresh-faced academy graduate. He was so enthusiastic to work that his superiors kept writing him recommendations, so that when they transferred away from the miserable ice-ball that Robin Zaant was left behind to oversee their duties as well as his own. Before five years he was chief engineer and the place would literally fall apart without him.

When not shoring up ice tunnels, maintaining the starport or fixing the geothermal generator that powers everything, Zaant can be found in Cagey's Public House, playing Sabaac or drinking away what remains of his youth. He's a good guy, loves a challenge, and he will truly appreciate the workmanship behind a tramp freighter. He likes to offer a free diagnostic for every vessel that comes in, even offering a reasonable price for any necessary repairs. Unfortunately parts are rare in Hawk-Bat City so the man can't fix everything.

He's content to manage his small staff, keep the facility running and stay clear of those damn hawk-bats. He spends his leisure hours drinking, gambling and has the occasional punch-up. Rob Zaant loves talking to incoming spacers and I greatly suspect he would be one himself if he weren't tied down to this place.

■ Customs Enforcement Officer, Sub-Lt. Jarth Tammulin

Type: Imperial Customs Enforcement Officer

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 4D+2, Dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy 4D, Law Enforcement 5D, Planetary Systems 3D+1, Streetwise 5D+2, Value 7D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Repulsorlift Op 4D+2, Space Transports 4D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D+1, Command 5D+1, Con 5D+2, Gambling 4D+2, Intimidation 4D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Repair Repulsorlift 4D+1, Security 3D+2

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster Pistol 4D, Comlink, Datapad, Uniform, Civilian clothes.

Capsule: Some people join the military for glory and honor, some for the steady pay. Jarth Tammulin was from the second set. At the academy he placed squarely in the middle of his class, unremarkable and seemingly unsuited for combat duty, Tammulin pursued a career in Imperial Customs and never looked back.

Glory and honor were fine, but cash was finer.

Customs officers got offered the best bribes, but the best officers figured out quickly who to take them from. With his ear to the ground and a couple paid informants Tammulin developed a knack for inserting himself into any deal he wanted, and always to his benefit. He was smart enough to

keep transferring, year after year, and always after a big bust with multiple arrests and plenty of contraband to seize; some lowlives just didn't realize that Jarth Tammulin was the piper you had to pay.

For him Hawk-Bat City is a dream assignment. He's accumulated enough wealth, criminal contacts and position to get anything he wants, or more importantly anything anyone else could want (at a price). Hawk-Bat City has a small population and each with particular needs. The traffic is not as crazy as a larger starport, but with two hundred imperials with nothing to spend their money on Jarth Tammulin is making a killing.

If a smuggler isn't up on their game and they hang around Hawk-Bat City enough, they might find themselves running errands for Tammulin in addition to other activities. I've done it myself. Jarth knows his business and the markup is pretty good.

■ Chief of Security - Lt. Siann Ysk

Type: Imperial Starport Security Chief

DEXTERITY 2D+1

Blaster 3D+1, Blaster: Blaster Rifle 4D+2, Brawling Parry 3D+1, Dodge 3D+1, Grenade 3D+1, Melee Combat 3D+1, Melee Parry 3D+1, Running 3D+2

KNOWLEDGE 1D+1

Intimidation 2D+1, Streetwise 2D+1, Survival: Hunting 4D+1

MECHANICAL 1D+2

Repulsorlift Operation 2D+2, Capital Ship Shields 2D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D, Search 4D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Brawling 4D+2, Stamina 3D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 5D

Character Points: 4

Move: 10

Equipment: Blast helmet (+1D to physical, +1 energy), blaster pistol (4D), comlink, datapad, traditional planetary garb, dress uniform.

Capsule: Siann Ysk was never a coward. She was young and inexperienced once, but never a coward. A 16 year veteran of the Imperial Navy Corps, Siann has been a junior security officer on nearly a dozen vessels, but for some reason she could not rise above the rank of sublieutenant. She doubled her efforts, executed her duties in the most efficient way possible, maintained strict discipline, and kept the deck plates of her duty station shining; By all accounts a model officer, yet she was passed over for promotion again and again.

As it turns out, even in space male chauvinisms was a powerful force. Her superiors liked having a young and attractive female subordinate ready to jump at their slightest command. So much so that some went to great lengths to keep her there by transferring her from ship-to-ship in a bureaucratic shuffle.

Finally enough was enough. She put in for transfer from the Navy to Port Control. As age was starting to wear away at her beauty, her last commander was happy to oblige.

But there was one final insult, the transfer was to Ord Frix, an under-populated ice cave in an empty sector. There was nothing for the newly promoted Lt. Ysk to do. There was no war here, no large population to control, just the monotony to keep the garrison in shape, weapons cleaned and the deck plates shined. Ysk was so bored she was losing her mind.

It was a combination of that boredom and her disrespect for the chicken-shit bureaucrat she had to call a commanding officer that lead her to leaving the cage door open.

Two years later and things were finally interesting. Escort duties, law enforcement, even the occasional search and destroy mission. Lt. Ysk couldn't be happier that this starport was going to hell. In addition to her pension, Lt. Ysk is banking some extra credits by serving as a guide to the hunters that show up for the hawk-bats from time-to-time. She's having the time of her life.

Siann Ysk is an outgoing field officer. She is under no illusions

that this little starport is serving a greater cause, but she no longer cares. He will ride out the remainder of his twenty years in this place and may even open a hunting business in Hawk-Bat City upon retirement.

■ ZA-Z2 "Zazzu"

Type: Arakyd Industries RA-7 Series Protocol Droid

DEXTERITY 2D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Bureaucracy 4D, Cultures 6D, Languages 6D

MECHANICAL 1D

Repulsorlift Operation 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Hiding 4D, Search 3D+1, Sneak 3D+1

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 1D

Security: Hawk-Bat City 4D

Equipped With:

-Visual spectrum scanners

-Vocabulator speech/ sound system

-Humanoid appendages configuration

Move: 9

Size: 1.7 meters tall

Cost: 3,000

Capsule: At one point the Empire had a surplus of RA-7 Protocol Droids. Whether it was from an error in procurement or a fundamental misunderstanding of how a human-centric Empire worked, they ended up with a lot of these models of rude, ugly, third degree droids. The Imps started putting them everywhere, inventory trackers, officer valets, and unfortunately protocol. ZA-Z2 was one of these droids, assigned to help wherever it could on the Ord Frix Fuel Hub. "Zazzu" as they called him was next to useless. The inventory never changed much, dignitaries rarely visited, and strangers were only slightly

more frequent. Zazzu would busy himself with whatever he deemed most necessary for the functioning of the starport, even if that meant he was the only one taking the garbage down to the incinerator when the hawk-bats were swarming.

Zazzu's programming as been messed with, not once, not twice, but three times. Chief Engineer Zaant fiddled with his personality settings to make the RA-7 more agreeable. Customs Officer Tammulin programmed Zed to greet incoming vessels and search the ship while the customs inspector kept the crew distracted. But Dr. Curzan reprogrammed Zed to listen in on private conversations and report back to him.

The gruff, ugly droid got reprogrammed into an affable sneak and spy. This extra-parameter programming sometimes conflicts with his core directives, forcing the droid to seize-up and tremble until someone comes along and reboots him. Once an annoyance, now most of the staff look at Zazzu as a sort of mascot for Hawk-Bat City. When he gets the opportunity he often repaints himself in a different colors. Zazzu says this is to deceive the hawk-bats into thinking there are more droids than just him.

■ Doctor Nerrick Curzan, Chief Medical Officer

Type: Medical Doctor, ISB Agent

Dexterity 2D+2

Blaster 3D+1, Dodge 4D+2, Sneak 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Alien Species 5D, Cultures 4D, Languages 4D, Law Enforcement 6D, Survival 4D+1, Value 4D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift Operation 4D+1, Space Transports 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 5D, Command 4D, Gambling 5D

STRENGTH 2D

Lifting 2D+2, Stamina 3D

TECHNICAL 3D

Droid Program/Repair 3D+1, First Aid 5D, Medicine (A) 3D+2

Move: 10

Equipment: Stun truncheon (3D stun), Medical kit, Medpac, Comlink, 2-1B Medical Droid

Capsule: The Imperial Security Bureau gets a terrible reputation. The job is nasty, only the cruelest of people would want to interrogate or torture citizens and suspected traitors. No civil person would willingly do the job, unless they didn't care how they appeared to others; and that was the exact type of person least suited for undercover work. So the ISB had a recruitment problem. They could not recruit agents and train them to blend in, so the answer was to recruit young officers whose abilities in other areas were so good that no one would expect them to be ISB.

Nerrick Curzan was such a recruit. An ambitious young medical student, his indoctrination into COMPNOR was quick and willing. His domineering father pushed him into medical school, but in his heart he always wanted to be in the military fighting rebels and securing the New Order.

The ISB offered the best of both worlds. Dr. Curzan can route out the rebel influence using the confidence people put in their doctor, and use his medical skills to ensure that capable and loyal officers are always ready to serve the greater good.

His placement at Hawk-Bat City is not a mistake. The ISB is interested in what was going on at this fuel hub, high expectations being dashed so thoroughly and quickly. The Imperial Security Bureau assumes there must be a rebel presence in this system and starport staff must be working in collusion with them. Dr. Curzan quickly found this was untrue, reporting to his superiors that the setbacks in the program were due to incompetence and boredom.

But Curzan has become interested in Ord Frix for other reasons. The frozen planetoid may be a failure as a starport, but it is ideal as a site for black ops... Whole structures can be discreetly built miles beneath sheets of thick ice. Torture chambers, secret prisons, perhaps a weapons laboratory or two; All able to be buried under millions of tons of ice at a moment's notice with some well-placed explosives. The Navy may have made the base, but the ISB could put it to better use. All Curzan needed to do is write up his plan and get the other officers of Hawk-Bat City in his pocket.

Location Scout

In the meantime, the smugglers that arrive rather frequently have useful information that could be gleaned from gentle conversation. Spacer types tend not to get enough medical attention so his establishment of a free clinic is more than enough to bring the rabble in. Curzan spends his spare time plotting and planning about how to use this miserable ice-ball as his stepping stone to greater things...



And he said "that's the last thing heard my father say before falling off the tower." Of course his father was Darth Vader and we in The Dark Empire Costume Club like to focus on bringing the joy into peoples lives, not destroying dreams, severing limbs or crushing rebellions. So if you need a break from reality, and perhaps your dark father, come join us in bringing a smile to a child's life through the power of the force.

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Star Wars Collection of Maximilian Steiner

ANOTHER ONE DOWN...

by Jason E. Arana Sr.

"You want how much?!? That's insane Jonas!"

"Well kid you called us and your policy doesn't exactly cover recoveries of this...nature. It's up to you. Either transfer the credits or don't. I'm sitting on station for another ten minutes before I head back to the docks."

This was the usual reaction in my business when someone needed a pick-up because their ship broke down somewhere and the Imperial Navy was riding their exhaust ports. I'm Jonas Kreig by the way. I own/operate The Rusty Savior, a modified Baleen class freighter that specializes in ship recovery which is a fancy way of saying we're a towing service. Most of the time I deal with legit clients that pay me a monthly fee, which I think is reasonable, to pick them up if their ship breaks down somewhere in the black and then my crew does repair work and gets them on their way. If we can't fix it they can use one of our loaner shuttles to do what they need to do while we get it to a repair dock or spaceport, it's all covered in their policy. Then we have the "other" clients like this kid

These are the people who, for whatever reason, want to avoid security forces be it the Empire, CorSec, because they may or may not be in possession of certain items or persons of "interest" to the aforementioned security force. It's not my place to ask what their cargo is or who it's for nor do I really care. I didn't take sides because to be honest the war between the Empire and Rebels was making me credits. Good credits. I mean really good credits. Enough credits that I was able to trade in the old CRX-Tug and upgrade to The Rusty Savior with only a few thousand credits out of pocket. She wasn't exactly new, and I had to remove the cargo spine, but it got a lot more business due to the increase in cargo capacity. I was even able to get one of those brand-new BB droid units to replace my R4 astromech who had seen better days even when I got him. I'll miss Timmy, but it was getting harder to find

replacement parts for him.

Now don't think I'm some Imp-loving, Nerf herder. I hate the Empire but it's not good for business to announce it publicly because I'd lose a lot of customers. Better to have your paperwork in order for every sector just in case a customer, like the kid I was dealing with now, drew the attention of the authorities, so I paid the Empire for my license without hesitation every standard year for the past nine years except for the last two because let's be honest...after Endor there really isn't an Empire anymore, but I kept my last license just in case.

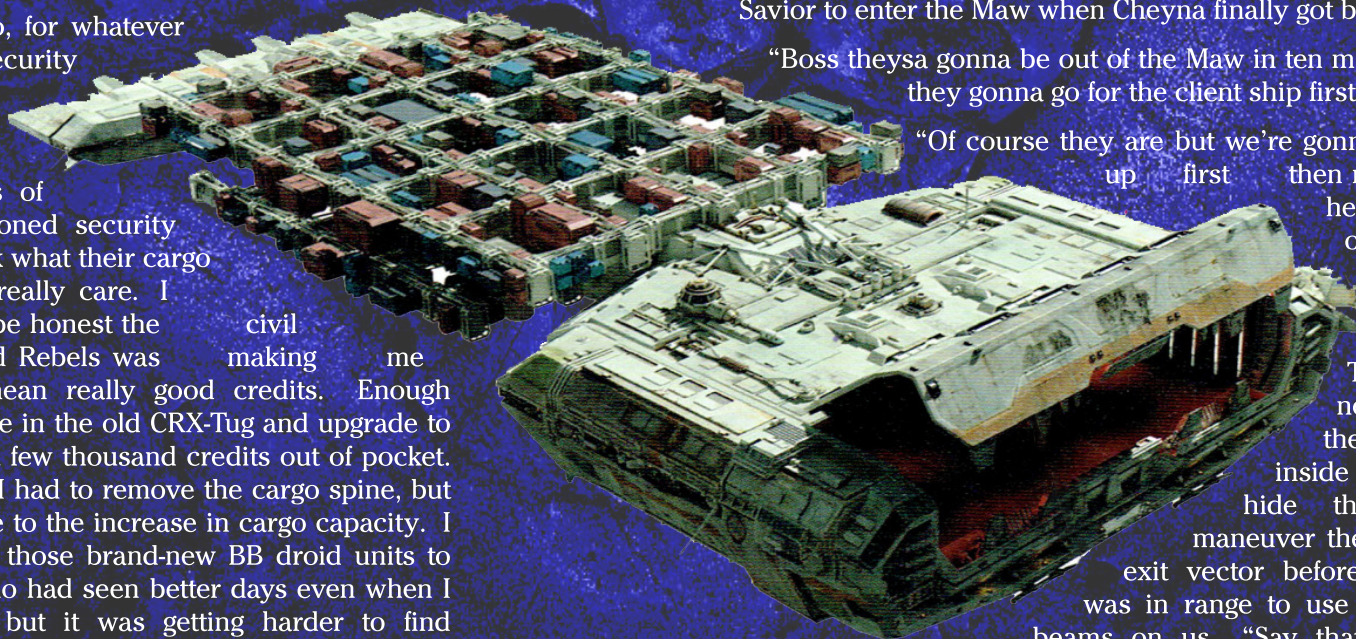
"Wessa gonna have company muy soon bossman." Cheyna, my first mate, was looking nervous. Have you ever seen a Gungun nervous? I try not to laugh every time because it's hilarious, but I have a twisted sense of humor. I looked over at the scopes and sure enough there was a Star Destroyer about three parsecs away making its way through the Maw Cluster straight towards the kid's ship. Stang-it I had a feeling I should've asked them for more credits.

"Give me an ETA on that destroyer to our current position." I told her then turned to Beddy our BB unit. "Beddy see if you can get me info on who's the captain of the destroyer." She did her usual beeps and whistles in reply. I started maneuvering the Savior to enter the Maw when Cheyna finally got back to me.

"Boss theysa gonna be out of the Maw in ten minutos. But isn't they gonna go for the client ship first?"

"Of course they are but we're gonna pick up them up first then make as if we're heading back out of the Maw. Beddy I need that info yesterday...."

Ten minutes. I needed to get to the kids ship, get it inside the hanger, hide the kids, then maneuver the Savior into an exit vector before the destroyer was in range to use its own tractor beams on us. "Say that again Beddy?"



Captain Meddah?” I didn’t hear her whistle the info at me before which made her give me an annoying “burr” sound this time because she hated repeating herself. Other droid owners might’ve had that particular quirk removed but I thought it gave her some personality so I kept her as is.

“Meddah’s an old hat. He’ll be extra careful in the Maw so that gives us another ten or fifteen minutes. Cheyna start plotting the route to the client, fastest speed.” I slapped the comm-unit and yelled “Yuhka get your team ready we got incoming Imperials. Plan Pheta got it?” Yuhka was my engineer and was an Ugnaught. Yeah yeah say what you want, but their cheaper than hiring Wookiees. That’s why I hired Yuhka and six of his partners. Besides wanting lower wages than most people it also saved on crew quarter space since you could put two of them in one berth and it was still fairly large for them. Yuhka replied with his usual squeal of complaint but he and his crew always got the job done regardless of how much pressure they were under. Speaking of pressure...

I switched the comm back to the kid. “Listen kid here’s the skinny. You need a pick up and I’m betting you don’t want it to be that ISD heading your way. Now you’ve got about five minutes before it gets within visual range of your ship and another three before it can pull you in with its tractor beams and I’m betting that’s not exactly how you wanted your run to go, right?” Cheyna elbowed me to look at the dashboard, she had us into position and was already making headway into the Maw. The kid hadn’t replied yet but that wasn’t unusual. I nodded to her go ahead and take over the controls and I got back to the kid.

“So I’m guessing you’re trying to get your ship up and running but it’s one thing after another and your diagnostics are coming back either all green or all in the red right? It’s because of the ion fluctuations in the Maw and I bet you didn’t use a modulating shield to counter those particular effects right?” This was a common mistake a lot of people did when they went into the Maw without an astro droid of some sort that automatically figured that into the flight plan. The kid still didn’t answer. So he was going to be stubborn huh? “Listen this ends one of three ways. One, you pay me the fee and I get you out of there real quick like. Two, the Imps get to you and who knows what happens but it won’t be pretty and you can bet it’ll be painful. Or three, neither one of us get to you and you end up floating in the Maw and eventually fall into gravity well then get crushed by it... Sloooooowly. Your choice

kid but I need an answer in two minutes or less. Rusty Savior out.” It was less.

“Ok Jonas you got a deal. Transferring the credits now.”

“Thanks kid, be there in a jiffy.” They always paid when push came to shove, or being crushed by a gravity well. The Savior was already inside the Maw and it would take two more minutes to get to the kids ship, plenty of time if things went according to plan but of course something always comes up. Beddy started whistling too fast to understand so I knew something was up.

“Slow it down I can’t understand you.” She did. “A what?? You’ve got to be kidding me!” I slammed my right fist on the flight console and Cheyna gave me that pissed off look that only a Gungun could so I explained before she could speak up. “Those damned kids were using a fake transponder...” She looked at me as if that was obvious. “...and they’re not in a U-Wing they’re in a Gozanti Cruiser!”

With her eyes going wide and eyestalks extending further than I’d ever seen...“Boss wessa not havin enough room for that ting! “ Now Gungans are stereotyped as being hyper exaggerated with their reactions but I assure you that in of itself is an exaggeration stemmed from one of their senators before the rise of the Empire. Cheyna almost never lost her cool but considering we had an Imperial Class Star Destroyer coming in I couldn’t blame her. My eyes would probably be popping out right now too if they could.

“I know and we don’t have enough time!” I never backed out of a deal, especially once I was paid because I had a reputation to uphold. But this was a new one even for me. Gozanti’s dated back to the Old Republic and I didn’t think any were still in service. Hell I can’t remember any orbital museums that even had them on display. It wasn’t that the ships were particularly large but we already had “The Sprite”, our back-up hauler, and an abandoned YU-410 sitting in the hold taking up a good portion of the cargo space. I looked at the chrono, less than six minutes left and I hit the comm and yelled.

“Yuhka I need you to dump the 410!” He replied with a series of squeals, most of which I’m fairly certain were profanities. “And I’ll compensate you and your buddies really nicely like always just get it off the ship!” Again his reply was filled with more cursing. “What you do mean no?!? I’m the captain and I’m the one who pays your credits so either get it done or I’m gonna do the real

easy way like back on Socorro! NOW!” That got him real quiet real quick but he acknowledged and started barking orders to his crew. You see the last time I need to do a quick dump was over a backwater planet called Socorro in the Kibilini Sector of the Outer Rim by shutting down the artificial gravity generators and the bays magnetic field. It was like shaking a bottle of fizz water and popping the cap, everything got sucked out in a few seconds including Yuhka’s brother and two other members of his crew. I gave them two minutes warning sooo.... back to the now.

“410 is out of the bay Boss with thrusters online.” I knew I could count on that little Ugnaught to get the job done. “Sounds likey Poontii issa takin it out Boss.” Cheyna put the comm on out the loud speaker and sure enough the smallest of the crew was piloting the 410 out. He said he would take it to an asteroid not far from our entry point into the Maw and shut down. Not a bad plan, pretty basic really, and something I would have to bring up with the crew later but right now we had bigger problems. “Da’ ISD issa launching fighters boss.”

“STANG! It just keeps getting better doesn’t it?” If they launched fighters then Captain, or was it Admiral now? Anyways Meddah must’ve decided not to play it safe and just push forward which meant we had less than four minutes to get to the Gozanti and load her in the bay...which would take another two minutes if she wasn’t tumbling head over thrusters and lock out tractor beams to stop the spin then orient ourselves to load her in properly. Once more I hit the comm to get the kids attention.

“We got company inbound kid I need you....”

“Already on it Jonas we’re jettisoning the escape pods.” Ok maybe this kid wasn’t so stupid after all? “Does the policy cover their recovery?” Never mind I take it back.

“Negative.” I replied. “As soon as you’re in the bay before it even touches down I need you to open the loading ramp then get yourself and the crew off-board asap. Follow my maintenance crew, don’t ask question, just follow them and stay put until I come get you myself. Copy that kid?” The plan was for the kid and his crew to hide in the crawlspace below the deck until I could get the Imps off our sensors. If everything went according to plan, which they usually didn’t, this whole thing should wrap up in less than an hour. But this was Captain Meddah who did things by the book. Even if that book had burned away over the Endor moon.

“Copy Jonas.” As he was cutting off the feed I could hear him telling his people what to do. I didn’t have that problem most of the time. The crew of the Rusty Savior knew what to do and when to do it. There were always going to be a few bumps in the hyper-lane but for the most part I knew I could count on them to get the job done.

On the scanners I saw the Gozanti pop its escape pods just like I told the kid to do. We were in the Maw now and clearing a gas cloud when we saw the Gozanti floating in-front of us maybe one hundred meters away. “She’s on the same orientation as us. Small miracles yeah?” I asked myself mostly but Cheyna nodded. She started to fine tune the controls to get the perfect approach vector due to the small gravity wells that liked to wreak havoc on a ship during flight within the Maw. I started angling the shields for the debris that floated randomly in the place, then spinning up the tractor beams. Looking at the vid-feeds I could see Yuhka’s crew starting to get into position to do their jobs holding or dragging their equipment and getting set up. Again, I’ve made a lot of credits during the war so I could pay my people really well. Happy crew, efficient crew is what I say. Well one of my sayings.

Cheyna got us in as good a position as possible about ten meters way from the Gozanti and I opened the bay doors while also locking the tractor beams on our clients’ ship. The scopes showed two flights of four TIE Fighters coming in fast, with the secondary flight beginning to vector off towards the escape pods. The lead flight was still coming in on a direct path towards us in the standard attack formation for a flight that size. This was starting to get sticky, then they fired a warning shot across our bow.

“Attention Rusty Savior this is Imperial Destroyer Omnicrux shut down your engines and prepared to be boarded.” I already had the kids ship on board and nodded to Cheyna to follow through and she did heavy handedly and shut down the engines.

“Rusty Savior to Omnicrux, engines shutting down and we are ready for your arrival. Captain Kreig out.”

STANG!!!

To be concluded....



Beyond BoSS

The Faithful Mina

by Keith Byers

Dreena Matura looked at the old ship the 'Faithful Mina' and right away she thought it might have been the owners who were the faithful ones. It must have a lot more going for it under the modular panels than it looks like from the outside. KRJ Custom Shipwrights wants her to take a look at the first ship that started it all for them. Courage is the right nickname for the company if they flew in this ship.

The Mina looks like it had a lot of history as soon as she viewed it up close. They wanted to get it serviced and she knew she was the right person for the job. Right away it was obvious to her that it had been modified. Once inside it, this apparent junker was clearly much more of a ship than it appeared to be and she could not wait to get it off land. She got right to hooking up to an engineering port to see what needed tinkering with. She sends R5T1, or Rusty as she has affectionately dubbed him, over to the technical station to see what might be over there that needs to be found.

She momentarily reminisced about all the things that happened recently that led her here. The negotiations were far from that. More like a firefight that she barely escaped from. Rokk rescued her just in time – and offered her a job she could not refuse. Those Hutts must really fear Rokk to give in to his demands like that. The good thing is that now she does not have a bounty on her head and she gets to fly lots of ships. Not to mention being in a whole new area where she is not near any Hutts. Now she gets to explore a whole new hegemony.

Dreena hears an alarm that brings her out of the revelry. This is not the time to lose focus. The alarms let her know that the scans are done. The obvious issues are found. It is time to do the maintenance and get this ship up in the air. After looking at the scans she decides that within a few hours this ship will be re-tweaked. Some wiring needed replacing for safety reasons, a few spanner tweaks here and there, nothing too serious.

This ship appears to have been worked on - a lot. Hidden cargo compartments, a x1/2 hyperdrive motivator, and bigger weapons than to be expected just to start with. The transponder code sure is hiding a few things. The Mina has an Imperial IFF transponder with five codes. It also has a sensor jammer - how interesting.

This ship is much more comfortable than the first ship she was in with Rokk.

Rokk is not your typical bounty hunter, but he clearly is a lot about business. I can't wait to meet the last of the three owners providing this all goes well. Kal was much more friendly, and looks like a ships captain. Jec is supposed to be a Jedi Master. I hope he has as much mastery as Rokk believes. This could give her the Jedi mentor she really needs.

They want a beyond the stats evaluation of the ship. Well, it

looks cobbled together, but it is still serviceable. As long as nothing goes wrong while in flight at least.

After doing all the ground checks she decides to start running it through some sub-light pacing tests - not bad at all she thought. Easy controls, decent maneuverability, and the dampeners and stabilizers make this an easy test flight. This ship has been taken care of but it needs a lot of maintenance when something goes down. I can see that Kal is one of those "It's not my fault" kinds of captains after meeting him. She decides to get the shakedown cruise under way. Once getting it into hyperspace we can see what else there is to find. There are different hums and sounds for some of the different areas.

Lets start the ship tour at the business end. The particle deflector shield generator room we can hear the power converter arc sounding smooth which is a good start to the ship tour. The Engineering Room is giving no errs. This ship has cryogenic reserve power cells. They appear to be working pretty well. I thought that was a mislabeling at first sight. This should probably be recommended for an upgrade. For a moment I ponder on why it was never done. Then I saw the med bay and I understood all. The med bay has a bacta tank? Now I see why there is a cryobank of reserve power. Other than a chair and a cabinet of medical tools there is not much room for anything else in this room. The hidden compartment is more audible in hyperspace. Easy tweak to the brace adjusters will fix that. That area is good for small and medium sized item smuggling and not much else. Hyperdrive, transponder, life support, radio, compensator, generator, and sensors are all functioning well within operational parameters. The escape pods were rarely jettisoned - interesting.

Must have got lucky a lot with the Imperials!

The quadex power core looks and sounds beautiful. That clearly keeps this ship going well. What a wonderful heart thumping sound. Hearing it in space though I can tell it needs a little more adjusting as that sound indicates it is ever so slightly off for the cycling setting. Almost like a murmur. The storage bay looks quite barren right now with no cargo in it.

What is that?

Those look like blaster scorings on the walls. The scorings are all over the storage bay. Now that I know what I am looking for it is almost as if they attempted to decorate the storage bay with

them. They are light though, so not by a heavy blaster or blaster rifle. If there were any cargo at all in here they would be so easily hidden. Coming back around the core section the engineering and technical stations looks good. The guns turrets feel comfortable and have good visibility. Too bad they are locked in place because we are in hyperspace or I would check the sights out right now. That can be done near the end of this jump.

Now, we go to the crew and passenger areas. The lounge is nice and comfortable but looks almost spartan having so few chairs and a table with no luxury couches. As if the central part of it has been cleared out for some reason.

What is this here? It looks like another blaster score.

There must have been firefights in this space a few times as well. Again with the barely visible scoring. I wonder what the weapon was. The berths and crew quarters sure are nice. They look like this ship was planned to be able to ferry beings around. Maybe it was supposed to be a luxury liner. It is almost like they changed plans during the design phase. Or they wanted options and designed a multi-use freighter.

Each of the personnel rooms even has environment controls for each of them. One berth looks like it was modified to also be to be a cell. Subtly done for a cover panel. If I were not in space so I could hear the barely audible vibrations I would not have noticed that. The controls are well hidden and so are the back-up locking mechanisms. What is in this hidden panel here? Cuffs. They definitely must be for the cell occupants. The energy shields generator is also sounding sweet. They must have liked the protection on this ship that these afforded them. Not standard at all, but still very sweet. That hum says it all for a mechanic like me.

Last, but not least, the cockpit. It is just the right size for 4 people. Nothing says too much time was spent here like having the fuzzy Roughrider dice hanging over the navigation computer. I think there is a joke there, which I will have to ask about.

Time to turn this freighter around, grab the datapad, and get the report started.

<<Beyond BoSS – The Faithful Mina...>>

Faithful Mina

Maker: KRJ Custom Shipwrights

Type: Modified Dual Purpose Luxury Liner/Light Fighter

Length: 31 meters

Crew: 2

Passengers: 9 (8 normal, 1 in holding cell)

Cargo Capacity: 100 metric tons

Consumables: 2 months

Hyperdrive Modifier: x1/2

Hyperdrive Backup: x8

Nav Computer: Yes

Sublight Speed: 5D

Space: 10

Atmosphere: 600; 1200 kmh

Maneuverability: 5D

Hull: 6D

Shields: 6D [Ray & Particle]

Sensors:

Passive: 30/1D

Scan: 60/2D

Search: 120/3D

Focus: 10/4D

Weapons:

2 Dual Medium Laser Cannons (fire separately)

Scale: Starfighter

Fire Arc: 360°

Crew: 1 gunner each

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 3D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2km/2.5km

Damage: 6D

1 Concussion Missile Tube

Scale: Starfighter

Fire Arc: Front

Crew: 1 gunner (cockpit)

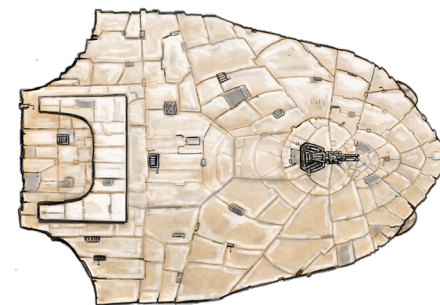
Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 3D

Space Range: 1-3/8/15

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/800m/1.5km

Damage: 9D



Top View

1 Single Light Laser Cannon

Scale: Starfighter

Fire Arc: Front

Crew: 1 gunner (cockpit)

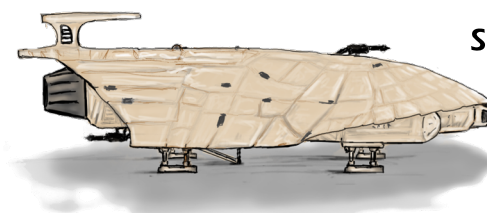
Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 4D

Space Range: 1-2/10/20

Atmosphere Range: 100-200/1.0km/2.0km

Damage: 2D



Starboard View

1 Medium Ion Cannon

Scale: Starfighter

Fire Arc: 360°

Crew: 1 gunner (cockpit)

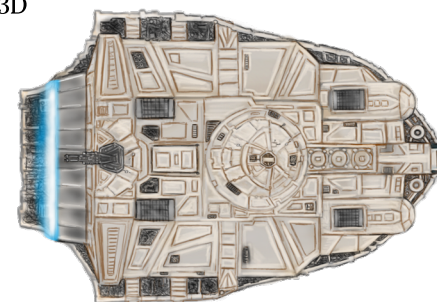
Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

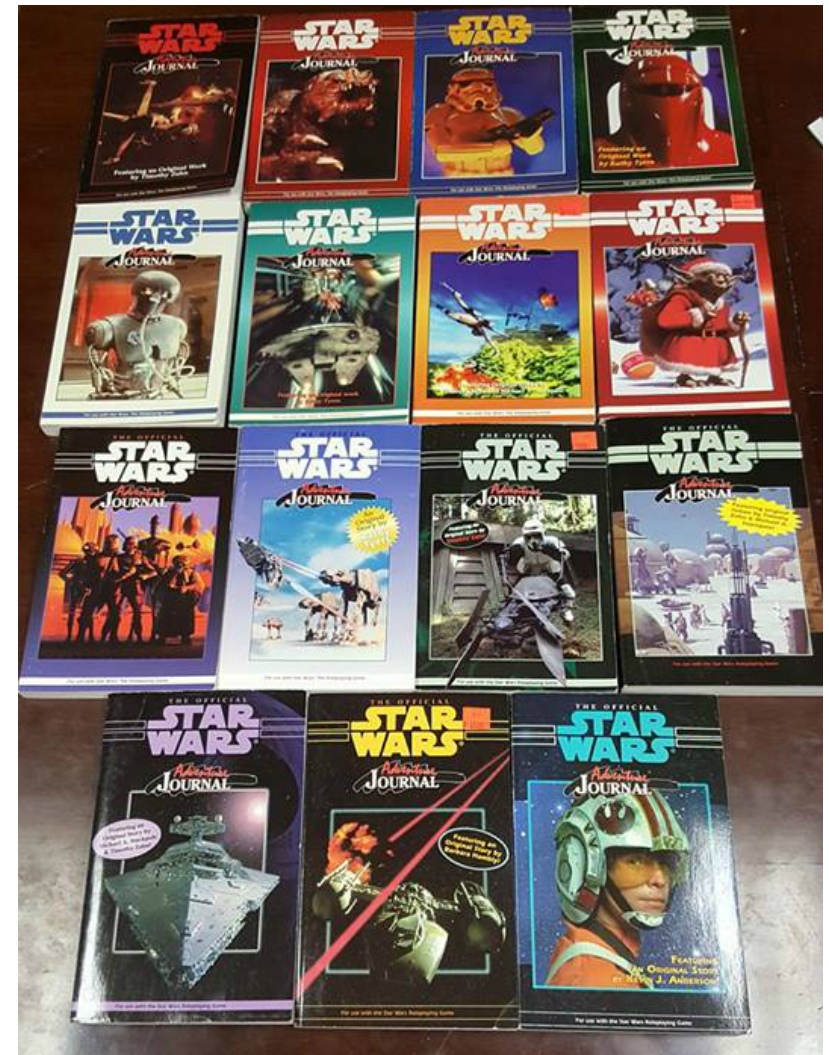
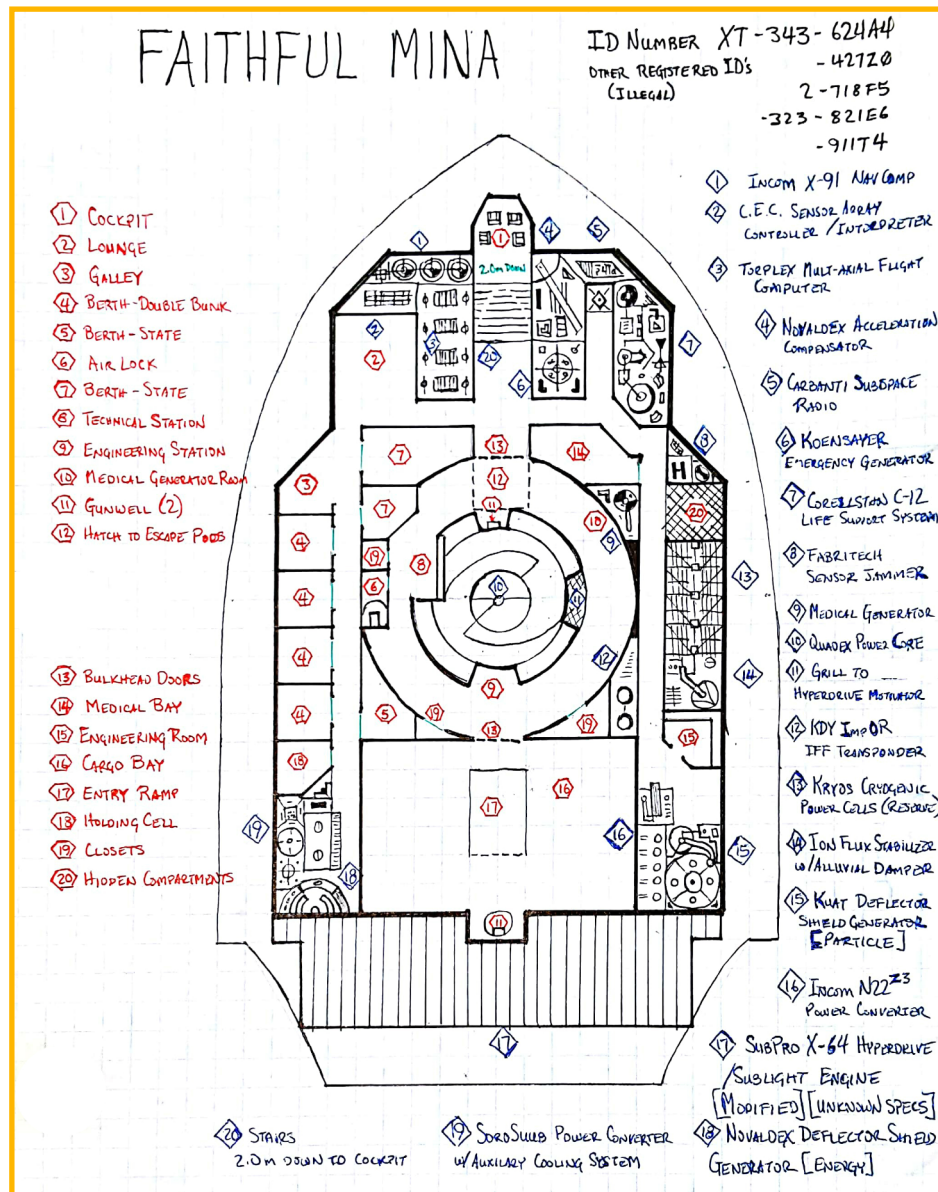
Space Range: 1-3/7/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/700m/2.5km

Damage: 3D



Bottom View



The Star Wars Adventure Journal Collection of Keith Byers

ABSENT FRIENDS

An Adventure by Ryan English

Absent Friends is an adventure designed to be run when one of your regular players can't make it. You can insert into any campaign by having the PCs enter hyperspace before starting.

Prelude: Stop and Search

Rebel team pulled out of hyperspace at a checkpoint when Imperial Customs boards, takes one of the party, orders rest of group to land on docks.

Read Aloud

SUDDENLY! - Your ship jerks out of hyperspace, reverting back in the middle of a congested space lane an imperial comm channel opens confronting your ship. "Identify yourself, heave to and prepare to be boarded. You will not receive repeat instructions." The comm channel closes as 4 TIE Fighters and a boarding shuttle approach. As you try to power up your defenses, a single ion blast deflates the little bit of hope you had rallied.

After an all too familiar exchange with an Imperial Customs officer, the guards start to walk to the airlock. Just before the hatch opens, you hear a ding. Suddenly, the guards, whirl around, draw blasters, and grab your friend. "You'll be needed at hand, please dock at the station and await our summons in the concourse while we discuss this new matter with your shipmate."



HIXQ 7

Type: Modified XQ3 Platform

Dimensions: 891m x 1000m x 435m

Modification: Pulse Mass Generator x1

Crew: 945 Officers: 145, Enlisted: 400, Pilots & Flight Crew: 100, Civilian personnel 200, Security Naval Troopers: 100

Hull: 8D

Shields: 3D

Sensors

Passive: 40/0D

Scan: 60/2D

Search: 120/3D

Focus: 20/4D

Weapons:

6 Dual Turbolaser Batteries

Fire Arc: turret

Scale: capital

Skill: capital ship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-5/15/30

Damage: 4D

6 Laser Cannons

Fire Arc: turret

Scale: starfighter

Skill: starship gunnery

Fire control: 2D

Space Range: 1-5/10/20

Damage: 4D

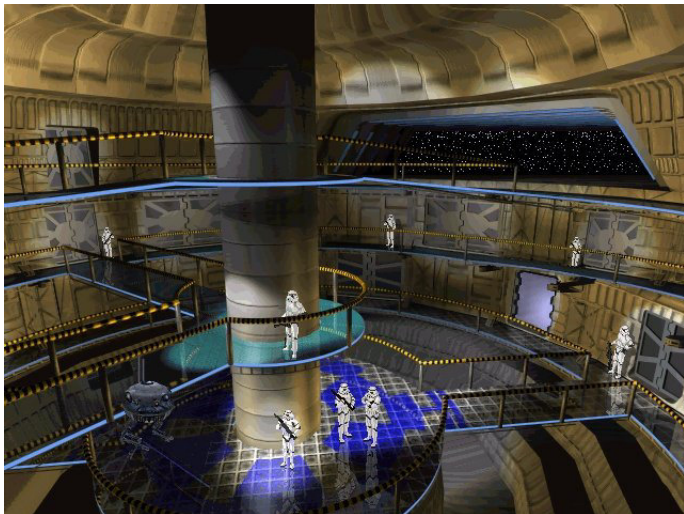
Imperial Attachments: 2 Squadrons of TIE Fighters, 6 Boarding Shuttles, 1 Imperial Customs Frigate patrolling

Note: 1/3 of the crew are detailed to the Pulse Mass Generator

Episode One: Grounded

The concourse has a central turbo lift shaft with walkways leading across the core chasm to the deck rings, each with its blast doors concealing an odd variety of distractions. Closest to you are an atmospheric inhalation lounge, 2 cantinas, and this sector's most popular prefab food hut. Further along you can make out some travel gear vendors, a holovid cinema, and other places that will help you spend credits and time while Customs has you on hold.

Players quickly find out that HIXQ7 is a modified platform that made use of the same Pulse Mass (PM) generator technology installed on Interdictor Cruisers. Rumors abound whether this was a leftover from prototyping or salvaged after a rebel victory, but either way it's here. The Sector's Customs office is using it as a mobile inspection station, trapping ships from one of its busiest hyperspace lanes to assess and fine with maximum efficiency.



Concourse: food/bar, repair shop, garrison, customs office

Customs office:

Behind the closed doors of customs office overly bright lights bathe drab work stations. Several clerical droids are busy at work and don't notice your entrance. One human in an ill-fitting uniform sits behind a small desk, raises his eyebrows to ask "can I help you" his mouth remains closed.

Most general items available. A few weapons are available but heavily regulated, players will not be able to purchase since their friends with a detainee. Attempting to purchase weapons will get the attention of black market dealers who will approach players in a cantina.

Customs officer will tell them they are allowed to roam the station at will but may not leave. Most other requests will be met with dismissal.

Possible Interactions

Scum and Villainy

Players overhear a deal for ID slicing and permits as trade for imperial tech going down. Moderate Streetwise or Difficult Business check gets them a deal with either party after the deal is done.

Brawl

"As your drinks arrive someone grabs your shoulder and spins you around by the shoulder and you see a fist flying towards you face..."

A drunk patron mistakes the look you gave her as aggression and starts a brawl.

Drunk Patron. All stats 2D except: Brawling 3D, Brawling Parry 3D, Willpower 3D

Rumors

- a) something strange is happening to the detainees.
- b) the Empire has offices in the PM Generator for some kind of experiment
- c) rebels are staging a huge assault on Coruscant
- d) you can make some quick money smuggling people out of here

Bureaucracy

A carefully placed bribe with a Difficult *Bureaucracy* check or a Moderate *Bargain* plus a Moderate *Bureaucracy* check will yield the players access to one of the following:

- a) detailed plans to the station
- b) guard schedules
- c) supervisor codes to administrative sections of the the station controls.

Partner up

Several people are overheard talking about "bustin out their buddies." The players will need to get into a conversation without arousing suspicions.

Rebel in Need

The politics and espionage of Rebels and Imperials always ends up in back alley deals.

Players come across a Rebel deal going bad in a back corridor. They have the option to join the fray. Afterwards, the surviving Rebels explain that they are trying to uncover what is happening to missing detainees. Maybe the empire is selling them to a corporation as slave labor. Maybe they are shipping them to a facility for bionic experimentation.

Imperial Pilot. All Stats Are 2D Except: *Dexterity* 2D+1, *blaster* 3D+1, *Dodge* 3D+1, *Knowledge* 1D+1, *Planetary Systems* 2D+1, *Survival* 2D+1, *Value* 2D+1, *Mechanical* 3D, *astrogation* 4D, *capital ship gunnery* 4D, *capital ship piloting* 5D, *capital ship shields* 4D, *communications* 3D+1, *sensors* 3D+1, *space transports* 4D, *hide* 3D, *investigation* 3D, *sneak* 3D, *climbing/jumping* 3D, *stamina* 3D+1, *Technical* 1D+1, *capital ship repair* 3D+1, *capital ship weapons repair* 2D+1, *computer programming/repair* 2D+1. Move: 10. Blaster Pistol (4D), Flight Suit, Navigational Computer Linkup Helmet (Internal Comlink + 1D to Sensors), Survival Gear

Imperial Customs Officer. *Dexterity* 2D+2, *blaster* 4D+2, *dodge* 4D, *Knowledge* 3D, *bureaucracy* 4D, *planetary systems* 3D+1, *Mechanical* 3D+2, *piloting (choose one)* 4D*, *Perception* 3D+1, *command* 5D+1*, *Strength* 2D+1, *brawling* 3D+2, *Technical* 3D' *repair (choose one)* 4D+1*. Move: 10. Blaster Pistol (4D), Comlink, Helmet Comlink, Survival gear.


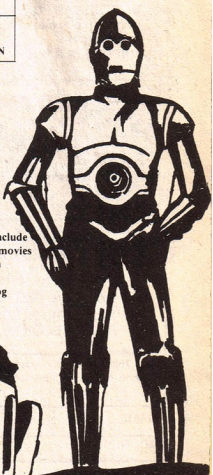
Imperial Customs Guard. *Dexterity* 2D+2, *blaster* 4D+2, *dodge* 4D, *Knowledge* 3D, *bureaucracy* 4D, *planetary systems* 3D+1, *Mechanical* 3D+2, *piloting (choose one)* 4D*, *Perception* 3D+1, *command* 5D+1*, *Strength* 2D+1, *brawling* 3D+2, *Technical* 3D' *repair (choose one)* 4D+1*. Move: 10. Blaster Pistol (4D), Comlink, Helmet Comlink, Survival gear.

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Imperial Customs Frigate

Craft: Rendili StarDrive's Imperial Customs Frigate

Type: Imperial customs vessel

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 35 meters

Skill: Space transports: Imperial customs frigate

Crew: 6, gunners: 6, skeleton: 3/+10

Crew Skill: Astrogation 5D, space transports:customs frigate 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D+2, starship shields 4D+2

Passengers: 10

Cargo Capacity: 100 metric tons

Consumables: 3 months

Hyperdrive Multiplier: x2

Hyperdrive Backup: x8

Nav Computer: Yes

Maneuverability: 2D

Space: 5

Atmosphere: 295; 850 kmh

Hull: 3D+1

Shields: 3D

Sensors:

Passive: 30/1D

Scan: 60/2D

Search: 90/4D

Focus: 4/4D+1

Weapons:

6 Heavy Laser Cannons

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 1

Skill: Starship gunnery

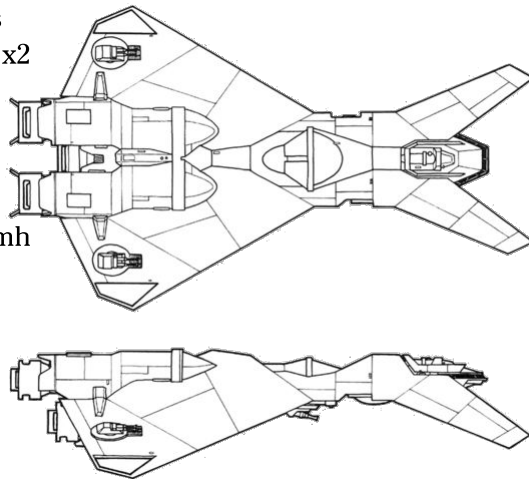
Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 5D

Capsule: The standard Imperial customs frigate is slower and less durable than the corvette it often serves with, though it hits harder and requires a smaller crew.



Imperial Transport

Craft: Telgorn Corporation DX-9 Transport

Type: Assault Gunboat/Boarding Craft

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 20 meters

Skill: Space transports: DX9

Crew: 2, gunners: 3

Crew Skill: Astrogation 3D, Sensors 3D. Starship Gunnery 4D+1, Space Transports 4D, Starship Shields 3D

Passengers: 40

Cargo Capacity: 60 metric tons

Consumables: 2 months

Hyperdrive Multiplier: x2

Hyperdrive Backup: -

Nav Computer: Yes

Maneuverability: 2D

Space: 6

Atmosphere: 330; 950 kmh

Hull: 5D

Shields: 2D+2

Sensors:

Passive: 30/1D

Scan: 60/2D

Search: 90/4D

Focus: 4/4D+1

Weapons:

2 Quad Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: 2 Front

Crew: 1

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/7/36

Damage: 5D

1 Quad Ion Cannon

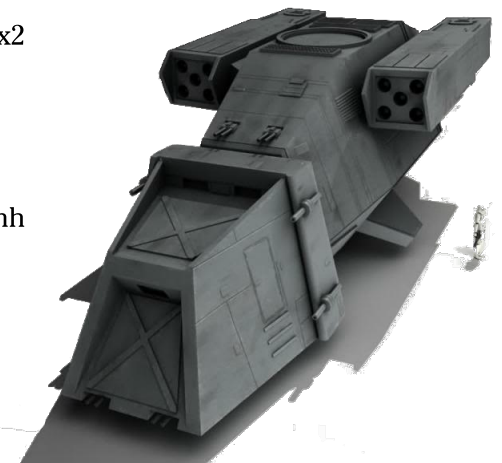
Fire Arc: Front

Crew: 1

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/7/36



Damage: 5D

2 Proton Torpedo Launchers

Fire Arc: 2 Front

Crew: Pilot or Co-pilot

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1/3/7

Damage: 9D

Capsule: The DX-9 was well armed and has a universal docking mechanism allowed it to attach itself to most ships, and bore its own hole into the enemy hull.

Underworld Deal

On of your underworld rivals is also stuck on this station. It's a chance to get even...or get hurt.

Opportunity to navigate the seedy underbelly of the customs station, set up the rivals to take a fall, or get tangled up in a deal gone bad. Maybe worse...

Underworld Boss. All stats are 2D except: *blaster 5D+1, brawling parry 6D+2, dodge 5D+2, melee combat 6D, melee parry 5D+2, Strength 3D, brawling 7D, lifting 5D, stamina 4D+2.* Move: 10. Heavy blaster pistol (damage 5D), vibroblade (damage Strength +1D), comm link.

Underworld Thug. All stats are 2D except: *blaster 3D+2, dodge 5D, melee combat 3D+1, melee parry 3D+2, Strength 3D.* Move: 10. Heavy blaster pistol (damage 5D), vibroaxe (damage Strength +2D), comm links.



Episode 2: Breakout

You receive a message on your comm link that your ship has been impounded and your friend will be transferred to an evaluation facility tomorrow and your crew must remain on station for no less than 3 days. You can't afford to wait any longer - you've got to find a way off the station! But first, a rescue...

Change the delay as needed to push the timing, allow PCs to decide which path they want to take or combine several options. If they are having trouble, have a Rebel agent approach them asking for help. If the PCs are stuck, a moderate investigation, tactics, or a difficult Perception check will reveal the following options. An easy tactics or investigation check will reveal 2 options.

Hack Droids

The droid bay is dimly lit with two workstation consoles on standby mode. Some old food packages lay discarded around the area as a small cleaning droid tries to escape the pile of boxes that fell on it. Many other droids lay dormant around the work bay.

Available droids: 5 Rim Security K4 Security Droids (as in 3rd Edition), 2 IA A9G Data Storage unit archive Droids, 15 Kalibac NR-5 Maintenance Droid, 15 R5 Astromech Droid, 30 MSE-6 Utility Droids, 15 IA ASP-7 droids

A Moderate *Droid Programming/Repair* can get a maintenance droid to assist with access to the detention center, two Moderate checks will get access and a distraction. Difficult check will let you coordinate a plan with a droid, two Difficult checks will give the players access to 3 droids. An additional Easy check allows access to a MSE-6 droid.

K4 Security Droid

Dexterity 3D, blaster 7D, dodge 8D, running 4D, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 1D, Perception 1D, Strength 1D, Technical 1D. Auto-balance legs, Two arms Body armor (+2D to Strength to resist damage). Internal blaster rifle (5D, 5-30/100/200). Size: 1.6 meters. Move: 11.

A9G Data Storage

Dexterity 2D, Knowledge 2D, bureaucracy: library science 4D, Mechanical 1D, Perception 1D, Strength 1D, Technical 2D, computer programming/repair 5D. Kraren XI Superprocessor (rapid data

collection). Cybot Galactica Data-Sifter Software package (adds +1D to all computer programming/repair rolls involving data searches). Humanoid Body. Size 1.7m Move: 9.

NR-5

All stats 1D except: *dodge 1D+2, computer programming/repair 4D, security 2D, space transports repair 3D*. Visual photoreceptor (human range, infrared, ultra-violet), Kalibac Mechro-II brain, Wide-band comm receptors, -Retractable heavy grasper arm (+1D to lifting), Retractable fine manipulator arm, Treads. Size: 0.7 meters. Move: 3

R5

All stats 1D except: *Technical 2D, computer programming/repair 4D, space transports repair 4D*. Three wheeled legs (one retractable), Retractable heavy grasper arm (+1D to lifting, maximum 2D), Retractable fine worker arm, Small circular saw (4D damage, 0.3 meter range), acoustic signaler, Holographic projector/recorder, -Fire extinguisher. Size: 1 meter tall Move: 5

MSE-6

All stats 1D except: *Dexterity 2D*. One skill matrix programmed with one of the following skills: *bureaucracy 3D, sensors 3D, hide 3D, search 3D, armor repair 3D, blaster repair 3D, capital ship repair 3D, capital ship weapon repair 3D, computer programming/repair 3D, droid programming 3D, droid repair 3D, security 3D, starfighter repair 3D*. Electro-photoreceptor, Auditory sensors, Holocam, Treads, Retractable heavy manipulator (+2D to lifting), Retractable fine manipulator (+1D to lifting). Size: 0.3 meters. Aize: 0.3 meters. Move: 5

Bluff Partner Out

Bribes, flirts, or outright con games are required. 3 Difficult checks in *Forgery, Con*, and/or *Command*. Players can encounter the following non-player characters and will face the suggested checks as deemed necessary. Other possible character interactions include: droid chief, pilots, fight control, or for the especially brave, the security barracks.

Officer Tahleen

Officer Tahleen slums behind his console, shifting lights dancing across his face as a lazy smile settles in. From his ear-piece you hear "I'd buy that for a credit" immediately followed by raucous laughter struggling to escape Tahleen's mouth intact between

coughs. He barely glances up when you approach "well?"

All Stats 2D except: *bargain 2D+2, con 3D*

Tahleen cares about very little beyond getting through the shift. If the players can find a way to help the shift go better without being too obvious, they can gain access to the administrative section.

Tzicckk

Tzicckk Wanders back and forth in her store, occasionally disappearing to the stock room. The store is fairly empty of patrons, since most Imperial traffic isn't interested in rare Gand children's collectible games. She sees you and approaches with what you think is an expectant look.

All stats 2D except: *streetwise 2D+2, repulsoflight operation 2D+1, bargain 4D, con 3D+2, persuasion 2D+2* Move: 10 Equipment: Clothing, datapad (holding transaction records), 200 credits, various wares for sale

Tzicckk will help the players out if they find a way to drive some business her way, or make a big purchase.

Vahz

Vahz keeps wiping his desk surface. Over and over. He doesn't seem to notice much else happening around him. Several people show him a drink cup instead of their credentials and he just wave them through.

All Stats 1D except: *History 4D*

Vahz is an Imperial officer who is grossly incompetent. *Forgery* or *Bluffing* should get the players past, but they need to successfully find him first with a *Search* or *Investigate* check.

Checkpoint Officer YD 385

YD385 does not look up from the datapad except to verify the terminal reading. If the clearance is registered, then the door opens.

All stats 2D except: *bureaucracy 5D*

Officer YD 385 is very efficient. A solid forgery wouldn't get noticed. A poor quality one will end getting the characters thrown in the brig.

Shooting and Stealth

As a patrol walks past, you check your corners and move forward. A single bead of sweat forms and you're reminded that all it will take is one MSE-6 droid to alert the station.

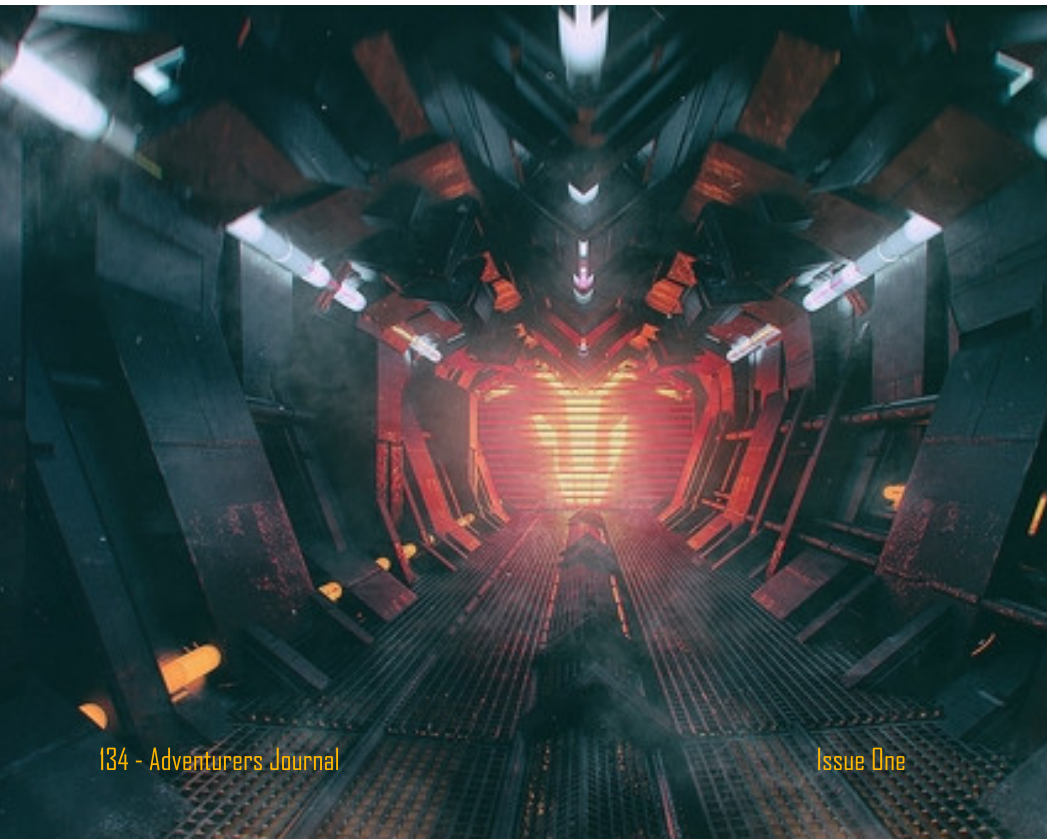
The Detention Center is guarded by 12 security guards and 2 security droids at all time, with at least half on patrol. *Sneak* checks will be Difficult, *Hide* checks if guards alerted will be Very Difficult. **See map on page 135.**

Space Walk

Humidity hits your cheeks as stale breathe sounds fill your mask. Beyond the faceplate is endless void...except for the patrolling droids, ships, and repair skiffs. Careful to stay on the hull, you begin to creep your way towards the detention area.

A Moderate *Computer* check is required to access ports, Easy *Search* to locate Vacc suits, Moderate *Zero G* to make the walk.

This should be tense with check failure resulting in suit tears, window spotting, and droid fly by patrols.



HIXQ 7 - Upper Level



Prisoners are held on the level below which is made up of 5 long parallel hallways with 20 cells on each hall. 4 teams of 3 guards plus a K4 security droid patrol these two floors at random, along with checkpoints

A. Interrogation Area This small room is used to interrogate prisoners who are brought up from the small turbo lift to the south. 2 guards and one officer are always in this room. The halls below directly lead to the prisoner area.

B. Guard Quarters At least 3 guards resting/sleeping here.

C. Turbolifts from other levels in the station. Main access point to this floor. This will likely be how the PCs enter

D. Confiscated Items lock up: containing weapons, armor, sensors, tech, spice, etc.

E. Turbolift & Skiff Access: droid bay access point, also used to access the repair skiff to the east.

F. Station Control P: This space flight control area coordinates flight patterns for the shuttles bringing in prisoners to the station. No guards, just pilots/flight controllers.

G. Station Control L: This flight control area coordinates the TIE patrols. No guards, just pilots/flight controllers.

H. Sensor Array: This houses one of the station's sensor clusters, also an access hatch for repairs.

Episode 3: The Search

Rebel Spy

The cell door opens and...wait, who's this? A Rodian female stands up, stretches, and thanks you as she walks past you out the door. (if stopped) Kanza Tyrd introduces herself and tell you she has to get escape now to complete her mission. She asks you for the challenge phrase before telling you any more.

If it makes sense for your campaign, players can have the code or not.

Absent Friend

The cell door slides open and reveals your missing partner. Groggy but intact, you retrieve your partner from the cell and make a break for it. Which way do you go?

Players must now make their way to a ship. Either their ship (Moderate *Computers* or *Bureaucracy* check to locate, Easy with admin privileges) or any other vessel (A single Moderate or 2 Easy *Security* checks)

Blast Your Way Out!

The station goes on alert the first time someone is shot but isn't dead or stunned. Players face at least one encounter with station security and one encounter with looters.

Use stats as above for Guards and Thugs.

Free Others

You hear calls from the cells in the corridor. Aliens of all types make pleas for their freedom as the station goes on alert.

Players can open cells with a Very Easy check if they have pass codes from the previous episode. For every cell, roll a d6 in secret. For every 6 you roll, the escapee attacks the players. For every 1 the escapee helps them fight. Everyone else flees.

Take Back Confiscated Items

Illegal weapons cache, upgraded ship sensors, spice, or bounty hunter armor?

Finding the confiscated items lockup is an Easy *Computers* check if they have Administrator privileges, or Difficult without the password.

Players can attempt to shut down the Pulse Mass generator, freeing up the hyperspace lanes. With a Difficult *engineering* check (droids can assist to reduce this) they successfully shut it down.

Ships will then begin to disperse and havoc ensues above the station. If the PCs do not do this, someone else will shut it down after they have been in space in Episode 4 for at least 3 rounds.

Episode 4: The Escape

The space lanes have erupted with ships. Comm channels are jammed from all the competing traffic. Frantic battles have ignited in 3 places: TIE fighters are trying to keep freighters from taking off, 5 transport ships are trying to escape Ion equipped shuttles, and the Customs Cruiser is being swarmed by droid lifter drones.

Players can try and sneak away from the TIEs, fight through them, engage in one of the battles, or dodge through the traffic to lose pursuing ships. They must make it at least 20K from the station to get a clear hyperspace lane, this will take 5 rounds of flying through traffic or 10 rounds of combat and flying.

Once clear, a Moderate *Astrogation* check will get them back on their way.

TIE/In starfighter. Starfighter-scale. Starfighter piloting 4D+1, starship gunnery 4D. Maneuverability 2D, space 10, atmosphere 415; 1,200 kmh, Hull 2D. Weapons: 2 laser cannons (fire-linked, fire control 2D, damage 5D). The standard Imperial TIE fighter.

TIE Fighter Pilot. All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D+1, *blaster* 4D+1, *dodge* 4D+1, *planetary systems* 3D, *Mechanical* 4D, *sensors* 4D+2, *starfighter piloting* 6D, *starship gunnery* 5D, *Perception* 3D, *command* 4D, *search* 1D, *Strength* 3D, *stamina* 4D, *computer programming/repair* 3D+11. *Starfighter repair* 5D. Move: 10. Navigational computer linkup helmet (internal comlink, +1D to sensors), high gravity stress flight suit with life support equipment, one week emergency rations, blaster pistol (4D), survival gear

Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game Collections



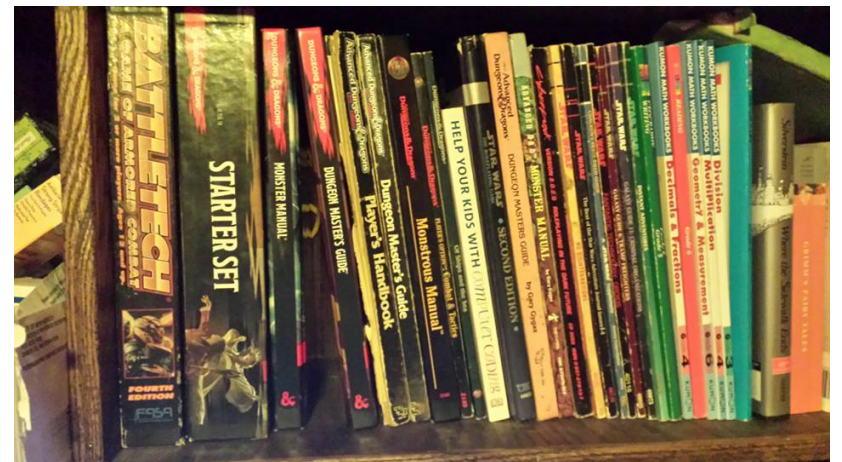
Ryan English



David Little



Kyram Vhett



Daniel Sturman

About the Authors...

Jason Arana Sr. is a father of five (four boys and one baby girl), former US Marine, auto mechanic/body man, and general geek. He's a avid gamer of both miniature wargames and role playing games (not video games) as well as a ghostwriter for various gaming publications. He can usually be found on Facebook admining one of the many group pages he has created or admins for.

Brian L. Bird was born and raised in the Finger Lakes of NY where he began playing role playing at the age of 10. A U.S. Air Force Veteran, he currently puts his 20 years of Logistics Management experience to work as a Procurement Specialist with the University of Texas at San Antonio. Brian studied Art Education and Psychology at Our Lady of the Lake University.

He is a contributing author to the *Joe Ledger Companion* and has a fictional counterpart in the Joe Ledger series by Jonathan Maberry. He enjoys reading, writing, designing and playing tabletop games, making found object art, and spending time with his wife Juanita and their children Johan, Elihu and Yahaira; and their granddaughter Arianna at their home in San Antonio, Texas.

Keith Byers has been writing for years. He was in a book of short stories with Stephen King. He's played and run RPG's for almost 35 years and the WEG *Star Wars* RPG from the beginning. Keith writes for Moebius Adventures, has written for Rite Publishing, and now the Star Wars Adventure Journal. He wrote the framework of the story that brought Boba Fett back in an adventure. He has many stories left to tell. Writer, Magician, Engineering Technologist, Manager, Knight, foodie, GM, husband, and father.

Mark Dowson is from North Yorkshire in England. He has been interested in science fiction, Space and Star Wars since his early days at school, which later resulted in an interest in science as well. He has enjoyed creative writing since his mid-teens and over the last several years has had solo roleplay adventures published in *Knights of the Dinner Table Magazine*. Other interests include participating in long distance running, trekking holidays in other countries, jiving, mysticism, psychology and history.

Jason Dray started playing roleplaying games in 1980 at the age of eight. Wanting a life of adventure, he has been a Cavalry Scout, a Military Police Officer, and is now a Federal Agent. Jason Dray has served in Iraq (twice), Cairo, and now Istanbul, and has worked in over 30 countries, most of them "real garden spots." Using Skype, he has played Star Wars in 7 countries over the past four years.

Ryan English lists his first memory was seeing Empire Strikes Back with his grandparents when he was 2. Since then, he's been in love with Star Wars. In 7th grade, when he opened a present revealing The Star Wars RPG 1st Edition, Imperial Sourcebook, and Star Wars Sourcebook, he found a new level of obsession. Now he tries to pass on his love of Star Wars to his kids without being too pushy...but it's hard. "

Josh Moore has been playing and running WEG SW D6 since the "dark times" of the 1980's and 90's, the time between trilogies. Professional writer, roller derby referee, and self-proclaimed pinball wizard, he lives in New Jersey with a cat named Jerry and girl friend named Jheri. There is much confusion.

Eric Rodriguez was born and raised for most of his life in the city of Merced, California. He grew up in the 80's and like most he was a fan of comics, action figures, playing outside and enjoyed the beginning of video games. It wasn't till he picked up his first copy of a Conan the Barbarian story by Robert E. Howard, that he was hooked on fantasy and sci-fi. From there the rest is history.

He has Masters, Bachelors and Associates Degree's, all in the Administration of Justice, but is a writer at heart. He has written for Mongoose Publishing, Goodman Games, and been published nationally in several magazines (not all game related), mostly material related to Conan or 'Conanesque'. He is a huge fan of *Dungeons and Dragons*, most sci-fi (especially *Star Wars*) and his a big fan of plastic model building (mostly WWII and Science Fiction kits).

He has more things he collects than what he knows to do with and his girlfriend is on the same road to being considered a hoarder. If you ever meet him ask him a question like "Who is the worst Conan author you have ever read?" or "Which is your favorite Star Wars space fighter?" and you will have a friend for life. Eric has lived near Seattle, Washington for the last 10 years.

Daniel Sperelli, aka the HorseManWar101, is a freelance writer and adventurer. A 20+ year veteran of Table Top Gaming, Daniel is also an avid MMO gamer and independent graphic art designer with Wikked FX Graphics. His wife has coined him the “king of the misfits” due to being a sport fan and coach too. Daniel has written for a couple different MMO sites in the past as well as maintaining his own Star Wars D6 Campaign site alongside his co-GM.

He is currently in the process of rebooting the *Riders of the Gaming Apocalypse* blog and can be found on Twitter and Facebook as @horsemanwar101. Daniel listens to music, delves into various fiction, and spends time with his family when the call of the Force isn't bringing him back into the Star Wars universe.

Andrew Zavadin is a 28 year veteran of being a (capital G) Gamer. Also the creator of the D6Holocron.com website which is devoted to keeping all forms of the D6 Roleplaying Games, like Star Wars, alive. Along with being a Gamer he is a woodworker and collector of all things that have skulls on them. Living in Elgin Illinois with his, highschool sweetheart, wife.

He hates long walks on the beach, and can regularly be found at antique or junk shops looking for odd things to add to a new project. Andrew also has no idea on how to write up a writers bio.

...Artists...

John Gendall is a professional illustrator working in the U.K. A Star Wars fan since the age of five, when he watch it in his local cinema way back in 1977. He's been an avid Roleplayer since the mid 80s, and spent far too much time painting miniatures from various games over the years. He bought the first edition of the d6 when it first came out, and at some point has played/G.M. every version of the game, returning to the d6 about 2 years ago, as out of all of them it's the version he loves best.

Mostly doing book covers, and commissioned portraits, he has designed some miniatures for the game *Broken Contract* and some publicity for East Street Games, a zombie Father Christmas. He jumped at the chance to work for the *Adventurers Journal*, after all it's Star Wars!

...this Journal

The *Adventurers Journal* is an unofficial fan generated magazine for use with *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition, Revised and Expanded*.

We humbly acknowledge the individual authors and their consulted works which have inspired the content herein.

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About the Authors, Artists, and this Journal

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- *Absent Friends* a drop in adventure when you are a player down.