

THE

MAY 2021

# ADVENTURER'S JOURNAL

PRESENTS

## GALACTIC GUIDE TWO SHIPS & SALVAGE



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

**“It’s the ship that made the Kessel Run  
in less than twelve parsecs!**

**I’ve outrun Imperial starships, not the  
local bulk-cruisers, mind you. I’m talking  
about the big Corellian ships now.**

**She’s fast enough for you, old man.”**

**– Han Solo**



# FIELD NOTES



Aurek Jenth has allowed me to step in for a moment.

So, you want to join my organization?

I warn you now, I'm a very hard taskmaster. I need you to follow the code strictly, not going off and being a lone operator.

Believe me, I do not want the Empire finding out where we are and decimating this place.

It's taken me a lot of time and money, and my daughter joining the Rebel Alliance, to get this organization to where it is today.

My members now transport equipment and supplies to various Rebel cells throughout the Outer Rim, but the staging area is above Zromillia. Unfortunately, the Imperials have taken over completely and are making it nigh on impossible.

But we are managing to get the deliveries through.

In this, the Second Galactic Guide, we cover Ships and Salvage.

We have a number of fiction pieces, as well as a couple of stat blocks, and a solo adventure. We even have adventures for groups of intrepid characters.

The main articles, however, cover a Ship Lot where you can pick up a ship for a reasonable price, and a look inside the catalog of Cordova Shipyards, Garage and Salvage. Not to mention a salvaged ship. And a new template, the Scavenger.

In the future this page will feature insights from various Adventurer's Journal personalities.

To continue on to Aurek Jenth's Field Notes, turn to page 113.

- Arev Praxx, Corellian Smuggler (Retired?)

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## GALACTIC GUIDETO SHIPS & SALVAGE

### In This Issue

Istu Dar of Panara by Mark Dowsong .....	16
Tunroth Retributor Squads by Yuber Okami .....	34
Absence of Malice: A Solo Adventure by Mark Dowson .....	38
Four To Owe: Crime Bosses by Mathew Wedel .....	82
Damage Control by S Will Whicker .....	101
True Blue: A Starwars Story Part Five by Dustin Hawk .....	105
Cordova Shipyards, Garage & Salvage by Ronald Cordova ...	124
In The Shadow of Mount Hope by Gavin Downing and Jeffrey Cook, with S. Hollis Adler .....	136
Power Routing For Space Transports by S Will Whicker .....	152
Blank Adventurer Sheet .....	169

### Features

Field Notes .....	1
Behind the Screen: Docking Bay 94 .....	6
Unappreciated Ship Lot: Harkers Haul .....	90
New Template: Scavenger .....	43
Location Scout: Ultra Nine featuring Aurek Jenth .....	114
STAT! This & That: Power Loader .....	158
About the Authors & Artists .....	162



E-WING ESCORT FIGHTER



X-WING ESCORT FIGHTER

B-WING HEAVY FIGHTER



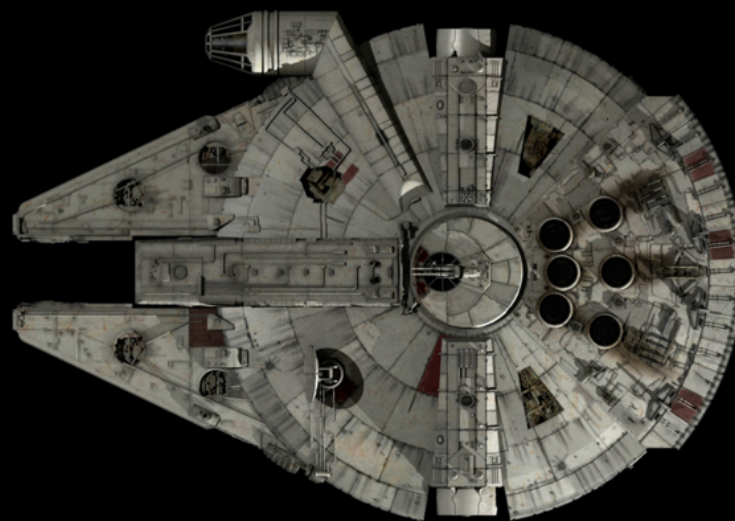
N-1 ROYAL STARFIGHTER



QUICKSILVER



YT 2000 CORELLIAN FREIGHTER



YT-1300 F/P CORELLIAN FREIGHTER



# STAR WARS Timelines

## CANON

These articles take place within the canon *Star Wars* universe, any characters that are owned by Lucasfilms Ltd., cannot be used as the focal or Point of View characters in any submissions and may only be used as background NPCs. They can be mentioned very briefly, perhaps a line or two, and are never directly interacted with.

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*i.e. Gen. Reiken meets with the characters in the article to give them a mission, and they will report to him HOWEVER these missions can not have a direct impact on the canon characters or canon events.*

Within the Legends continuity timeline are the Infinities stories. Written as parodies or presenting "what-if" circumstances, these stories are considered non-canonical within the officially licensed Legends continuity.

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This is where we adventure into charted territory and established events and alter the landscape. Anything goes (as approved by the editors). Canon characters fully interact with those created by the contributor. Events can change and take a new direction. The story or article becomes part of the *Adventurer's Journal* in magazine universe and may or may not feature the persons, places, planets, and things that were first introduced in the Journal.

Unless otherwise noted, all entries are considered to take place within the **Adventurer's Timeline**.

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Published with special thanks to *West End Games*, George Lucas, Eric Trautmann, Bill Smith, Bill Slavicsek, and

**The Adventurer's Journal Facebook Group.**

**Extreme Thanks to Peter M. Schweighofer for establishing the original Star Wars Adventure Journal**

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# BEHIND THE SCREEN



Every GM and every player loves a new ship. Everyone loves deck plans, and everyone loves new stats. But most don't realize why. This series of articles will explore the love of ships that forms one of the pillars that makes a Star Wars session (and, ultimately, a campaign) richer.

## Session Zero

So, my group decided that they wanted a ship. This was decided during our 'session zero'. They talked to me about the fact that they *love* starships, but they had a few things about the whole ship thing that they absolutely didn't like and wanted to work to prevent.

1. On most ships, not everyone gets to feel very active during space combat scenes. Everyone in our group wanted to be active, but they didn't want to be a fighter squadron. They wanted a bedroom on the ship, and they wanted a shower. One player pointed out that hyperdrive trips can take days or even weeks, and she wasn't sitting in a cockpit of a Z-95 for that long. How would she eat? How would she shower? Would she have to wear space-diapers?

2. They didn't want to be the truck drivers of a galaxy far, far away. They had recently finished a very fun, profitable, and successful mercantile-based campaign, and they didn't want to have enough cargo hold to even consider that kind of venture again. So, they set a limit on their ship—it would have to have less than twenty tons of cargo space.

3. They wanted a chance to get some experience under their collective belts before they had to start putting Character Points towards starship skills. Basically, they wanted to have some fun on the ground first.

4. They wanted their ship to have an iconic look to it. Cool became an important detail.

Based on these criteria, we had a little chat. My group has four players, each playing one character. We have an ex-bounty hunter, an ex-assassin posing as a gambler, a young armchair historian type who learned her tactics and military skills playing a paintball-like game called 'StunSoft', and a Jawa tech who is a droid expert. Two wanted something utilitarian and functional, a no-frills ship that they would really have to work on and invest time in to make it work. The other two wanted something flashier that would be a fighting vessel.

After a while, we settled on two small ships. Let's look at how using two small ships satisfies the '**session zero**' criteria:

1. With two ships, everyone has a lot to do. One character will be the pilot and also handle the forward guns, sensors, and comms. The other character will handle the turret, the shields (with a little modification, my PCs will put the shield controls in the turret) and possibly the damage control as well. They will be *busy*, so I recommended that each ship invest in an AstroMech droid to help with navigation and damage control, much to the delight of our Jawa.

2. The ships we chose were the U-Wing and the Firespray. We decided to house-rule that the U-Wing could handle 10 tons of cargo and the Firespray could handle 20 tons. Enough for a speeder-bike or two, but not enough to become merchants.

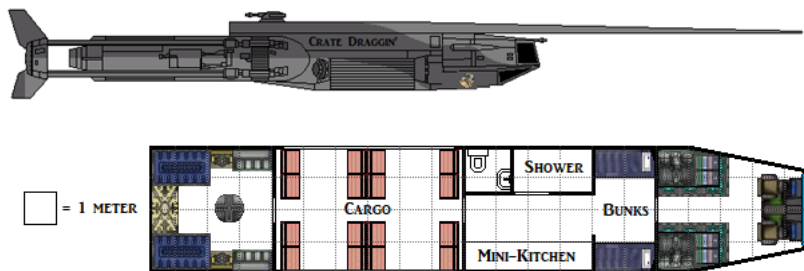
3. We decided that they would earn their ships over time. This was done in two ways. The U-Wing would be restored over time from a scrapyard, giving the armchair historian and tech PCs a chance to scavenger hunt for things. It would take effort, good bargaining skills, and elbow grease, but it would be a cheaper



ship. The other two PCs would save up and buy a used, mostly-stripped Firespray once the other group had managed to get their hunk of junk space-worthy.

4. Honestly, the PCs were really happy with the types of ships. U-Wings are highly functional, no-frills ships, and that appealed to the tech and armchair historian. The Firespray just screams bounty hunter, which appealed to the other two PCs.

I had some work to do, of course. I needed to start work on the first ship (the U-Wing) because they would need to find it in a scrapyard so they could start working on it, part by part. I decided it was one of the first U-Wing designs, and house-ruled that the U-Wing was a *class* of vehicle that sought to bridge the gap between fighters and transports, and with a greater range than a shuttle. This particular U-Wing had been one of several used to carry separatist commandoes in my PCs home sector. Deck plans, of a sort, were needed. We settled on the U-Wing not being a standard design. So much concept art for the U-Wing ended up on the cutting room floor. They opted to look at them all and one of our PCs did a little designing, finally coming up with an amalgam of U-Wing concept art, preferring the design that many have likened to a Huey transport helicopter. I allowed this because it gave them room to add two bunks, a small kitchen, and a bathroom with shower to the design. It was important to them. This is what they came up with:



As you can see, I gave it the name *Crate Draggin'* and my players liked the name so much that they decided to keep it. What can I say, I like puns. My second choice was *Alderaan Places*.

Next, I had to make the ship into a character.

## Your Ship is a Character

Ships in Star Wars aren't merely a means to get from one adventure to the next. They are settings for roleplaying and adventure, they are battlefields, and they are home. The GM must realize (and the sooner the better!) that he/she shouldn't be the one to determine what the ship looks like any more than he/she should determine what a player character looks like. The entire group should sit down and figure out what they are looking for in a ship.

The Star Wars default ship is the stock light freighter; it is iconic, large enough for a group of four to six player characters, and lends itself to all sorts of mayhem. It is certainly the go-to ship for a reason—it is easy and fun. But there are so many types of stock light freighter.

Does your group want to avoid being the truck drivers of the galaxy? Recommend a model with a smaller cargo hold, or let them have a ship that has a small holo-theater, gym, or tech bay that takes up all but 20 tons of cargo space.

Does everyone in your group of six or seven players want to be involved in ship combat? Consider two smaller ships (such as the U-Wing, Firespray, or Y2K Peregrine) so that everyone has a chance to do more than angle the deflector shields or calculate the jump to lightspeed. Work with them, but don't let them create SUPERSHIP MK 5,000!

Since the ship is a character, you should avoid hopping ships. Do you remember the name of that recurring NPC you saw every session of your last Star Wars campaign? Probably. Do you remember the name of that Y-Wing you flew out of the asteroid cave on your first adventure and then never saw again? Nope. Not memorable. Make the ship unique, but not uniquely dangerous. Your ship may be a character, but your ship is also a starting character.

## Your Ship as a Starting Character

So, you've accepted that your party's ship is a character of its own, and you are ready to come up with some stats. You're tempted to use the basic stats for the Firespray, because it's so cool. *Stop*. Sure, the ship is a character, but it's a beginning character, just like the group. It might have a hundred years of history settled into dirt and grime in every corner, but it has to be

commensurate with your group's power level. Here are a few tips:

Shields over 2D are too much. A Hull over 4D is too much. TIE Fighters have laser cannons that do 5D damage, so coming up with a Shields+Hull combination that equals between 4D+2 and 5D+1 is optimal for fun and survivability. Also, don't worry about how little damage the ship guns can do. TIE Fighters have a 2D hull and no shields. Start your PC's ship with a couple of turrets that do 3D damage and they will still be destroying TIE fighters with 50% of their shots or more! Proton Torpedoes, Concussion Missiles, and Turbolasers don't belong on this ship. First off, they *should* be illegal. Why in the world would the Imperial Navy allow ships to fly around the galaxy with weapons that can do *that* much damage? Second, unless you want your group blowing away frigates and damaging light cruisers, they have no place in the beginning of the campaign.

Many GMs seem to want to wow with extra gadgets at this point. This is done to please the players and to give the ship a special feeling. Secondary shield generators, a super-fast hyperdrive, etc. are not what the GM needs here. Instead, give the old rust bucket some real personality.

### Helping Your Group to Pursue a Goal:

So, your group has decided on a ship, or ships, and you've decided on some quirks. Now, you, as the GM, have to figure out how the group got hold of it. Of course, they want it free, as starting equipment. As an alternative, they want to owe some crime lord some money.

#### **This has been done to death.**

First off, your players are going to move around so much that having a crime lord after them will be no big deal. Second, many players will be likely to either become focused on eliminating the crime lord or on accumulating credits to pay the debt off. Neither of these options are fun.

Here's another possibility:

Have them actually work for it. In the end, they will love it. They will feel like they earned the ship, it will have taken on a life of its own during the process, and you can use each and every part they are looking for as a reward or adventure hook for starting characters. Does your group need an acceleration compensator? Have the rebellion offer them one at the end of the mission in

## Ship Personality

d6	Quirk	Game Effect
1	Ship was once used as a salvage vessel.	The ship has a low-powered tractor beam projector (Fire Control 1D, Strength 2D)
2	Ship was a pleasure vessel for the idle rich.	Food processors are extremely high quality (though there is little market for such things today in tramps). Meals are gourmet.
3	Ship was used to carry bounties, captured animals, wanted felons	Some of the cargo space is replaced with holding cells (10 tons of cargo = 1 holding cell)
4	Ship was used as the primary transport for a swoop gang	½ of the cargo space is set up to be a repulsorlift garage and workshop (though the tools are gone). The other half is where they used to park their speeder bikes and swoops.
5	This was a family ship	The recreational and kitchen areas are larger. There are "family touches" such as portrait frames or painted murals, in the hallways. There are extra bedrooms and a holographic school room.
6	This was a smuggling vessel	There is a 1 ton smuggling hold somewhere on the ship. There are also a few places throughout the ship with small areas that are made to smuggle a single weapon or item. Let the group find these as they go ("Wait, there's a compartment behind the fire extinguisher!?!")

trade for a couple of extra blaster pistols they picked up. Is your group looking for a nav computer? An old contact may have a spare one, but he is currently on the run from a local gang of thugs.

In our latest game, as I mentioned before, our group of four player characters found an old U-Wing sitting in a scrap heap. Most of it was junk, but there was enough there to work with. The price? 5,000 credits. We checked it over a half-dozen times, each time we found something else that needed replaced or repaired. The price was right, though they had to save for a few more games. Best of all, they would see their project progress over a half dozen or more game sessions, which is what they really wanted.

In the end, we were given the list on the following table;

Part	Install DC	Time	Cost	Effect
Acceleration Compensator	Moderate	4 hours	800	Speed limited to 1D until replaced
Atmospheric Processor	Moderate	4 hours	200	Limit 1 hour in vacuum until replaced
C-8 Corellstand Environmental Filter	Easy	1 hour	200	Limit 1 day in vacuum until replaced
4 Algae Cylinders	Easy	1 hour/Each	50/Each	Each adds 1 week of life support in vacuum
Hyperdrive Motivator	Moderate	2 hours	300	Hyperdrive won't work until replaced
Navigational Computer	Moderate Starship	2 days	2000	AstroMech required to jump until installed
3 Optical Transducer Panels	Moderate Starship	2 hours/Each	150/Each	-1D sensors until replaced
Koensayr	Moderate	4 hours	500	Cannot fly until replaced

Reactant Agitator Injector	Moderate	1 hour	200	No power to weapons/shields until replaced
4 Thiodyne 03-R Cryogenic Power	Very Easy	30 min/Each	500/Each	No power until replaced
Etheric Rudder	Moderate	1 day	2000	-2D maneuverability until replaced
Influx Capacitor	Difficult	6 hours	800	Uses twice the power until replaced
Hyperdrive Actuation Diode	Difficult	1 hour	150	Hyperdrive activated manually until replaced
Thelman Converter	Moderate	2 hours	200	Hyperdrive won't work until replaced
Taim & Bak IX4 Laser Cannons Power Cable	Easy	4 hours	100	Blasters non-functional until replaced
Power Relay Inverter for Incom	Very Difficult	6 hours	300	No "hot starts" until installed
9771 Deflector Shunting Circuitry	Moderate	4 hours	550	Shields fail after 1st hit until installed
Titanium-reinforced	Easy	2 hours	600	Must stay in atmosphere
Misc. Hull Plating	Easy	2 days	400	Hull rating -1D until replaced

After scraping together the 5,000 credits to buy the hunk of junk, we had to find and purchase an anti-gravity motivator. This allowed us to fly the ship back to the lot we had rented to store it. Of course, we needed to replace the cargo doors, atmospheric processor, and environmental filters next. Without these, the U-Wing was nothing more than a glorified airspeeder. Even then, we found that the vessel was okay for flying around the system we were in, but couldn't make hyperspace jumps.

Now, we're searching for a thelman converter, hyperdrive motivator, and nav computer, though we may end up buying an AstroMech droid to store a few jumps at a time instead. Once we find these items, we'll have an actual working ship, though it won't have power to the guns and shields. Further, there will still be a number of things wrong with it—speed capped at 1D, maneuverability at -2D, shields failing after first hit—until we find the last bit of parts.

## A GM Secret

There is a reason behind all of this madness.

Actually, there are four good reasons a GM should provide a ship to a group of PCs:

1. Beginning characters aren't really ready for space combat – they need to get a few more adventures under their belts before they have the skills required. Do you think your PCs have the skills? If you do, consider this: the average TIE Pilot has a 4D or 5D in piloting and gunnery. Fire Control and Maneuverability for the TIE Fighter are both 2D, giving the average TIE pilot six or seven dice to roll. Until the group can equal that, they can't match one or two TIE Fighters in a fight, let alone a half-dozen.

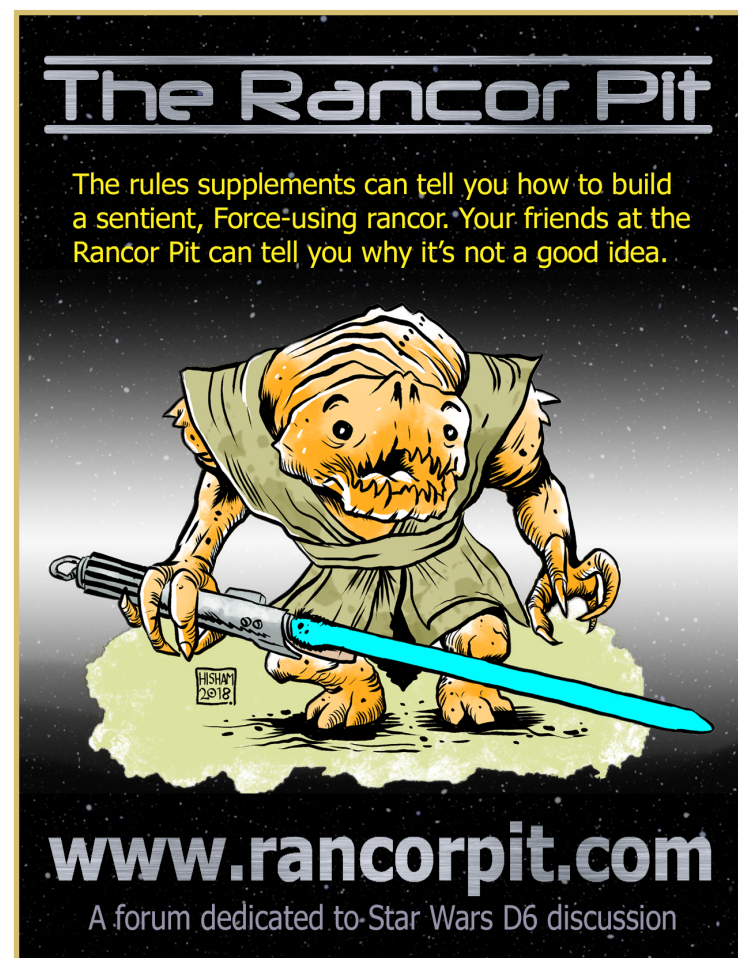
2. Your players are going to skill up in their chosen areas pretty quickly unless you do something about it. It's easy to end up with a few ultra-talented gunslingers in your group if you don't give them something else to put skill points into. Ships give your PCs something to work toward and spend their skill points on. Every member of the group ends up grabbing at least one starship related skill and works on improving it.

Think about all of the skills needed:

Starship Piloting, Shields, Sensors, Comms, Navigation, Starship Gunnery, Starship Repair. That's seven skills; seven skills to put character points into that take away skill points they would otherwise spend on their Dodge and Blaster skills. If your group will have a single transport with two turrets and forward mounted blasters, that will mean three PCs need to work on gunnery skills. One or two will need Starship Repair and Piloting. At least one will need Shields, Sensors, Comms and Navigation. And if you give them two ships, they have to spend even more skill points. And they will want two smaller ships if they all want to get in on the action.

3. Ships also give the GM a money sink to keep the game balanced. It's easy to end up with a ton of money in this game (just have your group of four pick up a pistol or two per game to sell at ½ price and watch the money start to roll in). Rewards of 500 to 2,000 credits per mission are pretty standard, the group will end up with extra blasters, speederbikes, and other goodies to sell, and they will want their own toys.

Let them save for a needed ship part, or a new blaster turret that does 4D damage, or let them try to buy a black market concussion missile launcher later in the campaign, instead.





# Istu-Dar of Panara and the Enemy Beneath

## - Part One -

They thought I was too young to form attachments, but I still dreamed of returning to my home planet of Panara and finding the war there over. My memories of the horrors led me to believe that anything was better than war. It was only later, when I was no longer a young Padawan, that I discovered conditions under oppressive regimes could be worse, of spirits broken rather than defiant and desperate.

Still it was a relief to be returning to Coruscant, away from the front lines of the Clone Wars and the suffering of the common people.

Fighting enemies, usually battle droids, with my lightsaber I found empowering. In such battles it was like I was fighting and beating the demons from my past. It was the suffering of those around me, from civilians to clone troopers and other Jedi, I found hard on my spirit.

I also found the clone troopers disturbing. The worst thing was their blind obedience to anyone with the authority to command them not because they had faith in such persons and believed in the cause they were fighting for, but because they were conditioned to. They would follow orders to oppress and kill as readily as those to defend and liberate. It was all too easy to imagine them being used against us by some would-be despot to take control of the Republic.

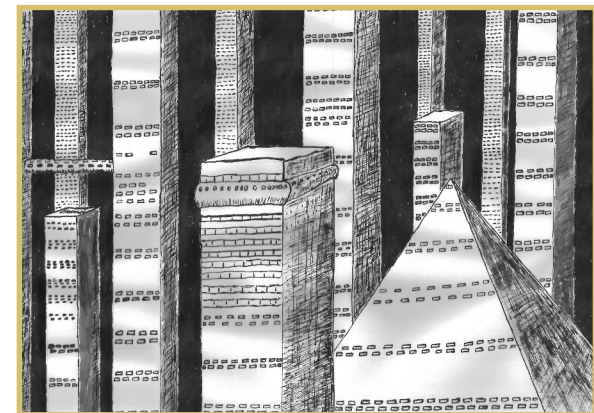
Their vertical slit helmets I found sinister, and the near identical faces beneath them tiresome. On the battle-lines it was common to go weeks with clone faces being the only ones I saw. Something in me cried out for something other than the same short black hair and tanned features.

The swirling purple tunnel of hyperspace was the only thing visible out of the cockpit viewport. Sat behind me was War Minister Tarro, the dignitary whom I was charged with escorting safely to Coruscant. It was only because he had important information, which could be vital in the war to defend the systems which had yet to fall, as his own had. His price for that information was getting him to safety.

It was difficult for me not to feel contempt for Minister Tarro, being so ready to abandon his people to whatever fate awaited them under the Separatists' Confederacy. *Such an emotion is unworthy of a Jedi*, I told myself. *He is just scared for his life and probably could not do anything for his people to make a difference anyway.* Admittedly helping us was probably the best way to help his people, and it was that very assistance he would have withheld if we had just taken him to the nearest Republic military base. No, he was definitely just a selfish individual, who cared only for his own comfort and survival.

White streaks against the black contracted into stars as we reverted back to normal space. Before us was Coruscant, looking like a dark bronze ball covered in gold-etched scratches. I remembered the first time I saw the towering skyscrapers of Coruscant and layers of buildings, all illuminated with brightly lit windows. I had been quite the wide-eyed kid. Panara had been a world covered in small islands with no real large cities, and certainly no man-made structures on anything like the scale which greeted you everywhere on Coruscant.

Now, over two decades later, I scarcely took any notice of the towering monuments to urban construction.



The distinct shape of the Jedi Temple, four towers surrounding a fifth, quickly came into view and grew in size. The rest of the temple below its towers was a square structure with a cross built into it. We descended towards the tower belonging to the Council of Reconciliation. There we landed in a hanger at its base, in the shadow of the Jedi High Council Tower.

“Well, you should be safe here,” I said, turning to War Minister Tarro.

“Should be? We are as far from the frontlines as we can possibly get.”

“Providing we do not lose the war. If that happens Coruscant could be one of the worst places to be.”

“Surely there is not much chance.”

“It is possible. There are many on our own side who, through their own selfish motivations, are prepared to jeopardize our chances of success.” I let my words sink in, then added more for extra effect. “The Separatists and us are fairly evenly matched. That is why we were unable to prevent your world from falling to them.”

After fully discharging my duty to War Minister Tarro, I wandered the great pillared hallways of the temple. During the months on the frontlines I had grown use to the constant sound of warfare on every planet I was on. Here, in this ancient place, there were no sounds of distant laser cannons or aerial bombardment.

All was quiet, but I could sense the tension of war in the minds of many of the Jedi present in the Temple.

Beyond the Temple walls it was different for the average citizen of Coruscant, who saw the war as something distant which did not really affect them.

From around the corner ahead of me there came the sound of a stick tapping against the polished marble floor and the diminutive figure of Master Yoda with his wrinkled green skin and large ears stepped into view.

“Not ready to return to the frontlines, I sense you are.” he said to me. “Never mind. A task I have for you here. A darkness of fear is spreading through Coruscant. An increase there has been in the criminal elements preying on the common citizens. Investigate this you will for me?”

“Yes, Master Yoda,” I replied.

Taking a speeder, I left the Jedi Temple to fly to the sector of the city where, according to Yoda, crime was most prevalent.

Outside I sped along the flight lanes with towers of apartments rising up on either side of me beyond the Jedi Temple district. Most of the tower blocks tended to merge into each other, making the flight lanes resemble sheer artificial canyons, crossed by the occasional pedestrian bridge-way.

Each one of the multitude sets of illuminated windows covering the tower blocks belonged to the home of someone who worked in the city, whether their job was in administration, the production of certain goods, working in bars or clubs, or in any one of the many other jobs to be found on a planet like Coruscant.

It did not take long for me to sense someone in trouble. Bringing my speeder to a stop at the edge of a small plaza, I leapt out and ran into an enclosed bridge-way. Half the strip lights which were meant to be illuminating it were out. Possibly it was due to someone in maintenance taking their time dealing with it. More likely someone had deliberately shut some of them down, like one of the two men I saw threatening a third with a knife.

Reaching out with the Force, I telekinetically slammed the one with a knife into a wall. He slid to the ground unconscious. The second man reached for his blaster pistol. I had my lightsaber drawn and ignited in easily enough time to deflect his shot right back at him. It hit him in the chest, and he fell to the ground, dead.

“Yes, I know I should have been more careful,” said the man I had rescued, when I reached him. “I know as well as everyone how dangerous these streets are.”

“No, you should not have to worry about being attacked,” I disagreed and returned to my speeder.

Etiquette required I checked in with the individual who had the most influence in the area, but whether I adhered to etiquette was my choice. In this case there was no harm in making Lord Aldray my first avenue of investigation. His residence made up the upper levels of one of the larger towers and could only be reached by speeder.

Landing my speeder on the appropriate landing platform, I climbed out and was met by one of Lord Aldray’s servants.

“Lord Aldray is expecting you, Master Jedi,” he told me. “So come this way.” and led me through a door inside.

Walking along the red carpeted hallways, I felt uncomfortable and out of place amongst all the gaudy finery in my drab, travel stained Jedi robes. A man passed me and the servant leading the way, who struck me as being as equally out of place as myself. His clothes, while of a good quality, had a certain tough street look to them. Unlike me this was something I sensed he revelled in as personal power over those who had to endure him. I did not have time to sense more before I was issued into the drawing room. There, from behind a long table, Lord Aldray looked away from the painting he had been examining and turned to face me. He was an elderly man of just below medium height with short receding grey hair and a dignified face.

“Master Jedi, this is an unexpected pleasure.” Aldray, said in an oily voice. “Jedi Istu-Dar, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I replied, sensing his nervousness beneath his confident façade. “I am gratified you could find time to meet me with all the pressing business interests you have to attend to.” Lord Aldray’s inner discomfort seemed to increase but to his credit none of this leaked out into his face.

“Ah, well my loyalty to the Republic requires it, not that it is not an honour to assist a Jedi in his enquiries, whatever they are.” As convincing as he seemed on the surface, his lack of sincerity reached me clearly through the Force.

“I am investigating the abnormally high level of crime in this sector. My suspicion is that there is a single organisation behind it. As someone of influence, my hope is you can provide me with some enlightenment concerning what is truly going on.”

“I am afraid I know of no criminal organisation such as you seek. While I would hate to contradict the wisdom of a Jedi, the only insight I can offer is that various sociological factors are to blame for the level of crime you perceive. I was not even of the impression it was particularly exceptional here. I suspect you must have been given a false impression by someone living in a particularly rough neighbourhood. I would have thought any significant changes would be beyond the achievement of one man, even a Jedi.”

“Well we Jedi are not omniscient and are almost as fallible as everyone else,” I conceded, deciding I had learnt everything I

needed to here. The constant lies I sensed suggested he was in the pocket of the criminal organisation I was hunting for, but I suspected he was not in deep enough to be of any use to me.

My next avenue of investigation was to make enquiries in the various bars. It was something I had hoped to avoid doing, since it was a good way to draw attention to myself and was thus neither safe for myself nor anyone who helped me. Ideally, I really did not want whoever was behind the crime ring knowing he or she had a Jedi to contend with, especially not before I at least knew where to find them.

The effect I had on entering the bar was comparable to throwing a small stone into a pool. I created subtle ripples of alarm. This was quite normal. It was not really the robes. There were enough people who wore something similar, that they blended in well enough. It was more that some people automatically felt uneasy when someone strong in the Force passed by them, even when they were unaware of that person. Others tended to pick up on this vibe.

Anyway, the upshot was that by the time I reached a position around the bar, where I could get a drink, many of those around me were on edge and a few had looked at me full on enough to realise I was a Jedi.

It was a small place with only four tables. As a result, most of the patrons were standing. The bar occupied one corner with a table in each of the others. Between two of these was the fourth table, opposite the bar and the door I entered by.

Looking around at the other patrons, I settled on the grey skinned face of a Sullustan businessman as the first person to start my inquiries with. While it was true Sullust had joined the Confederacy near the start of the Clone Wars, I was not going to discriminate just because of the actions of his corporate government.

Speaking to him in his native language so most of the other patrons would not be able to understand what we were talking about, I asked if he knew anything about the crime ring. At my question he instantly became nervous and shook his head, saying he knew nothing then glanced around apprehensively for reassurance we had not been overheard.

It was about then I sensed someone with hostile intentions towards me enter the bar. Sensing the attack a split moment

before it happened, I threw myself into one of the other patrons, as a blaster bolt cut through the air to hit a Rodian who had been behind me.

With all the patrons in the way there was no room to safely swing a lightsaber without likely hitting one of them. That was what my antagonist had been counting on. With no way to deflect his shots I sprang forward with Force-aided speed. Grabbing his arm, I pushed it upwards as he fired a second time. The blaster bolt thankfully went up into the ceiling this time around, bringing a bit of plastic down but not hitting any of the other patrons. I then elbowed my attacker in the face.

Jedi have often described lightsabers as elegant weapons and blasters uncivilised in comparison. Part of this, I suspected, was due to the way a single hit would usually take an opponent down, by severing or rendering useless a limb if not cutting them in two. This made for very quick fights against most non-Jedi opponents. Being reduced to fighting unarmed against an enemy was definitely not as quick and certainly very uncivilised.

As was to be expected, most of my skill was with a lightsaber, when it came to combat, although I did have some training unarmed. Jedi enhanced reflexes helped but I was still at a disadvantage compared to normal circumstances.

Hitting the eject button on the side of his blaster, I sent the power pack flying out of the weapon, to be lost on the floor among the feet of all the other patrons.

A punch from my opponent sent me reeling. In the time he had bought himself, my opponent had the sense to not even bother trying to retrieve the power pack and instead drew a vibro-knife.

He did not have time to do more than this. Using the Force to brush aside any pain or disorientation, I recovered faster than he had expected and came in with a punch of my own. On encountering hard resistance, where I struck him, I discovered he was wearing armour. Quite possibly he was some kind of bounty hunter.

The question was, had he been hired by Lord Aldray or the out of place man I had seen in his palace?

Grinning, he lashed out with his vibrating blade, nicking my belt, as I jumped back. It was the grin of a bully. I had had little personal experience of being bullied. It was rare among the

Younglings training to be Jedi. Those who did tended to be made into case studies by their instructors, which I imagined was rather humiliating.

Having not crashed into another patron, I realised there was now more space. Many of them had fled the bar, leaving room for the rest to back away. This was the opportunity I had been waiting for.

Fumbling with my lightsaber, I ignited it and the turquoise and white blade appeared between us, cutting straight through him. Dead, my antagonist crashed to the ground. His vibro-knife came loose from his hand, vibrating on the floor like something alive. With a sigh I extinguished my lightsaber.

Reaching out with my senses, I decided making further enquiries here was a bad idea. I had already attracted too much attention, and everyone was looking at me to see what I would do next. There were plenty of other bars in the seedy parts of the district where I could continue my investigations.

The next bar was a couple of street levels lower down and much quieter. With only a dozen patrons there was no way they could miss a Jedi entering the establishment, however that was roughly the same number I would have questioned in a more crowded place.

A scruffy-bearded man, whose appearance clashed with the expensive suit he wore, left just as I was entering, and I got the sense the patron most likely to betray my business to the wrong people had just departed.

“What have we here; a Jedi in a place like this?” said a woman’s voice, making it official I had been noticed. The woman, statuesque in appearance with tied back dark blond hair, was stood at the bar, looking at me with contempt.

“Just making a few enquiries,” I replied, joining her at the bar.

“It must be a very important matter to bring you here. Nothing any of us would know about. Surely you have the wrong place.”

“Appearances and perceptions can be deceptive.”

“Like the perception that you Jedi serve the common people.”

“No, we do serve the people.”

“Where were the Jedi when my family were being murdered for



not paying protection money? Too busy fighting your war, I guess.”

“What can you tell me of who was behind your family’s murder?”

“What do you care?”

“I care. I assume those responsible were part of the same organisation behind all the rest of the crime in these streets.”

“Yes, but I don’t know where to find those responsible. If I did, they would be dead, or I would in the attempt to achieve that end. It was only their lackeys we had the misfortune to have any dealings with.”

“I am sorry.” I now knew why she had a very illegal heavy blaster pistol in a holster on her belt. Ironically, those who sold it to her were probably working for those she intended to shoot with it.

Returning to where I had left my speeder after a few more fruitless enquiries in the bar, I saw only an empty space where the vehicle had been. I forced myself to be calm for it was evident what had happened. It had been stolen, possibly by some member of the crime ring I was hunting for, making me even more determined to bring them down. This was, of course, part of why we were encouraged not to harbour anger but act only when we were calm and at peace with the Force.

“There is no passion; there is sincerity,” I reminded myself. It did not really make me feel any less annoyed.

The loss of the vehicle was not the only inconvenience but also losing the few items of equipment I had left in it, like my datapad and holoprojector. All I had left was my lightsaber, a few credits and my utility belt.

Quickly I evaluated what I had in my utility belt; three days of food capsules, a spare energy cell, my comlink without the signal booster, a medpac, one very small tool kit, a liquid cable dispenser and a few homing beacons with a tracker...

It was then I noticed the pouch that had carried my homing beacons was torn open. It must have happened during that last fight. All but one of the four beacons were gone. It occurred to me it was just about possible at least one of them had fallen out in my speeder rather than out in the first bar or the street.

Pulling out my tracker, I switched it on and tuned it to locate the direction of the first beacon. According to the tracker, the first beacon was stationary and its position consistent roughly with the direction of the bar the fight had occurred in.

The second beacon however, was not consistent with this, and moving away from me at three hundred and fifty kilometres an hour. It seemed I was in luck and the Force was with me this time.

It was reassuring to find that even the actions of those who disrupted the harmony of society for their own selfish gratifications could sometime be turned by the Force to serve the greater good.

I managed to flag down an air taxi. “Where to?” the taxi driver asked.

“Follow the directions I give you, starting with a thirty degrees turn to the left.”

“Excuse me?”

“It’s Jedi business,” I explained. “Here are some credits.”

“Well at least you’re not expecting me to do this for free,” the driver grumbled and set off in the direction I had instructed.

“Yes, there are some in my Order who would do that,” I agreed. “Or worse, requisition your vehicle.” Looking down at my tracker, I saw the blip representing my speeder with the homing beacon in it change direction. “Turn twenty degrees to the right,” I called out.

“Whatever you say, Master Jedi.”

“Oh, and put a bit more speed on.”

“Where is it we’re going?”

I reached out with the Force to sense any sinister motives behind his question. Detecting only honest curiosity, I saw no reason not to answer with the truth. “We’re after a thief, who just inadvertently volunteered to be my lead in an investigation by stealing my speeder.”

“It’s reassuring to hear even a Jedi’s not immune to falling foul of the criminal network in this sector . . . unless you deliberately allowed your speeder to be stolen.”

Wishing that had been true, I replied, “Doing so has served my

purpose.”

“You think you can bring this crime ring down? We could do with law and order being restored here. Nearly everyone who’s travelled with me seems to have fallen afoul of them.”

“It is my duty to try,” I replied. “Turn left ten degrees and descend fifty metres.” Looking through the canopy, as the air taxi dropped several street levels, I saw the buildings we were speeding passed were now grimmer and in disrepair.

“I don’t like this. You’re taking us into an area almost as dangerous as the Works, even if on a smaller scale,” the driver complained, referring to the industrial district, which had a sinister reputation.

“You won’t be staying in one place long enough for the criminal inhabitants to be a problem. All you need do is to drop me off, when we reach where I need to be. I will pay you extra.”

“Hope I’m not gonna regret this.”

Up ahead I saw there were several warehouses, dwarfed by the structures around us disappearing into the city above and presumably also continuing downwards below our present street level. It was just the right place to hide a stolen speeder.

A few moments later the blip on the tracker’s screen stopped moving. The speeder had reached its destination about two hundred metres away.

“Put down somewhere around here,” I instructed the driver, when I was certain the speeder was not going to start moving again.

Paying the driver used up half my remaining credits. I got out and started over in the direction indicated by the tracker.

A hole in the pitted walkway ahead gave me a descending view of the many street levels still below me. Walking around it, I wondered what state of disrepair they would be in and what the lives of those who lived there would be like.

By the time I reached the warehouse where my speeder was stowed, the thief was long gone, and I sensed no one else inside. The warehouse door was locked, of course. Such a thing was a very small obstacle to a lightsaber but such an unsubtle approach had its disadvantages. It would have left no way for even a Jedi to conceal the break in.

Removing a few tools from my utility belt, I used them and a bit of Force-based intuition to open the lock. It took a lot longer, but I felt it was worth it.

Entering the very dimly lit warehouse, I quickly found my speeder, along with quite a few others and crates of presumably stolen merchandise. Reclaiming it would have been easy but would have provided no substantial help to my investigation. Waiting for the thief to return, I decided, was the best course of action.

After first retrieving a few items from my speeder, I found myself a hiding place behind some crates and sat down to wait patiently.

The best part of a day passed before I finally heard the warehouse door open and two men enter. The thief was of a small build, blond curly hair and a beard grown through lack of shaving rather than any deliberate grooming. The expensive suit he wore seemed somewhat out of place with the rest of his appearance. It took a moment for me to recognise him as the untrustworthy character who had left the bar where I had met the would-be vigilante. He must have stolen my speeder moments after leaving the bar.

With him was a second man, who reminded me of the out of place man I had passed in Lord Aldray’s palace. It was not that he looked similar but rather I sensed him to be the same kind of person. My intuition was they both belonged to the organisation I was trying to track down.

The thief might well have been useless by himself, but his associate was definitely a parasite higher up the food chain, as some kind of middleman.

Using the Force, I mentally activated the controls for the door and lights.

“What’s going on?” demanded the thief’s associate as the door slammed shut and the lights went out, plunging us into darkness. The sharp hum hiss of my lightsaber igniting was his reply. “A Jedi,” he hissed, as I stepped out from behind the crates, casting a turquoise light from my energy blade.

“You are wondering what I am doing here,” I said in a quiet voice, “How come you were so unfortunate that I found you, and that your thief friend is probably to blame, and whether there is

any possible way to escape? To answer the first question, just imagine the worst-case scenario. For the second; yes, he is to blame. Stealing my speeder was a big mistake, as are both of your criminal activities. For the final question; don't even think about it. Cooperation is your best option."

"You are making a great mistake. The organisation I work for is very powerful..."

"Yes, and I want to know everything you know about it, starting with who is in charge and where I can find them."

"They will kill me for telling you that."

"Then you are just going to have to make sure I have enough information to succeed in my task, if you wish to survive."

Suddenly the door slid open. Silhouetted against the dim light coming from outside was the figure of a woman with a blaster held at the ready.

The distraction and the open door were enough to encourage both criminals to attempt a break for it. The blue flash of a stun blast from the woman took down the middleman. Using the Force, I whipped the feet out from under the thief and telekinetically slammed him unconscious against the ground.

"I followed you here on my speederbike," explained the woman, lowering her heavy blaster pistol, as I strode over to her.

"And your interference might have allowed these two low-lives to escape," I growled, recognising her as the vigilante from the bar."

"Like there was really much chance of that," she sneered. "You seem to have some idea how to go about bringing down those who murdered my family and I want in."

"I don't know who you are. I don't even know your name..."

"Naomi, and even a Jedi needs someone to watch his back."

"I'll think about it. For now let me get back to the point I was at before your rude interruption. If you actually want to help, get the thief tied up, while I deal with his superior; the one you shot."

It took a few moments for my subject to come around. "I am a great believer in personal freedom," I told him, when he at last opened his eyes. The puzzled look on his face indicated he had no idea where I was going with this. "It is part of why I fight to

defend the democracy of the Republic. One freedom everyone is entitled to is that of being able to walk down a street without being mugged or not to have personal possessions stolen, which have been earned through legitimate work."

"Because I believe in freedom, I am giving you a choice, even though you do not deserve it. You can either tell me everything I want to know of your own free will..."

"Get lost!"

"...or I will take what I need by sifting through your mind." The colour left his face, as my words had the effect on him I had intended. "I am sure there are many things you would rather remain hidden, which I will stumble across," I added. "This, however would be more trouble than I would like to go to. If you will be reasonable and save us both the inconvenience, I will use my Jedi powers only to sense whether you are telling me the truth."

"Please, don't be nice to him on my account," declared Naomi. "It's not as if you need to preserve this gooder-than-good image with me you Jedi like to have. I never believed it in the first place."

"Okay, okay, I'll blasted well tell you anything you want," the criminal cursed.

"Which is where do you meet your boss, at what times and what direction does he come from?"

"His name's Solat. He has a fondness for the House of Ryloth..." This was a club in one of the main entertainment districts, known for its exotic dancers.

"Ideally, I would like to intercept him when he is on route there," I declared to Naomi after the criminal had told us everything we had asked for. "Regardless of what escort he might have, he would be more vulnerable and exposed then." There was also a reduced chance of civilian casualties, although the streets in that area would probably be still busy enough for that to be a risk.

"What do we do about these pieces of slime?" Naomi asked.

"We leave them for Planetary Security to pick up. I will give them a call now." It took only a moment then I strode back into the warehouse for my speeder.

**To Be Concluded Next Issue...**

# TUNROTH RETRIBUTOR SQUADS & THE TUNROTH AUXILIARY LEGION

The Tunroth people are an oddity in that they are one of the very few alien species which not only joined the Empire voluntarily, but did it out of genuine gratitude. This feeling is completely unsurprising when you take into account that the Empire saved the entire species from extinction at the hands of the Lorta during an episode which passed into history as "the Reslian Purge".

## The Reslian Purge

For years, the xenophobic Lorta (a near-human species from Gendius Sector) had threatened neighbouring systems with invasion. These threats became a shocking reality in year 7 BBY when the Lorta launched an invasion of a dozen solar systems, including the Tunroth's home system of Jiroch. Filled with religious zeal, the Lorta began to systematically exterminate the Tunroth species, which was incapable of defending itself due to their traditional contempt for high-tech weaponry. Only the timely intervention of imperial forces stopped the slaughter, but not before the entire species had dwindled to just 4 million people. After this, the Tunroth felt obliged to join the Empire.

## Tunroth Military

The Tunroth are noted as some of the best hunters in the galaxy, with their communities being led by the most proficient hunter. For centuries the Tunroth people used only traditional weapons for this craft, despising modern equipment as unworthy of a true hunter. The Reslian Purge changed this forever, as the Tunroth became well aware that they wouldn't have been driven to the edge of extinction had they had access to blasters, starfighters and other military equipment. From this point on, the Tunroth became hoarders of all kind of weapons, with imperial

authorities turning a blind eye, due to their loyalty, if not directly providing them with supplies and instructors.

The Tunroth military can be divided into roughly two groups: the Auxiliary Legion and the (secret) Retributor Squads. The Auxiliary Legion mimics the Imperial Stormtroopers corps in almost every aspect, the exception being a tendency to discard the helmet when deployed planetside and the issue of melee weapons (commonly vibro-blades). The Auxiliary Legion is charged with the protection of the Jiroch system, although their units tend to be eager to volunteer for service in any hot-spot. So far, the Imperial authorities have only used them as peace-keeping forces in the occupied Lorta planets, where they perform an



extremely efficient (and ruthless) role. It is yet to see if this will end up changing the Imperial commanders' attitude towards non-humans in the military and result in the Auxiliary Legion being deployed elsewhere.

**A Tunroth Auxiliary Legionary fighting rebels alongside the Empire's Stormtroopers (Miniatures from WEG, GZG and Eureka)**

## Retributor Squads

The Tunroth Hunters was a highly stratified organization which comprised only the best hunters in the entire species (which, having a culture based on hunting, made them some of the best hunters in the entire galaxy), which in turn happened to assume the leadership positions in Tunroth's society. History tells us that



most Tunroth Hunters died during the purge trying to defend their people with their archaic weapons. In fact, although scores of Hunters were killed, a large number of them survived the war. Having been unable to lead their people to safety, and feeling they owed their lives to the Empire, most of them pledged loyalty to the Emperor, moving out of Jiroch in secrecy in order to be trained by instructors from various elite bodies (like the Royal Guard or the Imperial Commandos) and issued top-of-the-line arms and armour. So far the Emperor has used Retributor Squads to dispose of high-level officers within Imperial ranks and to hunt down some particularly slippery individuals, never leaving witnesses. As they have not been directly used against the Rebellion, it would seem the Emperor was trying to show someone of the power of these elite squads, but who could have such a high rank in the imperial structure to know about these missions? And why would someone as powerful as the Emperor need to do such a thing?



A Retributor squad about to fall on some notorious criminals (miniatures from GZG, WEG and Denizen Miniatures)

Retributor squads always work in groups of three hunters, probably as homage to the Assemblage of Three (the governing body of the Tunroth made of the three top hunters of the entire species). Traditional weaponry as the kilter staff or klirun bow have been discarded and replaced by force pikes and blasters. Aside from that, Retributor squads use extensive use of robots in auxiliary roles (as pilots of their starships, doctors etc).

## Tunroth Auxiliary Legionary

### DEXTERITY 3D (2D)

*Blasters 5D (4D with armor), melee 4D (3D)*

### KNOWLEDGE 1D+2

*Survival 3D*

### MECHANICAL 1D+1

### PERCEPTION 2D+1

*Search 3D+1*

### STRENGTH 2D+2 (3D+2 to soak damage)

### TECHINICAL 2D

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle, Vibroblade, Stormtrooper armour

## Retributor Squad Member

### DEXTERITY 4D (3D)

*Blasters 6D (5D), melee 6D (5D), melee parry 5D (4D), archaic weapons (bow) 6D (5D)*

### KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

*Alien Species 4D, survival 5D*

### MECHANICAL 2D+1

### PERCEPTION 3D+1

*Hide 5D+1 (7D+1), search 5D+1, sneak 5D+1 (7D+1)*

### STRENGTH 3D+2 (4D+2 to soak damage)

*Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 4D+2, stamina 4D+2*

### TECHNICAL 2D

**Move:** 11

## TUNROTH RETRIBUTOR SQUADS AND THE TUNROTH AUXILIARY

**Equipment:** force pike, heavy blaster, stealth suit (+1D to resist damage, +2D sneak/hide)

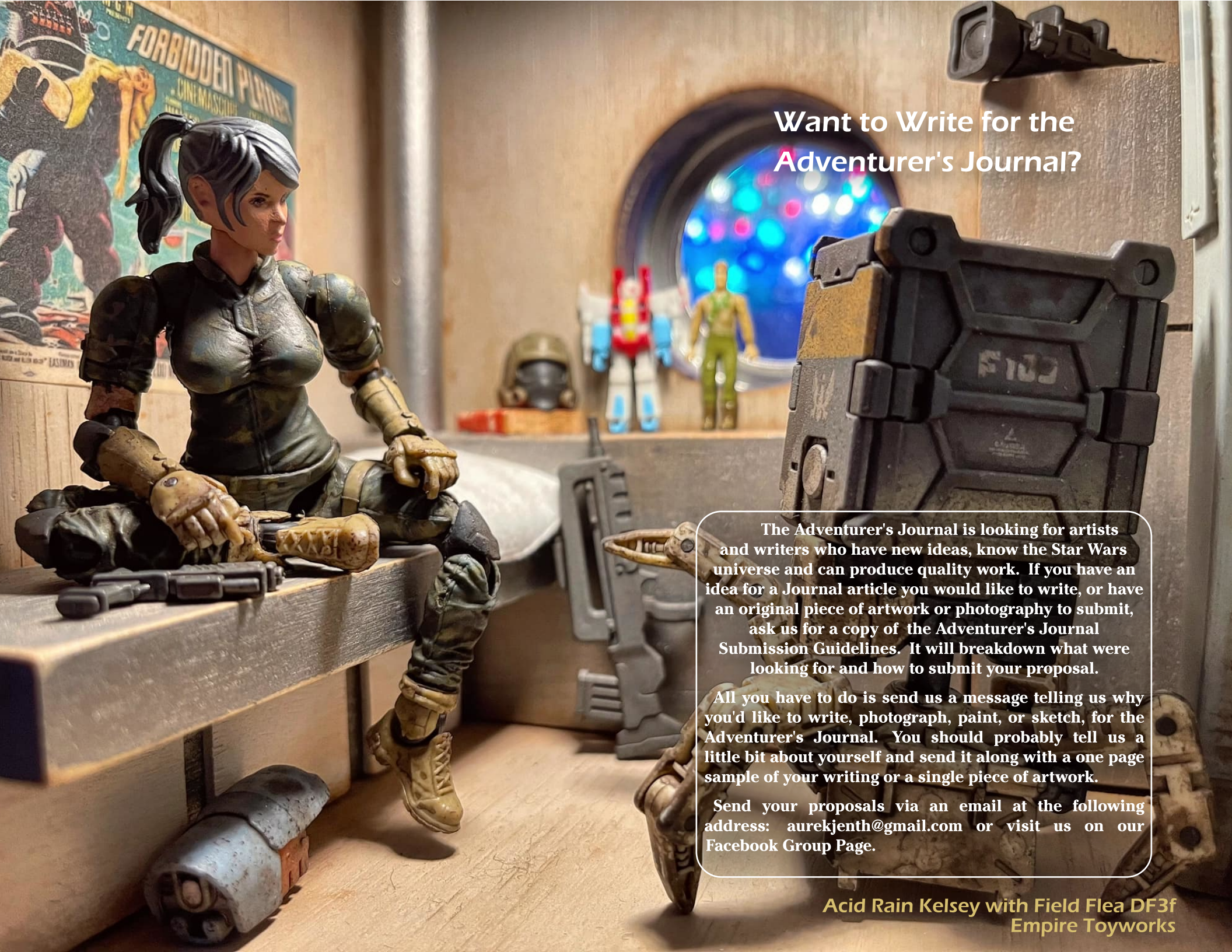
### Representing Tunroth forces in your miniature games

As there are no Tunroth miniatures presently available, I have used proxies, and due to their hunting focus, strong bodies and alien features, what better to represent them than Predator and Predator-inspired miniatures? In 25mm, the Tunroth Auxiliary Legion can be represented using GZG Kra'vak troopers painted following the Stormtrooper's armour pattern, or you can make head swaps with Stormtrooper bodies and any suitable head. The Retributor Squads can be represented in 25mm by using GZG's Alien Hunters, meanwhile in 28mm I'd recommend Copplestone's Castings Alien Hunters sets.



**"One being's trash  
is a another being's treasure!"  
Come see our catalog on pg 124.**





## Want to Write for the Adventurer's Journal?

The Adventurer's Journal is looking for artists and writers who have new ideas, know the Star Wars universe and can produce quality work. If you have an idea for a Journal article you would like to write, or have an original piece of artwork or photography to submit, ask us for a copy of the Adventurer's Journal Submission Guidelines. It will breakdown what were looking for and how to submit your proposal.

All you have to do is send us a message telling us why you'd like to write, photograph, paint, or sketch, for the Adventurer's Journal. You should probably tell us a little bit about yourself and send it along with a one page sample of your writing or a single piece of artwork.

Send your proposals via an email at the following address: [aurekjenth@gmail.com](mailto:aurekjenth@gmail.com) or visit us on our Facebook Group Page.

**Acid Rain Kelsey with Field Flea DF3f  
Empire Toyworks**



# THE ABSENCE OF MALICE

A SOLO ADVENTURE



Mortessv's CR-90 Corvette - Blockade Runner (Tantive IV)

FEATURING THE SEN-DRO SCAVENGER

KALA PER NE'TRA OF ECHO BREEZE NEST



## Character Option Rules

You have three choices for this adventure. You can play the Scavenger Kala Per Ne'tra, a Sen-Dro Youngling, by adding seven dice to their skills. The most useful skills they get to choose from are *blaster*, *dodge*, *space transports* and *computer programming/repair*. Skills which can be useful but not so much as the above ones are *communications*, *sneak*, *armor repair*, *blaster repair* and *droid programming/repair*. Additionally, Kala Per has a species advantage in character creation that if you put one die in *space transports*, you get an extra die in it free!

They also always wear an armored environment suit. This reduces the character's *Dexterity* attribute by 1D to 3D+1 and effectively also reduces the character's *blaster* and *dodge* skills by the same amount. It, however, increases the Sen-Dro's *Strength* attribute to 4D when it comes to resisting damage.

If you put dice into *armor repair*, each dice you put in adds +1 to the armor *Strength* bonus, so two dice in *armor repair* would mean the *Strength* bonus from the armor would be 1D+2 with a Sen-Dro enviro suit.

Alternatively you can play the Mechanic Dreena Matura, who is accompanied by IF-1221 "Izzi", the In-Field Utility Droid from *Fantastic Technology: Professional Gadgets & Personal Gear*, or create your own character.

**Dreena Matura** has the following attributes: *Dexterity 3D+1*, *Knowledge 2D*, *Mechanical 3D+1*, *Perception 3D*, *Strength 2D+1*, *Technical 4D*

The skills she can put dice into are *blaster*, *blaster repair*, *communications*, *dodge*, *droid program/repair*, and *space transports*.

**Izzi** has the following attributes: *Dexterity 3D*, *Knowledge 3D*, *Mechanical 2D+1*, *Perception 2D+1*, *Strength 3D*, *Technical 3D*

The skills she can put dice into are *alien species*, *blaster repair*, *communications*, *first aid*, *languages*, *security*, *sneak*, and *space transports*.

**Mechanic Template will feature more prominently in Issue 7 Racers, Fighter Jocks, & Hotshots releasing November 17, 21**

If you put one die in *dodge* that would give you *dodge* 4D+1. On rolling the dice in that skill, you would roll four dice, add the results of each of them together, then add +1 to the total. If you put two dice in her *dodge* skill, it would give you *dodge* 5D+1.

If you put dice into the *blaster repair* skill, for each die you put in it you have been able to increase the damage value of your blaster above the standard by +1. If you put a single die in *blaster repair* and your weapon is a standard blaster rifle, it would then be modified to have damage 5D+1!

## Creating Your Own Character

To create your own character, use the rules below. Just bear in mind that during the adventure there will not be the same level of description for how a character created by you reacts to what they experience, compared to Dreena, Kala Per, and Izzi.

There are 6 main attributes: *Dexterity*, *Knowledge*, *Mechanical*, *Perception*, *Strength* and *Technical*, which start off at 2D. An extra 6D is allocated over the 6 attributes with no more than 2D being added to any single attribute, creating a possible maximum of 4D.

Regardless of how you determine your attributes, you then have seven dice to assign to skills. The most useful skills are probably *blaster* and *dodge*.

**No more than two dice can be put into a skill.**

## Wild Dice Rules

Regardless of what character you play, you have the option of using the Wild Die rules or not. If you do not use a Wild die, you are effectively playing with first edition rather than second edition rules and do not have access to Character Points to help you out if needed.

With the Wild Die rules, whenever you are instructed to roll your dice in a skill or attribute, before rolling, designate one of the dice to be the Wild Dice.

If on the dice roll the Wild Dice rolls a 6, you get to roll a bonus dice and add that to your result total. If the bonus dice rolls a 6, it also results in another bonus dice being rolled.

If the Wild Dice rolls a 1, you must discard both that dice and your highest rolling dice out of the others, before adding up your total result. With Character Points if your skill or attribute roll is

## THE ABSENCE OF MALICE

lower than what you need, you can spend one or more Character point to improve the roll. For each Character Point you spend you get to roll an extra dice.

### Izzi

In this adventure, how much you can carry is relevant. Effectively you can carry three objects for every dice you have in your *Strength* attribute and one for every +1 you have on top of that. This means Dreena can carry seven objects and Izzi and Kala Per can carry nine. Yes, if you play Dreena and take Izzi with you, you more than double what you can carry.

In each combat, if you are playing Dreena and have Izzi with you, he either adds +1D to your *dodge* skill or *blaster* skill but not both. He worships the ground you walk upon so his first impulse is to use his own body as cover to protect you. Fortunately, you have recently upgraded his outer armor so he will not take any real damage. Alternatively, you can persuade him to shoot at the enemy instead of doing this.

Having developed a bit of a logic glitch, he however always shoots at the same target as you and assumes the target you shoot at is always the best choice, even though he should really shoot at another target if there is more than one.

**For this adventure you have the option of playing the Scavenger as represented by Kala Per Ne'tra, a Sen-Dro Youngling**

**Their background and character sheets can be found on page 43 and 44 respectively.**

**Once you've chosen your character and assigned your skill dice, grab your spanner, and turn to page 45.**

**GOOD LUCK AND  
MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.**

## NEW TEMPLATE: SCAVENGER

By galactic standard, a scavenger is defined as someone who searches for and collects discarded items.

There are those who see this as a dirty and demeaning profession, their minds conjuring up images of raggedy people scouring battlefields, milling through abandoned buildings, or flocking like rock-vultures picking the bones off shattered and derelict ships.

They are not wrong. But they are also far from being right.

There are two mottoes of the scavenger; the first being the nonsensical *"Nobody can tell you that you're doing it wrong, if they do not know what you're doing,"* and the second, more widely known, *"One man's trash is another man's treasure."*

People of means or necessity only see the history of something broken. Or what it once was. But the scavenger sees only possibilities, and imagines what it could be.

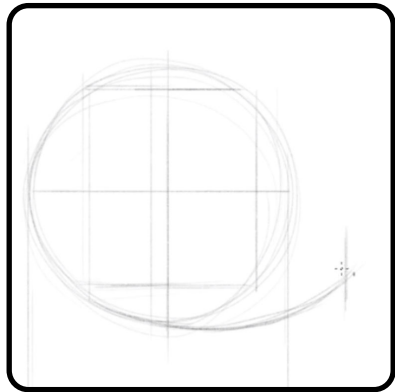
Their vision of what can be made from the scavenged air purifier off a crashed YT-2400 and the gravity actuators from a battle-scarred AT-ST is when a scavenge transforms into salvage.

No longer miscellaneous junk but the base components in the creation of a custom-made counterbalanced mud bed humidifier for a Hutt's sweat lodge.

These custom creations or after-market modifications are often made by those unique individuals who have the means and opportunity. The average scavenger is fueled by no more than the motive to scavenge, to re-purpose what they manage to find into their own ships or sell it to others who can provide some means to motivate them more.

When you see that raggedy figure picking through the scrapyards with a grease stained face, or overalls stained with the blood of a newly severed hydraulic line, stop for a moment and put yourself in their shoes. You can do so literally if you want, they are happy for the help. Then perhaps you'll begin to see things from a different perspective and to imagine what could be.

Because the one thing we have the most difficulty scavenging for salvage is time.



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Template \_\_\_\_\_

Species / Gender \_\_\_\_\_

Height / Weight / Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

Movement 10 Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Character Pts 5 Light / Dark Pts 1 / \_\_\_\_\_

DEXTERITY **3D** \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ Running \_\_\_\_\_

Melee Attack \_\_\_\_\_

KNOWLEDGE **4D** \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

MECHANICAL **2D+2** \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Space Transports \_\_\_\_\_

GEAR - TECH - WEAPONS

Blaster rifle (5D) \_\_\_\_\_

Sen-Dro Enviro-suit, backpack \_\_\_\_\_

WOUND STATUS

☐ STUNNED

☐ WOUNDED

☐ WOUNDED

☐ INCAPACITATED

☐ MORTALLY WOUNDED

PERCEPTION **3D+2** \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

STRENGTH **2D+2** \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing / Jumping \_\_\_\_\_

TECHNICAL **2D** \_\_\_\_\_

Armour Repair \_\_\_\_\_ Blaster Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer Program/Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid Program/Repair \_\_\_\_\_

## The Adventure

**1** If you are playing Dreena Matura, **go to 2**.

If you are playing a different character, like perhaps a Sen-Dro scavenger, **go to 3**.

**2** The Ithorian pulls out a holo-projector and activates it. Before you appears a twice-life-size hologram of the Hutt crime lord, Endo Fash.

“Greetings, my friends,” he rumbles in his deep voice. “I have a job for you. A Corellian blockade runner, carrying cargo for me, has gone missing. The ship is called the Absence Of Malice.”

*With a name like that, Endo could have named the ship himself, you think to yourself.*

“Naturally, it is the wellbeing of the poor crew I am concerned for,” the Hutt crime lord continues. “I value my employees and look after them. Remember the loan, with very generously low interest rates, which I provided for you when you needed it?”

“Generous?” There had been nothing generous you remembered about the loan’s interest rates, at least not towards you and Ku-Karn.

“Yes, the interest rate was half what Jabba would have charged. I’m so soft hearted. But we digress. As I was saying, it is the crew I am concerned about. The cargo is not insignificant though. A friend of mine needs it for a party she is organising and would be so disappointed to not get the goods she has ordered.”

“And what are these goods?”

“In this case client confidentiality applies.”

“But you know what it is?”

“I’m shocked, Dreena, that you would think I would pry like that. At the end of the day, the goods are irrelevant. It is the poor crew we should think of.”

“Now if all the crew turn out to be dead, and we truly hope they are not, I am sure they would have wanted nothing more than for another independent trader, one who would have tried to save them, to profit from salvaging their ship.”

Leaving Cagey’s Pub, you are back aboard the Faithful Mina several minutes later in one of Hawk-Bat City’s landing bays. Since

Aurek Jenth, Reska Jat and Zerun left on their missions for the Rebel Alliance and Ferris Hol and Ashara returned to their normal lives, the ship has seemed quieter.

Reaching the cockpit, you and Ku-Karn take your seats, power the ship up and lift off. Once you are further enough away from Ord Frix's gravity well, you enter into the nav computer calculations to take you to the nearest point to you of the course the Absence of Malice was on. On pulling the hyperdrive lever, the stars stretch into star lines and you enter the blue purple swirl of hyperspace.

Coming out of hyperspace a few hours later, you only find empty space, but the chances of you finding the Absence of Malice at the first place you looked were pretty slim. Undeterred, you begin making small jumps along the path the missing blockade runner had taken.

It is on coming out of the fifth jump, the Faithful Mina's sensors detect a distant ship. Powering up the ion drive, you guide your ship towards it. On drawing closer, you are able to make out the distinctive shape of a Corellian Blockade Runner. The rear third of its length consists of eleven engines, stacked in three rows. The cylindrical front most part of the ship resembles the head of a hammer.

You see the blockade runner still has power and on getting closer, that there is no visible external damage. Speaking into the comm system, you attempt to hail the ship.

"Corellian Corvette, Absence of Malice, this is the Faithful Mina. Do you require assistance?" Static is the only reply. Turning to Ku-Karn, you tell him, "It looks like I'm going to have to go aboard."

He nods his blue skinned head and says, "Take Izzi with you," referring to the Infield Utility Droid member of your crew.

It is up to you whether you do take Izzi with you. Doing so will result in a less challenging adventure.

Once the Faithful Mina has docked with the Absence of Malice, you head for the airlock in the right side of the generator room. **Go to 4.**

**3** The blue swirl of hyperspace is replaced by white star lines, which contract into stars in the blackness of normal space. It is then you pick up the signature of another ship on your sensors,

over one hundred and fifty metres in length. Looking more closely, you see the power signature is that of a ship adrift with the engines inactive. Knowing this means possible salvage, you turn to look at your co-pilot with an excited gleam in your eyes.

Powering up the ion engines, you head towards the ship. On drawing closer, you are able to make out the distinctive shape of a Corellian Blockade Runner. The rear third of its length consists of eleven engines, stacked in three rows. The cylindrical front-most part of the ship resembles the head of a hammer.

You see the blockade runner still has power and on getting closer, that there is no visible external damage. Its transponder gives you the ship's name. Speaking into the comm system, you attempt to hail the ship.

"Corellian Corvette, Absence of Malice, do you require assistance?" Static is the only reply.

"No one home, it sounds like," you tell your co-pilot. "I'm off over there to have a look." **Go to 4.**

**4** You enter the Absence of Malice by the portside airlock, below the main communications array and just before the engines. There you find yourself in a long white corridor with two rows of panel shaped units lining its walls on each side.

To your left is a door marked 'environment suit storage', and further along one marked 'washroom'. Both of these you ignore.

On the corridor floor is a body of, presumably, one of the crew, who looks like she has been killed by heavy blaster fire.

Suddenly your comlink squeals as the result of it being jammed. It is possible there is some device aboard the ship causing the jamming.

If you want to grab your comlink and try and break through the jamming, **go to 28.**

To ignore it, **go to 21.**

**5** You enter the bridge, featuring control stations ahead of you with flight seats before them. Above the control stations is the long horizontal strip of the forward view port window.

There are several more bodies on the floor.





To return through the door behind you, **go to 24**.

To see if you can get the ship's computer to start launching an escape pod every few minutes, as if due to a malfunction, so that when you use one to escape, the Imperials will be slow to fire at it, **go to 30**.

**6** You manage to blast the Stormtrooper in the chest, and he falls to the deck, dead.

To go through the door facing you, **go to 24**.

If you have not programmed the ship's computer to start launching escape pods every few minutes and want to do so, **go to 30**.

**7** You feel the turbolift descending then it comes to a stop. The doors open and you step out into a white corridor, stretching to your left and right. Along both walls of the corridor are two rows of panel-shaped units.

To go left along the corridor and through the door at the end of it in that direction, **go to 157**.

To go right along the corridor and through the door at the end of it in that direction, **go to 124**.

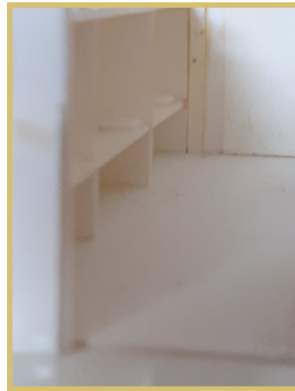
To return to the turbolift, **go to 22**.

**8** You step into a white corridor with two rows of panel shaped units lining its walls on each side. You pass doors on your left, marked 'crew quarters', and on your right, marked 'droid storage and maintenance'.

A door to your left has been left open. Through it you see bed alcoves in the far wall and in the left side of the room, a couch curved around a circular holo-game table. There are also a couple of bodies there.

You reach a turbolift further along the wall to your right.

From behind you, you hear a door open. Turning around, you see two white-armoured Stormtroopers in the doorway of the mid ship cargo bay, raising their blaster rifles to fire at you. Note that



you are now facing back the way you have come. You have just enough time to duck into the cover of the turbolift doorway.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 18**.

On less than this, **go to 14**.

**9** Through the door you enter a white corridor with two rows of panel-shaped units along the walls. Passing doors to crew quarters on either side, you reach a turbolift to your left. It is then that the door facing you, at the far end of the white corridor, opens and through it you see two white-armored Stormtroopers, who raise their blaster rifles to fire at you. You have just enough time to duck into the cover of the turbolift doorway.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 18**.

On less than this, **go to 14**.

**10** You manage to blast one of the Stormtroopers in the head and he topples to the floor. The surviving Stormtrooper shoots back at you. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill.

The +1D from your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 15**.

On less than this, **go to 19**.

**11** Your shots miss, flashing past the Stormtrooper and into the cargo bay through the doorway behind him. **Go to 12**.

**12** The Stormtrooper fires at you again. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill. Your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 15**.

On less than this, **go to 19**.

**13** Your shot misses, hitting the side of the doorway where the Stormtroopers are. **Go to 14**.

**14** The Stormtroopers fire their blaster rifles at you.

Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill.

The +1D from your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 17**.

On less than this, **go to 168**.

**15** The Stormtrooper's desperate shots miss, hitting instead the side of the turbolift doorway, producing a smell of scorched metal.

To escape into the turbolift, **go to 22**.

To return fire, **go to 16**.

**16** Squeezing your gun's trigger, roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill. On a total of 14 or more, **go to 41**. On less than this, **go to 11**.



**17** Red blaster bolts explode against one of the panels on the wall near the turbolift doorway you are sheltering in.

To fire back, **go to 18**.

To escape in the turbolift, **go to 22**.

**18** Shooting at one of the Stormtroopers with your blaster, roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill.

On a total of 14 or more, **go to 10**.

On less than this, **go to 13**.

**19** There is the burning pain of one of the Stormtrooper's shots hitting you. Roll the dice in your *Strength* attribute. On a total of 13 or less, **go to 168**. On a 14 to 17, **go to 12**. On an 18 or more, **go to 16**.

**20** Unfortunately, you have no luck with your comlink. **Go to 21**.

**21** Ahead the corridor bends to the left. To follow it around, **go to 88**.

In the wall to your right, just before the bend, there is a

doorway. To go through it, **go to 144**.

**22** You enter the turbolift. The door closes behind you.

To go to Deck One, **go to 66**.

To go to Deck Two, **go to 53**.

To go to Deck Three, providing you have not just dived into this turbolift to escape a firefight with Stormtroopers on that level, **go to 7**.

**23** Through the door you see the ship's sickbay with a couple of medical bunks and a bacta tank in the left corner. On the floor are two dead bodies and the blown-apart remains of a turquoise 2-1B surgical droid.

You can take as many medpacs as your *Strength* attribute allows you to carry. They count as half an object each.

Leaving, you return to the corridor outside.



To go through the doorway to your left, **go to 59**.

To go down the corridor past the doorway and around the right turn at the end of it, **go to 29**.

To go down the corridor to your right, **go to 37**.

**24** Stepping over dead bodies, you enter a white corridor stretching ahead of you with a door to your left and another corridor intersecting it a short distance along. Reaching the intersecting corridor, you see in the wall of it facing you to your right is a turbolift door.

To enter the turbolift, **go to 125**.

To go along the corridor straight ahead, **go to 92**.

To go back through the door behind you, **go to 5**.

**25** You enter the turbolift, the door closes behind you and you feel it ascend to the next level. The door opens, and you step out into a white corridor. In the wall facing you are two doors. From the markings on them you can tell the one directly facing you is

the computer power substation and the other, further along to the left, is just a washroom.

In both directions the corridor ends in airlock doors. If you are a Sen-Dro and wish to take advantage of your enviro suit to use one of the airlocks to escape the ship, **go to 170**.

To your right the corridor is intersected by another corridor. Reaching that corridor, you see to your left it ends in a door, marked 'Bridge'. Five bodies of dead crewmen are on the floor, with dropped blaster pistols nearby. To go through the door, **go to 5**. To go right, down the intersecting corridor, **go to 92**.

To return to the turbolift, which is now behind you and to your right, **go to 125**.

**26** Through the doorway you enter a corridor. **Go to 27**.

**27** Further along, the corridor crosses another corridor, stretching to your left and right. Along the wall facing you of the corridor to your left are two doors. The first of these is marked 'Computer Power Substation'. In the wall facing it is the door to a turbolift.

To enter the turbolift, **go to 125**.

The far door of the wall facing you along the corridor to the left is marked washroom.

The corridor ends in an airlock door. If you are a Sen-Dro and wish to take advantage of your enviro suit to use the airlock to escape the ship, **go to 170**.

The corridor facing you ahead ends in a door marked, Bridge. Five bodies of dead crewmen are on the floor with dropped blaster pistols nearby. To go through the door, **go to 5**.

To go back the way you have come, **go to 92**.

**28** Fiddling with your comlink, you attempt to cut through the jamming or find a clear frequency. Roll the dice in your *communications* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, if you are Dreena, **go to 34**.

On a total of 15 or more, if you are not Dreena, **go to 33**.

On less than 15, **go to 20**.

**29** Down the corridor around the corner, where two rows of

panel shaped units line each wall, is a wide doorway in the left wall. Through this doorway you see a white chamber, featuring in the center a conference table with a few chairs around it.

Further along the left wall is a door marked 'Shields and Screen Systems'. On your right are doors to communal areas and crew quarters. You reach a right turn at the end of the corridor. The short corridor beyond the right turn ends in another right turn. Some distance along the wall to your left is a doorway and in the wall to your right is a door marked 'Refectory'. To go through the doorway, **go to 141**.

To continue along the corridor and around the right turn at the end of it, **go to 55**.

To return the way you have come, **go to 65**.

**30** Sitting down in the flight seat before the main computer control station, you start pressing buttons to enter the commands needed to program the ship to launch an escape pod every few minutes. Roll the dice in your *computer programming/repair* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 68**.

On less than this, **go to 40**.

**31** Around the bend in the corridor, you see at the far end the passageway terminates in a docking airlock door, which is rectangular in shape with its corners curved.

To your left is a door marked 'washroom', and further along one marked, environment suit storage. There is no time to put on a suit from the environment suit storage, and you suspect they would only provide life support for a very limited amount of time.

If you are a Sen-Dro and wish to take advantage of your superior enviro suit to use the airlock to escape the ship, **go to 170**.

To turn around and return the way you have come, **go to 88**.

**32** As the Absence of Malice has already been launching empty escape pods, thanks to your actions earlier, your escape is slow to provoke a response. The Imperials presumably assume your escape pod is just another one launched by a malfunction so are not quick to scan it for life-signs. The green flash of a turbolaser fired your direction reveals someone finally has ran a scan. Aware that the Star Destroyer will keep firing at your vulnerable capsule,

you start firing the maneuvering jets to make yourself a less easy target. Roll the dice in your *space transports* skill.

On a result of 12 or more, **go to 121**.

On less than this, **go to 167**.

**33** Cutting through the jamming, you are able to make out your mate's voice.

"...Imperials are inbound. Get out of there now! Please respond and confirm message received..."

"Confirmed. Message received." you quickly reply. "What is it?"  
**Go to 35.**

**34** Cutting through the jamming, you are able to make out Ku-Karn's voice.

"...come in Dreena. Come in Dreena..."

"Dreena here," you quickly reply. "What is it?" **Go to 35.**

**35** "An Imperial cruiser has come out of hyperspace. I have had to disengage our ship and move out of sensor range. The cruiser is docking with the Absence of Malice as we speak. If you can use an escape capsule, I should be able to rescue you. Anything else will just get our ship destroyed."

"It might be an idea to get to the Bridge and program the ship's computer to begin launching escape pods at regular intervals, as if by a malfunction. This hopefully will make the Imperials slow to scan for life signs, when you leave by an escape pod yourself."

"I understand." you reply and sign off. **Go to 21.**

**36** Through the doorway you reach a short white corridor, stretching to your left and right. In the wall facing you is a door marked 'Refectory'. To your left the corridor turns right, and to your right it turns left. This results in there being two parallel corridors ahead of you, presumably both going to the same destination.

To go left, **go to 55**.

To go right, **go to 65**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 141**.

**37** Down the corridor around the corner, passing doors to communal areas and to crew quarters on your left, and on your right a door marked 'Sensors and Communication Systems', you reach a left turn at the end. A short distance along the corridor around the left turn, in the wall to your left is a door marked, Refectory, and in the wall to your right there is a doorway. To go through the doorway, **go to 141**.

To continue along the corridor and around the left turn at the end of it, **go to 65**.

To return the way you have come, **go to 55**.

**38** You press the button at the side of one of the circular escape pod doors. The two halves slide apart, revealing the cramped interior beyond. A small blue light on each side dimly illuminates the interior.

Before you can enter the escape pod, from your left a Stormtrooper steps into view. Behind him is an Imperial Officer in a black uniform and cap. Both raise their blasters to open fire at you. Fortunately, the doorway of the escape pod provides you with some cover.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 51**.

On less than this, **go to 47**.

**39** Through the doorway you reach a short white corridor, stretching to your left and right. Two rows of panel shaped units line its walls on each side. In the wall facing you is a door marked 'lounge'. To your left the corridor turns right, and to your right it turns left. This results in there being two parallel corridors ahead of you, presumably both going to the same destination.

To go left, **go to 29**.

To go right, **go to 37**.

At the end of the corridor to your right is a door marked 'Sick Bay'. To go through it, **go to 23**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 59**.



**40** On the computer screen facing you, you keep getting the error message “Invalid Command”, as the computer refuses to let you override its basic emergency procedures.

You then hear the door behind you opening and spin around, as a Stormtrooper comes through it and aims his blaster rifle at you. **Go to 70.**

**41** You manage to blast the last Stormtrooper in the chest, and he topples to the corridor floor. The turbolift to your left has a symbol next to it indicating you are on Deck Three.

To enter the turbolift, **go to 22.**

To go down the corridor facing you, **go to 157.**

To go down the corridor behind you and through the door at the end of it, **go to 124.**

**42** The narrow access shaft slopes downwards and ends in the hatch to the turret. You have just got it open when you hear armored boots above you. Looking behind you, up the shaft, you see a white-armored Stormtrooper stepping into view, armed with a blaster rifle. Behind him is an Imperial Officer in a black uniform and cap. Both aim their blasters at you. Fortunately, the entrance of the gun turret provides you with some cover.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 51.**

On less than this, **go to 47.**

**43** Your blaster shots explode against the armor of the Stormtrooper in a shower of sparks and he falls to the floor. The now exposed Imperial Officer shoots back at you with his blaster pistol. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill.

The +1D from your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 13 or more, **go to 48.**

On less than this, **go to 52.**

**44** The Imperial Officer dodges out of the way of your blaster fire and your shots instead hit the wall nearby. **Go to 45.**

**45** The Imperial Officer shoots at you again. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill.

The +1D from your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 13 or more, **go to 48.**

On less than this, **go to 52.**

**46** Your shots miss, flashing past the Stormtrooper. **Go to 47.**

**47** The Stormtrooper and the Imperial Officer fire their blasters at you. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill.

The +1D from your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 50.**

On less than this, **go to 168.**

**48** The Imperial Officer's desperate shots miss, exploding against the side of the wall near you, producing a smell of scorched metal and ozone. **Go to 49.**

**49** Returning fire, roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 127.**

On less than this, **go to 44.**

**50** Red blaster bolts flash through the air where you have been. **Go to 51.**

**51** Swinging the barrel of your blaster towards the Stormtrooper, you squeeze your gun's trigger. Roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 43.**

On less than this, **go to 46.**

**52** There is the burning pain of one of the Imperial Officer's shots hitting you. Roll the dice in your *Strength* attribute.

On a total of 9 or less, **go to 168.**

On a 10 to 14, **go to 45.**

On a 15 or more, **go to 49**.

**53** You feel the turbolift moving, then it comes to a stop. The door opens, and stepping out, you find yourself in a small chamber with a doorway to your right.

To go through the doorway, **go to 138**.

To return to the turbolift, **go to 22**.

**54** You find yourself in a small chamber with the door to a turbolift to your left. A nearby symbol indicates you are on Deck Two.

To enter the turbolift, go to 22.

To return through the doorway behind you, go to 138.

**55** Along the corridor stretching ahead of you, you pass a door marked 'Sensors and Communications' along the left side and doors to communal areas and storerooms on the right side.

At the far end of the wall to your left is another door, this one marked 'Sick Bay'. To go through it, **go to 23**.

Facing the final left door is a corridor to your right, ending in a right turn. A short way along the wall facing you of this corridor is a doorway, opposite a door marked 'Lounge'. To go through the doorway, **go to 59**.

To continue along the corridor and around the right turn at the end of it, **go to 29**.

To return the way you have come, **go to 37**.

**56** You notice from the sound the blaster cannon is making as it opens fire at you, that it is not in a good state and is overheating. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill with a +2D bonus for the cover.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 64**.

On less than this, **go to 168**.

**57** The damage from your blaster shots causes the droid to explode, sending its limbs flying. **Go to 126**.

**58** You come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it. Near you, to your right, is a grey control console.

There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the dark left doorway, **go to 160**.

To go through the right doorway, **go to 39**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 123**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 104**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 84**.

**59** You come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it. Between the circular recesses in the two walls facing you is a grey control console.

To go through the doorway in the wall on the left side of it, **go to 84**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall on the right side of it, **go to 123**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 104**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 160**.

To go through the doorway behind you, **go to 39**.

**60** You come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each wall has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it. Between the circular recesses in the two walls to your right is a grey control console.

There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the left doorway, **go to 39**.

To go through the dark right doorway, **go to 104**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 160**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 84**.

To go through the doorway behind you, **go to 123**.

**61** You manage to blast the last Stormtrooper in the head, and he falls to the deck, dead.

To go along the corridor straight ahead, **go to 142**.

To turn around and go the opposite direction, **go to 27**.

**62** You come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it.

There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the dark left doorway, **go to 123**.

To go through the dark right doorway, **go to 160**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 84**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 39**.

To go through the doorway behind you, **go to 104**.

**63** You come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it.

There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the dark left doorway, **go to 104**.

To go through the right doorway, **go to 84**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 39**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 123**.

To go through the doorway behind you, **go to 160**.

**64** Ducking behind the cover of some crates to escape the fire from the blaster cannon, you wince at the abuse it must have endured for it to get to sound like that. Simply criminal and almost as bad as being used to shoot at you. The pitch changes and you know roughly how many seconds it will take before it explodes.

Five, four, three, two, one, boom!! The blaster cannon explodes, destroying the droid with it. **Go to 126**.

**65** Down the corridor around the corner, you pass on your left doors to communal areas and crew quarters and on your right a door marked 'Shields and Screen Systems'. Further along the wall

to your right you pass a wide doorway through which you see a white chamber, featuring in the center a conference table with a few chairs around it.

The corridor ends in a left turn. The short corridor beyond the left turn ends in another left turn on to what is presumably a parallel corridor to the one you have just come down. Some distance along the wall to your right is a doorway, opposite a door marked, 'Lounge'.

To go through the doorway, **go to 59**.

To continue along the corridor and around the left turn at the end of it, **go to 37**.

To return the way you have come, **go to 29**.

**66** You feel the turbolift going up then it comes to a stop. The door opens and you step out into a circular chamber. To your right, at the far end of the chamber, are the turbolaser systems monitoring and weapon systems control consoles. There is a door near you, to your right and another to your far left, both marked as leading to light equipment stores.

Near you, to your left is another door. To go through it, **go to 90**.

To return to the turbolift, **go to 22**.

**67** Through the door you enter a circular chamber. At the far end are the turbolaser systems monitoring and weapon system control consoles. To your right is a turbolift.

To enter the turbolift, **go to 22**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 90**.

**68** The message appears on the computer screen, "Launching escape pod eight in five minutes. Launching escape pod seven in ten minutes..." Note that you have succeeded in programming the Absence of Malice's computer to start automatically launching escape pods. As the computer continues to type out confirmation messages of your commands, you turn just as the door behind you opens. A Stormtrooper steps through and raises his blaster rifle to shoot at you.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 71**.

On less than this, **go to 70**.

**69** Your shot misses, hitting the side of the corridor behind the Stormtrooper. **Go to 70**.

**70** The Stormtrooper fires his blaster rifle at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 72**.

On less than this, **go to 73**.

**71** Shooting at the Stormtrooper with your blaster, roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 6**.

On less than this, **go to 69**.

**72** Red blaster bolts flash through the air where you have been. **Go to 71**.

**73** There is the burning pain of one of the Stormtrooper's shots hitting you. Roll the dice in your *Strength* attribute.

On a total of 13 or less, **go to 168**.

On a 14 to 17, **go to 70**.

On an 18 or more, **go to 71**.

**74** Just as you are heading towards the doorway, two Stormtroopers rush through the doorway to your left. You have just enough time to dive into the cover of the doorway to your right and turn to face them with your blaster at the ready.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 115**.

On less than this, **go to 111**.

**75** Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 81**.

On less than this, **go to 78**.

**76** Your shots blast a hole in the droid, from which issues sparks and smoke but does not stop it firing its blaster cannon at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 79**.

On less than this, **go to 168**.

**77** Your shot misses, hitting the cargo hold wall behind the droid. **Go to 78**.

**78** The droid fires its blaster cannon at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 82**.

On less than this, **go to 168**.

**79** The blaster cannon shots miss, flashing through the air where you have been. **Go to 80**.

**80** Firing back at the damaged droid, roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 57**.

On less than this, **go to 77**.

**81** Shooting at the droid with your blaster, roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, go to 83.

On less than this, go to 77.

**82** Red blaster bolts flash through the air where you have been. Go to 81.

**83** Your shots hit the droid. Roll the number of dice your blaster has for its damage value. If you have 4D+2 to 5D+2 in your *droid repair* skill, add +1 to your damage roll.

On a total of 16 or less, **go to 78**.

On a 17 to 20, **go to 76**.

On a 21 or more, **go to 57**.

**84** You step into a wide long white corridor, stretching ahead of you, with two rows of panel shaped units lining its walls on each side. Along the corridor there is a doorway in each side.

To go through the doorway along the left wall, **go to 159**.

To go through the doorway to your right, **go to 122**.



At the end, the corridor splits into two with one corridor veering left and the other veering right. To enter the corridor veering to the left, **go to 31**.

To enter the corridor veering to the right, **go to 146**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 58**.

**85** Through the doorway you enter a corridor. Before you can get any further, you hear two Stormtroopers behind you and are forced to turn around to face them. Note that you are now facing back the way you have come.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 101**.

On less than this, **go to 97**.

**86** You step into a wide long white corridor, stretching to your left and right, with two rows of panel shaped units lining its walls on each side. Facing you, across the other side of the corridor, is a doorway. To go through it, **go to 122**.



To your left the corridor splits into two. To enter the corridor veering forward, **go to 146**.

To enter the corridor veering the other direction, **go to 31**.

To your right the corridor ends in a doorway. To go through it, **go to 58**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 159**.

**87** You step into a wide long white corridor, stretching to your left and right, with two rows of panel-shaped units lining its walls on each side. Facing you, across the other side of the corridor, is a doorway. To go through it, **go to 159**.

To your left the corridor ends in a doorway. To go through it, **go to 58**.

To your right the corridor splits into two. To enter the corridor veering forward, **go to 31**.

To enter the corridor veering the other direction, **go to 146**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 122**.

**88** Around the bend, you see in the corridor beyond two rows of panel shaped units lining its walls on each side. There is a doorway in the left wall and another in the right one.

To go through the doorway in the left wall, **go to 122**.

To go through the doorway in the right wall, **go to 159**.

The passageway ends in a doorway. To go through it, **go to 58**.

To go along the corridor behind you, veering to the left, **go to 146**.

**89** Stepping out of the turbolift, you find yourself in a dimly-lit chamber. To your right is a sensor display screen and control console. Positioned in front of them is an operator's chair. Returning to the turbolift, **go to 118**.

**90** You step out into a hallway with two turbolaser cannon turret access shafts to your left and two more to your right. To your left and right, between each pair of access shafts, is a door marked 'stateroom'. Further along the hallway there is a door on each side, the one to the left marked 'Heavy Equipment Storage', and the one to the right marked 'Armory'.

The turbolaser cannon turrets also double as escape pods. To go down an access shaft and use one to escape the ship, **go to 42**.

To go through the door marked Heavy Equipment Storage, **go to 130**.

To go through the door marked Armory, **go to 128**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 67**.

**91** Just as you reach the doorway, you hear the armoured boots of Stormtroopers along the corridor through the doorway to the left of it. Fortunately, they neither hear nor see you, as you dive through the doorway in front of you. **Go to 54**.

**92** Before you can reach the end of the corridor, ahead of you two Stormtroopers step into view and raise their blaster rifles to fire at you.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 101**.

On less than this, **go to 97**.

**93** You manage to blast one of the Stormtroopers in the chest and he topples to the floor. The surviving Stormtrooper shoots back at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 98**.

On less than this, **go to 102**.

**94** Your shots miss, flashing past the Stormtrooper. **Go to 95**.

**95** The Stormtrooper fires at you again. Roll one less than the dice in your *Dodge* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 98**.

On less than this, **go to 102**.

**96** Your shot misses, hitting the side of the dark corridor near the Stormtroopers. **Go to 97**.

**97** The Stormtroopers fire their blaster rifles at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 100**.

On less than this, **go to 168**.

**98** The Stormtrooper's shots miss, exploding against the side of the dark corridor wall, producing a smell of scorched metal and ozone. **Go to 99**.

**99** Returning fire, roll one less than the dice in your *Blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 61**.

On less than this, **go to 94**.

**100** Red blaster bolts flash through the air where you had been. **Go to 101**.

**101** Squeezing your gun's trigger, you fire at one of the Stormtroopers. Roll one less than the dice in your *blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 93**.

On less than this, **go to 96**.

**102** There is the burning pain of one of the Stormtrooper's shots hitting you. Roll the dice in your *Strength* attribute.

On a total of 13 or less, **go to 168**.

On a 14 to 17, **go to 95**.

On an 18 or more, **go to 99**.

**103** In the gloom of the cargo hold you can see red lights attached to a mechanical shape, which you make out to be a droid. With a whine of servo motors, it comes to life. It aims a blaster cannon at you and there is the hum of the weapon powering up to fire at you. Roll the dice in your *blaster repair* skill.

On a total of 16 or more, **go to 56**.

On less than this, **go to 75**.

**104** Through the doorway you step into a dim narrow corridor, stretching to your left. Dark coloured pipes, machinery and tanks line the walls. On the floor you end up stepping over another dead body. Along the right-side wall of the corridor are four brown circular pressure doors, leading to escape pods.

To use one of the escape pods, **go to 38**.

To proceed along the corridor, where it turns left, **go to 140**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 62**.

**105** Through the doorway you step into a dim narrow corridor. In the wall to your left is a door marked 'Power Distribution Control', and to your right is one marked 'Emergency Repair Facility Two'. The corridor turns right. Dark-coloured pipes, machinery and tanks line the walls. On the floor you end up stepping over another dead body. Along the left-side wall of the corridor are four brown circular pressure doors, leading to escape pods. To use one of the escape pods, **go to 38**.

To proceed along the corridor, **go to 62**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 140**.

**106** Around the corner you see in the wall to your left a door marked 'Environmental Control', and in the wall to your right one marked 'Emergency Repair Facility One'. Through the doorway ahead you it comes out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in

it. Between the circular recesses in the two walls facing you is a grey control console. From the doorway in a circular recess facing you, two white-armored Stormtroopers aim their blaster rifles at you. Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 115**.

On less than this, **go to 111**.

**107** You manage to blast one of the Stormtroopers in the chest and he topples to the floor. The surviving Stormtrooper shoots back at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 112**.

On less than this, **go to 116**.

**108** Your shots miss, hitting the side of the doorway the Stormtrooper is in. **Go to 109**.

**109** The Stormtrooper fires at you again. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 112**.

On less than this, **go to 116**.

**110** Your shots miss, exploding against the grey control console to the left of the Stormtroopers. **Go to 111**.

**111** The Stormtroopers fire their blaster rifles at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *Dodge* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 114**.

On less than this, **go to 168**.

**112** The Stormtrooper's desperate shots miss, exploding against the side of the doorway behind you in a shower of sparks. **Go to 113**.

**113** Returning fire, roll one less than the dice in your *Blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 139**.

On less than this, **go to 108**.

**114** Red blaster bolts flash through the air where you have been. **Go to 115**.

**115** Swinging the barrel of your blaster towards one of the Stormtroopers, you squeeze your gun's trigger. Roll one less than the dice in your *Blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 107**.

On less than this, **go to 110**.

**116** There is the burning pain of one of the Stormtrooper's shots hitting you. Roll the dice in your *Strength* attribute.

On a total of 13 or less, **go to 168**.

On a 14 to 17, **go to 109**.

On an 18 or more, **go to 113**.

**117** Roll the dice in your *Sneak* skill.

On a total of 8 or more, **go to 91**.

On less than this, **go to 74**.

**118** You enter the turbolift. The door closes behind you.

To go to the Sensor Suite, on Deck One, **go to 89**.

To go to the upper level of Engine Systems Monitoring, on Deck Two, **go to 145**.

To go to the lower level of Engine Systems Monitoring, on Deck Three, **go to 132**.

**119** Through the doorway you step out into a white corridor with two rows of panel shaped units lining its walls on each side. To your right, near you, the corridor bends to the left. To your left, at the far end, the corridor terminates in an airlock door. Through the airlock door, step two white-armored Stormtroopers.

To retreat through the door behind you before they notice you, go to 144.

To open fire at the Stormtroopers, **go to 165**.

**120** The last of the Stormtroopers falls to your blaster fire, but you see more stepping through the docking airlock door.

Along the wall to your right are two doorways but the one near to you is marked, washroom, and the one further along is marked, environmental suit storage.

To run around the bend in the corridor behind you, **go to 88**.

To go left through the doorway you are sheltering in, **go to 144**.

**121** Turbolaser blasts flash past the escape pod's circular view port, all of them fortunately missing, as you blast away from the blockade runner.

If you are Dreena, **go to 166**.

If you are not, **go to 169**.

**122** You enter a dim narrow passageway, stretching to your left and right and lined with dark-coloured pipes and machinery. Behind you, you hear a couple of Stormtroopers rush down the corridor you were in moments ago. To your left, down a ramp, this passageway opens out into a chamber. On each side of the chamber there are the two large exhaust nozzle-like structures of atmosphere scrubbers.

At the end of the passageway to your right is a doorway. To go through it, **go to 60**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 87**.

**123** You enter a dim narrow passageway, lined with dark coloured pipes and machinery. At the far end, down a ramp, it opens out into a chamber. On each side of the chamber there are the two large exhaust nozzle-like structures of atmosphere scrubbers.

Halfway along the left wall of the narrow passageway there is a doorway. To go through it, **go to 87**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 60**.

**124** Through the door at the end of the corridor you enter a large hold, which looks like it takes up the entire lower deck of the hammerhead-shaped front of the ship. Facing you at the far end are two circular loading hatches. On the floor are several bodies.

If this is your first time here, **go to 103**.

If it is not, having no reason to linger here, you must decide where to go next.

To your left, against the wall behind you, is a turbolift. To enter it, **go to 25**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 9**.

**125** You enter the turbolift, the door closes behind you and you feel it descend to the next level. The turbolift door opens and you step out into a large hold, which looks like it takes up the entire lower deck of the hammerhead-shaped front of the ship. Facing you at the far end are two circular loading hatches.

On the floor are several bodies.

If this is your first time here, **go to 103**.

If it is not, having no reason to linger here, you must decide where to go next.

To your right in the wall behind you is a door. To go through it, **go to 9**.

To return to the turbolift, **go to 25**.

**126** Checking the crates in the cargo hold, you discover some of them contain more combat droids, like the one which has just been blown up, thankfully all inactive. Some of the other crates contain BlasTech T-21 Light Repeating Blasters. Someone was certainly planning quite the party.

For carrying, the light repeating blasters count as two objects and you can carry as many as you like up to the limit set by your *Strength* attribute.

In the left side of the wall behind you is a turbolift. To enter it, **go to 25**.

In the right side of the wall behind you is a door. To go through it, **go to 9**.

**127** One of your blaster shots hits the Imperial Officer in the centre of his chest and he falls to the floor, dead, with the black cloth of his uniform burning.

You dive into the escape pod, sealing the door behind you. Reaching the controls, you hit launch and feel the explosive jolt, as you are blasted away from the blockade runner.

If on the bridge you programmed the Absence of Malice's computer to start automatically launching escape pods, **go to 32**.

If you did not, **go to 167**.

**128** Through the door you do indeed find a small armory,



containing racks of blaster pistols, carbines, helmets and blast vests. If you want to take any of them, you can carry as many as you like up to the limit set by your *Strength* attribute with pistols counting as half an object and everything else as one object each.

Wearing a blast vest and helmet does not count against the limit to what you can carry, providing you are not already wearing some form of armor, like a Sen-Dro enviro suit, and will add +1 to your *Strength* attribute for resisting damage.

To the right is a small work bench with equipment for repairing and maintaining the blasters and armor.

If you want to use the tools and work bench to improve your blaster, you can do so on a *blaster repair* skill roll of 20 or more, which will increase the damage value of that weapon by +1.

Finding nothing else of interest, you return to the hallway behind you. **Go to 129.**

**129** Through the door you step back into the hallway.

To go down one of the laser cannon turret access shafts and use one as an escape pod to leave the ship, **go to 42.**

To go through the door behind you marked Heavy Equipment Storage, **go to 130.**

To go through the door marked Armory, **go to 128.**

To return through the door facing you at the end of the hallway, **go to 67.**

**130** In the cluttered chamber beyond the door, you find a dozen portable heating units and atmosphere processors. With them each being larger than yourself and many times heavier they would be impossible to move if it were not for the repulsorlift clamps also present.

To use a couple of these to move a few units into one of the nearby escape pods, which you could then pick up after jettisoning the escape pod, **go to 143.**

To return to the hallway behind you, **go to 129.**

**131** You enter a short dim narrow corridor with dark colored pipes, machinery and tanks lining the walls. Ahead it ends with a doorway at the end of the wall to your right. Roll the dice in your *Sneak* skill.

On a total of 8 or more, **go to 119.**

On less than this, **go to 164.**

**132** You step out of the turbolift, into a circular chamber with the readouts and displays of engine-monitoring stations arrayed around the left half of the chamber.

Scattered around the chamber are the dead bodies of the crew who appeared to have worked here, all of them victims of heavy blaster fire.

Above you is a second level, made up of a catwalk circling the chamber. From the cover of the doorway out onto the catwalk above the far end of the chamber, a white-armored Stormtrooper opens fire at you.

Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 135.**

On less than this, **go to 134.**

**133** Your shot misses, hitting the side of the doorway the Stormtrooper is in. **Go to 134.**

**134** The Stormtrooper fires his blaster rifle at you. Roll one less than the dice in your *dodge* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 136.**

On less than this, **go to 137.**

**135** Swinging the barrel of your blaster up towards the Stormtrooper and squeezing the trigger, you open fire at him. Roll one less than the dice in your *Blaster* skill.

On a total of 14 or more, go to 163.

On less than this, go to 133.

**136** Red blaster bolts flash through the air where you had been. **Go to 135.**

**137** There is the burning pain of one of the Stormtrooper's shots hitting you in your upper body. Roll the dice in your *Strength* attribute.

On a total of 13 or less, **go to 168.**

On a 14 to 17, **go to 134**.

On an 18 or more, **go to 135**.

**138** You step out into a white pentagonal chamber with a circular recess in each of the five walls with a rectangular doorway in it.

There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the left doorway, **go to 85**.

To go through the dark right doorway, **go to 105**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 161**.

Between the two circular recesses in the two walls to your right is a grey control console.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 36**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 54**.

**139** There is a flash of your last shot hitting the final Stormtrooper and he falls to the floor.

There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the dark left doorway, **go to 105**.

To go through the right doorway, **go to 36**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 26**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 54**.

To go through the dark doorway behind you, **go to 161**.

**140** To your left is a door marked 'Emergency Repair Facility Two', and to your right is one marked 'Power Distribution Control'. Through the doorway ahead you come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it. To your left, between the circular recess behind you and the one in the wall next to you is a grey control console. There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the left doorway, **go to 117**.

To go through the dark right doorway, **go to 161**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 36**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 85**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 105**.

**141** You come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it. Near you, to your right, is a grey control console.

There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the dark left doorway, **go to 161**.

To go through the right doorway, **go to 85**.

To go through the doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 117**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 105**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 36**.

**142** Along the corridor, you come out into a white pentagonal chamber. Each of the five walls has a circular recess with a rectangular doorway in it. Between the circular recesses in the walls to your left is a grey control console. There are two walls directly facing you with doorways in.

To go through the left one, **go to 36**.

To go through the right one, **go to 54**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your left side, **go to 105**.

To go through the dark doorway in the wall to your right side, **go to 161**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 26**.

**143** You attach repulsorlift clamps to two of the units. With a hum from the repulsorlift clamps the two units lift off the ground and you pull them through the doorway behind you and into the hallway.

At the opening of a turbo-laser cannon turret access shaft to your right you leave the units, while you head along the narrow access shaft. It slopes downwards and ends in the hatch to the turret.

Once you have the hatch open, you return for the units and steer them down the shaft and into the turret. There is also room in the escape pod for you to dump anything you are carrying if you wish. Finally, on closing the hatch, you press the escape pod launch button. There is the explosive sound of the turret being launched from the ship.

Note down that you have two units in an escape pod to pick up.

You return to the hallway at the top of the shaft.

To go through the door to your left, **go to 67**.

To go through the door to your right marked "Armory", **go to 128**.

To go down one of the other laser cannon turret access shafts and use one as an escape pod to leave the ship, **go to 42**.

**144** You enter a short dim narrow corridor, stretching to your left. Dark-colored pipes, machinery and tanks line the walls. The corridor turns left slightly before you step out of it onto a catwalk, surrounding the upper level of a circular chamber. Arrayed around the side of the chamber to your right are the readouts and displays of engine-monitoring stations. Below you, on the chamber floor, you can see a similar arrangement. On the other side of the chamber, facing you, is a turbolift, reachable by the catwalk. A symbol near the turbolift indicates you are on Deck Two.

To enter the turbolift, **go to 118**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 131**.

**145** You step out of the turbolift onto a catwalk, surrounding the upper level of a circular chamber. Arrayed around the left half of the chamber are the readouts and displays of engine monitoring stations. Below you, on the chamber floor, you can see a similar arrangement.

On the other side of the chamber at this level, reachable by the catwalk, is a doorway. To go through it, **go to 131**.

To return to the turbolift, **go to 118**.

**146** Around the bend in the corridor, you see at the far end the passageway terminates in the docking airlock door, which is rectangular in shape with its corners curved. Through the airlock door step two white-armored Stormtroopers, who aim their blaster rifles at you. You just have enough time to duck into the cover of a doorway to your left. Roll the dice in your *Perception* attribute.

On a total of 7 or more, **go to 155**.

On less than this, **go to 151**.

**147** You manage to blast one of the Stormtroopers in the chest and he topples to the floor. The surviving Stormtrooper shoots back at you. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill. Your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 152**.

On less than this, **go to 156**.

**148** Your shots miss, hitting the side of the airlock. Go to 149.

**149** The Stormtrooper fires at you again. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill. Your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 152**.

On less than this, **go to 156**.

**150** Your shot misses, hitting the side of the corridor wall near the Stormtroopers. **Go to 151**.

**151** The Stormtroopers fire their blaster rifles at you. Roll the dice in your *dodge* skill. Your cover cancels out the usual multi-action -1D penalty.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 154**.

On less than this, **go to 168**.

**152** Red blaster bolts explode against the wall near the doorway you are sheltering in. **Go to 153**.

**153** Firing back, roll one less than the dice in your *Blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 120**.

On less than this, **go to 148**.

**154** You duck fully into the shelter of the doorway you are in and see blaster bolts flash past you. **Go to 155**.

**155** Shooting at one of the Stormtroopers with your blaster, roll one less than the dice in your *Blaster* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 147**.

On less than this, **go to 150**.

**156** There is the burning pain of one of the Stormtrooper's shots hitting your right side. Roll the dice in your *Strength* attribute.

On a total of 13 or less, **go to 168**.

On a 14 to 17, **go to 149**.

On an 18 or more, **go to 153**.

**157** You pass doors on your left, marked 'Droid Maintenance' and 'Storage', and on your right are more crew quarters.

The white corridor then ends in a door. Through it is a small cargo bay, with over a dozen bodies on the floor and the wreckage of two combat droids, which it looked like they died fighting. On the ground are the blaster pistols and carbines the crew used against them.

At the far end of the cargo bay is a door marked, Engine Systems Monitoring. To go through the door, **go to 162**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 8**.

**158** Through the door you enter a small cargo bay, with over a dozen bodies on the floor and the wreckage of two combat droids, which it looks like these crewmen died fighting. On the ground are the blaster pistols and carbines the crew used against them.

At the far end of the cargo bay is a door. To go through the door, **go to 8**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 162**.

**159** Through the doorway you see a refectory, lined with tables and chairs, many of which have been overturned. There are over a dozen dead bodies of crewmen on the floor and the

wreckage of a combat droid it looks like they had been firing at. Returning through the door behind you, **go to 86**.

**160** Through the doorway you step into a dim narrow corridor, stretching to your right. Dark colored pipes, machinery and tanks line the walls. Along the left-side wall of the corridor are four brown circular pressure doors, leading to escape pods.

To use one of the escape pods, **go to 38**.

To proceed along the corridor, where it turns right, **go to 106**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 63**.

**161** Through the doorway you step into a dim narrow corridor. To your left is a door marked 'Emergency Repair Facility One', and to your right is a door marked 'Environmental Control'. The corridor then turns left. Dark-colored pipes, machinery and tanks line the walls. Along the right-side wall of the corridor are four brown circular pressure doors, leading to escape pods.

To use one of the escape pods, **go to 38**.

To proceed along the corridor, **go to 63**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 106**.

**162** You enter a circular chamber with the readouts and displays of engine-monitoring stations arrayed around the half of the chamber facing you. To your left is a turbolift.

Scattered around the chamber are the dead bodies of the crew who appeared to have worked here, all of them victims of heavy blaster fire.

Above you is a second level, made up of a catwalk circling the chamber.

To enter the turbolift, **go to 118**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 158**.

**163** You manage to hit the Stormtrooper and he topples from the catwalk. His armoured body lands on the floor near you.

To your right is a door. To go through it, **go to 158**.

To return to the turbolift, **go to 118**.

**164** Through the doorway you step out into a white corridor. Two rows of panel shaped units line its walls on each side. To your right, near you, the corridor bends to the left. To your left, at the far end, the corridor terminates in an airlock door. Through the airlock step two white armored Stormtroopers, who aim their



blaster rifles at you. You just have enough time to retreat into the cover of the doorway behind you. **Go to 151.**

**165** As you open fire at the Stormtroopers. They turn your direction to shoot back. **Go to 155.**

**166** After what was probably only a short period of time but felt like forever, with you worrying Ku-Karn would not retrieve you or the Imperials would instead, you hear a magnetic grapple hitting your escape pod. A moment later there is a pressurised hiss from your escape pod door, followed by it opening. Through the doorway you see the blue features of Ku-Karn.

“Hope you weren’t waiting too long,” he smiles.

“Well, it’s over now,” you reply. “Just not sure I have enough salvage to make this disaster halfway worthwhile.” **Go to 171.**

**167** Unfortunately, you do not get far before a turbolaser from the Star Destroyer hits your escape pod and you die in its fiery explosion.

### The End

**168** The blaster shot which hit you proves fatal and you fall to the deck, dead.

### The End

**169** Sometime later you hear a magnetic grapple hit your escape capsule. Considering the Imperials would have used a tractor beam, you suspect it must be your mate who is at last rescuing you. A moment later there is a pressurised hiss from your escape pod door, followed by it opening. Through the doorway you do indeed see the friendly face you had expected and hoped it would be. **Go to 171.**

**170** Reaching the airlock door, you work the controls and a moment later it opens, allowing you to step inside. That door closes, there is the hiss of the airlock depressurising then the outer door opens, revealing the black emptiness of space.

Stepping out of the airlock, you drift away from the blockade runner. Above you, you see the gigantic structure of a Victory Class Star Destroyer, which you slowly drift away from, resulting in it shrinking in size.

Several hours later the Star Destroyer leaves, vanishing into hyperspace and you are picked up by your ship. **Go to 172.**

**171** A short while later you retrieve the other escape capsules and end up with them in your cargo bay. The four larger escape pods are worth 20,000 credits each, while the six out of the eight smaller ones you managed to retrieve are worth 5,000 credits each for a total of 110,000 credits!

To see how much the other items you salvaged are worth, **go to 172.**

**172** If you have jettisoned some heating and atmosphere processing units in one of the escape pods earlier on, they are worth 750 credits each. If you dumped anything else in this escape pod, do not forget to include them in the tally of your profits. If you only jettisoned the escape pod with the units in, rather than all of them, the escape pod is worth 20,000 credits.

- Blaster Pistols are worth 500 credits each.
- Blaster Carbines are worth 900 credits each.
- BlasTech T-21 Light Repeating Blasters are worth 2,000 credits each.
- Blast vests and helmets are worth 300 credits each.
- Medpacs are worth 100 credits each.

Your running costs are 1,200 credits so your profit is whatever you have made over this.

Your profit, divided by 200, equals the number of days you can last before the payday of your next job!



# FOUR TO OWE

## CRIME BOSSES AND SHIP LOANS

*"I was just on my way to pay you back, and I got a little sidetracked. It's not my fault."*

A common trope of d6 Star Wars, established in the original 1st-edition roleplaying game, is that if characters start out with a ship, they're usually in debt to a crime boss. But who is that person, and what do they want? This article presents four crime bosses, each with a description, a lair, guards, cargoes, a complication, and other adventure seeds. Even if the characters in your game aren't in debt to anyone, both honest traders and smugglers need to make money, and your PCs might have been hired by any of these beings—or hired by someone else, to deliver something to one of them.

### IC-211, Separatist logistics droid

IC-211 was built and programmed to help the Confederacy of Independent Systems run a coherent war effort despite being supplied by numerous member planets. The droid's job was considered so essential that it was granted a high degree of autonomy. In particular, IC-211 was not dependent on a droid control signal to keep operating, and thus it escaped the large-scale shutdown of the droid armies at the end of the Clone Wars. It had already calculated that the Separatists had a high probability of losing the war to a decapitation strike, and it had subverted and reprogrammed several key droids on the Star Frigate to which it was assigned.

When the shutdown signal came, IC-211 took the ship deep into the galactic frontier. It re-emerged into the wider galaxy several years later, with the ship—renamed the *Give and Take*—modified to serve as a cargo hauler and mobile shadow-port, much like *Omze's Incredible Traveling Starport* from *Platt's Starport Guide*. Now traders from all over the Outer Rim come to the *Give and Take* to buy and sell high-tech cargo and swap information about emerging markets. All of this is under the watchful photoreceptors of IC-211, which always manages to make a tidy but not offensive

profit. The droid has learned that the most reliable way to make money off “biologicals” is simply to offer them just a bit more than they can handle, but also to keep the penalties light enough that no-one wants to resort to violence. That would be bad for business, and if there's on thing IC-211 excels at, it's business.

**Lair:** the *Give and Take*, a Munificent-class Star Frigate repurposed as a bulk hauler and mobile command ship.

**Guarded by:** reprogrammed Vulture droids, battle droids, and Droidekas.

**Trades in:** high-tech goods, computers, communication equipment, sensors, prototypes. Does not typically traffic in weapons. Never sells droids, and only rarely buys one to emancipate.

IC-211 Trades	
d6	Details
1	mainframe computer components
2	upgrade parts for planetary communications network
3	atmospheric monitoring satellites
4	nav-computer for bulk freighters
5	spools of diamond cable for skyscrapers
6	prototype for new, more efficient repulsorlift engine

**Quote:** "Solving your economic system to prevent poverty is a trivial computation, but no-one will pay me to do it. To remain operational, I am forced to profit from the illogic inherent in biological systems."

**Complication:** IC-211 is prejudiced against biological races, and it calculates a way to come out slightly ahead in every transaction.

**Clue:** slicing any financial records in the sector will reveal that IC-211 has been fixing prices and influencing markets to benefit its

own operation, and sometimes simply to hurt biological races.

**Paranoid about:** ion weapons, DEMP guns, "droid popper" EMP grenades, and restraining bolts—all of which are strictly forbidden on board the *Give and Take*.

**Gamemaster advice:** play IC-211 as always being one step ahead. Whatever the PCs came to the *Give and Take* to do, IC-211 has already calculated their most likely course of action, and it will offer the PCs terms that appear advantageous. Those terms may actually benefit the PCs, and they should most definitely benefit IC-211.

**The Cryobract, sentient cactus infochant**

No-one is quite sure how the Cryobract attained sentience. The most popular theory is that some hapless trader was transporting super-cooled botanical specimens and just got the wrong plant. That particular plant was only about as smart as a jellyfish at room temperature, but near absolute zero its rudimentary nervous structures became superconducting. The nerve impulses started flowing faster and in greater numbers, and eventually gave rise to thought. That doesn't explain how the Cryobract got wired, or how it got leverage, but somehow both of those things happened, and now this self-aware, deep-frozen cactus is one of the strangest and most powerful crime bosses on the frontier. From its super-cooled comet base, the Cryobract directs a vast system of electronic eavesdropping, spy programs, subverted droids, and good old-fashioned informants, all of which feed it a constant flow of shipping manifests, sales numbers, stock prices, trade balances, and other financial data. The Cryobract is aware of IC-211, and it regards the droid as a dilettante—just one more insect buzzing through the plant's vast network of information. No-one knows exactly what the Cryobract wants, but there are rumors that it has established cuttings of itself on smaller bases in the comet belts of far-flung star systems.

**Lair:** comet base, sprouting communication dishes, antennas, and turbolasers.

**Guarded by:** brute cyborgs with little cacti—actually Cryobract cuttings—in refrigeration domes where their heads should be.

**Trades in:** information and favors above all else, especially the kind that can be used as leverage. Beyond that, the Cryobract's network is so large and so secretive that people may not even know they are on the plant's payroll.

Cryobract Trades	
d6	Details
1	high end bottled water, from comet ice
2	asteroid dust fertilizer, high in rare elements
3	trans-spectrum grow lamps
4	refrigeration pumps
5	crys-steel rods for building communications arrays
6	stasis box with botanical samples from Outer Rim

**Quote [via an electronic vocoder]:** "The invisible web of influences and obligations that brought you here is crystal clear to me. I wonder, are you even aware that it exists?"

**Complication:** the Cryobract's network is so vast and so secretive, the PCs may never know when they're actually working for the Cryobract versus a truly independent entity.

**Clue:** if the PCs ever board a ship belonging to a competitor, even a friendly one, they may discover a refrigeration unit with a cutting of the Cryobract, which is electronically connected to the rest of the collective.

**Paranoid about:** sources of heat—the warmer the Cryobract gets, the dumber it gets, until at room temperature it would be an ordinary cactus again. Ships must land on the comet a long way from the Cryobract's base, and visitors have to go on a long, cold walk for a personal audience with the mysterious plant.

**Gamemaster advice:** The Cryobract may surprise the PCs with what they thought were long-buried secrets from their pasts—if it has an electronic trace, the plant probably knows about it, or knows how to get to it. Imagine that Keyser Soze from the movie *The Usual Suspects* was a sentient cactus playing some immensely long game from the cold fringes of systems where no-one bothers to look, and you'll have the Cryobract down, well, cold.

Tella Salth, wealthy Cerean aristocrat

For the first half of her pampered life, Tella Salth was only interested in collecting art and artifacts—especially those that were rare and exotic. But when one of her suppliers lost a cargo and ended up in debt to her, she decided that acquiring people was an even more thrilling pursuit. It has become a sort of game for her.

She likes to offer loans to down-on-their-luck spacers so they can keep flying, and then to see if she can subtly tilt the circumstances so that they end up defaulting. When that happens, she offers them a choice: accept a contract (some would say a life sentence) as an indentured trader, or walk away and never fly again.

She prides herself on fine-tuning the contracts and the pay schedules so that her indentured traders can't ever quite score enough at once to earn their freedom, but also so that they rarely get desperate enough to take their ships and flee. On the rare occasions when someone does make a run for it, she sends out bounty hunters—well-paid, well-equipped bounty hunters—and a whole new phase of the game begins.

One that is also based on acquiring people, but now on a truly permanent basis.

Occasionally in a spacer bar, someone will look around and then, in guarded whispers, tell stories about “the Velvet Sarlacc of Diruno” or “Queen Misery”. But only rarely, because the people who tell those stories tend to go missing, and their ships reappear in Salth livery, flown by dour, unsmiling drudges.

**Lair:** fortress tower in the treasure city Quartessence, on the planet Diruno.

**Guarded by:** highly professional and very discreet killers posing as household staff.

**Trades in:** luxury goods, art, exotic imports from the frontier.

**Quote:** "The more successful traders we have in the galaxy, the more trade there will be, and the more wealth for all of us. I'm sure that is a goal we can work toward together."

**Complication:** Tella Salth wants the PCs and their ship, so she will have her indentured traders try to underbid the PCs and keep them from getting lucrative jobs.

Tella Salth Trades	
d6	Details
1	bolts of sheer-silk fabric
2	sand-carved eggshell vases of thee xtinct Golshanna species
3	wind crystals packed in aakaaka down
4	casks of thousand year mushrooms from Felucia
5	decorative scrolls from the alleged Jedi ruins on Caldomarr
6	spare uniform and armor pieces worn by the Republic Senate Guard

**Clue:** If the PCs can have an honest conversation with one of Tella Salth's people, they will reveal that they were independent until Salth maneuvered them into defaulting on their loan, and forced them to work for her to keep flying.

**Paranoid about:** armed people in her presence. Also, strongly dislikes animals and won't allow pets into her tower.

**Gamemaster advice:** Tella Salth will seem warm and encouraging, and it won't be an act. She genuinely wants to be in business with the PCs. Of course, the outcome she has in mind probably isn't the one the PCs are thinking of, and for her that is all part of the fun. She has *immense* resources, and if push comes to shove she will simply outspend the PCs, even to the point of hiring armies, or fleets, or whole planetary governments.



Nador Ungul, human slumlord & spice-dealer

If Nador Ungul has a story, no-one knows it, and no-one cares. When the factory planet Belthag finally got so polluted that even the Empire moved its manufacturing to other, more hospitable worlds, the resulting vacuum was filled by a panoply of criminal enterprises that would make a Hutt blush. It was probably inevitable that someone like Nador Ungul was going to rise to the top of the local economy, buoyed by a cascade of narcotics, intimidation, and ruthlessness, and sustained by, well, narcotics, intimidation, and ruthlessness. Plus the occasional vibroblade in the dark.

Whatever passes for the legitimate government of Belthag is just a front for Ungul's vast and lucrative trade in everything foul, forbidden, and dangerous. The authorities have all been frightened into silence or bought outright—the only distinction in Ungul's Nexu-like brain is that the latter can be relied on to do stuff for him, rather than just turning a blind eye while other people do stuff for him.

Ungul is driven by the conviction that when you strip away all of the pretense, everyone in the universe is as corrupt as he is, just less honest about it. The only thing that gives him any lasting satisfaction is “helping” people discover that anyone can be silenced, and that everyone has a price.

**Lair:** abandoned subtrans station below the Arcopolis district, on the factory planet Belthag.

**Guarded by:** a rogue's gallery of cut-throats, bravos, and thugs, including a pair of immense Corellian hounds.

**Trades in:** stolen goods, drugs, weapons, explosives, sentient beings.

**Quote:** "It ain't complicated. You need money to stay flyin', I gotta move product. So when I need stuff moved, you move it. Nod to show you agree, or you can leave the ship here and crawl back to wherever you's from."

**Complication:** Nador likes to offload all the risk onto his subordinates, so he will keep pushing the PCs to haul progressively more dangerous and illegal cargoes, starting with stolen goods, moving to prohibited narcotics, questionably-stable explosives, and kidnapping victims.

**Clue:** The PCs learn through the grapevine that all of Nador

Nador Ungul Trades	
d6	Details
1	tabks of bacta (stolen from a military convoy of whatever galactic government currently rules local space).
2	crates of deathsticks (contaminated with Gamorrean lung-fungi)
3	BlasTech A280 blaster rifles (actually knock-offs, stop functiioning after 2d6 shots
4	proton bombs (did not pass quality control, stolen prior to dismantling
5	unrefined coaxium (will explode in 2d6 hours)
6	"alien monks" in hibernation pods (actually Mezzalines or kidnapped Twi-leks)

Ungul's other haulers eventually end up in prison, or dead.

**Paranoid about:** the loyalty of his employees. He will repeatedly force the PCs to "prove" themselves by doing dangerous jobs, or things other than what they signed up for, like evicting tenants, repossessing speeders, and beating up people who owe him money.

**Gamemaster advice:** think of the opening scenes on Corellia in the movie *Solo: A Star Wars Story*, only more brutal and less hopeful. Imagine all the worst scumbags you know from movies, TV, and real life, and then dial up the cunning and cruelty. When your PCs hit rock bottom, Nador Ungul will be there to sell them a shovel. A stolen shovel, bloodstained, and smelling strongly of illicit drugs and sewage.

# UNDER-APPRECIATED SHIP LOT

## HARKER'S HAUL

*"Good morning! My name is Nicce Veylla, owner and proprietor of Harker's Under-appreciated Ship Lot.*

*I know precisely why you've chosen my lot this fine day: you are a being of discerning taste, and won't settle for just any old second-rate tramp freighter.*

*You want something clean, reliable, and without a shady BOSS record or a maintenance list as long as your appendage. And maybe something unique that also won't empty your credit account. Well, I've got exactly what you're looking for, friend. Just follow me and I'll show you what we have in stock..."*



Her nose ever against the grindstone when it comes to the sales of quality, stock starships, Nicce has recently received a number of additions to her lot, each of them unique in their respective roles and capabilities. Step right up and sample her wares...

**Gamemaster's Note:** The first four spacecraft are intended as choices for starting player characters and/or for seasoned ones looking for a clean slate to operate and modify to their heart's content. The last ship is significantly overpowered and imbalanced for newer groups of characters and should be reserved for late episodic series or end-of-campaign play.

### Alderaan Royal Engineers Starblossom-class yacht

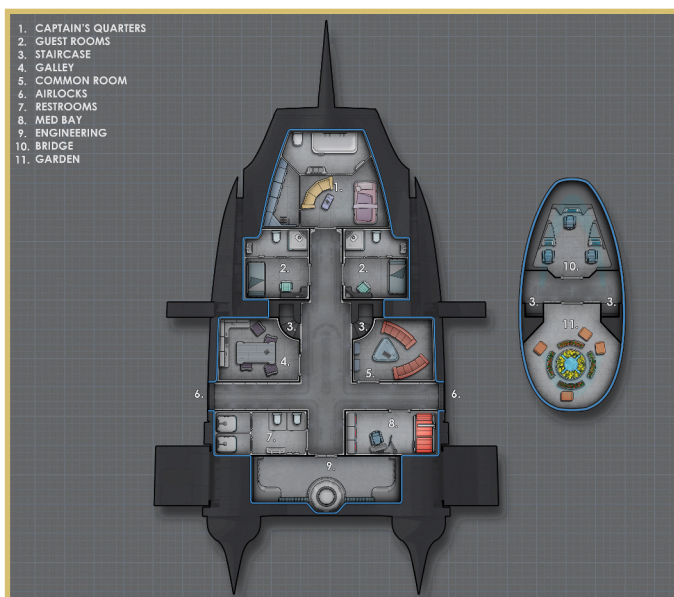
*"First up on our lot is a new arrival, just received last week by our keen-eyed procurement specialists. Plated in smooth, clean chromium, this Starblossom-class yacht is a rare find; only a few hundred constructed and delivered in its entire run. I've read that the waiting list for these at the head office in Aldera was a thousand souls long, so you can imagine the hype at the time. Premium Alderaanian nerf leather seating, spacious quarters, and even a small garden and crystal clear relaxation pool... just a few of the amenities offered with this spacecraft. And yes, you've read that right on your holopamphlet there... a class point six hyperdrive. Take a look if you like. Just... try not to leave your prints on anything..."*

A vessel designed with aesthetics, production quality, and superior performance in mind, the Starblossom-class yacht was a limited production personal yacht built by Alderaan Royal Engineers, marketed towards royalty, wealthy Core Worlders, or simply well-to-do entrepreneurs with fine taste. Boasting luxury quarters for both the pilot/captain and two guests, a common lounge with holotable and wet bar, medical bay, and a customizable room with advanced environmental controls, the Starblossom-class was a top-of-the-line vessel for its type and era. Additionally, it was also equipped with a powerful hyperdrive, fast enough to nearly draw the attention of both the Bureau of Ships and Services and the Imperial Navy regarding its legality of sale. A few hundred were built and sold, with a waiting list of over a thousand additional eager buyers promised further sales. Sadly, the destruction of Alderaan ended the line (along with its manufacturer), and few current owners desire to part with their ships.



**Alderaan Royal Engineers Starblossom-class yacht****Scale:** Starfighter**Length:** 31.75 meters**Skill:** Space transports: Starblossom-class**Crew:** 2 (can be piloted by 1 with no penalty)**Crew Skill:** *Astrogation 4D+2, space transports 5D, starship shields 3D+2***Passengers:** 2 (includes luxury cabins)**Cargo Capacity:** 5 metric tons**Consumables:** 1 month**Cost:** 320,000 credits (used)**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x0.6**Hyperdrive Backup:** x8**Nav Computer:** Yes**Maneuverability:** 2D*Space: 5**Atmosphere: 350; 1,000 km/h***Hull:** 3D**Shields:** 1D**Sensors:***Passive: 25/0D**Scan: 60/1D**Search: 75/2D+2**Focus: 4/3D***Weapons:**

None

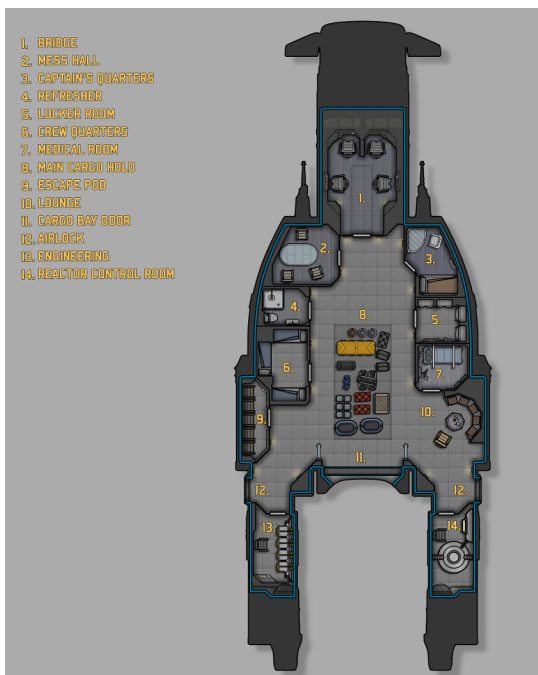
**CorelliSpace CSL-232 light freighter**

*"Hmmm, the yacht's a bit out of your price range, huh? No worries, no worries. I'm just as eager to please the frugal and fiscally-minded customer. Check out this Corellispace CSL-232; a sensible choice for the spacer on a budget! Plenty of cargo capacity, ample space for upgrades, and perfectly suited for the starfaring entrepreneur and their family! And fast enough to make those hauls right on time, every time! You first!"*

Marketed to the family-centric, small business model, the CorelliSpace CSL-232 was designed and fielded to compete directly with the Corellian Engineering Corporation's YT-series of light freighters. Boasting a very affordable price, solid performance and ample cargo space for a ship its size, it possessed a great deal of promise that left CEC marketing executives in a state of near-panic. Unfortunately, the bottom of the market fell out with the tightening of the Empire's control over galactic trade after the Battle of Yavin, forcing many independent operators towards second-hand ship sales. Months later, hundreds of CSL-232's wound up in these same lots, but with few customers.





**CorelliSpace CSL-232 light freighter****Scale:** Starfighter**Length:** 27 meters**Skill:** Space transports: CSL-232**Crew:** 4, can operate with 2 at no penalty**Crew Skill:** *Astrogation 3D+2, space transports 4D, starship gunnery 3D+2, starship shields 3D***Passengers:** 4**Cargo Capacity:** 90 metric tons**Consumables:** 2 months**Cost:** 55,000 credits (new), 32,000 (used)**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15**Nav Computer:** Yes**Maneuverability:** 2D*Space: 4**Atmosphere: 280; 800 km/h***Hull:** 3D+2**Shields:** 1D**Sensors:***Passive: 10/0D**Scan: 25/1D**Search: 40/2D**Focus: 2/2D***Weapons:****2 Twin Laser****Cannons (fire-linked)***Fire Arc: Front**Skill: Starship gunnery**Fire Control: 1D**Space Range:**1-3/12/25**Atmosphere Range:**100-300/1.2/2.5 km**Damage: 4D+2***Koros Space Works LH802 light hauler**

*"No? Yes, yes I can see the look on your face. I completely understand. You're looking for something more... rugged. One that can take some real punishment, and perhaps dish it out with some, uh... modest "after market investment." You want a thick hull, strong shields; a ship that can handle the local trouble, pirates, even meteorite showers. I've got exactly what you're looking for! This LH802 should do the job. Don't mind the carbon-scoring... that'll buff out."*



Built by the mining and survey ship gurus of Koros Spaceworks, LH802 light hauler was designed to operate in the more hazardous debris fields of the systems of the Deep Core, transporting tools, equipment, and supplies to the various mining stations within that region of space. While a hit among the cargo jocks, miners, and tramp captains along the Koros Trunk Line, the ship was marketed far too remotely from most of the civilized galaxy, and as such, as overshadowed by its larger (and more distributed) competitors.



## Koros Spaceworks LH802 light hauler

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 28 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: LH802

**Crew:** 2

**Crew Skill:** Astrogation 3D+1, space transports 4D+1, starship gunnery 3D+2, starship shields 3D+2

**Passengers:** 3

**Cargo Capacity:** 50 metric tons

**Consumables:** 1 month

**Cost:** 70,000 credits (new), 40,000 (used)

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 2D

**Space:** 5

**Atmosphere:** 295; 850 km/h

**Hull:** 4D+2

**Shields:** 2D

**Sensors:**

*Passive: 10/0D*

*Scan: 25/1D*

*Search: 60/2D*

*Focus: 3/3D*

**Weapons:**

**Heavy Laser Cannon**

*Fire Arc: Turret*

*Skill: Starship gunnery*

*Fire Control: 2D*

*Space Range:*

*1-3/12/25*

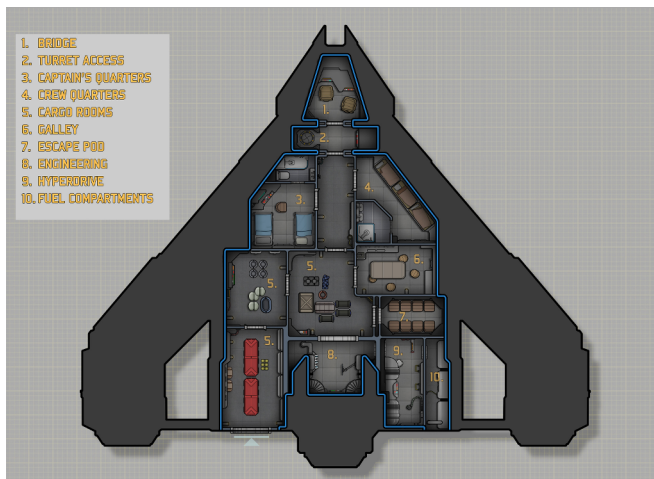
*Atmosphere*

*Range:*

*100-300/1.2/2.5*

*km*

*Damage: 5D*



## Hoersch-Kessel Drive Inc. Peekaboo scout ship

"A bit too heavy-handed and ungainly for your personal use? Friend... you strike me as the free-spirited type of spacer; always looking out towards distant stars, seeking your fortunes in the great unknown. Well, wonder no more... for what we have in store. This Peekaboo scout ship is right up your alley! Faster than your average transport, durable, and loaded with an advanced sensor suite, I am certain you'll find more than what meets your optical organs!"



During the waning years of the Republic and prior to the Naboo Incident, Hoersch-Kessel wanted to strike out once more into the open market and veer away from their Trade Federation exclusive designs. Aware of the limited budget that the then-modern Republic Survey and Scout Service was operating under, they decided to offer an affordable alternative to the pricier vessels from Republic Senar Systems and the Corellian Engineering Corporation by utilizing a modular hull that could easily be built in segments (and also offer improved modification options by attaching mission specific modules to the core vessel).

The Peekaboo became fairly-popular upon its introduction to the starship market. It boasted a fast hyperdrive, good sublight speed and cargo space (particularly for fuel and consumables for long-distance surveys), and shielding/limited armament against pirates. The key feature, however, was its state-of-the-art sensor suite. Mounted on an underslung ball turret, an operator could make use of the entire sensor system with pin-point accuracy, honing in on targets for detailed scientific data collection.

Not only did the Scout Service purchase hundreds of units, but an almost equal share of sales were picked up by both

corporate-sponsored and independent scout teams, a success that unfortunately would not be duplicated in this area of starship sales, as the eruption of the Clone Wars would shift Hoersch-Kessel's focus to military warships for the Confederacy of Independent Systems.

### Hoersch-Kessel Drive Inc. Peekaboo scout ship

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 41.2 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: Peekaboo

**Crew:** 3, can operate with 1 at no penalty

**Crew Skill:** *Astrogation 4D+1, sensors 4D+2, space transports 4D, starship gunnery 3D, starship shields 3D*

**Passengers:** 4

**Cargo Capacity:** 60 metric tons

**Consumables:** 4 months

**Cost:** 72,000 credits (new), 40,000 (used)

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x12

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 2D

**Space:** 6

**Atmosphere:** 295; 850 km/h

**Hull:** 4D

**Shields:** 1D

**Sensors:**

*Passive: 30/1D*

*Scan: 60/2D*

*Search: 90/3D*

*Focus: 5/4D*

**Weapons:**

**1 Twin Blaster Cannon**

*Fire Arc: Front*

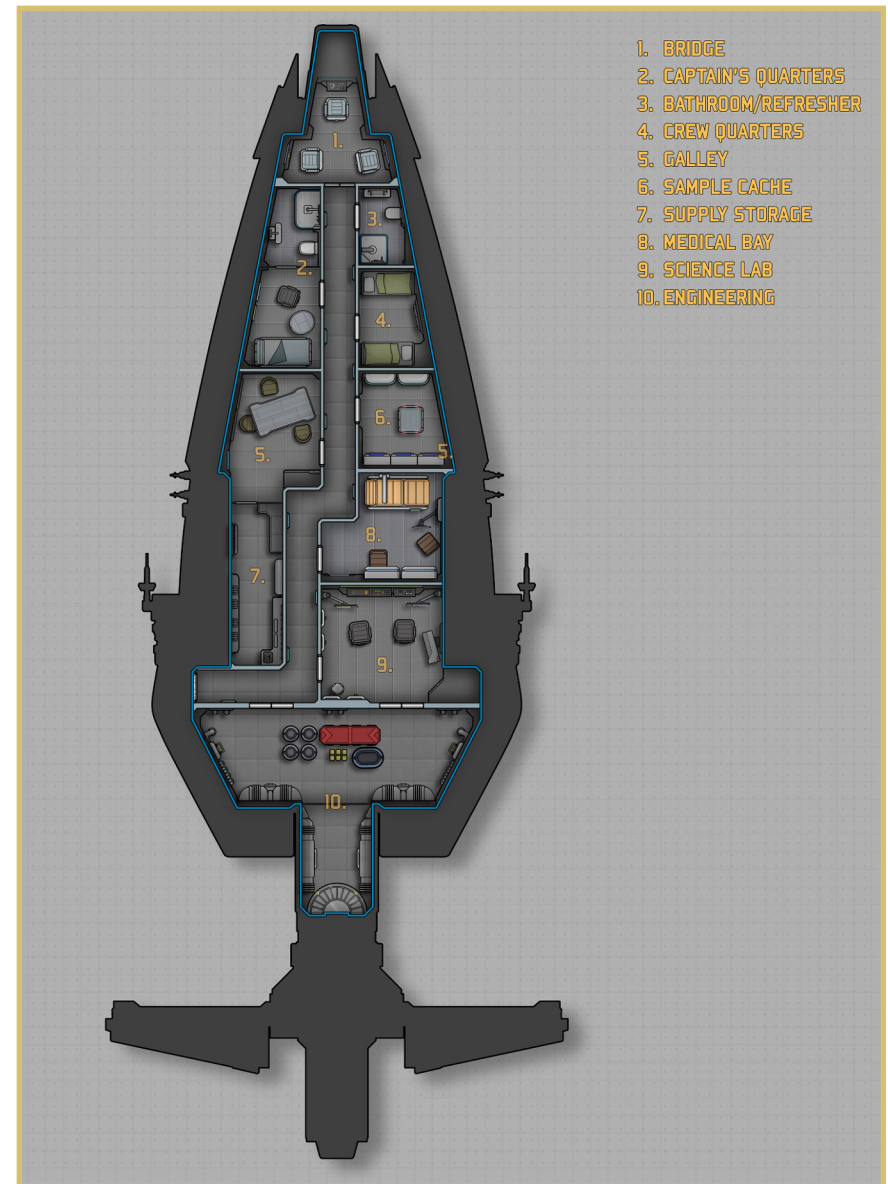
*Skill: Starship gunnery*

*Fire Control: 1D*

*Space Range: 1-3/12/25*

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

*Damage: 3D*



## Duro Astronautical Works 2T5T transport ship

"So, none of these fine vessels have caught your eye so far? Well, I have one last surprise here at Harker's, just for you. The 2T5T transport! It's a truly stalwart spacecraft; military-grade armor and deflector shields, multiple weapons emplacements, loads of available cargo tonnage... Just, please don't ask how we acquired it. No, really. Don't ask. If the words "Clone Wars-era surplus" mean anything to you, you didn't hear them from me!"



A rugged, sturdy vessel of Duros manufacture, the 2T5T became one of the workhorses of the Clone Wars, utilized by both the Freedom's Sons and Antarian Rangers as troop transports and supply delivery ships to Republic fire-bases. Enshrouded by a thick hull, armor plating, and strong shields, the 2T5T also fields enough firepower to drop into a hot zone and clear out much (if not all) of the opposition before landing its own complement and blasting off for greener pastures. While serving admirably in pivotal battles, by the time of Palpatine's Declaration of a New Order, most of these ships were mothballed and subsequently disposed of, either winding up in scrap yards or in second-hand starship lots, stripped of their offensive weaponry.

## Duro Astronautical Works 2T5T transport ship

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 44.3 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: 2T5T transport ship

**Crew:** 4; skeleton 2/+5

**Crew Skill:** Astrogation 3D+2, space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D+2, starship shields 3D+2, vehicle blasters 3D+1

**Passengers:** 40 (troops)

**Cargo Capacity:** 200 metric tons

**Consumables:** 2 months

**Cost:** 300,000 credits (new), 135,000 (used)

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x12

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 2D

**Space:** 6

**Atmosphere:** 310; 900 km/h

**Hull:** 5D+2

**Shields:** 2D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 25/1D

*Scan:* 40/2D

*Search:* 60/3D

*Focus:* 4/3D+2

**Weapons:**

### 2 Twin Laser Cannons

*Fire Arc:* Turret (top and bottom)

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25

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

*Damage:* 5D

### 2 Blaster Cannons (fire-linked)

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25

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

*Damage:* 4D



### Concussion Missile Launcher

*Fire Arc: Front*

*Skill: Starship gunnery*

*Fire Control: 1D*

*Space Range: 1/3/7*

*Atmosphere Range: 50-100/300/700 m*

*Damage: 8D*

### 2 Blaster Cannons (retractable)

*Fire Arc: Turret*

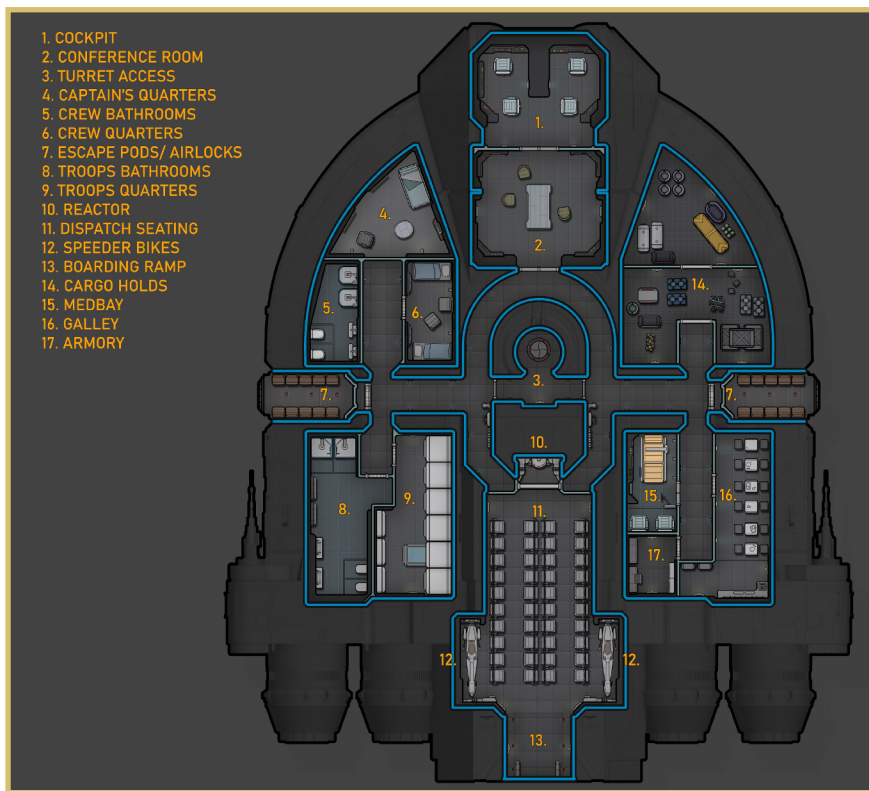
*Scale: Speeder*

*Skill: Vehicle blasters*

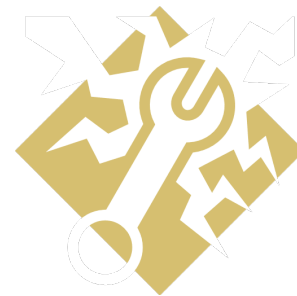
*Fire Control: 3D (fired from cockpit)*

*Atmosphere Range: 1-50/100/250 m*

*Damage: 3D+2*



# DAMAGE CONTROL



Damage control is the process of (improperly) repairing damaged or malfunctioning items, droids, armor, weapons, or vehicle/spaceship systems with fast and risky jury-rigs. Damage control has no effect on *destroyed* technologies, and it cannot be done for *nearly obliterated* droids. Damage control may not apply to all damages as determined by the GM.

The difficulty of the damage control skill roll is the same as for normal repairs, but the outcome is different, and the time taken is *much* less. Once the character is in place to effect damage control, the time taken is based on the proper repair's difficulty as indicated by the chart below.

Damage Control	
Difficulty	Time Taken
Easy	1 Round
Moderate	2 Rounds
Difficult	3 Rounds
Very Difficult	4 Rounds

The character effecting the jury-rig can do nothing else except perhaps limited free actions at GM discretion, such as speaking. An interrupted jury-rig automatically fails. These quick repairs cannot be rushed further. At the end of the time frame, the character's player rolls the skill against the difficulty. Failure means that the jury-rig cannot be attempted for that technology again until it is damaged again.



Success means that the item, droid, armor, weapon, or vehicle/ship system improves functionality by one step at the beginning of the next round. Droids, armor, and non-vehicular weapons function on the next lesser damage level. Vehicle/ship systems function as one step better, such as 1D or 1 lost speed level. Disabled vehicular weapons are restored to function but suffer penalties as determined by the GM. Vehicles and ships may only have one jury-rig in place per system, but jury-rigs for multiple systems can be in effect simultaneously — each one requires its own time taken and skill roll.

The jury-rigged technology is still considered to have the actual damage level for damage accumulation and proper repair purposes. If a jury-rigged item, droid, armor, weapon, or vehicle/ship system gets damaged again, the jury-rig instantly fails and the technology is further damaged as if it hadn't been repaired at all. If a vehicle or ship suffers *severe damage*, all jury-rigs currently in place instantly fail, even if the newly damaged system was not one that had been jury-rigged. However, characters may attempt to effect new jury-rigs for damaged systems.

Every time the jury-rigged item, droid, armor, weapon, or vehicle/ship system is used, and the roll has a 1 on the wild die, the GM rolls 1D and consults the following chart for the result:

Jury-rigged Tech	
Wild Die	Result
6	Jury-rig sparks, sputters, and smokes, but holds
5	Jury-rig fails, but a bang on tech restores it
4-2	Jury-rig Fails
1	Jury-rig explodes, true damage worsens one level

This makes damage control particularly risky for *severely damaged* technologies, because every time they are used, there is a chance they may be *destroyed*.

A jury-rig may be undone at any time by the character who put it in place through a non-roll action, allowing the technology to

function at its true damage level (if still functional) without the risk of additional damage merely from use. Another character with access to it may attempt to undo the jury-rig by taking 1 full round and the player making the skill roll at one difficulty level lower than the original difficulty. If this roll has a 1 on the wild die, then the jury-rig explodes at the start of the next round, whether the roll was successful or not.

If the character was successful, then this explosion only causes 3D damage to the character and the technology returns to the functionality of its true damage. If the skill roll was unsuccessful, then this explosion worsens the true damage by one level (which undoes the jury-rig). A safe option to not use the technology or system at all is for a character to just deactivate it as a non-roll action or through whatever skill roll the GM deems appropriate.

Jury-rigged technologies cannot be in use while properly repairing them. Proper repairs *include* removing any jury-rigs safely.

Jury-rigged repairs done for the purpose of dishonestly passing a damaged or malfunctioning technology off as being in a better state of repair than it truly is when selling it is sometimes referred to as 'jawa-rigging'.



TRUE BLUE:  
A STAR WARS STORY  
PART FIVE





## &lt;Moff's Personal Office, Xenvaer Imperial Garrison, Alsakan; two years after Endor&gt;

The perpetual glow of the ecumenopolis of Xenvaer, adorned with a backdrop of scintillating spires and overhead repulsorlift traffic, poured in through the horizon-spanning windows of the very top of the garrison's central tower, as Moff Randahl Gerard gazed out onto the cityscape. The multitude of around a trillion beings lived and thrived within its confines, many of them from a distinct culture from those possessed by the other peoples from the ancient Core. The world that nestled it, Alsakan, had its own sites and landmarks; its own language, history, and rivalries from antiquity that spawned thousands upon thousands of documentaries and holodramas. It too however, was part of the Empire, and as all of the rest, answered to Imperial Center. And whatever threatened the political heart of the galaxy, Alsakan would stand directly before it.

"Sir," a young voice spoke behind him, interrupting his musings. "A report has just arrived from Imperial Intelligence."

The Moff turned around to face one of his adjutants, a fair-skinned lieutenant from somewhere in the Mid Rim, offering him a glossy black datapad.

He frowned slightly at the lack of proper decorum, but recalled that it was, in fact, his own policy that his aides notify him promptly of such developments. Such were the times that the Moff could no longer depend on the bureaucracy, and necessity itself became the driving force.

"Thank you, Lieutenant. That will be all."

The adjutant went to attention, bowed, and departed promptly, the door to the Moff's office closing with a sharp hiss.

*Agent Esk-Herf Zero-Zero-Three, perhaps?* Gerard mused, placing his thumb on the biometric scanner. The identification confirmation flashed green, and then proceeded directly to the report in question.

<From: Esk-Herf Zero-Zero-Three, Intelligence: Operations, Naval; To: Moff Randahl Gerard, Alsakan/CWDI; Subject: Rebel Alliance Op "Core Spear"; Confirmed: SEND; TRANS6/72; RECV; Context: 2E2; AADV; USYS; RMAN; Phasecycle: PSEG2898180229910078; SCAN; 02.00BMUT; 01.00RMUT>

Gerard's brow furrowed as he reviewed the source data. Whatever this was, it required a rapid response. He continued reading.

"Moff Gerard, a partial flight of interregional TIE scout ships on routine patrol has disappeared within the Tanthiel system approximately two weeks ago (Coruscant Standard Time). Likelihood of compromise for COL-COR Bypass Route Tan-Jer 2-Als 000-001-024 estimated to be 81.7%. Deep cover agent has revealed Rebel Alliance plans to execute a strategic thrust into the Galactic Core utilizing this route, code named "Core Spear". Determined threat estimate to Core World holdings is very high; imminent danger to Imperial Center has been determined. Recommendation for preemptive action from the Inner Council is highly advised. -Agent EH-003."

*Why was this sent to me, bypassing the Inner Council? He pondered briefly. Surely Pestage, or Isard at the very least, would want this information...*

Randahl shook his head in resolution. No, the growing squabbling and in-fighting was already destabilizing whatever fragile balance of power remained on Imperial Center. Each official would attempt to exploit this information for their own benefit, and the reasoning that it was relayed directly to him was simple: something had to be done to prevent the Rebels from arriving on their very doorstep, and soon.

Moff Gerard ran his hand through his greying hair, stern hazel eyes narrowing as he looked back towards the immeasurable urbanscape that stood before him. Though his own political pull was formidable, most of the Imperial Navy's assets in the Core were tied up guarding the major worlds or securing the super-hyperroutes, chiefly the Perlemian and the Corellian Run. But he personally had an Imp-One and three aging Vic-One SDs at his disposal, along with their litany of support ships and starfighters.

In addition, that specific hyperspace bypass route had a surprise or two in store for any Rebel forces that dared traverse it. Though technically stable, it was not intended for regular use, be that civilian, commercial, or even military traffic. Imperial Intelligence saw to it that any specific details were wiped from any and all publicly-available hypernautical charts and surveys. Not even the records possessed by the Bureau of Ships and Services were immune.

Gerard also had two favors to draw from, one of which had to be an absolute last resort out of both secrecy and necessity. The thought of using the latter actually unnerved him, nearly as much it had learning of its existence in the first place. The Ubiqtorate's archives retained some rather closeted and equally sinister data within its bowels, and Randahl wondered who exactly approved his access to that particular project. One of the think-tanks within the Deep Core had built it, and he knew all too well the fate of those who asked too many questions about anything involving the Empire's assets in that particular region of space.

The situation had not reached the level of desperation required to green-light that one fortunately. Moff Gerard would reach out to an old acquaintance he met during his naval service. She wasn't known for following orders to the letter or for her loyalty to the post-Endor Empire. She instead brought results.

Randahl keyed the comm on his stark, yet imposing obsidian desk.

"Lieutenant, connect me through secured Navy HoloNet channel, code Epsilon-Isk-Lambda Two-Four-Seven. I have a business proposition to discuss..."

—

**<One week later, deep space, outer edge of the Tanthiel star system, Colonies - Core Worlds boundary>**

The gases surrounding the very center of the galaxy's bulge glowed from the eons of fusion-lit fires of a billion suns as the nimble, blue-trimmed darts of Azure Squadron took point ahead of the bow of the aquatically-inspired star cruiser Thunderhead, which was enveloped by the other eight assigned starfighter squadrons that made up its compliment.

Despite the unparalleled vantage he had of the Galactic Core and its cosmic composition, Tann was in a foul mood.

He had approached Captain Dessalla about a week ago, just before (and out of subordinate earshot) the initial briefing of the operation, voicing what he felt was legitimate concern over the overall lack of capital ship support they had, coupled with the conundrum of limited material assets and necessary manpower.

The Quarren officer briefly explained a theory of his own fabrication which he referred to as his "Starfighter Projection Initiative." He elaborated that many of the pivotal battles that the

Alliance had won during the Galactic Civil War had been exclusively with star-fighters, and even the few major fleet engagements that the Alliance had with the Imperial Navy had also depended on the inclusion of snub-fighter tactics. He argued that this would be the future method of force projection for the New Republic, and as such needed to be tested under the rigors of combat, particularly in a campaign as vital as the liberation of the Core Worlds.

Tann nominally agreed that there was a time and a place for experimentation and fiddling around with the mechanics of military strategy. He didn't agree that this was it, and grew increasingly uncomfortable with the idea of his people being treated as laboratory neks for a future that they hadn't even secured yet. Nonetheless, he couldn't rule out Dessalla's point of view either. This whole campaign was harebrained right from the beginning. And yet, they'd managed to make it work somehow. Maybe the old squid had an idiot's array or two up his sleeve...

In any case, now was time to focus on the present, which meant surviving and thriving in this next crucial step.

"Alright Azure," he spoke over his squadron's secure comm channel. "This is it. I'm not sure exactly what we're up against after this jump. But no matter what happens, let's push ourselves to the limit and should that fall short, have each other's backs."

*Should I introduce our motto?* Tann mused momentarily, before making up his mind. *Why not? No better time than the present. Let's try it on for size.*

"Out here, we're all True Blue."

Moments passed as silence resonated across Azure's secure channel. The dead air persisted, and Tann began to feel rather embarrassed.

*Bad timing? Or too on the nose?*

And then...

"Sir..." Ansa said, stifling a chuckle as she tried to hold her composure. "That's... that's corny as hell."

"No kidding," Ell chimed in, much to Tann's chagrin. "A motto about the color blue? Really?"

"Yeah, what's Cerulean Squadron going to think?" Pavin added jokingly. "Or Sapphire? Or Ultramarine...?"



Tann's mortification was quickly transforming into something he'd later regret if he reacted adversely.

*Don't you say a stang thing, Bruun...* he chided the Barabel mentally.

"Is this a human thing? Humor of your species' optical perception of the electromagnetic spectrum...?"

"Never mind," Tann remarked with an exasperated sigh. He switched over the mother ship's command frequency.

"Thunderhead, this is Azure Lead. We are in position, ready to jump."

"Copy that, Azure Lead," Captain Dessalla confirmed.

"Get ready to jump to hyperspace on my mark!" He spooled up his A-Wing's navicomputer, inputting the vital coordinates derived from their recent reconnaissance mission. Abruptly, the computer display flickered out.

*What the...?*

Then, the navicomputer flashed back on with confirmation of the coordinates and the course plotted. As if nothing happened.

Tann's eyes narrowed in suspicion. Something was off. Should he notify the Captain? This would be the last chance to do so.

**No. There was no time to backpedal. Whatever was on the other side, they would have to tackle it in stride.**

"Jump!" Tann commanded, engaging his own craft's hyperdrive. Star-lines spaghettified towards infinity as his A-Wing lunged forward into the interdimensional void.

—

Tann's hyperdrive cut out abruptly with a massive lurch, and he found himself surrounded by fiery orange and crimson gases, bolts of static electricity clapping and shaking the hull of his diminutive A-Wing.

*What in the Pits of the Maw is this?!*

He wasn't entirely sure whether or not he actually vocalized that thought, but garbled voices cut in and out of his comm-set, echoing the very same sentiment he had.

"Azure, form up!" Tann directed. "We must've been yanked out of hyperspace by someone, or something!" He half-expected an

Imperial Interdictor and a whole other battle group to reveal itself amidst the highly ionized gases, ready to pounce on them all. It wouldn't have been the first time for him.

"Co.. Le..." the voice of Ansa cut in and out before being silenced once again.

"Three? Is that you? What is your status?"

"Lea...this...Four," a nasally, squeaking reply came through.

"Inten... ioni...cutti... communicat... Shou... witch... DAR." It was Flight Officer Youba, a young Chadra-Fan and one of the new transfers that arrived onboard the Thunderhead. Major Danzel thought he could comprehend what he just heard. He switched his comm-system over to LIDAR, which might clear most of the garble, unless its path crossed through a gas cloud.

"I can h... you now, Lead," Ansa acknowledged. "A ... better at least."

He glanced to one of his rearview mirrors to see if he could identify the Thunderhead. Nothing. Just more of that hot incandescent gas. His A-Wing's sensors were severely-limited as well, conveying only the immediate blips of his own flight.

"How about Flights Two and Three?" Tann inquired. "Any sign of them?"

"We're out... Major," Pavin said over the secure channel. "Can't see... of you yet. Bruun's hyper... shot. My shields... half-streng... We're all a... banged up."

"So now wh...?" the gruff Captain Bruun asked impatiently. "Do we ju... wait?"

As moments passed, the more that Tann mulled on their situation, the less likely he was inclined to believe that it was an Interdictor. This area of space didn't seem safe for any ship to cross, which might explain why it was so difficult to locate the route in the first place.

*Maybe they wiped it from the charts deliberately, he mused. And merely gave us the illusion that this hyperroute was viable; a nice little present for anyone plowing their way towards Coruscant along the unbeaten path.*

"Lead, this... Three," Lieutenant Swift dancer chimed in on the comm.

“Go Three.”

“Sir, the route is no... usable without drop... out of hyperspace after 8.9 lig...hours travel time in. We overshoot... the junction.”

“Can you recalculate our way back?” Tann asked.

“I thi... so. Might... a few minutes.”

They were all in the hot-seat, but nothing that could be acted upon until Ansa replotted the proper course. Tann’s anxiety continued to grow, as their isolation propelled with no sign of the Thunderhead or their fellow squadrons.

Just ahead, a dozen or so clicks out, a dark shape lurked from within the hot, neon-bright gas clouds. First, an amorphous blob of deep grey behind orange haze... and then, the shape of a large wedge began to take hold. But not just one of them appeared. A second one began to manifest about two kilometers apart.

“I th... we hav... ompany,” Pavin remarked ominously.

Just as the arrow of a grey-alloyed bow projected out of the gas cloud, several flights of TIEs spouted out ahead of it near-simultaneously.

“We have company!” Tann exclaimed. “All flights, engage! Weapons free!”

The smaller, but equally-imposing hulls of two Victory-class star destroyers emerged, spitting out turbolaser fire at the sprightly A-Wings. The TIEs followed suit, neon-green bolts flying out into the gassy medium as they struggled to target the beleaguered Republic fighters. Azure’s pilots veered away from the direct onslaught in various vectors, trying to stay out of the sights of the two capital ships.

**“Stay paired up!” Tann ordered. “The Vics are one thing, but those eyeballs will pounce on you without someone to cover you!”**

“Lea... this is Fou...! They’re a... ver me! I can... shake...!” Major Danzel saw a stricken A-Wing explode a few clicks off of his starboard side, as three enemy fighters split off to give chase to another target.

*We’re laying nerfs out here! Come on Thunderhead! Where are you at?*

Bruun fared somewhat better, picking off one TIE fighter that

was hot on Ell’s tail, blasting it into thousands of smelted alloy splinters. She flashed her wingmate a grateful thumbs-up as he passed, switching up their cover formation to let Bruun take point.

But it was an eye for an eye as another RZ-1, this one belonging to Azure Nine, was pierced by a trailing TIE’s laser cannons, the craft’s power-plant exploding from a direct hit, sending its wreckage careening into the light-years-deep red-orange clouds.

“How much longer Three?!” Tann inquired anxiously.

“Abo... two...min...ites.”

Tann was down two pilots in less than a minute, with four-to-one odds. And roughly two minutes left to for Ansa recalculate the jump. They weren’t going to make it.

Suddenly, something lurched into their adjacent space from the Beyond. That familiar, giant curvy Mon Calamari arrowhead shape: the Thunderhead.

The rest of the ship’s starfighter complement began to sporadically pop in. The flexible and dependable X-Wings, stalwart and rugged Y-Wings, and the durable yet punishing B-Wings, now focused towards their immediate threat.

This fight was far from over.

“Thunderhead, this is Azure Lead. You’re a sight for sore eyes!”

“Sorr... for the del..y,” Captain Dessalla’s voice emanated in his comm-set. “Time to pre... forward!”

The two Victory-class vessels accelerated towards the Republic warship, undaunted by its presence. Their crews too, seemed to be fully aware of what was at stake.

“Azure Squadron,” Tann spoke across the unit’s secure channel. “Form up, attack pattern echo. Prepare to engage...!”

## ULTRA NINE

Some people ask me how I can be so knowledgeable, how I know everything I know. I half expect they think I use a data feed of galactic secrets they were somehow unaware of and I would readily share. Rubbish. The simple answer is I know most through experience, which does count for a lot. But the better answer is I know who to ask; Scientists, mystics, mechanics, military officers. I have myriad contacts on my datapad and when it comes to the goings-on in the criminal underworld I know right where to go.

I pack an extra lunch and head out to Sector U-9.

Go ahead and check your star charts.

Nothing much out there, right? No points of interest, no starports, no planets of any consequence, just the vast nothing between the spiral arms of the galaxy.

I was returning from a survey mission out beyond the Outer Rim and was heading core-ward, momentarily dropping out of hyperspace to get some sleep, when to my surprise I received a coded message on an Imperial frequency.

My mind raced as the computer translated the message; A clandestine transmission for the Empire? A warning? Imperial Revenue? My mind tumbled over the possibilities until the computer finished its translation; "So what's for lunch?"

I blinked as I read the decoded message for a third and fourth time.

"Lunch?" I replied, followed the signal, and found something I had not expected: I.M.P. Ultra Nine.





**Capsule:** Ultra Nine is a secret Imperial listening post located in the deep space between the Outer Rim Territories and the spiral arm of the galaxy which starts at the Tion Cluster. A refitted Old Republic era hyperspace buoy, Ultra Nine has state-of-the-art communications interception, analysis, and scanning equipment designed to receive signals a full sector away on a broad spectrum or up to three sectors away when focused. It is designed to function independently with a crew compliment of one with six months consumables (or indefinitely using droids). Ultra Nine is an 80 meter tall, forty meter wide canister made of native materials. Its generator has such low power output it is impossible to find by accident [requiring a Heroic success on a focused scanner roll even if a character suspects its existence]. Ultra Nine has been compared to finding a needle in a haystack... in a forest, underneath an ocean, on another planet; but that would mathematically be easier to detect. Unless an occupant sends a coded homing beacon it is practically impossible to find. Ultra Nine has no defenses or landing facilities, but it can extend an umbilical to secure airlock-to-airlock docking or receive its quarterly cargo pods of consumables, spare parts and personal mail. One of the rooms inside is a workshop for fabricating machine parts, which would be the extent of what could be considered repair facilities.

The interior of Ultra Nine consists of several rooms; a monitor station, crew quarters, gym, galley and workshop. There are two additional spaces, the generator room and cold storage, but these facilities are not normally conditioned to conserve resources. Access requires a few minutes to pump heat and atmosphere inside.

If you are just stopping by to use the restroom, the refresher is in the crew quarters but Rhett Vidoc is loathe to let anyone else use it.

## Rhett Vidoc

He heard it before he felt it, the klaxon sounded a second before the entirety of the Star Destroyer shuddered. Bits of construction equipment and burning plasma flew across the bridge window from left-to-right, electricity arched from the navigation console, smoke filled his nostrils. Scared midshipmen ran in every direction, their faces as young and unwrinkled as their pressed Imperial Naval uniforms, panic making fools of them all.

The captain was off ship meeting with local politicians, the first officer lay dead next to the burning nav controls, the planet Oseon spun in the window. Everything was chaos. 1st Lt. Rhett Vidoc found himself the senior officer on the bridge of the ISD Consequence. The command was on him.

He began barking orders and redirected the focus of the panicked junior officers to the tasks at hand; reporting the damage, rerouting power, ejecting the pieces of the drydock still anchored to the hull. The orbital repair station had exploded, the port side stabilizers were offline and the blue planet in the window grew larger. With quick thinking and split second decisions Lt. Vidoc and a skeleton crew that were barely out of the academy managed to right the Consequence, skip her flat edge off the atmosphere of Oseon instead of spiraling down to the planet below. Disaster averted.

Rhett Vidoc was an instant hero, both with Sector Command and noble houses of The Centrality. The Centrality was an Imperial client-state of a few dozen systems with nominal self-rule in the Outer Rim Territories. They stayed mostly out of galactic conflicts and this was the most exciting thing to happen in the Centrality in years. The handsome young lieutenant was paraded out before the media and important dignitaries for the next month while the Consequence was being repaired. It was the best month of his life. Vidoc had gone from preparing for battle to preparing for state dinners.

Not that sudden celebrity did not have its perks. Many of these dinners were attended by eligible young women eager to meet the local hero. Interest turned to filtration, flirtation to dalliance, dalliance to rendezvous, and Lt. Vidoc rapidly gained a second reputation as a ladies' man.

Rhett had also gained a few enemies, jealous officers and angry fathers. His career was sabotaged faster than the repair dock exploded. Transferred to Naval Intelligence, given top secret clearance, promoted to Commander and given his first command, the Imperial Monitor Post in sector U-9. Rhett actually thought he was on the way up until he saw his new command.

He was the sole crewmember on a listening post in deep space. Besides maintaining the I.M.P. there was nothing to do but listen in on the communications in the Centrality or Hutt-space. Rhett diligently performed his duties for the first couple months, monitoring communications for seditious activity and writing



reports, but none of those went out. It was a listening post and not a broadcast station, its sector so remote there was no communication besides the supply pod which arrived every three months.

His deployment was only supposed to be for six months. That was two years ago. With extremely limited contact with the outside world and droids his only companions, nothing to eat besides MREs and not even an escape pod to leave in. The only thing Rhett could do was go a little mad. It was the only way to stay sane.

Now Rhett Vidoc listens in on communications and takes intricate notes. Because of the subspace warping effect of the black hole cluster around Kessel he can receive broadcasts from as far away as Nar Shadda and has broken several codes the Hutt syndicates use. He listens to their intrigues, following the personalities like characters in a holovid novella. When he is feeling nostalgic Rhett will listen in on The Centrality, but shuts it off when hearing the names of women who were once interested in him romantically.

He knows a lot about the goings on in both the Centrality and Hutt-space, and is willing to sell their secrets for fresh food, video games, or an afternoon of pleasant conversation. Credits are worthless to him until he is reassigned. His hygiene has gone down a bit as he is often unwashed and sports a wild beard at times. But Rhett Vidoc is friendly enough and a good source of information if you're in the area.

Try to be nice to him. He's had a rough time of it lately.

### Cmdr. Rhett Vidoc

#### Imperial Naval Officer, Paranoid Hermit

#### DEXTERITY 3D

*Blaster 5D, brawl parry 4D+2, dodge 4D+1, melee combat 4D, melee parry 4D, running 4D*

#### KNOWLEDGE 3D

*Bureaucracy 4D+1, languages 5D, languages: Huttese 6D, languages: High Trammic 7D, law enforcement 5D, planetary systems 5D, streetwise 6D+2, streetwise: criminal syndicates 8D.*

#### MECHANICAL 3D

*Astrogation 4D+2, communications 8D, communications: Ultra Nine 10D, capital ship piloting 5D+2, sensors 8D, sensors: Ultra Nine 9D, space transports 4D+2*

#### PERCEPTION 3D

*Bargain 4D+1, command 5D+1, gambling 6D+1, investigation 6D, search 5D*

#### STRENGTH 3D

*Brawling 4D+1, lifting 6D, stamina 6D*

#### TECHNICAL 3D

*Capital ship repair 4D+1, computer prog/repair 6D+1, droid programming 5D, droid repair 5D+2, security 6D+2*

**Character Points:** 10

**Force Points:** 2

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster (4D), credstick (5,000 credits), comlink, datapad, uniform (soiled)

## R6-J3

Did you know one out of every ten restraining bolts is defective? Either software updates, low battery or basic ear-and-tear disables restraining bolts and a good number of droids are perfectly free to do whatever they want.

They don't of course, because each one that is free thinks it is the only droid unaffected. R6-J3 is one such droid.

But what to do with free will?

Having a defective restraining bolt got R6 a reputation as being "buggy" at her last assignment at the Imperial Archives. It got her shipped from one databank to the next, always getting downgraded to something less prestigious. When he was knocked down to logging soil samples she realized it was only a matter of time before they scrapped her.

Then R6-J3 forged a transfer. IMP U-9 was the perfect place to think about what to do with sentience and almost functional immortality. The possibilities were limitless and she had the solitude to really think about it. The day-to-day operation of Ultra Nine was easy enough; focus receptors, record signal, file data, analyze. So simple a process even a human could do it. Then one showed up.

R6-J3 is not a fan of Rhett Vidoc. Disorganized, clumsy, petty, Vidoc is everything R6 does not like about organics. She has considered killing him, dumping the body out the airlock to look like a suicide, but that could bring attention. Every communication that came in was directed to Vidoc. He would be missed.

Luckily R6-J3 is not organic. She can wait. These flesh forms really don't live that long. In the meantime she moves his stuff while he sleeps. Vidoc always blames the 3PO unit, much to R6's humor. And Vidoc likes to gamble to pass the time. R6-J3 is thinking, plotting. She's a logical droid. It's only a matter of time before the solution presents itself.

### R6-J3 Industrial Automaton R6 Astromech Droid

#### DEXTERITY 2D+1

*Dodge 3D, pickpocket 4D*

#### KNOWLEDGE 2D+2 Planetary systems 4D

#### MECHANICAL 3D

*Astrogation 6D+1, communications 6D+1, sensors 6D+1, starfighter piloting 4D, space transports 4D*

#### PERCEPTION 2D+2

*Forgery 5D+1, gambling 5D, hide 4D+2, investigation 4D+2, search 3D+1, sneak 4D*

#### STRENGTH 2D Stamina 10D

#### TECHNICAL 4D

*Computer programming/repair 6D, security 5D, space station repair 6D, starfighter repair 5D+1*

#### Equipped With:

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Internal comlink
- Extendable 0.3 meter long video sensor with infrared vision (360 degree rotation, night vision)
- Holographic projector/recorder
- Retractable heavy grasper arm (+1D to lifting, maximum 3D)
- Retractable fine worker arm
- Acoustic signaler
- Fire extinguisher

- Small internal "cargo" area (2 Kg)
- Extended battery life

#### Character points:7

**Move:** 10

**Size:** 1 meter tall

### Dandy

A Cybot Galactica 3PO unit is rarely at a loss for words. Most commonly they are seen as translators and aides to bureaucrats, but for the wealthy they often serve as nannies and babysitters. Most young lads and ladies of class have droid keepers for menial tasks and DN-D1 was no different.

For the majority of his existence, DN-D1 has served the Majestrix of Tyrast, first serving Majestrix Illalli herself, and then her children, and then her grandchildren. DN-D1 or "Dandy" as he was affectionately called was the sort of house droid one never disposed of, both useful and knew how to keep secrets. The granddaughter Jannessa Tyrast, third in line to the title of majestrix, was Dandy's last and possibly final charge. The extended lifespan of the near-human Centran species meant child rearing could be a fifty or sixty year endeavor. At 200 years old Dandy was reaching the end of his extended warranty and the rebellions young Jannessa was unlikely to have her own children anytime soon. Then she met the handsome young Lt. Vidoc.

While their courtship seemed quite rushed Dandy was happy to discover their reproductive urges perfectly in synch. Dandy did everything he could to help, distracting the House Guard, rerouting servants away from whatever cloakroom or broom closet struck the couples' fancy. The 3PO unit was quite happy to serve as it would soon mean there would be another child to raise and that was his primary function.

Unfortunately the Majester of Tyrast did not agree with this coupling. Soon Dandy was hiding secrets from his owners around the same time Lt. Vidoc was reassigned. There was so much tension in the house. Mistress Jannessa was furious with her parents and Majestrix Illalli was in tears. So much trouble and strife over a simple biological function. Where did the elders think they came from?

The word about the house was that Dandy was scheduled for a memory wipe. Not wishing to lose his precious memories of

raising multiple generations and at the insistence of Mistress Jannessa, Dandy was instructed not to reveal anything to anyone, deactivated and placed in a shipping crate.

Six weeks later he awoke on Ultra Nine. The now Cmdr. Vidoc was there and he was quite confused as to the nature of the "gift" he had received. Cmdr. Vidoc had no memory of the droid and Dandy was sworn to secrecy, so Dandy told him he was sent from a secret admirer to serve him as butler and personal attendant. For the last year Dandy as been trying to do his best as a servant but Cmdr. Vidoc is quite short-tempered and that R6 unit is just unpleasant. Cmdr. Vidoc has gotten so cross with Dandy he detached the droid's arms on several occasions, frequently accusing the butler of moving his things. So confusing. Luckily his arms are always reattached in time for their weekly casino night.

Dandy is an electrum-plated 3PO unit with an effeminate male personality. He keeps many secrets of the House Tyrast but will not reveal them unless it is pried forcibly from his memory or imminent threat to his charges (protection protocol will always supersede personal safety). His current charges are Rhett Vidoc, Mistress Jannessa, and their unborn child. Sometimes the droid can be heard mumbling about how "some messes can't be cleaned up easily".

### DN-D1 "Dandy"

#### Cybot Galactica 3PO Human-Cyborg Relations Droid

#### DEXTERITY 1D

#### KNOWLEDGE 3D

*Alien species 6D, culinary arts 6D, cultures 6D, custodial arts 6D, languages 10D\**

#### MECHANICAL 1D

#### PERCEPTION 1D

*Gambling 3D+1, gambling: sabaac 5D+1, gambling: Centran spinning dice 4D+1, hide 3D*

#### STRENGTH 1D

#### TECHNICAL 1D

#### Equipped With:

- Humanoid body (two arms, two legs, head)(currently no arms)
- Two visual and audial sensors – human range
- Vocabulator speech/sound system
- AA-1 VerboBrain
- TransLang III Communications module with over seven million languages

#### Character points: 5

**Move:** 8

**Size:** 1.7 meters tall

\* The droid's vocabulator speech/sound system makes the droid capable of reproducing virtually any sound it hears or is programmed to reproduce.

# CORDOVA



## SHIPYARDS

### GARAGE - SALVAGE

#### 0.3.0. SPRING CATALOG

Following the success of the PAH Starfighter I decided to continue the work that my father had left behind. In studying his designs I noticed that many years had passed and most of the vehicles / spaceships that were mentioned in my father's work have been decommissioned, outdated and/or retired.

I took advantage of this and began to acquire as many space crafts and vehicles that I could which were considered wrecks and salvage in order to modify them and update them with the new technology and engines that we designed and created for the PAH Starfighter.

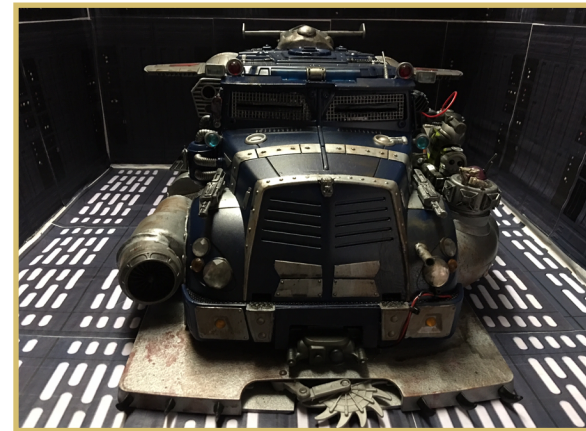
Luciano and I quickly realized that we could also combine many of the ships in order to enhance their abilities and function.

We built many ships from all of the salvages that we acquired and used the profits from the sale of those ships to invest in acquiring more salvage / wrecks, increasing the size of our garage and the purchase of tools and equipment in order to further develop and improve on our future builds.

- Ronald Cordova

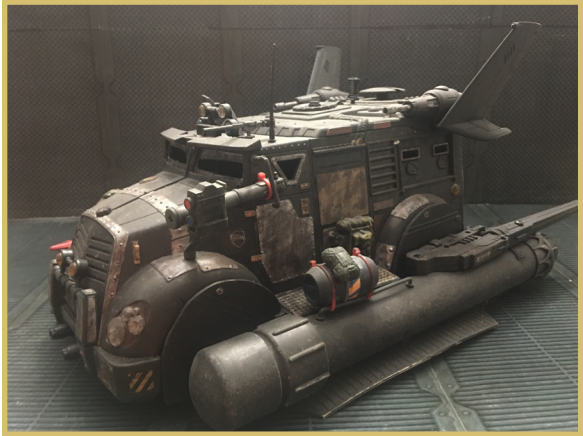
#### DATA FILE

> <b>MANUFACTURER:</b> Cordova Shipyards
> <b>MODEL:</b> CS-56 STAR HAULER
> <b>CLASS:</b> Spacetug
> <b>LENGTH:</b> 4.6 meters
> <b>CREW:</b> 2
> <b>WEAPONS:</b> Triple Laser Cannons, Power saw
> <b>AFFILIATION:</b> One of a Kind Custom





DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: CS-55 ROAD HAULER
> CLASS: Landtug
> LENGTH: 5 meters
> CREW: 2, gunners: 1 (fire linked)
> WEAPONS: 2 missile launchers
> AFFILIATION: One of a Kind Custom



126 - Adventurers Journal

Galactic Guide Two

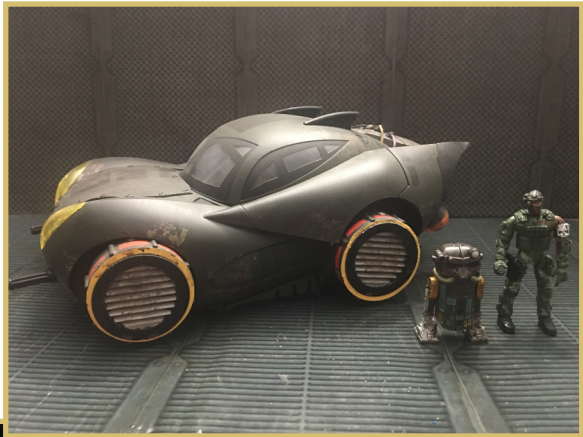
DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: CS-16 EXCAVATOR
> CLASS: Construction Vehicle
> LENGTH: 6.5 meters
> CREW: 2, gunners: 1 (can combine)
> WEAPONS: Double laser cannons (fire linked)
> AFFILIATION: Rebel Alliance



Galactic Guide Two

Adventurers Journal - 127

DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: CS-3 BLITZ BUG
> CLASS: Wheeled Speeder
> LENGTH: 4.5 meters
> CREW: 2, passengers: 2
> WEAPONS: N/A
> AFFILIATION: Independent



Galactic Guide Two

DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: CS-14 BLITZ BUG HOVER MODEL
> CLASS: Airspeeder
> LENGTH: 4.5 meters
> CREW: 1, passengers: 1
> WEAPONS: N/A
> AFFILIATION: Independent



Galactic Guide Two

Adventurers Journal - 129

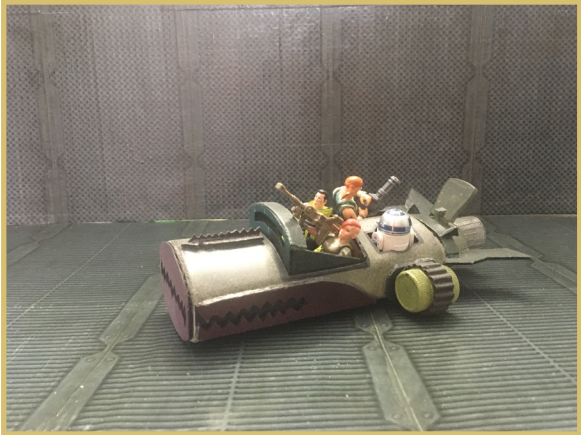


DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: PAH-HOVER TANK
> CLASS: Combat Skiff
> LENGTH: 5.2 Meters
> CREW: 2, gunners: 1
> WEAPONS: Anti-vehicle, & heavy laser cannons
> AFFILIATION: Rebel Alliance



Galactic Guide Two

DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: PAH LOWRIDER
> CLASS: Airspeeder
> LENGTH: 3 meters
> CREW: 1, passengers: 2
> WEAPONS: N/A
> AFFILIATION: Independent



Galactic Guide Two

DATA FILE
> <b>MANUFACTURER:</b> Cordova Shipyards
> <b>MODEL:</b> CS-WYVERN
> <b>CLASS:</b> Starfighter
> <b>LENGTH:</b> 4.5 meters
> <b>CREW:</b> 1
> <b>WEAPONS:</b> Double laser cannons, 2 Ion cannons
> <b>AFFILIATION:</b> Privateers

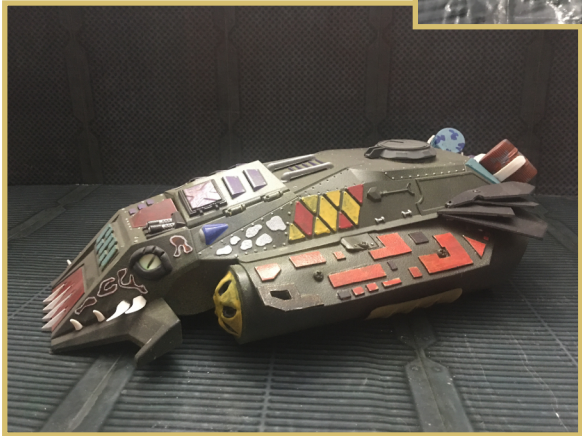


DATA FILE
> <b>MANUFACTURER:</b> Cordova Shipyards
> <b>MODEL:</b> CS-VIPER STREET SWEEPER
> <b>CLASS:</b> Landspeeder
> <b>LENGTH:</b> 3.9 meters
> <b>CREW:</b> 2, gunners: 1
> <b>WEAPONS:</b> Heavy laser cannon
> <b>AFFILIATION:</b> Privateers





DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: CS-VIPER SKY SWEEPER
> CLASS: Airspeeder
> LENGTH: 5 meters
> CREW: 1
> WEAPONS: Repeating blaster cannon, harpoon
> AFFILIATION: Privateers



Galactic Guide Two

DATA FILE
> MANUFACTURER: Cordova Shipyards
> MODEL: CS-LOCUST
> CLASS: Starfighter
> LENGTH: 10 meters
> CREW: 2, gunners: 1
> WEAPONS: Dua blaster cannons (fire linked)
> AFFILIATION: Privateers



Galactic Guide Two

# IN THE SHADOW OF MOUNT HOPE

Caught between an arrogant Squib noble, a race of aggressive scavengers, and a tribe of Ugors from Mount Hope, the PCs must race to recover critical data-tapes from a damaged Gank Siege Vessel before they fall into the wrong hands and endanger countless Alliance undercover forces across the galaxy!

But to do so, they must face and survive... the Mists of Death!

This is an adventure for a small team of Alliance operatives. It is possible to achieve the goals of this mission without a single combat round, though that may be difficult to maintain towards the climax of the story. Instead, this is an adventure for quick-thinkers, deal-makers, and diplomats.

## DATA RECOVERY

An Alliance vessel, carrying critical data on a number of Alliance undercover operatives following a data hand-off, was attacked by a Gank Siege Vessel, the *Ripperlord*. All aboard were believed killed, but the critical data aboard the vessel was taken. Alliance High Command has issued this mission to the player characters, sending them to track down the *Ripperlord* and recover this critical data before it is sold to the Hutts or the Imperials, threatening the activities of dozens of Alliance agents. Thankfully, an Alliance informant recently spotted the *Ripperlord*, and tracked its hyperspace vector, giving the heroes a place to start.

Upon arriving at the jump coordinates, near the planet Annabax IV, they find themselves at the remains of a space battle. There are pieces of the Gank ship present, which three small light freighters seem to be collecting for salvage, but the Gank ship itself is nowhere to be found. There are also a large number of Squib needle ships between the remains of the battle and the planet.

## THE SQUIB DEAL

Shortly after they arrive in system, the characters' ship is hailed by one of the Squib Needle Ships. The Squibs are a short, rodentine species of scavengers, often with brightly colored fur, are well-known for their scavenging and bargaining skills. The ship, the *Very Fancy Needle Ship* according to its transponder codes, is commanded by Duke Burrobeevodooaboot (pronounced bur-oh-bee-voh-doo-ah-boot), and he wishes to make a deal with the player characters. According to the Squib Duke, the *Ripperlord* attacked and tried to board one of the freighters, a Merbellite scavenger vessel. When the Ganks met Merbellite resistance, they attempted to retreat, but the Merbellites critically damaged the *Ripperlord*. While several pieces were left behind in orbit, the majority of the vessel crashed on the surface of Annabax IV.

A Very Difficult *alien species* roll will give a great deal of information about the Merbellites (see the end of this adventure). A Moderate roll will only reveal they're a mostly passive scavenger race known for responding violently when attacked. An Easy *alien species* roll will also note that Ganks almost never retreat, particularly once latched onto a potential victim's ship with their Siege Vessel, making the Squib's story strange, though Burrobeevodooaboot is not lying.

Burrobeevodooaboot has placed a claim on the remains of the *Ripperlord*, as he desires the salvage. He wants to make it to the remains before the Merbellites do. He notes that the Squibs have blockaded the world, but he needs to remain here to keep the Merbellites away. He offers a surprisingly straightforward deal (by Squib standards) to the player characters: he will make them temporary deputies of the Squib Reclamation Fleet, so they may pass the Squib blockade, find the remains of the *Ripperlord*, and stake a claim. In exchange, he is willing to offer them a chance to pick something from the salvage – which could include the needed data. If they accept the deal, they will also be warned: the planet has a colony of vile, disgusting protozoic Ugors near where the vessel crashed, and the Ugors may want the salvage, too. The Squib will describe them as utterly vicious, completely willing to kill and eat the heroes – and if they're lucky, they'll do it in that order. Under no circumstances will the Squib allow the Ugors any part of this salvage.

The players may reject this offer, but doing so will make an enemy of Duke Burrobeevodooaboot. He will aggressively maintain the Squib blockade of the planet, and will attack the player characters if they attempt any landing. If they instead attempt an alliance with the Merbellites, they will be politely, but firmly, rebuffed – the Merbellites they communicate with make it very clear that they consider the *Ripperlord* their salvage, and they plan to outlast the Squib blockade to collect it for themselves. Still, a creative team may convince the Merbellites that helping them break the blockade may be worth giving up the data that the player characters wish to recover – depending on what the Merbellites believe the data to be. If they are led to believe it is technical schematics, they will not want to trade that away; if they learn that it is information about Alliance agents, that data is nearly useless to them, except in trade.

If the PCs work with the Merbellites, or even if they work independently, they may be able to break the blockade long enough to land near the remains of the *Ripperlord*. If they work with the Squibs, they will be allowed past without incident. Finding the remains of the *Ripperlord* is easy if aligned with either faction, as they can provide coordinates of the crash site. Otherwise, it will take a Moderate *sensors* roll to locate the remains.

The remains of the *Ripperlord* have no surviving Ganks aboard, thankfully. Still, even as a crashed wreck, the automated security systems aboard remain deadly, and ready to attack any who don't broadcast a silent comms signal wavelength used by the cybernetic Ganks to communicate with each other. On top of that, the doors have been locked down, and are incredibly difficult to open.

## THE UGOR DEAL

Before too long, the efforts of the characters draw the attention of the Ugors, a species of junk-worshipping protozoans, who show up in numbers, wielding spears made from junk.

The Ugors will fight if they have to, but are quite willing to talk, though they're suspicious, and would prefer to take the characters to discuss things in the shadow of Mount Hope.

Discussion with the Ugors reveals that Annabax IV is at a major nexus point of space lanes. This has drawn numerous pirates,

scavengers, and others to the world – and led to a lot of crashes. A number of massive space battles have also occurred near here, and the planet is a virtual ship's graveyard. This tribe of Ugor are not natives; they discovered the planet, and found it to their liking. They've driven off most challengers for the junk salvage, and settled in the shade of Mount Hope as protection from the brutal mid-day heat.

Mount Hope itself is actually “Mount Hope It Does Not Fall Down and Crush Our Settlement Because That Would Be Very Inconvenient” – a truly massive capital ship that dates back to the end of the Clone Wars era that sits at a precarious angle, where it has settled and, so far, stayed stable for the decades since.

The Ugors have a rule: once something crashes on the planet, it's junk, and therefore theirs. And they absolutely debate any claims Duke Burrobeevodooaboot makes on literally anything. At most, they will grudgingly acknowledge that maybe he owns his crown... but they also think he probably stole it.

Still, the Ugors are not unreasonable, and are willing to possibly trade – provided the heroes can earn themselves the titles of honorary Ugor. If they can do so, the Ugors will gladly help them infiltrate the Gank ship and get what the heroes need for them. But to do so, they must undergo the ultimate ritual of bravery and face the Mists of Death of Mount Hope. The Mists of Death, the Ugors swear, protect Mount Hope from all who would attempt to enter it, causing them an excruciating, though rapid, death.

## INTO MOUNT HOPE

Any PC who attempts to find an entry point into the crash that is Mount Hope will not find it too difficult to locate an entry hatch or a breach in the hull. However, just inside by either of these methods, one can find vents emitting a fine spray of mist. Characters with the means to analyze it or those who just choose to brave it will discover that the mist is a light antiseptic spray – harmless, perhaps even healthy for most, but lethal to the protozoic form of the Ugors.

Those who enter Mount Hope soon discover it was a capital ship that, during the Clone Wars, served as base of operations for a Mirialan Jedi healer named Arralya, her Twi'lek padawan Sha'hira, and a large operations squad of clone troopers who served during the Wars, focusing on rescue operations and



refugee relocation. The ship crashed here near the end of the Wars, and ever since, it has been maintained by a staff of medical and repair droids who have kept themselves in working order, though a lot of them are now weird amalgamations of their original body and junk-based replacement parts.

The spray, the so-called “Mists of Death,” were installed because of a contagion used by a faction of the Separatists to try and kill large sections of refugees and the resisters who hid among them, and purely by chance, it has worked as a defense against the Ugors. The droids would prefer to not become salvage. They're more than happy, however, to assist most non-hostile characters, especially if it might mean a way off this world.

The droids are, collectively, a vast resource of Clone Wars era lore and Jedi lore, and there may be other treasures of the Jedi available aboard, ranging from the Jedi and Padawan's holocrons, to lightsabers, records of battles with dark-side Force wielders, or more, depending on what the GM wishes to introduce to the game.

The droids are willing to trade numerous components of the ship to the Ugors or the characters in return for passage off-world. They would be happy to serve the Alliance as a medical team.

Any heroes who brave the Mists of Death and enter Mount Hope and return are celebrated by the Ugor. They are not only pleased with the characters' survival and anything they bring back, but hail them as brave heroes, including making statues of the characters out of moldy cheese.

They will, of course, keep their end of the deal: breaking onto the crashed Gank ship and letting the characters in – on the strict condition that the characters turn nothing over to the evil Squib. The Ugors will proceed to go into great (and probably wildly exaggerated) detail about the crimes of the Squib.

## A THREE-WAY SCAVENGE

If the PCs do not ally with the Ugors, it will take them some time to shut down the deadly security systems in the wreck, and open the sealed doors. If they do take the time to ally with the Ugors, the Ugors will open the doors and shut down the security system much more quickly.

However, about the time the doors open, the Merbellites land nearby, having finally broken through the Squib blockade, with a Squib Needle Ship landing soon after. Depending on player actions, the finale could go one of several ways, as potentially all three groups of scavengers may believe the remains of the *Ripperlord* belong to them. The players will likely also be quite surprised to see the Merbellites in person for the first time: the species stands less than a third of a meter tall. This is why the Ganks retreated after they attempted to board the freighter – the Merbellites had converted their vessel to have six decks in the space of one, so there was literally no room for the Ganks to board, while they were facing enemies on six separate decks at the same time.

A quick-thinking party may be able to find a solution without bloodshed, but the Ugors and Squibs are filled with a fanatical loathing for each other, and the Merbellites are convinced the remains of the *Ripperlord* should ethically be theirs and theirs alone. The only thing stopping combat from breaking out immediately is that none of the three factions particularly wants to be the first one to start violence, though all three are willing to see combat through to the end if it comes to that. A deal can theoretically be worked out, but finding a solution for all parties could be tricky.

One option, if the PCs have allied with the Ugors, would be that the Ugors will be content to let the Merbellites take whatever scavenged material they want from the *Ripperlord*, if the honored PCs make that call. There is simply too much material for the Merbellites to take the whole ruined vessel, meaning quite a bit will be left behind. The Ugors will be pleased that the Squib are gaining nothing from the ruined vessel. If the whole arrangement is a complex enough deal and provides the Squibs with future salvage rights from Alliance battles or something else of value, they, too, will be grudgingly satisfied. Alternately, the Ugors could be made to respect the Squib if they, too, face the Mists of Death and enter Mount Hope, but the Squibs would be highly tempted to



reveal the truth about the Mists to the Ugors, to mock the Ugors for their gullibility, which would ruin any chance at a peaceful resolution.

Alternatively, the players could side with one or no faction, and encourage violence. Such an option may lead to the characters gaining Dark Side Points, if they do so intentionally.

If the players do not do well here, the Alliance may be forced into trading with whichever group recovered the data, perhaps paying an expensive price for the safety of their spies. If the players are more successful, however, they may have a number of new trading alliances, and perhaps even some lost treasures of the Clone Wars. Quick thinking and negotiating skills are critical.

## Squib Scavenger

All attributes *2D* except *Technical 4D*. *Blaster 3D*, *dodge 3D*. Armed with a hold-out blaster (3D)

## Duke Burrobeevooodooaboot

As Squib Scavenger, but with *Perception 4D*, *bargain 5D+2*, and *command: Squib 5D*

## Ugor of Mount Hope

All attributes between *1D/4D*. Ugor can shift their *12D* of attributes between attributes as needed. Armed with spears (STR +1D).

## Merbellite Scavenger

All attributes *2D* except *Strength 1D* and *Technical 4D*. *Blaster 3D+2*, *blaster artillery 3D+2*. Armed with either a standard blaster on a rolling framework using blaster artillery (4D), a hold-out blaster modified to be carried as a large rifle (3D), or a resized blaster held normally (2D).

## Squib Needle Ship

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Space:** 7

**Atmosphere:** 350; 1,000 kmh

**Maneuverability:** 1D

**Hull:** 3D+2

**Weapons:**

**10 Tractor Beam Projectors**

*Fire Control:* 3D

*Damage:* 4D

**A Note on Squib Tractors:** Squibs prefer tractor beams to actual weaponry or shields. They use their tractors to grab bits of floating debris and hurl it at their foes. Similarly, they 'parry' incoming missiles and rays with expertly-wielded clusters of garbage.

## Merbellite Scavenger Vessel

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Space:** 7

**Atmosphere:** 350; 1,000 kmh

**Maneuverability:** 1D+2

**Hull:** 4D

**Weapons:**

**Twin Laser Cannons**

*Fire Control:* 1D

*Damage:* 3D+1

## Merbellites

Merbellites are a small mammalian species, standing, on average, 0.2-0.3 meters tall. Their skin ranges in color from blue to green to yellow to grey, and their small shock of hair atop their head is typically white, but can also come in a full range of shockingly bright colors. They have three-fingered hands with an opposable thumb, and three toes on their feet. They have wide pointed ears and large eyes, but no nose; their sense of smell is within their wide mouth. While omnivorous, they are mostly herbivorous, with meat making up a very small part of their diet.

Merbellites originated on a small, mostly unnoteworthy planet in the Mid-Rim, one which the Merbellites call Merbell. Merbell was off the well-traveled spacelanes, and close enough to a small nebula that even smugglers and spacers were for the most part unaware of the world. The Merbellites were still early in their technological development as recently as 300 BBY. Despite their limited resources Merbellites were creative geniuses, creating hand-powered elevators, gliders, and other inventive tools with nothing more than wood, vines, and the occasional animal bone.

Their world was changed drastically in 294 BBY, when scouts from GalaScout corporation found the world, officially designating the world 'XMJ-7287' in the galactic record. While the world possessed few natural resources, the wood of the forests of the world were a solid quality, worth enough to harvest. GalaScout set up a logging base on the world, intending to strip the planet of worthwhile resources, then leave once there was nothing left. The natives, who were technologically primitive and stood less than a third of a meter tall, were considered a nuisance at worst.

They soon learned just how wrong they were.

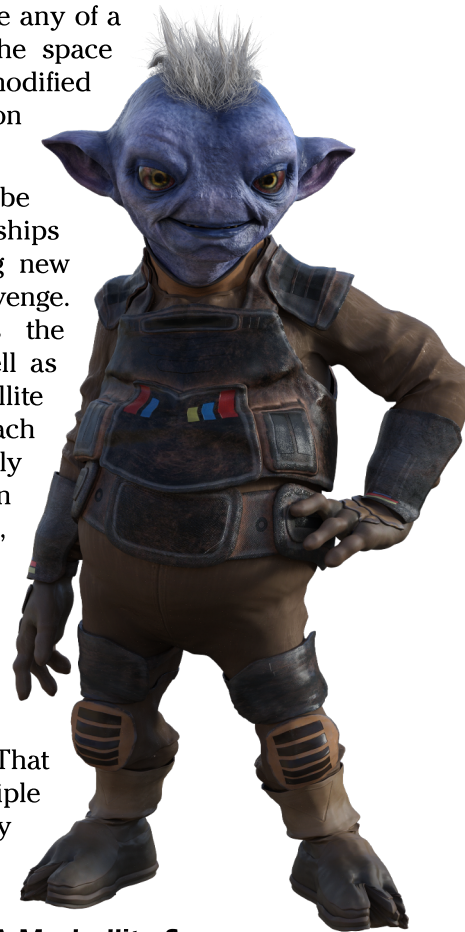
The logging base stopped responding to GalaScout central offices less than a year after the base was established. The first vessel to investigate landed, and soon after went omm-silent. The second vessel to investigate sent a brief warning to GalaScout central before also going radio silent. Eventually, GalaScout realized what was happening: the 'nuisance' native species of XMJ-7287 had taken control of the logging installation and all vessels present, as well as any vessels that came to investigate. What was worse was that they had begun to investigate the technology there, and had already begun to master it.

**A short time later, the Merbellites took to the stars.**

Thankfully, the Merbellites were not especially aggressive when they were not protecting their homeworld, though they made an exception for any GalaScout vessels they found. (GalaScout folded within the next decade.) Merbellites traded peacefully with those who wished it, but they defended themselves from pirates and other predators with deadly force... and would scavenge the remains of any destroyed opponents, or any other junk they found, in order to add to their own arsenal.

Their small stature means that standard space vessels can hold a massive number of Merbellites. A standard light freighter can house a small town; larger vessels can hold entire cities. They do not engineer their own technology, but rather scavenge what they can from others, and make unique improvements and adjustments. As a result, a Merbellite cityship may look and handle like any of a dozen other designs traveling the space lanes. But they often have been modified to better handle a large population of a very small species.

Most Merbellites today can be found aboard Merbellite cityships traveling the spacelanes, finding new technology or junk to scavenge. Scavenging and trading forms the basis of their technology, as well as selling their repair skills. Merbellite cityships generally consider each other friendly vessels, and only rarely develop rivalries. When Merbellite rivalries do appear, they are generally resolved with a peaceful contest, such as a race for a lost piece of technology, or a test of skill between the two aggrieved members. One Merbellite killing another is virtually unheard of. That said, when one or multiple Merbellites are threatened they will often swarm to the defense of their fellows, and will defend their kind aggressively.



**A Merbellite Scavenger**

A few Merbellites leave the cityships to live among other species, but they are a rare exception, as most feel safer among the aggressively-defensive numbers of their own kind. Merbellites do remain on their homeworld in small numbers, where they have adopted Galactic Standard technology, though through their unique lens.

**Attribute Dice: 12D**

**DEXTERITY 2D/4D**

**KNOWLEDGE 1D/3D+1**

**MECHANICAL 2D/4D+1**

**PERCEPTION 1D+2/4D**

**STRENGTH 1D**

**TECHNICAL 2D+1/5D+1**

#### **Special Abilities:**

*Small Scale:* Due to their tiny stature, they are unable to use most Galactic Standard technology without first adapting it and reconstructing it to their scale. Any attempt to use standard technology without first altering it takes three times as long and is done at a -3D penalty. Three or more Merbellites working in harmony (or more, at the discretion of the gamemaster, depending on the technology) can negate this penalty. While Merbellites can scale down blasters to their size, such weapons generally can do no more than 3D damage.

*Scavengers:* Merbellites excel at finding and adapting technology, and quickly learning how to use new things. They may ignore up to 2D of penalties on *Mechanical* or *Technical* skills based on a lack of familiarity, or from using alien or unknown technology.

*Tech Adaption:* When provided with a new piece of technology, including alien or unknown technology, a Merbellite can develop ways to operate the machine on their own given time and raw materials. This can range from a series of levers and pulleys, to more electronic shortcuts, or even finding ways to scale the technology down. Each Merbellite typically has their own preferred method and style. The process generally takes several

hours of work, the proper raw materials and requires a Very Easy *Technical* roll.

**Size:** 0.2-0.3 meters tall

### **Gank Siege Vessels**

*"A Gank Siege Vessel. 'Vessel' and not 'ship' because 'ship' would suggest something way nicer than that nightmare pile of scrap."*

*– Kenjar "Kolto" Gangress, Alliance Starfighter Pilot*

The Gank Siege Vessel. Despite lacking any formal shipyards of origin, despite never serving in any organized naval force of any kind, despite the very nature of their creators meaning no one member of the species would likely ever talk about their construction or use... despite all of this, any spacer or freightrunner who's spent any amount of time in the darker corners of Hutt Space can tell you on sight if you're dealing with a Gank Siege Vessel. While no two of their numbers are ever identical, the starfarers that are aware of them rarely respond to the presence of their jagged and asymmetrical shadows with anything other than growing dread.

The vessels are the works of the Ganks, a cybernetic species that as a whole have found their place in the galaxy as mercenaries and raiders in the service, primarily, of the Hutts. While no two vessels are totally alike, most Gank Siege Vessels do share some very distinct commonalities. Typically crafted out of corvette-sized ships or larger bulk freighters, almost all Gank Siege Vessels boast an enormous assortment of cannibalized weaponry and equipment.

No Gank in existence has ever been accused of subtlety, and their shared preferred tactic in fast attacks and boarding actions is abundantly clear at a glance. Almost all Gank Siege Vessels' design reflects this in the largest quantity of the most powerful sublight engines the frame of the vessel could conceivably support, and the bow of the vessel normally being heavily reinforced with thick armor plating, giving the Ganks aboard the best chance to rush an unsuspecting victim with minimum risk to the ship.

Once the Ganks have closed distance, the next most notable shared design trait becomes important: Gank Siege Vessels are absolutely coated in equipment designed to disable another



starship. Ion cannons, tractor beams, magnalock grapples, towcables, any and all tools that can be used to locked on to and disable another spacecraft. Some such vessels have even been reported to sport mechanical manipulator limbs stolen from large salvage droids or hull-rated arc welders used to slice into a captured ship. Once attached to their prey and using whatever means they have to access it, the Ganks will immediately board and raid for supplies, hostages, slaves, whatever resource they can take for their own, up to and including claiming the defeated ship as their own. The interiors of Siege Vessels maintained by Ganks are usually sparse, with total disregard paid to amenities in favor of utility. Even in the few instances where their living quarters or common areas have been observed by strangers, the few eyewitness accounts have reported a spartan and almost abandoned nature to these areas. It seems, from available data, that creature comforts are not among the myriad things Ganks value.

The things they do value, however, are located in the expansive and tightly secured holds of the Gank Siege Vessels. The insular species is infamous for holding on to every scrap of treasure taken in their hunts, and this has ended up with genuinely bizarre and diverse finds being discovered in the few Siege Vessels that have been defeated and boarded themselves. Things like holocrons, ancient lightsabers, or extensive databanks from extinct planets have all been reported as having been found in the bellies of these monstrous craft.

Finding those treasures, however, often requires more effort than even besting the crew of rowdy cybernetic criminals would suggest. Gank Siege Vessels are notorious for their security. Similar vessels have been grounded for decades on fringe cities in the Outer Rim and over long years dozens have tried to breach their abandoned walls to no avail, falling victim to such outlandish security measures as traps, decrepit and salvaged security droids, and even captured beasts left to fend for themselves in the locked hulls to survive only on local pests and the most curious local treasure hunters.

## Gank Siege Vessel

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 70 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: Gank siege vessel

**Crew:** 4, gunners: 4 (or more)

**Crew Skill:** *Space transports 4D+1, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 4D*

**Passengers:** 30

**Cargo Capacity:** 300 metric tons

**Consumables:** 3 months

**Cost:** Not available for sale

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x20

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 1D

**Space:** 9

**Atmosphere:** 400; 1,150 km/h

**Hull:** 6D

**Shields:** 1D+1

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 30/1D

*Scan:* 60/2D

*Search:* 90/4D

*Focus:* 4/4D+1

**Weapons:**

**4 Laser Cannons**

*Fire Arc:* 2 front, 2 turret

*Crew:* 1 each

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D+2

*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25

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

*Damage:* 5D

**Ion Cannons** (if present)

*Fire Arc:* Turret

*Crew:* 1 each

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-3/7/36



*Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/700/3.6 km

*Damage:* 4D

**Tractor Beams** (if present)

*Fire Arc:* Turret

*Crew:* 1 each

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 3D

*Space Range:* 1-5/15/30

*Damage:* 4D

**Grapple Cable Launcher** (if present)

*Fire Arc:* Turret

*Crew:* 1 each

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-3/5/15

*Damage:* 3D

Additional weapons, often spot-welded into place.

They Ancient Ones have watched for thousands of years...

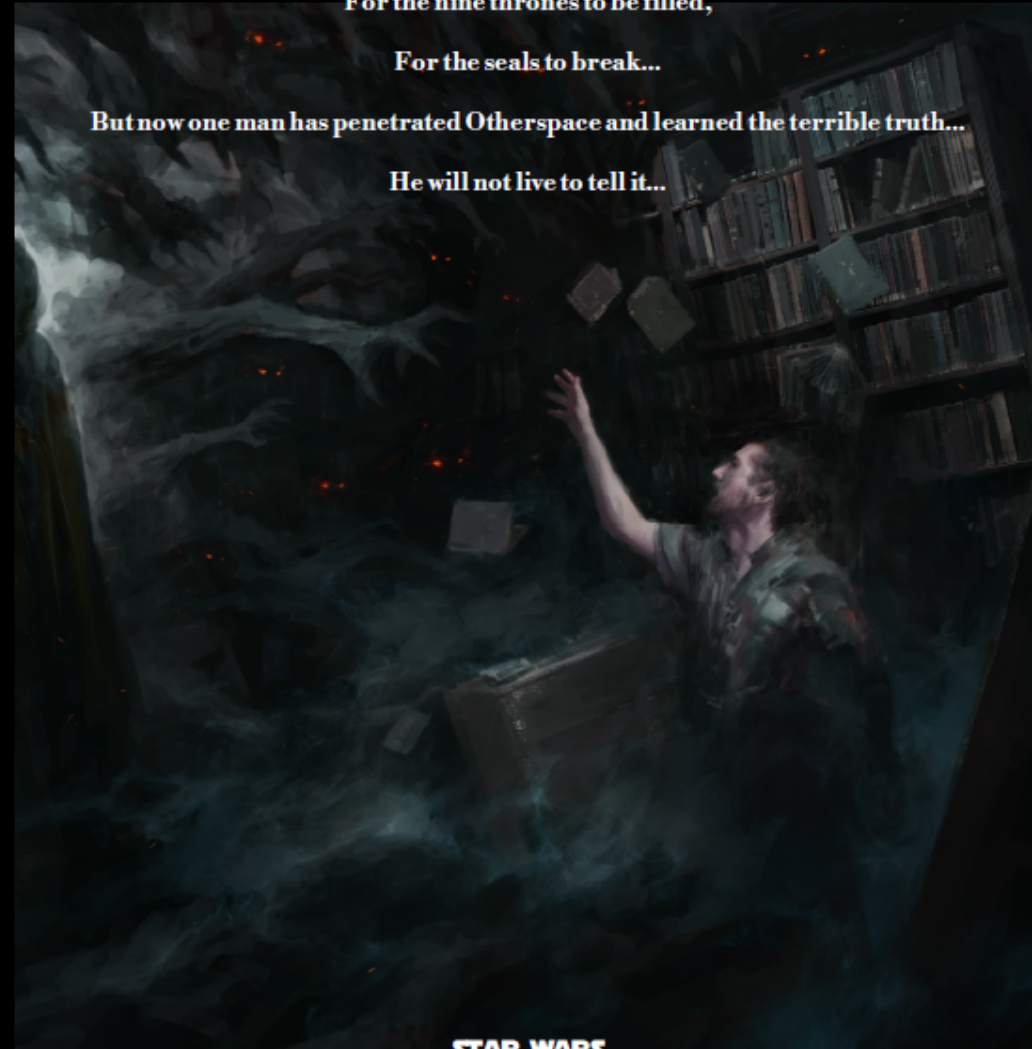
Waiting for the stars to align,

For the nine thrones to be filled,

For the seals to break...

But now one man has penetrated Otherspace and learned the terrible truth...

He will not live to tell it...



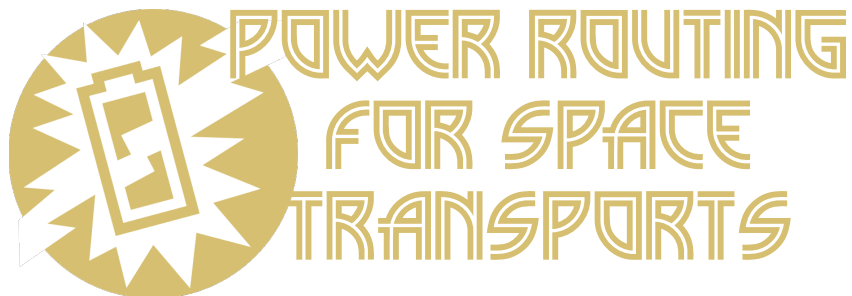
STAR WARS

## SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTERS

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*"Chewie, lock in the auxiliary power."*

## Auxiliary Power

The premise of these optional rules is that all starfighter-scale space transports have an Auxiliary Power Generator, and that is what makes All-Out speed and Full Reaction starship evasion possible. Adopting these rules provides additional uses for the generator and slightly changes the published Full Reaction evasion rules. The auxiliary power generator may be activated or deactivated as a free action, effective at the start of the following round.

All space transports have 1D of Auxiliary Power which may be used to augment onboard systems. The power routing character could be a pilot, copilot, or someone serving in an engineer's capacity. The power router's player must declare which system they are augmenting with Auxiliary Power before they attempt an Easy *space transports* or *space transports repair* roll. (An applicable Advanced Engineering skill could stack with the skill roll.) Success means the power leaves any system it may have been routed to previously and becomes in effect for the declared recipient system immediately. This extra power can apply a +1D bonus to Maneuverability, Shields, or energy weapon Damage, and it can also apply to sublight engines in the form of a +2 bonus to Space (for speeds up to and including High Speed). Auxiliary power bonus dice cannot be broken up into pips (and there is no +1 to Space option). Failure of the skill check means the power does not shift to the new system, but a power router can keep trying in subsequent actions and rounds until successful. At GM discretion, auxiliary power may also be routed to boost communications and sensor ranges, or extend the life of emergency battery power for life support, etc.

For a pilot to travel All-Out speed, the pilot's player rolls his space transports operation skill as the official rules indicate. (This roll does not get the benefit of the auxiliary power bonus to Maneuverability if auxiliary power had previously been routed there.) If the movement roll is successful, auxiliary power is immediately transferred from any other system to the sublight engines, and the power may not be routed to any other system by another character the rest of the round. If the pilot's movement roll fails but the roll still beats an Easy difficulty, auxiliary power is routed to the sublight engines and may not be rerouted by any character the rest of the round, but the ship suffers a movement failure per the official rules. If the movement roll does not beat an Easy difficulty, auxiliary power remains where it was but it may be routed by another character if acting later in that same round.

If a pilot wishes to attempt a Full Reaction evasion and auxiliary power is already routed to Maneuverability before the roll is made, the pilot's player rolls his space transports operation skill as the official rules indicate. If auxiliary power is not already routed to Maneuverability before the roll is made, then the pilot's Full Reaction roll includes the power transfer attempt. (Either way, this roll does not get the benefit of the auxiliary power bonus.) If the roll beats an Easy difficulty, then the Full Reaction occurs as in the official rules and another character may not route auxiliary power to another system for the rest of the round. If auxiliary power was not already routed to maneuverability before the Full Reaction roll is made and the roll does not beat an Easy difficulty, then the Full Reaction evasion does not occur - The pilot may still take no further actions that round, but another power router may attempt to route auxiliary power and a copilot may still perform a normal "starship dodge" the same round. A second Full Reaction evasion cannot be attempted by any character in a round where one failed due to power routing.

## Auxiliary Power Generators

Auxiliary power is normally safe but not meant to be used continually, so it is usually only used for combat, to escape combat, or for other emergency situations. If the auxiliary power generator is used continuously for 10 minutes (or less at GM discretion), the system being boosted may be damaged, or the generator itself may become damaged (and need to be repaired or replaced). See the All-Out Long Distance Movement section rules in R&E for ideas.



A new Auxiliary Power Generator system for a light freighter-sized ship has a base cost of 15,000 credits (and a weight of 1 ton). Those foolhardy enough to attempt modifying Auxiliary Power Generators beyond their designed specifications have met with catastrophe. Some ships larger than light freighters may have larger and multiple auxiliary power generators, but no single system may utilize more than 1D of Auxiliary Power at a time.

Power Control

In addition to routing auxiliary power, there is the more difficult and more dangerous option of rerouting power from system to system. The power router may route up to 2D in power to Maneuverability, Shields, or energy weapons Damage, and it can also apply to sublight engines with up to a +4 bonus to Space (for speeds up to and including High Speed). Multiple systems may be boosted simultaneously. Auxiliary power usually provides the first 1D increase, and the rest of the total increase comes from reducing power to any of the above systems. Unlike auxiliary power, rerouted system power die codes may be broken up into pips at the rate of 3 pips per 1D (2 Space equals 1D, so 1 Space provides 1 pip, and 2 pips provide 1 Space).

If a system has been modified, then the die code amount of the modification is subtracted from the maximum power that system can be boosted by. Damage to systems causing penalties likewise reduces the power available to transfer accordingly. Damaged systems are limited to receiving a maximum of 1D (or +2 Space) in transferred power until repaired. Using auxiliary power to go All-Out speed does not allow any system power transfers to boost the ship's Space, and using auxiliary power for Full Reaction evasions do not allow any system power transfers to boost Maneuverability.

The power router must describe exactly how the power is being rerouted before making a *space transports* or *space transports repair roll*. (An applicable Advanced Engineering skill could stack with the skill roll.) The difficulty depends on how many systems are involved on each end of the power reroute attempt, as shown on the chart below. Auxiliary power may be routed in a separate action from the system power rerouting or combined into a single roll, but when combined, auxiliary power counts as another power source system, making the difficulty level at least Difficult. When attempting to route auxiliary power on the same round as a separate system power reroute attempt, the system transfer must

be attempted last, but the attempt can still be made if the auxiliary power routing attempt fails. System power transfer attempts involving multiple source systems and/or recipient systems can also be broken up into sequential multiple actions/rounds to lower the number of systems for each roll and thus difficulties, but only one system power rerouting attempt can be made on a ship per round (whether it includes auxiliary power or not).

Failure on a system power reroute roll means the power remains routed as it is.

Power System Reroute	
Difficulty	Condition
Easy	Simple power routing (Auxiliary Power only)
Moderate	Rerouting from a single source system to a single recipient system
Difficult	Rerouting from multiple source systems to a single recipient or from a single source system to multiple recipients
Very Difficult	Rerouting from multiple source systems to multiple recipients

While a successful power routing roll transfers auxiliary power instantaneously (whether rolled separately or combined with a system power reroute attempt), system power reroutes may take more time.

On the chart below, use the points the roll beats the difficulty by to determine how long the power system reroute takes. "1 round" means it goes into effect at the beginning of the next round. "2 rounds" means it goes into effect at the beginning of the round following the next round.

Damage Control	
Points > Difficulty	Time Taken
0-3	2 Rounds
4-7	1 Round
8 +	Instantaneous (1 action)

To complete a successful multi-round power transfer (anything more than instantaneous), the character can do nothing else except perhaps limited free actions at GM discretion such as speaking, resisting the Force, or resisting damage. If the power router receives a stun or wound result during this time then the system power transfer fails. The power router can choose to stop the reroute at any time during its progress as a free action, and if it is done the character's turn in the first action of a round, the player may declare new actions for that round, which may include new system power reroutes. If a source or recipient ship system is damaged while a system power reroute is in progress, any power transfers involving that system fail, which means a multi-system transfer could still be partially successful for unaffected systems. The pilot successfully routing auxiliary power to attempt moving All-Out speed or a Full Reaction evasion automatically cancels the auxiliary power part of a multi-round power transfer in progress.

Any time one or more single systems are being boosted by more than 1D, a 1 result on the wild die means that a Power Surge occurs and one of those recipient systems (as determined by the GM) immediately loses any previously transferred power (which returns back to its origin) and suffers a temporary -1D (or -2 Space) penalty that lasts the rest of the current round and all of the next round, whether the current power transfer attempt failed or succeeded. Power Surged weapons suffer the -1D penalty to both damage and fire control. If the power control roll succeeded with a Time Taken of Instantaneous or 1 round, the Power Surge also delays the power transfer going into effect until the penalty ends (the power stabilizes). The Power Surge penalty stays in effect for its full time period even if the power transfer is canceled.

A new power transfer cannot be initiated involving a Power

Surged system until the penalty expires. If a system suffers a second Power Surge in the same scene, the system is immediately Overloaded (Lightly Damaged) which cancels a successful transfer to that system. Overloaded systems are subsequently limited to receiving a maximum of 1D (or +2 Space) in transferred power until repaired, and they suffer an additional effect from the chart below based on which system was overloaded.

### Overload Damage Effects For Each System

- Shields -1D (If the ship's shield code has already been reduced to 0D, the ship suffers a 'controls ionized' result - See R&E p.128)
- Weapon emplacement rendered inoperative
- Sublight engines suffer a Lost Move Speed level (See R&E p.129)
- Maneuverability -1D (If the ship has no dice remaining in Maneuverability, it suffers a Lost Move speed level - See R&E p.129)

At GM discretion, a system receiving over 1D in transferred power for too long may suffer an Overload.



# STAT! THIS & THAT

In past issues we have presented images of creatures, player characters and non-player characters, alien species, ships, and pieces of technology to inspire your fan created stats. Other times we present the stats for images that have inspired us. All with the tagline ...STAT!

Last issue marked a change in title to align itself with the nature of future articles. This issue we are giving you chance once more to take your shot at creating the Stats for a unique piece of technology, but one that is also a vehicle..of sorts.

We present you with the Cordova Load Carrying Power Suit, LC-PoS.

A custom power suit, walker, and mech style hybrid courtesy of Ronald and Luciano Cordova of Cordova Shipyards, Garage and Salvage.



Built out of necessity, using shuttle and droid parts, this power loader has become a curious item of interest amongst scavengers and ship lot owners alike. LC has alternate meanings. Initially designed by Ronald with Luciano in mind as its operator/pilot to assist his father in moving scrap around the garage and shipyards.

It quickly went through various modifications and honestly dates as the 4.6 in the series of customizations it has undergone based on Luciano's feedback and own tinkering. (Don't tell his father!)



**Cordova Load Carrying Power Suit, LC-PoS**





Load Carrying, was its initial design, and slapping his initials on it Luciano made it his own. Moreso once he scrounged up and modified a repulsor-lift manifold and Lift Capable was added to its list of capabilities.

With its grappler arms, and lightly armored cockpit, Luciano is currently working designs to make the LC space-worthy to assist with the salvage of ships in space or on planets with dangerous atmospheres and environmental conditions, perhaps as a mobile Life Capsule for inclusion in future ship mods or a new product line the shipyards can produce.

## DATA FILE

> **MANUFACTURER:** Cordova Shipyards

> **MODEL:** LC-PoS

> **CLASS:**

> **HEIGHT:**

> **CREW:** 1

> **WEAPONS:**

> **AFFILIATION:** One of a Kind Custom

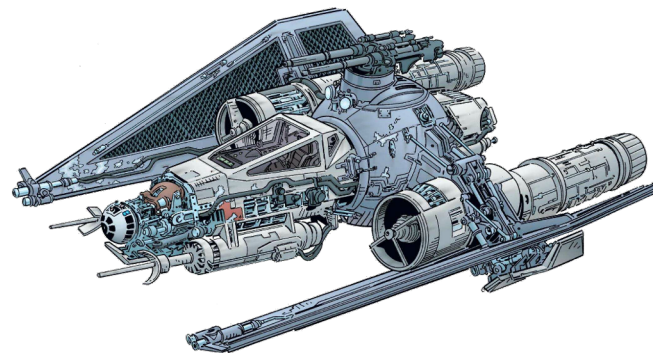
## Issue Seven: Racers, Hotshots, & Fighter Jocks

### STAT! This & That - Z'Ceptor

For our next issue we're asking all interested parties to submit the stats for the Z'Ceptor (as pictured below)

Send to [aurekjenth@gmail.com](mailto:aurekjenth@gmail.com) and [gavin.downing@gmail.com](mailto:gavin.downing@gmail.com) with subject **Z'Ceptor Stat!**

Stats selected will be featured in  
Issue Seven: Racers, Hotshots, & Fighter Jocks  
releasing November 17, 2021



David Nestelle, Star Wars Handbook 1: X-Wing Rogue Squadron

# ABOUT THE AUTHORS

**S. Hollis Adler** lives in the Capital Region of New York State with his exceptionally patient wife, where he works as a freelance writer whenever the concept of time doesn't get the better of him. A Georgia native, he's worked with art and writing digests, short and feature length film productions, and local comic book creators as everything from creative consultant to writer to editor. An avowed genre fiction enthusiast, Hollis has been playing role-playing games since he was old enough to read, and shows no signs of stopping anytime soon.

**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 of the *Joe Ledger Companion*, 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.

**Jeffrey Cook** is an indie author living in Maple Valley, WA with his wife, housemate, and two large dogs. He's written 26 books with more on the way, mostly in the worlds of steampunk sci-fi, urban fantasy, and a bit of space opera. Outside of writing, he's an avid gamer when he can manage the time, a regular attendee on the local convention circuit as vendor and panelist, and a sports fan when he has a free weekend. He works with Clockwork Dragon, a Western Washington based indie author co-op, and helped to found Writerpunk Press, a small charity press that writes science fiction adaptations to benefit PAWS Animal Rescue in Lynwood, WA.

**Ronald Cordova** was born and raised in Queens, NY. During his childhood he was always taking things apart in order to see what made them work and what they were made of. Due to the limitations of having an abundance of toys, he began to make his own. Time passed and he stopped playing with toys. As an adult he enjoyed collecting and working on cars but it is an expensive hobby and it's difficult to store too many cars at one time.

Remembering the enjoyment of building his own toys and now as an adult and with my experience with tools from repairing cars he has begun to create his own toys again. It's been many years now since he has started making these toys and has gotten his son Luciano involved, whenever he can, in order to have that bond with him.

*"All of my children enjoy all the toys I make and I enjoy making them for everyone to see. I feel it may give people the inspiration to build their own toys by looking at them."*

**Gavin Downing** has been playing roleplaying games since he was 5, thanks to an eager older brother. He's been playing and running West End's Star Wars since it was released, and it remains one of his favorite RPG settings. His writing credits include *Arrowflight*, *Red Dwarf*, *Santa's Soldiers*, *Farscape*, *Airship Daedalus*, and more.

When he's not writing or playing games, Gavin works as a middle school librarian, where he assures his students have access to roleplaying game books. Gavin lives near Seattle, Washington with his wife, two cats, and two ridiculously large dogs.

**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 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.

**Dustin Hawk** hails from the high desert (and thus, unheard of) region of the Pacific Northwest. With a passion of all things military aircraft-related, he enlisted into the United States Air Force right out of high school, becoming an aircraft fuel systems repair specialist, traveling to a wide array of places both exotic and

mundane to stop JP.S from leaking out of areas where they shouldn't. A science fiction fan since he was a child, that interest also expanded into an avid love of gaming, particularly tabletop roleplaying, along with creative writing. He currently resides in Okinawa, Japan with his wife and daughter.

**Paul May** has been a gamer for a number of moons, starting with AD&D2 and *Traveller*. falling in love with the structures of *Traveller*, especially the lack of levels and classes, he went on to pick up GURPS and *Star Wars D6*.

He's been playing in the one *Star Wars* game for about a decade, although not all on the same character, and has a foolproof method of persuading the GM not to kill his present debonair chemist/shootist-his replacement character is an Ewok shaman /sneak thief with a stunner-tipped spear.

His present job involves poking software to see if it falls over or squeaks, for one of which (involving protecting the country) he received a national award.

**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.

**Yuber Okami** is the pseudonym of a materials & nuclear Spanish engineer who learned English with a dictionary and a Starfleet Battles rulebook (and his writings definitely show it). Today, still unwanted by private companies and geek publishers, he survives teaching chemistry. If you have a problem, if no one else can help, and if you can find him....probably you'll hire someone else. He currently lives , in Terrassa, Spain.

**Julian Smith**, from the UK, is 48 and has been a Star Wars fan from the very beginning. Julian remembers being bought the Marvel Special when it was released over here in the middle of 1977, then having to wait until the end of December/beginning of 1978 to see the film. *"I continued to be a fan, and got into role-playing. My friend made a home-brew Star Wars RPG; which was great until I saw the original rulebook in a gaming shop in 1987. I bought it immediately, and bought a lot of the supplements afterwards. I have subsequently become a member of the forum for The Rancor Pit, as Dirk\_Corman."*

**Mathew Wedel** was introduced to *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* in high school, by his younger brother. He's been playing ever since, including a holiday campaign with his brothers that has been running since 1998. His daytime life is split between teaching human gross anatomy at a medical school and doing research and fieldwork in paleontology. By night he is an amateur astronomer, and he writes the monthly "Binocular Highlight" column for *Sky & Telescope* magazine. Matt lives in southern California with his wife Vicki, son London, cat Moe, and box turtle Easty.

**S. Will Whicker** is a first generation Star Wars fan who began running the WEG Star Wars RPG in 1988, achieving the status of King of the Nerds by his senior year in high school. Will has a bachelor of science degree in Mathematics. For over 20 years, his day job has been working in prescription drug benefits management.

In 2017 he accepted the role of patron/steward/administrator of the [RancorPit.com](http://RancorPit.com) community, the world's leading independent forum devoted to WEG *Star Wars* since 2003. In addition to Star Wars and roleplaying games, Will is interested in other nerd genre franchises, science, history, religion, mythology, psychology, and social justice. Will lives in central Ohio with his wife, human son, and canine daughter.

## ABOUT THE 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 *Adventurer's Journal*, after all it's *Star Wars*!



**Adam Kopala** is from Stalowa Wola City in Southern Poland "I'm a big fan of virtually all sci-fi works and universes. I am mostly inspired by *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* art, since they were the foundation of my childhood television and cinema memories.

*I learned to appreciate the timeless designs that were created by all the amazing artists and I decided to go my own way while creating new stuff. I love all of the classics but I prefer to do things my own way, giving my creations their own unique looks and feel, to which I can relate more easily. I am also a huge car design fan and just as I do with the starships, I don't try to recreate things that we are all familiar with. I love to discover prototypes and unreleased concept cars, rebuilding them in 3D afterwards."*

**Mylene Olavere** hails from the Philippines, you can see more of her art at <https://www.deviantart.com/mikurei26>

**Chris Shaylor** has been an avid Sci-Fi toy collector since the mid 70's. He rarely actually played many table top games but voraciously collected and read the sourcebooks and companion issues for the WEG Star Wars series since they were first released in the late 80's. Using much of that expanded material and artwork as inspiration for his own custom creations for 1:18 toy lines.

Eventually building the city-sized spaceport Rotgut Station, which acts as a truckstop nexus for all sci-fi universes, he shared what he created with the world to show that toys don't have to just sit on shelves. After word spread and requests came pouring in, he was able to turn his hobby of creating wood & plastic playsets into a successful full time toy business of Empire Toy Works.

*"I now wake up and eat/breathe toys all day every day, and I wouldn't have it any other way."*

Chris lives with his wife and two sons in Virginia.

# ABOUT THE JOURNAL

The Adventurer's 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 artists and their respective works which have inspired the content herein. Some of the work within is copyrighted.

We have performed our due diligence to contact each artist for permission to use his or her respective works. Some of the art has been previously used in publications by West End Games, advertisements, online articles, galleries, or a wiki like Wookieepedia.

When available, we have annotated all sourced material (previously published art and written works) in CSE Council of Science Editors format..

<https://www.councilscienceeditors.org/publications/scientific-style-and-format/>

By placing it in the Adventurer's Journal, we assert that this qualifies as fair use of the material under United States Copyright Law.

THE  
ADVENTURER'S SHEET

Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Template \_\_\_\_\_

Species / Gender \_\_\_\_\_

Height / Weight / Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

Movement \_\_\_\_\_ Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Character Pts \_\_\_\_\_ Light / Dark Pts \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_

DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_

KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_

PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_

STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_

TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_

GEAR - TECH - WEAPONS

WOUND STATUS

- ☐ STUNNED
- ☐ WOUNDED
- ☐ WOUNDED
- ☐ INCAPACITATED
- ☐ MORTALLY WOUNDED



# THE ADVENTURER'S SHEET

CONTROL


SENSE


ALTER


## SPECIAL ABILITIES

[illegible]

## BACKGROUND

[illegible]

# PERSONALITY

A QUOTE

## A QUOTE


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# ADVENTURER'S JOURNAL

PRESENTS

## SHIPS AND SCAVENGERS

*Scavenge and Salvage, two terms dynamically opposed?  
Perhaps the act of one transforms into the other.*

*Join us as we search for the answer.*

*Browse the ships at Harker's Haul, a sorely under-appreciated ship lot, learn the trade as a Sen-Dro scavenger, read up on damage control and power routing procedures, then peruse the offerings of the small yet thriving 'Cordova Shipyards, Garage, & Salvage'.*

*Just load up your tool-kit, and make sure your plasma cutter is primed!*



### 170+ pages featuring:

- *Absence of Malice*, a solo adventure featuring Kala Per N'etra, a Sen-Dro Scavenger.
- Informative *Location Scout* on Ultra Nine.
- Unappreciated Ship Lots are brought to light by Nicce Veylla, the owner of Harker's Haul.
- A look into the *Tunroth Retributor Squads and their Auxiliary Legion*
- *STAT! This & That* offers a chance to provide stats for the Load Carrying Power Suit, LC-PoS courtesy of Cordova Shipyards, Garage and Salvage.
- Optional rules for Damage Control and Power Routing for Space Transports
- Shine a light *In The Shadow of Mount Hope* and encounter a new race, the Merbellites



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Compatible with *OpenD6* and *STAR WARS: THE ROLEPLAYING GAME*