

STAR WARS

THE MINOS CLUSTER PLAYER'S GUIDE



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WELCOME TO THE MINOS CLUSTER

The Minos Cluster is about as far from the Galactic Core as you can get, located on the edge of civilized space. Beyond the Cluster there is no Empire, no Rebellion, no known space travel, and no trade. Minos Cluster is the end of the line; it is underpopulated, relatively low-tech, and completely out of touch with contemporary Imperial society. However there is a good aspect to being such a backwater region: the Cluster is out of reach of the more draconian aspects of the Empire, and trade is regulated far less than it is in the Galactic Core. Out here on the edge it is still possible for a small independent operator to make a decent living.

Many of the planets in the Cluster have only recently been colonized, though most of them are largely self-sufficient. The corporate-owned bulk freighters that frequent the systems of the Galactic Core are not in common use out here. Almost all of the trade that takes place in the Cluster is carried out by light freighters. One of the more positive aspects about the Minos Cluster is that the Imperial presence is relatively muted, and people are more free to do as they please. There is room for free movement, free trade, and free thought. More importantly, a sizeable percentage of the population still cares about the state of affairs in the galaxy, and have not decided to ignore everything but their own prosperity. In Minos Cluster, there is still hope.

Eventually it may be Minos Cluster which touches off the final phase of the Rebellion, the great revolt against the Empire. However, the Rebellion in the Minos Cluster recently suffered a large set-back with the arrest of its leader, Drun Cairnwick, and is currently in a state of disarray. The Empire has stepped up its operations somewhat, particularly on the worlds that Cairnwick was most active on, so for the less law-abiding tramp freighter operators, life has become a bit more difficult.

In the meantime, there are a great many problems to face, such as the increase in piracy and the steady decay of the Cluster economy. This chaotic state of affairs leaves a lot of openings for enterprising tramp freighters who don't mind risking their necks for a living. The corporations are not willing to risk their billion-credit ships on such hazardous space lanes, when prospects for profits are so poor.

There are credits to be made, but only for someone who is willing to stretch Imperial law, and carry nearly any sort of cargo — cargo that a corporate ship would never consider. If credits are to be made, risks must be taken. The lawlessness of Minos Cluster can make a space voyage a little hair-raising, but that's all part of a day's work for a tramp freighter.

Minos Cluster is physically removed from the rest of the Empire, and it requires a hyperspace trip of at least five days to reach the nearest inhabited system from Travnin. There is only one ma-



major spaceliner route, which the decrepit luxury liner *Far Seeker* runs every month, its terminus is the Travvin system, the Imperial headquarters for the Cluster.

The Empire does not spend very much time or energy securing the loyalty or fealty of this sector, for there is not much here to concern the Empire. None of the planets in the Minos Cluster have the necessary technology and industry to produce Ships for the Alliance, and the systems in the Cluster have never been strongly pro-Rebellion.

The Cluster itself is of no real tactical value to the Empire, and is therefore left largely in the capable (or not so capable) hands of local Imperial officials. The conflict between the Empire and the Rebellion does not seem very real out here, and most people are only dimly aware of what is going on. There is no Rebel base in the Minos Cluster, and only minimal

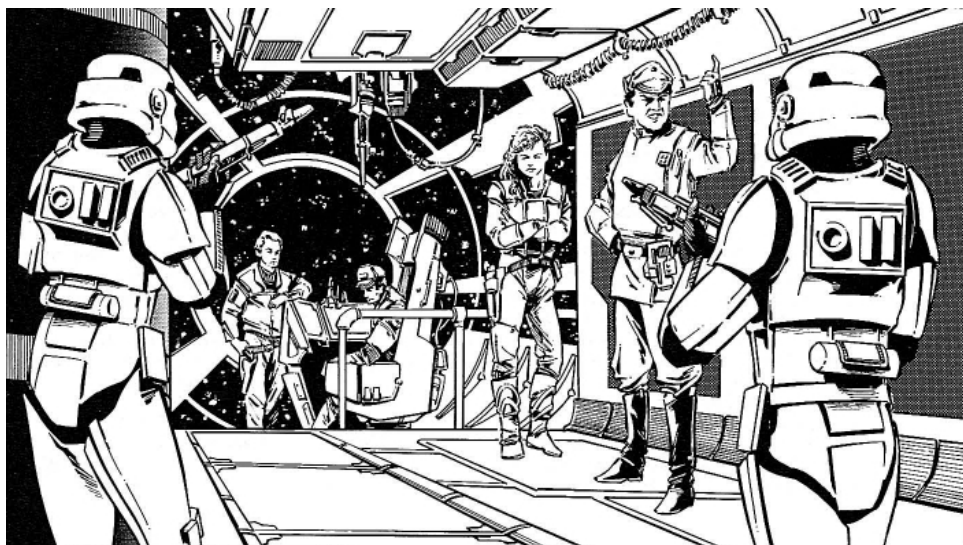
activity anymore; the arrest of Cairnwick and the remote location make this section of the galaxy too impractical for recruitment or active sedition.

So welcome friends, to the Minos Cluster: the sleepest corner of the galaxy. You may be able to find your fortune out here on the edge of space, as there are certainly many opportunities to be found.

Consider yourself warned of the many dangers as well.

LAW AND ORDER

Though the Minos Cluster is located in the far reaches of space, the grip of Imperial control can still be felt, though certainly not as strongly as in the Core Worlds or other less-remote regions. The Imperial Customs ships scattered across the Cluster are crewed by competent — if not outstanding — officers, and the Navy





line ships — while they patrol somewhat sporadically — are nonetheless Imperial warships and are forces to be reckoned with.

Despite the Imperial presence, it is still a big chunk of space with a lot of "nothing" happening inside it. It could be a month or two before the player characters even see an Imperial ship, and even then the crew may be too lazy to do anything but ask for the freighter's identification code. Typically only ships that are doing something clearly suspicious are stopped and searched.

However, as Rebel activity increases in the Cluster, the Imperial Navy will become more and more vigilant. They will begin to make random inspections, and at the worst possible moment an Imperial ship can appear and insist upon a full search of a ship. Random inspections will be conducted more and more regularly as the campaign progresses, and a ship's captain breaks Imperial laws only at great risk. If a ship and crew earns a reputation for lawlessness, it will face constant Imperial scrutiny (and harassment) and even more frequent inspections. It is a very bad idea to get on the wrong side of an Imperial Customs inspector.

Imperial law does not extend evenly across the Cluster, and not all planets have Imperial Customs agents. By law, there should be an officer at every starport in the Cluster, but many of the starports in Minos Cluster have only part time officials who are usually poorly-trained locals with limited loyalty to the

Empire, and who can be easily (though not necessarily cheaply) bribed.

The relatively low caliber of these officials can be contrasted to that found on the Imperial Customs ships, but even their crews are not well-trained by Imperial Core standards. Only the dregs of the Navy — or officers who have inadvertently made their superiors extremely angry — are sent to Minos Cluster any more and their ineptitude is becoming more and more ingrained. Patrol craft from the Navy base on Travnin venture out on an irregular basis, but not enough to seriously hamper the activities of the pirates. By all rights, there should be twice as many patrol craft in the Cluster, for piracy in Minos Cluster is as widespread as it is well-known, but most of the officers' corps is more interested in avoiding danger than in finding it.

Each planet in the Cluster has a consulate, with an Imperial Consul-General in charge of it. These consulates are guarded by Imperial Army troops (very few of which have ever seen actual combat), who are by law confined to the compound grounds and the spaceport, though on some planets these restrictions are ignored. There are few Imperial officials stationed at the consulates, and their duties are very limited, though they have the formal authority to take over the local government. For instance, while there are only seven Imperial officials on Adarlon, yearly they collect nearly four billion credits in taxes from its government.





Some Imperial laws are tightly enforced, while others are ignored. If you are caught breaking some rules your ship will be confiscated, but other laws are so lightly enforced that inspectors will gladly accept a small bribe to ignore the infraction. Whereas in most parts of the galaxy it is not permissible for a privately owned ship to carry heavy weaponry, in the Minos Cluster the enforcement of that law has been gradually diminished because of the prevalence of piracy. If a ship is thought to be allied with pirates or the Rebellion the law is enforced, otherwise it is ignored.

There are five different classifications of infractions of Imperial Law.

INFRACTIONS

Class One Infraction

These are the most serious space crimes listed in the Imperial legal code. They include conspiracy to overthrow the Empire, possession of a cloaking device, or an attack on another ship. Any sort of aggression against an Imperial ship is also considered a class one infraction. The punishment for class one infractions is usually the immediate impounding of the ship and five to 30 years on an Imperial penal colony for all involved. With such a serious case, legal representation is of little use.

Class Two Infraction

Shipment of high energy weapons between systems without a special permit from the sector capital, as well as the

transportation or purchase of illegal goods (rated with an X).

The punishment for class two infractions includes the arrest of the crew and impoundment of the ship until it is claimed by the owner. A fine of at least 10,000 credits and from five to 30 years in jail is also standard Imperial punishment for this type of crime.

Class Three Infraction

This includes the attempted bribery of an Imperial official, as well as the transportation of high technology and restricted items (rated with an F) without Imperial permit or license. The definition of high technology is nebulous, and there is an enormous regulations book on the subject (which requires about 14 hours to scan) — many devices are included largely to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Rebellion. The punishment for a class three infraction is in almost all cases the impoundment of the offending vessel and the immediate arrest of the ship's captain who is taken back to the sector capital (which in Minos Cluster is Travnnin). Though it is possible for the captain to escape further punishment with the aid of a good legal counsel, such legal help could cost over 10,000 credits. Further punishment could involve a prison sentence, a substantial fine, and perhaps revocation of the ship's and the captains operating permits.

Class Four infraction

The Empire forbids the export or import of any form of narcotic without a permit. Unfortunately this can be interpreted to mean nearly any food, drink, or





drug if a customs official feels like making a little trouble. Goods that require a special fee or permit to purchase (rated with an F) which are transported without the required fee or permit constitute a class four infraction. It is also a violation for a captain or a ship to operate without the proper operating license, and each time a customs vessel hails a ship, they will ask for the ship's and the captain's identification numbers.

The penalty is typically a fine of 1,000 to 5,000 credits, and sometimes a short jail sentence for the captain or the owner of the vessel.

Class Five Infraction

This covers a host of local ordinances which restrict the import and export of goods. A general Imperial rule is that a ship must be fully provisioned when it leaves a starport, and must have adequate escape pods for all its passengers and crew.

The penalty for a class five infraction is usually a small fine, only 500 to 1,000 credits. Imperial officials in the Minos Cluster will readily allow themselves to be bribed into ignoring class five infractions as long as the person is reasonably polite about it.

Note: Long-term imprisonment is almost certain if there is any evidence that the player characters were working in conjunction with the Rebellion, or the goods being carried were destined for the Rebellion.

OBTAINING LICENSES

Every ship needs an operating license to do any sort of hyperspace trade in the Minor Cluster. They cost 1,000 credits, but thankfully only a little paperwork and a short inspection of the ship is required. If a ship is caught without the license, the penalty can be severe.

Every ship also requires a captain who is fully licensed and accredited; if the ship is caught in flight without such a licensed captain, the penalty can be equally severe. By law, gaining a captain's license requires tests and 10 years of documented time in space and a 300 credit fee, but in actuality a few well-placed bribes (adding up to around 500 credits) can get nearly anyone the license.

Obtaining a license or permit to carry restricted goods can be very difficult, unless you have the right connections. They can only be applied for at the Cluster capital, in the Travnin system. First of all, you have to know the right Ministry to go into, and then have to know the right questions to ask, and then there is a special fee.

Unfortunately, the bureaucracy at Travnin is atrociously slow. As a matter of principle, any Imperial official will reject nearly any request unless pressure is placed on him from above or bribes are paid. Only the corporations are able to get anything done, and that's only because they have special Imperial departments which they work through. A player character will need to make a Difficult





bureaucracy roll to get his application processed, failure indicating a week lost trying to get something done. (Rather than simply rolling, however, it is much more fun to roleplay it out, a process that can be alternately hilarious and frustrating.)

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS

The Imperial Customs inspectors found at many starports in Minos Cluster have the duty to enforce all Imperial import and export laws. Though Imperial officials rarely accept bribes on matters concerning Imperial law, they don't mind overlooking a local law or two for the right price.

The player characters should be very careful about giving bribes, however. Let them figure out for themselves why it works sometimes and why they get arrested at other times (a conversation in a spacer's bar can be of great help in learning the ropes). The penalty for bribery can be severe, but in Minos Cluster attempts at bribery are so common they are often ignored (or accepted, of course).

Almost all of the Imperial officials in the Cluster are natives of Travnin. While the inhabitants of Travnin are known as being authoritarian and inefficient, the officials from this system are easily 10 times worse. Paperwork is their best protection against their own incompetence, and if they are given trouble by the player characters they will force them to wade through a year's worth of forms and applications.

The lower-level officers aboard the customs frigates may sometimes accept bribes, but only for relatively minor infractions, class four or five. They might easily arrest any player character who attempts to bribe them for something more serious (unless the player characters can quickly talk their way out of it).

In the Minos Cluster, the most important thing is to not get caught. Most tramps break or at least bend some imperial law on each run, and it has become an accepted practice even for the most reputable traders. Imperial officials realize this, but if they catch you and don't like you much, you may still be forced to pay a fine.

Most of the officials, however, avoid having to bring people back to Sector HQ on Travnin for minor infractions: the paperwork is just too much trouble. It is much easier to inflict fines on those breaking the contraband laws (providing extra funding for their department or the official's "personal retirement fund"), rather than putting the player characters on trial and imprisoning them. However, class two or class one infractions nearly always result in the captain being taken to Travnin for trial and his ship impounded.

Brown-nosing local Imperial authorities is a very ancient and honored tradition, and knowing how to do it right can be of great value to a tramp. If the player characters can get on a first-name basis with each imperial inspector in every sys-





tem in the Cluster, they have a huge advantage.

However, it must be understood that some officers and officials are very serious about their work and cannot be bribed. They do things by the book, and all infractions are taken seriously. The player characters will have to learn which officers can be bribed or jollied, which cannot. One of the latter such officers is detailed later in this galaxy guide.

IMPERIAL PRESENCE

The Imperial presence in Minos Cluster is quite light and is not likely to increase in the near future. There are not enough Imperial ships to prevent, or even slow, the smuggling and piracy that has been going on for so long. The Empire has better things to worry about than this sleepy arm of the galaxy, and declines to waste much of its resources on it.

THE MAIN NAVAL BASE AT TRAVNIN

The Imperial Navy maintains a small satellite base in orbit around Travnin. It supports a fleet of three capital ships and two Customs corvettes. The largest ship is an ancient relic from the Clone Wars, a Victory-class Star Destroyer named The Chariot, armed with 68 working concussion missile tubes, a few dozen double turbolaser batteries and not much else. (Currently, The Chariot is undergoing repairs and is likely to be incapable of hyperspace travel for some months. but this information is highly classified.) There is also a Carrier with a full complement of 24 TIE fighters. The

last line ship is a well-armed transport ship capable of carrying over 15,000 troopers.

There are over 40,000 Imperial troops on Travnin itself, plus an additional 5,000 stormtroopers. While they are supposedly ready for rapid deployment throughout the Cluster, the regular troops are so ill-prepared and low in morale that they are useless for anything beyond planetary defense, and the stormtroopers spend most of their time keeping an eye on the regulars. Except for extreme emergencies the imperial Moff will not let more than 1,000 stormtroopers off-planet at one time.

THE CUSTOMS SHIPS

The two customs vessels are corvettes, armed with six double turbolaser cannons. They are powerful enough to deal with almost any pirate ship. Only the customs vessels are to be seen anywhere in the Cluster outside of Travnin, as the other ships are always held in reserve to protect the sector capital from Rebel attack.

The player characters, however, are not likely to encounter even the customs vessels very often. The Minos Cluster is very large, and the corvettes have a great deal of territory to cover, especially since they spend much of their time hovering around the inhabited systems, cowing the local governments. At first the player characters will only meet with a customs corvette only every 15 voyages or so, though these encounters may become more frequent as the campaign goes on.



GESARIL PRISON SHIP

Another Imperial ship is located in the Gesaril system, and is used to guard both a prison asteroid and the planet itself. The light cruiser is heavily armed and carries a squadron of TIE fighters aboard it. Gesaril is interdicted, and all travel to it is prohibited. The cruiser is well-equipped and well-maintained and the most capable troops are assigned to duty aboard it. The security of the prison asteroid is taken seriously (or perhaps it is the veil of secrecy surrounding the planet), and the cruiser is nearly always nearby (See the next chapter for the cruiser's game statistics.)

OTHER FORCES

Other than the Imperial forces listed above, there is not much of an Imperial presence in the Cluster. The Empire mainly relies on the threat of interdiction and attack to give its inspectors and officials the power to enforce Imperial laws and collect taxes.

There are also spies, mainly ISB agents, scattered throughout many of the worlds in the Cluster. These agents do not answer to the local government: they send their reports directly back to the ISB office regularly. If the local Imperial government were left to its own devices, it would ignore almost all threats until it is too late, but, if the spies get word of a plot against the Empire, the ISB will react quickly and with appropriate ferocity.

There are over 70 planets in the Minos Cluster suitable for life, but only a few dozen actually contain sentient life.

There are two alien species in the Cluster that have achieved the technology necessary for space travel, but scores of others have advanced past the stone age (though some just barely). Humans can be found on 10 planets, but some have only a tiny settlement or scientific outpost, and only six planets have been fully colonized.

TRADE ROUTES

RIMMA TRADE ROUTE

One of the major routes that crosses the galaxy. It starts at Abregado-rae in the Core Worlds, and continues all the way to the Kathol sector in the far reaches of the Outer Rim Territories. It is estimated traveling the full length of the route would take at least six weeks with a Class 2 hyperdrive. An important branch of the Rimma, the Shapani Bypass, has grown increasingly important over the years. Some consider it part of the Rimma for all practical purposes.

Another branch, which is a continuation of the Rimma, is the Triton Trade Route. The Triton begins at Karideph and continues on into the Kathol sector.

Commerce along the Route has enriched the SoroSuub Corporation, the Tapani sector and led to the colonization of the south. In the years before the Invasion of Naboo, the Trade Federation had a de-facto monopoly on the Rimma Trade Route. Subsequently, the planets on the route were the main recruitment grounds for the Nebula Front.

TRITION TRADE ROUTE

A continuation of the Rimma Trade Route, a major commercial hyperlane that connects the Core Worlds to the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories. The Trition started on Karideph in the Minos Cluster, before stopping at Pergitor. The Trition then passes out of the Minos Cluster, and heads deep into the Kathol sector on the edge of known space. The Trition includes the Kathol sector capital, Kal'Shebbol, the worlds of Torize, Kolatill, and Charis, and terminates at the planet Gandle Ott. The majority of planets on the Trition are noted for having large industrial and manufacturing bases—large, at least, by the standards of planets within the Outer Rim Territories and beyond.

The Trition Trade Route was established at some point after 592 BBY. Before that year, the Kathol sector was largely unexplored and unsettled. Gandle Ott was the first planet to be colonized in the entire sector, and was settled around 592 BBY. The majority of the planets that made up the Trition were in the Kathol sector, and were colonized later than Gandle Ott. Around 392 BBY, the planet Kal'Shebbol was settled by escaped Twi'lek slaves. The planet was chosen due to its relative isolation, but it also because of its position on a trade route to Gandle Ott. By 8 ABY, the Trition Trade Route is a vital link in the Kathol sector economy, linking the isolated settlements to the Minos Cluster, and many of the sector's most important and successful worlds are located on its length. Gandle Ott, the terminus for the Route, is also

considered the last major planet in the sector before entering the "wilderness," of the Kathol sector, demonstrating that a position of the Trition affects a planet's economy and development substantially by offering access to outside trade.

PLANETS OF THE MINOS CLUSTER

Listed below are 10 of the primary and a few minor systems in the Minos Cluster. While there are many more than 70 systems in the stellar region, these systems contain planets known to be interested in trade. The other inhabited systems should be detailed by you if you wish to include them in the campaign.

ADARLON

Adarlon itself is a rugged, mountainous world. Its three major cities are located along the west coast of the northern continent on a narrow plateau between the mountains and the sea. Adarlon has a generally pleasant climate, though it does vary considerably by region. The forested regions between the mountains and the seas, where most of the population lives, are temperate and quite wet. In the cities, however, it rains only in the early mornings (climate control) and it is sunny the rest of the time.

The Human inhabitants of this planet are obsessed with pleasure and fun: they play when they work and they work at play. Throughout recent galactic history, Adarlon has traditionally been the home of most of the galaxy's best entertainers,

and even today many aspiring actors, singers, and producers travel to the planet to get their "big break." (The newest "trendy act" is a rather awful band called "Boba Fett and the Assassin Droids" and a shrewd trader could make some real money ferrying concert goers to Adarlon or by scalping auditorium passes for a "Fett" concert.)

Today, however, its predominance is somewhat reduced from its golden years during the Republic. The tastes of the Empire run to entertainments that are more violent than the traditional, sophisticated Adarlon acts ("Boba Fett and the Assassin Droids" notwithstanding). On the other hand, because Adarlon is so distant from the Imperial Core, it is out of the reach of the more draconian censorship of the Empire, and its underground holos which depict the Empire unfavorably are becoming increasingly popular. These black market holos appear to be the beginning of a new era of cinematic creativity and vigor, and are bringing Adarlon to the forefront of the entertainment world once again.

Early History

Adarlon was one of the first colonies settled in this area of space. Adarlon was created by decree of the Senate of the Old Republic, who selected the world because of its beauty, not for its (non-existent) natural resources. The early settlers were the brightest and best of the young of the Republic (many of them from Alderaan) and as a group they were alleged to be the most educated, sophisticated, artistic

and handsome Humans ever gathered together.

The young colonists were given heavy financial backing, and the early years of the colony were not marked with extreme hardship. Not having to devote their efforts to survival, the settlers quickly turned to producing entertainment. The holo industry, of course, was pioneered by Adarlon, but few realized the planet's importance in the music business as well.

The Holo Industry

Alderaan's values and ideals, as displayed in those early holos, were identical to those of the Old Republic: honor, courage, justice, freedom, love. Who can forget the story of Tito, the boy who could not speak, yet who freed his planet from tyranny, or of Ansil the refugee who became the finest sansil player in the galaxy? Holos from Adarlon have reached a vast audience throughout the galaxy, and even today, when the planet is in somewhat of a decline, the name Adarlon still brings a vision of glamour and excitement to many people's minds.

The most popular holos are about the rugged "tree men of Yelsain," those about the miners at Mestra, fantasy themes which introduce the supernatural into a normal person's life, and contemporary drama and comedy.

The "legitimate" entertainment industry on Adarlon strongly supports the Establishment. Its holos portray the Empire as good and just, the Emperor as al-

most a divine being. This was not always the case however. Even as late as five years ago, Adarlon still had a semblance of artistic integrity and conscience, and holos from that period clearly showed the cancer eating away at the tottering Old Republic.

Once President Palpatine was firmly in power, however, his lieutenants acted quickly and efficiently to bring the annoying planet to heel. A series of crack-downs and black-listings, ostensibly to curb licentiousness and obscenity in the entertainment industry, effectively destroyed free speech, and all holos became subject to Imperial censorship. The purge was brilliantly conducted by Babel Torsh, at that time the chief assistant to the Imperial Consular-General on Adarlon. His name is still hated and feared even today.

Underground Holos

Holos about Jedi or depicting any sort of failure or incompetence on the part of the Empire are strictly forbidden, but are still produced and distributed on the black market. Increasingly popular across the galaxy, this secret industry is growing by leaps and bounds, to the point that its revenues nearly rival those of the legitimate entertainment industry.

Many of these underground holos are produced by a group of rebellious directors and actors, most of whom were black-listed five years ago. They call themselves collectively "No-Holds-Barred," and that is the only credit provided at the end of their holos. Though few realize it, No-Holds-Barred has secret connections

with the Rebel Alliance. In fact, the group's early financial backing came almost entirely from Drun Cairnwick—hero of the Rebellion in Minos Cluster.

The Empire is becoming increasingly irritated at the underground holo industry. It is considering cracking down on the holo industry again and may unleash the hated Babel Torsh against the planet once more.

Theme Parks

Across Adarlon there are a large number of elaborate theme parks which offer total immersion amusements, in which the guests carry out elaborate plots and adventures in live-action roleplaying, interacting with actors, droids and holos. Quite a few of the Adarlonians have their homes in the parks, and spend much of their waking hours in their roles. The parks' rules dictate that a person treat other people exactly as if they were the character they were playing at all times.

Life Outside the Parks

Despite the number of entertainers from across the galaxy who still come to Adarlon to find their Fortunes, the planet is still underpopulated, and huge tracts are all but deserted wilderness. Adarlon is a magnet for tourists, but only for the richest of the galaxy's wealthy — it is extremely expensive to spend any time here. (If the player characters leave the spaceport, they will have to pay at least 30 credits a day simply to eat and sleep, 100 if they want to have any sort of good time, and 200 if they want to go to one of the theme parks.)



There is much history to this planet, and its past is well-preserved. Its three major cities are well over 200 years old, and since they were first designed for ground travel, their tall buildings were built in grid formation with streets running in between. Since the advent of air cars, however, most of the streets have been turned into kilometers of lush parkland framing the buildings.

Adarlon is a beautiful and romantic place to visit, and the entertainments which can be found everywhere — comedians, singers, folk musicians, deva bands — are of high quality. A new restaurant is said to open every hour on Adarlon, and young music groups can always be seen playing on the streets, hoping that they will be "discovered." The latest entertainment is "ice climbing". The Adarlonians haul ice bergs down from the poles to float just off-shore from the cities; residents and tourists pay outrageous prices to climb them. After having been featured in a number of holos, this sport has even caught on in a few worlds of the Galactic Core.

Despite its beauty and wealth, a strange sort of malaise has fallen over the planet, and subtle signs of decay can be found in increasing number. The fact is, the people of Adarlon are hiding from the horror of the Empire in their entertainments, and their cowardice is slowly strangling all that is good in their culture. The people on this garden planet are a little bit too joyful and full of life, a little bit too blind to what is going on around them.

The Spaceport

The Adarlon spaceport is as beautiful and chic as the rest of the planet, and a whisper-transit line connects it directly to the city of Balderdash.

The Imperial Consulate is located at the spaceport, along with imperial Customs inspectors and a unit of 100 stormtroopers as well. Only in a state of emergency would those troopers be allowed to make arrests or conduct maneuvers outside of the spaceport. This has happened only once in the planet's history, during the Babel Torsh era. However, inside the spaceport, these troopers are in complete control, and through them, the Empire controls the entire planet.

No one can enter or leave the planet without the say-so of the Imperial Consular-General. In addition, the Consular-General collects taxes from here.

Adarlon

Region: Outer Rim Territories
Sector: Minos Cluster
System: Adarlon
Trade Route(s): Rimma Trade Route
Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Adarlon Prime
Orbital Position: -
Moon(s): -
Length of Day: 21 standard hours
Length of Year: 381 local days
Starport(s): Imperial class

Type: Terrestrial



Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Primary Terrain: Mountains
Points of Interest: Adarlon spaceport, Natalar mountain range, Glow Dome
Native Flora: -
Native Fauna: -

Native Species: None
Immigrated Species: Human
Population: 20 million
Languages: Galactic Basic
Government: Democracy
Tech Level: Space
Planet Function: Entertainment
Major Cities: Bladerdash, Belrand
Major Exports: Entertainment acts, holos
Major Imports: Drugs, food, household devices, luxury goods, raw materials

Special Conditions: None

CORLAASI

A planet located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy located on the Rimma Trade Route and near the Dravin Cut (a location or route that can be reached from Corlaasi on the Rimma Trade Route).

DELFII SYSTEM

A planet located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy. It is the site of a deep-space Rebel Alliance summit prior to the Battle of Endor.

DORCIN

A planet located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy on or near the Rimma Trade Route.

ELIAD

The climate and terrain of Eliad is extremely wide-ranging, and almost any combination can be found there. The spaceport is located in the middle of the Jesart desert, in the southern hemisphere, far from any Human settlements. There are not many people living on this planet, but the few who are there are exceedingly wealthy.

The Exiles

When the Emperor overthrew the Old Republic and declared the Empire, he removed a number of nobles from power. Instead of killing them and creating a whole new pantheon of martyrs, he made a bargain with them. If they agreed to permanent exile, he would allow them to keep much of their wealth. Though many chose to flee or chose death, a large number of the families accepted. In a mass exodus, they were relocated to Eliad, and to other planets like it. Now, years later, they are here still, attended by a handful of faithful servants and huge numbers of



droids. Slowly and nearly imperceptibly, they are rotting away under the weight of their own worthlessness — exactly as the Emperor intended.

There are only about 300,000 or so nobles on Eliad; the rest of the population is made of their servants. The nobility has spread widely across the planet, building palaces and villas for themselves far out of sight of each other (perhaps to avoid having to see their own uselessness reflected in each other). Some have built replicas of the castles they lived in on their homeworlds and pretend they never left.

Trade

Immensely rich and with absolutely nothing productive to spend their money on, these bored nobles are engaged in increasingly sophisticated and demented entertainments. They can be an excellent source of income for innovative traders who come up with interesting and expensive ways for the nobles to amuse themselves.

Politics

The world is anti-Imperial, but in a muted, rather pathetic form. The older nobles, who control almost everything on the planet, don't want to give the Imperials any excuse to come in and destroy what they have built for themselves. Long ago they gave in to the Empire and allowed themselves to be banished here; they have not yet gained the courage to acknowledge their mistake.

Unlike the “high-class” society on Mestra, the nobles on Eliad have quite

rarified and elegant tastes and habits. Their families have been wealthy for a very long time; they have had quite a while to learn how to do it right. The result of years of family tradition with the highest quality education available in the galaxy, these nobles are as intelligent and sophisticated as they are rich.

Imperial Presence

The Empire maintains a Lancer-class frigate in orbit to watch over the nobles. There's never been much trouble, and none is expected, so the ship is mainly crewed by mercenaries, not Naval personnel, though the officers are, of course, Imperial. There are 100 stormtroopers on the ship to keep the mercs in line as well.

All communications on and off the planet are monitored by the Imperial consulate. Eliad is completely under Imperial control, and an Imperial governor rules the planet from the consulate at the spaceport. Eight hundred stormtroopers guard the spaceport and ensure that none of the nobles attempt to leave the planet. Any ship leaving the planet is searched thoroughly and completely, though ships are rarely searched when they land (nobody really cares what anyone brings to the planet).

Eliad

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Eliad

Trade Route(s): -

Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Eliad Prime



Orbital Position: -
Moon(s): -
Length of Day: 21 standard hours
Length of Year: 381 local days
Starport(s): Standard class

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Mountains, plains, valleys, plateaus
Points of Interest: Jesart desert, Eliad spaceport
Native Flora: -
Native Fauna: -

Native Species: None
Immigrated Species: Human
Population: 6 million
Languages: Galactic Basic Standard
Government: Imperial governor
Tech Level: Space
Planet Function: Trade
Major Cities: Bladerdash, Belrand
Major Exports: Minerals
Major Imports: Luxury items, machinery

Special Conditions: None

GESARIL

Known as the forbidden planet, Gesaril is a very strange place. Covered with a strange, incredibly thick jungle which actually floats above a noxious swamp, it is inhabited by a species of furry, hyperactive creatures that Imperial researchers have classified barely sentient. Besides these things, there isn't

much of interest on the planet - unless you count the wrecks of the nine Imperial spaceships.

These ships all crashed in exactly the same coastal section of the planet and no one knows why. The planet has been put under strict quarantine, and no one is allowed to enter or leave it.

The Sector Prison

The Empire has established a prison colony on a large asteroid in far orbit around the sun. Cells for 1,300 prisoners are hollowed out of this enormous rock, spaced widely along kilometers of corridor. A large tube in the center of the asteroid leads to the ships' docks in the center of the rock.

The Empire built its prison in this barren system to kill two birds with one stone. Since it needed a battle cruiser here to maintain its quarantine on Gesaril anyway, it figured it might as well serve double duty guarding the prison

The penal asteroid holds the long-term prisoners of the Cluster. Holding at present nearly 1,000 inmates, the prison population is about evenly divided between hard-core criminals and political prisoners.

The Prison Staff

The prison staff of 300 lives on the asteroid, in a separate, isolated section. The "town" is complete with living quarters, stores, entertainment facilities and a bar. The staff is almost entirely male, and, it is unfortunate to note, they rely on



the prison population for their female “companionship.”

System Defenses

The asteroid's anti-ship defenses are minor, for it relies primarily on the cruiser for protection. It does have 10 turbolasers mounted along both ends of the central tube.

The cruiser is always in orbit near the prison. It is virtually impossible to reach the prison unchallenged, but it is possible for a fast ship to land on the planet when the asteroid is on the other side of the system. However, there is often a TIE fighter on patrol around the planet (about half of the time). If the approaching ship refuses to obey its orders and turn away from the planet, the TIE will call the cruiser and attack.

If the ship makes it through the TIE to the planet below, it will find the cruiser waiting in orbit for it when it leaves the planet's surface.

The commander of the cruiser, Captain Dulrain, is a difficult man to con. The traders will have to have some excellently-forged documents and a very good line to have even a chance of getting his permission to land on the planet.

Gesaril

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Gesaril

Trade Route(s): -

Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Gesaril Prime

Orbital Position: -

Moon(s): -

Length of Day: 19 standard hours

Length of Year: 131 local days

Starport(s): -

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Hot

Atmosphere: Type I

Hydrosphere: Saturated

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Swampy jungles

Points of Interest: -

Native Flora: -

Native Fauna: -

Native Species: Gesarils

Immigrated Species: Humans, varied

Population: 16 million

Languages: Galactic Basic Standard

Government: Tribal

Tech Level: Stone age

Planet Function: Trade

Major Cities: -

Major Exports: -

Major Imports: -

Special Conditions: None

HAVEN

A moon located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy. It is a spaceport between Quadrant Seven (a planet which was not part of the Galactic Republic. It is a rocky world with canyons, caves, and hills.) and Rondai-2 (a cosmopolitan planet of mild weather and mild landscapes, with rolling hills but no moun-



STAR WARS

tains. It is two days from Haven and less than a day from Coruscant. It is a planet for top-security low-profile business meetings in the Ulta Center.)

JILLSARIA SYSTEM

A star system located in the Minos Cluster of the galaxy's Outer Rim Territories that was home to the sentient Jillsarian species.

Jillsarian

Muscular humanoid sentients with four arms from the Jillsaria system. Their integument varies, with some individuals possessing orange skin while others are covered in brown fur.

Jillsarian

Home Planet: Jillsaria

Attribute Dice: 12D

DEXTERITY 2D/4D

KNOWLEDGE 1D/3D

MECHANICAL 2D/4D

PERCEPTION 2D/4D

STRENGTH 3D/5D

TECHNICAL 2D/4D

Special Abilities:

Four Arms: A Jillsarian's four arms grant a +1D bonus to climbing and brawling

Move: 10/12

Size: 1.9-2.3 meters

KARIDEPH

This world is one of the most wildly overpopulated planets in the galaxy. Essentially, it is one giant city, and the number of creatures that live upon it is not en-

tirely comprehensible to the Human mind. It is fortunate, then, that the inhabitants, the Kari, are not Human.

The surface of Karideph is covered by endless rows of carefully tilled gardens, tilled with tightly-crowded plants. There is neither wilderness nor any wildlife left anywhere; every centimeter of land is in some way cultivated. Even the sides of the mountain ranges are terraced from top to bottom, and the sea is as carefully tended as are the fields.

The planet is dotted with a number of enormous cities, with buildings so tall that their upper extents need to be pressurized. Despite the size of these buildings, however, most of the Kari live underground, in huge tunnel systems which criss-cross the planet. Many of the Kari have never seen the light of day, living and working entirely within the teeming warrens. The Kari have dug some of their tunnels as far as 12 kilometers in depth, nearly breaking through the planet's crust to its mantle.

Economy

Considering that the planet's population rivals that of the other planets in the sector combined, it is not surprising that Karideph is one of the economic hubs of the Cluster, importing a staggering amount of raw material and foodstuffs. They'll take literally whatever protein they can get.

The Kari primarily manufacture small appliances and machine parts for export, especially droid parts of all types. Because much of their energy must be con-



centrated upon keeping their own populace fed, they do not have the export potential that might be expected from such a gigantic population, though their exports are extremely large by Cluster standards. There is definitely work to be had hauling cargo to and from this planet.

Black Market Technology

The most money to be made on Kari is through the black market. The planet is relatively low tech, only recently entering the information age. Most of the Kari's expendable wealth is spent purchasing knowledge to improve the planet's technology. This is not easy. Fearing their tremendous birth rate, that, if they were allowed off-planet, they might quickly spread over the galaxy, the Empire has refused to allow the Kari to develop or purchase space technology. The Kari bitterly resent this, and they have a very strong desire to expand beyond the gravity well of their planet.

The Tunnels of Kari

If a foreigner wishes to venture forth into the tunnels of Kari, some sort of guide is essential, for the cities are far too complicated and labyrinthine to navigate alone. Usually, this is a Kari who is carefully taught a single destination by its Hatch, but is virtually an idiot otherwise, able to do little more than guide the visitors there.

Complicating the problem, the crowds in the corridors are so thick that it is often necessary to hire an entire Hatch to push everyone else out of the way so the huge, clumsy visitors can get by. A single guide

costs 20 credits, while an entire Hatch costs at least 50. Guides can be obtained at various expatriate-owned establishments who have developed close relations with certain Kari Hatches.

The Empire has constructed a number of droids (looking vaguely like the Kari) for their own use. These droids are capable of guiding them around the planet. Though the Empire carefully guards access to these droids, they are often stolen by the Kari guide Hatches to keep them from cutting into the Hatches' business.

Kari Society

Kari society is a great deal like most other galactic cultures, with the same systems of leaders and workers, complex hierarchies, and religious structures so common to so many other societies. The base group in Karian society is a "Hatch," which is a family of 20 to 30 Kari. Hatches each have unique personalities; they are the individuals of Kari. All members of a Hatch share a single name.

Kari Songs

The most important individuals in Kari are the singers. Each Hatch has at least one singer, and the larger or more important Hatches may have hundreds. The singers gather and pass on information from Kari to Kari, and from Hatch to Hatch. They are significantly smarter than the average Kari worker, with intelligence approximately equal to that of a dull-witted Human.



The best singers in Kari society are called "bards;" they communicate to Kari all over the planet through the broadcast networks. They and their Hatches comprise the top echelons of the leadership structure, for they directly guide the thought processes of the entire planet.

All Kari, not just the bards, sing to one another constantly. They communicate through a complicated series of clicks and whistles which can carry a huge amount of information each second (the language compares favorably to the beeps and whistles that many droids communicate with). The constant song of the Kari forms the interwoven mental processes of the group brain.

Kari and Outworlders

One of the worst insults an individual Kari can utter is a high-pitched screech, which means, "You take up too much room!" When aliens are about, this is a common complaint, for indeed they do take up too much room and don't understand the simple courtesy of jumping out of the way of large vehicles. Aliens who are holding up traffic often get trampled upon; on this planet you can't sit still you have got to always be moving.

It is not known whether the Kari really understand the concept of individuals, or whether they assume that all aliens are actually parts of group minds, like themselves. There is evidence that they think of each species as being one consciousness, as one entity. Some radical alien scholars who have studied the Kari have fashioned a theory of culture which

uses that as a base assumption: society is a conscious creature. They have founded a small university on Kari, called the University of Universal Thought. They are currently engaged in an extended and highly-abstract discourse with the Kari group mind, through one of the most respected Hatches.

The Kari and the Empire

Many singers among the Kari, especially those in the ruling Hatches, see the Empire as the group mind of many creatures, though dominated by the sub-units called Human. They view this entity as schizophrenic, and extremely dangerous. In their songs they are beginning to speak of a new concept, "insanity." The songs describe how the Empire entity is no longer able to communicate with itself properly and is edging toward self-destruction. These Hatches seek to limit all contact with the Empire, fearing contagion with its insanity.

Another group of Hatches, however, holds a very different view. These Kari see all aliens as, basically, clever animals. They cannot help but look upon individual beings as inferior to the Kari group mind, and argue that the Kari should learn all they can from these animals, and then assume their rightful place in the galaxy as master of them all. They will happily collaborate with the Empire, knowing that they are superior to it, and, when the time is right, they believe that the Empire can be dealt with. These Hatches simply cannot believe that a group of individual beings could ever cooperate sufficiently to stop them.



(They're wrong, of course, but then they've never seen the entire Imperial Navy in action. If the Kari ever step too far out of line, they'll be squashed like, er, bugs.)

The conflict between the two factions is irreconcilable, and it is beginning to echo throughout all of Kari society. It is a war of the mind, a battle for the thought-processes of the group mind.

Kari interactions with Humans are very complicated. To speak with the Kari requires a complicated machine which can process the information from up to eight different songs simultaneously (Kari usually listen to many songs at the same time). In addition, at least 20 members of a Hatch must be gathered together before any difficult concepts can be understood. Once an idea has been explained to them, it is a matter of time, at least hours — and usually days — while the group talks things over under the direction of a singer and gives its response. When you speak with the Kari, you want to keep things as simple as possible, otherwise you could be stuck in the same conversation for months.

The Kari

The Kari are an insect-like species standing approximately one meter tall, with a black exoskeleton covering much of their body. Kari have two powerful rear legs which enable them to make the impressive leaps which are their primary mode of locomotion. They also have two front limbs that serve as secondary appendages. Their vision is far from acute,

but they have an uncanny sense of hearing.

Kari

Attribute Dice: 7D

DEXTERITY 1D/3D+2

KNOWLEDGE 1D/2D

MECHANICAL 1D/3D+2

PERCEPTION *

STRENGTH 1D/4D+2

TECHNICAL 1D/2D+2

Special Skills:

Perception: Kari Perception depends upon the size of the hatch.

Size of Hatch Perception

1-5 +1

15 +2

30 1D

75 1D+2

150 2D

500 3D

1,000 4D

100,000 5D

Story Factors:

Hive Society: An individual Kari is little more than a mindless animal. Small groups of 10 individuals can think well enough to tend a farm; groups of around 100 individuals can solve fairly complicated mathematical equations; the entire planet's population can think through problems of abstract philosophy at a far deeper level than most other species.

Move: 12/15 (leaping)

Size: 1 meter tall



The Spaceport

There is an Imperial enclave around the spaceport (which takes up far too much space!), where all the expatriates live and work. It is governed by the Imperial Consular-General, and is guarded and patrolled by 200 stormtroopers, who do not hesitate to push their weight around. It is virtually impossible to get in or out of the spaceport without being subjected to a rigorous search.

Karideph

Region: Outer Rim Territories
Sector: Minos Cluster
System: Karideph
Trade Route(s): Rimma Trade Route, Trintion Trade Route
Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Karideph Prime
Orbital Position: -
Moon(s): -
Length of Day: 19 standard hours
Length of Year: 201 local days
Starport(s): Stellar class

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban, gardens, mountains
Points of Interest: University of Universal Thought
Native Flora: -
Native Fauna: -

Native Species: Kari
Immigrated Species: -
Population: 88+ billion

Languages: -

Government: Fuedal clans

Tech Level: Information

Planet Function: Homeworld, trade

Major Cities: Capital City

Major Exports: Servo-neuro motors, small machine parts

Major Imports: Food stuffs, communications devices, minerals

Special Conditions: None

MESTRA SYSTEM

The Mestra system contains one of the largest asteroid fields in the galaxy. There are no planets in the system at all; at some time in the past every one of them was turned into rubble.

The entire area around the Mestra sun is littered with asteroids, some quite large, most as small as dust. Though no accurate count has ever been made, it is estimated that there are at least 100 trillion sizable chunks of rock out there, hundreds of them the size of small moons — and some of those rocks are full of ore. The Mestra system has some of the richest deposits of duralium ore, one of the more valuable metals in the galaxy, for it is essential in the construction of hyperspace drives.

Origin of Mestra

It is thought that all the planets that once made up this system (and there would have been a number of them) were blown apart long ago in some ancient war. Whether this is true or not is open to considerable speculation, but the legends

of the miners speak of ancient alien artifacts of immense value found in caves on certain of the asteroids. They call it the "big haul." Making such a strike is every miner's dream, especially if the "big haul" were a weapon he could turn on the Minos-Mestra company "police."

Minos-Mestra Corporation

Mestra system is controlled and managed by Minos-Mestra, a corporation specializing in mining and large-scale manufacturing. At one time Minos-Mestra was owned by VernanGroup, a diverse and wealthy megacorporation with holdings across the galaxy. When the economy of the Cluster began to fail after the fall of the Old Republic, VernanGroup sold its operations here to local investors. Now Minos-Mestra is run purely for short-term profits, and it has become even more harsh and ruthless than it was under VernanGroup.



Most of the miners working the Mestra belt are freelancers in name, but, as Minos-Mestra is the only organization

in the system licensed to buy or sell ore, and has a monopoly on most vital goods and services in the system - medicine, food, oxygen, and so forth — the miners are more indentured servants than they are freelancers. Minos-Mestra Corporation owns the Mestra system, in fact if not in law. They patrol it with their own armed ships and control all exports and imports, especially all export of ore.

The Law

Minos-Mestra is charged with "maintaining the Emperor's peace" in the system. It provides the police, the emergency services, and all of the armed forces. The company police do little to prevent claim-jumping, theft, or violence; as long as the company gets the ore, it doesn't much care what else happens.

In fact, the company police have become some of the worst claim-jumpers in the system, driving off or killing miners who find rich strikes and either working them themselves or selling their location to other unscrupulous (or merely desperate) miners. The best way to describe the Mestra system is to say it's a weird mixture of prison colony and wild frontier, with the worst aspects of each highlighted.

Smuggling

The company's corruption and regulations lead to a great deal of smuggling in and out of the system; traders can make a fortune bringing in luxury items and even bare necessities for the miners. Basically, they can charge up to double the normal price for an item, and still be well below

the price charged at the company store. There's even more money to be made smuggling out ore. However, smuggling is quite dangerous; unlike even most Imperial Customs officials, the company police tend to shoot suspected smugglers first, and never ask any questions.

Mining Ore

The company has a fairly simple system for buying the minerals from the miners; it offers one-fourth the current market value of the ore to the miners, but then subtracts half of that money to cover the processing of the ore.

Since only one in a thousand asteroids has more than trace amounts of the valuable ore, it can be a long time between strikes. Unless his strike is very rich indeed, the miner won't gain much of a reward for his labor — but of course the risk is part of the job. And if he does hit the right vein of ore, he'll be rich, even after the company takes its huge cut. Miners are incredible optimists, living from meager strike to meager strike, and always looking for that very long shot.

The Poundies

The company owns a number of immense smelting ships which actually pulverize an asteroid, suck in the debris, and then extract the minerals from the fragments. Groups of "poundies" run these ships for the company; they comprise their own unique subculture in the system.

The miners hate the poundies almost as much as they do the police, because of

the number of times the poundies have cheated miners out of their fair share of a claim by the simple expedient of crushing an entire asteroid — claim marker and all — without any warning, giving the miner just enough time to get off the asteroid before it is pulverized.

The Spaceport

Only the company headquarters on one of the larger asteroids, Javis 12, has any sort of landing beacon or starport. Javis 12 also has the only ship repair and refuel services available in the system (for which the charge is an even 200 percent of list price). Despite the outrageous prices they charge, most ships still land at Javis 12 to do their trading, it being illegal to do otherwise.

The Javis 12 spaceport is a series of domes and caves on one of the largest asteroids in the system. Javis 12 is roughly egg-shaped, and about 40 kilometers across, it lies on the outskirts of the asteroid belt. All spin has been taken off of the rock, and the spaceport faces directly away from the belt, so it is fairly safe from asteroid hits.

Entering the Asteroid Field

Though the Company will buy nearly any cargo at the spaceport (for resale to the miners later), it offers very poor prices. The only way to make a decent profit is to purchase a seller's permit from the company (for 500 credits, good for one trip only) and visit one of the numerous "burgs" spread through the trans-orbital belt.



This of course means navigating the belt itself, and the only way any sane person would attempt that is to have a pilot who is intimately familiar with the patterns and streams of rock in the belt. There are many pilots — broke miners, for the most part — willing to hire out their services and for a mere 20 or so credits a day, a pilot can be obtained.

Attempts to go through the asteroid belt without a knowledgeable pilot can be very dangerous; the clouds of dust found in certain areas can do immense damage to a ship's sensors — to say nothing of the damage which could be done by the sudden impact of a rock the size of Jabba's sail barge, or larger.

The High Society of Mestra

There are a number of extremely wealthy people in the Mestra system, mostly miners who have struck it rich and who chose to stay in the belt. Many of them stay because they still have friends among the prospectors, while a few others have become major shareholders in the company and remain to keep an close eye on their investment. This group of *nouveau riche* has set up a sort of mock high society and import a variety of different luxury goods to live in what they believe to be the style of real "high-class folk." They aren't real good at it; they more resemble the rustic hillbillies who get rich and move to the big city than anything else.

Each of the families in this "high society" owns their own private asteroid which has been placed in orbit some-

where near Jarvis 12. Usually, the miners have built a palace of some sort on the asteroid. These palaces are often extremely ornate and ostentatious, embarrassingly so.

The mining families have adopted many of the traditions of the nobility of the Galactic Core (as shown on popular holos from Adarlon), and they will often host formal-dress balls, coming-out parties, and other sorts of mindless but expensive entertainments. Indeed, parties are the focus of their lives, and if the player characters make the right friends, they will be quickly invited to one. These people are very rich and very bored, and are always looking for something new.

In keeping with their need to spend as much of their money as possible in the shortest amount of time, the rich of Mestra system are quite faddish and any new foodstuff, drug, or shiny trinket is likely to bring a price as high as the demand, it may be possible to trick the ex-miners into a bidding war for a few luxury items (for instance, hand-carved wooden tables from Yelsain), but the traders will have to be careful. These rich folks get bored quickly, so a second load of the same item may not sell at all.

The Minos-Mestra Executives

The ex-miners are held in complete contempt by the Minos-Mestra corporate executives, the other wealthy group living on the asteroid. The execs, on assignment here from the main corporate headquarters on Shesharile 5, view the ex-miners as bumpkins, the miners as

scum, the traders as crooks, the corporate police as brainless goons, and their present assignment as a choice slice of hell.

The Vigil

Some of the older mining families have sent their children to school, on Adarlon or one of the other local systems, and some of these children have returned to Mestra to live. Recently, they have set up a secret organization, called "The Vigil," to fight the company and the injustices it perpetrates on the miners.

As of yet, it is more of a rich boy's club than anything else, and the members have done little more than talk. However, this would undoubtedly make an excellent nucleus for a Rebel organization in Mestra system.

Mestra

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Mestra

Trade Route(s): -

Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Mestra Prime

Orbital Position: -

Moon(s): -

Length of Day: 45 standard hours

Length of Year: 611 local days

Starport(s): Stellar class

Type: Asteroid field

Temperature: Frigid

Atmosphere: Type IV (environment suit required)

Hydrosphere: Arid

Gravity: Low

Terrain: Asteroids

Points of Interest: Javis-12

Native Flora: -

Native Fauna: -

Native Species: -

Immigrated Species: Humans

Population: 15 million

Languages: Varied

Government: Corporate controlled

Tech Level: Space

Planet Function: Trade

Major Cities: -

Major Exports: Minerals

Major Imports: Luxury items, machinery

Special Conditions: None

ONADAX

A planet located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy. A small world thick with dust, which drifts knee-deep into corners, fouls machines and droids, and irritates the eyes. Early in it's history, this small planet was an agglomeration of asteroids, with a rampant population of mynock.

Onadax Droid Technologies (ODT) is a company based on Onadax specializing in creating Human replica droids (HRDs) imbued with the essence and sentience of living beings, using a distinct subform of Ssi-Ruuvi entechment. This specialized form of entechment allows for the entechment rig to copy a being's sentience, personality, and even conscious completely from one body to a machine;

electronically inscribing the data within the machine itself, thereby bypassing the complications of actual life transference. In addition to inscribing regular HRD's, ODT has also started work on new All-Species Replica Droids to replicate other species. The company is run by the HRD recreation of Stanton Rendar, whose creation has been the main goal of the company's founding by Dash Rendar and Guri.

PERNAM MINOR

A planet located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy.

PERGITOR

This world has a semi-toxic atmosphere, though once it was known as a garden planet. Though once it was quite advanced, now it has a decaying economy and a repressive political system — survival and religion are about all most of its populace have time to worry about.

Pergitor itself was once a lush tropical planet, before a deep bore mining project caused an enormous volcanic eruption nearly a century ago. The planet was covered with ash for a number of years and the atmosphere was permanently tainted with pollutants. The resulting scandal and loss of revenue forced the Jesa Corporation, which owned the planet, out of business, leaving the system with a devastated economy. Now the air is unbreathable — masks must be worn at all times when outside, and all buildings must be airtight.

History

First settled because of the extremely rare mineral deposits found in its volcanic regions, Pergitor quickly became a thriving mining and manufacturing planet. Established by the Jesa Corporation, the planet was made the corporation's major training and research center, it became the home for a large community of technicians and scientific researchers.

However, Jesa was founded by a woman of extremely rigid moral principles and strange personal beliefs, and most of the company officials came to share those beliefs. Many of the early immigrants were recruited because they were of like mind. At its earliest inception, the planet's population was strongly united by its fundamentalist ideals. Later waves of immigrants were not so religious and did not necessarily join the main sect, but, for the most part, they accepted the laws and traditions of the conservative society they had joined.

For years after the mining accident, Pergitor was a tightly-controlled planet, with little open dissent, because people were more interested in survival than anything else. About 30 years ago, however, the young began to rebel. They experimented with a plethora of synthetic drugs smuggled in from off-planet, they protested against the repressive government, and they watched the holos that had been prohibited since the planet was first settled.

Some of the younger members of the royal family (which Is descended from



the founder of Jesa Corp) became involved in the movement. A great wave of liberalization came to Pergitor, and for 15 years, its younger citizen reveled in long overdue new freedoms.

But then the backlash came: the once sleepy Church of Infinite Perception gained new power from the disenchanting Conservatives who flocked to it. The Church, under the leadership of a man simply called "the Preceptor," staged a revolution, overthrew the liberal government, exiled the royal family, and established a religious fundamentalist state.

Now the days of "liberal decadence" are long gone, and in its place is a rigid, authoritarian, fundamentalist theocracy. It is strongly supported by the Empire, and in return it is a strong supporter of the Emperor. It is thought by some among the Pergitor Resistance that the Empire masterminded — or at least aided — the revolt against the old regime.

The Church has the constant support of 600 stormtroopers stationed at the starport, who have been used in harsh crackdowns on political demonstrations when the local armed forces were perhaps reluctant to fire upon their own people. In return for these services, the local government allows the Empire to recruit heavily from the youth of Pergitor for the Imperial Navy.

The Church and Infidel

The Church has some very firm and harsh laws, and every time a ship lands, an envoy reads to its crew a list of "state crimes." It is possible and fairly common, for any violation of a state crime to be punished with summary execution. This is a dangerous world.

Here is a paraphrase of the list that is read to each arriving crew:

1. The use of any drugs or artificial stimulants, including any and all forms of medication, is strictly forbidden.
2. It is illegal to exhibit or use any sort of paranormal ability (e.g., the Force).
3. No public entertainment is permitted — this includes any sort of singing, holos, or telling jokes (people have been arrested for laughing in public).
4. It is forbidden to import any sort of luxury good, including jewelry or precious metals. (They are therefore in high demand on the black market.)
5. Sacrilege of any kind against the Church of Infinite Perception is a capital offense.

The Church has its own inspectors, and after the Imperial inspector is done, they will search the ship as well. Objects frequently get stolen or damaged during



such inspections. The Church controls everything, and through the group “confessions” which everyone on the planet is required to attend each week, they learn almost everything that goes on. It is almost impossible to keep a secret on this misbegotten planet.

Trade on Pergitor

The merchants on Pergitor are a peculiar lot, and insist upon making the final arrangements for trade agreements at their own homes over the late afternoon meal. This will give the traders a first-hand look at the merchants’ strange religious rituals and customs.

If the player characters wish to establish any kind of lucrative trade with this planet they will have to either develop a close relationship with the government, or find a contact in the enormous but highly-secretive black market. Working through normal channels will yield only tiny profit margins.

Surprisingly, the Church itself is one of the largest operators in the black market. It organizes regular secret shipments of certain luxury goods, which are then distributed to the various temples. The Church hierarchy has become decadent and does not abide by its own harsh restrictions. This is not yet public knowledge and it would greatly weaken the Church if it became known.

Pergitor

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Pergitor

Trade Route(s): Rimma Trade Route
Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Pergitor Prime

Orbital Position: -

Moon(s): -

Length of Day: 34 standard hours

Length of Year: 291 local days

Starport(s): Stellar class

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Cool

Atmosphere: Type III (breath mask required)

Hydrosphere: Dry

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Ash deserts, formerly rain forests, volcanoes

Points of Interest: -

Native Flora: -

Native Fauna: -

Native Species: -

Immigrated Species: Humans

Population: 2 billion

Languages: Galactic Basic Standard

Government: Authoritarian theocracy

Tech Level: Space

Planet Function: Trade

Major Cities: -

Major Exports: Minerals

Major Imports: Smuggled luxury items, machinery

Special Conditions: None

QUOCKRA-4

This is a desert world, flat without much differentiation of terrain. It never rains and there are no oceans, though

there are several extremely large salt flats. It can get extremely hot during the midday hours, making it dangerous for unprotected Humans. At night it gets very cold, and protective clothing is required. There is only one city, located near the spaceport. It is built largely underground, to escape the extremes of temperature.

This world is populated entirely (or so most people think) by droids of a thousand different varieties. Many of the droids are of Imperial manufacture, but some are of unknown design. Some of the Imperial models can speak with the player characters, but will not be able to tell them much about the world except that they really don't like it much.

"Why certainly sir, I'd be glad to help, but I must tell you that I really don't know very much about this place. You see, we're all droids here."

The Alien Droids

The alien droids appear to be in charge here. They do not speak any recognizable verbal language, but can communicate through the beeps and whistles of machine language. They do not discuss their origin with anyone.

There is apparently an hierarchy within the droid community, but it is a very confusing system. In general, the yellow repair droids with three arms seem to give the most orders, the red worker droids are in the middle, and the Imperial droids are on the bottom. The yellow alien droids conduct the trade, using Imperial droids as interpreters.

The Natives

Though most people do not realize it, there are living creatures on Quockra-4. These creatures are native to this desert planet, though they evolved when it was much more moist. Living deep under the ground, they come to the surface only at night (for they loath contact with aliens) and conduct all of their affairs through the alien droids, who in fact are their servants.

Quockrans

The Quockrans are a slug-like species. They live beneath the surface of Quockra-4, emerging only at night. They dislike contact with aliens, and will avoid it if at all possible. They are completely indifferent to the affairs of the galaxy, and will not, in any imaginable circumstances, get involved in alien politics (such as the Rebellion).

The Quockrans built the droids to deal with the aliens so they wouldn't have to. If somehow cornered and made to communicate with aliens (by being captured and put aboard a ship, for instance), the Quockran will be quite surly and uncooperative. Their most basic desire is to be left alone.

Quokran

Attribute Dice: 12D
DEXTERITY 2D/3D
KNOWLEDGE 2D/3D+2
MECHANICAL 1D/3D
PERCEPTION 3D/4D+2
STRENGTH 1D/3D

TECHNICAL 3D/6D+1

Special Abilities:

Internal Organs: The Quockrans have no differentiated internal organs; they resist damage as if their Strength is 7D.

Story Factors:

Xenophobia: The Quockrans truly despise offworlders, though they are generally not violent in this dislike. However, a non-Quockran who meddles in Quockran affairs is asking for trouble.

Move: 10/12

Size: 1.4-1.7 meters tall

Quockra-4

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Quockra

Trade Route(s): -

Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Quockra

Orbital Position: -

Moon(s): -

Length of Day: 31 standard hours

Length of Year: 402 local days

Starport(s): Landing field

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Hot

Atmosphere: Type I

Hydrosphere: Arid

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Desert, salt flats

Points of Interest: -

Native Flora: -

Native Fauna: -

Native Species: Quockran

Immigrated Species: -

Population: At least 10 million droids

Languages: -

Government: Unknown

Tech Level: Space

Planet Function: Trade, administration

Major Cities: -

Major Exports: High technology, large machinery

Major Imports: Droids

Special Conditions: None

REGELLIA SYSTEM

A planet located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy.

SHESHARILE 5 & 6

This system has two populated moons circling the same gas giant, both ruled by the same system-wide government. They are commonly known as the Twin Planets throughout the Cluster. Heavily-settled, both moons are thickly overlaid with industry. Never being terribly high-tech, the twin planets have been increasingly left behind in recent years. Industry is becoming quite outdated by galactic standards, though the cheap cost of labor offsets this somewhat.

On both moons it is impossible to escape the filth and the pollution; these are garbage planets. There are resorts on Shesharile 5 for the very rich, but even there things are very dirty by galactic standards. In their headlong pursuit of wealth, the people of Shesharile system have

ruined the environment of their world, but they have become so accustomed to filth that no one notices it any more.



The Decline of Shesharile

When the player characters first visit Shesharile, it is a thriving commercial and industrial system — people have money to spend, and the whole planet is a hive of life and activity. Only later, after the traders have visited it several times, do they notice its fall into decline. This decline is a direct result of the Imperial pullout and Shesharile's loss of the military contacts (the Empire is spending all its money on the new Death Star, not on conventional weaponry, and certainly not on industry in the Minos Cluster). The Rebellion could certainly benefit from having a defunct munitions plant on Shesharile begin production for it, but under present conditions that would be impossible.

The Great Depression

When the economy of this planet becomes stagnant, it slides into the worst

depression the Cluster has ever seen. The traders will likely be taken by surprise by this change (unless they actively keep up with economic news), and they could lose their shirts on the cargo they are carrying; it could become instantly worthless and they might not be able to get enough on it to pay their port fees (this is an excellent opportunity for you to relieve the traders of excess cash).

Many system economists are concerned that this depression could spread to other planets, but since most of its exports were to the Imperial military, this is unlikely. Things look very poor for Shesharile, however. The natives are in shock, and local organized crime has begun to take control of the cities.

The spiral of inflation is terrible. Prices are doubling virtually every day, and Shesharile credits are now worth about one-fiftieth of their face value. Many merchants insist upon being paid in Imperial credits or precious metals.

The Gangs

The streets of Sheharile 5 are now ruled by its gangs, who are paid by the various city governments to keep law and order, and who, in many cases, actually control the city government. The largest city on Shesharile 6 is completely ruled by the leader of its organized crime, Yerkys ne Dago, who brooks no interference from anyone.

Spice Smuggling

A major problem for the twin planets are different varieties of narco-spice, which are quite popular on Travnin and Adarlon as well on Shesharile itself. Though produced by the underworld, they have still become a leading export, and the player characters are bound to run into the spicerunners after spending any time on the planet.

The Spaceport

The spaceport has an extremely tough customs area, and it is run entirely by local officials. A trader must bribe these officials to get through quickly, otherwise it could take weeks or even months. Most traders also bribe the laborers to unload quickly, and the truckers to carry the loads quickly, and so forth.

This planet is corrupt, and it can get very expensive if you are in any kind of hurry. However, even with a failing economy, there are credits to be made; a trader merely needs to know where to look.

Shesharile 5 & 6

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Shesharile

Trade Route(s): -

Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Shehasrile

Orbital Position: -

Moon(s): -

Length of Day: 26 standard hours

Length of Year: 377 local days

Starport(s): Standard class

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Temeprate

Atmosphere: Type I

Hydrosphere: Arid

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Urban (Shehasrile 5: planet-wide garbage dump)

Points of Interest: -

Native Flora: -

Native Fauna: -

Native Species: -

Immigrated Species: Humans

Population: 12 billion

Languages: Galactic Basic Standard

Government: Democracy (later becomes controlled by organized crime)

Tech Level: Information

Planet Function: Trade

Major Cities: Gallisport (located on Sheharile 5)

Major Exports: Muntions, illegal spice

Major Imports: Food, illegal spice, luxury items

Special Conditions: None

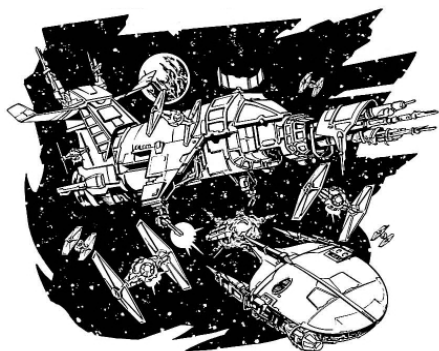
TRAVNIN

This desolate, wind-swept moon circles a gas giant which is the only planet in its double-star system. The terrain is extremely rugged and nearly barren of life. There is only one city of any note on the planet, and that is centered around the starport. There are also a number of towns along the small ocean some 300 kilometers away.

Travnin is the location of the regional offices of the Empire for this Cluster. This is where the HQ for Imperial Fleet of the Cluster is located, and where the reclusive Moff for the Cluster lives. The planet has been in dire straights ever since the Empire began to reduce its presence in the Cluster. More and more people have lost their jobs, and now nearly one-third of the population is no longer employed.

The Natives

The Humans who inhabit this planet are here only because of the Imperial base, and were brought in long ago to manage galactic affairs in the Cluster. Almost everyone here works for the Empire in one way or another, many of them serving as clerks, stevedores, navy personnel, entertainers, and so forth. The vast majority of Imperial officials in Mynos Cluster come from Travnin, and the natives of this planet are nearly universally disliked across the Cluster.



Corrupt and servile to their superiors, these people are terrified of the Empire

which they serve. Many of them suspect that they have “sold their souls” to a force of evil, but they believe that they have no choice but to continue to serve the Empire. Though they may realize the extent of the evil they do for the Empire, and of the corruption and decay which accompany it, they are too fearful for their own lives and livelihoods to do anything about it.

The Arena

A decade ago, the Empire built a swoop racing arena to entertain the populace, as part of a program to raise the morale of the Imperial workers. However, because of the flimsy materials used in its construction (a result of Imperial corruption), it collapsed during the opening ceremonies. Now it is in ruins.

In the substantial network of tunnels that wind through and below it, much of the underworld of the planet resides. If you want to buy or sell anything illegal, or want to get anything shady done, you have to go to the “arena” and take your chances in its dark and dangerous maze.

The Grand Design

The spacers’ bar is located just a little ways from the spaceport. Called “The Grand Design,” it is rather famous for its original decor. The entire bar, built in a circular building, revolves — not only the building itself, but everything inside, as well. Individual booths and tables, holo screens, and even the drink glasses twist in circles, as do certain chairs (which the regulars know enough to avoid). The bar resembles nothing less

than a complicated version of an amusement-park ride. No one but spacer folk are welcome in here, and it is a great place to openly trade and gain information.

Travnin

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Travnin

Trade Route(s): -

Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Travnin I, Travnin II

Orbital Position: -

Moon(s): -

Length of Day: 26 standard hours

Length of Year: 325 local days

Starport(s): Imperial class

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Temperate

Atmosphere: Type I

Hydrosphere: Dry

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Mountains, desert

Points of Interest: The Grand Design

Native Flora: -

Native Fauna: -

Native Species: -

Immigrated Species: Humans

Population: 1-10 million

Languages: Galactic Basic Standard

Government: Imperial governor

Tech Level: Space

Planet Function: Trade, administration

Major Cities: -

Major Exports: Minerals

Major Imports: Luxury items, machinery, food

Special Conditions: None

TEH'JAR SYSTEM

A star system located within the Minos Cluster of the Outer Rim Territories that contained the planet Teh'Jar II. The Galactic Empire enforces a high technology ban on this planet. The legendary Um'Tal or "Sky Stone", an artifact believed to be invested with mystical powers is believed to be located on this planet.

TYRELLIA SYSTEM

A planet located within the Minos Cluster in the Outer Rim Territories region of the galaxy. It is the origin point of the beverage Tyrellian ale.

YELSAIN

Yelsain is a very large planet, but has lower than average gravity because of the absence of heavy metals. Almost no metal can be found anywhere on Yelsain, both because of the composition of the planet's crust and because of the peculiar values of the inhabitants, who restrict its import. Almost all the settlers live in the northern continent, for the southern islands are plagued by both tremendous hurricanes and dangerous wildlife.

Yelsain is a forest planet, and it sports some truly immense trees, some as tall as 400 meters. The atmosphere is high in oxygen, so visitors tend to get dizzy at

first, particularly when they exert themselves. However, by the same token, they do not get as winded as they normally would. The high oxygen content also helps create the spectacular weather Yelsain is so famous for, with immense thunderstorms practically a nightly affair.

The animals which inhabit Yelsain are extremely large, averaging twice Human size, and the carnivores are very dangerous. The two most dangerous creatures are the trogliths and the garaths, as practically everyone in the galaxy knows from the holos which have been made about this planet.

The Population

By galactic standards, Yelsain is very rural and backwards — the settlers (as they call themselves) actually till their fields with animals pulling wood and metal plows. Yet, at the same time, the settlers make use of high tech items, including communicators, air-cars, and advanced medical techniques, and they are among the most educated people in the Cluster.

Yelsain's schools of higher learning are second to none. Almost everyone on the planet has advanced training in a specialized field, and people come here from off-planet to go to one of the many prestigious universities of Yelsain. The inhabitants of this planet are a rustic and backwards people because they want to be, not because they have to be.

Visitors quickly learn to be polite on Yelsain, for virtually everyone carries a

weapon of some kind, and duels are common.

The Tree Dwellers

Most people live high off the ground, in houses in the gigantic trees, to avoid the dangerous ground life. Most communities are built high in the forests as well, with extensive wood and rope pathways adjoining the intertwined branches. Even the universities are up in the trees. There are few towns and no cities on Yelsain; most folk are farmers who raise or hunt for their own food.

Yelsain was settled by colonists from Adarlon who got fed up with the opulence of that place and wanted to escape what they saw as the poisons of technology and the chaos of city life. They rejected the easy life on Adarlon, because they thought it was making them decadent, and they wanted to recover their natural past.

Yelsain's close connections with Adarlon has served to make it a favorite topic for the holo industry. The early settlers' skirmishes with the trogliths and the garaths and stories about the brash, outgoing Yelsain tree-rangers are well-loved across the galaxy. The people of Yelsain hate this popularity, and one of the most dangerous things a visitor can do on this planet is to ask a settler where the tree-rangers are.

Almost every tool or device to be found on this planet is constructed of some kind of wood, and the settlers have an almost religious reverence for it.





Wood is everything to them, and metal and plastic are avoided like the plague, except when absolutely necessary. Even the air speeders are constructed of wood as much as possible. Nature is revered on Yelsain, and technology is despised.

Crime and Punishment

The government on Yelsain can only be considered anarchistic democracy, for its constitution allows for no taxation or paid government officials. Essentially, government itself is forbidden by law. Despite the absence of organized government, the planet is largely free of crime, mostly because the settlers ensure that justice is carried out in their neighborhoods. Offworlders who break a law are brought to the attention of one of the “meetin’s”, a drumhead court composed of settlers who are all armed, dangerous, and “rarin’” for a showdown.

The worst crimes on Yelsain are murder (not including fair fights), rape, armed assault, pollution and theft — in that order.

The people of Yelsain look very unfavorably on off-worlders despoiling their planet, and they are very eager to punish those who pollute the environment. Punishments range from beatings to one-year’s hard labor on somebody’s farm, to banishment on one of the thunder islands in the south seas, alone and without weapons (a virtual death sentence). Despite the romantic portrayal of these vigilante courts in the holos, the justice they dispense can only be described as harsh and somewhat brutal — though effective.

The Spaceport

The small settlement around the spaceport — mostly made up of offworlders — is the only town of any size on the planet. Named Tradetown, it is the commercial hub of the planet, and, for all of that, it’s usually a very quiet place.

The people of Yelsain avoid purchasing items from off-planet except for goods which can not be manufactured here; mainly the aforementioned metal and electronic devices. Their largest single import is repulsorcraft and speeder bikes, the primary form of transportation on the planet.

When trading with the people of Yelsain, it is critical to remember that duty and honor are vitally important to a Yelsain. Their word can always be trusted, and they absolutely expect the same from others. They’re not stupid, either, if anyone attempts to cheat them, blood is almost sure to be spilled.

The Moot

Once every year, for a week’s time a grand moot is held in a huge open field a few hundred kilometers north of Tradetown. Merchants from all over the Cluster are invited to land their ships there and trade goods with the settlers. Almost half of the world’s population attends this huge gathering, and much drinking, singing, fighting, boasting, gambling, carousing, hunting, trading, and spouse-seeking goes on. It is a prime opportunity for a free trader, and if he is carrying the right cargo, he could make a fortune. (Tyrellian ale ran a little dry by



the end of the last moot and was selling for 200 credits a barrel.)

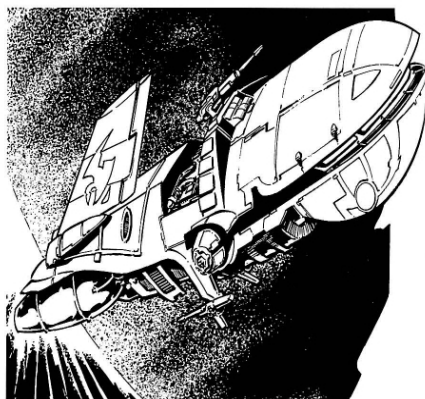
Yelsain and the Empire

Up to a few years ago, the young men and women of Yelsain used to volunteer to join the Republic Navy in huge numbers. It was considered a way to sow wild oats and to repay the Republic for helping found the colony and keeping the peace ever since. Those days are long gone however. These days, Yelsain is vehemently anti-Imperial; hatred for the Empire and the Emperor is as open as it's widespread — the settlers fear nothing. Many Jedi were recruited from Yelsain, and there are said to be people still living deep in the forests who have some small knowledge of the Force.

Yelsain is technically under direct Imperial governance because of its refusal to pay any taxes. The Empire doesn't bother trying to force the tax-dodgers to pay up, however; instead it simply imposes a 20 percent tax on all incoming and outgoing trade products. This doesn't net them quite as much as the standard imperial tax would, but, after a few aborted experiments, it was discovered to be far more cost-effective than sending troops into the woods after well armed and hostile Humans without a trace of fear in them.

There have been some attempts to curb the famous anti-Imperial rhetoric of the Yelsainians, but to no avail. If they can't force the locals to pay taxes, they certainly can't force them to shut up. The right to free speech and free movement

are central to the beliefs of the settlers, and they will fight to protect them. They are renowned as great warriors, and would be an excellent addition to the Rebellion.



Yelsain

Region: Outer Rim Territories

Sector: Minos Cluster

System: Yelsain

Trade Route(s): -

Strategic Location: -

Sun(s): Yelsain Prime

Orbital Position: -

Moon(s): -

Length of Day: 211 standard hours

Length of Year: 249 local days

Starport(s): Stellar class

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Cool

Atmosphere: Type I

Hydrosphere: Arid

Gravity: Low

Terrain: Mountains, forests

Points of Interest: -

Native Flora: -



Native Fauna: Garath, troglith, wilderbeast

Native Species: -

Immigrated Species: Humans

Population: 4.5 billion

Languages: Galactic Basic Standard

Government: Anarchist democracy

Tech Level: Atomic

Planet Function: Trade

Major Cities: Tradetown

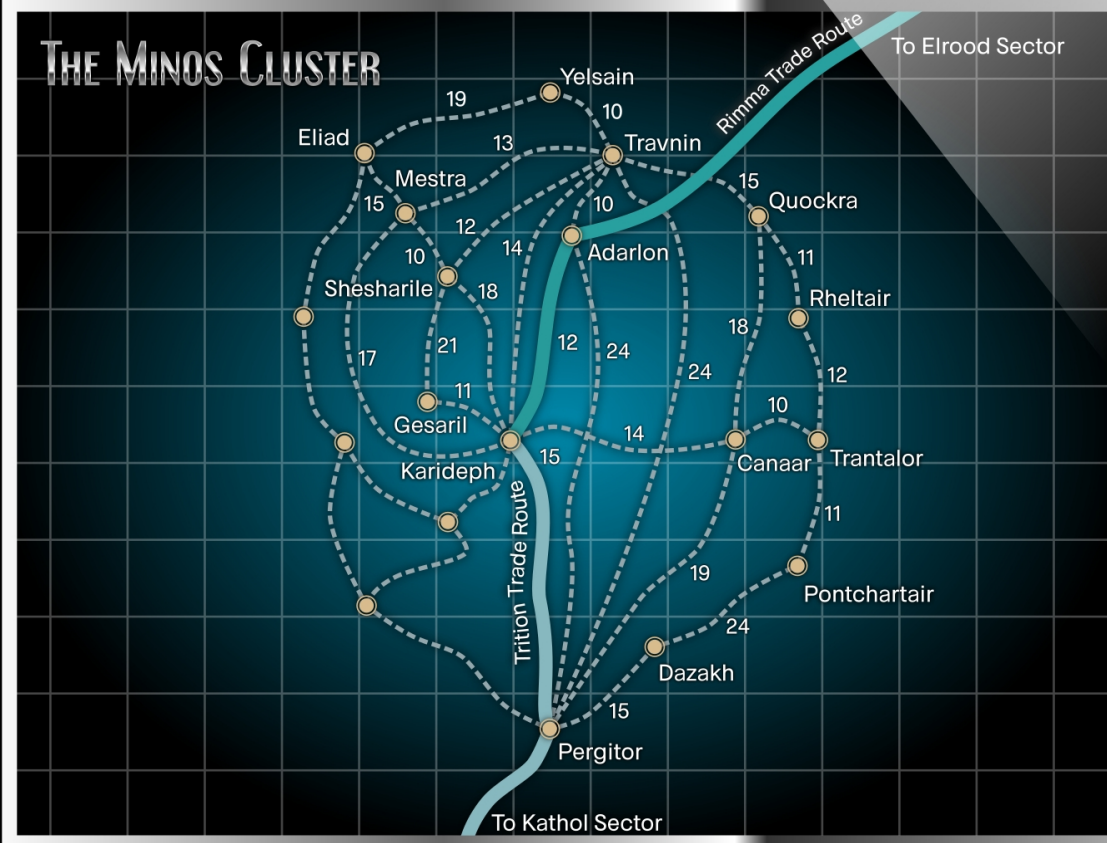
Major Exports: Wood

Major Imports: Mechanical equipment, electronics

Special Conditions: None



THE MINOS CLUSTER



Created by Peter Lomas 2018. Based on a map by Daniel Stack

STAR WARS

THE MINOS CLUSTER PLAYER'S GUIDE

By
Mark Rein-Hagen & Stewart Wieck



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