

LEGENDS

STAR
WARS



WILD
SPACE
MAGAZINE

Issue: 1



The Life Day Issue



WILD SPACE MAGAZINE

Issue 1

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

Contributions by: Andrew Gilbertson, Daniel Stull, Don Diestler, Jeff Diamond, Jez Gordon, Mark Compton, Mike Fett, Mike Fraley, Nathanael Christen, Paul Hamblin, Ty Caine
Compiled by : Daniel Stull, Ty Caine
Edited by : Daniel Stull, Ty Caine
Front Cover Art by : Ty Caine
Back Cover Art by: "Crash Landing" by: BloodRedFullMoon (<http://bloodredfullmoon.deviantart.com/>)
Input provided by: Andrew Gilbertson, Daniel Stull, Don Diestler, Jeff Diamond, Jez Gordon, Mark Compton, Mike Fett, Mike Fraley, Nathanael Christen, Paul Hamblin, Ty Caine, Star Wars D6 G+ Community, The Rancor Pit forums, D6 Holocron, Wookieepedia, West End Games and George Lucas

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WILD SPACE MAGAZINE

Greetings, Rebel Scum!

This is the first of what hoping will be many issues of Wild Space Magazine. This is a magazine created mainly by you, the reader. You provide the gifts of your writing, your imagination, and your love of Star Wars, and we format it, give it a home, and let other fans of Star Wars : The Role-playing Game turn it into something even more. They'll become adventures, writing, and imagination that will come back to us.

After all, isn't that what the spirit of Life Day really is? A time of celebration in which we exchange gifts and listen to Bea Arthur sing?

Another thing we'd like to request is that you send us mail. This mail, whether it be comments, questions, or even good-old critiques, will be addressed each issue.

That all said (or Written), please enjoy!

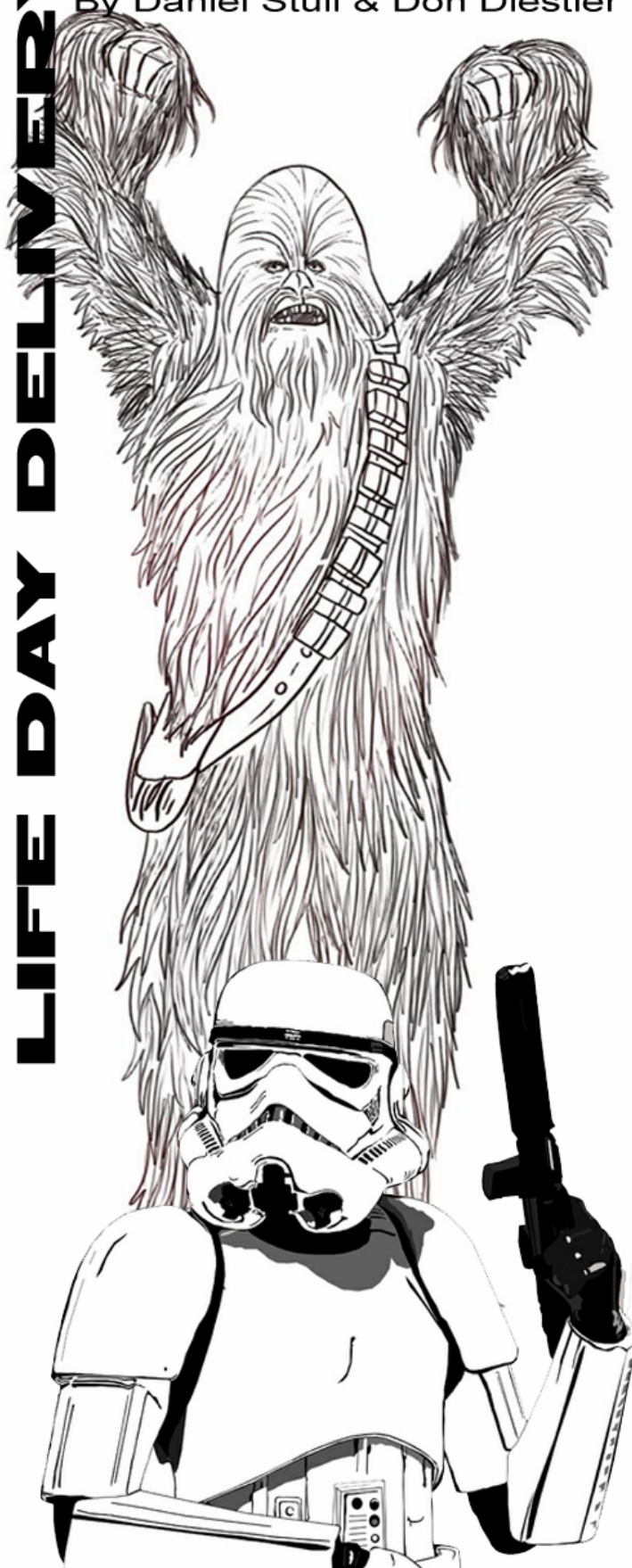
Daniel Stull
Editor-In-Chief
Wild Space Magazine
shootingwomprats@gmail.com

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A Star Wars D6 Adventure

By Daniel Stull & Don Diestler



Life Day Delivery

A Star Wars D6 Adventure

By Daniel Stull & Don Diestler

A smuggler needs his wookiee companion carried to Kashyyyk in time for Life Day, the wookiee holiday. Can the players avoid the plots of the starship *Jefferson* in order to make the delivery in time?

The Setup

This adventure is written for 4-6 players either using the pregenerated characters provided or player generated. Characters should either be aligned with the Rebellion or neutral in the Galactic Civil War, and optimally would have skills reflecting space transport operation, repair, and defense.

In Media Res

For those GMs that like to start things off “in the middle of things,” you can start the players off at **It Gets Pear-Shaped Here**, then use your own storytelling skills to explain things. Or don’t. That’s the beauty of *in media res*, after all.

The Deal

The players start at the bar of the Hap Cantina on Nar Shaddaa. The atmosphere is muted for the most part. The Holonet continues to broadcast about the success of the Rebellion at the Battle of Yavin. Suddenly, a human male bursts through the doors, hurriedly tossing his blaster pistol into the weapons locker, a wookiee in tow.

The spacer comes to a stop inside, then says, “*I need a ship and a crew to take my buddy home for Life Day. It’s a family thing, and he’s desperate to get there. My ship’s stuck here hyperdrive motivator’s being replaced. Come on, I’m willing to pay top credit. Maybe you guys can do it,*” and he points directly at your group. “*Come on, what d’ya say? A thousand credits for a quick stop to Kashyyyk?*”

Tono Josephson (human, male)

Type: Smuggler

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 5D+1

Dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Languages 3D

Planetary Systems 4D+1

Streetwise 3D+2

Value 3D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 4D+2

Space Transports 5D

Starship Gunnery 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 4D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Space Transports Repair 3D+2

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: BlasTech DH-17, 500 Imperial credits, Crinya Light Freighter *Lost Jungle*

Background: Tono actually was a part of the Clone Wars. He worked both sides of the conflict as a weapons dealer. He would scavenge battlefields for weapons and droids, refit them, and sell them to whoever would buy. He stopped this practice after an extended stay on Drongar nearly got him killed by both sides and destroyed his ship. When the Empire rose, and the Jedi were hunted down, he took to the fringes of the galaxy, running freight and working odd jobs to pay for his new freighter...even jobs that weren't exactly legal by Imperial standards.

Description: Tono has shoulder-length brown hair that is slowly greying at the temples. He's average height for a human male. He's got a hawkish nose, and his green eyes have the look of a man that's seen far too much in his life. He has a slight build, and tends to wear nondescript spacer gear.

Personality: Tono's exterior is that of a bon vivant, skipping from planet to planet, adventure to adventure. The interior is that of a man afraid of what the galaxy really is to him: a beast that will eventually catch him and eat him. He doesn't like what the Empire stands for, and has no faith in the Rebel Alliance. He will put his best face forward for the players, which is that of the happy-go-lucky type.



Felloniwuk (wookiee, male)

Type: Wookiee First Mate

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Bowcaster 4D+2

Dodge 3D+2

Vehicle Blasters 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Languages 3D

Streetwise 3D+1

Survival 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

Space Transports 4D

Starship Shields 3D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 5D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Droid Programming/Repair 4D

Special Abilities:

Berserker Rage: if a wookiee becomes enraged, +2D to Strength for brawling damage. -2D to all non-Strength attribute and skill checks. Must make a Moderate perception total to calm down (only -1D penalty to perception for this check).

Climbing Claws: +2D to climbing while using claws.

Story Factors:

Reputation: Wookiees are widely regarded as fierce savages with short tempers. Most people will go out of their way not to enrage a wookiee.

Enslaved: Prior to the defeat of the Empire, almost all wookiees were enslaved by the Empire, and there was a substantial bounty for the capture of "free" wookiees.

Language: Wookiees cannot speak Basic, but they all understand it. Nearly always, they have a close friend who they travel with who can interpret for them ... though a wookiee's intent is seldom misunderstood.

Honor: Wookiees are honor-bound. They are fierce warriors with a great deal of pride and they can be rage-driven, cruel and unfair — but they have a code of honor. They do not betray their species — individually or as a whole. They do not betray their friends or desert them. They may break

the "law," but never their code. The wookiee code of honor is as stringent as it is ancient. Atonement for a crime against their honor code is nearly impossible — it is usually only achieved posthumously. But wookiees falsely accused can be freed of their dishonor, and there are legends of dishonored wookiees "coming back." But those are legends ...

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 11

Equipment: Bowcaster, pouch with 500 credits

Background: Felloniwuk, more commonly known as Felon, is an escaped Imperial convict on the run from the Empire and bounty hunters. As a child, Felon was adventurous and wanted desperately to explore the stars he viewed through the canopy of the wroshyr trees. He took the first opportunity he found to join a ship's crew, and made for those stars. Little did he realize that he joined a pirate crew. He spent his time repairing their ship and working on their droids then the fateful day came when the ship attacked a prize that was too much for them.

They came afoul of the Empire, and most of the crew died. The others were taken into Imperial custody, and Felon was sentenced to work on a prison colony. He escaped during a Rebel Alliance attack, and fled the colony aboard a stolen freighter. Tono found him adrift, and rescued him. They found a common thought in the fact that the galaxy wants them dead or enslaved, and have bonded together from it.

Description: Felon has blonde fur from top to bottom with a black streak along the right side of his face. He's a little shorter than the average Wookie at 1.9 meters, and has a very slight build due to the rigors of his prison sentence.

Personality: Felon is quiet, mainly because there aren't many that understand what he says. Tono has been known to exploit that quiet nature to give those that threaten the two of them the impression that Felon is nothing more than muscle, but it's far

from the truth. Fellon is scared. He's left his home-world, fell into trouble, been mistreated by the Empire, and now is hunted. Fellon more often than not keeps Tono from getting in over his head.

The players can Bargain with Tono, but he absolutely refuses to go higher than 1500 credits, and he even offers them a contact to provide them smuggling jobs in the future if they seem to balk at the money.

Once the transaction is completed, Felloniwuk (who suggests being called Felon) emphatically suggests getting to the players' ship to get to Kashyyyk. All is well at the ship, and no complications are had as the party heads into orbit.

It Gets Pear-Shaped Here

In orbit around Nar Shaddaa is a group of bounty hunters aboard a starship called the Jefferson. They've been after Tono and Felon now for quite some time, hired by a Hutt loanshark that bankrolled their ship. Unknown to the players, Tono thought it safer for the two of them to split, and suggested Felon head to Kashyyyk for Life Day. As soon as the players get into orbit, they are scanned by the Jefferson, and are hailed. Now these bounty hunters aren't too up on the take, and just the whiff of Wookiee aboard the players' ship has caught their attention. The players are hailed, and a mechanized voice announces, *"Felon, Burgr the Hutt sent us. We know you're on that rustbucket. You've got two choices. Come on over and make it easy, or we cut you out of that thing."*



Jefferson (TL-1800 Transport)

Craft: Suwantek Systems TL-1800 Transport

Type: Stock light freighter

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 30 meters

Skill: Space transports: TL-1800 transport

Crew: 1 to 2

Crew Skill: Varies widely

Passengers: 7

Cargo Capacity: 110 metric tons

Consumables: 3 months

Cost: 28,000

Hyperdrive Multiplier: x2

Hyperdrive Backup: x10 Nav Computer: Yes

Maneuverability: 1D+2

Space: 4

Atmosphere: 280; 800 KMH

Hull: 4D

Shields: 2D

Sensors:

Passive: 10/0D

Scan: 25/1D

Search: 40/2D

Focus: 2/3D

Weapons:

2 Laser Cannons (fire-linked)

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5KM

Damage: 5D

Barty Malin (Human, male)

Type: Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 6D
Dodge 5D
Grenade 4D
Melee Combat 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Intimidation 3D
Streetwise 3D
Survival 2D+ 1

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 4D
Beast riding 2D
Space Transports 5D
Starship Gunnery 5D
Starship Shields 5D

PERCEPTION 2D

Investigation 4D
Sneak 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D+2
Stamina 3D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Armor Repair 2D+1
Blaster Repair 2D+1

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Bounty hunter armor (+2D physical, +1D energy), 2 BlasTech T-6 "Thunderers"(6D+2, 3-7/25/50), SoroSuub Heavy Tracker 16 (5D, 3-30/100/300), SoroSuub Q-2 (3D+2, 3-4/8/12), Thermal Detonator (3-7/20/40, BR 0-2/8/12/20, 10D/8D/5D/2D), Talon Vibrodagger (STR+2D)

Background: Barty is an artist, through and through. He took to playing multiple musical instruments as a youth, and made a sizable amount of money doing it as a teenager. However, he is a thrill-seeker, and the challenge of bounty hunting appealed to him. He even takes his talent into his hunting; he seeks to find different ways to capture or

kill his prey. He's been known to paint portraits of his successful bounties.

Description: Barty has shoulder-length brown hair, brown eyes, and a rough unshaven look to his face. He is of average height for a human male, and has a slight build beneath his armor.

Personality: Barty is prone to bouts of narcissism. It causes him to take on an aggressive stance when it comes to the team and he will try to make decisions and give out orders to the others.

Chaquico (Rodian, male)

Type: Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 4D+2
Dodge 4D+1
Grenade 4D
Melee Combat 4D+2.

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Streetwise 3D
Survival 2D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Investigation 3D+1
Sneak 3D+2.

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 3D+2.

TECHNICAL 2D

Blaster repair 2D+2.

Special Abilities:

None

Story Factors:

Reputation: Rodians are notorious for their tenacity and their eagerness to kill intelligent beings for the sake of a few credits. Certain factions of galactic civilization (most notably criminal organizations, authoritarian/dictatorial planetary governments and the Empire) find them to be indispensable employees, despite the fact that they are almost universally distrusted by other beings. Whenever an unfamiliar Rodian is encountered, most other beings assume that it is involved in a hunt, and give it a wide berth.

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy), SoroSuub "Renegade" (5D, 3-7/25/50), Exotac Arms Predator (7D, 3-30/80/350, user must make Moderate STR roll to contain recoil or be unable to fire next round), Palm Blaster (3D, 2-3/5/10), C-16 Fragmentation Grenade (3-7/20/40, BR 0-2/4/6/10, 5D/4D/3D/2D), Rodian Razor-Stick (STR+1D+2, Victim must subsequently make a Difficult stamina roll to avoid 1D additional damage every other round for three minutes due to excessive blood loss).

Background: The son of a hunter on Rodia, Chaquico quickly learned weapon handling at an early age. While still young, a speeder accident left him as well as his father both broken. While recovering, Chaquico's father gave him a focus, telling him the story of an ancestor that suffered a terrible injury while on the hunt, and recovered from it by sticking to weapon training. His father also made him a promise: if Chaquico was to remain focused, and healed, that he would inherit the blaster pistol that same ancestor used while hunting. Chaquico healed, took his inheritance, and moved further, leaving Rodia as soon as he reached adulthood, to continue the hunt.

Description: Chaquico has brown skin, and is of average height for a Rodian. He has scars on his arm and midsection from the injuries he suffered as a child.

Personality: Chaquico is quiet and reserved, and shows the most self-control of the team. He isn't in this for the money, which he donates to various causes and to his family back on Rodia.

Paulter (Aqualish, male)

Type: Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 4D+2

Dodge 4D+1

Grenade 4D

Melee Combat 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Streetwise 3D

Survival 2D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Investigation 3D+1

Sneak 3D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 3D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Blaster repair 2D+2

Special Abilities:

Fins: Aqualish are born with the natural ability to swim. They receive a +2D bonus for all movement attempted in liquids. However, the lack of fingers on their hands decreases their Dexterity, and the Aqualish suffer a -2D penalty when using equipment that has not been specially designed for its fins.

Hands: The Quara do not receive the swimming bonus, but they are just as "at home" in the water. They also receive no penalties for Dexterity actions. The Quara are most likely to be encountered off-world.

Story Factors:

Belligerence: Aqualish tend to be pushy and obnoxious, always looking for the opportunity to bully weaker beings. More intelligent Aqualish turn this belligerence into cunning and become manipulators.

Force Sensitive: no

Force Points: 0

Character Points: 3

Move: 9/5 (swimming)

Equipment: Blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy), BlasTech DL-6H (5D, 3-7/25/50), BlasTech EKX-10 (5D, 3-30/150/350), Merr-Sonn B22 (3D, 3-4/8/12), C-16 Fragmentation Grenade (3-7/20/40, BR 0-2/4/6/10, 5D/4D/3D/2D), D'skar (STR+1D+1).

Background: Like many other of his species, Paulter has been exposed to conflict and aggression most of his life. He discovered the effects of spice early, and is an avid user. He became a hunter to afford his habit, which he has become an advocate for over the years. This advocacy has led him to become a political anarchist, decrying both the Empire and the Rebel Alliance and vocally supporting “the only true freedom.”

Description: Paulter is of average height and build. He is missing a finger on his right hand, and has no idea how it happened. The truth is that it was lost during a spice-related incident.

Personality: Paulter is erratic, usually of bad temper, and is a bully when not on the spice. Under its influence, Paulter is another being entirely, depending upon what he is using. Glitterstim makes him hyper-aware and focused. Glitteryll turns him into a slow, lazy being that will forget everything that happens to him for 1D6 days after it processes through his system.

It is assumed that the players will not hand Felon over. If they do, the bounty hunters turn on them and take their ship. Refusal, or even not complying, with the hunters results on them firing on the players.

Two rounds into combat, a catastrophic failure (that being that the hunters are not on the up-and-up, and do not maintain the *Jefferson*) causes the bounty hunter ship to break contact and head away from the players as fast as they can toward the surface. Read the following to the players:

As you maneuver against the Jefferson, your sensor board shows a sudden explosion aboard her. She turns away from you, and runs for the planet’s surface.

Felon advises strongly (even going so far as to threaten the players) against chasing the hunters, and wants them to head to Kashyyyk. After all, it’s what they’re being paid for.

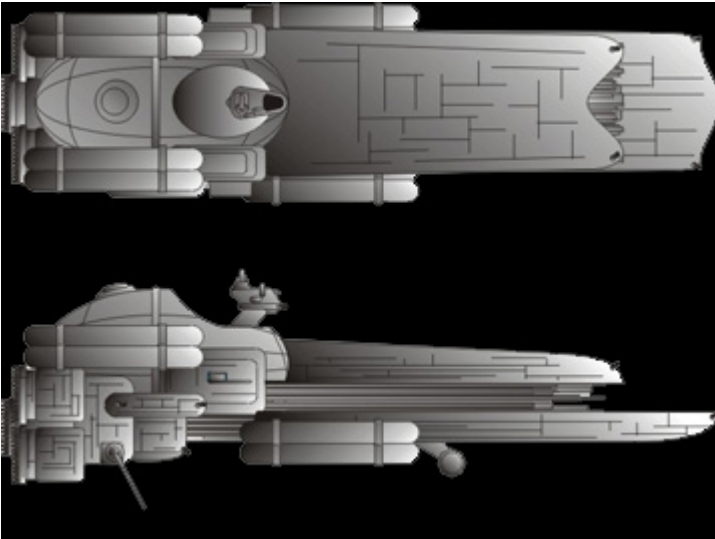
Light The Sky On Fire

Once the players are in orbit around Kashyyyk, their sensors and comm board light up. There’s an Imperial blockade around the planet, searching for Felon. The bounty hunters have reported sighting him to the Imperials. The blockade consists of a X-Q2 System Patrol Cruiser, modified to carry four TIE/In starfighters. The System Patrol Craft broadcasts its identification as the *Saundann*, and demands the players shut down their craft and prepare for boarding.

Should the players not heed the Imperial command, its TIE/In starfighters launch, and it attempts to stop them from entering atmosphere. The players can avoid the X-Q2 rather easily, but the starfighters must be disabled or destroyed before they can pass. They can use the atmosphere of Kashyyyk to their advantage, as the TIE/In does not perform in atmosphere as well as space.

The TIEs will target shields and engines in an attempt to disable the players.

Note: Rules on targeting ship components can be found in the Far Orbit Project Sourcebook, page 30, or as an attachment to this adventure for offline purposes.



X-Q2 System Patrol Cruiser

Craft: Loronar Regulator X-Q2 System Patrol Cruiser

Affiliation: Empire / General

Era: Rebellion

Source: The Far Orbit Project (page 82), Classic Campaigns (page 71)

Type: Inter-system patrol/customs cruiser

Scale: Capital

Length: 150 meters

Skill: Capital ship piloting: X-Q2

Crew: 9, gunners: 5, skeleton: 5/+15

Crew Skill: Astrogation 5D, capital ship gunnery 5D, capital ship piloting 4D+2, capital ship shields 4D+2

Passengers: 15

Cargo Capacity: 500 metric tons

Consumables: 3 months

Cost: Not available for sale

Maneuverability: 2D+2

Space: 7

Atmosphere: 350; 1,000 kmh

Hull: 4D

Shields: 2D+2

Sensors:

Passive: 40/1D

Scan: 80/2D

Search: 100/3D

Focus: 5/4D

Weapons:

5 Laser Cannons

Fire Arc: 1 front, 1 left, 1 right, 1 back, 1 turret

Skill: Capital ship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D+2

Space Range: 3-15/35/75

Atmosphere Range: 6-30/70/150 km

Damage: 4D

TIE Fighter

Craft: Sienar Fleet Systems TIE/In

Affiliation: Empire

Era: Rise of the Empire

Type: Space superiority fighter

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 6.3 meters

Skill: Starfighter piloting: TIE

Crew: 1

Crew Skill: Starfighter piloting 4D+1, starship gunnery 4D

Cargo Capacity: 65 kilograms

Consumables: 2 days

Cost: 60,000 (new), 25,000 (used)

Maneuverability: 2D

Space: 10

Atmosphere: 415; 1,200 kmh

Hull: 2D

Sensors:

Passive: 20/0D

Scan: 40/1D

Search: 60/2D

Focus: 3/3D

Weapons:

2 Laser Cannons (fire linked)

Fire Arc: Front

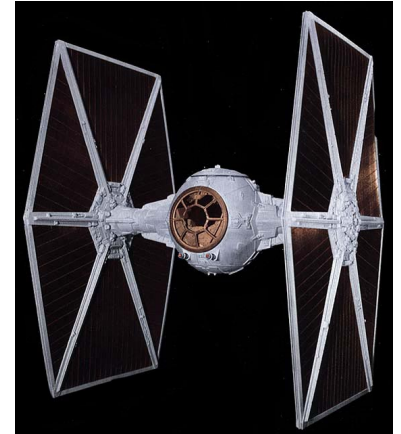
Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 5D



Wookiee-ookies?

After the Imperials are avoided, Felon puts a set of coordinates into the nav computer, directing them toward a location where he claims “a safe landing platform” is. It’s the truth as they pull in closer. The platform is hidden in a very small clearing, covered mostly by the tops of wroshyr trees. A Moderate *Space Transports* roll will be necessary to avoid clipping that foliage, which provides a natural camouflage over the platform. If the check fails, the platform will be exposed, and Imperial forces will be waiting on the players upon their return to their ship.

Upon landing, Felon leads the players among the trees to his village, several kilometers away. Describe the scene to players as thus:

Felon walks a wooden path with a quick gait, ushering you onward, telling you that his family’s waiting, and they will offer food and rest. He then begins to share just what Life Day is to the Wookiees, a time of gift sharing, and a visit to the Tree of Life, where songs are sung and even more celebrating continues. The sun sets as the excited wookiee reaches the edge of a village. “Home,” he croons softly.

This is Felon’s home village, Palsaang. A sentry calls out to Felon, who responds quickly with who he is, along with vouching for the players as the group that brought him home for Life Day. The sentry lets them pass, and they enter the town. Wookiees greet the group and Felon cheerfully. One points Felon to his family home, nestled against the trunk of a great wroshyr tree. As the group approaches, the door to the home bursts open, and a squad of eight Imperial Stormtroopers, with an Imperial Stormtrooper Squad Leader, rush out, chasing a young wookiee, who is screaming for her life. Felon roars in rage, and charges the stormtroopers to defend the child.

Typical Stormtrooper

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 4D

Brawling Parry 4D

Dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 3D

TECHNICAL 2D

Move: 10

Equipment: Stormtrooper Armour (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D to Dexterity and related skills)*, Blaster Rifle (5D, 3-30/100/300), Blaster Carbine (5D, 3-25/50/200), Blaster Pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120) or Light Repeating Blaster (6D, 3-50/120/300).

Stormtrooper Squad Leader

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 3D

Dodge 3D

Grenade 3D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Command 3D

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 3D

TECHNICAL 2D

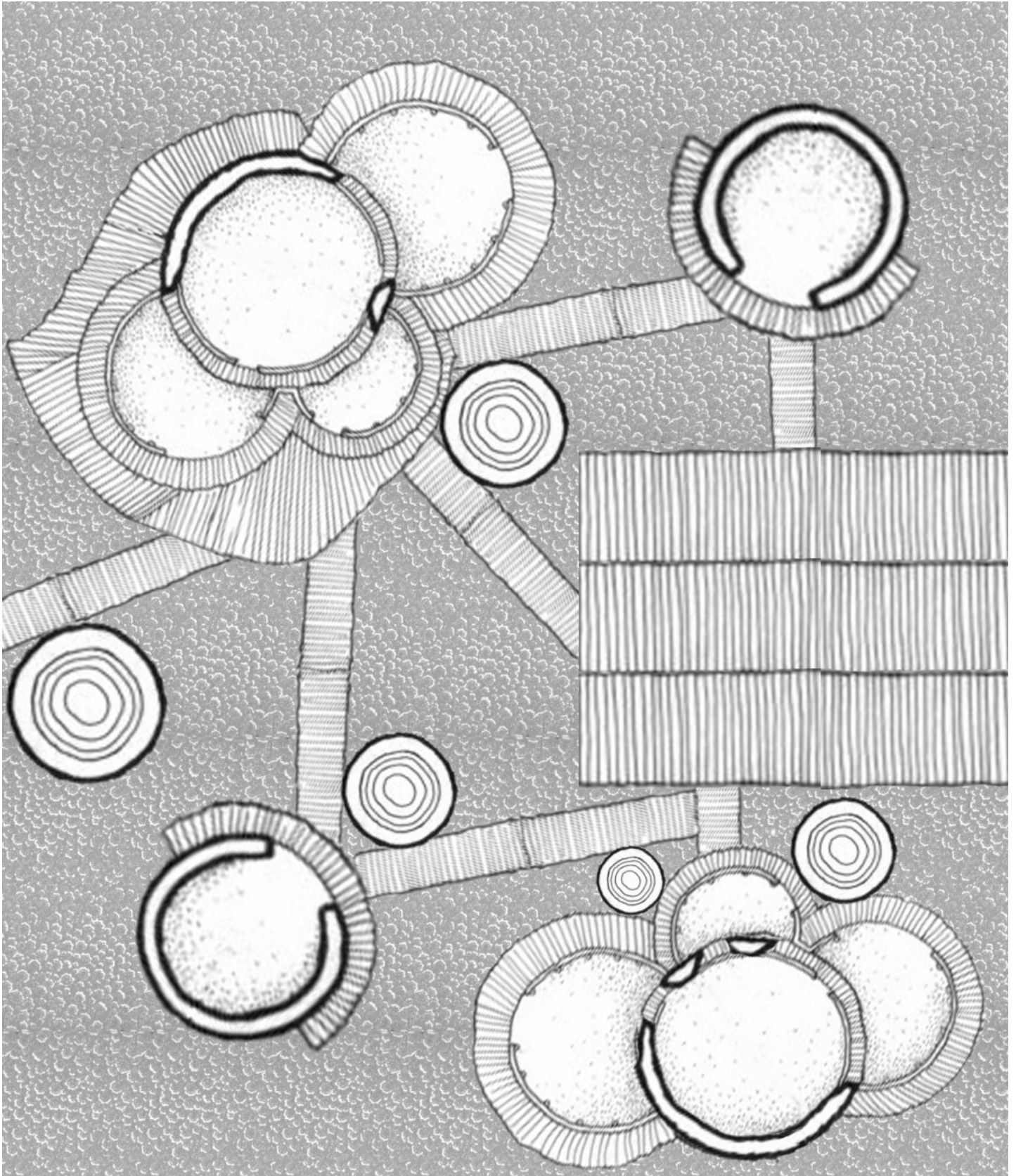
Move: 10

Character Points: 0 to 5

Equipment: Stormtrooper Armour (+2D Physical, +1D Energy, -1D to Dexterity and related skills*), Blaster Pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120), Blaster Rifle (5D-30,100,300)

** this penalty is already figured into the attributes and skills.*

Palsaang, Felloniwuk's Village
(Only part of village shown.)



The fight is savage, and fast, once the players get involved. Felon, heaving with exertion, wearily points over the railing of the nearby path, telling them that the bodies must disappear, and that more Imperials will be here soon to question them. He leads them into the home, thanking them once again for saving his sister, Gautamrra.

Inside the home, the mood is muted. Harviennara, Felon's mother, is busy trying to finish the Life Day dinner. Some treasured things have been smashed, such as a holoviewer, a toy, and a comlink. Tracermmo, Felon's father, explains that the Imperials came searching for Felon and the players. Shortly after that, there is a slamming sound at the door. Felon rushes upstairs, telling the players to "make up something, **anything!**" Tracermmo answers the door to an Imperial Army officer, backed up with three stormtroopers. The officer demands to know where the squad of stormtroopers are. A player, or players working in concert, can attempt to con the officer into believing a story of their own creation. If nothing else, Tracermmo takes on a pleading sound to his voice, telling the officer that the squad was sent elsewhere on a tip that Felon was at another village. This seems to please him, and he leaves.

What the Kazook?

This doesn't, however, stop the bounty hunters from returning. Have the players make an Easy Perception check, then share the following with any who pass:

You hear the thumping of heavy boots running toward Felon's home. Peering out the window shows a group of humanoids, wearing various armor and armed to the teeth, circling the home.

The players have to fight their way out of the situation. As the team wants Felon alive, they'll be using stun settings on their blasters. If the players incapacitate or kill any of them, make a Moderate Knowledge/Willpower check on the other hunters. Those that fail retreat from the battle.

Life Day!

Felon's family finishes their preparations for the Life Day celebration - affixing crystals above their heads, donning red robes - then board a communal ship, making their way to the coordinates to the Tree of Life. Speeches are given, tales of Life Days in the past, where the wookiee's were a free people, and of Life Days in the future, where the wookiees will be free once again. Songs are sung in honor of those wookiees enslaved by the Empire, and those lost in the fight to free Kashyyyk. Everyone returns to Felon's home, where gifts are exchanged. Make the most of the moment - the players have no gifts to give, so have them improvise something, whether it be something in their inventory, or to even use a skill to craft a gift. Felon gives the players a bowcaster as their gift, along with their completed payment, along with the gratitude of his family. End the adventure with everyone around a large table, eating and drinking.

Wrapping It Up

There are multiple ways to end *Life Day Delivery* other than just the Life Day festivities:

- If the players failed to make a clear landing on the platform outside Felon's village, Imperial troops(a fireteam of stormtroopers) will be waiting on them. They will attempt to detain the players, who will have to fight their way to their ship, then out of the Kashyyyk system, as the system patrol cruiser is still in orbit.
- The players can explore Kashyyyk further where they can interact with Wookiees, and even be recruited into the Rebel Alliance as word of their saving Felon and his family spreads.
- The bounty hunters aboard the starship *Jefferson* aren't finished by a long shot. They come to Kashyyyk, bumbling into attempts to capture Felon and the players.
- The players fall into a Trandoshan trap, and end up on the lower levels of Kashyyyk, where they run into a group of young Wookiees attempting their trial into adulthood.

Optional Rule: Ship Location Targeting

(The Far Orbit Project, pg 30)

Raiders (and military vessels) occasionally have to use full-power energy weapons against a target (if they don't have ion cannons, for example). This is quite dangerous, since these weapons might accidentally destroy the prize. To avoid this, gunners may choose to "call" a shot—target a particular location on a ship. This is harder than just hammering away at the enemy ship. Also a higher-scale weapon cannot target a location on a lower scale target—for example, a capital scale ship can target a capital ship's engine's, but not a starfighter's engines. In the same way, a starfighter can target another starfighter's engines or a capital ship's bridge, but not a walker's legs or head.

Targeting a primary section of a ship (the conning tower of a Star Destroyer, the engines, the landing bay, the main body) adds +2D to the difficulty to hit. Targeting a subsection of a ship (a gun battery, a particular engine, the shield generators, the command section.) adds +4D to the difficulty to hit. Targeting a specific location of a ship (a specific gun, the bridge, a maneuvering thruster, an engines thermal exhaust port) adds +8D to the difficulty to hit.

Location:	Modifiers:
Primary section	+2D
Subsection	+4D
Specific location	+8D

Damage should be worked out normally. The specific results should be determined by the game-master using the normal starship damage results guidelines.

In general, a lightly damaged location loses -1D or -1 Move, a heavily damaged location loses -2D or -2 Move, a severely damaged location is disabled and unable to perform its function, and a destroyed result indicates that a section has suffered

catastrophic damage (this may mean that the engines have overloaded, or that a gun explodes, setting off a chain reaction of explosions). Targeting locations doesn't guarantee that a ship will be simply disabled, but it does increase the odds of capturing a ship with minimal damage.

Damage	Penalty
Light damage	-1D or -1 Move
Heavy Damage	-2D or -2 Move
Severe Damage	System disabled
Destroyed	Catastrophic damage; threatens ship

Below are some pre-generated characters that you can use to play the adventure. They're fringers for the most part, with a soldier and a Force-Sensitive added in.

Kerlos Hodrren (Devaronian, male)

Type: Smuggler / Pirate

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D

Dodge 5D

Running 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Planetary systems 3D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 4D

Space transports 4D

Starship gunnery 3D+2

Starfighter piloting 3D

PERCEPTION 4D

Investigation 5D

Persuasion 5D

Con 5D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: Yes

Force Points: 4

Character Points: 17

Move: 8

Equipment: blaster carbine (5D,3-25/50/250), "W.I.P." K4 security droid, scout armor (+2 physical and energy), 500 credits.

W.I.P. (work in progress)

Type: K4 security droid

DEXTERITY 3D

Dodge 8D

Running 4D

KNOWLEDGE 1D

MECHANICAL 1D

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 1D

TECHNICAL 1D

Story Arc:

Original K4 programming erased, current droid default (cannot harm sentients, etc).

Size: 1.6 meters

Move: 11

Equipped With: Two auto-balance legs, two arms, body armor (+2D to Strength to resist damage)

Braynar Drayven (Quarren, male)

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 4D+2

Blaster 5D+1

Dodge 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Planetary systems 5D

MECHANICAL 4D+2

Astrogation 6D+2

Starfighter piloting 5D+2

Starship gunnery 6D+2

Space transports 6D+2

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Computer programming/repair 5D+1

Droid repair/programming 5D+1

Gambling 4D+1

Special Abilities:

Aquatic: Quarren can breathe both air and water and can withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.**Force Sensitive:** No

Force Points: 4

Character Points: 17

Move: 9/10 swimming

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120), droid repair kit (+1D to skill roll), restraining bolts and caller, sabacc deck, chance cube, datapad (with rules for more than 2,000 games of chance), comlink, knife (very easy, STR+1D), climbsuit (+2D to climbing), pocket computer (with 3 pre-programmed hyperspace jumps), blast vest (+1D physical +1 energy), 550 credits.

Shiv Rolands (human, male)

Type: Brash Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 4D+1

Dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Cultures 4D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D+1

Bargain 4D

Con 5D

Forgery 5D+1

Hide 4D+1

Value 4D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 4D+1

Swimming 5D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 4

Character Points: 17

Move: 10

Equipment: Comlink, poison covered (4D stun) knife (very easy, STR+1D), climbsuit (+2D to climbing), false ID, 541 credits.

Cid Foha (Twi'lek, male)**Type:** Mechanic**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D+2

Dodge 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Alien species 4D+1

Cultures 4D+1

Languages 4D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Communications 5D

PERCEPTION 2D+1

Bargain 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D+1**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Capital starship repair 4D+1

Space transports repair 5D+1

Starfighter repair 5D+1

Special Abilities:*Head-tales:* Can communicate silently with head-tales.**Force Sensitive:** No**Force Points:** 4**Character Points:** 17**Move:** 10**Equipment:** Modified (+20% range) blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120), starship repair kit, military comlink, datapad, hide armor (+1D edged weapons, +1 physical), 354 credits.**Numa Omor (Verpine, female)****Type:** Soldier**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D+1

Dodge 5D+1

Grenade 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Intimidation 5D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Communications 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

Investigation 4D+2

Command 5D

Con 3D+2

Persuasion 4D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 5D+2

TECHNICAL 4D+2**Special Abilities:***Body armor:* +1D phy. Microscopic sight: +1D to search when looking for small objects.*Organic Telecommunication:* Can send and receive radio waves to and from other verpine (range 1 km).*Technical Bonus:* +2D when using technical skills.**Force Sensitivity:** Yes**Force Points:** 4**Character Points:** 15**Move:** 10**Equipment:** 2 thermal detonators (10D/8D/5D/2D, 3-4/7/12, BR: 0-2/8/12/20), modified (+20% range) blaster carbine (5D,3-25/50/250), military comlink, imperial ID, survival kit, blast vest and helmet (+1D physical, +1 energy), 560 credits.

Tyandas Hanew (Duros, female)**Type:** Force User**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D+2

Dodge 5D+2

Lightsaber 5D+2.

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Scholar: jedi lore 4D+2

MECHANICAL 3D**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Gambling 5D+1.

STRENGTH 2D+2**TECHNICAL 2D**

Lightsaber Repair/Construction 5D+2

Special Abilities:

Control 4D+1

Sense 4D+1

Alter 3D.

Force Sensitive: Yes**Force Points:** 8**Character Points:** 16**Move:** 10

Equipment: lightsaber (difficult, 5D), sabacc deck, chance cube, datapad (with rules for more than 2,000 games of chance), heavy blaster pistol (5D, 3-7/25/50), bantha hide armor (+1D edged weapons, +1 physical), 590 credits.

Crashing The Party

A Star Wars D6 Adventure
By Nathanael Christen

For many Trandoshans, Wookiees are the ultimate prey. Given their inherent toughness—not equal to that of the Trandoshans, but still formidable by galactic standards—they make for a difficult quarry. What is more, the traditional enmity between the two species makes hunting Wookiees all the more satisfying. For those reason, many young Trandoshan hunters try to make their names by hunting and killing their rivals. Sometimes that activity is staged in an artificial manner, but at other times the hunt is more sporting. Detailed below is a party that's willing to make the journey to Kashyyyk in order to claim the ultimate prize.

Note: The following stats represent a group of young Trandoshans who've just begun to make their name in the galaxy. Gamemasters who need a tougher threat need only modify the skills of these characters according to the abilities of the heroes whom they're challenging.



Zissik

Type: Trandoshan Pilot

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 4D

Space Transports 5D

Starship Gunnery 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 3D

Space Transports Repair 4D

Special Abilities:

Vision: Trandoshans' vision is in a different range, allowing them to see infrared. They can see in darkness with no penalty.

Clumsy: Trandoshans have little manual dexterity. They have trouble performing actions requiring precise finger movement, such as picking locks or picking pockets. They suffer a penalty of -2D whenever they attempt an action such as this.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 13

Equipment: Flightsuit, blaster pistol (4D Damage, 3-10/30/100)

For much of his life, Zissik has had to deal with a very painful word—*runt*. He is small for a Trandoshan, and that has led him to suffer treatment ranging from well-meant but ill-conceived jokes to outright bullying. That is why he suffers from “small being syndrome,” causing him to overcompensate for his size by acting tough. Fortunately for him, Zissik possesses a natural aptitude for piloting, allowing him to contribute to this band of hunters in ways that others cannot. Unfortunately, however, it also leads him to make unnecessary risks as he tries to prove himself by undertaking ever more daunting challenges.

Zissik has a relatively light build and dusty brown skin. He wears a nondescript set of black coveralls.

Nissal

Type: Trandoshan Stalker

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Survival 5D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 4D

Hide 6D

Sneak 6D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 2D

Special Abilities:

Vision: Trandoshans' vision is in a different range, allowing them to see infrared. They can see in darkness with no penalty.

Clumsy: Trandoshans have little manual dexterity. They have trouble performing actions requiring precise finger movement, such as picking locks or picking pockets. They suffer a penalty of -2D whenever they attempt an action such as this.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 13

Equipment: Camouflage clothing, blast helmet and vest, blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/100), blaster rifle (5D, 4-40/120/350), comlink, survival kit

Nissal lives for the hunt. He is uncomfortable anywhere but on the ground, in a jungle or a similar environment. For him, the excitement of stalking prey is the only real satisfaction in life. Although he is not as skilled in combat as some of his associates, he knows they could never match him if dropped into the wilderness and told to track their quarry. He is a team player, however, and is happy to lead others to glory—as long as he can share in that glory, of course.

Narra

Type: Trandoshan Sharpshooter

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D

Dodge 5D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 2D

Starship Gunnery 4d

PERCEPTION 4D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 3D

Blaster Repair 5D

Special Abilities:

Vision: Trandoshans' vision is in a different range, allowing them to see infrared. They can see in darkness with no penalty.

Clumsy: Trandoshans have little manual dexterity. They have trouble performing actions requiring precise finger movement, such as picking locks or picking pockets. They suffer a penalty of -2D whenever they attempt an action such as this.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 13

Equipment: Jumpsuit, blast vest (+1D versus physical, +1 versus energy, torso only), blaster rifle (5D, 4-40/120/350), blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/100), comlink, toolkit

Narra is a female trying to make her way in a galaxy and pursuit often controlled by males. To her advantage, though, she is an excellent shot with a blaster rifle. She is cold and calculating, always watching situations and waiting for the moment when she can strike in a clear and decisive manner. This is why she remains aloof with her associates, but she can be impressed by those whose prowess exceeds her own. Thus far she has met few beings who can make that boast, however.

Trill

Type: Trandoshan Brawler

DEXTERITY 4D

Brawling Parry 5D
Dodge 5D
Melee Combat 6D
Melee Parry 6D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 3D

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 6D

TECHNICAL 2D

Special Abilities:

Vision: Trandoshans' vision is in a different range, allowing them to see infrared. They can see in darkness with no penalty.

Clumsy: Trandoshans have little manual dexterity. They have trouble performing actions requiring precise finger movement, such as picking locks or picking pockets. They suffer a penalty of -2D whenever they attempt an action such as this.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 13

Equipment: Jumpsuit, blast vest (+1D versus physical, +1 versus energy, torso only), vibroblade (STR +3D - maximum 6D total), blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/100), comlink

Trill is big and strong, and knows it. Given the Trandoshan preoccupation with those qualities, it should come as no surprise that he has an ego to match his puissance. He is prone to boasting, something on which he has thus far been able to make good. There may come a time, however, when his mouth writes a credit voucher that his posterior won't be able to validate. It should also be noted that he gives a lot of attention to Narra, but she has little interest in receiving it, much less in returning it.

Surprise Party

This short scenario is intended for a relatively new party of heroes, but can easily be adapted for more experienced groups.

Background

The Trandoshans have acquired an impounded starship, working in conjunction with an enterprising Imperial captain named Kaleb Oresh, in order to fake an accident in the hope of luring unsuspecting vessels into their trap. The vessel in questions is a Ghtroc 720 freighter, the *Flame Ibbot*, owned and operated by Corellian smuggler Shona Venn. Recently she was captured and imprisoned by Captain Oresh, along with her Wookiee copilot Kublarrha. The Imperial officer then turned them over to Nissal and his crew in order to set the trap.

The Trandoshans' plan is this. They have taken the *Flame Ibbot* to a suitable location not far from Kashyyyk, with Venn and Kublarrha aboard as their prisoners. They have then rigged up the vessel to make it look like it has suffered a major technical problem and is drifting in space. By transmitting a distress signal, forcibly recorded by Captain Venn, and then otherwise maintaining comm silence, they hope to attract a passing ship and take it over, along with any contraband or fugitives aboard it. To that end, Captain Oresh waits aboard the system patrol craft *Vigilant*, ready to make a microjump to that location and complete the bust.

Introduction

The ideal place and time for this scenario is near Kashyyyk in the period leading up to Life Day. Knowing that many free Wookiees return to their homeworld to celebrate this holiday, the Trandoshans hope to help their Imperial allies capture fugitives and the beings who aid them, along with any contraband being smuggled onto the planet. For that reason, the heroes could become involved in a number of different ways.

- The best option is that the heroes are returning to Kashyyyk, either to deliver a Wookiee crew member or to bring a needed cargo there.

- Another possibility is that the heroes are going there without such reasons, but happen to be in the wrong place at the wrong time (or, as the case may prove, the right place at the right time).
- Alternately, this trap could be sprung in a different place and time. In that case, the GM might have to determine just why the Trandoshans and their Imperial allies are springing their trap then and there.

Whatever the case may be, the heroes become involved in this business when they pass through the area in question and notice the distressed vessel.

Episode 1: Chance Encounter?

As the heroes approach their destination, the character in charge of the sensor suite should make a DN 8 Computer Programming/Repair check to detect the distress signal from the *Flame Ibbot*. Failing that, characters who are in a position to do so can attempt DN 18 Perception checks in order to pick the tumbling vessel out from the background of stars and darkness. However it happens, the heroes should notice the *Flame Ibbot* and recognize the problem that it faces.

If they decide to investigate, the heroes need to approach the other freighter. Scans (DN 8 Computers check) show that the vessel has life forms aboard, its life support is still functioning, but that other systems are powered down. Should they wish to connect with it, their pilot must make a DN 13 Space Transport check. As they do so, failure by more than ten (perhaps with a one on the wild die) means that the two vessels collide, causing XYZ damage to each of them. Success means that the heroes' pilot can match the *Flame Ibbot's* tumble and thus attach to it via their ship's landing claw.

From that point, somebody needs to devise a means of accessing the other ship. This could include DN 13 Space Transports Repair and Computers checks to access the hatch's controls and bypass the lock, or something similar. Failing that,

fusion cutters or lightsabers are always options. Once inside, the heroes can begin to explore their quarry. As they do so, it's important to know who is stationed where. That's because, when the Trandoshans spring the trap, time will be of the essence.

Refer to the appropriate deckplans on the following page when the heroes board the Ghtroc 720.

Curiously, the vessel seems to be almost empty. At this point, Zissik remains in the cockpit, ready to fire up the controls and fire on the heroes' vessel, while Narra and Trill hide in the port and starboard cargo holds, respectively. Nissal alone lurks in the repair bay, ready to begin stalking anyone who has come aboard the ship, and thus to call the others to action. He can make Hide and Sneak checks opposed by the heroes' Perception efforts in order to move about undetected.

Once the time to strike arrives, Zissik begins peppering the heroes' vessel with shots from the double laser cannon; at the same time, he issues a comm signal to the waiting Imperials. Any hero at a comm station or who possesses similar equipment can detect that with a DN 13 Computer Programming/Repair check. At the same time, Nissal makes his attack, while Narra and Trill move to assist him. Their goal is to incapacitate the heroes or, failing that, to delay them long enough for the Imperial reinforcements to arrive.

All the while, Kublarrha and Shona Venn are kept in the portside escape pod, bound and gagged. Should the Trandoshans threaten to overwhelm the heroes, one of them might find them and set them free to help turn the tide.

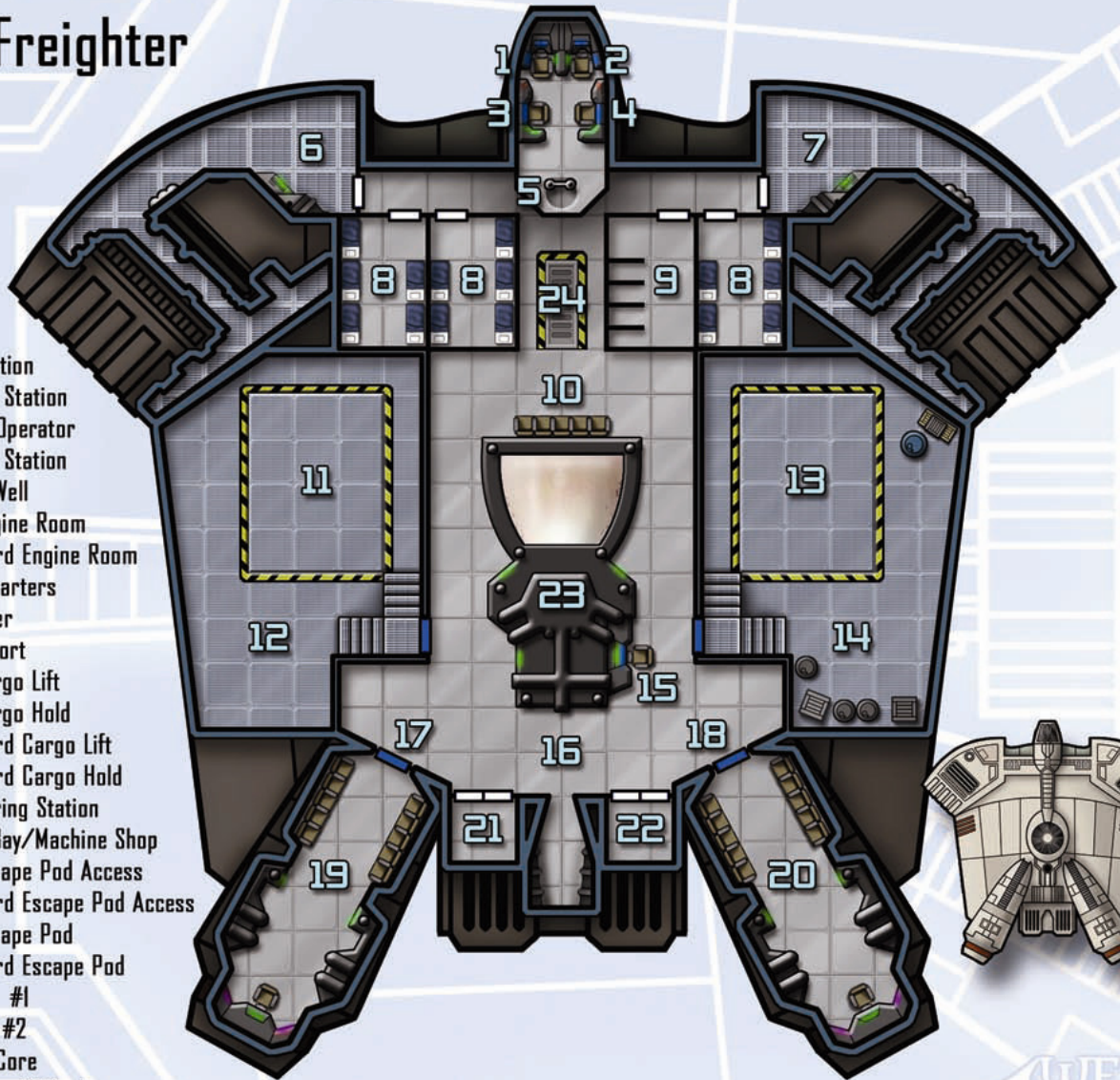
Episode 2: It's a Trap!

The situation becomes even more desperate when Captain Oresh's system patrol craft drops out of hyperspace and fires warning shots with its turbolasers, while he calls for all hostiles to surrender. That should be a clear signal for the heroes to vacate the premises as soon as possible. To do so

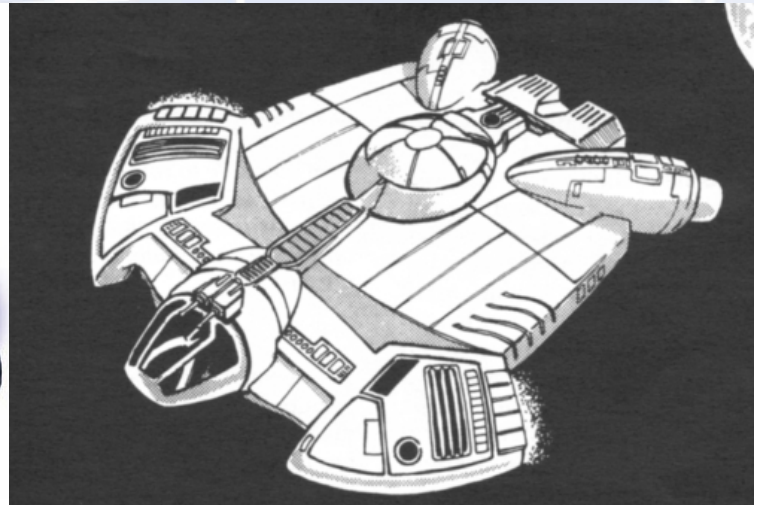
Ghtroc Industries class 720 Freighter

1 square = 1.5 meters

- 1 Pilot station
- 2 Co-Pilot Station
- 3 System Operator
- 4 Gunnery Station
- 5 Ladder Well
- 6 Port Engine Room
- 7 Starboard Engine Room
- 8 Crew Quarters
- 9 Refresher
- 10 Lounge/Port
- 11 Port Cargo Lift
- 12 Port Cargo Hold
- 13 Starboard Cargo Lift
- 14 Starboard Cargo Hold
- 15 Engineering Station
- 16 Repair Bay/Machine Shop
- 17 Port Escape Pod Access
- 18 Starboard Escape Pod Access
- 19 Port Escape Pod
- 20 Starboard Escape Pod
- 21 Storage #1
- 22 Storage #2
- 23 Reacor Core
- 24 Exit Ramp/Airlock



WEST



they might need to move back aboard their own ship, or to take control of the *Flame Ibbot*, too. The Trandoshans, for their part, press the attack as long as they maintain an advantage; should they lose control of the situation, they could fight their way to an escape pod and eject into space, knowing that the Imperials will recover them.

At this point the heroes have two main options. One is a fight to the death, even though the system patrol craft has them outgunned. Another is to make a run for hyperspace. The prior option should develop into a prolonged combat, while the latter just requires a DN 13 Astrogation check by one or more of the heroes—all while trading fire with the Imperials, of course.

Conclusion

The heroes succeed if they manage to foil the Trandoshans' plot. Even so, there are many ways in which this short scenario can develop into other adventures; a few of the possibilities are detailed below.

- If the heroes don't manage to take control of the *Flame Ibbot*, that ship remains in Imperial custody. Shona Venn and Kublarrha are eager to recover it, of course, and could recruit them for doing so.
- As a sign of her gratitude, Kublarrha invites the heroes to join her and Venn for celebrating Life Day on Kashyyyk.
- Given their connection to the enslaved Wookiees, she and Shona Venn could ask the heroes to help deliver a cargo of contraband weapons and medical supplies to an enclave of freedom fighters on that world.
- Should they survive the encounter, Captain Kaleb Oresh and any of the Trandoshans can become recurring threats for the party, turning up during other adventures to make things even more complicated.
- If the heroes manage to capture the Imperial captain or any of the Trandoshans, they could coerce their prisoners into revealing valuable information, thereby introducing new plot hooks for the party.

However this scenario develops, it should provide a springboard to many future adventures.

Captain Kaleb Oresh

Type: Imperial Captain

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D

Dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Bureaucracy 6D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 4D

Command 6D

Investigation 6D

Persuasion 6D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computers 4D

Special Abilities: None

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Imperial Naval Captain's Uniform, blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/100), comlink, datapad, rank cylinder

Captain Kaleb Oresh is fiercely dedicated to the cause of maintaining order in the galaxy. To that end, he has made a mission out of exposing, capturing and punishing those who break the Empire's laws. For him it is not a question of right or wrong; he simply sees no other possible way of life. Oresh is pale in complexion, with dark hair cut down to stubble and icy blue eyes.

Captain Shona Venn

Type: Human Smuggler

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 4D+1

Dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Streetwise 3D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Space Transports 5D+2

Starship Gunnery 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Special Abilities: None

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Flightsuit, vest (everything else has been confiscated by the Empire)

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

Kublarrha

Type: Wookiee First Mate

DEXTERITY 2D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 5D

Brawling 7D

Melee 7D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

First Aid 4D+1

Space Transports Repair 5D+1

Special Abilities:

Berserker Rage: if a wookiee becomes enraged, +2D to Strength for brawling damage. -2D to

all non-Strength attribute and skill checks. Must make a Moderate perception total to calm down (only -1D penalty to perception for this check).

Climbing Claws: +2D to climbing while using claws.

Story Factors:

Reputation: Wookiees are widely regarded as fierce savages with short tempers. Most people will go out of their way not to enrage a wookiee.

Enslaved: Prior to the defeat of the Empire, almost all wookiees were enslaved by the Empire, and there was a substantial bounty for the capture of "free" wookiees.

Language: Wookiees cannot speak Basic, but they all understand it. Nearly always, they have a close friend who they travel with who can interpret for them ... though a wookiee's intent is seldom misunderstood.

Honor: Wookiees are honor-bound. They are fierce warriors with a great deal of pride and they can be rage-driven, cruel and unfair — but they have a code of honor. They do not betray their species — individually or as a whole. They do not betray their friends or desert them. They may break the "law," but never their code. The wookiee code of honor is as stringent as it is ancient. Atonement for a crime against their honor code is nearly impossible — it is usually only achieved posthumously. But wookiees falsely accused can be freed of their dishonor, and there are legends of dishonored wookiees "coming back." But those are legends ...

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: None

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



The Malicrux Sector

A Star Wars D6 Campaign Setting

By Jez Gordon

Available online: <http://gibletblizzard.blogspot.com/p/star-wars-malicrux-peril.html>

The Malicrux Sector is a small region of space limited to the confines of the Malicrux Nebula. Located on the fringe of Hutt Space in the Mid Rim Region, the Nebula has been slow to relinquish its wealth and many planetary systems lie hidden and unreachable deep within the interstellar clouds of the ever-changing maelstrom.

The Nebula is the remnant of a colossal supernova that occurred tens of thousands of years ago, and has inexorably spread to its current girth and even today continues to expand. Scholars believe the Djakarshi void anomaly is all that remains of the original star, and the cataclysm utterly destroyed the fledgling Malicrux Empire that spanned a number of star systems that now lie in the heart of the Nebula. Little remains of the ancient Malicrux, consumed by the Djakarshi void or seared from the

surrounding worlds in the fires of the interstellar explosion. These fires still smolder today, in great swathes of starburn that make navigating the Malicrux Nebula a very difficult and dangerous feat. The more turbulent regions of the Nebula still utilize ancient jump beacons — vast satellites that constantly scan the surrounding area for changes in the Nebula's starburn drifts then broadcast adjusted hyperspace co-ordinates for all to use.

Despite its comparatively small size and the challenges of traveling in the Nebula, the Malicrux Sector is blessed with a surprisingly high density of inhabited worlds. Over the millennia the Nebula has shielded its star systems from the much of rapacious hunger of the galactic corporations or the depredations of the neighboring Hutt clans; the Starburn Trade Run links only the most accessible star systems in the outer reaches of the Nebula, and few hyperspace routes have been plotted into the Nebula's deeper regions. It is widely believed that various select individuals and organisations know secret routes that cut right through the heart of the Malicrux; only fools and the insane would attempt to jump into the Nebula without meticulously calculated

jump co-ordinates. Many are the stories of ships simply vanishing into the veils of the Nebula, and a number of pirate raiders plague the sector.

The Sector was controlled by a Council of Noble Houses, each with vested interests in one or more star systems. The Council would meet regularly at the Sector Capital of Sapphirica. Corporations and other mercantile organisations were required to negotiate with the Houses to enter the Sector's markets. During the days of the Old Republic a Senator was elected from the Council to represent the Sector's interest in the Galactic Senate; under the reign of the Emperor the Senator now liaises with the Imperial Governor Moff Kyreiken, based in the new Imperial City on Ravenholt. The relationship between the Sapphirican Council and the Imperial Governor is complicated, being at times obsequious, fractious, and occasionally deadly; ultimately the Council is slowly losing control to the rising power of the Empire.

Faces Of The Malicrux

THE EMPIRE

- **Imperial Sector Moff:** Moff Skyris Kyreiken, High Admiral and Surface Marshal of the Malicrux Sector

Imperial Planetary Governors

- **Barhok:** Governor Holani Rodell
- **Calligrattica:** Governor Dean Lyrian Bokru
- **Draca:** Lord Governor Hastin Draca
- **Gweyr Krom:** Governor Atterick Krayne
- **Gyre:** Governor Elis Nephada
- **Palauga:** Governor Sequ Palauga
- **Port Kullus:** Governor Skav ne Vykarius
- **Ravenholt:** Governor Bastanian Kyreiken
- **Sapphirica:** Lord Ganderlu Cail
- **Siccidde:** Governor Tantor Siccidde
- **Vorzheva:** Governor Niala Kyreiken

THE NOBLE HOUSES

The Great Houses

- **House Chyco:** Duke-Elect Braega Chyco
- **House Draca:** Grand Duchess Lolloria Draca
- **House Gweyr:** Duke Kurstaus Gweyr
- **House Kanto:** Grand Duke Orlando Kanto
- **House Kyreiken:** Archduke Baniel Kyreiken. Duchal Palace on Ravenholt
- **House Mephiyeh:** Duke Dael Mephiyeh

- **House Nephada:** Duchess Muala Nephada. Duchal Palace on Gyre
- **House Vaspasa:** Grand Duke Meirko Vaspasa

The Lesser Houses

- **House Arannasis:** Duke Barin Arannasis. Duchal Palace on Tangelwood
- **House Jasterkastria:** Duke Carmus Jasterkastria
- **House Kalishe:** Princess Shanista Kalishe
- **House Kelm:** Prince Sacha Kelm
- **House Molovar:** Prince Molovar
- **House Palauga:** Duke Dralan Palauga
- **House Rabenhout:** Princess Katria Rabenhout. In Absentia.
- **House Siccidde:** Duke Aris Siccidde
- **House Veyca:** Prince Suucan su Veyca

CORPORATIONS

While numerous corporations operated throughout the sector, under the rule of the Emperor a number of industries have been nationalised and many local companies are now under direct control of the Empire. Certain loyalist corporate entities have managed to survive the nationalisation, but many fear it is only a matter of time before their company's assets are seized to fuel the Imperial war machine.

Some of the most widely known Corporations include Arannasis Engineering "nothing's as fast as an Arannasis," DracaTech Conglomerated "Our aim is true", GyreTech Energy "step into the light", MediCrux "you're in safe hands", Krombank "the smart money is on us", Phoenix Federated Waste Disposal "your trash, our treasure", Siccidian Arms "nothing succeeds like a Siccidde", VaspCo "if it's built by Vasp, it's built to last", Veycan Energy Ltd "Wherever you go, go Veycan".

CRIMELORDS

- **Baal Kabuul:** A mysterious figure rumoured to be based in the jungles of Kalishe, Kabuul specialises in the flesh trade, whether it be slaves, dangerous creatures, poisons or biotec. Whoever the Baal is, they are very cautious, fastidious and meticulous. Fools who have crossed the Baal never live long, and are usually found poisoned with some unknown neurotoxin, if they are found at all...

- **The Ecliptica Syndicate:** An amalgamation of smugglers, they have a long-standing arrangement with the Yellow Prince, distributing his wares throughout the Sector. They are known to have an official front on Port Kullus and Vorzheva Prime, though they are likely to have members in every port on every Malicrux planet. Highly organised and supportive, they will band together against any threat to one of their members, and are able to amass a fleet of considerable firepower should the need arise. They ask a steep cut of the profits in return for such solidarity, and can be brutal in enforcing co-operation both within the ranks and without.
- **Guuzha the Hutt:** The major power on the eclipsed world of Vorzheva Prime, the Hutt conned control of the planet out from House Palauga a century ago, leading to the House's demotion to Lesser House status. His presence has increased criminal activity throughout the Sector, and he considers himself a Spice connoisseur, with illegal harvests scattered across the backwaters of numerous worlds. He takes personal pleasure in undermining the power base of the Yellow Prince, and can when necessary call on the considerable might of the Hutt Clans to support his concerns.
- **Nagwara the Blood:** What began as a desperate attempt to get offworld from the brutal slave cities of Barhok turned into a lucrative people-smuggling business for the red-skinned Twi'lek. He is a complicated individual and cagey to deal with; while at times he appears as the compassionate rescuer, he also bleeds his cargo dry, and is known to harass them for years after. He has carved a niche for himself in the sector, having branched out into forging identities and papers; exactly how he is able to move his cargo about without being caught is a closely guarded trade secret.
- **Teafortwo and Oneforone:** With an entire planet's worth of tech waste at their disposal, these Sulgora-based droid team can provide their clientele with anything, within a reasonable timeframe and for the right price. They are said to be worth millions of credits each, but what exactly they're saving for is anyone's guess. They are also said to be able to make or repair anything, and they enjoy testing their creations on those who think they can cheat the two heartless constructs...
- **The Yellow Prince:** The self-appointed Yellow Prince oversees the smuggling of cargo through the key Sector gateway of Port Kullus. Almost anything heading into or out of the Sector passes under his baleful glare, and he is sure to take his tithe. He is on respectable terms with most of the other crimelords, though he considers Guuzha the Hutt to be his nemesis.

PIRATES

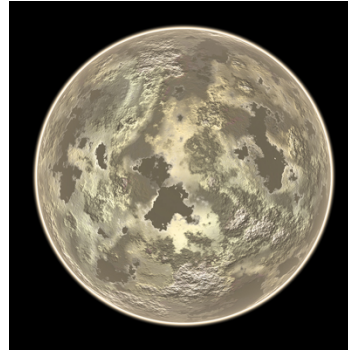
- **The Black Tentacle:** More of a spacer's myth than real threat, the Black Tentacle is said to operate along the length of the FiredEEP Rift between Kanto and Klulkhun. It is said that ships will drop out of hyperspace without warning, dumping the vessel in the middle of nowhere, only to be seized by a great black tentacle that crushes the ship in its grasp...
- **The Huuk Reavers:** By far the worst marauders in the Malicrux Sector, these vicious pirates plague the Starburn Run between Jasterkast and Molovar; they jam comms and sensors with an unnerving transmission of maniacal laughter. Their fleet is large, their strategies sound, and they have outwitted numerous attempts to crush them by both local forces and the Imperial Navy.
- **The Kull:** Slavers, they are most commonly found on the Starburn Run between Vorzheva and Gweyr Krom, though they have been known to attack anywhere in the sector. Their erratic raids have thus far eluded local patrols, and though it is widely suspected that they have a relationship with the crime lord Baal Kabuul, authorities have yet to move against them.
- **Lord Morser:** The gentleman robber, he works the Sinammon Spur between Sapphirica and Sinammon. Known for his distaste of unnecessary bloodshed, he is still ruthless when required and his small but expert band of brigands can strip a ship of all its valuables in minutes.
- **The Pevateje Slayers:** More of a terrorist organisation than profiteers, the Slayers practice their deadly trade along the Starburn Run between Ravenholt and Gweyr Krom. Entirely non-human, they are notorious for slaughtering all human captives and sparing the rest.

- **Shasta's Revenge:** A thorn in the side of Guuzha the Hutt, Shasta's Revenge carries out its vendetta against Hutt shipping heading into and out of Vorzheva. On the rare occasion that a non-Hutt affiliated ship has been boarded, the Revenge will release the ship without harm. They operate a small flotilla of vessels.
- **Other Unidentified Groups:** There are numerous lesser groups that operate throughout the Malicrux Nebula; while most a desperate brigands, some are fronts for Rebel activity or other unknown organisations. Some are seen once but never heard of again, while others are simply small freighters who've simply fallen on hard times.

THE REBELLION

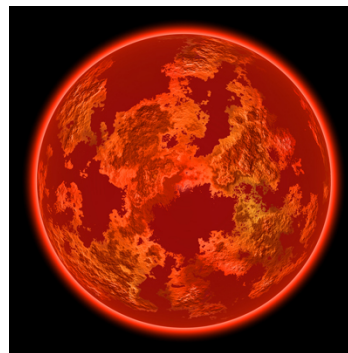
The Rebellion in Malicrux has until very recently kept an extremely low profile; the sabotage and destruction of the Star Destroyer Ferocious over the skies of Port Kullus has changed all that. No-one has yet claimed responsibility for the bold attack that took place several months after the Battle of Yavin, though there are numerous individuals and organisations who have suffered under Imperial rule, and any could be members of the Rebellion.

THE MALCRUX NEBULA: STAR SYSTEMS



ALMOST is a barren, inhospitable rock that serves as the current home for a droid-cult known as the Cogs. Led here two centuries ago by the Droid-visionary ∞-5 (aka In-Finn, Finn or Five Fingers) after the revelations granted to the

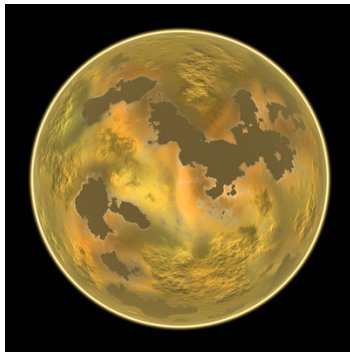
droid while planetside on Ephemera, a fleet of droid-operated starships lie dormant on the planet, waiting in the golden light of the trinary star system for the promised unveiling of a lost techworld deep within the Malicrux Nebula. Here the Cog faithful believe they will find kinship and equality among the automated beings that live there. Five Fingers is tolerant of other biological creatures, unless they stand in the way of the Cogs goals; he has displayed a ruthless efficiency in dispatching those who oppose them. Cog operatives are active across the Sector, actively procuring ownership of other droids and then freeing them, or on more obscure missions beyond biological comprehension. Traders are welcome on Almost, for the droid collective is highly skilled and willing to barter their services in return for droid parts and coin to fund their activities.



BARHOK is a blistering hot slave world where billions struggle beneath three blood red suns to carry out the will of their serpentine masters. The Cult of the Serpent Queens demands utmost loyalty and obedience to the six huge stardrakes

that rule the world, and each seeks to better its sisters through grand displays of art, war, architecture, or whatever fashionable whim is current in their courts. Slaves are bound to the hive mind of their queens by the use of rune serpents, strange little flying drakes that glow a luminous gold and are soulbound to their slave. Neurotoxins from their fangs keep their prisoners obedient when necessary, though free thought and speech is sometimes permitted. Those that step out of line are simply bitten and robbed of will, those that develop immunity to the poisons are quickly executed. Under this hier-

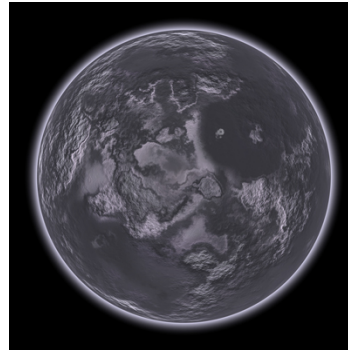
archical regime the slave armies have built many wonders in the name of their Queens, from great cities of spiraling towers to huge edifices that loom up out of the deserts. To what purpose these constructions are made has always remained obscured; if the Queens know why they continue with their millennia-long rivalry they have yet to reveal it to their minions, though some of their more visible works include the terraforming of nearby moons to supply the masses with enough nutrients to survive. Attempts to break this cycle of eternal slavery by the Jedi of the Old Republic failed – there were simply too many innocents in the slave armies that were arrayed against them, and the Queens were immune to their persuasive techniques. The Empire has yet to decide what must be done with them; at the moment the Cult is of limited use to the Emperor. As a precaution they have assigned an Imperial Governor to the world, though Holani Rodell is little more than a symbolic appointment and his reports indicate that the Cult poses little threat offworld. Were that to change in any way, the Empire's response is bound to be swift.



CALLIGRATTICA is a dry, dusty world, perfect for the preservation of its vast collections of ancient tomes. Scholars first came here to study the astonishing Crawling Towers of Shugg – libraries hollowed out from the carapace of mountain-

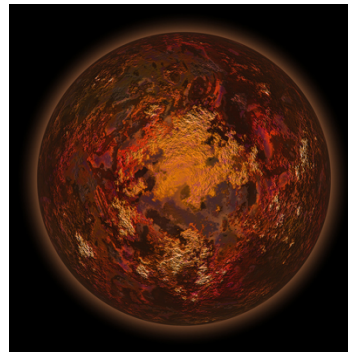
sized beetles that slowly traverse the planet – and eventually the researchers simply chose to stay. There are a number of different university-cities, one to each Shugg beetle, and they compete in a friendly manner on matters esoteric and arcane. But what they fear most is when two beetlecities draw too close to one another, and lock their horned shells together in brutal territorial combat, with the conquering beetle devouring the remains of the vanquished. Traditionally the losing university is taken in by the victor. The beetles are vaguely sentient, and can be steered and directed to some small degree. But what their great and ponderous minds dwell on as they travel the deserts is anyone's guess. The Calligrattican Council is currently overseen by Governor Dean Lyrian Bokru, who despite pressure from offworld authorities, maintains an open door policy to all students that wish to study here. Students with Imperial upbringings do not take

kindly to their non-human fellows, and xenophobic attacks have marred the last few semesters, drawing unwanted attention from the Empire.



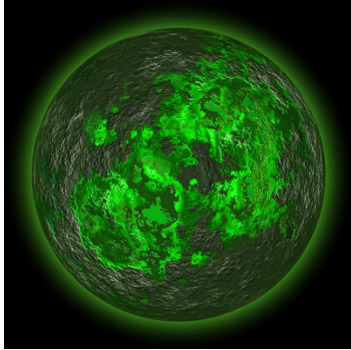
CHARGRYN is infamous as the most savage penal world for several Sectors. Even before the formation of the Empire it was used as the dumping ground for the very worst of the galaxy's convicts; most prisoners would rather be killed on the spot

then sent there. The high rotation of its magnetic core has turned the planet into a violent dynamo, constantly discharging energy in massive lightning storms. Special drop ships encased in arc cages are needed to deliver prisoners to the surface; all metal objects attract lethal electrical strikes from the ground and surrounding air, and convicts are constantly subjected to painful shocks. Few last long in such torturous conditions.



CHYCO is a tidelocked world, where one side of the planet always faces the sun leaving the sunward side a burnt out husk and plunging the other into eternal darkness and freezing cold. But in the twilight rim between the two halves the communist Imperial cult of the Chyco thrives. During the Clone Wars the ruling nobles of House Chyco sided with the Separatists, producing numerous war droids and vehicles in their underground factories; following their defeat Chyco was subjected to severe reparations and her people brought to ruin and misery – and yet the ruling oligarchy seemed unaffected by the burden continuing to live their lives in luxury. Out of this perceived dichotomy was born a plot to topple the nobility, and replace it with socialist rule that would see the burden evenly shared. When the revolution came to an end, what surprised everyone (including the usurpers) was the rise of a state-sanctioned cult that worshipped the Emperor as a divine representative. Now stories relating to his sacrifices during the Jedi Betrayal are treated as holy texts, and his edicts and decrees as religious doctrine. Chyco's factories have been rebuilt, and

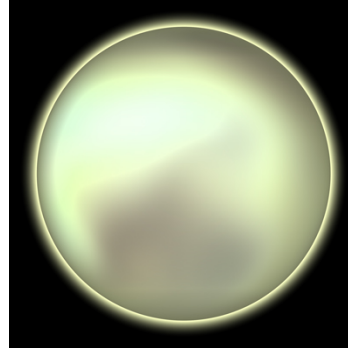
now serve the Emperor providing him with the weapons to maintain his vigil of peace over the galaxy. While the noble house of Chyco was destroyed during the uprising, the formal title of Duke is granted to the ambassador of Chyco when in court on Sapphirica, where Duke-Elect Braega Chyco is a passionate supporter of Imperial policy.



DRACA is famed across the sector as the homeworld of the Dracan war machine, a brutally efficient militant society where death and honour a sacred. The tide-locked world is in fact a moon of a super-massive gas giant in the mid-outer portion

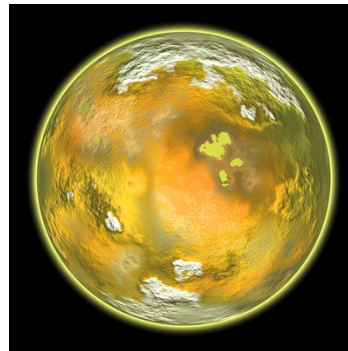
of the Draca system, and while it receives little light from the red dwarf sun, the luminous ochre atmosphere and glowing auroras of the provides ample light. Combined with the active geothermal activity caused by its proximity to the gravitational field of the gas giant, Draca is able to support life in this cold corner of the galaxy. Normally a simple mining planet like Draca would never have developed much of a population at all, but several factors combined to give a significant population. The moon is crossed by winding mountain ranges that rise up out of dense 'oceans' of semi-caustic poisonous gases, beneath which lie volcanic seams rich in mineral wealth. Numerous mining stations work these seams, operated by acid-resistant mechanized labour and hardly souls in hazmat suits, and these stations provide the massive munitions factories on neighbouring Siccidde all the resources they need. Draca's early history was marred by the eradication of the indigenous lifeforms that continually attacked the mining operations, and this bloody history was the origin for the militant society found on Draca today. Draca's fortress-cities are built on the mountain ranges, and here the various families still maintain diligent martial training. Its is not unusual for entire families to do nothing but serve in the military machine, and many families have a proud tradition of having served for generations, recognised as producing some of the most highly trained officers and troops. Draca has been known to lease out its legions during times of war, and readily send its troops to maintain battle competence in the Eternal War on Fray. Surprisingly the relationship between Draca and the Empire is strained; despite similar outlooks, Dracan pride refuses to submit to the col-

ours and uniform of the Empire, and ongoing tensions remain. The Empire ensures that the Dracan War Machine remains out of the rebellion by employing the forces for lowly peacekeeping operations on several low-key worlds, considered by many on Draca to be an insult to their fine forces.



EPHEMERA is a dream world that defies description, for whoever lays eyes upon skies and feet upon its soil finds themselves in a world of flux and illusion. Wild visions plague all those who visit, and the planet emits an unquantifiable

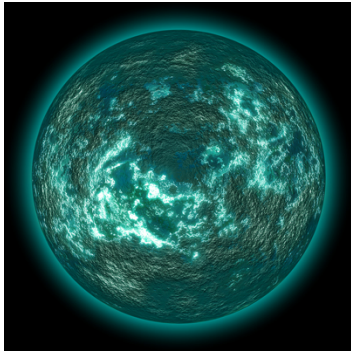
energy that plays havoc with sensors and scanners, making categorization of the world almost impossible. It is widely believed however that these visions might just be glimpses of the future, or the past, or aspects of the visitor's life history that confront and challenge them. As such it is a haven for those of religious persuasion, and a number of faiths and cults make the pilgrimage here in the hope of receiving guidance in their lives. A small but bustling space station caters to their needs, orbiting high over the ever-changing lands; it is rumoured that even the Emperor himself visits from time to time.



FARGONE is a frontier world, claimed by refugees from Chyco, where dirt-poor farmers and shepherds cling to the last vestiges of civilization on an untamed planet. Following the revolution on Chyco, the few members of the noble house and several

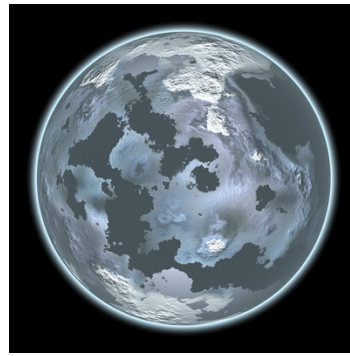
thousand retainers and loyalists managed to flee the planet. With no support from the Emperor's new order, the fleet was forced to search for an unclaimed world and start anew. After two years of futile exploration, fighting off pirate attacks, critical supply shortages, and disastrous encounters on three previously unexplored worlds, the house was left in ruin, her scions dead, and the fleet all but destroyed. It was decided by the remaining stragglers that the next world would be their last, for – as their new leader Luciddius Tain put it – "one more world and we'll be too far gone". The phrase stuck, as did

the name. After two decades of scratching a meagre existence out of the dirtlands on Fargone, it looks as though the colonists have pulled through the worst of it. The “capital” – a collection of fortifications built around the last starships of the Chyco fleet – is slowly growing and has secured a regular trade route from Vorzheva twice a year; settlers seeking a quiet life of toil far from the Empire are always welcome. There is but one rule on Chyco that must be obeyed: no droids. Droids are what got House Chyco into this mess, and anyone who uses a droid to do something they could do is considered a lay-about and not worth spit. Offworlders are advised to keep theirs locked safely onboard their vessels.



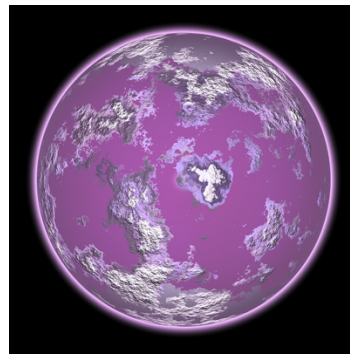
FAEL is a dimly lit moon kept warm by the gravitational effects of its parent planet, the blue gas giant Orsus; it is home to a number of bio-luminous orders of plant life but has no indigenous species. It was colonised millennia ago by human explorers, who have adapted to life in near darkness. A tall, pale and anemic splinter of humanity, the Fael are a passionate and hot tempered, and buoyed by the destruction of the Death Star were among the first worlds to openly declare support for the Rebel Alliance and cede from the Empire. It was a costly mistake, and the Empire moved swiftly to make an example of the Fael to discourage similar actions elsewhere. Its major cities were reduced to slag by orbital bombardment, and the survivors rounded up under charges of sedition and treason and placed in military camps. For the past year they have been subjected to all manner of cruelty and suffering, though the Empire can claim that its program of re-education is finally producing results. The first battalion of Faelean infantry has shown determination and success in combat, recently aiding in the costly invasion of Gyre and willingly laying down their lives in the thousands to achieve their objectives. Grand Moff Skyrus Kyreiken is said to be very pleased with their performance and keen to utilise their services against other difficult military targets soon.

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FRAY is a cursed world trapped in the endless struggle of The Eternal War, a conflict that has continued since well before the dawn of the Old Republic. None can recall the causes of the war; only that numerous sides fight because that is all that they have

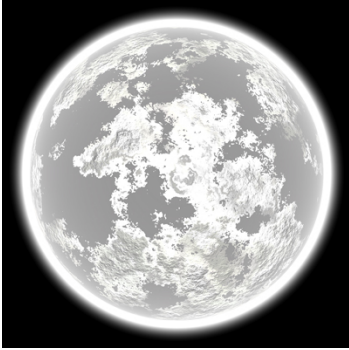
known and all that is left to them. The original inhabitants have long since disappeared; interplanetary forces, mercenaries, soldiers of fortune and fools eager to prove themselves now make up the rank and file of fractured armies. Whatever original climate once graced this world has since been blasted out of existence; now cold winds howl over muddy plains, through hookwire fences and shattered fortresses, rattling the ruined armor that clings to fleshless corpses that cover the world. None know just how deep are these fields of death, where new weapons from nearby Siccidde are tested in the field, and foul chemistries are unleashed from the quagmires of Jasterkast. It is said that the war is allowed to continue only so that the industries of these two worlds may hone their wares before releasing them to the common market; it is also said that any soldier who can prove he did his tour of duty on Fray will command the utmost respect of subordinate and superior alike.



GWEYR KROM is a crystalline world that serves as the corporate capital of the sector. All of the largest sector corporations maintain offices here, in pristine cities nestled between shimmering spires and radiant peaks or along the shores of the spar-

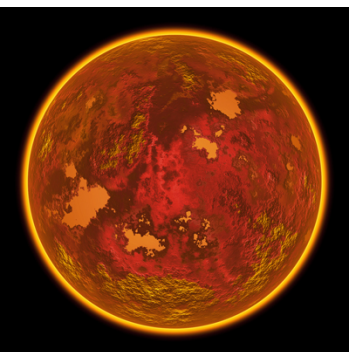
kling deserts. Great chains of shard mountains cross the planet and pierce the sky, some reaching even into space; the wonder and cold beauty of this world is renowned. The MediCrux Corporation dominates trade. As is fitting the corporate engine of the region, Gweyr Krom is also the financial heart of the Malicrux, with a number of major banking headquarters; Krombank is by far the most widely used by the sectors' inhabitants. The transition from the Old Republic to Imperial rule was relatively smooth; the citizens value peace and security above all things, and

Governor Atterick Krayne has done much to ensure this tranquility is maintained, though at great cost to personal freedoms. Public outcry and dissent is virtually unheard of; the Empire considers Gweyre Krom to be a rolemodel world for the sector and recruits heavily from youth seeking something more adventurous.



GYRE is a barbaric world that orbits the third brightest star in the galaxy. Beneath its brilliant glare, the once shining beacon of civilization collapsed in a civil war that left the planet devastated, where warlords continue to shed blood

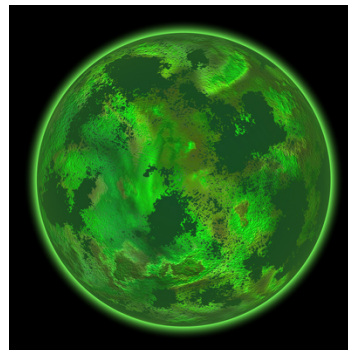
over petty border disputes, and loyalties and alliances are in constant flux. They fund their campaigns by selling off the remnants of the glass cathedrals that once made Gyre famed throughout the galaxy; a single shard of the luminous light-bending substance is worth a considerable fortune, if the right buyer can be found. Eager to end the conflict, the Republic banned the trade in Gyre-glass, and drove art collectors to the black market; few let the knowledge that each shard is paid for with blood cloud their conscience. All this comes at great heartache to House Nephada, the former rulers of Gyre who until recently lived in exile on Sapphirica. Now, the backing of the Empire, the House has reclaimed the Duchal Palace on Gyre and formed a solid defensive position in the ruins of the surrounding city. War is brewing, and it may be that the threat of the Nephada is the one thing that could unify the warlords of Gyre.



HARASSA is an industrial world dedicated to the production of repulsorlift vehicles and famed for its pod racer designs. A client world of House Arranasis, the passion of Duke Barin for the repulsorsport has seen the desert world rise from corpo-

rate ignominy to become one of the leading manufacturers for several sectors. The Duke encourages a healthy rivalry between the domed city-states that rise out of the barren lands; the red sands are home

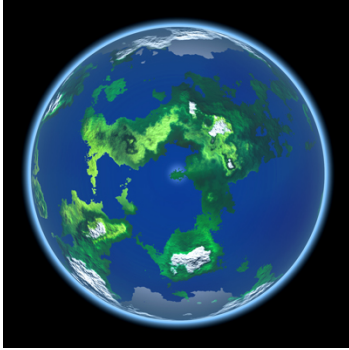
to a number of racing circuits and to a man Harassians follow every event on the yearly calendar. For many, the dream of becoming a pod racer is enough to maintain them through the long hours and fiendishly hot conditions; and while rare, some do achieve this dream, rising to become one of the brash and notoriously short-lived stars. There are two concerns pressing enough to distract the average Harassian from watching the continuous coverage of pod racing events. The first is a localised problem: the primitive indigenous population of desert dwellers known as Shifters pose a constant threat to the security of the domes, commanding huge sand storms to envelop race meets and entire cities should they be angered enough. The second is perhaps far more serious. With the continuing war effort against the Rebel Alliance, the Empire has commandeered a number of repulsorlift factories and conscripted entire workforces to produce military vehicles. With each year another factory is converted, and slowly but surely Harassian racers dwindle in number. While Duke Barin is able to maintain a sensitive balance between keeping the Empire at bay and his people in a state of unease, political pundits wonder at how little it will take to upset this balance.



JASTERKAST is a poisonous world, with acid green skies and toxic bogs smeared across its surface that serves as the homeworld to a slithering amphibianoid people known as the Jast. Rising up out of the quagmires are a number of heavily fortified

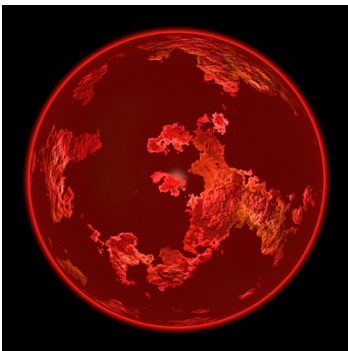
and independent city-states that have spent hundreds of years recovering from a nuclear war that nearly wiped out all life on the planet. Large swathes of radioactive swamps lie between the cities, and great, mutated creatures swim the black seas. In the wake of their great war, the Jast vowed never again to raise arms against one another, but their vicious and cunning ways saw them take up ever more subtle means to strike at their enemies. Shadowy warfare is the norm, with the Alchemists of Jast ever striving to outdo one another with their poisons and antidotes. A number of these chemical weapons are sold to unscrupulous warlords offworld, and the Jast are happy to use the planet of Fray as a proving ground for their poisons. Visitors find the place to be oppressively humid and sickly,

but trips here can be profitable; there are a number of byproducts to the Jastrian experiments, considered failures by the poison masters, but many of which have a wide variety of commercial purposes. Duke Carmus Jasterkastria oversees the development of trade with other worlds from the relative safety of his orbital station low over the green clouds, but ensures a hefty tax to pay for the protection of his household from his rivals.



JYRYX is a pristine wilderness world of mountainous forests and cold seas, formerly under the jurisdiction of the Unisys Corporation and marked for exploitation, but now under the possession of the relocated Sulgoran people. The Sulgorans

fled the environmental depredation of their homeworld by Unisys and, eager to avoid a similar recurrence, they applied for and received a permanent isolation order from the old Republic that banned any offworlders from landing on the planet without prior permission of the Jyryxi ambassador Tuva Hurkeesi on Sapphirica. However Hurkeesi knows that agreements struck with the old Republic no longer hold much legal weight in the Emperor's new order, and knows it is only a matter of time before ravenous corporations or the Empire itself comes to claim Jyryx for themselves. The ambassador's dire warnings have gone unheeded by his people and their clan leaders, who pursue their old ways of hunting and gathering in the tranquility of their new home, maintaining faith in the sanctity of their protective decree and not willing to believe in the ambassador's stories of atrocity. Hurkeesi, eager to protect his people from the coming storm, is known to be actively seeking out new allies in the galactic arena.

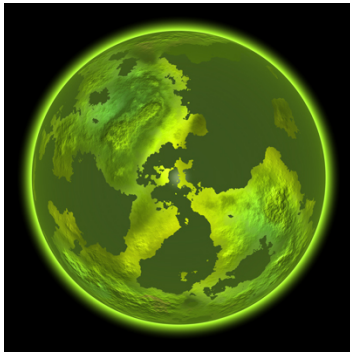


KALISHE is a vicious jungle world teeming with blood-leaved carnivorous plants, where monstrous predators stalk cunning prey. It is a deadly place, bathed in the ominous crimson light of its red giant star, and few attempts to colonise the planet

have met with success. There are but a handful of operations that have endured these inhospitable conditions, and a couple have even thrived. The first is an ever-expanding number of clandestine spice plantations run by petty drug barons under the control of Guuzha the Hutt, who negotiated access to the jungle under agreement with House Kalishe. The drug lords maintain heavily armed perimeters and compounds on the tropical archipelagoes, where guards watch over plantation slaves who are surprisingly upbeat about their situation: a short life on Kalishe is a better fate than a slow, toxic death on Vorzheva Prime. The other operation exists in rumour only; it is said that the infamous Baal Kabuul makes his home deep in the heart of the greatest jungle, where he co-ordinates a flesh trade with connections spread out across the sector and beyond. What the Baal makes of Guuzha the Hutt's presence on his world is unclear, though the growing number of coordinated attacks by normally solitary predators hints at the Baal's displeasure. The Empire shows little interest in the planet for now, as long as House Kalishe, which receives regular "contributions" from the Hutt's representatives, regularly fills its coffers.

The twin moons of **KANTO PRIME** and **KANTO SECUNDUS** share the same orbit around a barren terrestrial world that in turn orbits a complicated quaternary star system; they are always bathed in sunlight, tidelocked to one another, and are bound in a slow death spiral that will see the two moons collide some time in the next thousand years. They are close enough now that their atmospheres mingle, and the gravity of Kanto Prime is strong enough to rip mountains from the surface of Kanto Secundus. Seismic activity and meteorites are commonplace in regions where the worlds face each other; but for now the outer faces are relatively safe. Capitalising on the constant sunlight, the warm and pleasant world of Kanto Prime has developed an intensive agricultural industry, focusing on luxury wines that are the toast of the Core Worlds. The financial return on their produce is so great that House Kanto – who manage the vineyard estates – has installed a military grade defense grid around their estates to shot down incoming meteors, and drive off any would be thieves and pirates. The former galactic senator Duke Orlando Kanto, who can trace his ancestry to Core World nobility and served until the collapse of the Republic, personally oversees his -family run estates whenever he can, but with the growing influence of the Empire he has come out of retirement and is spends more and

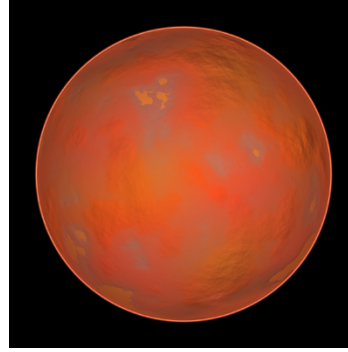
more time on Sapphrica. Politically savvy and a gifted orator, Duke Kanto is outspoken and critical of Imperial activities within the sector, and has weathered several attempts on his life. He is widely considered to be in league with the Rebel Alliance, but he is critical of them as well, citing the number of innocents killed in the destruction of the Star Destroyer Ferocious while in dock at Port Kullus. His duties to the Council on Sapphrica leaves House Kanto to be run by his daughter Nuala, who has inherited much of her father's traits. She oversees House Kanto's interests, operates out of his ducal palace on Kanto Secundus, located in the polar mountains just beyond the rim of the gravitational degradation. House scientists predict the growing gravitational pull will envelop the palace within one hundred years, but for now the family is safe. The slow destruction of Kanto Secundus is not without benefits; as the crust is slowly torn apart, great seams of minerals are uncovered and while very dangerous, a flurry of mining activity has begun under Nuala Kanto's personal supervision.



KELM is a temperate world of broad plains and jilkawood forests, made famous by the Siege of Kresiela, where a force of thirteen Jedi took refuge for one thousand days and nights against an entire legion of clone troopers till finally they

were betrayed by one of their own. Now the former Jedi Temple of Kresiela is an important Imperial garrison and museum dedicated to the the Fall of the Jedi, examining their galactic influence and the corruption inherent in such power. Students from across the sector and beyond come to study the number of Jedi artifacts are on display, and learn how to identify and report Force-sensitive individuals to the appropriate Imperial authorities. Visitors are restricted to a limited area of the Temple and parts of the surrounding jilkawoods; the Imperial garrison conducts a number of live fire training exercises and whole continents are designated as proving grounds to test weapons for the war against the terrorists of the Rebel Alliance. The recently established Imperial city of Palpatino lies nearby, and is dedicated to the support and logistics of the Imperial garrison and the museum. The citizenry is loyal and security is discreet, with recruiting offices producing a number of excellent personnel for the ever-

important logistics of the Imperial Navy.

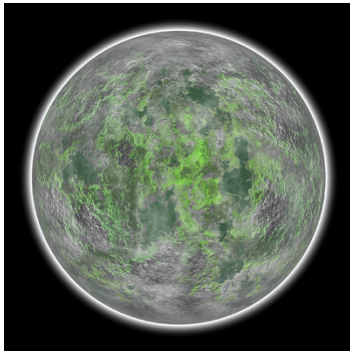


KLULKHUN is a giant world in every sense. While it is a rocky terrestrial planet it dwarfs most of its siblings and rivals gas giants for size, supporting life-forms of truly immense proportions that roam the great plains and graze by countless

lakes. Such a large planetary mass generates a heavy gravity that has flattened the landscape, leaving low mountains and shallow seas. That the creatures here are as large as they are is a testament to their incredible strength and bone structure. The heavy gravity has also protected the world from depredation; it is difficult for most offworlders to work in such taxing conditions, though there are several generations of indentured beast herders that have adapted to the gravity. They live their precarious lives in small armoured huts half buried into the flesh of mighty gygantors, huge eight-legged grazing beasts that grow several kilometers in length. Here the herdsmen strip prized flesh from open cuts in the beasts' flanks – merely a scratch to these creatures - and their masters sell the delicacy to offworld traders from Sapphrica and Sinammon, eager to satiate the nobility's tastes for the exotic.

MEPHIYEH is a complicated hollowed world full of secrets and mystery. House Mephiyeh's understanding of orbital physics ensures their rule over the planet is absolute. Early in the Republic, survey ships found a world rich with ore and minerals, and mining began. Initially materials were removed from the planet to be refined and used elsewhere, but as more and more was extracted, refining and then manufacture developed in the mining cavities. Now the planet is a hollow sphere with a number of structures are said to orbit within its confines. The one main entrance to the planet's interior is guarded by Mephiyeh troops that operate out of the only surface structure: the Citadel is heavily fortified and is a cylinder of air locks that control the planet's internal environment. Rumours persist that the Citadel is of a scale that will allow even the largest of Capital Ships to pass within. Inside is a plethora of superstructures in slow orbit around each other, each with a variable gravity that the Mephiyeh can control at a whim. These include arcologies, refineries, manufacturing stations, warehouses, and the ore itself, in

massive free-floating stock piles of material that fuel the planet's incredible energy requirements. 100 million souls live in the spinning disks of the arcologies. For large or heavy stored materials they spin at lower speeds to simulate lower gravities, liquid or alluvial materials are kept in warehouses that spin faster, turning them into the largest centrifugal pumps in the galaxy. All of these objects bar one spin, rotate, gravitate and roll around inside the planet's husk. The one object stays in one position relative to the planet is the Duchal Palace known as the Garden. An oasis of calm within a hive of industry, the greatest engineers of Mephiyeh and the most illustrious customers are permitted to visit and pay homage to the scions of House Mephiyeh. The progenitor of the House and the reason for its might and independence, was a mathematic genius and a madman that realised that more of the planet can be used by moving and coordinating the movement of the free floating bodies inside the husk of the planet. His daughter built on his works, and held the power of this planet when she used free-floating structures within the planet to crush all that opposed her. Peace and control has been maintained by a combination of judicious use of gravitational manipulation and variation, all of which is a closely hidden secret. With out the help of flight control navigating between the planetoids is nearly impossible, and has kept the planet from falling into Imperial possession – for now.

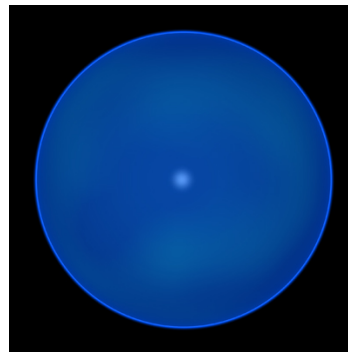


MIMANDE is a rocky agrarian world of incredible slate towers and canyons, where a heavy mist lingers throughout the year. This cool damp climate is perfect for a number of agricultural products, and the farms that work the narrow valleys are

renown for their vineyards and breweries. Its people have thrown off the shackles of technology and a simple pastoral life. Normally such worlds quickly fall prey to slavers and corporate exploitation, but Mimande is barren of mineral wealth (some whisper suspiciously so) and massive ion nebula that surrounds the system makes travel treacherous. Some traders risk the trip for the Ral'cath spirits, or the latest produce from Kau'meta Vineyards; the fermentation process excludes all droid and technology process so creates a purely organic luxury item that attracts excessive profits – assuming the ship sur-

vives the journey to nebula, and the trader has something of worth to barter with. Credits are worth nothing here, with value being placed on the usefulness of items and the skills a man can give his society.

MOLOVAR is a shattered world, split in two by some cataclysmic event predating the fall of the Malicrux Empire. The forces of gravity have been hard at work however, and the remnants of the planet have reassembled to form a new world of high volcanic, tectonic and cosmic activity. Numerous chunks of the planet still orbit the central planetary mass, and meteoric bombardment is a continuous threat. Volcanoes run along the great fissures that cross the world, and there are constant seismic events as the two main halves grind against each other. Imperial geologists, vulcanologists and astrophysicists are drawn to Molovar, and from the relative safety of its outermost moon they monitor the planet below, eager to decipher the mystery that surrounds the planet. All data indicates that whatever triggered Molovar's cataclysm, it was not a natural occurrence. What troubles the Empire is that those responsible might still be out there, hidden deep in the Malicrux Nebula.



PALAUGA is an ocean world, with a central core of solid state water and thus lacking in the magnetosphere necessary to protect its inhabitants from the mutational effects of solar radiation. Life thrives here despite the hardship, or possibly be-

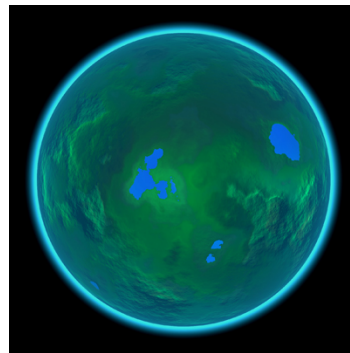
cause of it: the radiation causes constant mutation and an accelerated evolution, and most established species have developed a radiation resistant chitin. It is home to the Palauga, a species of sentient crustaceans that come in a wide variety of forms, all heavily armoured and armed with vicious claws. The Palauga developed a society of warring feudal states when the first explorers from the Republic arrived, and the reception found them exceptionally tasty. The Republic closed access to the world, but did not count on the Palauga reverse engineering the starship their entree arrived in. While it took them six hundred years to do so, revolutionising their society and galvanizing them towards the stars, when the Palaugan Emergency spread across the Malicrux Sector one hundred years before the

clone wars, it took a unified military force composed of armies from across the Sector to drive them back to their watery lairs. In the decades since, the Palau reigned in their appetites and began diplomatic overtures to the surrounding planets, and were finally admitted into the circle of noble houses. House Palauga has proven to be politically savvy, currying favour with the power of the time; with the rise of the Empire they have been vocal supports of their doctrine and welcomed the appointment of an Imperial Governor with open claws, and have promised a mighty feast in his honour.

PORT KULLUS is a vast trade collective scattered across a number of space stations, ship berths, satellites and small moons in close orbit around the ringed gas-giant of Bokucryeu. While Sapphirica may be the political epicenter of the Malicrux Sector, Port Kullus is its commercial heart. The great majority of goods that pass into and out of the Sector pass through Port Kullus, and it is here that goods and cargo manifests are inspected, recorded and taxed before being transferred from local haulers and freighters into massive spacebarges that run the trade routes into the Galactic Core and beyond. This requires a huge number of services, and the entire system is overseen by guildmasters personally appointed by the Sapphrician nobility. Tariffs are collected, filling the coffers of the noble houses, but they in turn pay a sizable proportion to the Empire. Corruption, smuggling, bribery, tampering and theft are inevitable, and the Yellow Prince is the undisputed master of the darker aspects of the trade hub. His base of operations is unknown, and few if any ever lay eyes upon him, but such is his power that on a whim he can shut down most operations in Port Kullus, and thus the Sector. The shipyards are where his influence is weakest; here the mechanics and shipwrights are allied in powerful and belligerent trade unions that keep the Yellow Prince at bay. The entire collection of myriad orbital bodies and stations are protected by an array of defensive systems. Those fools who attempt to raid Port Kullus rarely if ever get a second chance.

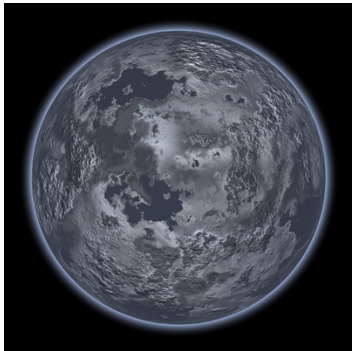
PROHL is a semi-arid planet that has a ring of automated warning beacons to keep travelers away. It is known among spacers by the more infamous moniker of "Murder". The planet is shrouded by a layer of continuous ionized storm clouds that block all scanners and plays havoc with ships attempting to make a landing. Below the cloud layer lies a 10km high layer of hot, humid and breathable air. The land itself is rugged and arid and covered in alternating

dense forests of 30-40' tall mushroom type 'trees' and 10' bamboo type grass fields, the dim light that filters through the cloud layer leaves the land in a perpetual twilight by day or absolute darkness by night. The name "Murder" is allegedly attributed to the first transmission received by explorers from a crashed starship on Prohl: "<static> .. this planet is murder .. <hash>". Only three of the 30 odd crew of a specially shielded research ship have ever officially returned from the planet. They describe giant spider-like creatures, intelligent and technologically capable, with advanced cybernetics grafted to their bodies – vibro-blade enhanced slashing limbs, metal-ceramic weave laced through their carapace, cortex nodes to enhance reflexes - and they swarm and kill any who land on their planet. Those few researchers who brave the planet believe an ancient race placed them here, though whether as a prison, to isolate them from the galaxy or protect the galaxy from whatever they guard is uncertain.



RAVENHOLT is a verdant world named after the sentient black-winged birds that soar over its lush dark forests and lofty peaks. Waterfalls spill down great mountains to feed a broad network of cool lakes and rivers, and much of the world remained untouched under the stewardship of House Rabenhout. It was sparsely populated, with only a handful of cities concentrated on the northern continent where rustic arts and harmonious architecture blended with the great trees of the forests. This philosophy was reflected in the cities' artisans and craftsmen, who were famed for their exquisite wood-carvings and independent head-strong manner. Of course, all this has changed since the demise of the Old Republic, and overthrow of House Rabenhout by the political machinations of House Kyrieiken. Now the world is the focus for rampant industrialization; the old trade in pharmaceuticals, rubber, wood and other natural products was superseded with vast opencut mines and refineries that draw precious trillanium ore from the earth. An essential metal in the manufacture of starship components, the trillanium trade has swelled House Kyrieiken's coffers and they have not been idle; whole cities have risen up out of the pristine forests and massive shipyards are currently under construction in several regions around the planet. In another coup for the

House, patriarch Skyris Kyreiken has been appointed as the Imperial Governor for the sector, and the planet now serves as the focus of Imperial military might. The Sector Army is based here, and while the majority of the Sector Fleet has been dispatched in the far reaches of the galaxy in the hunt for the Rebel Alliance, two Imperial-Class Star Destroyers now orbit the planet. What the Ravens think of these interlopers in their forests and skies no-one can be sure, though the few old woodsmen who remain are certain that the Ravens have their own plans to rid their world of the accursed Kyreiken.



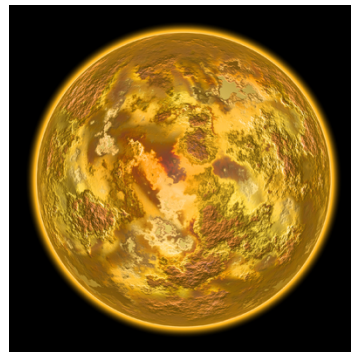
RUKH is a cold and desolate mountain world that stands at the border of the only known route into the Djakarshi Forbidden Zone. Great watchtowers and powerful sensor arrays rise up from the icy peaks, monitoring the interstellar and hyperspatial regions that surround it. Maintained by the Old Republic for millennia and now under Imperial control, it is there to ensure nothing or leaves the Forbidden Zone. Of course, there are always foolhardy souls who are willing to try, and rescue teams are on standby to bring in the wayward vessels, though what happens to those who break the quarantine is a mystery. In fact most of what occurs on Rukh is a matter of speculation, for more detailed information is blacklisted by the Empire.



SAPPHIRICA is a beautiful ocean world, the blue jewel that crowns the Malicrux Nebula and gateway to the Sector. Blessed with abundant seas and favorable winds, Sapphirica has long served as the sacred gathering place of the noble houses of the

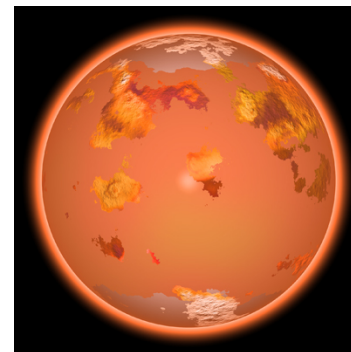
Malicrux, who reside in stunning white cities and palaces that float in the skies over the waves. So captivating are the twilight vistas of the Nebula rising over tranquil seas that even the Emperor Himself has an Imperial Residence here, a shining pinnacle of architecture formed from millions of golden blades that turn slowly about a central palace. As is befitting a world frequented by the ruler of the gal-

axy, the entire planet is protected by a vast energy shield, projected by a number of huge generator towers that burst from the waves to loom kilometers into the sky. The capital of Allura is the largest floating city where the noble houses hold council. It is a hotbed of political intrigue and scandal; what transpires in the gleaming council chambers and scintillating banquet halls can have ramifications that affect every corner of the Malicrux Nebula. In the upheaval that followed the rise of the Galactic Empire, the power and influence of nobles of Sapphirica has been somewhat diminished as more and more Imperial might is exerted by House Kyreiken on Ravenholt; however it would be impossible for the Empire to maintain order across the Sector without the support of the Sapphirican Houses, and for the time being an uneasy alliance has been thrust upon the two worlds.



SICCIDDE is a scorching desert world rent by massive canyon systems that house numerous industrial cities. Sicciddian weapon factories play an important part of the Sector's manufacturing economy, with large research facilities and

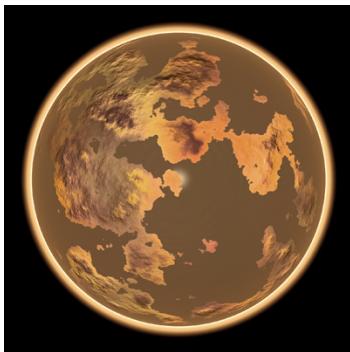
proving grounds; most of the labor is provided by convict workforces, typically alien labourers the victim of the Empire's pro-human stance. Acts of sabotage and uprising are not uncommon, but the local planetary wardens are brutal in repressing such actions. The planet is controlled by House Siccidde, who had little trouble adapting to the doctrine of the New Order; they enjoy the full support of the Empire's bureaucracy and receive regular shipments of prison labour from across the galaxy.



SINAMMON is a beautiful pleasure world where the sector's elite come to play, bathing in the golden seas beneath lavender skies or dancing the night away in the light of Sinammon's seven moons. Access to this shimmering paradise is

heavily restricted, with all interstellar traffic directed to the orbital station that circles the equator; here all

visitors must turn over any weapons as they board shuttle craft that then descend through the clouds to their palace of pleasure. Sinammon offers all manner of idyllic pastimes, from relaxing on tropical sky-yachts then nautodiving the vibrant reefs that colour the shallow seas, to aeroboarding from the troposphere, landing on a mountainside, and working the slopes before paragliding from glacial cliffs of the polar continent. Anything to whet the appetite of a bored nobility. Naturally with such an influx of the wealthy, security is paramount and the planetary defense force is as deadly as it is discreet. There are a number of small enclaves scattered across the planet where the rich may retire and live in peace, and holonet stars rub shoulders with retired admirals and corporate princes. Idyllica Holdings maintains the staff and security, essentially ensuring that the world runs smoothly, far from the prying eyes of the holonet media or the gawping stares of a star-struck public. It is rumoured that Idyllica is slavish in meeting the needs of its clientele, and caters to all tastes, however sordid. Such speculation is of course dismissed as the envy of the masses.

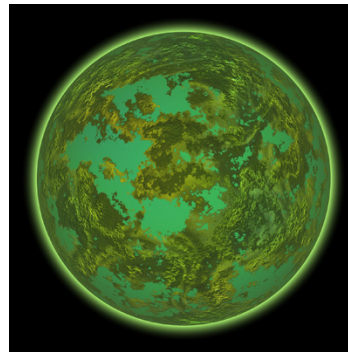


SULGORA is a ruined world, with vast forests of dead trees, acidic oceans and poisonous rain and is ringed by countless spacewrecks ready to be broken down and destroyed — the result of exploitation by the Unisys Corporation, former member of

the Trade Federation. Unisys were later convicted of abuse of native lands and forced to relocate the entire Sulgoran people to the nearby planet of Jyryx. The Unisys Corporation collapsed under the monumental cost of the resettlement program and the planet went into economic decline. However the small mining companies employed by the Unisys Corporation formed the Phoenix Federation and began a profitable trade in waste recycling. Nowadays Sulgora is one of the Empire's biggest waste dumping and recycling planets. Beaching of retired vessels is an impressive occurrence and not uncommon.

TALIS is a mudball of a planet, where scumdrakes and amphibious bloatwyrms are hunted for sport by the galaxy's best. The extreme elliptical orbit subjects the planet to great differences in temperature. During the prolonged winter when the planet is far

from the system's twin suns, the muddy surface is as hard as rock, with only a narrow band of viscous ocean around the equatorial belt. As the planet draws closer the world thaws, and the ocean broadens, til in the heights of summer two polar islands are all that remain. This primordial ooze is rich with nutrients, and combined with a lower than average gravity it supports a diverse ecosystem of truly massive creatures, which in turn draws big-game hunters and bored nobles from the heart of the galaxy. Several safaris operate under the purview of House Vaspasa; Grand Duke Meriko Vaspasa is a passionate hunter and will often personally escort visiting dignitaries on hunting trips.

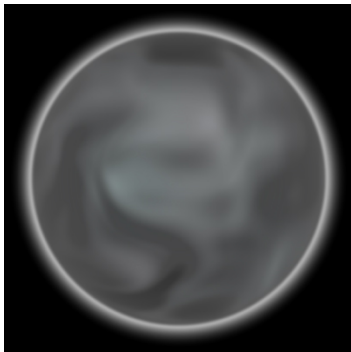


TANGELWOOD is a dangerous weed-choked world; overgrown by continent-spanning patches of massive and carnivorous tangeltorn. With razor-sharp barbs growing over one hundred meters in length along twisting branches

tens or even hundreds of kilometers long, tangeltorn is possibly one of the largest photosynthetic lifeforms known in the galaxy. The various subspecies are prized sources of patterned lumber and some have rare medicinal properties; but Tangelwood's true fame stems from the annual pod-racing festival, when the galaxy's best podracers dart down the winding passages of the Leafspears Labyrinth. A deadly leg of the galactic pod racing circuit, the plants tear and impale many racers while probing bloodroots seek out the veins of any fool who forgets to shut their blast doors at night. Tangelwood also serves as the domain of House Arranasis, whose Duchal Palace commands the finest views of the track. The House has a vested interest in the pod racing industry and has invested in a number of tracks around the sector, keen on developing the sport across the Malicrux.

VASPASA is an arid world of rocky badlands and steaming savannahs. It is populated by the Vasp, a bipedal reptilian race with human range height and mass. The atmosphere is slightly caustic, and the Vasp and all they create must be hardy and enduring to last in such an environment; the Vasp are covered in a hard dermal chitin that helps them survive. They also have an aptitude for industrial manufacturing and have built a strong economy on Vas-

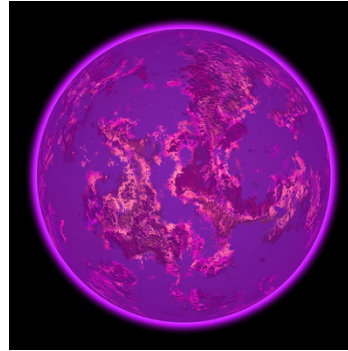
pasa that provides highly processed durable goods to the rest of the sector. This historically provided a slightly above average standard of living. Until recently the Vasp had proven to have generally very good health, with an inherent resistance to disease. Unfortunately interstellar trade has appeared to introduce a foreign pathogen to Vaspasa, and a disease known as Hyun Fever has spread aggressively throughout the population over the last 5 years, causing rapid rotting to the Vasp's armor and exposing them to severe caustic burns from their natural environment and leaving them easily susceptible to secondary infection. Whilst Hyun Fever has no known cure and does not seem to affect other races, a treatment to manage the symptoms is available from MediCrux, although it is expensive. Duke Meirko Vaspasa personally oversees the administration of the treatment, despite himself becoming infected. Economic activity and standard of living amongst the Vasp has declined notably as a result of this persistent pandemic. Imperial doctors from the Public Health Authority maintain a vigilant watch over the world, fearing mutation and spread of the disease.



VLATA YHOM is a dark and foreboding funeral world, where countless millions have been laid to rest beneath grim grey skies and cold stone. That any would chose such a forlorn place may surprise, until the strange power of Vlada Yhom is

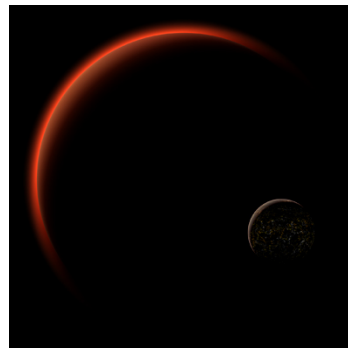
revealed: those that are swiftly interred within days of passing may live again, albeit in a ghostly form. Some great wonder is at work on this world, and the dead may continue to appear before the living and commune with them, though there are some limitations. The dead cannot learn anything new, only recall memories from their living days, and they must receive regular contact, or their memories will fade away, leaving only a ghostly husk behind. Coordinating the allocation of burial grounds is a presence known only as The Veil, a pale apparition that lingers in the great Temple of Yhom, the largest single structure on the planet. Here, in vast marbled halls filled with silence, petitioners can bring their fallen and seek permission from the Veil to bury them on Vlada Yhom. If the Veil approves, it instructs the fallen's companions where to find their final resting place, and once interred in the soil of the world, the

fallen may rise once more. There are sad tales of the living being unable to let go of loved ones buried on Vlada Yhom, remaining in the presence of the past, til they too pass away. All attempts to study the planet have met with failure; expeditions have been known to encounter extraordinary runs of ill luck and data corruption. For now, the secrets of Vlada Yhom remain undisturbed.



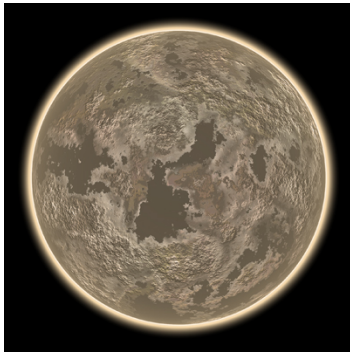
VEYCA is a tepid tropical world where great continents of fungal growth rise out of the seas. With no axial tilt, the planet lacks seasons, subjecting the warm equatorial regions to constant rain, creating perfect growing conditions for all

manner of fungoid life. Layer upon layer of mycanoid detritus towers up towards the clouds, displaying a vast number of different species from giant mushroom platforms where starships can safely land to microscopic pathogens that can kill with one breath. Veycan air is dangerous; it is thick with spores that can easily overwhelm when subjected to prolonged exposure, and appropriate protective gear is essential when outside the domed cities of House Veyca. Within these domes Vecyan industrial centres extract all manner of biotechnological and pharmaceutical products harvested from the jungles of fungi; huge mining platforms slowly crawl across the landscape leaving great scars in their wake. These tracks do not last long: they are swallowed up with new growths within weeks. House Veyca runs a small but thriving trade with Jasterkast and the MediCrux Corporation on Gweyr Krom; there is a small Imperial research facility built on the southern continent that has been declared off limits to all outsiders. House Veyca can do little but accept the situation.



VORZHEVA is a sprawling urban moon locked in a perpetual eclipse, trapped in the shadow of its parent planet, warmed by geothermal power and lit by the blood gold hues of the Malicrux Nebula and the radiant light of nearby Gyre. At least,

when the smog clears long enough for the stars to shine through. Otherwise the ruddy haze of neon lights and the glow of deathsticks is all that lights the way through the murk. Vorzheva wasn't always this way; it was once under the stewardship of House Palauga, but a century ago the Duke staked the fate of his world against his vast gambling debts to the Hutts – and lost. Since the takeover of the planet by Guuzha the Hutt, Vorzheva has become a sordid backdoor into the Malicrux Sector and the prime source of vice and spice. The sprawling towers are filled to the brim with hapless peons, slowly choking and mutating in the foul chemical broth they call air. Gas masks are essential. Organised crime is rampant, corruption ever-present, and suffering to be found on every corner.



XANDERPAND is a dead world where lifeless oceans lap at dusty grey deserts; ill winds scour the ancient and ruined ziggurats that tower over the plains. Immense structures, the ziggurats are believed to one of the few locations bearing physical

evidence of the Malicrux Empire to have survived the supernova that ended their rule. As such the world is of considerable interest to scholars from around the Sector, and a small starport caters to the needs of the archaeologists that search for the secrets of the Malicrux.

Home for Life Day

Star Wars Fiction + Stats
by Andrew Gilbertson

Coat bunched tightly around me, I stepped out of the dark warehouse interior and into the murky, overcast twilight of Ord Trasi's industrial slums. Brown brick and smudges of soot covered everything; an entire city gone to seed. Like everywhere on this planet that wasn't dedicated to churning out ships to the Imperial war machine. Places like these factories- well, they only manufactured luxuries like clothing and housing and medical supplies. Why would they be on any Imperial governor's priority list when there were foundries churning out Lancer Frigates and Guardian Light Cruisers to supply and maintain? Like everything else under their care, the Empire left it to rot.

I shivered as I pulled the coat tighter around myself, bracing against the bitter cold. Not exactly the kind of place that I wanted to be on Life Day Eve.

But business was business - and Mobquet wanted to expand into the Elrood sector. I tried to tell them that it was a waste of time, but they wanted their best sales rep. 'Good ol' Treffin Fervtrepig; he could sell vacuum to a mynock.' A kriffing waste of time it was, too- but at least I got out of there in time to catch a transport back to Antar. Figured if I hurried, I could even make it back in time for Life Day. It only left me one problem.

Time enough to get back home as long as there was a class-one-H and a throttle-jockey to fly it? Sure. Time enough to buy Carryth a Life Day present? Not so much.

Elrood had hardly been a surplus of shopping opportunities, after all. I already had a present for Vestris- leaving present-shopping for the wife 'till the last minute just wasn't a good policy for any man who valued his life... but disappointing my little boy?

Not this Gotal. Not while I could help it.

Which led me to Ord Trasi- the only marginally-manageable stopover on the flight home- and a dingy warehouse meeting with an even shabbier Ranat.

Lousy as things were under the Imps, shopping on Ord Trasi wasn't that bad, of course- only, turns out that the pocket aquarium that Carryth wanted more than anything in the whole of known space had become some sort of hot-ticket items. Couldn't find a single one on any shelf. Would've been easier to find a used lightsaber on the open market than one of these stupid little micro-fish galleries. Which led me- in a bit of desperation- to a clearly-shady character in a bad part of town, and a lot fewer credits in my pocket than I'd planned to leave the planet with.

Still, prize clutched firmly under my arm and beneath the sheltering cold, I had only to navigate the labyrinthine streets to the spaceport one more time, and off home for Life Day. And being hailed as the best father on the planet, no doubt.

Vestris, Carryth, I'm coming h-

I froze, the giddy thought evaporating into the air like my foggy breath. My cones were tingling like I was getting a bear-hug from a fierfeked droid- something was wrong.

Glancing warily around, well-aware of the seedy environs to which desperation had driven me, I scanned the disused thoroughfare, littered with scraps of flimsi and trash.

My blood froze in my veins as my questing eyes found the source of the shiver; though if I wanted to get the ice that gripped my heart pumping through my arteries again, I was facing down the right species.

No one better to flay the solidified vital fluids than a Blood Carver.

Sithspawn!

He stared at me down his pointed nose from farther down the alley- no breath visible in the frigid air. A vicious and ornate dagger flicked rhythmically at his side, shaving chips of a small, intricately-whittled sculpture with almost casual disinterest.

As if all he cared about was showcasing how good he was with a knife.

His shoulders were hunched, beady eyes locked directly on me- studying me like an insect as the blade flicked rhythmically away at his side.

I tried to have nothing to do with the freaks- I knew enough never to compliment a Blood Carver on his artwork; that would earn only a swift death. But then, 'swift death' was the Blood Carvers in a nutshell; I could feel my heart pounding against my ribcage, and my fur was dampening with perspiration.

We might have locked eyes- it was hard to tell with those soulless black spheres. His entire body- lightly-clothed, considering the weather- was stringy and sinewy and lithe; all slick motion and fluid grace.

Swallowing hard enough to gulp down a training remote, I executed my number-one policy when it came to Blood Carvers: turning and walking the other way.

My pace was hurried, but I fought not to break into a jog as I ducked into a side alley, out of the sight-line of the implacable predator. I could hardly see the Blood Carver past the fog-cloud of my own hyperventilating exhalations. My limbs felt weak and shaky, my head light, as I power-walked away from the being- whose head turned to follow me until I was out of sight. He looked tense, ready for action- something I was distinctly unready for.

My churning stomach felt ready to evacuate itself imminently in one direction or the other, and I was dizzy- adrenaline practically diluting my blood to nothing as I struggled to maintain a steady gait. It took all my willpower not to run- and even all that

mustered force wasn't enough to keep me from glancing back.

The mouth of the alley was clear; it would be a long walk to the next outlet, but at least he wasn't following.

And when I turned back to face-front, three shadows had detached themselves from the murky shadows.

The barest few snowflakes drifted gently down through the air as the three drew to an unmistakable cordon in front of me. The bulkiest, in the center, was a shuffling Chevin- young and wrinkled, dwarfing me; a forehead and a nose given limbs as an afterthought. To his left, a hulking Abyssin glared dumbly but hostilely out of his single eye, brown goatee dripping with saliva.

The Siniteen to the Chevin's right was clearly the brains of the operation- which pulsed openly atop his skull in the chilly evening air. His creepy, blank eyes fixed on me as he gave a raspy chuckle- and a distinctly unkind one at that.

"Well, well, well... a fine, upstanding citizen out past curfew- and in a poor part of town, I might add."

He sounded like he had to be eighty years old- though perhaps the croaking voice was normal for a young Siniteen, too- and his veneer was friendly enough... but the Chevin made no secret of his naked, avaricious stare at the bundle beneath my coat. The Abyssin just looked like he wanted to brain me.

Absurdly, I realized that I was clutching the aquarium tighter beneath my coat.

"I- I'm sorry," I stammered, terror unabated- though slightly-lessened- from my hasty flight. *"I didn't have any curfews listed on my datapad- I didn't mean to-"*

"Oh, this isn't an Imperial curfew," the Siniteen cackled. *"You won't find it on any dispatch of*

regulations. Rules in the Breakdown work differently- we're a world all our own."

I could clearly see where this was going, but I was a coward at heart. Honestly, my honor and my dignity seemed like nothing compared to the chance to just see my wife and child again. I'd abase myself, beg plead; I didn't care. Dignity was pride- hardly worth risking a life for.

"Please," I whispered, my throat suddenly dry, *"Please- I'm just a guy trying to get back to his family for Life Day..."*

The Siniteen quirked his head to the side as if suddenly remembering.

"Oh, is it that time of year already?" He spread his hands expansively to the sides. *"We don't have much use for calendars out here."*

"P-please..." I stammered. The Abyssin laughed- and ugly, cruel sound.

"Sounds scared, boss," noted the Chevin in an incongruously-light and breathy voice for something so huge.

"That he does, Kon," the Siniteen chuckled. *"Well, have no fear, citizen. We've appointed ourselves... escorts... to lost souls like yourself. We'll see you safely out of this unsafe sector; get you home to that family of yours."*

Clearly a setup; I waited for the other Sith to strike.

"Of course," the Siniteen mused, almost-idly, *"We do expect to be paid for our trouble."*

There it was.

"Just give us whatever you came out all this way to acquire," the Chevin agreed mock-sweetly, *"And we'll see to it you get back to your missus in one piece."*

I was hoping that my quivering limbs, shaking at near-seizure levels and causing my coat to flap and dance like a Twi'lek slave, could be written off as mere shivering in the cold. I could taste metal on my tongue, and it felt like I might have a cardio-attack right then and there.

"Unless you'd prefer the alternative..." the Siniteen noted in the same abstract, seemingly-uncaring tone.

"N-no! No. I, uh..."

With shaking hands, I undid the clasp and opened my coat. The Abyssin gave a mocking cat-call, and the Chevin whistled, as if I was some sort of exotic dancer disrobing in front of them. Amidst their mocking laughter, I tossed my coin-purse to the ground in front of them- a dishearteningly-paltry jingle.

The Abyssin scooped it up, tossing it to the Chevin, who poked around with his stubby arms for only a second before looking up to sneer at me.

"Calling this a pittance would be an insult to pittances."

"Come on, son," drawled the Siniteen. *"Let's have the merch."*

Hands shaking so badly I could barely hold on to it, I proffered the aquarium meekly. It juggled and danced in front of my eyes, the little fish within swimming in confused circles.

"Please..." I pled again. *"It's a Life Day present for my son..."*

The Abyssin stared at it, transfixed; if I were an action star, a commando or a Jedi, it would've been the perfect moment to make my move. But I was just a scared, helpless speeder salesman desperately begging for his life.

The Siniteen scowled.

"That's it?"

"They're... hard to find. I came here to-"

In a blur of motion, the Siniteen slapped it angrily out of my hands.

It had the ground with a crack, shattering and spilling its contents all over the alley floor. Insect-sized fish flopped and gasped in their death-throes at my feet... while I stared my own demise right in the eyes.

"You came out to the Breakdown for that?"

I looked away- mutely, down at the water which was beginning to freeze as it pooled on the rough ferrocrete of the alley. A broken dream- which paled in comparison to the new impossible, frantically-coveted desire.

Please- please, if there's anyone listening- Celestials or Bedlam Spirits or the kriffing Great God Quay... I need a miracle. Please, I... I want to survive. I just want to see my wife and son again...

"I don't believe it!" the Siniteen snapped. *"Search him!"*

The Abyssin seized me in rough hands, bruising grip questing over me with no thought to sparing me discomfort. In the end, he found nothing... there was nothing to find.

"That's it," the Abyssin rumbled.

The Siniteen was practically apoplectic.

"You took your life into your hands for fish?" he shouted- then turned in a circle, muttering to himself. *"Hardly enough credits to make it worth... looks like a squealer... would the Impies listen to a fur-face? ...Can we take that chance...? Hardly enough to cover the risk..."*

His posture stiffened- and so did mine. This was sounding worse every moment.

The Siniteen turned slowly, his smile and cackling manner re-asserting themselves.

"There's always the chance, of course, that if we murder you, the authorities will bother to pay this place enough attention to come and make trouble for us. Stormtroopers kicking down doors, breaking windows, asking questions- now wouldn't that just be horrible?"

The Chevin nodded- a full-body motion- as did the Abyssin. For that matter, so did I- but once again, I was waiting for the other Sith to strike.

"...Course, if we let you live, there's always a chance you'll make enough noise or have enough connections to get them to come out here anyhow. Rough up the breakdown, drag out some perpetrators- maybe-guilty, maybe-not. Impies don't care."

"I won't-"

"It's a calculated risk that comes with every 'escort.' Either way, could bring down trouble. As long as each one's worth our while, we figure the haul covers the cost of the risk we take. But with you..."

He looked slowly over at the Chevin.

"Those credits and a few dead fish don't really cover our overhead, do they, Kon?"

The Chevin shook his massive head-body back and forth- and from his belt, he pulled out a vibroknife.

"Not even remotely, boss."

The Siniteen nodded as the Abyssin also produced a blade.

"That's what I thought. Only thing even close enough to cover our costs on today's market..."

He looked me up and down, appraisingly- though his mind was clearly already set. Like everything else, it was all for some macabre show.

"...Are those horns. They're worth more than anything else you have."

Chuckling again, the Abyssin stepped toward me- the Chevin shuffling right behind.

I shrank backwards, knowing there was no escape- and no way to survive the proposed amputation- as the Siniteen smiled almost apologetically.

"I was wrong, citizen. Have fear."

A dingy alley on Ord Trasi on Life Day Eve... a corpse they'd probably never find. It wasn't fair. And all because I was trying to buy my son just a little happiness in this grim, shadowed cosmos?

Vestris, I'm sorry- I'm so, so sorry...

A pair of humming knives rose into the air, reflecting nothing but a blank brown wall. The snowfall was nothing more than a meager half-flurry, the dingy world bereft of color and life. Like me, momentarily.

I didn't know what to do; there was nothing I could do. I sank to my knees.

The first knife fell in a deadly, cutting sweep. It scythed deep into flesh and muscle, drawing an agonized scream... from the Abyssin.

And it was clasped in the hand of the Blood Carver.

He was just there, instantly, the dagger tearing free of the Abyssin's wrist- dislodging the brute's blade to the ground and swinging around to parry against the surprised Chevin's.

What kind of knife could stand up against a vibroblade, I didn't know- perhaps it was down the skill of the user. The Blood Carver moved with the

speed of a pod-racer, flowing like liquid lightning from move to move. It only took a pair of quick, surgical strikes to knock the blade out of the Chevin's hand, too.

Eyes darting back and forth to try and take in action happening too quickly for them, I stumbled to my feet and retreated slowly, making no sudden moves. Terror reignited, I could only hope that they kept each-other busy long enough for me to run. I knew that all I was seeing was one predator fighting another over the evening meal; this wasn't a rescue, it was just a nexu clawing a gundark on its territory. Afterwards, it would still have every intention of eating the nuna.

Blood Carvers were very jealous of their prey.

The Siniteen gave a startled cry and produced a hold-out blaster out of nowhere, firing off a pair of panicked shots into the flailing, slashing mass that his two henchmen and the assailant had become.

The Blood Carver ducked a swing of the Abyssin's meaty palm and closed on the Siniteen in two paces.

I've heard it said that any species with a giant, throbbing, exposed brain atop their craniums really have no business getting involved in combat; the Blood Carver and his knife ably demonstrated why in under three seconds.

The Chevin was a bit too solid for the blade to make work of; the Blood Carver settled for a lightning-fast kick behind him, hard and vicious, to shatter the knee of one stumpy leg and send the pachydermoid tumbling helplessly to the ground.

He turned, clawed toe going to work on the helpless Chevin's face as he strode over it and met the Abyssin's pained, enraged charge in a flurry of half-dancing moves that managed to place him everywhere that the pummeling fists weren't. A rain of

blows that would've caved in the side of an AT-AT didn't even touch him as his knife struck home.

"Nice..." I gasped in breathless amazement- as the Abyssin fell sideways, gasping and clutching at the dagger in his belly.

The Blood Carver's head snapped up, eyes alight, intense stare boring into me.

Oh, Treffin- oh, you stupid, stupid man. They call it 'the art of combat.' And now you're dead.

Not of a random mugging, but of a misplaced compliment.

The Blood Carver, incensed, bent to retrieve the blade from the dying Abyssin- and I fell back against the alley wall, cringing.

"No, wait- I'm sorry! I wasn't thinking!"

Wiping the blade distractedly on his clothes, the Blood Carver advanced, stalking forward purposefully, his eyes never leaving mine.

Vestris, my love... Carryth, I'm sorry... I had a chance, and I blew it!

"Please! I- I didn't mean-!"

The Blood Carver's footfalls were silent as his shadow fell over my panicking, cowering form.

...Light a candle for me tomorrow...

"It was a mistake-!"

I raised my hands futilely in front of my face, to ward off the blow that I knew was coming- but I'd seen this man fight. I knew the score. It was a reaction of pure instinct- absolutely useless in any intellectual sense.

I'd been wrong. The Siniteen hadn't been my demise- it had always been this man. He'd driven me into their warren, and now, he was going to end

me himself. The would-be muggers had merely been a detour in reaching my inevitable, inexorable fate.

And then the dagger was rushing toward my face.

...All I wanted was to spend one more Life Day-

The impact was duller, more muted than I expected- the impact reaching my palm with more of a slap than a slice. My eyes were already closed in terror; I assumed it would take half a second for the burning pain of the knife slitting through my hand and into my head to reach the brain that it was in the process of eviscerating.

The second came, and passed. I could only hear my own ragged breathing, loud as blaster-fire in the little alley...

I opened my eyes, and yelped. The Blood Carver was standing right in front of me, face inches from mine, regarding me coolly. And in-between us was his dagger- slapped hilt-first into my palm, white-knuckled fingers instinctively wrapped around it.

From point-blank range, I gazed into the eyes of the most efficient killer that I'd ever met- bottomless abysses of darkness that seemed to drink in my very soul. His own breath was a whispering rasp, his face still flecked with droplets of his victims' blood.

"For your little boy," he grated in a rough, growling voice- nodding at the dagger. *"Happy Life Day."*

Without another word, he turned quickly- almost dismissively- and began a silent stalk back down the alley.

Blinking in the twilight, amidst the drifting snow, heart hammering and cones tingling, I rose- barely able to comprehend the scene before me.

And, as I watched the Blood Carver's narrow, wiry back receding down the alley, past the twitching, dying forms of my one-time assailants... I couldn't help thinking that maybe there are Life Day miracles after all.

THE END

Treffin Fervtrepig (gotal, male)

Type: Salesman

DEXTERITY 2D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Bureaucracy 5D

MECHANICAL 1D

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Bargain 7D

Persuasion 8D

Con 6D

STRENGTH 2D+1

TECHNICAL 1D

Special Abilities:

Energy Sensitivity: Because Gotals are unusually sensitive to radiation emissions, they receive a +3D to their search skill when hunting targets in wide open areas of up to 10 kilometers around them. In crowded areas, such as towns and cities, the bonus drops to +1D, and the range drops to less than one kilometer. In areas with intense radiation, they suffer a -1D penalty to search because their senses are overwhelmed by radiation static.

Mood Detection: By reading the auras and moods of others, Gotals receive a positive or negative bonus when engaging in interactive skills with other characters. The Gotals makes a moderate Perception check and adds the following bonus to his Perception skills when making opposed rolls for the rest of that encounter:

Rolls Misses Difficulty By/Penalty:

6+ / -3D 2-5 / -2D 1/ -1D

Roll Beats Difficulty By/Bonus:

0-7 / 1D 8-14 / 2D 15+ / 3D

Fast Initiative: Gotals who are not suffering from radiation static receive a +1D when rolling initiative against non-Gotal opponents. This is due to their ability to read the emotions and intentions of others.

Story Factors:

Droid Hate: Gotals dislike droids because the emissions produced by droids overwhelm their special senses. They receive a -1D to all Perception-based skill rolls when within three meters of a droid.

Reputation: Because of the Gotal's reputation as being overly sensitive to moods and feelings, other species are uncomfortable dealing with them. Assign modifiers as appropriate.

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 2

Move: 10

Equipment: None

Background: Not the brightest glowlamp in the toolkit, Treffin is a devoted family man and a good salesman. He is persistent, if physically frail, and prone to distrust of any species lacking fur.

Szar Isskaj (blood carver, male)

Type: Philanthropist

DEXTERITY 4D+2

Blaster 5D

Dodge 5D+2

(A) Acrobat 2D

Melee Attack 9D

Melee Parry 6D

KNOWLEDGE 1D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2

TECHNICAL 1D+1

Special Abilities:

Sneak Attack: If a Blood Carver faces an opponent who is unable to defend himself effectively from his attack, he can strike a vital spot for 1D of extra damage. This extra damage applies only to brawling and melee attacks or ranged attacks within 10 meters, and against opponents that have discernible anatomies.

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: 5

Move: 12

Equipment: Ornate knife (Str +1D damage)

Background: A killer and an artist, Szar is a brutal and efficient warrior pursuing his dream of perfected art by cleansing the scum of Ord Trasai's slums. The streets, renewed, will be his life's art; whittling just keeps his knife-wrists strong.

Durbin 'Smarts' Rissin (siniteen, male)

Type: Miner/Thief

DEXTERITY 2D+1

Blaster 4D

Dodge 5D

Pickpocket 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Planetary Systems 4D

Streetwise 6D

Survival 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 4D

Persuasion 4D

Bargain 4D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: 2

Move: 10

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (3D damage), Claim map (for the planet Roon) – Hidden inside secret pocket inside jacket, 700 credits

Background: A down-on-his-luck prospector, Durbin is in hiding from Imperial authorities for murdering two partners to protect a new claim he discovered. He's set himself up as kingpin of 'The Breakdown' industrial sector on Ord Trasi to capitalize on the shady deals that go down there and accrue wealth from shaking them down in preparation for his grand return to the larger galaxy.

Sechen Kon (chevin, male)**Type:** Thief**DEXTERITY 1D+1**

Melee Attack 3D

Melee Parry 4D

KNOWLEDGE 1D+2**MECHANICAL 1D**

Repulsorlift Piloting 4D

PERCEPTION 2D+2**STRENGTH 4D**

Brawling 5D

TECHNICAL 1D

First Aid 3D

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No**Force Points:** 0**Character Points:** 2**Move:** 9**Equipment:** Vibroknife (Str +1D damage), Truncheon (Str +2 damage)

Background: Son of the Chevin kingpin that used to rule this once-prosperous region of Ord Trasi, Kon has hitched his star to Durbin Rissin- loyalty in exchange for the promise of taking over Durbin's 'empire' here once the Siniteen ventures out to claim his hidden ore.

Kardo (abyssin, male)**Type:** Thug**DEXTERITY 3D**

Dodge 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D

Languages 5D

MECHANICAL 1D**PERCEPTION 1D+2**

Command 3D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 6D

Lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 1D**Special Skills:**

Survival: Desert: During character creation, Abyssin receive 2D for every 1D placed in this skill specialization, and, until the skill reaches 6D, advancement is half the normal Character Point cost.

Special Abilities:

Regeneration: Abyssin have this special ability at 2D. They may spend beginning skill dice to improve this ability as if it were a normal skill. Abyssin roll to regenerate after being wounded using these skill dice instead of their Strength attribute - but turn "days" into "hours". So, an Abyssin who has been wounded rolls after three standard hours instead of three standard days to see if he or she heals. In addition, the character's condition cannot worsen (and mortally wounded characters cannot die by rolling low).

Story Factors:

Violent Culture: The Abyssin are a primitive people much like the Tusken Raiders: violent and difficult for others to understand. Abyssin approach physical violence with a childlike glee and are always eager to fight. However, they are slightly less happy to be involved in blaster fights and are of the opinion that starship combat is incredibly foolish, since you cannot regenerate once you have been explosively decompressed (this attitude has become generalized into a dislike of any type of space travel). It should be noted that the Abyssin do not think of themselves as violent or vicious. Even during a ferocious bleeding, most of those involved will be injured, not killed - their regenerative factor

means that they can resort to violence first and worry about consequences later.

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: 2

Move: 8

Equipment: Vibroknife (Str +1D damage)

Background: Not too bright but very strong, Kardo has been told that starships no longer fly into or out of Ord Trasi. Since he has no reason to distrust Durbin's word, he sticks around to enforce the Sinisteen's will in exchange for scraps of random flimsi, which he has been told are very valuable.

Honor for Hire

A dossier on the Ghalдай Mercenaries

By Mike Fraley

Alliance and Imperial officers alike have the same foul, bitter taste when uttering the word “mercenary.” Most beings view their lot with contempt, if not outrage. A soldier motivated by duty and loyalty sees mercenaries as little more than credit-grubbing thugs for hire, lacking in the dedication and discipline seen in legitimate military ranks. Nonetheless, a few independent militia and security forces have earned the respect – if not fear – of the dominant militaries in the galaxy. Among them, of course, are Alion Nova Guard and The First Sun Mobile Regiment. It is the latter examples to which the Alliance and Imperial intelligence reports compare the Ghalдай Mercenaries. The Ghalдай are highly disciplined, expert defensive tacticians and fighters who lend their protective services. Guided by a nigh sacred cultural philosophy and a highly developed sense of honor, the Ghalдай form one of the most respected regiments in the galaxy.

While they are soldiers that hire their expertise to patrons wealthy or desperate enough to afford their highly expensive services, the term mercenary is largely an anachronism. While prior to the Clone Wars, the Ghalдай provided their services to local planetary forces to repel pirates, provide convoy escort, or other larger scale reinforcement, they have since refocused their services to security, small-scale surveillance, and bodyguard services. In fact, the appearance of their specialized crystalline armor has become a symbol of protection, both to the soldier and to the client. Especially after the institution of the Empire’s New Order, the Ghalдай have maintained a low profile in regards to mass combat, though individuals and small squads are readily available – albeit at an exorbitant price.

Background of the Ghalдай

The formation of the Ghalдай Mercenaries is intertwined with the history of the Pugnara system. The sole habitable planet of the system just barely provided the means of survival for its native inhabitants. Early in Pugnara’s history, the poor natural resources, largely rocky and mountainous terrain, and harsh atmospheric conditions made the planet a testament to human determination to survive. The severe environmental hazards and poor farming resources drove the ancient Pungarans to fierce com-

petitions for those resources. As nation states and political alliances were made and broken, the history of struggle gave birth to an investment of strong military forces.

During Pugnara’s Iron Age, the inhabitants made several developments and discoveries that would go on shape their history in the hyperspace era. The most important of which was the development of their martial codes of honor. Where nation states warred with one another, near universal codes of engagement and rules of honor dominated the battlefield. With such harsh conditions threatening the population, the Pugnarans considered any threat to civilian populations to be a dishonor worse than death. A careless commander of a detachment that injured or killed non-combatants could expect exile or death. Other strict codes of warfare were carefully observed by all sides. In the rare cases that an entire army were to ignore conventions, that nation-state would find themselves viciously waylaid even by otherwise uninvolved nations. Even in battle, they reasoned, all must be guided by order and honor.

The second feature to arise in this tumultuous time was the foundation of martial schools. Warriors were not made on the battlefield, but in the mind, and in the unrelenting training of the body. Treatises began to arise on the knightly art of battle, the tactical analysis of the arts of war, and training manuals on the perfection of armed fighting arose. The martial training schools were small, and taught by master men at arms to form the next generation of soldiers. While few of these academies still exist as part of an unbroken tradition, the surviving training materials and related commentaries form the backbone of the Ghalдай philosophy and fighting.

The third hallmark of this period was the unlocking of the mysteries surrounding the mineral cuartenite. Pugnaran naturalists had long been aware of the remarkable crystalline formation. Its relative hardness and remarkable flexibility had made it a curiosity of the natural world. However, when the Pugnarans discovered the means of shaping cuartenite as it grew, it gave them an opportunity to craft masterful weapons and armor. Such weapons required decades to grow, but were masterpieces of form and function. It is a process that the forefathers of the Ghalдай have spent a millennia perfecting.

Gradually, the Pugnaran sense of honor and conduct served them into their information and hyperspace age. As sectarian and continental differences yielded to cooperation and peace, the various competing factions of the planet finally collaborated to begin interstellar travel. Though just as the Pugnaran interest in soldierly arts were beginning to wane, they had made a painful discovery. Just as the young planet's ventures into hyperspace travel began, they made the painful discovery that they were not alone. Though one would wish their first contact was with Old Republic scouts, it was not. A pirate raiding party attacked and looted a small number of early exploration ships. Within a generation, the arts of defense were renewed. It was then that the seeds of the Ghalдай took firm root.

Over the next years, local provinces put forth their veteran soldiers and commanders to help develop a planetary defense force. The result was a system of highly organized academies focusing on hand to hand fighting, tactics, piloting, and advanced military hardware. By the next time a Pugnaran exploration vessel had contact with pirates, it had a small detachment of highly trained shock troops on board. When the pirates ordered the Pugnaran ship to lower its shields and prepare to be boarded, the criminals did not expect the ship to be quite so well prepared. After suffering only minor wounds, the Pugnaran shock troops jettisoned the pirates' remains into space, and returned home with an additional vessel. That encounter only garnished further support for the training academies.

During the passing millennia, the shape of the Ghalдай came to resemble its form during the Rebellion era. Though Pugnara was in contact with the Republic, it never formally joined. Periodically it would form trade agreements and treaties, but the Pugnarans did not deploy the Ghalдай in Republic armed conflicts. Instead, the Ghalдай acted independently of planetary politics, operating as a hired mercenary group. Their fees, of course, were a notable source of income for their training schools, and a significant boost to the Pugnaran economy. They found a unique niche in supplying small squads of ground forces, bodyguard, and investigative services. Though some clients requested small fighter squadrons, those were few and far between, and the Ghalдай reduced its fleet operations to the level of a small civil defense force.

During the Clone Wars, though the Republic labored to woo the Ghalдай into service, they with-

drew from the galactic scene. Not risking involvement in any large political and military engagement, Pugnara became reclusive, and had even shut down its galactic ports to most travel.

The Separatists tested the apparent neutrality during the height of the war. The Confederacy dispatched two Separatist Frigates into orbit around the planet. Having only a small combat-worthy space fleet, the Confederacy judged that Pugnara would be unable to drive off heavy cruisers. When the warships arrived, they found no resistance and no contact from the planet. The CIS received periodic reports from the frigates indicating no sign of hostilities. The reports suddenly ceased after two weeks into their embargo. A reconnaissance vessel found no sign of any battle debris or any wreckage. The warships appeared to have just vanished. Further, the Ghalдай disavowed any knowledge of what may have happened to the frigates.

Many military historians have developed theories as to what became of the ships, and how the Ghalдай would have commandeered the ships without the commanders being able to send off so much as a distress call. Still, what became of the frigates is yet unknown. Some have even come to doubt Ghalдай involvement at all, though it is worth noting that a large number of Baktoid Armory Workshop E-5 model blasters found their way into Ghalдай training centers after the would-be occupation.

During the reign of the Empire, Pugnara begrudgingly acquiesced to the rule of the Emperor. Though the local Moff keeps a watchful eye on the Ghalдай, knowing them to be a formidable group of fighters, he has maintained a policy of non-interference so long as they do not obstruct the Emperor's New Order. Certainly, the Emperor would be pleased with being rid of the Ghalдай, but a direct confrontation could push them into the open arms of the Rebellion. For the time being, the Ghalдай are allowed to operate insofar as their actions comply with Imperial law.

"Reminding everyone not to undertake the study of this art and science with temerity, if he is not magnanimous and full of valor; for any slow witted man, fearful and vile shall be driven out and not admitted to such a high, noble and courteous enterprise."

Master Filippo Vadi

The Ghal dai are very secretive about their training process, and the government of Pugnara has made it a priority to help protect those secrets. Given the main export of Pugnara is their mercenary force, the Ghal dai receive considerable support from the planetary government. The planet has four open ports for galactic trade and commerce, though offworlders are seldom permitted beyond the boundaries of the starport. Before venturing onto the planet, a visitor must undergo a lengthy vetting process. Assuming the visitors pass, they must undergo a debriefing before departing the planet.

Ghal dai Training

The life and philosophy of a Ghal dai Mercenary is a joining of ancient philosophy, Iron Age tradition, and modern technology. Though training may vary from one academy to another, they share a similar binding philosophy. The rigorous discipline is grounded in harnessing the awareness of the warrior, as they believe all engagement extends from an awareness of self, and an awareness of the opponent. The Ghal dai schools also focus heavily in beginning combat training with hand to hand martial arts, believing that the first weapons must be the Ghal dai himself or herself. Training both in and out of armor, the Ghal dai understand the fundamental practices of grappling, disarms, joint locks, and throws. Even a disarmed Ghal dai is a formidable combatant.

Once the Ghal dai has become proficient in their hand-to-hand martial arts, they use this as a foundation for all of their melee weapon forms – most noticeably their expertise with the Hra'ji knife, a 25 cm crystalline blade carried by all Ghal dai mercenaries. The fully trained mercenary is known to handle a Hra'ji so deftly, she can slide the point through joints of most battle armor, delivering a deadly strike past an enemy's protection.

For all the Ghal dai's reliance on hand fighting and ceremonial blades, they are also highly competent with modern blaster weapons. Having developed the mental and physical attunement through the practice of aged forms of battle, they use those skills of cunning and attuned awareness to hone their skills as marksmen. Whether at close range or at a distance, a Ghal dai Mercenary is a deadly foe.

Throughout the entirety of the training process, a potential mercenary has instruction in surveillance, tracking, security measures, and investigation. If the Ghal dai's mission is primarily defensive, a mercenary needs more than military means of assessing a threat, and protecting their employer. There have even been rare reports that once a Ghal dai is confident in his or her employer's security, the mercenary will depart to hunt down the threat at the source. Such application of their skills allows the mercenary to apprehend or eliminate a threat before it is within kilometers of the intended target.

Once the mercenaries near the completion of their training, they are fitted for their traditional armor, the crafting of which is one of their closest guarded secrets. Master armor artificers create casts from the mercenary's body. From those casts, the artificer and his or her journeymen can fashion a new mold into which they can grow the armor. Ghal dai armor is not so much built as it is allowed to develop from the rare cuartenite crystal. While natural cuartenite takes centuries to form to any significant size, the craftsmen on Pugnara have found the means of using chemical compounds, heat, and pressure to synthesize the otherwise uncommon mineral.

Once the craftsmen have the cast, they concentrate their efforts on designing a mold that outfits the necessary armor padding, and hardpoints for the technological augmentation they will install later. After carefully fashioning the mold, it is submerged in a chemical bath and pressurized. With careful monitoring of both temperature and pressure, they carefully add a calculated array of chemical compounds, adding a crystalline latticework layer by layer. After a span of almost a standard galactic year, the crystalline armor is removed and polished to a gleaming, semi-translucent pearlescent off-white. The result is a remarkably strong, mildly flexible armor. The craftsmen then polish the resultant pieces of armor, and then give them the necessary finishing. A complete set of armor includes a helmet with motion sensors, limited heads up display, macrobinoculars, and other limited sensor devices.

While the armor is growing, a companion Hra'ji blade also develops. The ceremonial blade accompanies the armor, both of which a Grand Master will bestow upon a mercenary upon completion of his or her studies. Like the armor, the Hra'ji

is strong, resilient, but curiously flexible. This flexibility adds to its strength, preventing it from breaking or shattering. Its craftsmanship of layer upon layer of cuartenite gives it a hard, fiercely sharp edge. Though the blade resists dulling it is notoriously difficult to sharpen. Ghal dai are known to only use laser sharpening tools to return the Hra'ji to its frightening razor edge. Rumors circulate that the Hra'ji could eventually saw through plasteel armor, and could even withstand a blow from a lightsaber. However, these stories are largely apocryphal, and military historians dismiss them as hyperbole. Whether fact or fiction, the stories convey a fundamental truth: the presence of a Hra'ji is a symbol of pure fighting prowess, and the capability of deadly force.

Code of Honor among the Ghal dai

Some have determined that if there is a vulnerability within the Ghal dai, it is in their guiding moral philosophy. It is a standard they uphold even over tactical expediency. They have a complex code of conduct, a highly acculturated ethical code, and a dedication to their sense of honor. One notable example is that the Ghal dai are extraordinarily selective about the missions they accept. Alliance historian Arhul Hextrophon detailed an account of a Chandrillan grain exporter who hired three Ghal dai mercenaries after receiving inordinate "pressure" from a sector black marketer. Hextrophon also reports that one of the Ghal dai turned down two other contracts to serve as bodyguard for the grain exporter. One was an the son of an Imperial Moff, and another was a head of a criminal front-company. The acceptance of the contract for the Chandrillan finds its roots in the principle of protection of the innocent.

However, the definition of innocent sometimes defies an intuitive understanding common to the rest of the galaxy. One accepted contract was from a former war criminal during the Clone Wars. A captain serving under Cavik Toth had survived the wars and vanished into obscurity living under an assumed name. After the local populace had discovered his identity, he fled fearing deadly reprisals. A Ghal dai accepted a call for assistance, stating that no being should face mob justice.

Another area of the code of honor that defies traditional understanding is the sworn duty to refrain from taking life unless necessary. It is well known

that the Ghal dai would rather capture than kill an adversary. It is also understood that tactical necessity to quickly neutralize an enemy takes precedence in many circumstances. However, the Ghal dai "necessity" to kill when one sufficiently crosses their code of honor often mystifies the outside observer. On some occasions, a Ghal dai Mercenary has killed his employer – returning the credits to the deceased, no less – when the client has hired the mercenary on false pretenses.

(A) Hra'ji Combat

The art of Hra'ji combat allows a character to engage in melee combat armed with a knife or dagger. Most commonly, a Ghal dai engages with the Hra'ji blade. The unique fighting style allows a character to slide a sturdy blade along contours of enemy armor to find joints and gaps between the protective plating. When the blade finds an opening, the attack bypasses the armor and directly affects the soft target underneath.

In game terms, a character with the advanced skill (A) *Hra'ji combat* may use the skill in place of a *melee combat* or *melee defense* skill rolls. When the character does damage, the target cannot add armor bonuses to their *Strength* roll to resist. (A) *Hra'ji Combat* requires a prerequisite *melee combat* of 5D, and unlike most advanced skills, it does not provide any additional bonuses to the prerequisite skill.

Cuarentite Armor

The modern version of the Ghal dai Cuarentite armor is an outgrowth of their military philosophy. Forever vigilant, the Ghal dai believes in perpetual awareness of his or her surroundings. The sensor packages installed in the helmet unit provide the Ghal dai mercenary with superb augmentation of their already attuned sense of perception.

Lacking from the combat armor is the expected array of weapons and gadgets common to other varieties of shock troops. The Ghal dai disparage bounty hunters and mercenaries who rely too heavily on their technological surprises for combat advantage. The Ghal dai are quoted as saying, "A trick will work once, but refined technique works every time."

Model: Ghal dai battle armor

Type: Custom battle armor

Cost: Not available for sale

Availability: 4, R

Game Effect: Carefully constructed for a specific Ghal dai, the armor carries the following capabilities:

- *Basic suit:* Provides +2D to *Strength* for physical attacks and +1D for energy. If a Ghal dai wears his or her own armor, there are no *Dexterity* penalties.
- *Ultraviolet sensor:* Provides +2D to *Perception* in low light environments.
- *Infrared sensor:* Provides +1D to *Perception* to detect heat sources.
- *Motion Sensor:* Provides +1D *Perception* to detect moving targets.
- *Macrobinoculars:* Adds +2D to *Search* rolls for objects 100-300 meters away.
- *Integrated comlink*
- *Holographic recording unit*

Typical Ghal dai Mercenary

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D
Blaster: blaster pistol 6D
Blaster: blaster rifle 6D+2
Dodge 5D+1
Grenade 4D
Melee Combat 6D+1
Melee Parry 7D
(A) Hra'ji Combat 7D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Ghal dai Lore 4D+2
Intimidation 5D+2
Law Enforcement 3D+2
Planetary Systems 3D+2
Tactics 3D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Repulsorlift Operation 4D
Space Transports 3D
Starfighter Piloting 3D
Starship Gunnery 3D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Hide 6D
Investigation 5D
Search 7D+2
Sneak 6D

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 4D+2
Brawling: martial arts 6D+1
Stamina 4D
Lifting 3D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor Repair 4D
Computer Programming/Repair 4D
Security 6D

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: Varies, but typically 1-6

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D), sidearm blaster pistol (4D), custom cuarentite armor (see entry), synthrope, binders, IPKC bounty hunter license, datapad, Hra'ji dagger (STR+1D)

Typical Ghal dai Mercenary Squad Leader

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 4D
Blaster: blaster pistol 6D+2
Blaster: blaster rifle 7D
Dodge 6D
Grenade 4D+1
Melee Combat 6D+2
Melee Parry 7D+1
(A) Hra'ji Combat: 8D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Ghal dai Lore 5D+2
Intimidation 6D+2
Law Enforcement 3D+2
Planetary Systems 4D+2
Tactics 5D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Repulsorlift Operation 4D
Space Transports 3D
Starfighter Piloting 3D
Starship Gunnery 3D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Command 4D
Command: Ghal dai Mercenaries 5D+2
Hide 6D
Investigation 5D+1
Search 8D
Sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 4D+2
Brawling: martial arts 7D
Stamina 4D
Lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor Repair 4D
Computer Programming/Repair 4D
Security 6D+1

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: Varies, but typically 7-10

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D), sidearm blaster pistol (4D), custom cuarentite armor (see entry), synthrope, binders, datapad, Hra'ji dagger (STR+1D).

Typical Ghal dai Ranger

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D
Blaster: holdout blaster 5D+2
Blaster: blaster rifle 6D+2
Dodge 5D+1
Grenade 4D
Melee Combat 6D+1
Melee Parry 7D
(A) Hra'ji Combat: 7D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Ghal dai Lore 4D+2
Intimidation 5D
Law Enforcement 3D+1
Planetary Systems 4D+2
Survival 5D+1
Tactics 3D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Repulsorlift Operation 3D+1
Space Transports 2D+2
Starfighter Piloting 2D+2
Starship Gunnery 3D

PERCEPTION 4D

Hide 6D+2
Investigation 4D+1
Search 7D+2
Sneak 7D

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 4D+2
Brawling: martial arts 6D+1
Climbing/jumping 4D+1
Stamina 6D+1
Lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor Repair 3D+2
First Aid 4D
Security 5D

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: Varies, but typically 2-7

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D), holdout blaster (3D), custom cuarentite armor (see entry), synthrope, binders, survival pack (firestarter, one-person micro-fold shelter, water nanofilter canteen, glowrod, one-week ration pack) medkit, datapad, Hra'ji dagger (STR+1D).

Typical Ghal dai Pilot

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D+1
Dodge 5D
Melee Combat 6D
Melee Parry 6D+2
(A) Hra'ji combat: 7D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Ghal dai Lore 4D+2
Law Enforcement 3D+2
Planetary Systems 5D+2
Tactics 3D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 4D+2
Communications 4D+1
Repulsorlift Operation 5D+2
Sensors 5D
Space Transports 6D
Starfighter Piloting 4D+2
Starship Gunnery 5D+1
Starship Shields 5D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Hide 4D+1
Investigation 4D
Search 6D+1
Sneak 5D

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 4D+1
Brawling: martial arts 5D+2
Stamina 3D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor Repair 4D
Computer Programming/Repair 4D
Security 6D
Space Transports Repair 4D+1
Starfighter Repair 4D

Special Abilities:

None

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 0

Character Points: Varies, but typically 1-6

Move: 10

Equipment: Sidearm blaster pistol (4D+2), custom cuarentite flightsuit armor (see entry), IPKC bounty hunter license, datapad, Hra'ji dagger (STR+1D).

Model: Ghal dai Flight Suit

Type: Custom light armor

Cost: Not available for sale

Availability: 4, R

Game Effect: Carefully constructed for a specific Ghal dai, the armor carries the following capabilities:

- *Basic suit:* Provides +1D to *Strength* for physical attacks and +1D for energy. If a Ghal dai wears his or her own armor, there are no *Dexterity* penalties.
- *Heads up display:* Integrated helmet package provides +1D to sensors rolls.
- *Emergency seals:* Pilot can activate emergency flight suit seals, providing one hour of breathable air in a complete vacuum.
- *Ultraviolet sensor:* Provides +1D to *Perception* in low light environments.
- *Infrared Sensor:* Provides +1D to *Perception* to detect heat sources.
- *Macrobinoculars:* Adds +1D to *Search* rolls for objects 50-100 meters away.
- *Integrated comlink*
- *Holographic recording unit*

Using the Ghal dai Mercenaries in your game

The Ghal dai Mercenaries are a high-level, honor-bound NPC. Their appearance should represent a complication or story feature, rather than use for a direct confrontation. It is unlikely that your roleplaying group would encounter a Ghal dai, or squad of Ghal dai as a combat opponent. However, there are many opportunities for story hooks and plot complications. A gamemaster should consider using the Ghal dai Mercenaries to encourage the group to use diverse skills to solve the problems presented in the adventure, rather than a heavy reliance on combat skills.

False pretenses

A minor crime lord or black marketer has had occasional dealings with the party. Once the party has found the need to neutralize the criminal, he sets up a false identity and hires a Ghal dai for protection against “a merciless band of rogues determined to assassinate him.” While evading capture or destruction at the hands of the Ghal dai, the characters must assemble evidence to convince the mercenary of his employer’s true identity.

Crash landing

As a result of a failed astrogation roll, the party comes out of hyperspace well off course. Yanked from hyperspace, the ship is badly dam-

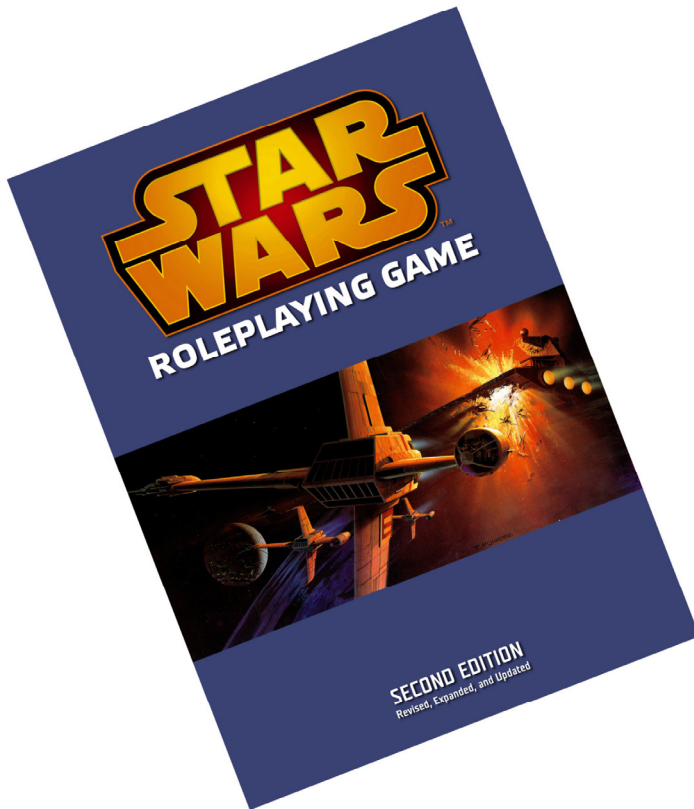
aged, and crash lands on Pugnara, deep within a restricted zone. The party must survive in the harsh environment, and encounter a scouting party of Ghal dai trainees. Suspicious of the outsiders, the trainees suspect the party is there to spy on Ghal dai training methods.

Gone rogue

A high-level group of experienced characters receive a communiqué that a Ghal dai Mercenary in their sector has gone rogue, and has launched on a killing spree. However, the murders seem to keep an odd pattern. The characters must hunt down the mercenary and find out if she truly has abandoned her training for a solo life, gone mad, or whether she has discovered a more insidious secret plot.

Imperial plot

The Imperial Moff Denhall Rezis has grown weary of the military force in his sector. He has found a way to slowly poison select shipments of grain supplies bound for a Ghal dai training facility. Though most leads into how Moff Rezis is pulling off the deed turn up at dead ends. Some of them literally dead; murdered at the hand of an unknown assassin. The characters must investigate the plot, and hopefully turn the Ghal dai over to the side of the Rebel Alliance as powerful allies.



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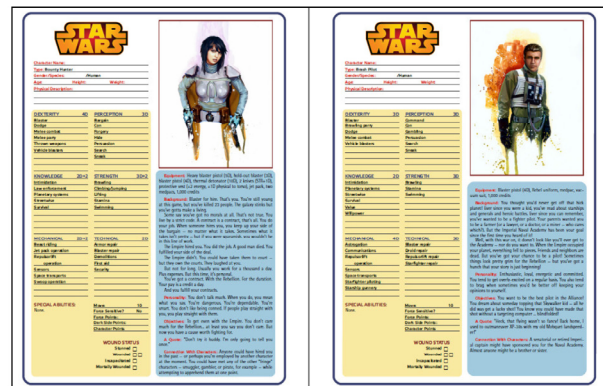
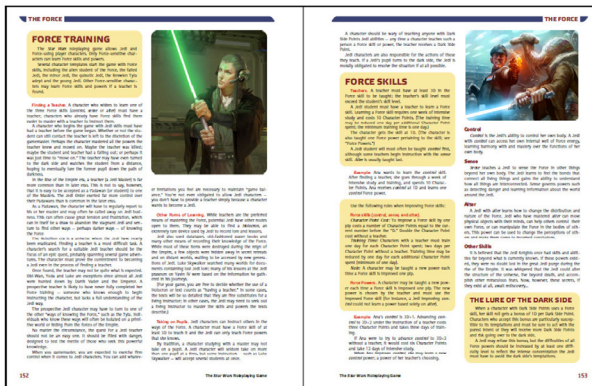
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The Life Day Truce

Star Wars Fiction + Stats

by Jeff Diamond

Jek ducked as a blaster bolt slammed into the bank at the edge of the trench he and the other Rebels were digging. Vaporized snow curled in the air as charred clumps of soil and ice showered down to the ground. He blindly lifted his blaster above the lip of the trench and fired several shots in the general direction of the Imperial lines, not daring to allow the Imps a clear shot at him.

An explosion rocked the ground. "That sounded like a rocket," Jek said. "Commander, do you think it was ours, or theirs?" Jek asked his Bothan commander, Drask Fel'rya, when his hearing cleared enough to understand a response.

Commander Fel'rya shook his head. "Probably the kriffing Imps just trying to scare us off this frozen rock." Commander Fel'rya was an imposing, middle-aged Bothan that looked every centimeter the grizzled veteran operative he was. Fur didn't grow in places due to scars, two fingers were missing on his left hand and he held himself with an air of confidence that exuded command. He raised his voice so everyone in the trench could hear him. "Don't worry, everyone. We've got 'em right where we want them."

Although the commander said not to worry, the words only partially calmed Jek's frayed nerves. This was his first time even holding a weapon, let alone pointing it at another sentient and pulling the trigger. It had all sounded so great and noble when he joined, but now... now he wasn't so sure. As his nerves started occupying more of his attention, Jek decided to walk into the impromptu mess hall and get something to eat in an attempt to relieve the tension.

Kale and the other pinned stormtroopers dodged for cover as a burst of blasterfire came their way. The Rebels must have been shooting blind, since all the bolts went wild. Kale and the other troopers were still kicking themselves because they'd let their guard down and let the Rebels gain the edge, forcing his platoon to start digging a trench. "What should we do, Colonel?" he asked his commanding officer.

Jek Foran (human, male)

Type: Green Rebel Trooper

Age: 20 **Height:** 1.8m **Weight:** 80kg

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D

Brawling Parry 3D+2

Dodge 4D

Vehicle Blasters 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift Operation 3D+2

Starship Gunnery 3D+2

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Brawling 3D+2

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Armor Repair 3D+2

Blaster Repair 4D

Story Factor:

Green: being from the sheltered Core Worlds Jek doesn't have the life experience of those not from a highly developed worlds. He is awkward and unsure of himself when dealing with others. Give the character 1 CP whenever this is roleplayed in an appropriate scene.

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Military Commlink, Survival Pack ([2] weeks rations, [3] medpacks, glowrod, [2] thermal flares, single person di-chrome shelter, breath mask, 6m synthrope, small portable fusion generator), blast vest (+1 vs energy, +1D vs physical), blast helmet (+1 vs energy, +1D vs physical), SorroSuub 16 blaster rifle (5D, 3-30/100/300), [1] Anti-Personnel Grenade (4D+2, 10m radius), knife in self-sharpening sheath (VE, STR+1D).

Behind the Scenes: Rebel trooper on the front lines. Recently volunteered with the rebel alliance, and has never seen combat before. He's terrified. Everyone says he'll get used to it eventually and that he'll understand why none of them are all that friendly, but it'll just take time for him to understand. Originally from Nubia in the Core, feels that the Empire is wrong in its heavy-handed handling of Nubian affairs.

Colonel Denbar put a pair of macrobinoculars up to the lenses of his helmet. "The snow is confusing the rangefinder on the binoculars." The colonel motioned to a rocket launcher sitting nearby as many of the troopers continued to dig. "Fire on their line at about 45 degrees. Aim for the center."

"Yes, sir," Kale said, raising his plasteel-armored hand to his helmet. Kale was still fairly new to heavy weapons like the rocket launcher, but he'd had enough training to take instructions like "Shoot at that." Kale tried bracing himself like he always did, but he was always caught off-guard by the kick as the rocket suddenly propelled itself forward. The significant, near-instant momentum shift almost knocked Kale off his feet. He preferred his E-11 rifle, which required some skill to handle. With rockets, you just had to point and shoot. He watched the rocket arc and explode dozens of meters from the Rebel lines, throwing chunks of ice, and underlying soil into the air.

"Thank you, corporal." The colonel said. He continued to stare at the Rebel lines thoughtfully, occasionally taking the macrobinoculars away from his lenses and stroke the smooth "chin" of his helmet. Kale could see steam rising from the armor's ribbed undersuit, and knew the internal heaters were working hard to keep them all warm.

Kale looked down the trench and realized for the first time that his platoon was truly pinned down in this trench. Oh, no! he thought. I left the facility without saying goodbye to Joara! Without thinking, he pulled out his personal comlink and raised her.

"Kale!" she said, relieved. "We heard something out there, but didn't know what it was. Are you safe?"

"Safe enough, but we're cut off. Get to the communications wing and send out a distress signal!" He waited for an answer, but nothing came. "Are you there, Joara? Hello?"

"The Rebels must be jamming our signals," Colonel Denbar said, lowering himself into the trench so he wouldn't be a target. "It was smart to contact the facility, but the Rebs have our frequency now. All we've got left is short-range comms."

"So what do we do now, sir?" asked one of the other troopers.

Corporal Kale (human, male)

Type: Stormtrooper

Age: 25 **Height:** 1.8m **Weight:** 80kg

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D

Dodge 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Intimidation 4D

Law Enforcement 3D+2

Survival 3D+2

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift Operation 3D+1

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 3D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor Repair 3D+1

Blaster Repair 3D+1

Security 4D+1

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Stormtrooper Armor (+2D vs. physical, +1D vs. energy, -1D Dexterity and related skills; comlink; Sealed Body Glove [climate controlled body glove and breath mask allows operation in uncomfortably cold or warm climates and toxic-air environments]; MFTAS: Multi-Frequency Targeting Acquisition System [+2D to Perception checks in low-visibility situations, polarized lenses prevent flash-blinding]; Utility Belt [high-tension wire, grappling hooks, spare blaster power packs, ion flares, concentrated rations, spare comlink, water packs, 2 medpacs]). Stormtrooper One (5D, 3-30/100/300; if the retractable stock and scope are used for one round of aiming, the character receives an additional +1D to blaster), blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120).

Behind the Scenes: Stormtrooper on the front lines. He's a corporal, and has been with the Imperial army for a while, but doesn't hold the same biases most of the army has. To him, being a stormtrooper is a good job, and he enjoys the lifestyle. He feels like he might get more into it at some point, but right now, he's just trying to get by. He's also courting one of the female officers at the research facility, and Kale is preparing to propose marriage. From Corellia.

"Well, most of you here are fresh recruits, yes?" the colonel asked. Many helmets, features all locked in a deathly frown, nodded silently. "I've never cared much for fighting in a trench, but the situation is what it is. We're cut off from the research facility, so we have to outlast the Rebels with the means available to us. We don't know the enemy's numbers, but their trench is roughly the same size, so we're probably about equal. Any frontal assault would be suicide, the terrain being what it is. And fortunately for us, the base is equipped with a pair of autoturrets, so we can thin their numbers from the back while they're trying to dodge through the turrets if they decide to attack. But they probably know all this, so we can't assume we have any advantage over them."

One of the troopers in the platoon, a sergeant whose name Kale couldn't pronounce, raised her hand and asked, "So how long are we going to be stuck here?"

The colonel shook his head. "There's no way of knowing. I'm not going to give you caf and tell you it's Corellian ale—trench warfare is a constant stalemate, and the battles always last much longer than you expect. So if any of you celebrate Life Day and had any special plans," the colonel looked directly at Kale, "I'm sorry. I'm sure your loved ones will understand. Now, it's time to get cozy here. Let's start digging out a mess, a place to rest and a place to... take care of physiological needs."

Everyone did exactly as ordered, and Kale noticed the difference between new recruits and those that had seen battle. New arrivals from the academy moved with the sense of endless drills, while more experienced troopers moved with the fluid, unspeaking coordination of people that could almost read one another's thoughts. Looking at the work they had to do to dig sections to rest, eat and refresh themselves, he took a long, deep breath of the filtered air, and got to work. It was going to be a long day.

Jek and the Rebel team was a mishmash of all sorts, but there was one loud Corellian that just couldn't keep himself under control. "I didn't think we'd be able to sneak in behind the Imps so easily," he was saying. "And they even thought they could scare us off! Pssh!" He was the kind of Corellian that gave a bad name to the whole planet. He tried ignoring the guy in favor of the food provided. It

wasn't easy; the ground they all sat on was hard, and everyone who wasn't on duty was crammed into the small common space they used for resting and eating.

The Alliance to Restore the Republic was a great cause, but a part of him ached to be back on Nubia where the food was always plentiful and tasted good. The stuff they had here looked and tasted like it'd been stepped on one too many times. Still, he was happy to be a part of the cause—even if there were a few small discomforts associated with it.

Once they'd excavated the trench, the spaces they would need to a good depth, Commander Fel'rya told them to cover everything but the trench with treated cloth they'd brought with them. Although Jek had questioned the rationale of the gear when they were landing, he realized now how vital that cloth would be if they were to make it through harsh weather conditions.

A green-skinned Twi'lek female sat down from him on the cold ground, seeming eager to avoid the obnoxious Corellian. "You're new, aren't you?" she asked.

Jek nodded, then motioned toward the obnoxious Corellian. "He reminds me a lot of the south end of a northbound ronto. Best avoided, but tolerable if there's no choice." He extended his hand to her. "I'm Jek Foran," he said.

"Lallia," the Twi'lek responded taking his hand. Lallia dressed much like a male of her species would, which seemed odd based on what he knew of their race. The only differences were that the clothing was quite snug, showing her figure and her neckline was cut lower than was considered appropriate back on Nubia. She was beautiful in the way only a Twi'lek woman could be, and he could foresee a new inhabitant for his nightly dreams. "How long have you been with the Alliance?" she asked.

"About three standard weeks. Long enough to go through the trainings and get an assignment." Jek shrugged. "Today's actually the first time I've ever fired a weapon."

Jek was shocked when Lallia laughed. Jek must have had a questioning look on his face, because Lallia quickly covered her lush lips and explained. "I'm sorry. I've been with the Alliance so

Lallia (twi'lek, female)

Type: Experienced Rebel Trooper

Age: 23 **Height:** 1.7m **Weight:** 43kg

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D+1

Brawling Parry 4D+1

Dodge 5D

Grenade 4D

Melee Combat 4D+1

Melee Parry 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Intimidation 4D

Languages 4D+1

Planetary Systems 3D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Communications 3D+1

Repulsorlift Operation 4D

Sensors 3D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Search 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor Repair 3D+2

Blaster Repair 4D

Droid Repair 4D+1

First Aid 4D

Special Abilities:

Head-Tails: Twi'leks can use their head-tails to communicate in secret with each other, even if in a room full of others. The complex movement of the tails is, in a sense, a "secret" language that all Twi'leks are fluent in.

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 13

Move: 10

Equipment: Military Commlink, Survival Pack ([2] weeks rations, [3] medpacks, glowrod, breath mask), blast vest (+1D vs energy, +1 vs physical), blast helmet (+1 vs energy, +1D vs physical), E-11 Blaster Rifle [modified] (5D blaster 3-30/100/300, 4D slugthrower 3-30/150/400), [2] General Purpose Grenade (0-2m 5D/4m 4D/6m 3D/10m 2D, 3-7/20/40), knife in self-sharpening sheath (VE, STR+1D), datapad.

Behind the Scenes: Twi'lek that hates the Empire. Has hated them since her first battle, and has been a part of the Alliance now for about five years, usually on a front of some sort.

long I've forgotten what it was like the first time. I don't really even think about it anymore."

"You mean it doesn't bother you to fire at and wound—or kill other people?"

A dark look passed over Lallia's face, and Jek felt anything but enamored of her. Her face hardened and her voice took on an edge. "Killing a stormtrooper is like disabling a droid. They don't have a conscience; they've wiped out millions—probably billions in the Emperor's name."

Jek didn't know what to say, so he simply let the matter alone and put a bland, rough nutrition stick into his mouth.

Kale didn't realize what fighting in a trench would be like. The first real day of fighting started two local days after the Imperial camp got fully entrenched. That morning had started with a small flurry of snow, which prompted most troopers to adjust the temperature in their suits—after all, they wanted to stay dry, but they didn't want to get too hot. Any distraction, no matter how small, could be potentially lethal during combat.

Kale felt someone nudge his shoulder bell. "You okay?" the trooper asked. It was the female with the unpronounceable name. Everyone had started calling her "Clicks" because of a distinct, clicking accent, and she didn't seem to mind. She was bigger than he was used to females being—just a few centimeters more than he—so it felt as if she loomed over him sometimes. Occasionally, she had to duck slightly to avoid bumping her head on low doors, but the trench was deep enough she could stand up straight comfortably.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Kale said. "Just frustrated these Rebels couldn't have the decency to wait to do this. There was something I had really been hoping to do on Life Day, and I don't know if it'll happen now."

"Maybe it's better this way," she said. She seemed ready to take her helmet off and say something else, but that's when all hell broke loose.

Kale found himself on the ground. The sensory dampeners had shut off both sound and vision in his helmet, and he began realizing that the Rebels had managed to get some form of explosive

into—or near—Imperial lines. Sound and vision returned slowly as he struggled to begin moving again. Some of the displays in his helmet were damaged, but he could see and hear fine. Snow was falling onto his lenses, and it was all he could do to force his limbs to move again. His training kicked in without a second thought. His hand went to his belt and pulled out a stimpack, injecting it through his bodysuit. The effect was instant and brought him back to the moment and strength returned to his limbs, allowing him to regain his feet. It was difficult to get up from the ground in armor; for many, it was impossible to stand up in the heat of battle when fear, adrenaline and stimpacks were all coursing through the body. Therefore, many stayed down when they got hit.

Blaster bolts flew overhead, combining with the snow to create a red aura around each one that flew past to burn into some place behind the Imperial lines. The part of the trench where he'd been standing had been blown inward, Clicks lying nearby. He didn't take too much time to dwell on it, and just got to the line where he could get some clear shots at the Rebels. He could still feel his pain despite the stimpack, but he was too kriffing angry to care now. He wanted to kill someone.

Jek was impressed at the results of the volley of explosives. It gave them a great advantage in the ensuing firefight; at least a part of the Imperial camp was unable to shoot back. He was glad that—whatever was happening over there—they'd caught the Imps off-guard.

"Keep them pinned!" Lallia shouted. She was exultant; it was she that had pressed Commander Fel'rya to try thinning the Imperial lines. The commander had been content to let the Imperials start feeling the pinch of hunger for a while before fighting in earnest, but in the end, the commander agreed with Lallia—there was no reason to delay. Return fire came after only a few seconds of uncontested Rebel volleys, sizzling through snowbanks and burning into the rear walls of the trench. Jek was surprised at just how hot the bolts were as they sizzled past; the sudden heat made him duck and stop firing just long enough to look down the trench and see a Rodian comrade's hand and face torn apart and burned away.

It was the first time he'd ever seen any sentient being killed and even as the body was falling to

the bottom of the trench, it seemed as if the death replayed itself in his mind thousands of times. The Imperials had killed someone he'd fought with—someone he might have become friends with. Someone who had a family back on his home planet. Someone who would never be going home. What little he'd eaten at daybreak suddenly came up, and he quickly quit his position on the line to brace himself against the rear of the trench as he vomited. This wasn't right. That was why Imperial oppression had to end! Once his vision cleared and he was able to catch his breath, he resumed his position at the trench and vented his rage with a more aggressive volley of blasterfire than he'd ever loosed.

Jek burned through more energy clips than even Lallia that day. The rage that came from seeing friends die; but as much as anything else, he was furious with himself for being so blind to the reality of such a conflict. Between bouts of fury, he wanted to sink to his knees and weep, but he managed to stay upright.

After the day's fighting died down, Jek heavily sat down in the trench, going over everything that happened that day. He'd probably injured or killed someone himself—wasn't that just as bad as the stormtrooper killing the Rodian? Lallia came to him and clapped a hand on his shoulder. "You did well today, rookie," she said. "I couldn't see if you got any of 'em, but with as many shots as you got off, you're bound to have scared a few back to their hidey-holes."

Jek looked back at the bodies of the five who'd died that day. "What good does it do? What do these five care that their deaths made me fight a little harder?"

Lallia shook her head, breathing heavily and looked deep into his eyes. The fire had gone out of them, and she looked caring. She was more beautiful now that she wasn't filled with hatred, but his entire world felt swallowed up with sorrow for the dead. "I know it's rough. Sometimes we forget how much. Let's go to the mess, and I'll tell you about my first battles."

Kale was sick at how many good men and women they'd lost in the weeks since the first day. Since then, it was simply understood that they shot at any movement—or even hints at movement—

they saw from the other side. Every trooper had been grazed or scorched by bolts a few times, including himself, and simple first aid medicines were starting to run low. Kale now began to regret using stimpacks when he could have just ignored an injury, as it was increasingly difficult to shake off pain. However, one advantage to everyone having taken various minor wounds was that it provided a distinct pattern of scorch and blaster marks to each trooper, making everyone easy to identify at a glance.

Despite the blasterfire coming their way daily, the real problem was hunger. His stomach growled loudly, and what was left of the group now pooled any food resources they could scrounge up from the dead. Command had assumed this would be a short skirmish to scare the Rebels back to their gunship, but now that two weeks of privation had passed, they were all in bad condition. Kale was weak and hurt, and every day it became harder and harder to deal with life in the trench. He'd taken several minor wounds, but he knew the real problem was the cold seeping in through holes in his bodysuit, despite his attempts at field repairs..

Every time Kale visited Clicks his eye was instinctively drawn to the injuries—she'd lost her left arm, and the left side of her face and body were badly burned from the initial explosion, she was desperate to get back to the trench, and struggled with anyone who tried to prevent her from doing so. They'd been able to field dress the wounds, but there was only so much they could do without the bacta tanks at the facility.

Blaster bolts still super-heated the air as they passed, melting the falling snow and sizzling by, but it no longer made any difference. Kale didn't know if it was because of the death around him or the fact that his chest felt as empty as his stomach. It was the day before Life Day, and this stalemate showed no signs of breaking. Their e-clips were running dangerously low, despite the fact that they could salvage the unused ones from the dead or those too injured to continue fighting. Several troopers on the line had passed out from a combination of exhaustion and hunger, prompting Colonel Denbar to shorten each trooper's time on the line. They were now on a one-hour rotation with two hours of rest between—only a third of them were on the line at any given time, and a rancor's share of the other two-thirds were often too worn out to do anything apart from resting for their shifts.

Kale sat on one of the low benches, and looked up and down the trench as yet more snow fell. The last week had seen a significant deterioration in the weather, and the snow was so thick at times that Kale couldn't find his way to the room where they kept the injured. He'd never been more grateful for his bodysuit's environmental protection, and he knew he'd praise Imperial foresight and engineering until the day he died, which didn't seem to be far off.

Colonel Denbar sat down heavily beside him. His helmet had been grazed three times on the right side, almost perforating his rebreathing apparatus and helmet climate controls. Wounds, pain and hunger seemed to be the glue holding the entire platoon together now. "Thirty-five either dead or out of commission," the colonel said, shaking his head. Kale could hear him sigh through the vocoder. "I'm sorry about all of this, corporal. I heard you were planning to propose marriage to Joara. I didn't realize you two were that serious." Then the colonel did something he'd not seen him do before—he reached up to take off his helmet. He looked like he was about Kale's age if not younger, yet he seemed much older. "I would've liked to do something like that myself, but we probably won't make it out of here without something drastic happening."

Night was coming on, and the blaster bolts, slowing down though they were, became one of their only sources of light through the snowfall.

Kale took his helmet off, too. He immediately wished to put it back on when the cold snow started landing on his face, but he pushed down the feeling and focused on the people he was with. Colonel Denbar had laid his helmet on the ground and held his head in his hands. A guy they all called Scorch due to the twin scorches on his shoulders, stood at his post on the line of the trench and returned fire from wherever he saw it and Kale could only stare at the red bolts flashing by, reminding him of the fireworks they'd light on Life Day back on Corellia.

Kale suddenly felt another kind of heat. This time, it was a wet heat that left a long, freezing trail behind it. Tears formed in his eyes. He missed Joara. The plans he'd made to propose their marriage, the death of friends, the constant fear of the unknown and—possibly worst of all—the knowledge that Denbar was right, and he was probably going to die here too all came crashing down on him. He didn't try to restrain his emotions. Let them come. He

Colonel Denbar (human, male)

Type: Imperial Remnant Commander

Age: 35 **Height:** 1.82m **Weight:** 81kg

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D

Dodge 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Bureaucracy 5D+2

Intimidation 4D+2

Law Enforcement 5D

Planetary Systems 6D+1

Tactics 6D

Willpower 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Command 6D+2

Con 4D+2

Investigation 4D+2

Persuasion 5D

STRENGTH 2D+1

TECHNICAL 2D

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 14

Move: 10

Equipment: Military comlink, BlasTech DL-18 (4D, 3-10/30/120), Imperial Navy uniform, insignia plaque, code cylinder.

Behind the Scenes: Native to Kuat, Colonel Denbar had always dreamed of being in the Imperial Navy, but was unable to join the Navy due to a lack of natural piloting skills. Rather, he found a comfortable place among the ranks of the elite Stormtrooper Corps, where he continues the fight against the Rebel Alliance wherever he's assigned.

then realized the colonel had broken down, too. "It's all been for nothing," the colonel said.

"Not for nothing," Kale said.

"For what, then?"

Kale didn't say anything. He didn't know how to respond. When he was honest with himself, he really didn't know what they were in this trench for, other than they had fallen for a simple trick, and had gotten trapped. Aerial support never came, and there was no artillery at the facility. They were alone. Kale just closed his eyes as a song suddenly

came over him.

*Way back when I was young,
I knew a spacer dear
He gave me five small gifts
And told me not to fear.
'Cause when he left the spaceport,
He took with him some more
And to this day, that spacer
Brings Life Day to my door!*

All the nearby troopers were looking at him. Whether they were on their rest period or working the line, they had all stopped what they were doing to watch him. Nothing seemed to have changed outside the trench; laser shots were still sizzling overhead and the snow continued to fall unabated, but there was a different feel to the group now. There were only 15 of them left standing, everyone was hurt and there was no reason to celebrate anything. Why did Kale have to open his mouth and sing that stupid youngling Life Day song?

To his left, a trooper slowly took off his helmet and put his E-11 next to it on the ground.

*Our lives, they are a precious gift
from up above, though we live them here below.
We know not to where our roads lead us,
but we know by which path we must go.*

Kale had never been religious, but he knew the rest of the song, and the lyrics felt like they reverberated through every fiber of his being. Before he realized it, all fifteen of them were singing Life Day songs, and even some of the injured were able to come out and join, including Clicks. Kale knew they'd lost this battle, and that thought hurt. He'd lost friends. He missed Joara. But at that moment, he realized he did have something to celebrate. Life Day was as precious to all who celebrated it, and at that moment, all of them massed around and celebrated the fact that they were alive, and that they were together.

Jek hadn't been able to feel his entire body for quite a while. Every day, an increasing number of his companions had succumbed to the cold, despite the precautions they'd taken before they landed. The chill sapped the batteries and generators they used to power the heaters, and everyone needed to be in a near-constant huddle to share body heat. The one bright spot was that the fire from

Imperial lines seemed to be dwindling. That hinted at a great success for the Rebellion; they could get into the facility and take control easier, but that success was tempered with a growing uneasiness with himself. He knew killing stormtroopers was right—or at least necessary—but that thinking ran contrary to everything he'd ever been taught. He'd often find himself fighting back tears as he stood in the trench, firing his blaster at movement in the Imperial lines and hoping he hit someone or something.

"I think you got another one!" Lallia shouted over the din. She relished the death and carnage she inflicted on the Imperial troops. Each time he glanced at her, she seemed to wear a rictus grin that disturbed him because he could feel the same level of enjoyment budding in him. It's war! That's what happens. Two sides fight, and people die! No matter how many times he told himself that, it didn't make him feel any better. A part of him wanted to simply end the fighting—to spend the night apart from the rest so he could die from exposure to the elements. The other part of him just wanted to stick around and do what he signed up to do: kill stormtroopers and do his part to free Nubia.

The firestorm dragged on through sunset and the increasing snowfall. Finally, Jek and Lallia were the only two still firing, while all the rest had started huddling around the heaters in hopes that there was enough electricity to provide some heat. More than one of them had lost a part of their body to the cold—Jek was now missing two fingers on his left hand and one on his right, in addition to several toes. Lallia had it much worse, though. Her lekku had started to freeze days earlier, turning from their natural green to a dead black. The remainder of the group gave her an extra large share of salvaged clothing so she could wrap them, although Commander Fel'rya had to order the dead parts removed. She was left with about two-thirds of a lekku on the left, and what would wind up being a pitted mess when properly healed. She grieved in the only way she knew how: trying to kill stormtroopers. Jek had heard that Twi'leks who lost part of their lekku were often ostracized or pitied by their peers; long, beautiful lekku were valuable in that society.

As Jek looked at Lallia, something within him broke and he stopped firing. I don't want to do this anymore! a voice in him shouted. He couldn't understand why the thought struck him so suddenly and so powerfully, but his hand was paralyzed. Either he was physically freezing or his mind was taking con-

Drask Fel'rya (bothan, male)

Type: Rebel Commander

Age: 32 **Height:** 1.42m **Weight:** 75kg

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 4D

Dodge 5D+1

Melee Parry 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Bureaucracy 5D+2

Intimidation 4D+1

Law Enforcement 4D+1

Planetary Systems 6D

Tactics 7D

Willpower 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 4D

Repulsorlift Operation 4D

Space Transports 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 6D

Con 3D+2

Investigation 5D+1

Persuasion 5D

STRENGTH 2D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer Programming/Repair 4D+2

Security 5D+1

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 11

Move: 10

Equipment: Military Commlink, [2] datapads, BlasTech DL-18 (4D, 3-10/30/120).

Behind the Scenes: Hates how the Empire oppressed his people, and will do anything he can to wipe it out. However, he can't stand to see people suffering, particularly those who are under his command.

trol of his body. His vision obscured suddenly, and he found himself weeping on the ground in the trench, finally overcome by the emotions, horrors and realities of what was happening. He was killing people, and he was enjoying it. He couldn't believe the scream that came from his throat. He was hoarse by the time he finished, and Lallia had quickly come over and put her hand on his shoulder. "What is it?" she asked.

"I can't do it!" Jek shrieked. "This isn't right! This isn't me! What I'm doing here is wrong!" The others had come to see what was going on, but

must have realized that Jek was in the middle of an emotional breakdown. Jek screamed again, and had no idea his lungs could hold so much air.

Everything became silent. All of them were banged up—those that were still alive. They'd lost more than half their numbers and now there were only 17 of them left. Not all had been wounded, but everyone had suffered from the cold. Of the fifteen dead, only five of those had been killed by storm-troopers; the rest had simply gone to sleep and never awakened.

With the snow dampening most of the sound around them, it became quieter than Jek could remember it being. He couldn't recall anything before their gunship landed on this block of ice.

"You hear that?" Commander Fel'rya asked.

Most of the others just shook their heads. Bothans had great ears, but even so, most of the Rebels probably had damaged hearing after fighting so long. The commander tilted his head to one side and started singing a song that reached down into Jek and warmed his core—the very nature of his being, and taking him back to his childhood.

*Our lives, they are a precious gift
from up above, though we live them here below.
We know not to where our roads lead us,
but we know by which path we must go.*

Before long everyone capable of standing was huddled together and singing a Life Day hymn that meant more at that moment than it probably ever had to anyone. Their conditions were terrible, but they were alive. And as long as there is life, there is hope. Hope was all Jek had left. It was all he had to hold off the bloodlust he feared might be creeping into his heart.

Kale thought it was only an echo when he heard voices from the other trench. Surely, the Rebels over there wouldn't care about something like Life Day. After all, they'd started and prolonged this fight. The image of Rebels being terrorists, anarchists and amoral militants fought with his image of people gathering together to sing a traditional Life Day song. "I think I hear something," Kale said.

The others stopped singing, but that made the other voices all the more distinct. They were

singing. And they weren't singing an exultant anti-government song; they were praising life, just as he and the other troopers had been.

"They must have heard us, and want to lull us into a sense of security," the colonel said.

"Why?" Kale asked. "So they can get us to come out and kill us even faster? I'm going to go out there."

"No, you will not!" Colonel Denbar shouted. Kale wasn't sure if the colonel's voice carried less of a commanding tone: was it because his helmet was off, because he agreed or Kale just didn't care about orders anymore?

Kale took a step toward the platform where he stood, and began digging out hand and footholds so he could get up to no man's land. He stopped moving when he heard an unmistakable clicking sound behind him. Kale turned back to see Colonel Denbar pointing an E-11 rifle straight at his head.

"If you make one more move to go up there, I will not hesitate to shoot you, trooper. This is a desperate fight, and I can't let one homesick trooper go out there and blow it when we still have a mission to accomplish."

"You don't see it, do you, Denbar?" Kale shot back. "We've lost. We're all going to die, it's just a matter of when. But I choose to do it on my feet, trying to honor my heritage and the roots I have on my planet. You want to shoot one of your troopers? One of your last troopers? Go for it!" Kale turned and started up the incline once his tenuous grip was established.

"Kale, don't do this," Colonel Denbar pleaded. "I want everyone to get back to the facility. That's all I've thought about since this all started. If I could see another way, I'd take it in a heartbeat."

Kale continued to climb. His blaster was still in the trench, as was his helmet—he was totally unarmed as he started toward the Rebel lines, slowly pulling off parts of his white armor to show the black of his bodysuit so it was obvious he was unarmed. He held his hands out before him, and walked forward into what—for all he knew—would be the last sunrise he would ever see.

The singing from the Imperial lines stopped a few minutes before the sun broke over the horizon. Jek and all his fellows kept singing so they could finish their song, but it was eerie after being able to hear music from the other lines throughout the night. It was the coldest part of the day on most planets, but it almost seemed that the cold didn't matter to Jek anymore. Some of his comrades that had frozen to death said they actually felt warm in the time before death took them, and he wondered how much longer he had left.

Commander Fel'rya climbed onto one of the platforms that served as a chair and firing station and risked a peek over the embankment. It was next to impossible to see exactly how his fur was behaving in the waxing light of pre-dawn, but Jek could see the commander tilt his head as if in confusion. "One of them is coming this way, and he seems to be taking off some of his armor."

"It's a trap," said the one Mon Calamari who'd survived.

Lallia nodded, obviously still not used to the unequal balance of her lekku, evidenced by a slight tilt to her head as she nodded. "She's right. I've got a bad feeling about this."

Although Jek was the newest and most conservative member of the group, he could feel a tingling on the back of his neck telling him something. "What's he doing now, Commander?"

"He's holding his hands out. It looks like he's taken off his armor up to the elbows," the Bothan said without looking back down at Jek.

Jek sighed. "I'm going up there."

A short moment of silence preceded an uproar of objections, although Lallia seemed the most vocal: "You'll be killed! Those animals probably have their blasters trained on us, just waiting for someone stupid enough to go up there!"

"What's the difference between going up there and dying of blasterfire and staying down here and freezing to death?" he asked. "At least this way, I'm choosing the way I die. Death is a part of life, and we must celebrate both today."

The others were shocked. They still huddled together for heat, but their focus seemed to be on him for once. Despite their objections, Jek pro-

ceeded to dig hand and footholds with his bare hands to climb up with. It wasn't long before he was standing on ground level for the first time in what seemed three lifetimes. All he had with him were his clothes and a single tattered, threadbare blanket that moved in the slight wind that he hadn't noticed in the trench. He'd lost friends, he was freezing to death and he was terrified, and he was meeting a stormtrooper face-to-face.

Kale stopped before the Rebel. "Some way to meet," he said, all too aware that his Corellian accent might instantly put him at odds with this Rebel. Most of Corellia secretly sided with the Alliance, although most wouldn't admit it to the authorities.

"Sure is. I'm Jek," the Rebel said, reaching out his hand.

"I'm Kale," Kale replied, grasping Jek's hand. The man was freezing; what little training he'd had in extreme weather combat told him that Jek didn't have much time left unless he warmed up. "I didn't realize you guys were going to be having a Life Day party."

"Well, it wasn't a party exactly. We just heard you singing and got into the spirit."

The snow continued to fall, and even though the sun was beginning its climb into the sky, the day only seemed to get colder. A stronger breeze than normal kicked up, and Kale could see Jek shudder with the intense cold, while he barely felt the difference anywhere but his exposed face. "Say, seeing as how it's Life Day and you seem so cold, why don't I get you some of our... extra bodysuits so you can stay warm? How many do you think you'd need?"

Jek seemed completely taken aback. "R—really? You'd do that for us, even though we've been fighting you this whole time?" Kale realized Jek was crying. "Thank you so much! Is there something you need? I'm sure we can get you ale, or—" Jek broke off, and Kale realized he'd unwittingly tricked Jek into letting Kale know the Rebels' weakness, but that didn't matter. He'd also offered food.

"Food and any medicine you can spare," Kale replied quickly. His weakness due to the lack of food, medicine and rest was taking a significant toll, and he didn't know how much longer he'd survive it.

Jek smiled, and Kale knew they'd reached at least an uneasy Life Day truce. "I don't know about you, but everyone back at my camp is really skeptical, so it'll be a hard sell," Jek said.

"Same here," Kale smiled. "But I think the possibility of food and some energy will be enough to overcome any concerns they might have."

Jek returned in higher spirits than he'd felt for quite some time. "They say they're willing to give us some of their extra bodysuits in exchange for food!" he said when he reached Rebel lines. The news was greeted with stunned expressions. After a moment, members of the group started looking at one another and speaking excitedly. They'd be warm for the first time in...well, a long time! Even Lallia seemed to welcome the news, and she'd been the one Jek was most worried about. Losing parts of her lekku had been traumatic for her, probably more so than Jek could ever imagine.

"Gather up what food we can spare," said Commander Fel'rya. "I want to keep everyone alive as long as possible, and if this is the only way I can do that, we do it. This fight may end sooner than we'd thought."

A weak cheer went up, and all 17 members of the Alliance in the trench started working to gather as much food as they could to exchange for bodysuits.

Kale crouched at the edge of the trench. "He said they'll give us food for some bodysuits. I figure we can take them off the troops we've lost and trade those."

Some of the others—most had taken off their helmets now—nodded and looked as if they thought this was a good trade. But one face wasn't smiling. The one he needed to convince most of all: Colonel Denbar.

"I can't believe you said we'd just give Imperial technology to the Alliance!" he said, exasperated. "People have given their lives to keep technology out of their hands, and you're just going to hand it over! Why don't we just give them the keys to the research facility, too?"

"Colonel, we're all going to starve if we don't

do something soon," Kale said. "Our dead aren't using their bodysuits anymore. We desperately need food and medicine. You say your job is to protect the research facility. Well, the best way to do that is probably to keep the troops guarding it alive, right?"

"Watch yourself, corporal!" the colonel shouted. They stared into each other's faces for a moment, and it was finally Denbar that broke. "Fine! Do whatever you kriffing want! All of you are dismissed to fraternize with the enemy if you want!" he said as he stormed into one of the small shelters they'd built against the snow.

"You heard him, ladies and gentlemen," Kale said. "Let's get those bodysuits, and as many of the injured as we can. Everyone will have a proper Life Day meal!"

Jek worried as he saw the Imperial contingent coming toward them; he mainly worried that some had neglected to leave any weapons or ill feelings behind. However, there were even some among the Rebels that had refused to enter no man's land unarmed. So they held onto their hold-out blasters in case the sudden friendliness turned south quickly. If anyone had any second thoughts about the meeting, they melted away as soon as they saw the bodysuits the Imps were carrying. It wasn't the answer to all their suffering, but it they realized they had the chance to be warm again.

"I still don't like the situation—especially handing over supplies—but I have to admit, I've never been happier to see stormtroopers," Lallia said.

"You've probably never been happy to see stormtroopers," Jek said

Lallia offered a genuine smile for the first time, and Jek was reminded how beautiful she was. It was strange to think that less than an hour ago, he'd been despairing that he would be dead soon, while now he was looking forward to warming up and relaxing a little. This Life Day would go down in history.

Kale motioned to Jek so all the Imperial troops could see. "Everyone, this is Jek. He's the one I spoke with when I came out before," Kale said. Troops from both sides kept away from each

other, and there seemed to be a dividing line two meters wide, Imperials on one side and Rebels on the other. Kale worried the Rebels could sense the tension in the stormtroopers; many had refused to leave behind their blasters. Kale turned toward the stormtrooper nearest him who was holding a stack of suits and took one from the top. Taking a few steps forward, Kale handed the suit to Jek and put his arm around his enemy. "This is what Life Day means," he looked at the other troopers and said loud enough for everyone to hear. "There's no animosity today! It's Life Day!" He looked back at Jek. "We're not enemies today. Just two people celebrating a great holiday together."

It wasn't long before all the other stormtroopers were mingling with Rebels; the Rebels quickly put their new bodysuits on while the stormtroopers enjoyed food, which tasted like a bounty after being hungry for so long.

"Kale, I want to introduce you to someone," Jek said, motioning to a gorgeous Twi'lek with parts of her lekku missing. "This is Lallia. We've been... um... working together for the last few weeks." Lallia didn't make a move, but Kale couldn't help embracing her.

"You've saved us, and I only hope that our gifts have done the same for you."

Kale felt her muscles tighten as he hugged her, so he tried to show her respect by parting quickly and offering his hand. "We're not enemies today," he said.

The woman looked at him, looked down at his hand and walked off to spend time by herself and other Rebels. Jek looked at Kale. "Sorry, she's never really thought of you guys as... well... people. I think she's having a pretty hard time. Especially with the frostbite on her lekku."

"So that's why they didn't look quite right," Kale said. "When you get the chance, please tell her that I'm deeply sorry about what's happened to them. I've worked with many Twi'leks back home, and can't even imagine how painful it must be to lose part of them." Kale paused, trying to think of how to best phrase what he was thinking. "I understand what you mean about not seeing us as people, though. I'm sure you know most of the Empire sees members of the Alliance as scum, terrorists and villains."

Jek nodded, then a surprised expression

"Clicks" (hoodah, female)

Type: Alien Freedom Fighter

Age: 24 **Height:** 1.93m **Weight:** 100kg

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D

Dodge 5D

Melee Combat 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Intimidation 4D+1

Survival 4D

Tactics 3D+2

Willpower 4D

MECHANICAL 2D

Beast Riding 3D

PERCEPTION 3D

Hide 4D

Search 3D+2

Sneak 4D

STRENGTH 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 8

Move: 10

Equipment: Any Reasonable Survival Gear, comlink, blaster pistol (4D, 3-10/30/120), blaster rifle (5D, 3-30/100/300), vibroblade (MOD, STR+1D+2).

Behind the Scenes: Never gives out her real name, save for the occasional fellow hoodah. When she joined the platoon under Colonel Denbar, everyone started calling her "Clicks," and she grew to enjoy the name and now plans to use the name in lieu of letting people try pronouncing her given name. Clicks enjoyed her life in the Inner Rim, and learned to be a tough fighter at a young age.

crossed his face. "Oh! I forgot to mention. My CO wants to meet yours. Where is he?"

Kale shook his head. "He... wasn't exactly in the Life Day spirit. And I think he might have a fear of no man's land. He told me some pretty frightening trench warfare experiences." Jek nodded, and seemed to understand.

"Well, I've seen my way clear to being in the spirit." Colonel Denbar's voice came from behind Kale, making him jump in shock.

"Sir, I'm glad you came." Kale stammered. "This is Jek, and he's the one I originally made contact with." The colonel inclined his head toward Jek and turned to Kale. "I have to admit, you've done a great thing for us, Kale. I'm especially glad you were able to get Clicks to come out without hurting anybody." The colonel looked back to Jek. "Staying back in our trench gave me some time to think. I'm sure your CO and I can come to some sort of accord so all of us can benefit."

Kale was shocked. This was the person who had been so focused on the annihilation of the Rebel force that he was willing to risk starvation, now interested in a mutually beneficial truce? Something was either suspicious, or Life Day was a day of magic, indeed.

Jek's spirits dropped with each centimeter the sun did. As the two leaders finished their conference, both of them seeming more or less pleased with the arrangement. They had agreed that the communications block would be lifted temporarily but monitored, the stormtroopers could keep all the extra foodstuffs the Rebels didn't need at the moment, while the Rebels could keep the bodysuits and have some extra batteries for their heat generators.

Colonel Denbar seemed to consider his words very carefully. "I have one final set of gifts," he said. He started retrieving a few wrapped parcels from a box he'd given to an aide earlier. "These are very precious, so please wait until later to open them so you can appreciate them more. Don't shake them, but be sure you have as many people present as possible when you do open it."

The sun was going down, and everyone knew what that meant—Rebel and Imperial alike. There were good feelings now, which made many of the partings heart-wrenching. Although everyone had been fighting on different sides, they all shared a common experience which bound them together closer than any other experience could. And the Imperial colonel's mysterious gifts made Jek feel all the more affectionately toward a lot of the men and women on that side. The one they called "Clicks" was an entertaining one. She and Lallia had gotten along quite well until Clicks discovered it was Lallia's shot that was responsible for Clicks's injuries. Oddly, since discovering that, they were best friends. When Jek asked Lallia why, she just

laughed and said "She said it was a damn fine shot!"

The trenches felt better than Jek could have ever imagined. He wasn't freezing and he wasn't starving. No blaster bolts were flying about. It was like the battle was over. He wondered what the commander and the others had gotten in those parcels. Each one of the high-ranking officers had gotten one. Plus, now that they didn't need to huddle for heat, they were freer to move about and be with the people they wanted. Jek and Lallia planned to go to see Commander Fel'rya after they were both finished to see what he'd gotten after a stop at the latrines, which were on the far north end of the trench. They met up again when Lallia was finished, and started down the path toward where everyone else would be. That's when Jek's world erupted in flame, dust and pain.

Kale and the other stormtroopers took their time getting back to their lines. It was the first time they could really relax and feel good. They were warm and weren't starving. They were all happy, too; all save Colonel Denbar. He'd seemed paranoid and gotten back to the lines quicker than the others, looking over his shoulder periodically. Once back in the trench, he seemed gloomy. "What's going on, colonel?" he asked.

"Nothing!" Denbar snapped. "I just don't like the way the day played out."

"Are you kidding? It was a great—" Kale began.

Kale dove as he felt the air around him shake ahead of the roll of explosive thunder. Were the Rebels attacking again so soon after their day-long truce? It was hard, but Kale managed to push himself up to a point where he could look behind him, and his jaw dropped. There was almost nothing left of the Rebel line. No movement. No signs of life.

Kale was the first one on his feet, running toward enemy lines. He was unarmed, but as he got closer to the lines, he realized that this was no trap. There were parts of bodies—some fairly large—that had flown out of the trench, including some that had distinctly Bothan traits.

"Jek! Are you here?" Kale shouted. "Anyone? Lallia?" Several other troopers followed

him over to the Rebel lines to help with the search, but some had stopped to grieve at the loss of new friends, despite the fact that the fight would have more than likely resumed the next day.

A groan came from Kale's right—the first sign of life he'd noticed since running over to the Rebel lines. Kale saw movement under a pile of rubble and rushed over to clear it away. "Jek! Lallia! Stay with me! It's over now, we'll get you some help. I'm so, so sorry!"

Kale's nerves forced him to wait a week to propose the marriage to Joara. Even after that, he was a psychological mess, and the only people that understood why had been in the trenches with him. Everyone needed some sort of medical treatment when they reached the research facility; the first the medical droids did was to provide Clicks a new arm, which she covered in synthflesh.

The Empire had decided to heal Jek and Lallia – the only two survivors of the blasts so they could question them about upcoming Rebel actions in the sector. That knowledge made Kale's stomach churn, as he knew what some of the ISB's interrogation methods were like.

He checked in each day with Jek, Lallia and Clicks to see how their recovery was progressing. One of the greatest victories was that Lallia had just started thinking of stormtroopers as people rather than mindless drones, but that damn colonel—now Brigadier General Denbar—had most likely destroyed any hope that would ever happen. Kale and Clicks had each gotten promotions, sergeant and sergeant major, respectively, for their "hand in bringing an end to the stalemate and imprisoning dangerous Rebel insurgents." All Kale felt was sick.

"What should we do, Clicks?" Kale asked when Clicks was mentally stable enough to consider her answer.

"I don't know. I think we need to stick together. We need to do everything we can to prevent treachery like this. This is exactly why the Rebels are fighting us, and why so many see us as monsters at Vader's beck and call."

"Are you thinking of going AWOL?" Kale asked.

Joara (human, female)

Type: Imperial Naval Officer

Age: 28 **Height:** 1.77m **Weight:** 50kg

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Bureaucracy 4D+1

Languages 4D

Planetary Systems 4D+2

MECHANICAL 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D+2

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Computer Programming/Repair 4D+2

First Aid 4D+1

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 0

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Military comlink, Merr-Sonn DD6 blaster pistol (4D+1, 3-10/25/90), datapad, Imperial Navy uniform, insignia plaque, code cylinder.

Behind the Scenes: Kale's girlfriend. Low-ranking officer in the Imperial navy stationed on the planet to oversee the experiments. From Ixtar in the Core.

Clicks sighed. "I don't know. I don't like the idea of those two being subjected to the ISB, but I don't really want to be on the ISB's radar, either."

As they looked into each other's eyes, they both knew what needed to happen. If Life Day had taught them anything, it was that allegiance to life and to friends needed to take priority over all else.

THE END

Kirill Pyke

Star Wars D6 Character Stats
By Mark Compton

Kirill Pyke was born on the planet Naboo 42 BBY. As a child he showed above average skills as a pilot. His mother died shortly after his birth, peacefully in her sleep, causing Kirill to spend most of his free time with his father Koral. His father was an aid to the Naboo senator. With Kirill spending so much time at his father's side, his business skills had an early foundation as well.

He was ten years old when the trade federation blockaded his home planet. He watched as two Jedi helped repel the invasion. It was their bravery that led him to enlist in the Naboo Militia. His idealism led him to believe he could help defend helpless people just as the Jedi had done. His idealism died when his father died during the Clone Wars. When the Clone Wars bloomed into full force, the Naboo Militia was called upon to aid in the defense and sometimes in the invasion of Separatist worlds alongside the Clone Troopers and the Jedi Generals. It was near the end of the Clone Wars when a Trade Federation droid blew off his right leg. (he really doesn't like droids these days)

His discharge severance package, along with his inheritance were enough to get him a realistic looking prosthetic leg. As the fires of the Clone Wars died and the treachery of the Jedi was revealed, the newly formed Galactic Empire was seeking recruits for the growing Imperial Navy. Kirill considered it for the briefest of moments, but instead used what was left off his funds to leave the mid rim and travel to the outer rim territories. He'd been in the military long enough already to know that it would be an institution that would mandate his every daily activity. Kirill decided he'd had enough of that and wanted the freedom to come and go as he pleased.

He worked as a crewman on several ships, loading cargo, pilot, and gunner. The more the Empire grew, the more he noticed that smuggling was the way to go. He found a corner of the galaxy he took a liking to out in the Minos Cluster, which is also where he met the beautiful Zeltronian Betl Armada. It was shortly after this that he decided to live his life by his own skills and purchase his own ship. Masada the Hutt was no charmer, but hey credits are credits. Using the loan he purchased an aging

VXC-100 Light Freighter and gained himself a hefty interest payment (2000 credits a month, but hey 20 months left).

So now it's just him and the Penumbra against the Cluster. Betl he sees from time to time helps him with the mechanics, and he'd love to have her on as a full time co-pilot/mechanic. For now things are how he likes it. These days he operates mainly out of the Minos Cluster under some very simple rules: One the arrangement doesn't change; two the less he knows the better; three, never open someone else's cargo and number four, never leave a star port with an empty hold. Sure, he knows the Rebellion is out there but -- like any smart businessman -- he realizes that facing down the Empire is the weak position in the Deal.

Kirill appears to be a human in his early forties but could pass for mid thirty. he has perpetual five o'clock shadow, hazel eyes and short cut brown hair. He wears slacks of Corellian cut typically black or navy blue, and loose fitting long sleeve shirts under a black leather jacket. Under his jacket is a shoulder holster in which he carries his blaster and an ion pistol. Due to his prosthetic leg being off by a few microns, he walks with a very slight limp.

Kirill Pyke's stats are on the next page.

Kirill Pyke (as of 0 BBY) (human, male)

Type: Tramp Freighter Captain

DEXTERITY 2D+2

- Blaster 4D+1
- Blaster: sporting blaster pistol 5D+2
- Blaster: blaster rifle 4D+2
- Brawling parry 4D
- Dodge 5D
- Grenade 4D
- Running 3D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

- Alien species 4D+1
- Business 4D
- Business: freight hauling 5D
- Cultures 3D+2
- Languages 4D+1
- Law Enforcement 4D
- Planetary Systems 5D+1
- Planetary Systems: Minos Cluster 6D+1
- Streetwise 5D
- Streetwise: Masada's organization 6D
- Survival 4D+1
- Value 4D
- Willpower 3D+2

MECHANICAL 3D

- Astrogation 5D+2
- Capital ship piloting 5D+1
- Communications 3D+1
- Repulsorlift Operations 5D+1
- Sensors 4D+1
- Space Transports 5D+2
- Starship Sensors 3D+1
- Space Transports: VCX-100 8D
- Starfighter Piloting 4D+2
- Starship Gunnery 6D
- Starship Shields 4D+2
- Swoop Operations 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+2

- Bargain 6D
- Bargain: cargo prices: 7D+1
- Con 6D
- Forgery 4D+2
- Forgery: ship IDs 5D+2
- Persuasion 5D

STRENGTH 2D

- Brawling 4D+2
- Stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D+1

- Blaster repair 3D+2
- Computer Programming/Repair 5D+2
- Droid Programming 4D+1
- Droid Repair 4D+1
- Repulsorlift Repair 5D+2
- Security 5D+2

Space transport Repair 4D+2

Space transport Repair: VCX-100 7D+1

Starship weapon Repair 3D+2

Force Sensitive: No

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 13

Dark Side Points: 0

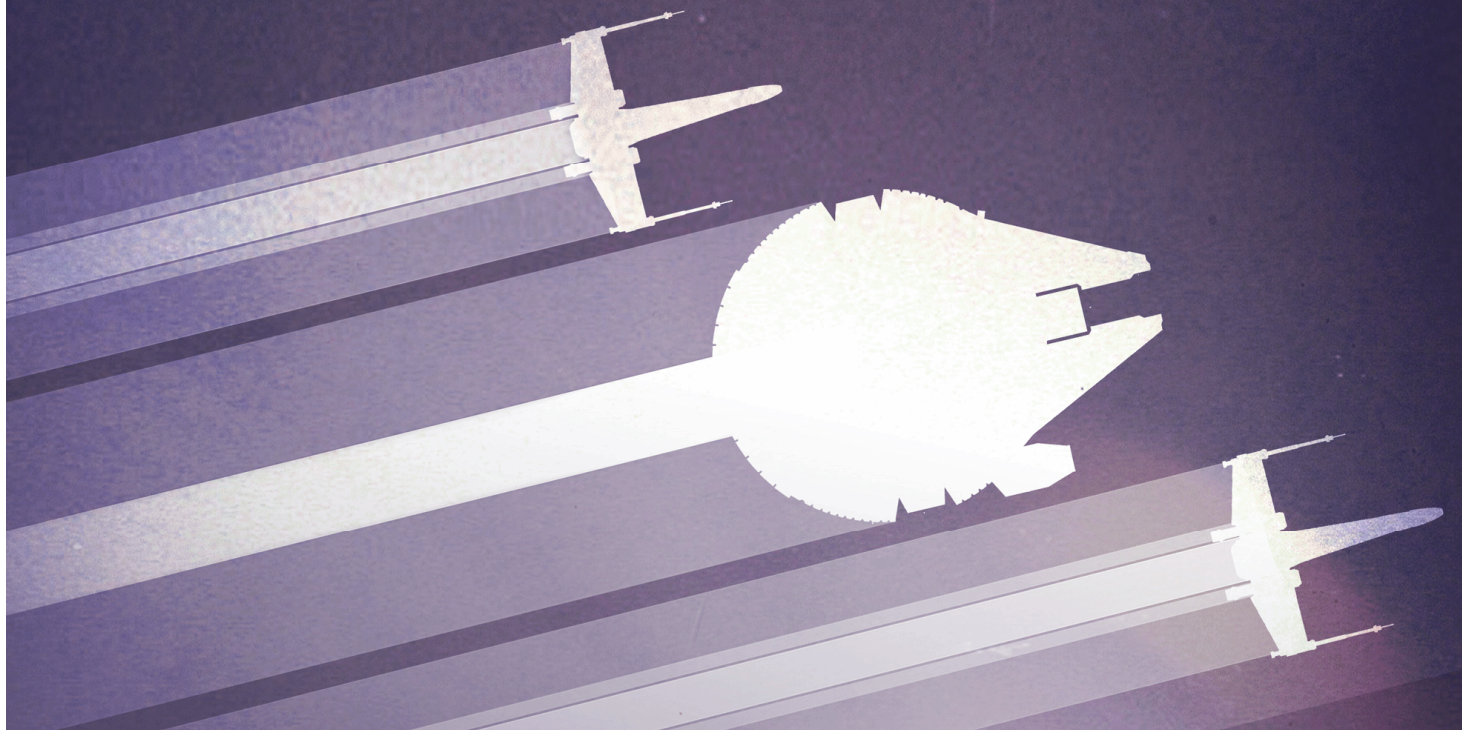
Cyber Points: 1

Move: 9

Equipment: Comlink, DDC Defender (3D+1), Ion Pistol, The Penumbra, One BioTech Repli-Limb Prosthetic Leg Replacements (Right), 40,000 credits debt to Masada the Hutt, Ion Pistol

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