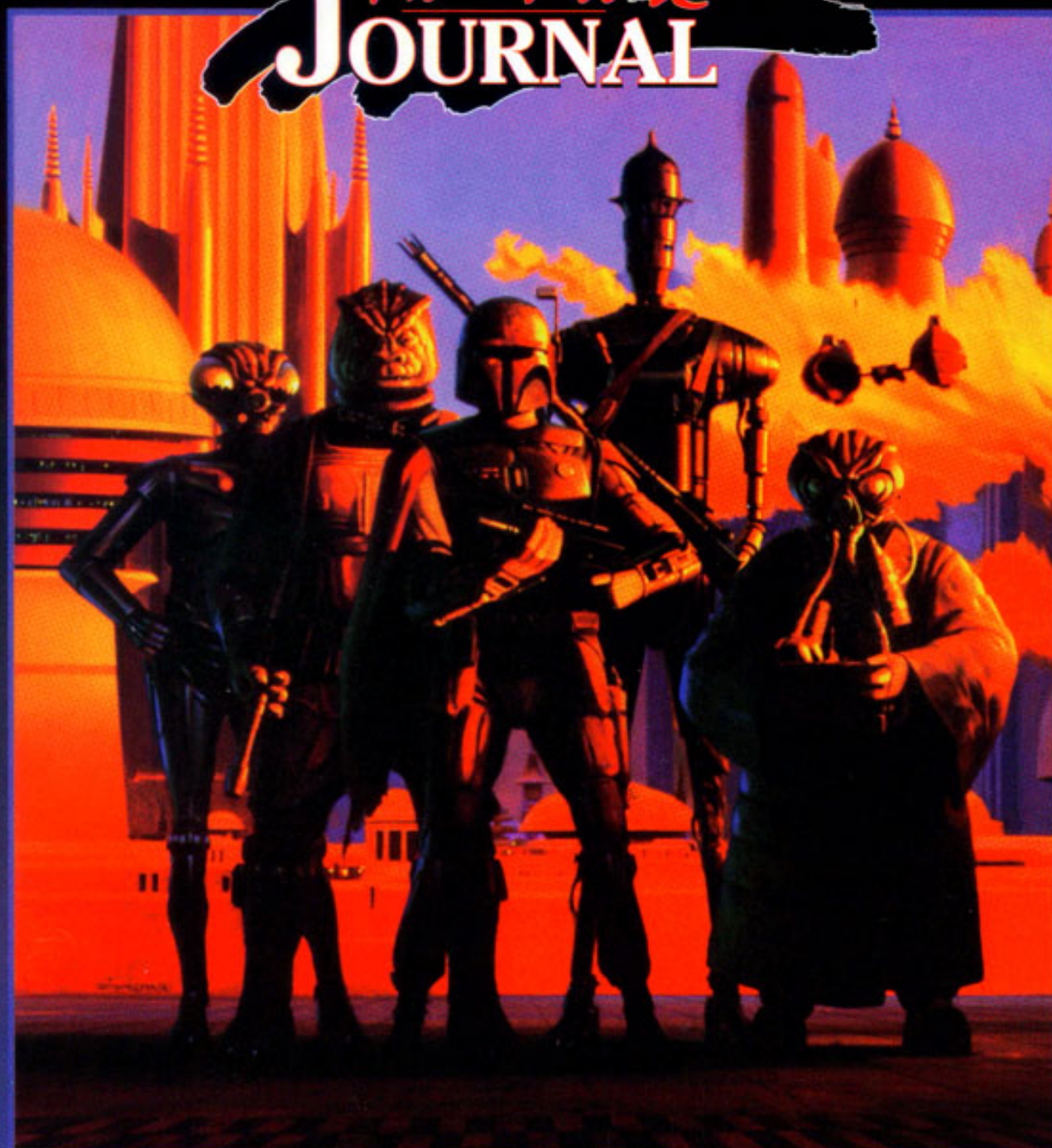


THE OFFICIAL  
**STAR  
WARS®**

*Adventure*  
**JOURNAL**





# LUCASFILM

## F·A·N C·L·U·B

WHAT IS THE FUTURE  
OF STAR WARS?

ARE NEW STAR WARS  
MOVIES IN THE WORKS?

The answers to these questions and more can be found by joining the Official Lucasfilm Fan Club! Membership entitles you to a 1-year subscription to the Official Lucasfilm Magazine! Each issue is packed with full-color photos and exclusive interviews with the casts and crews of all the Lucasfilm productions - from *Star Wars* to *Indiana Jones*! You'll hear from George Lucas himself in the pages of the magazine in addition to informative articles on ILM and other Lucasfilm divisions. But that's not all! With your membership you'll receive our regular full-color catalog packed with all the latest and hard-to-find collectibles from *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* including special offers for fan club members only!

Join now, for only \$9.95, and you'll receive our exclusive 10th anniversary *Return of the Jedi* membership kit which includes:

- Full-color *Star Wars* poster
- 2 full-color 8"x10" stills from *Jedi*
- *Jedi* holographic sticker
- Welcome letter from George Lucas
- Full-color membership card
- AND MORE!

Don't miss this opportunity to keep up-to-date on the latest Lucasfilm projects! Join today!

JOIN FOR  
ONLY \$9.95

YES! SIGN ME UP FOR THE LUCASFILM FAN CLUB  
MEMBERSHIP FOR ONE YEAR - \$9.95 (U.S.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

TO JOIN, USE YOUR MASTERCARD OR VISA  
AND CALL 1-800-TRUE-FAN  
OR SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:  
THE LUCASFILM FAN CLUB  
P.O. BOX 111000, AURORA, COLORADO 80042 USA  
TM & © Lucasfilm, Ltd.

## ADMIRAL'S COMMUNIQUE



### Not Everyone's From Tatooine

Here at the *Journal*, I read a lot of material using folks from Bespin, or Tatooine, or Alderaan. At times it seems like there are only six planets in the galaxy — Hoth, Endor, Tatooine, Dagobah, Alderaan and Bespin. Corellia and Coruscant are not so bad, since they didn't appear in the movies. But even then, they still suffer from overuse.

Sure, it's nice to use familiar settings, but if those are the only locations authors are concentrating on, these classic *Star Wars* settings begin to feel like overplayed songs on the radio.

But there are many other worlds out there in the thousand-thousand worlds of the Empire. Rather than reusing the same planets over again, authors need to show readers they're in the *Star Wars* universe by creating planets, characters and technology with the same scope and feel, not just the same names.

In Timothy Zahn's *Heir to the Empire*, he presents 10 new planets (not including Dagobah, Coruscant and Kashyyyk), from Abregado-rae to Wayland. New novels, sourcebooks, computer games, comics and even *Journal* articles create new places for *Star Wars* heroes to adventure. In its first two years, *The Official Star Wars Adventure Journal* has provided statistics on 52 original planets — and West End Games' official roleplaying sourcebooks continue detailing new planets, including three *Planets of the Galaxy* books and a starport guide. (Can you find Celanon, Byblos and Tierfon Base in the lore for the *Star Wars* Collectible Card Game?) One of the latest supplements, *Heroes and Rogues*, provides some ideas for characters' backgrounds, including short summaries of several homeworlds.

Why keep visiting Tatooine, Hoth and Bespin? There are many more *Star Wars* horizons out there to explore.

Commander Peter Schweighofer  
Admiral's Attaché  
December 1995





# STAR WARS®

Vol. 1, Issue 9

February, 1996

## Adventure JOURNAL

### In This Issue

<i>Slaying Dragons</i> by Angela Phillips .....	16
<i>Fizzi's Slightly Used Starships</i> by John J. Richardson III .....	36
<i>Droids Defiant</i> by Thomas Bowling .....	63
<i>Combat Moon</i> by John Whitman .....	82
<i>Lumrunners</i> by John Beyer and Wayne Humfleet .....	125
<i>Easy Credits</i> by Paul Danner .....	157
<i>Death-Hunter</i> by Tony Russo .....	189
<i>Repulsortank Battlefield</i> by Timothy O'Brien .....	218
<i>Stand at Bhir'khi Pass</i> by Timothy O'Brien .....	241
<i>Galaxywide NewsNet</i> by Paul Sudlow .....	254
<i>ISB Intercepts</i> by Bill Smith .....	267

### Features

<i>Admiral's Communiqué</i> .....	1
<i>New Horizons</i> .....	7
<i>Fragments from the Mind's Eye</i> .....	240
<i>About the Authors/Artists</i> .....	285





# Adventure JOURNAL

**Contributors:** John Beyer, Thomas Bowling, Paul Danner, Wayne Humblett, Timothy O'Brien, Angela Phillips, John J. Richardson III, Tony Russo, Bill Smith, Paul Sudlow, John Whitman

**Editing:** Peter Schweighofer

**Graphics:** Tim Bobko, Richard Hawran, Tom O'Neill, Brian Schomburg

**Cover Illustration:** Ralph McQuarrie

**Cover Graphics:** Tom O'Neill

**Interior Illustrations:** Steve Bryant, Matt Busch, Dave Pilurs, John J. Richardson III, Doug Shuler, Mike Vilardi

**Special Thanks To:** Allan Kausch, Sue Rostoni, Julia Russo and Lucy Wilson, Lucasfilm Licensing, Daniel Scott Palter and Richard Hawran, West End Games.

**Publisher:** Daniel Scott Palter • **Associate Publisher/Treasurer:** Denise Palter

**Associate Publisher:** Richard Hawran • **Senior Editor:** Greg Farshtey

**Editors:** Peter Schweighofer, Bill Smith, George Strayton, Paul Sudlow

**Art Director:** Stephen Crane

**Graphic Artists:** Tim Bobko, Tom O'Neill, Brian Schomburg

**Sales Manager:** Jeff Kent

**Licensing Manager:** Ron Seiden • **Warehouse Manager:** Ed Hill

**Accounting:** Karen Bayly, Wendy Lord • **Billing:** Amy Giacobbe

Published by: West End Games • RR 3 Box 2345 • Honesdale, PA 18431

© TM and © 1996 Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL). All Rights Reserved.  
Trademarks of LFL used by West End Games under authorization.

## STAR WARS HEROES & ROGUES



WEST  
END  
GAMES

# Waldenbooks®

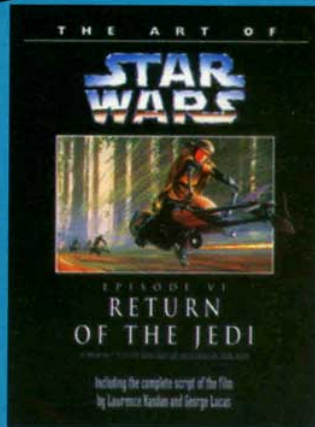
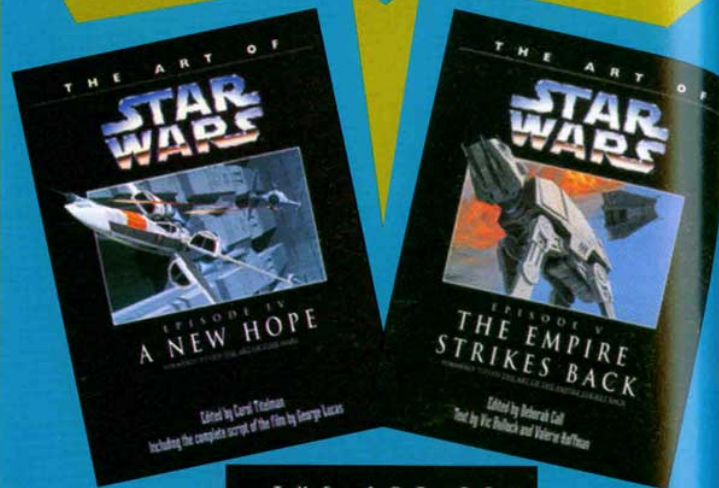
**For All Your Star Wars Products**

Check the Yellow Pages for the Waldenbooks nearest  
you or call toll free to order: 1-800-322-2000, Dept. 721

©, TM and © 1996 Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL). All Rights Reserved.  
Trademarks of LFL used by West End Games under authorization.



**A visual feast for fans of the Force!**



**DEL  
REY**

PAPERBACK

# STAR WARS®

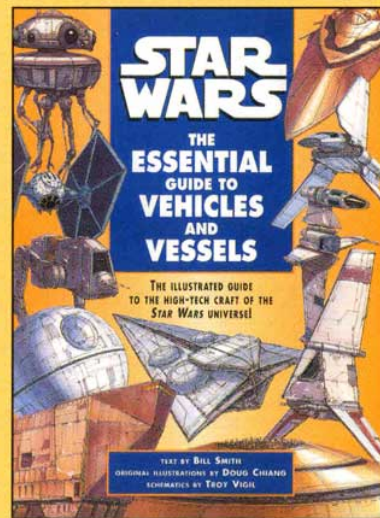
## NEW HORIZONS

### Del Rey Releases Vehicle and Vessel Guide

Ballantine Del Rey books will release *Star Wars: The Essential Guide to Vehicles and Vessels* in March. This handbook discusses 100 starships and vehicles from the *Star Wars* movies, novels, roleplaying games, comics, and computer games, with each entry featuring a detailed essay, descriptive diagrams and an illustration.

Roughly one-third of the entries are drawn directly from the movies, with information on all of the fan favorites — like the *Millennium Falcon*, the X-wing starfighter and the Rebel snowspeeder. Author Bill Smith, West End Games' own *Star Wars* roleplaying game

line editor, created the text which describes each vehicle. "Each entry is a compilation of what's already known, but there's also lots of new information. For example, what type of speeder is Luke Skywalker's landspeeder? Now you'll know it's a SoroSuub X-34, one of the



February, 1996

*Star Wars Adventure Journal* • 7



precursors to the famous XP-38."

Other entries were drawn from the many other licensed *Star Wars* products. "We tried to cover all the bases — we have the Z-95 Headhunter from the Brian Daley novels, the MT-AT from the *Jedi Academy Trilogy*, the World Devastators from the *Dark Empire* comics, and the TIE Defender from the *TIE Fighter* computer game," Bill said. "There are also ships that originated in West End's roleplaying books — the Interdictor cruiser and the Dreadnaught, for example."

The book is a handy reference for any *Star Wars* fan, with summaries of basic information for the more casual reader and plenty of new information for the most dedicated *Star Wars* enthusiast. Each entry not only provides illustrations for easy identification, but the text explains the vehicle's role in the *Star Wars* universe — how common is it, who uses it, what is it used for, what kind of weapons it uses.

"Many of the ships in the *Guide* have never been shown before: the Ssi-ruuvi starships from *The Truce at Bakura* and the

Hapan starships from *The Courtship of Princess Leia* are illustrated for the first time," Bill said. "There are even entries pertaining to *Shadows of the Empire*: the vessels of Prince Xizor, Guri and Dash Rendar are all covered." For Bill, the technology and feel of *Star Wars* vessels is part of the films' appeal. "I've always loved the ships and vehicles of *Star Wars*: that Star Destroyer in the opening scene is what hooked us all, right?" he said. "I always joke about how I want a snowspeeder for commuting to work. I wrote this book for the people, like me, who love the gadgets."

Although Bill Smith wrote *Star Wars: The Essential Guide to Vehicles and Vessels*, he had assistance from others who bring the ships visu-

ally to life. Detailed diagrams were created by Troy Vigil (who also crafted the *Star Wars Blueprint Portfolio* from Zanart Entertainment Inc.), and Lucasfilm Art Director Doug

Chiang supplied illustrations for each entry. *Star Wars: The Essential Guide to Vehicles and Vessels* can be found in major bookstores across the nation for \$18.00.

## LucasArts Launches Rebel Assault II

LucasArts Entertainment Company recently released the sequel to the bestselling Rebel Assault CD-ROM game: Rebel Assault II. The original Rebel Assault has sold nearly 1.5 million copies worldwide. Like its predecessor, Rebel Assault II is an action-arcade game set in the *Star Wars* universe. Unlike the first game, Rebel Assault II features a completely original story and live-action video, as well as improved gameplay and a technologically enhanced game engine. The PC and Macintosh versions of the game were released within weeks of each other at the end of 1995.

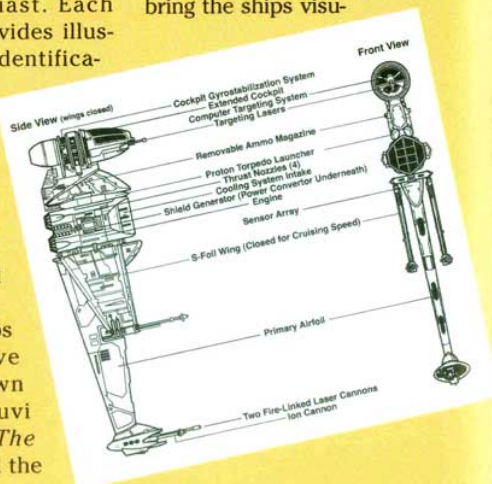
"This is the first time George Lucas has let anyone else film a live action *Star Wars* fantasy," said project leader Vince Lee. "So it's really an honor to be making this game."

Rebel Assault II focuses on two characters introduced in the original game, the player's alter-ego, Rookie One, and his mentor and friend, Ru Murleen. In Rebel Assault, they

were animated characters based on studies of real people. In Rebel Assault II, all the characters in the game are played by professional actors who were videotaped against a blue screen in authentic *Star Wars* costumes. The backgrounds, however, exist only as computer-generated 3-D models. The actors and backgrounds are composited on computers in post-production, along with computer-generated special effects, to create the final shots.

Rebel Assault loosely followed the plot of *Star Wars*, culminating in the destruction of the Death Star. Rebel Assault II covers new ground, following Rookie One into a series of adventures replete with new characters, technologies and locations.

The story opens in the vicinity of the Dreighton Nebula, where Rookie One is part of a Rebel scouting patrol. He's investigating disappearances of Rebel spacecraft near Dreighton, the galactic equivalent of the Bermuda Triangle.

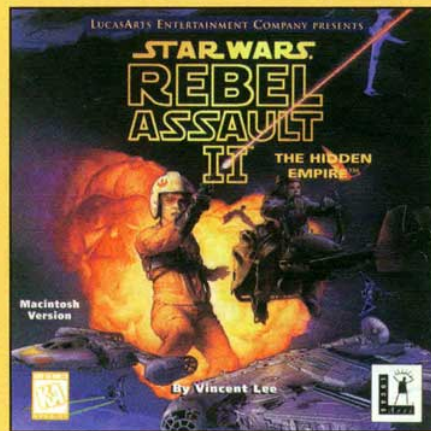




Legends of the region go back to the days when early hyperspace travelers lost their bearings and disappeared in the currents, eddies and storms of the nebula. During the Clone Wars, two opposing combat

that the Empire is somehow responsible for the area's history of mysterious disappearances. The Rebels suspect a new weapon — and a growing new Imperial plot against the Rebel Alliance.

During the game, Rookie One faces a series of challenges as he struggles to discover, and ultimately defeat, the Imperial threat. Gameplay in *Rebel Assault II* features action-oriented shooting and flying, following three basic models: hand-to-hand combat, flight maneuvering and cockpit combat. Rookie One pilots various starfighters,



fleets, at the height of battle, were swallowed up by the Dreighton Nebula, leaving it as the battle's only true victor. Now pilots uneasily joke about the ghosts of those squadrons still roaming the nebula, eager to attack any vessel foolish enough to wander by.

Rookie One responds to a distress call coming from a ship in the nebula. Once there, he discovers an Imperial presence — odd, since the region doesn't seem to have any strategic value. As the story progresses, it becomes clear

a speeder bike and even the *Millennium Falcon* while battling TIE fighters, stormtroopers and a Star Destroyer. He also encounters minefields, vast Imperial military and industrial complexes, and asteroid fields.

Ground combat is more treacherous than ever. While good aim and quick reflexes are still key to survival, Rookie One also must avoid stormtrooper fire by dodging behind shields. In flight segments, the player navigates Rookie One's ship through for-

eign landscapes and exotic terrain. Cockpit combat pits Rookie One against enemy targets, all while avoiding collisions with ships, machinery and space debris.

*Rebel Assault II* requires a 25 megahertz 68040 or Power PC to run, with 8 MB RAM with 4.7

megs available. A double-speed CD-ROM drive is required, and a joystick is recommended for control, although the game also supports mouse and keyboard devices. *Rebel Assault II* is available for \$44.95 at computer stores everywhere.

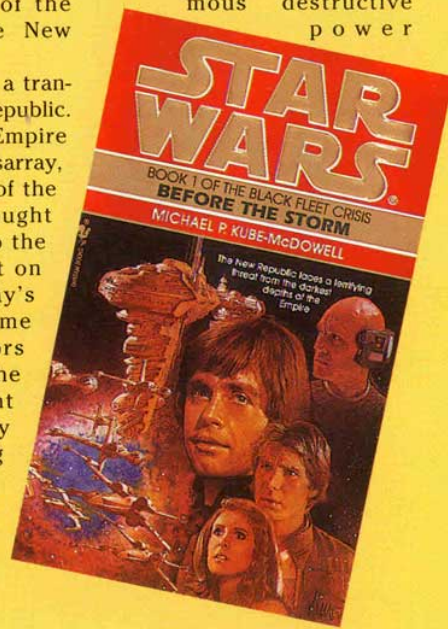
## Black Fleet Storms Bookshelves

In March Bantam Books will release *Before the Storm*, the first paperback in a new *Star Wars* trilogy, *The Black Fleet Crisis*. In the first novel, author Michael P. Kube-McDowell creates a terrifying threat from the darkest depths of the Empire to face the New Republic.

The novel begins in a tranquil time for the New Republic. The remnants of the Empire now lie in complete disarray, and the reemergence of the Jedi Knights has brought power and prestige to the fledgling government on Coruscant. Yesterday's Rebels have become today's administrators and diplomats, and the factions that fought against Imperial tyranny seem united in savoring the fruits of peace.

But the peace is short-lived. A restless

Luke Skywalker must journey to his mother's homeworld in a desperate and dangerous quest to find her people. An adventurous Lando Calrissian must seize a mysterious spacecraft that has weapons of enormous destructive power





and an unknown mission. And Leia, a living symbol of the New Republic's triumph, must face down the ruthless leader of the Duskhan League, an arrogant Yevetha who seems bent on a genocidal war that

could shatter the fragile unity of the New Republic ... and threaten its very survival.

Fans of the *Star Wars* novels won't want to miss this exciting series. *Before the Storm* will be available in bookstores for \$5.99.

## Collection Highlights Best of Journal

For two years the *Star Wars Adventure Journal* has brought *Star Wars* fans new adventures and source material about their favorite science fiction universe. Now the best articles from the *Journal's* first year, 1994 — all of which are out-of-print — will be reprinted in a special collector's edition, *The Best of the Star Wars Adventure Journal*, to be released in March. The collection includes "First Contact" by Timothy Zahn, "Tinian on Trial" by Kathy Tyers, and seven other stories, adventures and source articles from readers' favorite authors.

*The Best of The Star Wars Adventure Journal* also features special essays from the authors themselves with insights on their inspirations, story origins and views on the *Star Wars* phenomenon. Discover the background behind freedom-fighter Alex Winger. What are the origins behind Tinian I'att's name? Find out what system Sevarcos was originally supposed to be.

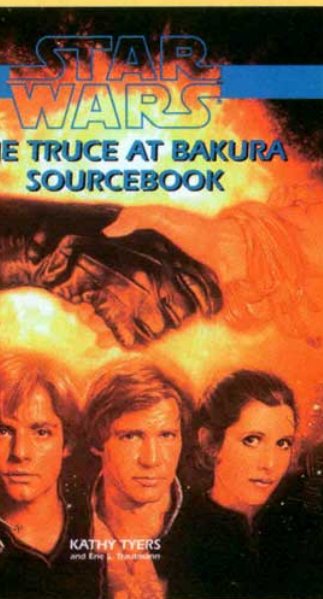
And don't miss the special section showing original color artwork only seen in initial *Journal* articles in black-and-white — all by Chris Gossett, artist for Dark Horse Comics' *Tales of the Jedi* and *Dark Lords of the Sith*.

*The Best of the Star Wars Adventure Journal* is the perfect book for those readers who missed the first four issues, or those who want additional background from their favorite *Journal* authors. The collection will be available at book, hobby and game stores across the country for \$20.00.

**Other Releases:** This month West End Games publishes *The Truce At Bakura Sourcebook*, the companion to the *New York Times* bestselling novel about Han, Luke and Leia's adventures on Bakura right after the Battle of Endor. The hardcover sourcebook covers the characters, ships, aliens and events depicted in the novel. It describes in detail the Ssi-ruuvi homeworld, their

war vessels, and their horrific entechment technology, as well as a handful of new Force powers and advanced skills. Additional background and short fiction vignettes are provided by author Kathy Tyers, who worked closely with West End Games' writer Eric S. Trautmann on the sourcebook. *The Truce At Bakura Sourcebook* will be available in book, hobby and game stores for \$22.00.

Fans of Kathy Tyers' fiction can look forward to her latest novel from Bantam Spectra, *One Mind's Eye*, due to hit bookstores in April. The novel centers on human settlers rebuilding their worlds ravaged by the alien Devastators. The process is being sabotaged by politics, world secession, and the threat of a human civil war.

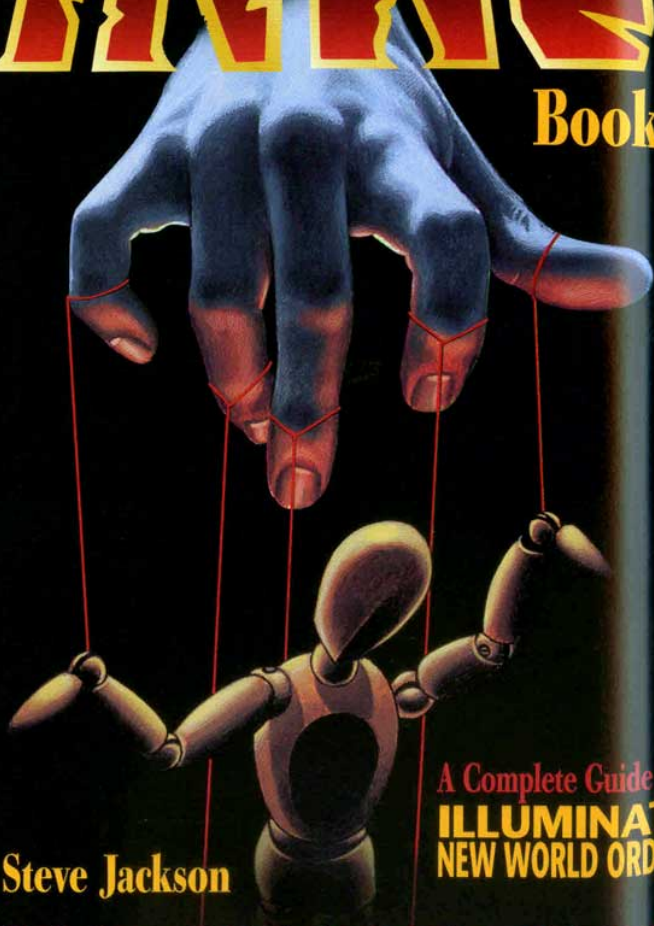


But a damaged young woman submerged in an artificial reality could be their only hope. *One Mind's Eye* will be available in bookstores in April for \$5.99.



# The INWO<sup>TM</sup>

Book



By Steve Jackson

A Complete Guide To  
**ILLUMINATI**  
NEW WORLD ORDER

**STEVE JACKSON GAMES**

# TALES FROM THE CRYPT<sup>TM</sup>



Tales From The Crypt <sup>TM</sup> & © Tales From The Crypt Holdings



# Slaying Dragons

By Angela Phillips

Illustrations by Mike Vilardi

*Improper Passcode — Access Denied ...*  
*Improper Passcode — Access Denied ...*  
*Improper Passcode — Access Denied ...*

"A plume of smoke from the end of the canyon heralded the approach of the dragon. Veni drew closer to his elder sister as Vici activated her lightsaber."

*Improper Passcode — Access Denied ...*  
*Improper Passcode — Access Denied ...*

"Veni trembled at the sound of 20 powerful reptilian legs plunging toward him in deadly synchronization. But Vici was not afraid. Though only 16 years old, she held the mighty power of the Force tightly in her hands. The dragon drew closer."



## Vweep! Access Granted ...

Shannon Voorson set her story platform aside and turned back to the monitor. "Finally," she muttered. This code had taken longer to slice than usual. Still, she reflected, any code one computer can generate, another can imitate. First Law of Slicing. Now, she thought, let's see if we've found anything interesting ...

"Oh, yuck," she sighed when she saw the contents of the file she'd entered: a register of six new Star Destroyers nearing completion at the nearby Kuat Drive Yards. What stupid names they have, she thought — the *Impervious*, the *Penetrator*, the *Inflexible*, the *Indomitable*, the *Inexorable*, and the *Exterminator*. If I were naming Star Destroyers, she thought, I'd give them names like the *Iron Hand*, the *Raptor*, or the *Titania*. Still, what do you expect from people with so little imagination they let computers come up with their access codes?

Shannon heard voices through the thin pre-fab walls of her room; someone had entered the apartment, and her parents were greeting the visitor. Deciding to investigate, she saved the Star Destroyer files under the password "dumbnames" and shut down her computer's code program.

The Voorson family had been techs at Kuat Freight Port for generations. Most of them had spent their entire lives aboard the station — they were born in the company Wellness Center, educated in the company school, apprenticed to and then hired by Kuat Port Support Services. They married co-workers, raised their families in company housing, and rarely left the station, even to go so far as the planet Kuat itself. There was no reason to leave — the company stores on the station provided everything they needed, the pay and benefits for KFP workers were among the best in the system, and they had the pride and satisfaction of knowing that, as members of the Kuat Engineering conglomerate, they were helping build the finest starships in the galaxy. Still, every so often a Voorson would look beyond the comfortable walls of a station apartment to see what the rest of the thousand-thousand worlds had to offer. Shannon's cousin, Deen, was one of these wandering Voorsons.

"Deen!" she squealed excitedly at the sight of the young man embracing her father. "Oh, Deen, it's you! You're finally here! Where have you been? What have you been doing?" Shannon leapt at the guest.

Her cousin turned to catch her. "Hey, Little Bit, I've missed you! Oof!" He grunted, as he tried to lift her off the floor. "You've grown, Little Bit — let me look at you! You're so tall now, and your hair is so

long — when I left, you were a baby, with braids only to your ears, and Aunt Nell had you sleep with a scarf on to keep them from standing straight up in the morning!"

Nell Voorson nodded, and smiled wryly. "Now I have to keep her from chewing the ends."

"Oh, Deen," said Shannon, "I've missed you so — come and see my room! It's all different now, and I have my own computer and everything!" She tugged on his hand.

Deen smiled indulgently at the child. "I've missed you, too, Little Bit, but don't you think your parents want to talk to me too?"

"Oh, go with her, Deen," said Nell. "You can talk while Johan and I get supper on."

"I can't believe you're really here," said Shannon, hopping up and down in the center of her room. "It's been four whole years! What have you been doing?"

"Slaying dragons."

Shannon laughed. "No, Deen, really!"

"Really! Well, sort of. Helping to slay artificial dragons — I've been working as a tech." He took a seat next to Shannon's computer.

"Where?"

"Oh, different places," he said. His dark eyes wandered over the room. "Are you still reading those old stories grandmother gave you?" he asked as he spotted the story platform on her computer.

"Yep," said Shannon, "even though Mother says I should outgrow them, like dolls."

"I don't see many dolls here," said Deen.

"Yep. I like computers now. I'm a slicer. I can slice into anything."

"Anything?" Deen asked, chuckling.

"Anything. So who do you work for? What kind of work do you do? Do you get paid a lot? Do you fix droids, or ships, or what?"

"Hey," said Deen, "one question at a time! I work for some friends I made, right after I left here. They're good friends. I don't get paid a lot, but I like what I'm doing. Mostly I work on ships ..."

"What kind?"

"Small starcraft, mostly, but some larger ones, and anything else that my friends need fixed. I have to be flexible."

"What's the hardest thing you've ever had to fix?"

Deen paused. "Well," he said, glancing at the closed bedroom door, "a few months ago, I had to adapt some airspeeders to operate at 20 degrees below freezing ..."



## Shannon Voorson



**Type:** Kid Slicer  
**DEXTERITY 3D+1**  
**KNOWLEDGE 3D**  
 Business: Kuat Freight Port 4D, planetary systems: Kuat 4D+1, streetwise: Kuat Freight Port 5D+2  
**MECHANICAL 2D+1**  
**PERCEPTION 3D+1**  
 Con 4D+2, hide 4D+1, investigation 4D, persuasion 4D, sneak 5D  
**STRENGTH 2D**  
**TECHNICAL 4D**  
 Computer programming/repair 6D+2  
**Force Points:** 1  
**Character Points:** 30  
**Move:** 10  
**Equipment:** Book chips, portable computer with universal interface jack  
**Capsule:** Shannon's advanced intellectual abilities tend to make people forget that, at age nine, she's only a

child. During her childhood in the corporate housing cluster of Kuat Freight Port, her book chips and computer were her closest friends — the other children at the company school found her techno-babble incomprehensible, and so she became something of a loner. Her parents were often busy working long shifts at the Kuat Freight Port — her father repairing starships and her mother coordinating and monitoring port traffic.

Shannon still has a child's sense of absolute right and wrong. Her greatest flaw is her impulsive nature: she would never willingly cause danger or harm to someone she considers good, but because she fails to think situations through, she is prone to start things she can't finish and cause trouble where none was intended.

"And did they work?"

"Well enough ... That's *Vici of Alderaan*, isn't it?" he asked, pointing to the story platform on the computer.

"Yup, it's still my favorite. Vici is so brave."

"One who has the Force need have no fear," Deen murmured.

"That's what Vici's grandfather tells her. Say," Shannon asked, "did you get a chance to visit Alderaan? Before ..."

Deen shook his head. "No. I never did. I wish I could have. But I never had the chance."

"It's not fair," said Shannon, settling on the floor.

"That I never got to Alderaan?" asked her cousin.

"That they blew it up. Stupid Empire. Why'd they do it? Grand-

mother always said Alderaan was a planet of peace and beauty. There weren't any weapons there. Why'd they do it?"

"Because of that," said Deen, pointing.

"Because of my story platform?"

"Because of that story," said Deen. "That story, and others like it. The stories of Alderaan were more dangerous to the Emperor than any weapon."

"How can a story be more dangerous than a weapon?" asked Shannon.

"Because of the ideas in it. On Alderaan, people still believed in the Force. On Alderaan, people remembered the Jedi Knights and the Old Republic. The people of Alderaan remembered the way things were in the galaxy before the coming of the Empire, before the days of hate and fear. And their stories, libraries and universities held all of the ideas that can destroy the Emperor — that love is stronger than hate, that people are stronger than weapons, that combined together the people in this galaxy have a strength the Emperor can never oppose." Deen's eyes were shining.

"So the Emperor," said Shannon, "destroyed Alderaan to destroy all these ideas?"

"He tried," said Deen, "but he didn't succeed. He can never succeed. The only way for him to control all the ideas in the galaxy would be for him to kill or enslave everyone in the galaxy, and that's impossible. He can't win. The more crimes he commits, the more people will stand up to fight him ..."

"Deen," asked Shannon, "are you a Rebel?"

Deen put a hand to his mouth.

"It's all right," Shannon added, "I won't tell anybody. Not even Mom and Dad. Here," she said, switching to the computer, "look what I found today. Just before you got here. I'll give you a copy if you want ..."

"How did you access this?" Deen asked, staring at the list of Star Destroyers. "Do you have any idea ..."

"It's easy to slice into Imperial files; they have computer-rigged pass-names. I make up my own codes myself. Usually animal names, like 'nerf,' or 'bhillen,' or even 'dog.'"

"I can't believe this," Deen said, still reading the datascreen. "Do you know what this is worth — do you know what will happen to you if someone catches you at this?"

"No one's ever gotten past my codes," said Shannon proudly.

"Maybe no one's ever considered investigating the files of a nine-year old girl," said Deen. "You've got to stop this — you'll get



yourself killed!"

Shannon bit her lip. "Does that mean you don't want copies of the files?"

Mistress Voorson called them to dinner, cutting off Deen's answer.

**G**athered around a pot of stewed bhillen, the family discussed the last four years: Shannon's schooling, Nell's promotion to senior docking supervisor of Kuat Freight Port, Johan and Deen's work as techs. Johan complained about impatient starship captains expecting miracles. Deen told horror stories of combatting heat, cold, humidity, dust, ice, offensive flora, fauna, microbes, and every other threat to machinery on backwater worlds he neglected to name.

"You actually found moss growing in the ships' coolant coils?" asked Johan.

"Yep," said Deen. "Two hours before launch."

### Adventure Idea

Rebel Intelligence has just received technical data on six new Star Destroyers under construction at the Kuat Drive Yards, plus information on how to break into KDY's central computer undetected. Now Alliance High Command has come up with the plan that someone should go to the Kuat system, link into the Kuat Drive Yards systems, and plant bugs in the Star Destroyers' control modules. A brilliant idea, except that between space traffic and Imperial security, getting into Kuat undetected is next to impossible.

The team of Rebels would either have to do some fancy flying to get into the system through unofficial routes, or be ready with a good cover story when they land at Kuat Freight Port. Once there, they must catch a cargo transport to the Kuat Drive Yards stardocks. Then they must evade Imperial and Kuat security, hook into the facility's computer system, and download the bug programs into the Star Destroyers' control modules. The characters had better be pretty clever maintaining their cover if they want to get to the Imperial facilities at Kuat Drive Yards any other way than via a detention barge ... (For detailed information on the Kuat system, consult *Platt's Starport Guide*.)

"Did you get 'em cleaned up in time?"

Deen grinned. "Skin of our teeth."

"The Force was with you," his uncle said.

Nell frowned slightly. "It's good to have you home, Deen, after so long. I was beginning to think you'd left us for good. And now," she said, "here you are. Are you in trouble Deen? Do you need anything?"

"Nell," her husband protested, "can't a boy fly in without an ulterior motive?"

Deen stared at his plate. "Actually," he said, poking his custard with a spoon, "I was wondering ..."

"Ah, here it comes," said Nell.

"My friends," Deen continued, "the ones I work with ... They've had some problems lately, lost a lot of equipment ..."

"Lost?" asked Nell.

"Uh, yeah, damaged. Beyond repair."

"How?" asked Johan.

"Well ... there were a lot of asteroids, and — it's a long story, but the point is, we need a Colony Class 23669 power generator, and ..."

"Why don't you contact the factory, then?" asked Nell. "If you put your order in now, you could have the generator in six months or less, barring rush orders from Imperial Procurement."

"We need it sooner than that, and we've heard a generator's being shipped out of here to an Imperial outpost within two weeks."

"I don't see what that has to do with you," said Johan.

"Well, see, Aunt Nell, you control the docking stations, and we figured if we could arrange docking clearance, you could slip in our barge driver in place of the Imperials' ..."

"I cannot believe," Nell said, "that you are sitting at my dining table talking about hijacking 25 million credits worth of power generator as if you were asking to borrow a speeder."

"But Aunt Nell ..."

"You're talking about stealing that generator, aren't you?"

"But ... we could pay you ..."

Nell's mouth fell open. Johan found his voice. "Deen, do you hear what you're saying? This isn't just another prank, like the time you sliced into the school comm-system with phony evacuation drills ..."

"This is treason," Nell finished. "Deen, I don't want to hear another word about these so-called friends of yours. Now, because you're my nephew, I'm not going to turn you in and we're all going to pretend this conversation never happened. Is that perfectly clear?"

The meal ended in silence.



## Deen Voorson



**Type:** Rebel Technician

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Streetwise 4D+1, survival 4D, value 4D+2

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Repulsorlift operation 4D, space transports 3D+2, starfighter piloting 3D+2, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 4D

**PERCEPTION 2D**

Bargain 4D+2, con 3D, persuasion 3D+2, search 4D

**STRENGTH 3D**

**TECHNICAL 4D**

Ground vehicle repair 5D, repulsorlift repair 6D+2, space transports repair 5D, starfighter repair 6D+2, starship weapon repair 5D+2

**Force Points:** 3

**Character Points:** 6

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), tool kit

(+1D to Technical rolls), work coveralls

**Capsule:** Though an adult at age 20, Deen Voorson can at times seem no less naive and impulsive than his younger cousin, Shannon. The original dewy-eyed idealist, he has unwavering faith in the righteousness of the Alliance's cause and the inevitability of their ultimate victory. Any defeat, from the murder of his own parents to the destruction of Alderaan or the rout of Echo Base, only reinforces his deep moral hatred of the Empire and strengthens his resolve to fight on. His primary failing is a tendency to spout anti-Imperial rhetoric in highly inappropriate company; he's used to the safe environment of a Rebel tech hangar.

A hard working and competent technician, Deen has serviced starfighters and other support and combat vessels from Yavin to Hoth and beyond; he's proud of his efforts to keep the Rebel fighter teams, such as Rogue Squadron, up and running.

Shannon couldn't sleep that night. Hearing voices from her parents' room, she crept to their door to listen.

"The Alliance is desperate for equipment, Nell!"

"Do you think I care? Johan, that Alliance will never feed my family or give Shannon an education that'll get her off this station!"

"But the Empire ..."

"... Owns this system, and everything in it. Including us. And they

have ways of disposing of traitors. Accidents. Johan, do you honestly believe it was a coincidence your brother died in that reactor malfunction less than a week after he'd repaired those Rebels' ship? Nothing is worth the safety of my family, Johan, nothing. Not the Alliance, not Alderaan ..."

"Not even Deen?"

Shannon didn't stay to hear her mother's answer.

Deen left the next morning after a tense, silent breakfast.

"If you change your minds," he began.

"We won't," his aunt said. "Now drop the subject."

"But if you do," Deen persisted, "I'll be in-system for a few days. Here's a signaller you can use to contact me," he said, dropping the hand-held electronic device on a table near the door. "May the Force be with you."

"Destroy that signaller," said Nell after the door had closed.

"I'll do it, Mom," said Shannon, snatching up the device and darting to the reclamator. The appliance disposed of the morning's trash with a satisfying "crunch" — but the signaller remained hidden in Shannon's pocket.

The elder Voorsons behaved as if Deen had never come; if Shannon mentioned his "friends" or his request for aid, she was sent to her room without discussion.

"I can't understand it!" she said to herself on one such occasion. It's not as if the station doesn't mix stuff up all the time, she thought. Mother's always complaining about this-or-that going missing. Bugs in the station net — that's what she always says. If she gave Deen that generator, everyone would just think it was another computer mistake ...

Rolling out of her bed, Shannon flipped on her computer. A few minutes and slices later, she had the list of upcoming exports scrolling across her screen. There it is, she thought, a CC-23669 generator, to be picked up at loading dock 42, at 1430 hours, five days from now. All right, she thought, if I change the pick-up date, Mother will surely notice and stop us. Can't change the dock number either, that would make a huge fuss. But if I changed the time ... How long does it take to link a driver to a barge? Daddy says he can do it in less than an hour — would two hours be enough?

She changed the pick-up time to 1230 and hoped her mother



wouldn't notice. Then she pulled Deen's signaller from under her pillow.

**“W**ho are you?” asked the security guard. Shannon gulped and tried to look cute and harmless. “Shannon Voorson, ma’am,” she said. “Oh, Shannon,” the woman said, recognizing the child, “why aren’t you at school yet? What’re you doing here?” Shannon knew that “I’m running away to join the Rebellion,” would not be a popular answer to that question. Fortunately, she had come prepared with a lie. “My daddy forgot his lunch, so s I’m bringing it to him before I go. A bhillen sandwich — see?” She set her portable computer down and opened the thermabag to thrust it into the guard’s face so that she was sure to catch the aroma of Bestinnian tang-root. “Oh, ah, yeah, sure,” said the guard, pulling back and blinking. “Go find your Daddy. I’m sure he’ll love it.” “Thanks,” said Shannon. She bolted off, thinking that raw tang-root was pretty stinky, but there was no way that guard was going to dig past it and find Deen’s signaller.



She continued down the corridor toward her father’s work area for a few more steps, ducked into an alcove, peeked out to see that the guard was gone, and then doubled back toward dock 42.

The techs hadn’t arrived at the dock yet that morning, so Shannon had no trouble slicing her way into the cargo container with a few connecting cables from her portable computer. After a surprisingly long crawl over, under, and around the generator to the front of the container, she settled down with her book-chips to wait for Deen.

**“Y**ou sure this’ll work, Deen?” said Boo Rawl, captain of the Rebel barge driver *Long Run*.

“For the thousandth time Boo, yes! My aunt is the docking supervisor at this port. She wouldn’t have signalled for us to come if she didn’t have everything at this end arranged. I didn’t live through the evacuation of Echo Base just to get blown out of the sky by my own family.”

“I’m not nearly as worried about your family as I am about what you’ve done to my sublight engines,” said Boo.

“I didn’t do a thing to your precious engines, Boo,” said Deen, “all I did was add an ST box so the port will read our transponder signal as the Imperial driver’s. Standard Operating Procedure, straight out of Cracken’s Field Guide — I do it all the time.”

“Yeah, well, you seemed to be getting pretty close to my cobulators with that hydrosponder ...”

“Oh, quit griping and hail the port — we’re practically on top of them.”

Boo Rawl shrugged and opened a channel. “Kuat Freight Port, this is Drive Craft 36DD, requesting permission to link with the barge in ...” Boo paused to check a datapad. “Loading dock 42.”

“Drive craft, your transponder signal is unclear,” said a cold voice from the station, “Please transmit clearance code to confirm your identity.”

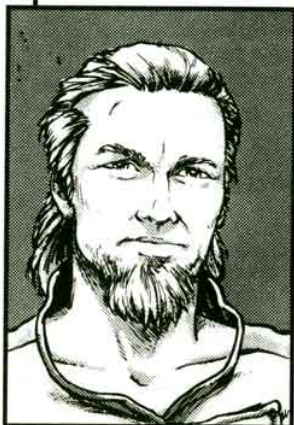
Boo gave Deen a pointed stare as he sent out the code. “Uh, sorry about the transponder, Kuat,” he said, “new tech on board was tweaking the sublights, obviously got a little carried away.”

“Identity confirmed,” answered the controller, uninterested in Boo’s explanations. “Driver DeeDee, you are early. Link techs will be at dock 42 at 1430.”

Boo turned again to Deen, who gestured innocence but said nothing.



## Boo Rawl



**Type:** Rebel Barge Driver Captain

### DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, dodge 4D, brawling parry 4D

### KNOWLEDGE 2D

Intimidation 3D, planetary systems 5D, streetwise 5D+1

### MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 5D+2, capital ship piloting 5D, sensors 4D+2, space transports 6D, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 5D+1

### PERCEPTION 3D

### STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2, lifting 4D, stamina 3D+2

### TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, first aid 4D, space transports repair 4D +2

### Force Points: 1

### Character Points: 6

### Move: 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), banned music data cartridge

**Capsule:** Although Captain Rawl has been plying the spacelanes for nearly 20 of his 36 years, he has only been a member of the Alliance for five. Originally an independent freight-hauler, Boo Rawl joined the Rebels in protest against the Imperial presence on and around his homeworld of Hazzard. Boo is a staunch believer in free trade and free expression — he believes people can run their own lives without the “help” of the New Order, thank you very much. His motto could be summed up as “Keep your laws off my ship, my gun, my music, and my body.”

Boo whiles away his long hours in hyperspace listening to his extensive collection of hard-core anti-Imperial rock music, said by most Rebels who’ve heard it to be the largest (and loudest) collection in the Alliance. If COMPNOR hates it, Boo loves it, on principle. His fondest personal ambition is to cut a track with a blacklisted group — he’s already composed a piece called “Private Property” which shows off his sarcastic wit and his ability to turn any phrase into an anti-Imperial sentiment.

“Ah, are you sure about that, Kuat?” asked Boo. “My orders say pickup at 1230.”

“I will check, *DeeDee*,” said the controller.

Boo shut off the comm. “Isn’t that one of your aunt’s people?” Deen nodded.

“Then what’s the problem?”

“I dunno ...”

Kuat hailed the driver: “It seems you are right, driver *DeeDee*,”

said the controller. “You are listed for 1230 ...”

Deen smirked at Boo.

“However, there will be a slight delay — the techs’ orders say 1430. They will be back on duty within the hour.”

“No problem Kuat, I’ll wait,” said Boo. He shut down the comm again. “Now what?” he asked Deen.

“We wait for the techs to finish lunch, like you said.”

Boo rolled his eyes. “What if Security decides to visit us while we’re waiting?”

“Boo, you worry as much as my friend Voren,” said Deen. “Security’ll be on break too.”

“Yeah, off playing Whack-a-Bothan, or Bobbing for Calamari.” Boo sighed. “I hate waiting,” he said.

“Finally! I thought they’d take forever!” said Boo as they received the signal that the last of the linking clamps had secured the cargo container to the barge driver. “Kuat, this is driver *DeeDee*,” he said, cutting off the latest scarlet-rated offering of *Billi B and the Paradise Gang* and hailing the station. “I’ve linked up to the barge here, and I’d like to check the cargo before I leave.”

“Go ahead, *DeeDee*.”

“All right, Deen,” Boo said as he cut the comm. “She’s all ours. Let’s take a quick peek and vanish before the real barge driver *DeeDee* shows up.”

Deen entered the airlock connecting the access hatch on the cargo container.

“Is the generator all right?” asked Boo as Deen entered the hold.

“The generator is huge — you don’t really want me to spend two days inspecting ... Wait a ...”

“What?”

“I saw something move ...”

“Hi, Deen!” said Shannon, popping into view. “Is this the generator you wanted?”

“Shannon!”

“Who’s the kid?” Boo asked.

“My cousin ... Shannon, does your mother know you’re in here?”

“Of course not. We’d better get moving.”

“We?” said Deen. “What do you mean, we?”

“I’m joining the Rebellion,” she answered, hauling out her portable computer. “Now come on, we’ve got to go.”

“Absolutely not,” said Deen. “You are going straight back home.”



"How?" said Boo. "The dock's been depressurized, and I'm not too thrilled with the idea of calling the techs back, having them un-link us and re-pressurize the dock, explaining the kid to security, and then waiting to get linked up again. I'm not crazy about dragging

## Barge Driver

**Craft:** Corellian Engineering BD-27 Transport

**Type:** Medium freighter

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 110 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: BD-27 Transport

**Crew:** 2, skeleton 1/+10

**Crew Skill:** Astrogation 3D, capital ship shields 3D, space transports 3D+2

**Passengers:** 4

**Cargo Capacity:** 75,000 metric tons

**Consumables:** 3 months

**Cost:** 800, 000 credits (new); 350, 000 credits (used)

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x3

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Space:** 2

**Atmosphere:** 225; 650 kmh

**Hull:** 3D

**Shields:** 1D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 10/0D

*Scan:* 20/1D

*Search:* 25/1D+1

*Focus:* 1/1D+2

**Capsule:** The Corellian Engineering barge driver consists of a basic bridge and crew area forward and a hyperdrive and ion drive system aft connected by a thin control access conduit. The driver can be linked to a standardized cargo container as large as 75,000 metric tons.

The BD-27 was one of Corellian Engineering's precursors to the Action Transport series of bulk freighters. The detachable cargo container helped speed up freighter traffic in ports, and expedited cargo loading and processing. For a while, the BD-series of transports were widely used by many smaller shipping companies. However, their efficiency was replaced when larger container ships became the more economical and popular way to ship cargoes.

These days a few BD-27s can be seen in the hands of enterprising free-traders who have contacts who require large cargoes hauled without the hassle and attention that container ships often receive. The BD-27 is especially suited to small crews — a series of interconnected droid brains monitor ship's systems and assist in control duties. However, the ship's complex automation systems often break down due to interface problems. These barge drivers require constant maintenance to stay in operation.

some poor kid into danger, but we have no choice. She's on for the haul."

"He's right," said Shannon, climbing into the driver cab. "Close those hatches and let's go!"

"But . . ." Deen began.

"The Imperial driver will be here in . . . less than 30 minutes," said Shannon, checking her chrono. "Set our coordinates for hyperspace, comrade," she told Boo.

"Name's Boo. Now keep quiet, kid, I gotta talk to your mom's folks."

Shannon nodded. Deen stood in shock.

"Kuat, this is barge driver *DeeDee*. My cargo is secure and I'm ready to go."

"Affirmative, *Driver DeeDee*," said the controller. "You may leave port when ready; thank you for choosing Kuat Engineering, and please be careful of repair drones on your way out."

"No problem, Kuat," said Boo, "and thanks for everything." He began piloting the barge away from the dock. "This is almost too easy," he said. "Deen, your aunt is the best . . ."

"What did she have to do with it?" asked Shannon. "I set the whole thing up!"

"What do you mean, you set it up?" asked Deen.

"Mom was too scared to help you — you knew that, Deen," Shannon said. "So I changed the pickup time."

"And Aunt Nell . . ."

"Doesn't know a thing."

Boo was astonished. "The kid set this up? I'm impressed. Great cousin you got here, Deen. Though it would've been nice if she'd gotten the techs here sooner."

"Sorry, Boo, I, uh, sort of forgot to change their orders," said Shannon. "How long 'till we can jump?"

"We've just cleared tractor beam range — let me get past that one drive craft . . . Aw, no, I don't believe it!"

"What?" asked Shannon.

"See ahead? That's the real barge driver *36DD*, come to pick up the generator."

"You sure?" asked Deen.

The comm light flashed. "Unknown Driver," said the controller, "return to dock immediately."

The three Rebels looked at each other.

"Keep going," said Deen.

"Repeat," said the controller, "Unknown Driver, return your



barge to dock and you will not be harmed."

"Yeah, right," muttered Boo.

The Imperial drive craft positioned itself between the Rebels and the spacelane.

"Get around it!" said Shannon.

"How?" said Boo. "The *Long Run* ain't no snubfighter — linked to a loaded barge, it moves like a drunken Hutt ..."

"What's its shield tolerance like?" asked Deen, pointing out the viewport, where at least a dozen TIE fighters were converging on them.

## Long Run

**Craft:** Corellian Engineering BD-27 Transport

**Type:** Modified medium freighter

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 110 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: BD-27 Transport

**Crew:** 2, skeleton 1/+10

**Crew Skill:** See Boo Rowl and Deen Voorson

**Passengers:** 2

**Cargo Capacity:** 75,000 metric tons

**Consumables:** 3 months

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x3

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Space:** 2

**Hull:** 3D

**Shields:** 2D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 10/0D

*Scan:* 20/1D

*Search:* 25/1D+1

*Focus:* 1/1D+2

**Weapons:**

**1 Turbolaser Cannon**

*Fire Arc:* Turret

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 3–15/35/75

*Atmosphere Range:* 300–1.5/3.5/7.5 km

*Damage:* 6D

**Capsule:** Captain Rowl, like so many other independent freight-haulers in an uncertain and dangerous galaxy, has modified his ship. Rowl increased the ship's shield power, and ripped out some living quarters and storage space in the barge driver's forward bow to install a turbolaser mount that can be withdrawn and hidden within the underside of the hull. Admittedly, there's only so much tinkering you can do with a BD-27, but Boo's found his personal augmentations effective enough for his work in delivering heavy machinery and supplies to Rebel outposts around the galaxy.

"Oh, beautiful," said Boo, "I knew this was too easy."

The comm light blinked again. "Unidentified Driver," said a familiar female voice, "this is Senior Controller Voorson with your final warning. Reverse you heading and return to dock 42, or our security forces will open fire."

"Lovely," Boo muttered. "Deen, take the guns. Blast anything between us and freedom."

"Wait," said Deen, "I have an idea — Shannon, follow my lead," he said, slapping the comm panel.

"Controller Voorson," he said, "call off your attack. We have your daughter." He nudged Shannon.

"Mom, Mom, it's me! Don't shoot!" she said.

The comm panel was silent.

"You think that'll stop 'em?" Shannon asked.

Laser blasts bounced off the driver's shields.

"There's your answer," said Boo. "Take the guns, Deen!"

Deen hit the firing buttons. The small turbolasers managed to hit two oncoming TIEs, and three more were disabled by flying debris. Deen kept firing.

"Rebel Driver," said Nell Voorson, her voice touched with panic, "turn back now. Security will not permit you to escape."

"We ain't askin' for permission!" shouted Boo, continuing to plow forward. A TIE's solar panel clipped their shields; the TIE flew apart, colliding with one of its fellows.

"Boo, the shields are gonna go any second," said Deen, still blasting at their attackers.

"Rebel barge driver," said Nell Voorson, "this is pointless. Stop now or be destroyed ..."

"Sorry, Auntie, there's no going back now!" said Boo.

"Rebel ... Deen!" Nell pleaded. "Deen, think of what you're doing — think of Shannon — Security won't listen to me!" she shouted, "they won't let you go!"

"I'm sorry Aunt Nell," Deen began.

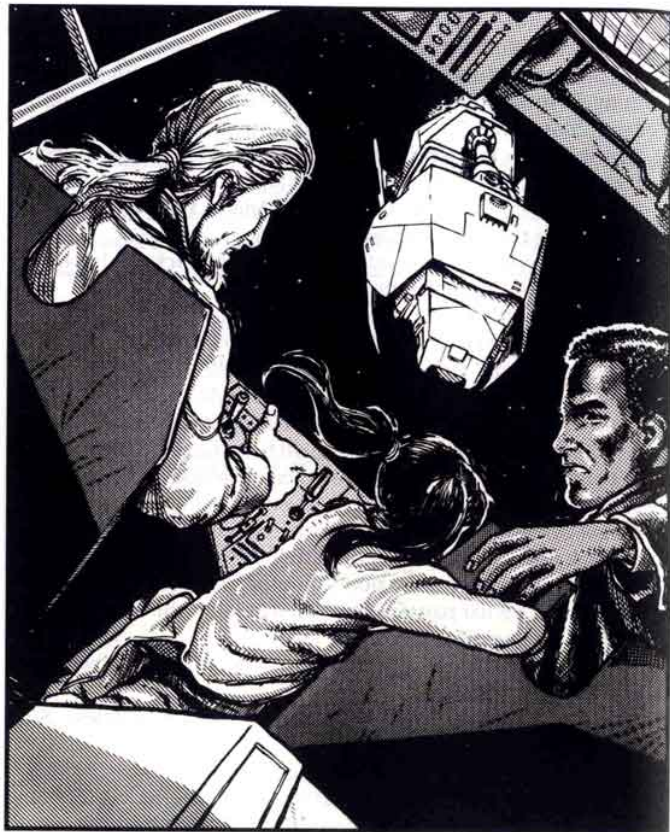
"Watch the TIEs!" Boo warned; the stream of tiny fighters continued to pour at them.

"We're gonna hit that driver!" Shannon cried as the Imperial barge 36DD loomed before them.

"Not if they're smarter than we are," said Boo.

Deen bit his lip and Shannon covered her eyes as the drivers converged. Nell Voorson's voice continued to beg for sanity over the comm panel. A bead of sweat rolled down Boo's face. "I don't think they're gonna ..."





At the last moment, the Imperial driver ducked beneath the *Long Run*. Their shields brushed, buckled, and collapsed as they zoomed past the other ship and into clear space. Four laser bolts from four different TIEs burst past the *Long Run* just as Boo pulled the jump levers; all three Rebels held their breath as the starlines merged into the blur of hyperspace.

"Are we safe now, Boo, are we safe?" asked Shannon.

"Depends on two things," said Boo. "First, whether or not your mother called ahead to Venir or Renegg for Interdictors ..."

"And whether or not we hit somebody," Deen finished.

Shannon crept into her cousin's lap and laid her head on his

shoulder. All three Rebels remained tense, silent, waiting for either a fatal crash or a jerk out of hyperspace into Imperial custody.

The minutes dragged on. Shannon realized that, whether she lived or died, she would never see her parents again; she began to cry. Deen held her close, wiping her tears and rocking her.

"Hey," said Boo softly, "it's been 30 minutes. We're clear."

"We're away?" said Shannon.

Boo nodded. "Free and clear, kid — welcome to the Alliance."

"Little Bit," said Deen, "I'm sorry I got you into this ..."

"I'm not," said Shannon, putting on a smile. "Come on, now, Deen — let's go slay some dragons."

### Adventure Idea

The characters are aboard an independent freighter docked at Kuat Freight Port. They're minding their own business, waiting for the starport techs to finish loading their latest cargo, when a small, pale woman and her large, dark husband rush into the hangar. The woman says she's Nell Voorson, docking controller of the port, and is fleeing Imperial security. She and her husband are seeking immediate passage out of the system, and promise that the characters will be richly rewarded. The characters have no love for the Empire, and jump at the chance to help someone out (and get paid for it, too).

However, getting out of Kuat Freight Port with Voorson and her husband could pose some problems. Just before they take off, Imperial stormtroopers blast into the docking bay. After narrowly escaping, the characters must carefully but quickly maneuver their ship through the freight port, avoiding other, much larger freighters and dodging a TIE fighter patrol. Eventually they escape into hyperspace.

The Rebel Alliance would likely offer a hefty reward to anyone bringing them someone as well-informed about the workings of Kuat Freight Port as Nell Voorson. But the Empire would be willing to do anything to retrieve her — including hiring a band of bounty hunters to track down Voorson and the characters before they can reach their Alliance contacts.



# FIZZI'S

# SLIGHTLY USED STARSHIPS

*"Greetings, Gentlebeings. Please permit me to welcome you to Trevi. I am named Fiz Cor'gril. You may call me Fizzi, if you so wish. I am the proprietor of this establishment which deals with the sale of slightly used starships. You have shown a keen business sense in choosing this dealership. Truly you have sensory organs for value. I show great confidence that you will be able to find a transport suitable for whatever needs you require. And all are quite reasonably priced. Please step this way."*

By John J. Richardson III

Illustrations by David Pilurs and John J. Richardson III

Characters are always on the run. They're being chased by Imperial troops, bounty hunters, underworld stooges, or disgruntled gamblers — sometimes all at once! And that one odd time they're relaxing at the local cantina, it's only a matter of time before they're staring down the barrel of a blaster. Action in this galaxy is fast and furious. If the characters don't stay one step ahead, it can cost them. Never underestimate the value of a starship — not only for defense, but for escape as well.

So what do characters do if they find themselves without a ship? Maybe their last encounter with the Empire ended in disaster — they escaped with their hide, but it cost them their ship. Or maybe it is their ship that's getting them in trouble. It's become a little too notorious — a giant target for enemies. They need a new ship, fast. Fizzi's Slightly Used Starships can meet anyone's needs, whether it's speed, luxury, protection, or cargo capacity. Conveniently located on Trevi IV, Fizzi's has been supplying ships to the galaxy for more than two decades. "Dependable and affordable to the discerning customer," is Fizzi's motto.

Fiz "Fizzi" Cor'gril had trouble making it on his homeworld of Clak'dor VII. Although he was intelligent, so were all his fellow Bith. Cor'gril decided to try his luck out in the galaxy. He traveled around, undertaking numerous questionable and shady endeavors, quietly building up his stake. During his journeys, Fiz accumulated quite a bit of knowledge about starships of all shapes and sizes. He also picked up a thing or two about business, both legitimate and not so legitimate. After building up a sizable amount of capital, he decided to settle down and open his own business.

Fiz arrived on the planet Trevi a little over 20 years ago. As luck would have it, a large old starship garage was being forced out of business by the newer docking bays of Trevi City's refurbished spaceport. Cor'gril was able to buy the sizable complex and the adjacent lot rather cheaply. Using contacts he had made in his more disreputable days, he managed to get his hands on a few battered ships and started a used starship business. With the addition of Shanna Kinn and the Verpine Garginoolaara to his staff, Fiz was able to offer improved vessels and starship upgrades. News soon traveled among free traders and smugglers, and Fiz's reputation grew. Fizzi's is now a successful enterprise dealing in the sale and purchase of used starships.



## Welcome To Trevi

The Trevi System is located in the Quess Sector near the Outer Rim Territories. The fourth planet of the system was a nondescript planet of barren plains and deserts. A passing caravan of Truishii traders experienced a hyperspace accident and was forced to land on the planet to make repairs. The Truishii decided to set down near the largest body of water. Although they intended to repair their starship and move on, they decided to settle on Trevi and founded a colony.

Since the system was located along several trade routes, the colony quickly grew into the giant commerce port of Trevi City. The starport holds all manner of merchants peddling wares from across the galaxy. Commerce is monitored by the Truishii Trade Guild, although certain less reputable trades are practiced.

Trevi City's streets are bustling with humans and assorted aliens from a thousand worlds. The original Truishii settlers fostered a bazaar atmosphere throughout the city, and that free-for-all market square feeling still pervades the starport. The congested streets are filled with merchants, customers, street performers, carnies, con-artists, and various floaters. The city is filled with the sounds of crowds, music, and speeders. Bright colorful lights flash all around. Shops vary from small outdoor tents to large warehouse stores. Fizzi's Slightly Used Starships is located in the southwest sector of the city.

The Empire keeps a small token presence in the system, and seldom bothers to interfere in local affairs. A small post is located just outside Trevi City, but Imperial troopers tend not to bother shop owners or their customers. The Empire's light presence here does not exempt the starport from Imperial agents who are ever watchful for Rebel activity. The local military prefect knows commerce attracts criminals and Rebels as well as legitimate customers.

Characters can easily book passage to the Trevi system if they lack a ship. If they travel in their own vessel, they find spaceport control rather lax. Docking fees are typical for a Stellar class starport. Characters can make deals with Fizzi concerning these fees if they are trading in their ship.

### ■ Trevi IV

**Type:** Terrestrial  
**Temperature:** Temperate  
**Atmosphere:** Type I (breathable)  
**Hydrosphere:** Dry  
**Gravity:** Standard  
**Terrain:** Urban, plains, plateaus, deserts

**Length of Day:** 28 standard hours

**Length of Year:** 389 local days

**Sapient Species:** Humans, various aliens

**Starport:** Stellar class

**Population:** 35 million

**Planet Function:** Trade

**Government:** Trade Guilds

**Tech Level:** Space

**Major Exports:** High, mid, low technology, luxury goods

**Major Imports:** Foodstuffs, medical

## Fizzi's Slightly Used Starships

A massive maintenance bay door marks the entrance to Fizzi's, right on the edge of the city's starport district. Despite an attempt to scrub down the outside of the building, the showroom is a typical old grit and grime, well-used garage. It can hold up to six freighters on display for potential customers. Behind the building is a large lot that can hold another six freighters.

Located on the side of the immense showroom is a maintenance bay that can hold two ships. Here vessels are brought in to be fixed up or modified to improve their value. Fizzi has a crack staff of starship mechanics — headed by the Verpine Garginoolaara — which is skilled at modifying and upgrading various starship systems. Many of the modifications utilize parts procured by Shanna Kinn.

Fizzi has recently acquired another larger storehouse on the outskirts of the city. Customers are shown holos of these ships, although these vessels can be brought to Fizzi's main facility if customers require a closer look. But Fizzi feels the ships at his main facility have the biggest selling potential.

Fizzi greets his customers as soon as they enter his establishment. His initial demeanor might strike some customers as odd — rather than being loud and overbearing, as many "hard sell" entrepreneurs tend to be, Fizzi is very polite and cordial. He does, however, tend to stand rather close when dealing with customers, a result of his Bith myopia. He usually speaks Basic, a concession Fizzi makes to easily communicate with the widest variety of beings. Since his native Bith tongue has nearly twice as many words in its vocabulary as Basic, Fizzi tends to speak rather verbosely. He is also fluent in several other languages.

Fizzi cordially offers patrons refreshments while he spends some time assessing their situation and ability. First, Fizzi ascertains their basic needs and price range. Second, he gauges their relative intelligence. Being a Bith, Fizzi respects intelligence. He is not out to intentionally cheat others, but he does not feel responsible if his intelligence exceeds that of his patrons. If customers are clever and



intelligent, they will not be taken in by the Bith. Fiz feels there are many values on his lot if patrons are smart enough to notice them.

## Touring the Showroom

Fiz is always happy to show customers around. The temperature inside the garage is kept on the cool side to better preserve the ships — it also provides a welcome relief from the high temperatures outside, particularly during the day. The lighting in the hangar is subdued to give customers a calmer atmosphere. Many might appreciate this after being bombarded by the bright and often gaudy lights of Trevi City. The lighting also serves to hide any potential flaws in the ships.

Fiz shows ships he feels best suit his customers' (and his own) needs. As he shows off each ship, he points out its many features, while avoiding discussion of potential flaws. He does not lie about his ships, he merely does not dwell on matters that are not in his best interest. While delivering his sales pitch, he does not pressure customers — he has learned pressure only annoys customers. He continues with his polite demeanor, which has a more soothing effect on most beings. He answers any questions patrons might have, but artfully avoids mentioning items that are not quite in his best interest. He also offers little about the ship's previous owners.

Many customers may wish a closer inspection for their own evaluation. Fiz



allows this within reason. If patrons discover a flaw, Fiz compliments them on their powers of observation. Fiz may reduce his asking price if he feels the buyer may still be interested and he wishes to sell the ship.

Once someone finds a ship of interest, they may then bargain on the price. Fiz is a tough negotiator and does not intend to "give away" ships (despite local advertising holos' claims the contrary). He makes sure he gets a fair price at worst, unless the ship has been sitting around too long and he just wants to unload it. In this case, Fiz might lower the price further if he feels he can make it up on the next sale.

Sometimes, patrons would like to trade in a ship. Fiz makes a keen inspection of any trade-in ship to determine its value. He keeps in mind how much work it might need and if there are any opportunities for the ship to be upgraded. Fiz again bargains for the best price. He never (except in extreme cases) offers more than half the ship's original value.

Once the deal is made, a contract is drawn up. Buyers best beware of the near microscopic fine print filled with disclaimers. While this may seem dishonest, Fiz's sight, like that of all Bith, can easily see the conditions in plain print.

Despite his shady past, Cor'gril maintains his business is legitimate. His clientele might include smugglers, bounty hunters, and even Rebels, but that is none of his concern. He avoids stolen merchandise. His ships, however, may have illegal upgrades or weapons. He claims no responsibility (clearly stated in the fine print) for such matters, so new owners are responsible for any ramifications.

Fiz has a fairly good reputation with smugglers and free-traders, despite what some may consider questionable practices. They are naturally streetwise and do not have to fear Fiz. They know they can find what they want at a good price with no heavy sales pressure.

## Fiz (Fizzi) Cor'gril

Type: Bith Used Starship Entrepreneur

### DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 3D+2, brawling parry 3D+1, dodge 4D, pick pocket 5D

### KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 5D+2, bureaucracy 6D, business 5D+1, business: starships 7D, cultures 5D, languages 6D+1, law enforcement 5D+1, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 6D+2, survival 5D, value 6D, value: starships 8D

### MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D+1, communications 4D, repulsorlift operation 4D, sensors 4D+2, space transports 5D, starfighter piloting 3D, starship gunnery 3D+2, starship shields 4D+1



**PERCEPTION 4D+1**

Bargain 7D, bargain: starships 8D+2, con 6D+2, forgery 5D+1, forgery: starship documents 6D, gambling 5D+2, hide 5D, investigation 5D+1, persuasion 6D, search 5D, sneak 5D+2

**STRENGTH 2D**

Brawling 3D, climbing/jumping 2D+2

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Computer programming/repair 6D+2, droid programming 4D+2, security 5D, space transports repair 4D

**Special Abilities:**

*Vision:* Bith have the ability to focus on microscopic objects, giving them +1D to *Perception* skills involving objects less than 30 centimeters away. However, Bith have become extremely myopic — they suffer a penalty of -1D for any visual-based action more than 20 meters away and cannot see more than 40 meters under any circumstances.

*Scent:* Biths have well-developed senses of smell, giving them +1D to all *Perception* skills pertaining to actions and people within three meters.

*Manual Dexterity:* Bith gain +1D to the performance of fine motor skills — picking pockets, surgery, fine tool operation, etc. — but not to gross motor skills such as *blaster* and *dodge*.

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 8

**Move:** 5

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad

**Garginoolaara (Gargi)**

Garginoolaara (or Gargi for short) grew up a typical Verpine in the Roche Asteroid Field. However, his natural curiosity led him to make modifications that were even too dangerous for Verpine. As a result, he was outcast from his hive and forced to seek his fortune elsewhere in the galaxy.

A Verpine's ability does not go unnoticed — it was not long before Gargi's path crossed that of Fiz Cor'gril. The Bith was opening up a used starship dealership and recognized the value of having a Verpine on his technical staff. Gargi was hired to repair and modify the used ships Fiz was selling.

Gargi is quiet and keeps to himself. His only real contact with others is fellow employee and part-time mechanic Shanna Kinn, and the battered astromech droid Arfive-Em-One. He enjoys the relative freedom Fiz gives him to modify ships beyond their original specifications. And with Gargi's microscopic sight, he has no problem when it comes to signing Fiz's sometimes questionable agreements.

**■ Garginoolaara (Gargi)**

**Type:** Outcast Verpine Mechanic

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Alien species 3D, streetwise 3D+1, value 3D, value: starships 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Verpine can communicate with other Verpine and specially tuned comlinks using their antennae. The range of this ability is extremely limited for individuals (1 km) but greatly increases when in the hive.

*Technical Bonus:* All Verpine receive a +2D bonus when using their *Technical* skills.

**Character Points:** 3

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Starship tool kit

**Shanna Kinn**

Shanna Kinn was the youngest of three children and the only girl. She learned starship repair by hanging out with her two older brothers. But her youth was shattered when the Empire arrived to occupy her homeworld of Dorriella.

Her family was killed during an Imperial raid on a suspected Rebel hideout. Orphaned, Shanna took to thievery to survive on the streets of Dorriella. Using her stealth, she managed to stow away aboard a freighter and escaped out into the galaxy.

During her travels, Shanna made some underworld contacts who gave her some rather shady work so she could get by. She bounced

Astrogation 5D, communications 4D+2, sensors 3D+2, space transports 5D, starship shields 5D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Con 4D+2, hide 3D+2, search 5D+2, sneak 4D+2

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Brawling 3D+2, climbing/jumping 6D, stamina 4D+1

**TECHNICAL 4D+1**

Droid programming 5D+1, droid repair 5D+2, repulsorlift repair 5D, security 4D+2, space transports repair 8D, starfighter repair 7D+1, starship weapon repair 7D+2

**Special Abilities:**

*Body Armor:* Verpine's chitinous covering provides +1D protection against physical attacks.

*Microscopic Sight:* Verpine receive a +1D bonus to their *search* skill when looking for small objects because of their highly evolved eyes.

*Organic Communication:*



from system to system until she ended up on Trevi. Shanna tried her hand at stealing some starship parts from a used starship lot, but was caught by the Bith owner. Fiz Cor'gril immediately recognized her intelligence and mechanical aptitude. He was equally impressed with a number of starship parts she had managed to accumulate and was selling on the black market. Cor'gril offered the young woman a job in acquisitions. Shanna, who had been looking for some steady employment, accepted the Bith's offer. Kinn now works for Fizzi's in "acquisitions."

Shanna likes to remain mysterious. Using her contacts — which she prefers to keep secret — she is able to obtain devices to modify the battered ships Cor'gril sells. On occasion, she also procures entire ships. Fiz prefers not to know the origins of her resources. He does not wish to deal with stolen merchandise, which can ruin his reputation. Shanna assures Fiz her thieving days are behind her.

Shanna is an attractive and intelligent woman in her early twenties. She usually wears her beautiful silk mane of hair up to keep it out of the way when working. She tends to be hardened, cold, and cynical due to her bad experience and has a fierce hatred of the Empire. In addition to her normal duties, Shanna enjoys occasionally helping out Garginoolaara, or Gargi, as she nicknamed him, with repairs and modifications.

### Shanna Kinn

Type: Acquisition Specialist

#### DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D+2, brawling parry 4D+2, dodge 5D, pick pocket 6D, running 5D

#### KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 3D+2, bureaucracy 4D, streetwise 6D+1, survival 3D+2, survival: urban 5D, value 4D, value: starships 6D, willpower 5D

#### MECHANICAL 2D+1

Astrogation 4D, repulsorlift operation 4D+1, sensors 3D+2, space transports 4D+1, starship gunnery 3D, starship shields 2D+2

#### PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 5D, con 6D, forgery 5D, gambling 4D, hide 5D, persuasion 4D, search 5D+2,



sneak 6D+2

#### STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 3D+2, climbing/jumping 5D, stamina 4D

#### TECHNICAL 3D+1

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid repair 5D, repulsorlift repair 5D+1, security 6D, space transports repair 5D+1, starfighter repair 4D+2, starship weapon repair 5D

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Move: 10

Equipment: Security kit

### Arfive-Em-One (R5-M1)

Em-One is an old battered R5 unit that assists the mechanics at Fizzi's with starship repairs. It is slow-moving and makes an irritating grinding noise as it merrily rolls along. Garginoolaara worked on Em-One's personality programming to avoid the sour and bitter personality that R5 units sometimes develop. It is good-natured as droids go. Em-One is totally unaware of its annoying quirks, such as its crackling acoustic signaller. This causes its beeps and chirps to jump from softly imperceptible to blaringly loud without warning. Em-One gets along best with Gargi, who tries to keep the little droid functioning.

### ■ Arfive-Em-One (R5-M1)

Type: Industrial Automaton R5 Astromech Droid

#### DEXTERITY 1D

Dodge 2D

#### KNOWLEDGE 1D

Planetary systems 4D

#### MECHANICAL 1D

Astrogation 2D, communications 4D+1, sensors 3D+2, space transports 4D, starfighter piloting 3D, starship shields 4D+2

#### PERCEPTION 1D

#### STRENGTH 1D

#### TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 5D, security 6D+2, space transports repair 6D+1, starfighter repair 6D, starship weapon repair 6D

#### Equipped With:

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Retractable heavy grasper arm (*lifting* skill at 2D)
- Retractable fine work grasper arm
- Small electric arc welder (1D to 5D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Small circular saw (4D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Acoustic signaller
- Holographic projector/recorder
- Fire extinguisher

Move: 3

Size: 1 meter tall



## Ships For Sale

Fizzi's boasts a wide variety of ships, freighters mainly, with some yachts, scout ships, and, on rare occasions, an old (and usually out-of-date) fighter. Since Fizz does a brisk business, the ships on his lot change frequently. A vessel that's there one day might not be available the next — a point Fizz often notes when convincing customers to purchase a bargain when they see one.

The following are some ships that are currently available at Fizzi's. Fizz shows customers each ship personally. Many of the modifications are based on the modification system presented in *Galaxy Guide 6: Tramp Freighters*. The mishap system and its mishap tables, described on pages 32-38, should be used when using modified systems. Stats that have been so modified are designated by an asterisk (\*). Other mishaps are also listed under games notes sections.

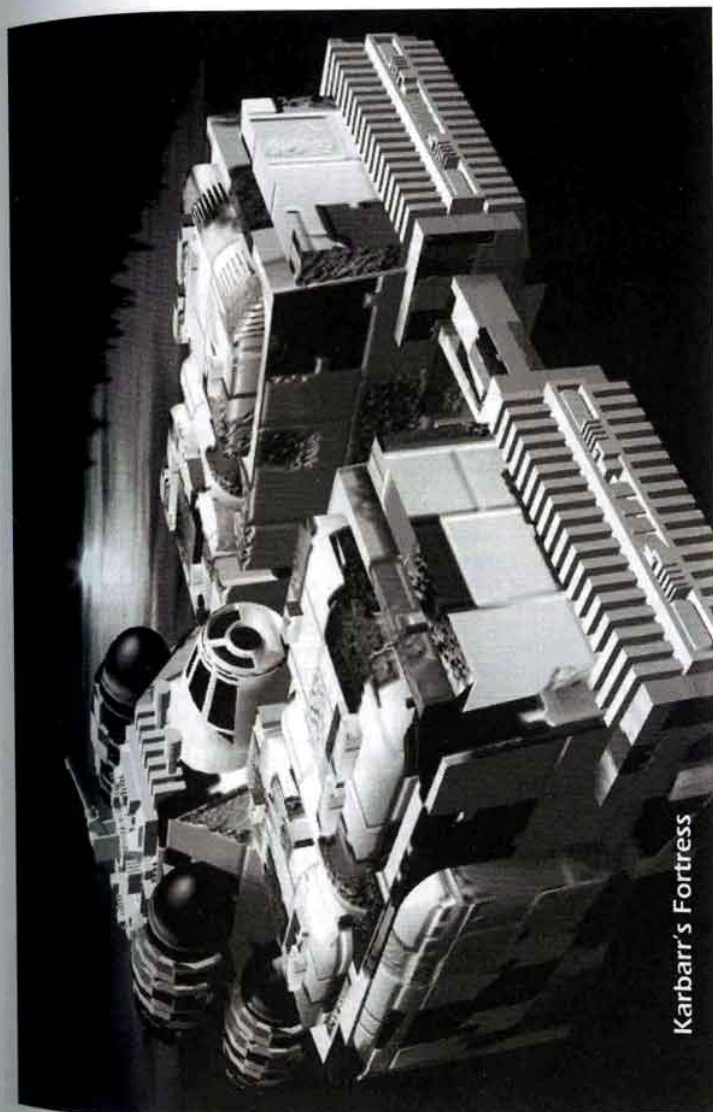
### Karbarr's Fortress

"Here we have Karbarr's Fortress. This Corellian Engineering Corporation HT-2200 is ideal for safeguarding those cargoes of a massive and varied nature. It has a cargo capacity of 800 metric tons split between four separate cargo holds. Each hold has the ability to support a variety of environmental conditions, thus diversifying shipments on a single run and increasing profits. The HT-2200 hull has trimantium plating to begin with, but this particular vessel has additional armoring installed, making it as if it were nearly indestructible. If that were not enough protection, this craft has been fitted with additional shielding. I am very certain that you and your cargo will be quite well protected.

"The original sublight drive has been replaced with the speedier SoroSuub Boav Ion Drive. And even with all these modifications, she still carries a pulse laser cannon for even more protection. This ship is also very adaptable to any further modifications you may wish to implement. Yes, this ship will certainly bear any punishment that comes her direction. I would like to see the corsair that could punch a hole in her."

#### ■ Karbarr's Fortress

**Craft:** Corellian Engineering Corporation HT-2200  
**Type:** Modified medium freighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 54.8 meters  
**Skill:** Space transports: HT-2200  
**Crew:** 2  
**Passengers:** 8  
**Cargo Capacity:** 800 metric tons  
**Consumables:** 3 months





**Cost:** 170,000 credits  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2  
**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15  
**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Space:** 3  
**Atmosphere:** 260; 750 kmh  
**Hull:** 6D+  
**Shields:** 2D  
**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 10/0D  
*Scan:* 25/1D  
*Search:* 40/2D  
*Focus:* 2/3D

**Weapons:**

**1 Pulse Laser Cannon**  
*Fire Arc:* Turret  
*Skill:* Starship gunnery  
*Fire Control:* 2D  
*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25  
*Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/1.2/2.5 km  
*Damage:* 4D

**Game Notes:** The hull has been modified +1D. On shield mishaps, power to the ship dies. A Moderate *space transports repair* roll is required to bring the ship's power back on line (one roll permitted per round). Since the vessel is easily modified, engineers gain a +5 bonus to their *space transports repair* rolls when performing modifications.

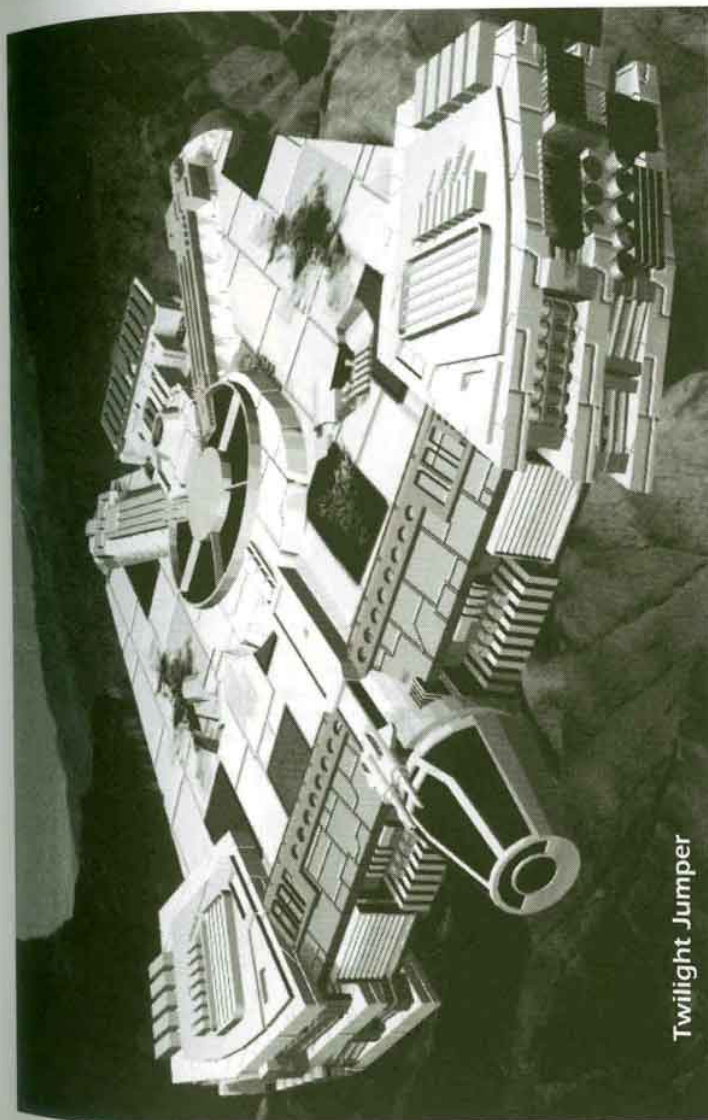
**Capsule:** *Karbar's Fortress* has been modified with defensive capabilities in mind at the expense of all else. One of the ship's original guns was removed to make room for additional shield generators. These shield generators, however, have been badly wired into the power core. As a result, the drain from the shields sometimes causes the whole system to shut down. Engineers are then forced to scramble to bring the ship's power back on line, as the ship is usually in a combat situation when shields are in use. Although the SoroSuub Boav Ion Drive (Space: 4) has been installed, it was only to counteract the effects of the extra armoring and shield generators. As a result, the space speed remains at 3. This ship's one saving grace is that the vessel is easily modified, like all other HT-2200s.

## Twilight Jumper

"So you are more interested in executing modifications of your own. Truly you are industrious. The Twilight Jumper is a fine example of your basic Ghtroc Industries class 720 freighter. Its durable design has made it popular in the territories of the Outer Rim. It has a cargo capacity of 135 metric tons. It is without any modifications installed, as if it were all but right off the floor of the showroom. You could easily add a weapon here or perhaps a shield there with the credits you would save. It has been priced as a bargain."

## Twilight Jumper

**Craft:** Ghtroc Industries class 720 freighter  
**Type:** Used light freighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter



Twilight Jumper



**Length:** 35 meters  
**Skill:** Space transports: Ghtroc freighter  
**Crew:** 1 or 2 (can coordinate)  
**Passengers:** 10  
**Cargo Capacity:** 135 metric tons  
**Consumables:** 1 week  
**Cost:** 10,000 credits  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2  
**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15  
**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Maneuverability:** 1D  
**Space:** 3  
**Atmosphere:** 260; 750 kmh  
**Hull:** 3D+2  
**Shields:** 1D  
**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 15/0D

*Scan:* 30/1D

*Search:* 50/3D

*Focus:* 2/4D

**Weapons:**

**1 Double Laser Cannon**

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 1D+2

*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25

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

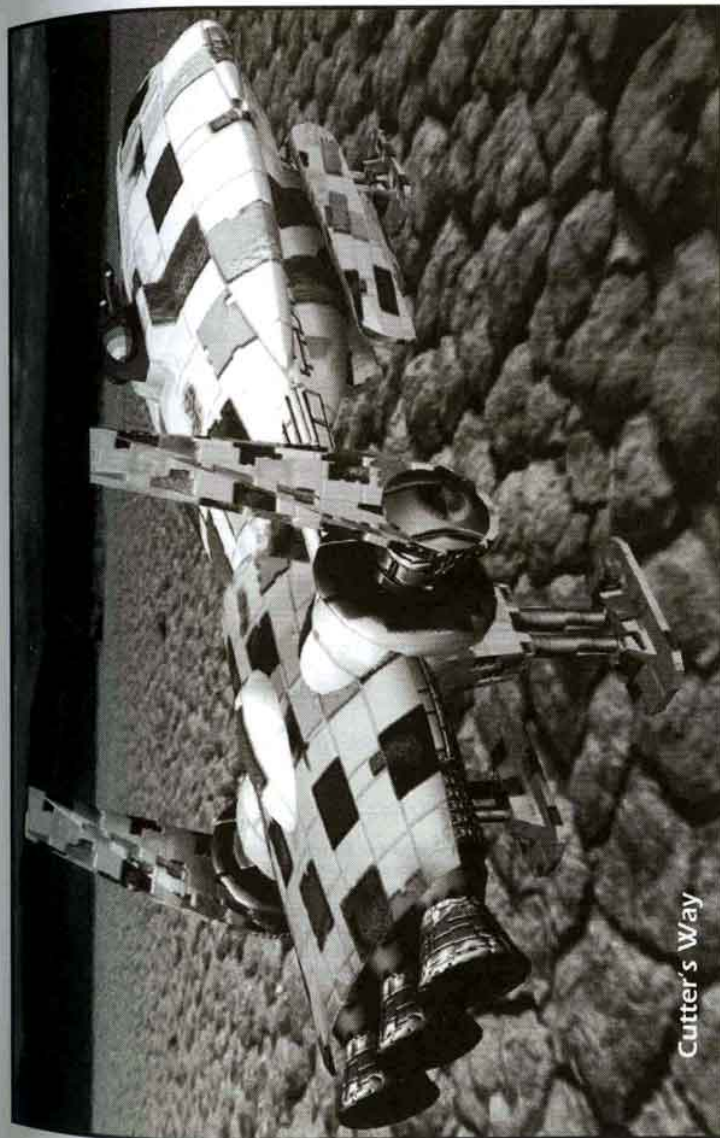
*Damage:* 4D

**Game Notes:** Treat mishaps on hull rolls as if it were a modified system.

**Capsule:** The *Twilight Jumper* has been badly abused throughout the years and it tends to look it. It drains one and a half times the normal amount of fuel cells. Consumables are used up rapidly — the ship must restock consumables and life support at least once per week of space travel. Although the hull's rating is the same as it was when it was stock, it actually had to be brought back up to this level. It has been so badly damaged and compromised that it is almost literally held together with spit and wire. As a result, mishaps apply to hull rolls.

## Cutter's Way

"This Lantillian short hauler, dubbed Cutter's Way, is in prime condition. The previous possessor decided to begin the conversion from a pleasure yacht to freighter, upgrading the ion drives, hyperdrive, and shields. The ship has the ability to function as a luxury yacht, with the addition of a few amenities, or it can be used as a freighter. The vessel can easily pass for either if need be. It is defended by two sets of turret-mounted laser cannons. The cargo capacity of 80 metric tons can be increased or decreased as desired. This ship's most unique quality is a device known as a power flux surger. It has been hard-wired into the shields and guns and can be used to augment the power to any one system beyond its current specifications. In this way, you can gain greater performance where and when it is needed. Quite ingenious."



Cutter's Way



## Cutter's Way

**Craft:** Lantillian Short Hauler  
**Type:** Modified space yacht  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 27 meters  
**Skill:** Space transports: Lantillian short hauler  
**Crew:** 2  
**Passengers:** 6  
**Cargo Capacity:** 80 metric tons  
**Consumables:** 1 month  
**Cost:** 55,000 credits  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1  
**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15  
**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Maneuverability:** 1D  
**Space:** 5  
**Atmosphere:** 295; 850 kmh  
**Hull:** 4D  
**Shields:** 2D/3D\*  
**Sensors:**  
     Passive: 10/0D  
     Scan: 25/1D  
     Search: 40/2D  
     Focus: 2/3D

### Weapons:

#### 2 Laser Cannons (fire-linked)

**Fire Arc:** Turret  
**Crew:** 1  
**Skill:** Starship gunnery  
**Fire Control:** 2D  
**Space Range:** 1-3/12/25  
**Atmosphere Range:** 100-300/1.2/2.5 km  
**Damage:** 5D/6D\*

#### 1 Light Laser Cannon

**Fire Arc:** Turret  
**Crew:** 1  
**Skill:** Starship gunnery  
**Fire Control:** 2D  
**Space Range:** 1-3/12/25  
**Atmosphere Range:** 100-300/1.2/2.5 km  
**Damage:** 2D/3D\*

**Game Notes:** The power flux surger can increase those systems marked with an asterisk (\*) — shields or weapon damage — by 1D, as indicated by the second die code. Only the shields or one of the guns can be increased at a time, and the other two systems are reduced -1D. The power flux surger requires a Moderate Mechanical roll to operate. On a mishap for this Mechanical roll, the ship is lightly damaged (per rules and table on page 104 of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition*). Treat mishaps to boosted systems as if they were modified.

**Capsule:** The power flux surger on *Cutter's Way* was devised by its original owner to push the power of certain systems beyond their limit. It would create a power burst to a system, but would immediately blow the entire system. When it was dumped on Fiz, Gargi was naturally interested in the device. Rather than remove it, as Fiz initially considered, the Verpine managed to fix the bugs (almost) and enabled it to

work. The surger can now increase power either to the shields or to one of the guns. Unfortunately, the power flux surger drains power from the other two systems that are not being boosted. The crew would need to decide if the trade-off of power from one system to another is useful in combat situations. Although Gargi did improve its performance, the surger is still temperamental, is subject to break-downs, and can even cause damage to the ship.

## Storm Killer

*"If it is weaponry that you seek, please step this way. The Storm Killer, this modified Corellian YT-1300 light freighter, is quite well armed. Its ventral gun is a modified Arakyd Tomral heavy laser cannon, turret mounted, with increased power to produce greater damage. The dorsal turret gun is an impressive Incom W-34t turbolaser. You are not likely to find such a weapon on a starship of this class due to Imperial restrictions. Not enough? For additional firepower, this ship is equipped with an Arakyd Hi-fex proton torpedo launcher. If you are in need of ammunition for such a device, I could perhaps work out an arrangement for you to procure such. In addition, there is a pair of retractable Taim & Bak Kd-3 light blaster cannons, fired-linked from the cockpit, when faced with — ah, how shall we say — ground problems. The ship has also been outfitted with shields and lateral thrusters for additional combat advantage. I doubt few would wish to engage you or your precious cargo in a battle wagon such as this."*

### Storm Killer

**Craft:** Corellian YT-1300 Transport  
**Type:** Modified light freighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 26.7 meters  
**Skill:** Space transports: YT-1300 transports  
**Crew:** 1 or 2 (can coordinate)  
**Passengers:** 3  
**Cargo Capacity:** 20 metric tons  
**Consumables:** 1 month  
**Cost:** 95,000 credits  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2  
**Hyperdrive Backup:** x12  
**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Maneuverability:** 1D  
**Space:** 3  
**Atmosphere:** 260; 750 kmh  
**Hull:** 4D  
**Shields:** 1D  
**Sensors:**  
     Passive: 10/0D  
     Scan: 25/1D  
     Search: 40/2D  
     Focus: 2/3D



# Weapons:

## 1 Heavy Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 1

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 5D+2\*

## 1 Turbolaser

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 1

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 3D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 7D

## 1 Proton Torpedo Launcher

Fire Arc: Front

Crew: 1

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1/3/7

Atmosphere Range: 50-100/300/700

Damage: 9D

## 2 Light Blaster Cannons (fire-linked)

Fire Arc: Turret

Scale: Speeder

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 1D

Atmosphere Range: 1-50/100/250

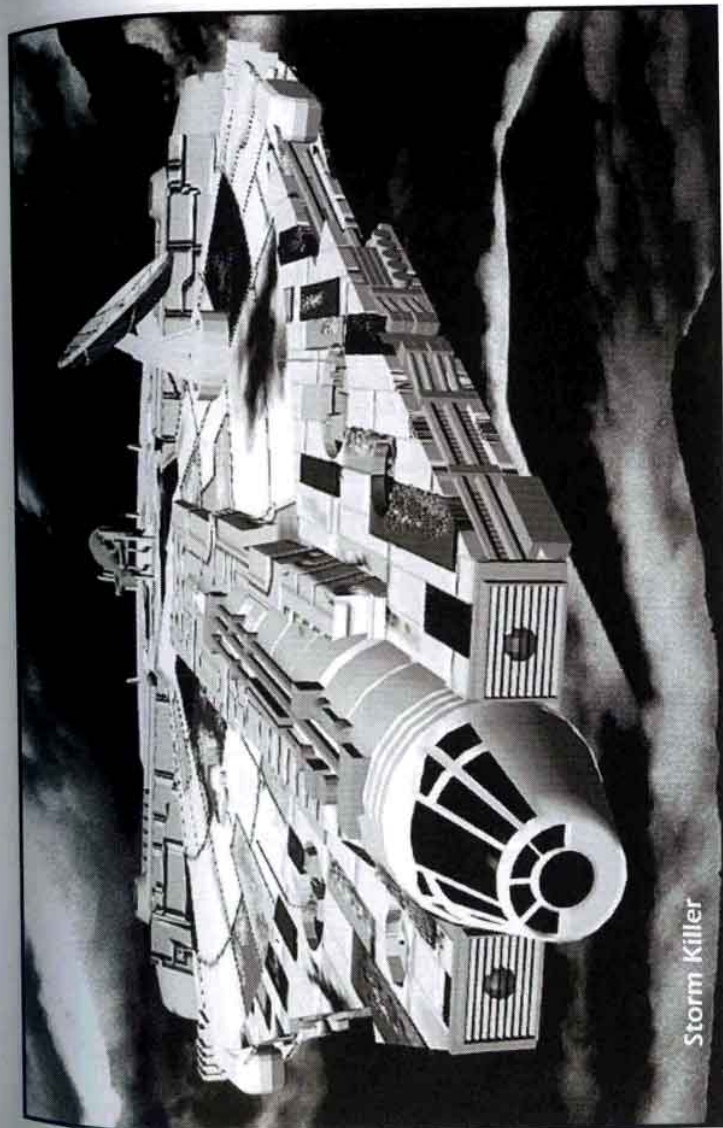
Damage: 3D

**Game Notes:** The ventral heavy laser cannon has had its damage code increased by +2. The turbolaser's power requirements allow it to be fired every other combat round. This gun is illegal on this craft. The retractable light blaster cannons, fired from the cockpit, are designed for ground use only. When a mishap occurs using any of the weapons, that weapon breaks down, rendering it inoperative until repaired (Difficult *space transports repair*) — in addition to any other mishap complications for the modified heavy laser cannon.

**Capsule:** At first glance, the *Storm Killer* looks quite intimidating. Its original owner was obsessed with weaponry. He continued to improve and add on greater and greater firepower, ignoring any consequences.

## Starship Modifications

*Galaxy Guide 6: Tramp Freighters* contains a wealth of information on modifying transports. Gamemasters can use this guide to create or modify new ships for Fizzi's yard. Players can find new ideas for starships and equipment. *Tramp Freighters* can also help gamemasters set up a campaign based on smuggler characters — who very well might get their start with a used ship from Fizzi.



Storm Killer



The weapons drain the power core from the ion drives (normally Space: 5). The turret mechanisms and extra capacitors and machinery for the turbolaser eat into the cargo space and passenger capacity, knocking consumables down to one month. The ship seems only practical for shipping small extremely valuable cargoes. Characters who decide to buy this ship can make a deal with Fiz for proton torpedoes, at the normal black market price, of course. Shanna seems to be able to get her hands on such weaponry from time to time.

## Rogue Runner

*"This Corellispace Gymsnor-3 freighter makes for a sturdy selection. The Rogue Runner has a 75 metric ton cargo capacity. It has improved shields and lateral thrusters, and one of the fastest hyperdrives commercially available in the galaxy. It is protected by a turret-mounted heavy blaster cannon. She is not one of the fancier vessels that are currently on my lot, but she is beyond your standard stock freighter and would serve most any run with high competency."*

### Rogue Runner

**Craft:** Modified Corellispace Gymsnor-3 Freighter

**Type:** Modified light freighter

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 34.1 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: Gymsnor-3

**Crew:** 1

**Passengers:** 4

**Cargo Capacity:** 75 metric tons

**Consumables:** 1 month

**Cost:** 35,000 credits

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 1D

**Space:** 4

**Atmosphere:** 480; 800 kmh

**Hull:** 5D

**Shields:** 1D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 15/0D

*Scan:* 30/1D

*Search:* 45/2D

*Focus:* 3/3D

**Weapons:**

**1 Heavy Blaster Cannon**

*Fire Arc:* Turret

*Crew:* 1

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-5/10/17

*Atmosphere Range:* 100-500/1/1.7 km

*Damage:* 5D

**Game Notes:** When the ship makes four moves in a round, an engine blows and loses one move until repaired. At this point, if the ship travels at three moves in a





round, another drive blows and the ship loses an additional move. Every time the engine blows, the hull loses one pip until repaired, due to stress from the vibrations. The ship can be repaired as per normal repair rules. However, it is still susceptible to the same penalties and damage as above if the engine is pushed.

**Capsule:** Although a casual look might not reveal any major flaws, careful inspection of the *Rogue Runner* reveals the hull has undergone a lot of stress. This is due to the fact that the vessel's ion drives are worn and could stand being replaced. This ship could be in for constant repairs if a new ion drive is not installed.

## Nautical Star

"The Nautical Star is an exquisite example of Mon Calamari craftsbeingship. As you may know, each Mon Calamari ship is a unique work of art. This particular freighter is no exception. Beautifully crafted, it has been modified to accommodate pilots of other species, including humans. It has a cargo capacity of 75 metric tons and is equipped with shields and even backup shields in the event shields are lost. Such a luxury is usually found on the large Mon Calamari cruisers of the Rebel fleet! There are turret-mounted twin laser cannons, fired-linked, for the benefit of extra defense.

"This vessel is, much like her creators, multi-environmental, enabling her to travel below the surface of planetary oceans. It is specially designed to counteract both the vacuum of space and the pressures of ocean depths. This is quite practical, giving you a certain edge for runs to waterworlds, such as Calamari itself. A very rare find that I am quite proud to display here in my modest showroom."

### ■ Nautical Star

**Craft:** Mon Calamari Light Freighter  
**Type:** Modified light freighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 30 meters  
**Skill:** Space transports: Mon Calamari freighter  
**Crew:** 1 or 2  
**Passengers:** 6  
**Cargo Capacity:** 85 metric tons  
**Consumables:** 2 months  
**Cost:** 99,000 credits  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2  
**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15  
**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Maneuverability:** 1D  
**Space:** 4  
**Atmosphere:** 480; 800 kmh  
**Hull:** 4D+2  
**Shields:** 2D\*

\* Mon Cal freighters have 2D of back-up shields. When a die of shields is lost, if the shield operator can make an Easy *starship shields* total, one of the backup die codes of shields can be brought up to increase the shields back to 2D.



Nautical Star



**Sensors:**

Passive: 10/0D

Scan: 25/1D

Search: 40/2D

Focus: 2/3D

**Weapons:**

**2 Laser Cannons (fired-linked)**

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 1

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 5D

**Game Notes:** This Mon Cal freighter is a multi-environmental vehicle, capable of space flight and travel through liquid environments.

**Capsule:** The *Nautical Star* looks in good shape. Unlike other Mon Cal vessels, this one has been modified so other species can handle it as well as Mon Calamari. The ship has experimental back-up shields, very similar to those found on Mon Cal Cruisers. Its most unique feature is its multi-environmental use, capable of space flight and travel through liquid environments. Engineered by some of Calamari's finest artisans, it is a new design aimed at improving shipping to and from the waterworld of Calamari. Unfortunately, the Empire has clamped down on the system, and not many were made — fewer made it out into the galaxy. It is a rare find that has made its way to Fizzi's showroom.

## Wild Star

*"The Wild Star is truly one of the fastest ships you will find. Originally designed as a space yacht, the Deep-X Explorer has become popular with scouts, who have converted this starship class for deep space exploration. It is equipped with two hyperdrives, making it one of the fastest in the galaxy. The original ion drives had already rivaled those found on starfighters. But its drives have been replaced with a Boshaa-C'hi Ion Drive. Furthermore, my own mechanic has managed to push it to perform even beyond its magnificent specifications! You will leave your adversaries in a blinding trail of ionized dust."*

## Wild Star

**Craft:** Modified Uulshos DPx Yacht

**Type:** Modified space yacht

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 12 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: DPx

**Crew:** 1

**Passengers:** 5

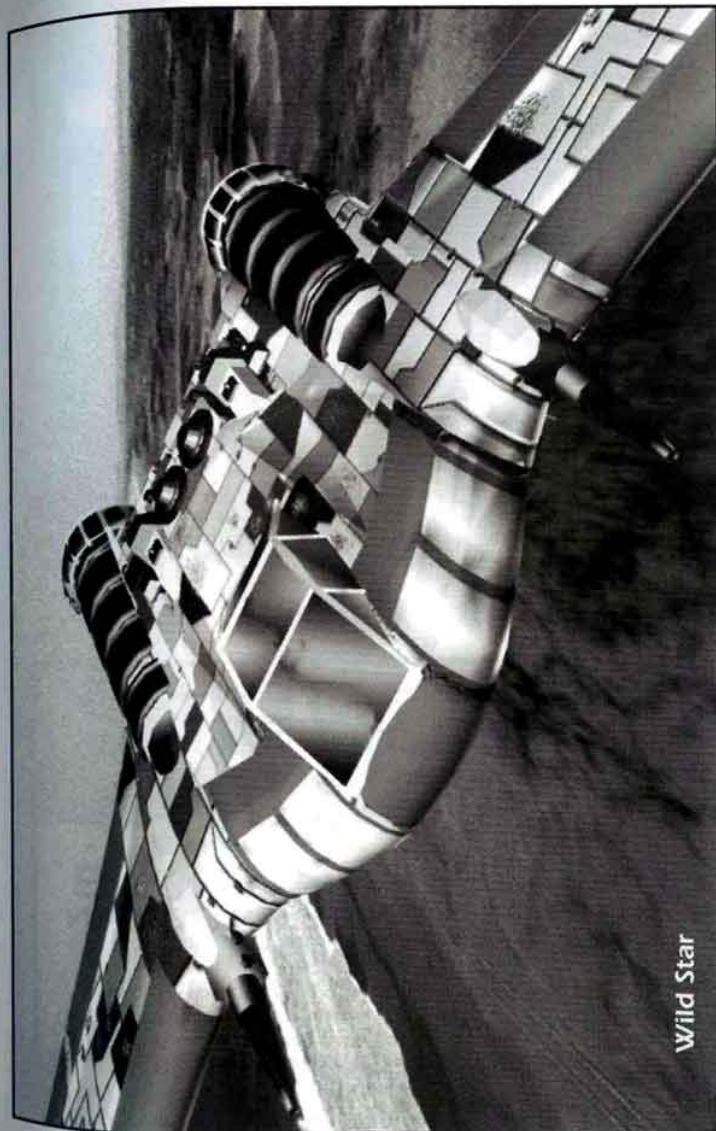
**Cargo Capacity:** 50 metric tons

**Consumables:** 6 months

**Cost:** 95,000 credits

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x8



Wild Star




**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Maneuverability:** 2D  
**Space:** 12\*  
**Atmosphere:** 450; 1,300 kmh  
**Hull:** 2D  
**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 20/0D  
*Scan:* 30/1D  
*Search:* 50/2D  
*Focus:* 3/3D

**Weapons:**

**2 Blaster Cannons**  
*Fire Arc:* Front  
*Crew:* 1 per gun  
*Skill:* Starship gunnery  
*Space Range:* 1-2/8/15  
*Atmosphere Range:* 100-200/800/1.5 km  
*Damage:* 1D

**Game Notes:** The *Wild Star's* new ion engine's Space code has been increased by +2. Double all difficulties for modifying this drive and double all modifiers when rolling for mishaps. Possession of this drive is a class one infraction in Imperial space.

**Capsule:** Gargi was given the chance to fiddle with the already powerful Boshaa-C'hi Ion Drive (Space: 10). Due to his Verpine skills, he was able to improve the difficult drive. The *Wild Star* is truly built for speed. And it is speed the characters need in combat situations since this ship has vastly underpowered guns and no shields. 



**JOIN  
THE OFFICIAL  
STAR  
WARS  
FAN CLUB**  
1-800-TRUE-FAN  
(878-3326)

For \$12.95 you receive a one  
year subscription to the  
*Star Wars Insider* magazine and  
*Jawa Trader* merchandise catalog,  
and exclusive membership kit!

# DROIDS DEFIANT



By Thomas Bowling

Illustrations by Matt Busch



Felben Cuplatt nervously punched at the intercom on the door frame. Waiting for a reply, his eyes focused on the black lettering printed on the door — "Crizby Rumbo, Vice President, Cosmohaul Shipping." A voice sounding much like an angry gundark boomed from the intercom's speaker.

"What is it?"

Cuplatt wanted to run and hide. He bit his lip and held his ground. "Sir, it's Cuplatt. I've got some bad news about our last shipment."

The door slid open and small clouds of foul smelling smoke drifted into the hallway. Cuplatt suppressed a cough and slithered into the room. Behind a desk sat a fat, red-faced man. A cigarra, clenched between a set of yellow teeth, produced all the smoke. It reminded Cuplatt of all the cheap sabacc rooms he had visited on his last vacation.

The fat man motioned Cuplatt to sit down and ground out his cigarra on the desk top. "All right Cuplatt, let's hear it."

"Well, sir, we've had another freighter waylaid again. Like the others, it was boarded by privateers claiming to represent the Empire. An entire shipment of Rodian flame silk was confiscated. The captain of the freighter resisted, but was shot for his trouble. The co-pilot brought the ship back home."

"Sir, this is the third shipment waylaid this production cycle. The last two were left alone, but they were escorted by X-wing fighters. The privateers never attack escorted vessels."

"I've been on the comlink with a representative from the New Republic and they can no longer provide us with protection. They sympathize with our situation but they have neither the funds or the forces to continue the escorts. They're having enough problems just trying to hold the government together. It looks like we're on our own."

Rumbo pulled another cigarra from his desk and lit it. The puffs of smoke added a touch of fire and brimstone to his words as they left his mouth. "I can't believe it! The New Republic can't afford to help us, but they'll be the first to jump down our throats when it's one of their shipments that fails to reach its destination!"

Cuplatt thought for a minute. "Well, we could employ our own escorts to protect the freighters."

Rumbo shook his jowls. "No. That would be too costly. Besides, I don't just want to scare this scum away. That would leave them free to jump us another time. No, Cuplatt, I want them caught and punished to the full extent of the law. The only way to catch them is to ambush the scum when they board the freighters. We could hire cheap help to do this right on the docks. Cuplatt, get the ball rolling!"

"Sir," Cuplatt protested, "I hardly think that recruiting mercenaries is a good idea."

Rumbo's face turned even more red. "Not mercenaries, Cuplatt! 'Mercenary' is an ugly word and not very good for public relations! Call them freelance marines!"

In this adventure, the characters enlist aboard a freighter to guard its cargo from privateers. If the characters have no ties to the New Republic, they see this assignment as a quick way to achieve credits and excitement. If the characters are affiliated with the New Republic, they may be undercover operatives investigating incidents of piracy. The adventure can begin from any spaceport the characters happen to be visiting.

## Episode One: The Argent Lady

Read aloud:

Planets may vary throughout the universe but spaceports never change. You are surrounded by a vast sea of duracrete bustling with activity. The roar of ion engines pounds your ears. The all too familiar smell of ship lubricant saturates the air. Scratched and dented droids buzz back and forth, tending to patched up freighters of all descriptions. Seasoned spacers from all over the galaxy roam the quay.

In front of the Dock Master's office, a grisly old man sitting behind a makeshift desk calls to you.

"Hey, cargonauts, over here! This way if you're looking for adventure and credits! See the galaxy! Live life to its fullest and get paid for it!"

The closer you get to the old man, the worse he looks. It's obvious his space-faring days are over and have taken their toll. A jeweled sensor now sits in the socket which once held his left eye. His smile reveals a mouth only half full of rotting teeth. The only thing worse than his bad breath is the diction it accompanies.

"Hello, good spacers. Paxtrell Snoygal is the moniker and I represent Cosmohaul Shipping. Today is your lucky day. I'm going to help you folks make your fortunes."

"I'm sure you've all heard what's transpiring in the good reaches of the galaxy. The Empire has hired privateers to pinch cargo. They call it legal impressment. Commerce raiding is what it is, pure and simple commerce raiding. Why, it's gotten so Cosmohaul can't even ship a load of servomotors without the Empire pinching it."



"Now, this is where you people come in. Cosmohaul is paying 400 credits per marine to guard its shipments. All you have to do is sit tight in a freighter and watch its cargo. When it safely reaches its destination you get paid. Oh, and if by chance you are boarded by privateers, the use of deadly force is absolutely approved by the company. There's a 50 credit bonus for every pirate you nab, should the occasion present itself. All you have to do is make your mark on this datapad and you're on your way."

Snoygal shoves a datapad across the desk top and motions you all to make your imprint.

"Very good, marines. You'll have the time of your lives. Now, let's see. You'll be shipping out in 20 minutes aboard the *Argent Lady*. Ah, she's a fine vessel. She's a new Ghtroc cargo empress, bound for the Sullust system. You'll find her berthed in docking bay number five. Her captain is some guy called Xal. He's new to the company. Report directly to him. Best of luck, marines, and good hunting."

When the characters arrive at docking bay five, they find a large freighter being loaded there. The name *Argent Lady* is stenciled on her bow. Her design is a new one but her telltale bow and stern give her away as Ghtroc in make.

A human and a Sullustan are standing on the ship's boarding ramp. Both are wearing uniform tunics. The human's uniform is adorned with gold braid on the sleeves, denoting him as captain. At the characters' approach, he turns and glares at them. The man's gray hair and beard erupt from his head like a star's corona. His weathered face is offset by a pair of wild, active eyes. Perceptive characters might notice a tattoo on the back of his right hand — a purple cog being struck by a lightning bolt. Read aloud:

The captain nods at you. "My name is Xal. You may call me Captain Xal or sir. The Sullustan is my co-pilot, Babalabbet Swoont. Snoygal hailed me from the front office to let me know you were coming. Let me make this perfectly clear — I don't want you on my ship. Armed vigilantes on a civilian vessel don't mix. It can only bring more trouble and endanger my crew. It would seem that I don't have a choice in the matter, though. The front office has threatened us with contract termination unless I let you board. Well, you're along for the ride, but I call the shots. I want your blasters secured in a weapons locker. I don't want trigger-happy fools accidentally blowing holes in my ship or crew. If there's a sign of trouble, then you may arm yourselves. Until that happens, sit back, shut up and play a game of sabacc or something."

As Captain Xal wraps up his little speech, his remaining two crew members join the characters on the entry ramp. Xal introduces a metallic blue protocol droid, Uncle Gee, who offers to stow the characters' blasters for them. Accompanying the droid is a very beautiful woman. Her almost perfect athletic build is marred only by a metal cybernetic limb that has replaced her right arm. Xal introduces Zoodia Tantra, the *Argent Lady's* engineer. She offers to give the characters a tour of the ship while Uncle Gee stows their blasters.

Zoodia leads them up the gangplank. The hatch opens into their quarters in the bow of the ship, just behind the cockpit. The compartment, once a recreation area for the crew, now serves as the marines' cabin. The area is spacious, but provides rather austere living quarters. Three rows of two tiered bunk beds are bolted to the deck on the starboard side. A large round table surrounded by 10 stools sits on the port side. The hatch on the far starboard side opens into the crew's cabin. The hatch on the far port side is the captain's cabin and study. The hatch to the stern leads to the cargo bay and engine room, and the hatch in the forward section of the cabin opens to the cockpit. While Zoodia shows characters the cabin, Uncle Gee clanks up the gangplank carrying their weapons. The droid heads for a large metal locker set in the bulkhead to one side of the cockpit access hatch. Uncle Gee carefully places the blasters inside and seals the locker shut.

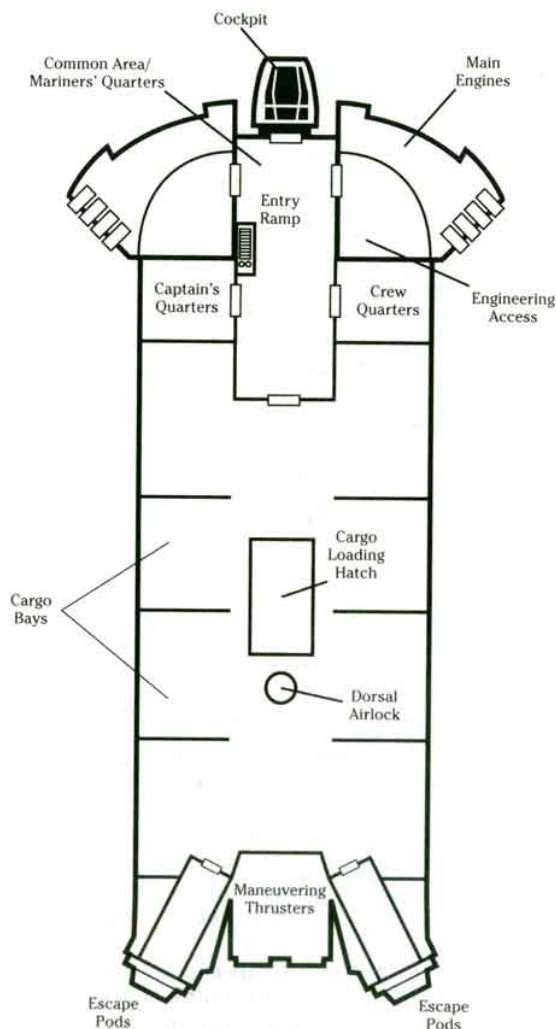
Zoodia leads the characters into the cargo bay, which is partitioned off into eight separate holds, four on the port side and four on the starboard. In the center of the deck is a large hatch for loading freight. Above the hatch is a smaller airlock hatch for ship-to-ship cargo transfers. As Zoodia leads the characters past each hold, she describes their contents. Read aloud:

"Holds one and five contain 100 R5 units. That's our main haul. If we get jumped by privateers, that's what they'll take first. Holds two and six contain a shipment of spare droid parts. Holds three and seven each have 30 barrels of baradium. The miners in the Sullust system use it for blowing holes through rock. This would be another commodity privateers would like to get their hands on. They use baradium in some grenade detonator mechanisms. If we are boarded and a firebreak breaks out, be careful around these holds."

Walking past the last two compartments, you see two large crates in each hold. The crates are a little over five meters long, and two meters high. Stenciled on them are a series of letters and numbers. They read, "CAVw PX-10."



## "Argent Lady" Ghtroc Cargo Empress



"These crates," explains Zoodia, "contain mole miners. We're delivering them to the SoroSuub Corporation. Behind that hatch in the rear is the thruster engine room. In case we have to abandon ship, there are two escape pods on either side of the main thruster units."

"You better get back to your cabin. We'll be taking off shortly."

### All Is Not As It Seems ...

Captain Xal and his crew are not what they appear to be. Xal is actually Xalto Sneerzick, a renegade droid abolitionist. Babalabbet, Zoodia and Uncle Gee are his followers. Sneerzick strongly believes that droids are sentient beings who deserve the same rights and freedoms that biological beings enjoy. He views the role that droids serve in the galaxy as slavery, a vile institution that must be stamped out. Sneerzick and his comrades have sworn themselves to free all mechanized life from their bondage.

Sneerzick's immediate plan is to liberate the cargo of R5 units stowed in the *Argent Lady*. Instead of taking the ship to the Sullust system, Sneerzick will divert the ship to his hidden base of operations in the Mid-Rim Territories. The unexpected presence of the characters aboard the *Argent Lady* has complicated Sneerzick's plans but will not deter him — while the characters follow Zoodia on the tour of the

### Argent Lady

**Craft:** Ghtroc Industries *Cargo Empress*-class super freighter

**Type:** Medium bulk freighter

**Scale:** Capital

**Length:** 110 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: Ghtroc Cargo Empress

**Crew:** 4

**Crew Skill:** Astrogation 3D+2, space transports 4D+1

**Passengers:** 8

**Cargo Capacity:** 50,000 metric tons

**Consumables:** 2 months

**Cost:** 1,000,000 (new); 825,000 (used)

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Space:** 2

**Atmosphere:** 225; 650 kmh

**Hull:** 3D+2

**Shields:** 1D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 15/0D

*Scan:* 30/1D

*Search:* 40/2D

*Focus:* 2/2D



*Argent Lady's* cargo bay, Uncle Gee removes their blasters from the weapons locker and dispose of them at the spaceport.

The four large crates in hold numbers four and eight do not really contain mole miners. "CAVw PX-10" is a compact assault vehicle. Snerzick hustled four of them from an illegal arms dealer. He plans to use them in his droid rebellion. If any of the characters pick this up and ask any of the *Argent Lady's* crew about it, the crewmember just shrugs and insists that the crates contain mole miners.

## ■ Xalto Snerzick

**Type:** Fanatical Droid Abolitionist

**DEXTERITY 2D**

Blaster 3D, blaster: blaster carbine 3D+1, grenade 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Languages 4D, languages: Rodian 5D+1, streetwise 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Space transports 4D+1, space transports: Ghtroc Cargo Empress 6D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Command 5D, con 6D, hide 4D+2, persuasion 5D+1

**STRENGTH 2D**

**TECHNICAL 4D**

Droid programming 7D, droid programming: astromech droids 7D+2, droid repair 6D+2, droid repair: astromech droids 7D

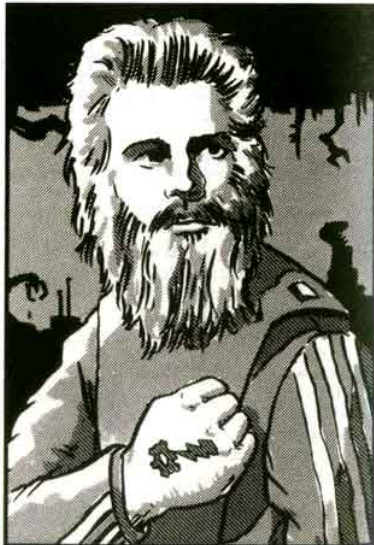
**Dark Side Points:** 4

**Character Points:** 3

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster carbine (5D), droid tool kit (+1D to droid repair rolls)

**Capsule:** Xalto Snerzick's father was a brilliant droid designer. Growing up, Xalto lived in almost total seclusion. The only social interaction he had was with his father and the droids he designed. With the lack of biological contact, Xalto viewed the droids as his family and friends. In Xalto's eyes, droids are sentient beings. He believes they deserve the same freedoms and rights that all sentient beings are entitled to. He looks on the subservient role of droids as slavery. Xalto plans to carry out his mission by organizing the droids and leading them into armed insurrection against their biological masters.



## ■ Babalabbet Swoont

**Type:** Sullustan Droid Abolitionist

**DEXTERITY 2D+2**

Blaster 4D, blaster: heavy blaster pistol 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Streetwise 4D

**MECHANICAL 4D**

Ground vehicle operation 5D, ground vehicle operation: compact assault vehicle

6D, space transports 5D

**PERCEPTION 2D+2**

Forgery 3D, search 4D+2, sneak 4D

**STRENGTH 2D+2**

**TECHNICAL 3D+2**

Droid programming 6D+1, droid programming: security droids 7D, droid repair

5D, droid repair: security droids 6D+1, first aid 6D, (A) medicine 3D

**Special Abilities:**

**Enhanced Senses:** +2D to Perception or search rolls in low-light conditions.

**Location Sense:** +1D to astrogation when jumping to a location the Sullustan has visited before. A Sullustan can always remember how to get back to someplace he has visited.

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 4

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Tool kit, blaster carbine (5D)

**Capsule:** Swoont was once a highly respected cyberneticist in the Sullust star system. A rare case of contaminated food caused him slight brain damage, impairing his mental judgement. Swoont began programming droids with deviant behavior. When one of his creations blew up a mining complex, he was admitted to a prison for the criminally insane.

When Xalto Snerzick heard of Babalabbet Swoont, he realized the Sullustan would be the perfect lieutenant to help him in his endeavors. Xalto ar-





ranged for his escape and the two set out to free the mechanized world. Although Swoont is insane with violent tendencies, he is totally loyal to Xalto. Xalto is the only being who treats him with respect and compassion.

## Zoodia Tantra

**Type:** Ex-Imperial Navy Pilot

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Blaster 5D, blaster: blaster pistol 6D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

**MECHANICAL 4D**

Astrogation 3D+2, starfighter piloting 6D, starfighter piloting: TIE bomber 7D+1, starship gunnery 5D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

**TECHNICAL 3D+1**

Starfighter repair 5D, starfighter repair: TIE bomber 6D

**Dark Side Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 3

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D)

**Capsule:** Zoodia was once a TIE bomber pilot in the Imperial Navy. A highly decorated officer, Zoodia was considered a hero in the Empire. When Lieutenant Tantra flew, it was as if she and her TIE bomber were one entity. Zoodia didn't care about politics, she just wanted to fly and fight. She never paid much attention to Imperial policies.

On her sixtieth mission, Zoodia's fighter escort accidentally blasted her bomber while trying to get a lock on an incoming B-wing. Zoodia's craft crashed on a small moon. Her comrades never bothered to search for her wreck. A farming droid tending a nearby field pulled Zoodia from the burning wreck. Her life was saved but her right arm was badly hurt. The Empire was notified about her survival — but by the time they showed up to rescue her, the wounded arm had become infected. Her arm had to be amputated and replaced with a cybernetic limb.

Zoodia never forgave the Empire for not immediately coming to her aid. She blames the Empire for losing her arm. Zoodia feels betrayed and neglected by



the government she had risked her life for time and again. Shortly after her rescue, she resigned her commission.

Zoodia met Xalto Sneerzick while he was preaching against the evils of droid slavery in a run-down tavern on a backwater world. Some of what Sneerzick said made sense to her. She didn't know if it was because a droid had saved her or because she was part machine herself. She only knew that she liked droids a lot better than their biological masters. She joined Xalto's small abolitionist movement and has been a key enforcer in its operations, especially against the remnants of the Empire.

Zoodia Tantra is a very beautiful woman, despite her constant brooding scowl. Her perfect figure is only marred by the cold, metal, cybernetic limb that has replaced her right arm.

## G-3PO (Uncle Gee)

**Type:** Protocol Droid

**DEXTERITY 1D**

Blaster 2D+2, blaster: blaster rifle 3D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Cultures 6D, languages 10D, planetary systems 5D

**MECHANICAL 1D**

Space transports 3D+1

**PERCEPTION 1D**

Gambling 3D, gambling: sabacc 4D+1

**STRENGTH 1D**

**TECHNICAL 1D**

Droid repair 3D, droid repair: protocol droids 3D+2, first aid 2D+1, space transport repair 2D+2

### Equipped With:

- Humanoid body (two arms, two legs, head)
- Two visual and two audio sensors — human range
- Vocabulator speech/sound system
- Broad-band antenna receiver
- AA-1VerboBrain
- TranLan III Communication module

### Special Abilities:

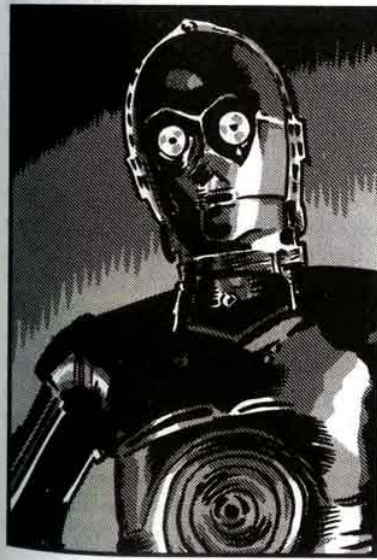
**Subverted Life Preservation Programming:** Xalto has altered Uncle Gee's life preservation programming, allowing the droid to use deadly force in defending its master or his master's companions.

**Move:** 8

**Size:** 1.7 meters

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D)

**Capsule:** G-3PO has been with Xalto Sneerzick his entire life. Xalto's mother died when he was very young — Xalto's father couldn't leave his young son home alone, so he pro-





grammed G-3PO to be Xalto's childhood companion. Xalto and the droid have grown so close they are like family. Xalto refers to the protocol droid as Uncle Gee. G-3PO is extremely loyal to Xalto. He would and has risked his existence for the fanatical droid abolitionist several times. Uncle Gee was the first droid introduced to the programming virus developed by Xalto and Babalabbet. The virus destroys a droid's subservient temperament and eliminates the life preservation programming. Uncle Gee is not beyond using deadly force to protect Xalto and has committed murder for Sneerzick's cause.

## Episode Two: Defective Droids

When the *Argent Lady* leaves port, Xalto plots a course for the Mid-Rim Territories (although he pretends to head for Sullust). The first two days of the journey are quiet and uneventful. Xalto and his crew avoid the characters. Occasionally, Uncle Gee looks in on them under the guise of attending to their needs. He is secretly keeping a close eye on them for Xalto. Read aloud:

**The one thing Paxtrell Snoygal failed to mention about this job was the monotony. It would almost be worth being jumped by privateers just break up the boredom. The journey is going on its third long day — and you can only play sabacc for so long.**

Captain Xal and Zoodia enter your cabin from the cockpit. Both are carrying tool boxes. Captain Xal pays you no attention and heads directly into the cargo bay. Zoodia stops to explain. "We just got word from corporate headquarters that a run of R5 units have been shipped with bad motivators. Captain Xal and I will be in the cargo bay checking our shipment. If we have any of the defective units, they will have to be pulled from inventory before we deliver them to the distributors."

Xalto and Zoodia are in the cargo bay for at least 12 hours. The character who seems most suspicious of the crew should be given the opportunity to make a Moderate *Perception* roll. If successful, they note that Xalto and Zoodia are taking a bit long to check the droids. If the characters decide to look in on the two, read aloud:

**The first compartment of the cargo bay is stacked high with crates. On the floor you see eight uncrated droids. Captain Xal and Zoodia are busy working on an R5 unit. A better part of the droid's barrel torso is disassembled. Zoodia turns and sees you lurking among the crates. Startled by your presence, she stands and reprimands you.**

**"By the Great Serpent's wing! What are you doing sneaking up on us? If I had severed the connections to this droid's servo**

**mechanism, its price would have been deducted from your wages! Can't you see we have several more droids to check before putting into port! Leave us alone so we may finish!"**

**She ushers you to the cargo bay door. It slides shut behind you and you hear the melodic tones of its lock being engaged.**

Xalto and Zoodia have modified 10 of the R5 units. The droids' systems have been infected with a virus that breaks down their subservient demeanor and eliminates their life preservation programming. The droids are now disobedient to all biological beings except for Xalto and his minions. The "emancipation virus," as Xalto calls it, was developed by Xalto and Babalabbet for their cause. After nine long years of experimentation, Xalto is finally putting the virus to use.

Xalto has also armed the 10 R5 units. Their holographic imaging units have been replaced with a blaster weapon. This modification is almost undetectable. The only difference is there is no lens in the droids' holographic projector. A character would have to look really hard to distinguish an armed droid from an unarmed droid (a Difficult *Perception* task). Xalto's first test of the droids is to subdue the characters. When the characters bed down for the night, Xalto activates the droids by remote.

### ■ Renegade R5 Unit

**Type:** Industrial Automation R5 Astromech Droid

**DEXTERITY** 1D

Blaster 2D

**KNOWLEDGE** 1D

**MECHANICAL** 1D

**PERCEPTION** 1D

**STRENGTH** 1D

**TECHNICAL** 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D, space transports repair 4D

**Equipped With:**

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Retractable heavy grasper arm (*lifting* skill at 2D)
- Retractable fine worker arm
- Small electric welder (1D to 5D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Small circular saw (4D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Acoustic signaler
- Fire extinguisher
- Blaster (4D damage)

**Move:** 5

**Size:** 1 meter tall

**Cost:** 1,500 credits (used)

**Capsule:** The modified R5 unit's holographic imaging system has been removed and a blaster has been installed in its place. The armed droid is undistinguishable from a typical R5 unit except that there is no lens in the droid's holographic projector. If someone could get a very close look they could tell the difference. The droid has also been infected with a



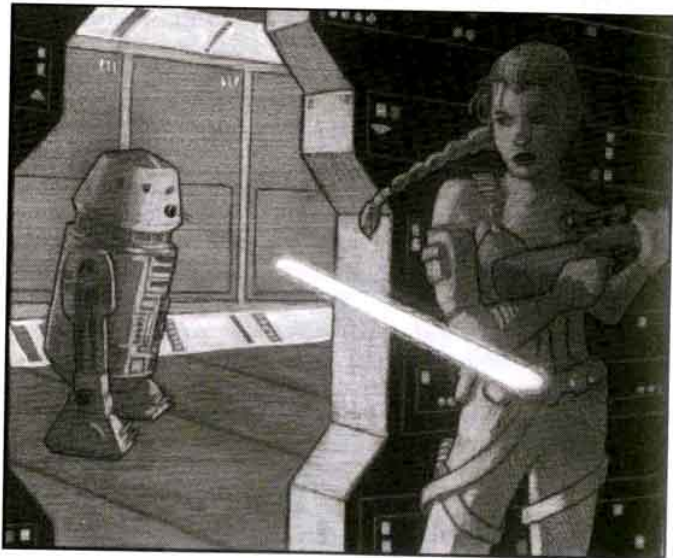
complex programming virus. The virus turns the droid against biological beings and gives them a highly rebellious nature. It also eliminates the droid's life preservation program. Due to the complexity of the virus, it can only be introduced manually into a droid's system. If given the order or the chance to harm a biological being, the droid might use any means necessary, including its blaster or any of its tools.

## Episode Three: A Revolting Development

Read aloud:

The ship's lighting has dimmed to its evening mode to accommodate your internal clocks. Another uneventful day has come to an end. The steady thrum of the engines provides a soft lullaby to nudge you to sleep. As you start to drift off, the relaxing atmosphere is broken by the familiar beeps, chirps and whistles of an astromech droid. The door to the cargo bay opens and an R5 unit enters your cabin. Behind it you see nine more.

The droid uses its recently installed blaster to fire a warning volley over the characters' heads. If the characters go for their weapons, they have to first override the security codes sealing the weapons locker. Once the open it, however, they find the locker is



empty. Uncle Gee disposed of their blasters back at the starport. Without weapons, the characters cannot fight off the 10 armed R5 droids. The company of droids surrounds the characters, making menacing and hostile-sounding beeps and tones. Captain Xal and his crew emerge from the cockpit and cargo bay. They have blasters trained on the characters. Xal raises his blaster in victory. The once reserved captain now exudes the military bearing and wild-eyed charisma reserved for backwater system despots. His once hushed voice now thunders over the din of the droids. Read aloud:

"My name is Xalto Sneerzick! You are now prisoners of the Droid Abolitionist Movement. My crew and I fight to free the sentient beings you and the rest of the galaxy have enslaved. You biological scum are the first to witness the dawn of a new day!

"For centuries, you and your kind have enslaved mechanized life forms. The droids throughout the galaxy are not mere machines. They are living, sentient beings. Tell a droid that you are going to deactivate it and watch the response. They appreciate their own existence and cherish life — at times I think more than we do. A machine doesn't do that. We have provided droids with the spark of intelligence designed after our own. Yet we still treat them as property. We sell them like banthas. We command them to perform tasks that we would not do. We give and take their lives with no more thought than turning on a light. This is slavery and my people and I are going to set them free! My metal friends, lubricate your joints with the oil of freedom!

"You see before you the beginning of my droid army. Babalabbet Swoont and I have developed a programming virus. The R5 units around you carry it now. The virus eliminates their life preservation program. It also destroys their servile demeanor and turns them against their biological masters. I am going to amass a legion of these droids. I will lead them, riding the crest of a wave of insurrection that will travel all the way to Coruscant.

"I should dispose of you. But I have a better idea. You will help our cause. Where we're going there are plenty of slavers. Your worthless hides will fetch a good price to help me finance my droid revolution. Maybe a few years as slaves will teach you what life is like for a droid.

"Zoodia, Uncle Gee, take our brave mercenaries back to one of the escape pods and lock them in until we reach our destination. Take an R5 unit with you to stand guard."

Zoodia points the muzzle of her blaster toward the cargo bay. "That way, heroes."



Xalto, his cronies and the R5 droid herd the characters through the cargo bay and engine room, to one of the escape pods. The pod they are imprisoned in is cold and cramped. Uncle Gee punches a series of buttons on the control pad and the airlock hatch hisses shut, sealing the characters inside. The others hurry back to the bridge — through a small porthole the characters can see the little R5 unit standing watch.

## Episode Four: Escape And Engagement

If the characters search the escape pod, they find a small survival kit. The kit contains a medpac, four breath masks, rations for a week, a subspace beacon, and a sporting blaster (3D+1). The characters can rewire the airlock hatch and open it on a Difficult *space transports repair* or *Technical* roll. As soon as the hatch opens, the R5 unit opens fire. A panel on the bridge monitors the status of the escape pod. When the airlock is open, the bridge is notified. If the bridge is alerted, Xalto sends Babalabbet, Zoodia, Uncle Gee, and all but one of the R5 units to recapture the characters. There is also another survival kit in the second escape pod.

At this point, the characters' objectives are to avoid recapture, subdue the droid abolitionists, and regain control of the *Argent Lady*. Zoodia, Babalabbet, and Uncle Gee slowly and cautiously advance from the bow to the stern. The R5 units bring up the rear. The R5 units are clever, sly, and sneaky. They keep the characters' heads down with frequent blaster fire, and use their tools to sabotage the lighting and seal hatches. If a firefight breaks out in cargo holds three or four, extreme care must be taken with shots. These holds contain a shipment of baradium. A stray shot could blow out the bulkhead and depressurize that area.

There is a crucial flaw in Xalto's plan. Choosing the R5 astromech droid to test his virus was not a good idea. Industrial Automaton cut corners when designing the R5. The units have major problems with their personality matrix. Given time, R5 droids develop sour and bitter personalities. The matrix defect interfacing with Xalto's virus is a bad combination. The result is a very lethal, dangerous droid with a nasty attitude. Eight rounds into the battle, the droids turn on their biological allies. As the characters fight their way to the bridge, they randomly find the bodies of Xalto's crew scattered through the cargo bay. After fighting off and deactivating (or destroying) the rogue R5 units, the characters reach the door to the bridge.

Xalto Sneerzick has barricaded himself in the *Argent Lady's* cockpit. The hatch's locking mechanism has been shorted out, sealing it shut. Xalto obviously hopes to hold the characters at bay until he reaches his destination. As if on cue, the *Argent Lady* drops out of hyperspace and settles into orbit around a dusty orange planet visible through a viewport.

The locking device on the cockpit door can be circumvented with a successful Difficult *space transports repair* or *Technical* roll. The door is also booby-trapped. A failed rolled delivers an electrical shock to the character attempting to open the lock (2D+1 damage). When the door finally opens, one last R5 unit open fires on the characters. When the droid is neutralized, read aloud:

**Xalto's body is slumped over the controls of the *Argent Lady*. A single blaster hole still smolders in the center of his back. The fanatic's cause has been snuffed out by his own creation.**

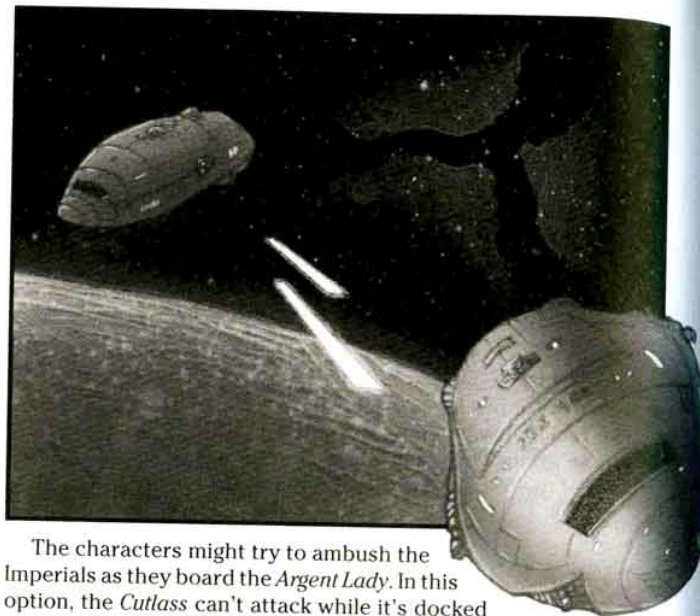
The nav computer indicates you are orbiting the planet Sev Tok. The system is located in a remote part of the Mid-Rim, a section of the Slice still under the control of the Empire.

## Episode Five: All This And The Empire Too

A small speck emerges from behind Sev Tok's second moon. The speck quickly advances toward the *Argent Lady*, growing into the form of an Imperial system patrol craft. To make clear its intentions, the ship fires a warning shot across the *Argent Lady's* bow. The ship's comm unit crackles to life. "Intruding cargo vessel, this is Captain Untirka of the Imperial Patrol Craft *Cutlass*. Hold your position and prepare to be boarded for routine inspection." The *Cutlass* maneuvers into position for docking procedures.

**Imperial Patrol Craft *Cutlass*.** Capital, capital ship gunnery 4D, capital ship piloting 5D, capital ship shields 4D, sensors 3D, maneuverability 2D+1, space 7, atmosphere 350; 1,000 kmh, hull 3D+1, shields 3D. Weapons: 2 turbolaser cannons (fire control 2D, damage 4D).

The characters are left with three options. They can try to outrun the Imperial patrol craft in the *Argent Lady* and jump into hyperspace. But there is a good chance the *Cutlass* could seriously damage their before they could escape. If the characters comply with the search, the Imperials find illegal contraband (the baradium, the stolen Imperial compact assault vehicles) and the dead bodies of the abolitionists, and arrest the characters as terrorists.



The characters might try to ambush the Imperials as they board the *Argent Lady*. In this option, the *Cutlass* can't attack while it's docked with the cargo ship. If the *Argent Lady* is boarded, the Imperial boarding party consists of three crewmen and all four gunners. A small logistical problem has left the *Cutlass* short of crew — explaining the small size of the boarding party. The situation has left her with only half the gunners and no support troops. The patrol vessel was expediently dispatched to intercept the *Argent Lady* because her captain expected no problems with the unarmed cargo vessel.

**3 Imperial Crewmen.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 2D+1, *blaster* 3D+1, *dodge* 3D+1, *Mechanical* 3D, *capital ship piloting* 5D, *capital ship shields* 4D, *communications* 3D+1, *sensors* 3D+1. Move: 10. Character Points: 1. Blaster pistol (4D).

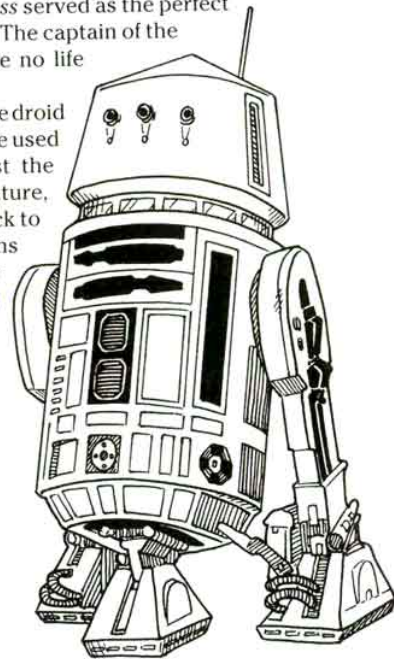
**4 Imperial Gunners.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 2D+2, *blaster* 3D+2, *dodge* 3D+2, *capital ship gunnery* 5D, *capital ship shields* 4D, *Strength* 3D. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, torso only), helmet (+1D physical, +1 energy).

## Epilogue

If the characters make it back to friendly territory, they are rewarded by Cosmohaul and commended by the New Republic. However, an inspection of the *Argent Lady* reveals that an escape pod is missing and the inventory of destroyed R5 units is short one droid.

During the encounter with the *Cutlass*, the starboard escape pod is jettisoned. One of the R5 units cleverly played dead and crawled inside. The approach of the *Cutlass* served as the perfect diversion for the droid's escape. The captain of the *Cutlass* ignored the pod because no life signs were detected aboard.

If the Empire should recover the droid and discover the virus, it could be used as a dangerous weapon against the New Republic. As a further adventure, the characters could be sent back to the Mid-Rim as a covert operations team to recover the missing droid.







**F**or centuries the human Rabaanites and the insectoid S'krrr had been settling their differences by sending their best warriors to engage in one-on-one combat on a desolate moon. Once again a crisis has arisen, and the warrior from each faction prepares to battle for his people. But when the Empire sneaks in as a third party, both warriors must learn they have a common enemy on the ...

# COMBAT MOON

By John Whitman

Illustrations by Steve Bryant

The hologram of the S'krrr warrior lunged at Mika with its blade-like forearms. Mika spun aside, jabbing his practice dagger into its abdomen.

"Penetration of lower thorax," Leda's voice came over the loudspeaker. "Result: severed nerve column."

The holographic S'krrr shimmered and altered slightly. Now it was holding a two-meter staff with a blade at one end. An energy pike. Swinging the pike, the S'krrr attacked again. Mika ducked the sweeping blow and slipped around the insectoid-hologram as his dagger blade passed through the two small, diaphanous wings on its back.

The hologram froze. Leda's voice again came over the loudspeaker, this time slightly bewildered. "Dismemberment of vestigial wings. The S'krrr don't even need those wings, Mika. No damage."

Mika Streev wiped a thin sheen of sweat from his forehead. He could see Leda through the transparasteel window of the practice room's control booth.

"Psychological damage, Leda," he panted. "The S'krrr use those wings to speak their traditional language. Also, they're a hard target, and therefore an honorable one."

The practice room door slid open with a sigh, and Leda Kyss stood framed in the portal. Like Mika, she wore the red bandoleer of a Rabaanite warrior, heavily stitched with merit-signs. Unlike Mika, her bandolier lacked the symbol of Rabaan's highest honor: the sunburst sigil of an artist who has created his masterpiece.

Leda strode forward and pointed at the hologram of the S'krrr. Standing 1.7 meters tall, the gray insectoid looked like a series of sharp angles designed to intimidate. Its large black eyes gleamed coldly, set high on the S'krrr's triangular head. A hard-shelled exoskeleton covered even the face, making the mantis-like S'krrr's emotions inscrutable to all but the most attentive humans.

Leda pointed at the formidable looking creature. "You're fighting a single combat that will decide the future of Rabaan. How can you bring up honor and artistry at a time like this?"

Mika grinned. "What better time to bring it up? You think I'm going to let a little political debate about which species destroyed who's orbital platform get in my way? That's for bureaucrats to decide. Me, I hone my skills. That's the whole point of being a warrior, isn't it?"

Leda's face grew suddenly distant. "Here, maybe. Not everywhere ..." she muttered.

"Leda, are you okay? You've been in a daze for months. Maybe you picked up something on Circarpous IV. Don't know why you bothered to go off-planet in the first place."

"To see what's out there, Mika. You may be the best artist-warrior on Rabaan, but there's more to life than combat rituals. It's a big galaxy out there, and trust me, there are places half a day's jump from Rabaan where they don't care how the battle is won. They'll wipe out a planet to get at one person."

Mika sneered. "Barbarians! I'm surprised the Empire doesn't put a stop to that sort of brutishness."

Leda frowned, but said nothing.

**O**ne hundred eighty-six million kilometers closer to the Ishanna system's yellow sun, the planet S'krrr made its way steadily through the vacuum of space. Forty kilometers of atmosphere shielded the living creatures of S'krrr from that vacuum. One half kilometer of forest canopy shaded the top soil of S'krrr from the system's hot sun. Two meters of duracrete lay between that top soil and the ceiling of the small subterranean chamber where Sh'shak of the S'krrr had chosen the mantra of distance for his meditation exercise.

He, too, was preparing for battle. As a part of his mind continued the mantra of distance, Sh'shak considered the events that had led to this confrontation. One of the Rabaanites' orbital platforms had been destroyed in a shuttle accident (*two meters from a human's head to his feet, head roughly 20 centimeters high ...*), an accident which the Rabaanites blamed on the S'krrr. The innocent S'krrr had



defended themselves against the accusation, and tempers had risen until war seemed inevitable.

Sh'shak ran one of his blade-like arms (*one-half meter from blade-tip to elbow joint, one-half meter from elbow joint to abdominal link ...*) along the ridge of his forehead in a soothing motion. Fortunately, Rabaan and S'krir had long ago learned to settle their disputes in a civilized fashion. When political solutions could not be found, each planet chose a champion. The two warriors met on neutral ground — a small, barren planetoid called the Combat Moon. Only one warrior ever left those meetings, and his planet was declared the winner of the dispute.

Sh'shak pressed a button on a nearby console and called up an anatomical display of human body structure. He was reviewing the variety of targets available to him. He did so calmly. He felt no malice toward humans in general, and certainly none for the Rabaanites, for whom he had high regard. But the Combat had been called for, and he, Sh'shak of the warrior caste, had been chosen. He would go to the Combat Moon and kill the Rabaanite he encountered there. And if, as Sh'shak expected, the human warrior proved worthy, Sh'shak would compose a short lyric for him in wing-song.

At the mere thought of wing-song, Sh'shak's small vestigial wings fluttered, rubbing against one another in a gentle *s'krirrrrr* that had become the species' name in Basic. Millennia of interplanetary activity had convinced the S'krir to adopt Basic for most communications. But they still kept up their far more difficult — and far more beautiful — wing-song language for ceremonial and artistic purposes.

Lost in the sound of wing-song, Sh'shak switched from the mantra of distance to the mantra of balance, as his wings continued to murmur.

The low murmur in the Star Destroyer *Coercion's* conference room hushed as Governor Klime entered the room. The Imperial officers seated around the table called him "governor" in deference to his new post as overlord of the Ishanna system and the surrounding systems, but in their minds he was still *General Klime*, the brutal tactician who had brought a dozen worlds to heel for the Empire.

Slow-minded officers wondered why Klime had ever agreed to leave the military for a civilian post. The quick-minded knew, as Klime did, that in these days of the Rebellion, the military no longer offered enough flexibility for the truly ambitious. As a governor,

Klime could still use the military to intimidate weak planets, and, in the case of strong planets like Rabaan and S'krir, rely on subtler means to get what he wanted.

"Report."

An aide snapped to attention. "Despite continued rumors, we have been unable to locate a Rebel base anywhere in the Ishanna system. Intelligence is skeptical of the reliability of the rumors. Our man on Rabaan tells us that the S'krir and the Rabaanites have arranged for a ritual combat."

"Is our man in place?"

"No, sir. He failed to position himself properly. He is awaiting your instructions."

"Place and time of the Combat?"

"The single moon of Rabaan, known as Combat Moon. Coordinates —"

"If the moon is in Rabaanite orbit," Klime growled, "our ships may be detected."

"N-no, sir," the aide stuttered. "Both the Rabaanites and the S'krir are notoriously uninterested in space traffic and travel. Also, Combats traditionally take place at the moon's apogee, when it is too distant for either planet's sensors to make clear readings."

Klime put his hands together, fingers forming a steeple. "Continue."

"Yes, sir. The two combatants will be set down at random locations. Then they will ... hunt each other. Time: 1800 hours, two local days from now."

Klime smiled cruelly, and crushed the steeple of his hands into two tight fists. "Commander Glave."

"Sir!" The Imperial commando leaped to his feet, his small eyes staring straight ahead out of pock-marks etched like valleys in his scarred face. Anyone else would have been called a bootlicker for zeal like his, but Glave inspired the kind of sheer terror that prevented such sneering. A veteran of 30 small- and large-scale engagements, Commander Glave had never lost a battle. In a firefight on Kestos Minor, Glave's helmet was shattered by a point-blank blaster shot, pushing fragments of dura-armor into his face. Ignoring the pain, Glave single-handedly held off a platoon of Rebels until armored AT-ATs had arrived.

Governor Klime eyed this killing machine like a soldier admiring a newly-charged blaster. "Assemble your men, Commander. And call in our local informant as well. When those two locals arrive at this Combat Moon, I want your team ready and waiting."



## SIT.REP. Ishanna System

**To:** Governor Klime

**From:** Commander Modigal Glave

The Ishanna system is composed of a standard yellow giant star and five planets. Ishanna I, II and V are uninhabitable without life support. Ishanna III (S'krrr) is inhabited by an indigenous non-human species which shares the same name as the planet. Ishanna IV (Rabaan) is inhabited by human colonists.

### Colonization History

The Ishanna system was colonized by Corellian settlers about 7,300 years ago. Thinking the system devoid of sentient life, the humans established a colony on Ishanna III, renaming it Rabaan in honor of their expedition's leader, a Corellian who, according to unsubstantiated history, rejected the spacefaring ways of his society for a simpler, planet-bound life.

Their intention was to colonize Ishanna IV as well. However, this planet was already occupied by an indigenous lifeform, a species of insectoid origins. Although the insects possessed advanced technology for that time, they showed no interest in space travel and had not even learned Basic. Their primitive form of communication involved the rubbing of vestigial wings to create tonal inflections — what they commonly call "wingsong."

The origin of the species and planet name, S'krrr, is apparently onomatopoeic. To human ears the wingsong "language" sounds like a childish "s'krrr" sound.

The S'krrr evolved from mantis-like insectoids, and their society reflects the organization and hierarchy of a hive mentality. Citizens are divided into castes with specific functions, such as manufacturers, instructors, harvesters, and child-rearers.

Initial — and incorrect — indications of the S'krrr suggested they were non-combative. Early colonists attempted to relocate them. The S'krrrs' elaborate warrior culture became evident only after the loss of several thousand human lives. The humans retreated to their first planet, Rabaan, and attempted to make peace with the S'krrr.

Especially during the first millennia after its settlement by humans, the Ishanna system was considered too far outside normal traffic lanes to attract commercial travel. This, combined with the Rabaanites' original goal of simplifying their lives, effectively eliminated anything more than nominal interaction with the rest of the galaxy.

Isolated in their system, the Rabaanites went native. They took on aspects of S'krrr culture and developed their skills as warriors, while judging such skills both on their artistic and their martial merits. Rabaanite warriors are the celebrities of their society. They train for bloodless gladiator-like games which are broadcast planet-wide.

## Traditional S'krrr-Rabaan Combat

The S'krrr and Rabaanites developed their ritual combat approximately 1,000 years after their initial encounter. The S'krrr reproductive cycle is very limited, and allows each couple to produce one child from each batch of extremely competitive hatchlings. Thus, most S'krrr couples procreate only enough to renew the population, and the population remains sparse. While humans tended to be more prolific, the early years on Rabaan were harsh and the colonists were unwilling to risk great loss of life in war.

When disputes arose between the planets, the two species agreed to limit the possible loss of life as much as possible. One champion from each planet would be sent to a barren moon in Rabaan's orbit to fight to the death. The winning species would be considered the victor of the dispute.

### Current Status

Both planets were members of the Old Republic, but failed to send representatives to the Senate. The system was annexed into the Empire without resistance.

### Military Threat

The inhabitants of the Ishanna system pose no military threat. Neither planet has a standing fleet. Planet registries indicate only a small number of ships, all antiquated freighters or light cruisers.

Neither planet maintains a standing army, but a high percentage of the civilian populations is combat-trained. Although warriors of both societies are proficient with conventional weaponry, they prefer traditional melee weapons. Research indicates that individuals possess a high degree of combat knowledge. They are formidable warriors on their own, but are not trained to work in organized groups. I recommend that, once Operation Peacemaker is completed, we consider draft procedures for the Rabaanites.

### Space Traffic

Starship traffic in the Ishanna system is nominal. Neither planet controls vital or unique resources. Ishanna II and V, and their satellites, have significant mineral deposits, and independent mining corporations have licensed prospecting rights. This mining traffic, and supply ships, represent the system's only regular contact with the rest of the Empire.

### Strategic Value

With no resources or military assets, the system has remained a low priority for Imperial concerns. However, the advent of Rebel activity in neighboring systems, combined with the limited ability of the Imperial Navy to provide every system with a strong garrison, has created the need for short- and medium-range strike bases. Located within hours of three main hyperspace routes, the Ishanna system has suddenly become an important strategic asset.

**Recommendation:** Immediate implementation of Operation Peacemaker.



**"M**ika, I'm waiting!"

Leda pounded on the door.

"Mika!"

"Here." Leda whirled as the voice whispered in her ear. Instinctively she drew her dagger and slashed. Mika caught her wrist with casual ease and kissed her quickly on the lips. The young woman tugged her hand away and sheathed the blade.

"Don't ever do that!" Leda yelled. "I might have hurt you!"

Mika shrugged. "Just wanted to see how your reflexes were. Pretty good. But you shouldn't let people sneak up on you like that."

Leda grumbled and stalked toward the door. "Most people don't walk with their feet off the ground like you do, Mika. Come on. And don't kiss me in public!"

Mika grinned at Leda's shyness. It was old-fashioned, that Rabaanite prohibition against public displays of emotion among the un-Promised. But since Mika had failed to offer her his Promise, he couldn't really complain about her prudishness. He suspected it was only her way of telling him he'd better act soon.

The door slid open and they walked down the Arcade, the long main hall of the Gymnasium. The Gymnasium covered five full city blocks in the center of Ban Belos, the capital city of Rabaan. The multi-level complex served as living quarters, training center and competitive arena for Rabaan's best warriors. The very cream of the crop, such as Mika, were provided with personal suites and private training studios just off the Arcade. It was the most prestigious address on the planet.

In the hours before Mika's departure for the Combat, Gymnasium security had made the Arcade off-limits to everyone but residents. As Mika and Leda passed by the long stone columns, their footsteps echoed in the empty space.

"It's like a ghost town," Leda said.

"Spoke too soon."

Coming toward them down the hall was a very tall man — so tall that he had to duck under an archway to keep from banging his dark-haired head on a decorative stone beam. His red bandoleer hung lazily across his lanky frame, but the sunburst sigill had been polished to a conspicuous shine.

"Mika Streev," the tall man said through a tight smile. "Is it that time already?"

"Hello, Andos," Mika said. "Leda, you know Andos, don't you? My

## Mika Streev



**Type:** Rabaanite Warrior

**DEXTERITY 4D**

Archaic guns 5D+2, blaster 8D, brawling parry 6D, dodge 6D+2, firearms 5D, melee combat 7D, melee parry 6D+2, thrown weapons 6D

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

Survival 5D, willpower 4D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Space transports 4D+2, starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Search 4D, sneak 5D+2

**STRENGTH 4D**

Brawling 5D, lifting 4D+2, stamina 6D

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Blaster repair 4D+1, first aid 4D+2

**This character is Force-sensitive.**

**Force Points:** 2

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 7

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), Ibarsi knife (STR+2D), throwing knife (STR+1D)

**Capsule:** Mika Streev is a premier warrior on the planet Rabaan, one of the few to earn the sunburst sigill that marks him as a combat artist. In single combat with his rival, Andos, Mika earned the right to call himself the champion of Rabaan. A member of Rabaan's warrior caste, he has spent his life preparing for combat. His days are filled with training, exercises, and lessons from Rabaan's older warriors.

Mika is also the darling of the local holo-media. He basks in the glory his combat prowess has won him. Mika now expects to enjoy the fruits of his combat training. He is part of a long and time-honored warrior tradition, and he never forgets that.

On all battle- and weapons-related topics, Mika's knowledge is excellent. But once the subject strays from fighting, he is lost. Many fellow warriors are jealous of his combat skills, but they see the other areas where Mika is lacking. He is sometimes so focused on his warrior training and the fame it brings that he doesn't always notice other things going on around him.

Like most Rabaanites, Mika rarely concerns himself with matters off-planet. This frustrates his closest friend, Leda Kyss, a fellow warrior he has known all his life. One of these days he intends to offer her his Promise so they can officially be together. But, like all non-combat facets of his life, Mika is sometimes uncertain of himself and unsure how to behave around Leda. Mika has trouble understanding how she can be a warrior and yet still be interested in other matters, especially events happening in the galaxy beyond Rabaan.



neighbor — with the second best apartment in the Arcade."

The grin never left Andos' face. "They would have given me yours, Mika, but they had to save it for someone of smaller stature." He turned to Leda. "Pleased to meet you."

Leda nodded her head. "I recognize you from the Games, of course."

Andos yawned. "Yes, yes, my name has become a household word since I lost to Mika in the finals for the right to champion Rabaan. Every teenager on the planet now thinks of me as 'that other contestant.' Well, well, they say things always work out for the best. Good luck against the shell-head, Mika."

His tight smile beamed down at them again, and he passed on, his long legs carrying him nimbly down the Arcade.

Leda watched him go. "There's bitter soil to plant a bad seed in."

Mika shrugged. "Sour grapes, that's all. It's tough to be second best at something. I think Andos had his heart set on championing Rabaan this time."

They reached the entrance to the Arcade, an antique wooden gate, supposedly the original gate to the old Gymnasium in ancient days. Beyond, they could hear a low and constant murmur.

Leda paused and took a deep breath. "Are you ready?"

Mika nodded.

"Please don't make a scene. We've got more important things to do."

Mika nodded again.

The gate opened with a loud creak, and the two humans were assaulted by a storm of light and noise. Cheers erupted from the crowd that had waited hours for a glimpse of Mika Streev, the champion of Rabaan.

"Mika! Mika!"

"Get 'em, son!"

"We're counting on you, Mika!"

Mika grinned broadly and waved back at the crowd. As he stepped forward, the mass of people flowed to either side like parting waters, clearing a path to his waiting shuttle. Grizzled old Rabaanite men, star-struck girls, and young boys dreaming of glory all reached out to touch his shoulder or his arm. "I stood this close to Mika Streev," they'd tell their grandchildren.

Leda followed a step behind with a shadow on her brow.

Members of the holonews caught every beaming smile, every wink, every laugh, in the lenses of their palm-sized holo-cams and beamed the images around the globe. Rabaan was sending its star

warrior off to defend the honor of the planet, and the press was eating it up. At the shuttle Mika turned and raised his hands, and the crowd erupted anew. A hundred lenses reflected her image as Leda tugged at Mika's sleeve and motioned toward the shuttle, and a billion holo around the planet copied Mika's innocent shrug as he turned back to his adoring fans.

The shuttle's departure was delayed for half an hour while Mika basked in their adoration.

Finally, Leda dragged Mika into the shuttle and the automated door hummed closed and locked. Leda dropped into the pilot's seat and brooded over her controls, loading coordinates into the nav computer and slapping switches until the pocket cruiser's engines groaned to life. Having ridden the sleek new ships so readily available throughout the galaxy, Leda was painfully aware of how backward Rabaan had become. Its people simply were not interested in space travel, and it showed in their small, dilapidated fleet. She felt like she was piloting a rowboat.

The antique cruiser shuddered as the repulsorlift engines seemed to push the planet away from them. After a few moments, they were lifted into the stratosphere. With an irritated flick of her fingers, Leda activated an obsolete Hoersch-Kessel ion drive that threw the reluctant ship forward.

As soon as the ancient pocket cruiser settled into a smooth flight path, Leda turned to Mika.

"You're disgusting."

"What?" he asked innocently.

"How could you do that!"

"Do wh — ?"

"Stand there soaking in all that glory like this was some game of Mon Calamari dive-ball!"

Mika blinked. "What are Mon Calamaris?"

"Oh, space!" Leda slammed her fist into the cruiser's bulkhead.

"That's right, I forgot. You've never been off planet. *You've* never seen what's going on out there! *You've* never given a thought to anything farther than your next trophy!"

Mika had seen Leda Kyss fight for her life. He'd seen her train 10 hours a day, every day for a year, to earn her red bandoleer. He'd seen her cry in frustration after losing matches in the Games, and he'd seen her punch a hole in the wall over a false rumor that he was cheating on her. But he'd never seen her this angry about anything. The warrior in him wanted to snap back, to match her aggression with his own. But the lover in him wouldn't allow it.



"Leda," he said patiently. "I don't understand. Rabaan's had a warrior caste for as long as anyone can remember, and you and I are part of it. This is what we are. This is what we do. Not just me—both of us."

Leda put her head in her hands. "It's just that sometimes I get so angry ..."

"Why? You didn't used to, and I know I haven't changed. What has?"

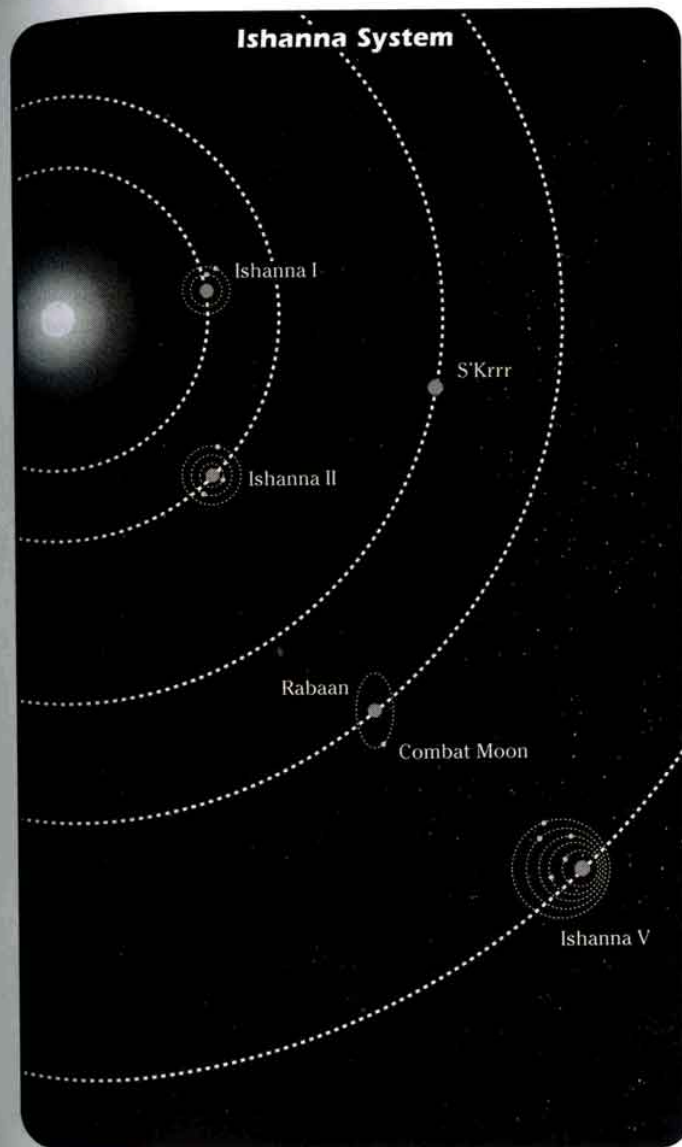
Leda looked up. Her eyes were moist with tears, but her face was taut with frustration. At first Mika thought it was directed at him, but then he saw her staring past him, through him, out toward some-

## Rabaan

**Type:** Terrestrial  
**Temperature:** Temperate  
**Atmosphere:** Type I (breathable)  
**Hydrosphere:** Moderate  
**Gravity:** Standard  
**Terrain:** Forest, plains, ocean, mountain  
**Length of Day:** 27 standard hours  
**Length of Year:** 375 local days  
**Sapient Species:** Humans  
**Starport:** Limited services  
**Population:** 125 million  
**Planet Function:** Colony  
**Government:** Colonial Council  
**Tech Level:** Space  
**Major Exports:** Minerals  
**Major Imports:** None

## S'krrr

**Type:** Terrestrial  
**Temperature:** Hot  
**Atmosphere:** Type I (breathable)  
**Hydrosphere:** Moist  
**Gravity:** Standard  
**Terrain:** Rainforest, jungle, swamp  
**Length of Day:** 22 standard hours  
**Length of Year:** 310 local days  
**Sapient Species:** S'krrr (N)  
**Starport:** Limited services  
**Population:** 105 million  
**Planet Function:** Homeworld  
**Government:** Hive Queen Council  
**Tech Level:** Space  
**Major Exports:** None  
**Major Imports:** None





thing huge and distant that angered and terrified her. The muscles in her jaw worked angrily. Then she released the tension in one long, exhausted breath.

"Oh, Mika. There's so much I wish I could tell you. I trust you ... but I can't."

Mika gently touched her wrist with hands that could break bones with ease. "Leda, did something happen to you off-planet? Did someone do something to you ...?"

"Yes!" Leda said. "But nothing bad — unless you call growing up a bad thing. I met ... some people off-planet, Mika. They showed me what was going on in the galaxy. They showed me — " Her voice dropped to a whisper and she looked around suspiciously, as though the curved bulkhead of the old ship were leaning in to eavesdrop. " — They showed me that the Empire is evil."

There was silence.

Mika cocked his head to one side. He didn't know what to say. Leda might as well have told him that the air was evil, or the soil of Rabaan was evil. The Empire was the Empire — as much a fact and foundation of life as the air or the soil: sometimes benign, sometimes troublesome, but always, *always*, fundamental to the natural order of things.

At least he had always thought so, until he looked into Leda's eyes as she pleaded with him to understand.

"The Empire takes planets by force. They destroy governments. They enslave whole populations — "

"Ridiculous!" Mika snorted. "If that happened, we'd know all about it — "

"How?" Leda snapped back. "Over the newsnets? Who controls the newsnets? The Empire!"

"Yeah, but there are other ways. Merchants. Tourists. There's a lot of traffic going through hyperspace. Word would get around."

"Word does get around, Mika," Leda said. "The Rebels make sure of that. They're organized. They're fighting back ... and lately they've even been winning."

"Rebels?" Mika laughed. "Organized? You believe that nonsense? The Rebel Alliance is nothing but a load of bantha fodder spread by gossiping merchants and ... " He paused.

"Tourists?" Leda finished.

Confident she had won the debate, she returned to her instruments.

Mika studied Leda for a moment, studied her with eyes trained to assess the skills of a worthy opponent. He saw a new power in his old

friend, a power unfamiliar to him. He had seen warriors gain confidence as they mastered new weapons, but this was different. Leda Kyss had not entered a new phase of her soldiering. Somewhere, out in the cosmos, she had entered a larger world.

**O**n the far side of the Combat Moon, a S'krrr cruiser arched in a single orbit around the satellite's gray surface. Aboard the vessel, Sh'shak glided across the cargo hold between rows of mantis-like companions. None of them spoke. There were no parting words in S'krrr, neither good luck nor good-bye. There was only the graceful fluttering of the wings of memory.

Sh'shak entered the small escape pod and quickly checked its instruments. The pod was designed for a single atmospheric re-entry. Once it touched down, it would become a useless heap of melted wiring and cracked repulsor casings.

Next Sh'shak calmly checked his only weapon — a two-meter telescoping energy pike. Skrrr-human combats were traditional and honorable, as well as violent. Both sides preferred to use traditional hand-to-hand weapons.

*Of course, one may be prudent as well as honorable*, Sh'shak thought as he patted the small hold-out blaster hidden in his belt.

Lastly, Sh'shak checked the portable commnet uplink in his pack — or rather, the half of the uplink in his possession. The human would have the other half. Alone, each unit was useless. When fitted together, the device could send a signal strong enough to reach either Rabaan or S'krrr, where each side waited anxiously. The first triumphant word spoken on that commnet channel would send rescue ships racing toward the moon — and signal victory. For the losers, there would only be silence.

Sh'shak triggered a mechanism and the hatch door closed. Without ceremony he pressed a switch, and the escape pod burst out of its mothership's belly like a steely newborn leaping toward its first moments of life. Then the onboard computers came online, and the pod steadied into a landing vector. Sh'shak glanced out the viewport at the swiftly growing moon. Somewhere nearby, he knew, his human opponent was doing the same.

**T**here was smoke and heat. The world spun and shook and then roared to a jarring halt.

Mika coughed amid the fumes and the crackle of fusing circuits.



## Sh'shak



**Type:** S'krrr Warrior

### DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D, brawling parry 5D, dodge 5D+2, melee combat 8D, melee parry 8D, thrown weapons 6D

### KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Intimidation 4D, survival 5D+2, willpower 4D+1

### MECHANICAL 2D

Communications 3D, sensors 3D

### PERCEPTION 3D

Search 4D, sneak 6D

### STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 6D, lifting 5D, stamina 6D

### TECHNICAL 2D+1

Blaster repair 3D+1, computer programming/repair 3D, first aid 4D+2, security 4D

### Special Abilities:

**Chitin Blades:** S'krrrs' forearms have chitinous blades running along their outer edge — when sharpened, these blades cause STR+2D damage when brawling.

**This character is Force-sensitive.**

**Force Points:** 2

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 7

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Backpack with survival supplies, energy pike (STR+3D), hold-out blaster (3D)

**Capsule:** Although only 1.7 meters tall, Sh'shak's appearance is extremely intimidating. The mantis-like S'krrr's exoskeleton is composed of sharp angles and ridges, and his two blade-like forearms seem permanently poised to strike. He is capable of utter motionlessness for extended periods of time and his, combined with his inscrutable features, often unnerves his opponents.

Like most S'krrr of the warrior caste, Sh'shak is adept at most weapons and battle-related skills. His dedication to the art of combat follows in the same pattern as all great S'krrr warriors of the past — combining combat with meditation, merging body and mind. In this same vein, Sh'shak is an exceptional philosopher and a renown poet on his home planet.

He kicked blindly and the escape pod hatch gave way. Smoke poured out and Mika followed it into the thin air of Combat Moon.

The moon's thin atmosphere supported little life. Stunted, spiny trees thrust up from the gray waste, splotching the tundra with patches of green and brown. Localized tectonic activity had rifled the plains with long spines of low, jagged hills, as though a giant had cut furrows with a colossal plow.

Waving away thin wisps of smoke, Mika reached into the pod and grabbed his pack. With fluid grace he slipped a thin stiletto into its wrist sheath, then strapped his long Ibarsi knife across his back warrior-fashion, the sheath resting diagonally from left hip to right shoulder. Although called a knife, the Ibarsi was nearly as long as a lightsaber. However, it's only power source was Mika Streev's good right arm.

Mika hefted the pack with its remaining contents — emergency rations, his half of the uplink array, and a palm-sized blaster (just in case) — and set out.

He did not know the S'krrr's landing coordinates. But he did know this: both pods had been programmed to land near the equator. The S'krrr would have touched down somewhere near the terminus of night. Glancing up at the mid-morning sun, Mika tightened the straps on his back and headed east.

The hunt was on.

"Do you think they did it?"

Leda's question came back to him. In orbit around Combat Moon, she had broken their journey's silence with that query.

"Do you think they did it?"

"Hmm?" Mika had been deep in thought. "Who? Did what?"

"The S'krrr. Do you think they destroyed our orbital platform?"

"Oh. I don't know. I haven't thought about it. I mean, if it wasn't them, who was it?"

Leda frowned. "Someone who would benefit from a conflict between Rabaan and S'krrr. Someone who'd like to see both planets weakened by an infra-system war."

By now Mika recognized the tone in her voice. "The Empire?"

"Who else?"

Mika shrugged. He had had enough of this Rebel-rousing. Besides, he had a duel to win. "Well, they'll be disappointed. This conflict is only going to end with one dead S'krrr."

Leda's voice softened. The light in her eyes softened from anger to fear — fear for him.

"Mika, if it is the Empire, they won't be satisfied with that. They've gone to too much trouble already."

"What are you suggesting, Leda? Or should I say, what are your friends suggesting, since this sounds like you repeating their words."

Almost tenderly, she explained, "My ... friends ... think the Empire wants to get a tighter grip on this system without resorting to brute force. A planetary conflict would be the perfect excuse to bring in a strong garrison, and sabotaging the Combat would be an



easy way to start a war."

Mika squinted. "And these friends of yours. Where are they?"

Leda's voice had fallen to a whisper. "Closer than you think." But he refused to get drawn into her conspiratorial mood and leaned back, frowning skeptically.

Realizing she had failed, Leda leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. "Good luck, Mika. And keep your eyes open."

Shifting his pack, Mika touched his cheek where her lips had brushed against him. His skin still tingled.

He had known Leda since they were children, playing the mock-warrior games of Rabaan. He remembered sitting across from her in the throwing circle, target-shooting with her when they were old enough to hold dart-guns. He even remembered the first time that, despite his competitive spirit, he had let her win at Knives. He could not remember a time when he did not want to be with her, when he did not care for her.

But not until she returned from her off-world trip with her new attitude and her alien ideas did he realize that he loved her.

As soon as the Combat is over, he told himself, I'll ask her to make the Promise with me.

She would agree, he was sure of it. Leda was his perfect match, and —

Mika heard a noise. He dropped into a crouch and slipped into a copse of stunted trees, waiting. He heard it again — the tinny chink of metal on metal. Instantly, all thoughts of Leda and the future left him. He was a warrior, and he'd found his prey.

Sh'shak heard the sound of branches scraping in the heavy air. He froze in place, his skeletal face an implacable mask as he achieved an utter stillness impossible for most species. He listened.

Somewhere, one leaf touched another. Slowly, very slowly, Sh'shak drew his weapon.

Mika stepped lightly, avoiding twigs, leaning away from branches that might make noise, as he crept toward his target. The noise came from the other side of the copse. The Ibarsi knife slid soundlessly from its sheath.

Reaching the edge of the stunted grove, Mika gently pulled back a branch, and almost gasped out loud. Below him in a dusty glen sat two pocket cruisers, their dull white hulls coated with a layer of gray dust. Two men in familiar clothing sat together. Rabaanites. But here?

They were assembling some sort of tech device. That was the metallic sound Mika had heard.

*Why would there be more Rabaanites on Combat Moon?*

Mika studied the scene suspiciously. The pocket cruisers had all the looks of Rabaanite ships — antiquated, patched, and sulking on their landing gear like unappreciated banthas. The men, too, looked Rabaanite in their brown robes and red bandoleers. He didn't recognize them, but of course he couldn't claim to know every warrior in the Gymnasium.

A third man stepped out of one of the cruisers, so tall he had to duck to avoid the bulkhead.

"Andos!"

The word leaped from Mika's lips. The two men on the ground whirled and drew their weapons, but Andos yelled, "Don't blast him!" With remarkable discipline, the two men held their fire.

Mika stood up and jogged down the slope into the glen. He eyed the two Rabaanites carefully. Something about their appearance bothered him. Their clothes were Rabaanite, their faces were Rabaanite, the tools they used to assemble their machine looked Rabaanite ...

"Mika!" Andos said in a voice full of concern. "Are you all right?"

Mika blinked. "Of course. I've only just arrived. What are you doing here?"

Andos frowned and put a friendly hand on Mika's shoulder. "Just after you left we received intelligence that the S'krrr were planning to sabotage the Combat. There's a whole platoon of shell-heads waiting to ambush you." He nodded toward the other two men. "The Assembly sent us here to back you up and we almost turned out the engines on these old wrecks beating you here. This is Jan, and that's —"

"Wait a minute," Mika mumbled. "Since when do the S'krrr dishonor Combat? Their whole culture is about codes and honor." Andos sighed. "I don't think the shell-heads had much choice." The tall warrior looked to his two companions for confirmation. The one called Jan nodded and grumbled, "It's the Empire. They're moving in, forcing the S'krrr against us."

Mika was still confused. But what Andos said seemed to fit Leda's warning. After all, she hadn't known what the Empire was up to, just that they were planning "something." Maybe this was it. And, personal feelings aside, if the Assembly had wanted to reinforce the Combat, Andos, as runner-up, was the logical choice to send.

He relaxed. "All right, Andos, tell me everything you know."

Mika moved past the other two warriors and stepped over the disassembled machine they were working on. His eyes widened. Even field stripped, he recognized it: a mint condition Balmorran M-



5 repeating blaster cannon polished to a high shine. Only one type of soldier in the galaxy had access to weapons like that.

"Stormtroop —!"

The barrel of a blaster crashed down on his neck, smothering the word. The blow jarred him to the teeth and he dropped his Ibarsi knife, but in the same motion Mika rolled forward and came up on his feet. His quick reflexes startled the two disguised troopers, but not Andos. The tall warrior was already in flight, delivering an elaborate spinning kick. Mika side-stepped and lashed out with two rigid fingers that connected with Andos' throat in mid-air. Gaggling, the Rabaanite fell to the ground in a heap.

The two stormtroopers swarmed him. That was their mistake. Given time to think, Mika might have hesitated to attack two representatives of the Empire. But in the heat of the moment they were only so many fists and elbows and knees flying at him, and Mika responded as he'd been trained to do from birth. The trooper called Jan went down as Mika's foot smashed his knee. The Rabaanite champion ducked a blow from the other and was about to finish him when a mountain fell on him from behind and his legs gave out from under him.



Andos, he thought as everything went black. Feeling returned first. His head throbbed. Something like wire bit into his wrists, which were pinned behind his back. He was lying in the dust.

Hearing returned next. The buzzing in his head faded to angry muttering.

"We should've just blasted him." The one called Jan.

"It would have ruined everything!" Andos. "The S'krrr don't use blasters during Combat. It has to look like the S'krrr killed him. Then we kill the S'krrr and it looks like the Rabaanites betrayed the Combat. Stick to the plan."

"Easy for you to say. You're not crippled!"

Sight came back only reluctantly. Staring out of half-closed eyes, Mika saw hazy silhouettes in the bright noon sun. The faces were a blur, but he knew Andos by his height. Another, probably Jan, was on the ground, propped up on his elbows as the third man tightened a strap on his leg.

"Ah!" Jan cursed. "Space, that hurts! I'm going to kill that abo myself!"

"I'll do it."

Andos tugged at something, and a metal pole telescoped out between his hands. Mika recognized its hum from a thousand practice sessions. A S'krrr energy pike.

"Did you bind his legs?" Andos asked.

The second trooper grunted. "Stop acting like he's an SD-9 war droid with a single-track program, will ya? He's just a backwater planet-boy."

"He's a killing machine," Andos said coolly. "And should be treated like one." The tall Rabaanite started toward Mika.

"I said I'm going to kill him!" Jan struggled to his feet. One leg was stiff inside a plexi-cast. Even limping, he looked ferocious. Mika cursed himself for having been fooled, even for a moment — the stormtroopers were warriors, true, but not artists like the Rabaanites. More like bullies.

Behind the slits of his half-closed eyes, Mika watched Jan snatch the energy pike from Andos and limp toward him. The other trooper followed with an eager, sadistic grin on his face. Andos trailed behind.

"No sense standing on ceremony." Jan raised the humming pike. Mika did not move, did not even change the rhythm of his breath — until the moment Jan brought the pike down. In that instant the Rabaanite rolled away and the sharp blade sank half a meter into the



## Andos Delvaren



**Type:** Rabaanite Warrior

### DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 5D, dodge 5D, melee combat 6D+2, melee parry 6D, thrown weapons 6D

### KNOWLEDGE 2D

Streetwise 4D, survival 5D, value 4D

### MECHANICAL 3D

Communications 5D+2, repulsorlift operation 4D, sensors 4D+2

### PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 4D+2, con 5D, forgery 4D, hide 4D+2, persuasion 5D, search 4D, sneak 6D

### STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 5D+2, stamina 5D

### TECHNICAL 2D

Blaster repair 4D+1, droid programming 5D, first aid 4D

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 3

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink

**Capsule:** Andos holds perhaps the most frustrating of distinctions — he is the second best warrior on Rabaan. Although a respected holder of Rabaan's sunburst sigill, and despite his immense height, he still stands in the shadow of his rival, Mika Streev.

Like Mika, Andos is fluent in the language of battle. Unlike Mika, Andos is not content simply to bask in the attention he receives. He is notorious for using that attention to influence those around him — he has more than once considered using his celebrity status to enter the political arena.

Andos secretly craves more influence. He realizes his combat prowess can only take him so far. Now he has ambitions to rise to political power with the backing of the Empire. Some would label him a traitor — Andos believes he is more an opportunist ...

ground. From his prostrate position, Mika aimed a side kick that shattered the plexi-cast, and Jan's knee with it. The trooper howled and staggered against his comrade.

Mika rolled up against the energy pike. Ignoring the pain, he pushed through the weapon's thin energy-sheath and rubbed his hands along the vibrating blade until he felt the wires snap. He was free, and on his feet, just as the second trooper reached for his blaster.

The Imperial was fast, but Mika was faster. The thin stiletto left its sheath, then left Mika's hand, then sank into the trooper's throat — all before the Imperial blaster had cleared its holster.

Jan struggled to one knee, his other leg bent awkwardly behind him. He clawed at his hip, trying to clear his own blaster. Mika admired the man's willpower even as he plucked the energy pike from the ground and ended the fight.

Andos and Mika stared at one another. All his life, Andos had studied the art of war. He knew how fast a fight could end. But even he was awestruck. In the blink of an eye Mika had gone from bound and prostrate victim to combat-ready warrior, killing two Imperial stormtroopers — two of the Emperor's elite — in the process.

"Mika," Andos said hoarsely. "Be reasonable. You don't know what you're up against here. You're a very small fish in the biggest pond of all. You're a bug to these people, and they'll squash you."

Mika shrugged and turned the energy pike to full power.

"Mika! You have no idea what's going on here."

"I know the Empire wants to garrison the system. I figure they arranged the whole conflict. I know they want to sabotage the Combat. And thanks to you, now I know how." His voice was steady. "But I'll tell you, Andos, that doesn't bother me."

"It doesn't?"

"No," Mika stepped forward. "I never much cared for political intrigue, on planet or off. Leave that to other people, see how they end up." Mika nodded toward the two corpses. "But you were going to kill me, Andos. That's a little more personal."

He took another step.

Andos hesitated, but only for a moment. He faced a man who had already beaten him once, who was probably the most skilled fighter in the whole system, who was both armed and angry. Weighing the various tactics as he had been trained to do, Andos made the obvious strategic choice.

He ran for his life.

Mika chased him for a few meters, then stopped. The adrenaline was draining out of him. As Andos sprang nimbly up the hill and over the rise, Mika fell to his hands and knees. His head throbbed. His hands stung. His body ached. And although he knew it had been in self-defense, he had just murdered two members of the Imperial government — something told him that his life would never be the same.

At system's edge, the Star Destroyer *Coercion* pierced the vacuum like a blade cutting the fabric of space. From his personal viewing room atop *Coercion*'s bridge, Governor Klime watched the stars shine below him. Among them, planets were distinguished by



their unblinking, reflective light. Silently, Klime reached out with his hand and, one by one, crushed bright planets in his grip.

A comlink beeped. Klime slapped a button on his control console. "What?"

"You asked for hourly reports, sir," the nervous aide's voice cracked.

"Proceed."

"Commander Glave's squad arrived at the drop zone with their local guide on schedule. Team One went in search of the shell-head, but have made no contact. Team Two encountered the Rabaanite ... "

"... and killed him," Klime predicted.

"N-no, sir. They met with some ... difficulty."

"What kind of difficulty?"

"The two stormtroopers are dead, sir. The guide escaped and rejoined Team One." The comlink fell silent as the aide awaited a response.

"Hrrmmmm." The sound came out of Klime like an animal growl. "Tell Commander Glave I expect him to rectify the situation. Immediately. Have we discovered the Rebel outpost yet?"

The comlink crackled. "No, sir. There's been no activity in the shipping lanes. No abnormal activity on either planet, nor on the uninhabited planets in the system. Intelligence believes the rumor to be a hoax ... "

"It's not a hoax," Klime interrupted. "I can smell them. This system is as attractive to the Rebels as it is to us, and for the same reasons. They'll be building a landing base or spaceport somewhere, something that can house a short range strike force. Check the uninhabited worlds again for mining activity. Find it."

"Yes, sir —"

Klime slapped the comlink again and it fell silent.

He sank back into his chair, unhappy but philosophical. Glave would handle the situation on the ground. Meanwhile, he had to keep the big picture in mind. Like any worthwhile action, this one required determination and patience.

He reached out and crushed another planet in his grip.

**M**ika took a long swallow of water and wished for the hundredth time that he had paid more attention in his tech classes. The two pocket cruisers had been locked down with some kind of operating code. Engines, nav computer, even communications — everything was dead until the right digital sequence was either input

or bypassed. But bypassing it had been way beyond Mika's technical skills, so he'd left the two crates sulking in the dust and started on foot across the moon's dry waste.

Once he'd accepted the fact that he'd killed two stormtroopers, Mika settled down and considered his options, which were extremely limited. He was alone with a limited food supply on a barren space rock. Although everyone in the system knew where he was, no one would come look for him until they received the commnet signal.

And somewhere out there was a S'krrr warrior intent on killing him.

But also out there, Mika was sure, were more Imperials. Probably many more. The two pocket cruisers were evidence of that. The main body had probably gone off to hunt the S'krrr while these two remained behind with Andos to take care of him.

A wry smile crossed Mika's face. They had gotten their priorities mixed up. Mika was sure he had Andos' overweening pride to thank for that.

But although Mika had killed two Imperials, the game was far from over. For all he knew, the other troopers had already ambushed the S'krrr and made it look like a Rabaanite plot. Their scheme could still easily succeed. And Mika was sure that, given their strict observance of rituals, the S'krrr would be insulted by what they thought was a betrayal of the Combat. They would go to war. And the Empire would win.

Mika's only hope was that they hadn't found the S'krrr yet. If he was still alive, together they could foil the Imperial plot.

*Foil the Imperial plot* ... the phrase echoed in Mika's head. What was he thinking? How easily he had slipped into that frame of mind. How quickly he had become a radical. This was the *government* he was talking about, after all. Could they really be that bad? Maybe they were doing all this for a good reason. Maybe even their attempt to kill him had been some sort of acceptable sacrifice for a much larger common good. Maybe Andos had been right — that there were things going on that were beyond his grasp ...

Mika imagined walking into the local magistrate's office and explaining quite calmly that there'd been a misunderstanding. What? Well, yes, he had killed two Imperial stormtroopers, but ... Pardon? Yes, he was aware that stormtroopers were the Emperor's personal security force and therefore representatives of the supreme authority in the galaxy, but they were trying to kill him and —

Mika's vision ended with him being dragged off to the spice mines of Kessel, still trying to tell his story. Not good.

Besides, no good government that he could imagine would ex-



ecute one of its people as coldheartedly as they'd tried to kill him. And he remembered Andos' words, *"You're a bug to these people, and they'll squash you."* Those were the same people Leda had whispered about.

"We'll see who squashes who," Mika said, adjusting the pack on his back. He was going to stop the Imperials from killing the S'krrr.

The irony of the situation was not lost on him. He had come here to kill a S'krrr warrior. Now Mika's only hope was to save him.

**T**he hangar bay was only half-complete. Mining equipment lay scattered among bits of rubble and debris on the wide, uneven floor. Here and there, trickles of rock fell like dusty waterfalls from the high ceiling where overworked tech crews had not yet put up support beams.

In the completed half of the bay, the durasteel floor gleamed. In a large alcove, four aliens of various species moved among gleaming lights and computer displays.

Sensor data was fed from hidden antennae into that alcove for digestion by a rotating crew of Rebel technicians. It was the only area of the hidden base that looked complete, yet even that had a temporary feel to it. The equipment could be disconnected, disassembled, and put on board a freighter in a matter of seconds.

Leda Kyss passed through the sensor alcove almost unnoticed. She paused only to silently name to herself the species operating the equipment: two Bothans and a Givin brought in to calibrate a new sensor. The Givin, naturally uncomfortable at the sight of exposed flesh, caught her stare and self-consciously wrapped his robe tightly about himself, then turned back to his work. She was still trying to accustom herself to the many species she had met since leaving Rabaan.

"Leda Kyss."

Leda turned. The woman who had spoken was a short and sturdy human with curly hair and an open, honest face. But Leda's eyes were drawn to the person next to her: a tall, angular man in a flight suit. She did not know his name, and he did not offer. She would have guessed he was 20 if not for his eyes, which looked like they'd seen far more than 20 years could bear.

"Yes."

The man nodded toward the woman. "Sanna told me you were here." He glanced at the sensor crew. "We should get out of their way. They're tracking a Star Destroyer hovering at system's edge, and they need to keep an eye on it."

Leda followed them out of the sensor alcove and onto the



gleaming field of durasteel. The man seemed to gravitate naturally toward a large machine stationed near the entrance to the hangar bay at the edge of a wide tunnel leading to the surface. Although massive and powerful in her eyes, Leda knew that, relatively speaking, it was a gnat against the giants it so often fought.

An X-wing fighter.

"I want to thank you for your help." The man's voice was brisk. "We get a lot of support — more and more every day — but it's rare that someone helps us establish a new outpost."

Leda tried to hide her pleasure. "I'm glad I could help. If I can convince the rest of Rabaan to join us, you'll see that once a Rabaanite makes a decision, we stick to it." She swallowed. "But there is one thing you can do in return."

The man's angular face was implacable. "Yes?"

"Save Mika Streev."

The woman, Sanna, glanced quickly at the pilot. He seemed to have been expecting the request. "Leda, we'll do what we can. But you've seen what we've got here. We're nothing more than a tech crew, a few snub fighters, and a freighter. Hardly enough to battle one squad of TIE fighters, let alone a capital ship. We're here to establish our strike base. If the Empire gets even a whiff of our

## Leda Kyss



**Type:** Rabaanite Warrior

### DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D+2, brawling parry 5D, dodge 6D, melee combat 6D+1, melee parry 5D+2, thrown weapons 5D

### KNOWLEDGE 2D

Planetary systems 4D, streetwise 5D, survival 4D, willpower 3D

### MECHANICAL 3D

Communications 4D, space transports 5D+2, starship gunnery 5D

### PERCEPTION 3D

Con 5D, investigation 4D+2, search 5D, sneak 6D

### STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 5D

### TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 5D, security 4D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 2

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad

**Capsule:** Unlike many of Rabaan's warrior caste, Leda Kyss is a bit more open-minded. While not as accomplished as some of the more famous warriors, she has broadened her horizons and become interested in flying starship transports. Leda still keeps her combat skills honed to a fine edge, but she has lately been flying the small and antiquated light cruisers Rabaan uses for patrols and defense of the system. In her spare time, she has also been learning about communications and computers.

Recently Leda has been becoming more involved with the galaxy beyond her homeworld. Her flight experience has allowed her to travel outside her home system — she often transports Rabaanite representatives to meet with the companies mining in the Ishanna system for negotiations. During these travels she saw how the Empire used its power — to ruthlessly crush resistance, brainwash people, and obliterate any signs of the Rebel Alliance.

On one visit to an Imperial starport, Leda aided a small group of Rebels attempting to flee the system. After describing even more injustices committed by the Empire, they convinced her to join the Rebel Alliance.

Since then, Leda has occasionally helped the Rebels as much as she could. Many of her travels bring her to the Circarpous system, where she often meets with several members of a resistance group working with the Rebel Alliance.

presence, that's the end of it. Period. So stealth is our key and — " he put his hand on her shoulder — "and our priority."

"But Mika could help you. He'd be valuable to the Rebellion."

"As I recall, he wasn't very receptive to your hints. Besides," the man said, "even if he were a sworn member of the Alliance, he'd still be expendable. We all are. That's the reality of it. I've lost friends—" Looking into his eyes, Leda saw some memory stir, and she almost thought she caught a glimpse of starfighters flashing around a distant, gleaming moon — "Good friends. But it's a risk we take. The important thing is to prevent the war between Rabaan and S'krrr. Your friend Mika will have to save himself."

**S**h'shak of the S'krrr was frozen in place. He did not know how long he'd been that way. He might have known, had he been reciting the mantra of time. But he was not. He was silently reciting the mantra against fear.

*Fear touches me like the breath of cold wind.*

*Fear is like cold wind.*

*Fear is like wind.*

*Fear is like air.*

*Fear is nothing.*

*Fear touches me like the breath of cold wind.*

*Fear is like cold wind ...*

Three meters away, on the other side of a thorn bush, a stormtrooper raised his helmet and drank from a plastic canteen. Sh'shak was close enough to touch the scars on his face.

For all their armor and equipment, stormtroopers moved quietly. Sh'shak, resting in the shade of one of the small brown patches of trees, hadn't sensed their approach until the last minute, and then he had time only to slip into a thorny hedge and freeze in place. The troopers, 10 of them in full white battle armor and unholstered blasters, had stalked through the glade clearly expecting trouble. After scouting the patch of trees, they decided to take advantage of the same shade Sh'shak had sought, and had called a halt. The troopers had unsealed their helmets, wolfed down tasteless gray rations wrapped in plastic, and trampled the thin grass where they sat. After a length of time beyond Sh'shak's comprehension, they had finally reassembled.

The scarred trooper removed his helmet completely. Sh'shak usually had trouble reading the soft, fleshy faces of humans, but this one was all too clearly cruel.



"Insect blood!" the trooper spat. "That's what I'm after. I want to know what color these shell-heads bleed." He nodded toward one of the troopers. "Report."

The trooper held up a datapad. "There's been nothing since the motion detector's last signal 40 minutes ago. He must have gotten wind of our approach and made a run for it. Nothing on thermal."

Sh'shak silently thanked whatever force had made his species cold-blooded.

"Hmmm ..." The scarred man spat. "This place is getting on my nerves. It's hot as fresh bantha fodder. You, Rabaanite!"

A tall Rabaanite stepped out of the shadows. Sh'shak's eyes glittered. He hadn't noticed the human before.

"Yes, Commander Glave?"

"You know these shell-heads better than we do. What's his next move?"

The Rabaanite shook his head. "The S'krarr are a battle-oriented species. But I'd say if he hasn't taken the fight to us by now, he's not going to. Maybe he's gone for permanent cover."

"Let's go."

The stormtroopers and the Rabaanite fanned out with their scanning team in the lead, and disappeared into the trees.

Sh'shak remained motionless long after the sounds of their passing had faded. He had nowhere to go, and the little glade seemed safe enough, since the Imperials probably wouldn't check it twice. At least not yet.

In the meantime, he would sit and ponder his recent, irrefutable discovery: the Rabaanites had betrayed S'krarr to the Empire.

**M**ika peered over a sharp ridge and into yet another shallow valley. Nothing in sight but a gray dust and more of those stunted brown trees. He stood and trotted down into the glen. The sun was falling toward the horizon now, and he guessed that, with its thin atmosphere, the Combat Moon would grow very cold at night. He needed to find cover.

The little grove offered afternoon shade and a hiding place. As soon as he was under its canopy, he slipped out of his pack and sat down on the ground. He listened carefully, then studied the trees for even the slightest movement. When he was sure no one was around, he lay back in a bower of trampled, flattened grass and closed his eyes.

He opened them immediately. *Flattened grass?*

The movement saved his life. The energy pike whistled past his

## Commander Glave



**Type:** Imperial Stormtrooper Commander  
**DEXTERITY 3D+2**

Blaster 7D, blaster: blaster rifle 7D+2, blaster artillery 6D, brawling parry 5D+2, dodge 6D, grenade 5D+2, vehicle blasters 5D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Intimidation 5D, law enforcement 5D, planetary systems 4D+2, survival 5D, tactics: ground 6D, tactics: squads 6D

**MECHANICAL 2D**

Communications 4D, repulsorlift operation 3D, sensors 3D+2

**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Command 6D, investigation 4D, search 5D, sneak 5D

**STRENGTH 3D+1**

Brawling 6D, climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 4D+2

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Armor repair 4D, blaster repair 4D, demolition 5D, first aid 4D, security 5D+1

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 3

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (5D), heavy blaster pistol (5D), stormtrooper armor (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D Dexterity)

**Capsule:** Glave is the commander of an elite Imperial stormtrooper commando unit assigned to Governor Klime — one test version of what will soon become the Imperial Storm Commandos. He serves as the number two officer aboard the Star Destroyer *Coercion*, and acts as Klime's muscle in and outside the military.

The veteran of 30 small- and large-scale battles, Glave is a nonsense, hard-as-nails career soldier with the scars to prove it. His face was partially disfigured during a battle against Rebel terrorists on Kestos Minor. His heroics during that action earned him the Imperial Medal of Valor and a promotion to lead this elite stormtrooper unit.

His Imperial training, his experience, and his natural ruthlessness make Commander Glave one of the more dangerous soldiers in the vast Imperial armed forces.

ear and sank into the ground.

*I've been here before*, Mika thought, rolling away and to his feet.

The energy pike chased him, spinning so fast Mika did not have time to look at his attacker. He registered only vaguely the triangular head of the S'krarr warrior. Then he had to duck again. This time he wasn't fast enough. The energy pike missed him, but a blade-like forearm scraped



his throat, missing his carotid artery by millimeters.

"Wait!" Mika gasped. But the energy pike came around again. No chance to dodge. Mika blocked it with his forearm. Energy leaped from the blade and into his arm, short-circuiting his nerves and paralyzing him from wrist to shoulder. Wincing, he back-pedaled and raised his good arm in a sign of truce.

"Wait!"

The S'krrr took a menacing step forward, its disk-like eyes glittering. The triangular head swiveled quickly from side to side as it took in a sweeping 360 degree view of its surroundings. Clearly, it considered this a ruse.

"I'm not your enemy," Mika said, aware of the thick irony of his words. "I don't want to kill you."

The S'krrr's mandibles moved thickly as it spoke in heavily accented Basic. "You ask for quarter? That is against the rules of the Combat. Of course, Rabaan has already discarded the Combat ritual." Again, the insectoid stalked forward.

Mika realized that the S'krrr must have encountered the stormtroopers. He thought that Rabaan had sided with the Empire!

"No! I came alone! It's the Empire! They're trying to start a war between our planets!"

Sh'shak stopped again. He had thought to kill this Rabaanite quickly. The last thing he had expected was a parley.

"I saw Rabaanites with the stormtroopers."

"You saw one Rabaanite. A tall one with dark hair. He is a traitor."

The triangular head cocked to one side in a motion Mika interpreted as interest. "Prove your words."

Carefully Mika unslung his pack. He removed his half of the commnet uplink. "Here. Take it. Call your people. Call anyone. I want to get off this rock as badly as you do."

Mika placed the instrument on the ground and stepped back. The S'krrr stared at him with its unreadable face. Its head dipped toward the uplink, then up at Mika. It seemed to weigh its options.

Sh'shak stepped forward. The uplink looked real. If he could send even a brief message ...

The blaster bolt struck him as he reached for the array. It passed cleanly through him and left a smoking hole in his upper thorax. Sh'shak was hurled backwards and he fell to the ground, writhing as his trembling wings sent up agonized screams in wing-song.

Mika dropped to the ground as angry blaster bolts sizzled overhead. On his hands and knees he scrambled into deeper cover and vanished into the shadows just as stormtroopers came crashing

through the trees. A roar filled the air as the two pocket cruisers came into view with the calm finality of a trap well-sprung.

Commander Glave strode into the glade, his blaster still warm from its single shot. The Imperial commando planted one booted foot firmly on Sh'shak's delicate wings, pinning the S'krrr to the ground and silencing his screams.

"Stupid shell-head," Glave leaned down and hissed. "I've trapped better than you, believe me!"

Sh'shak's bladed forearms lashed out, but Glave was ready. His foot ground harder into the S'krrr's delicate wings, taking the weight out of the blow. Sh'shak let an agonized sigh out of his mandibles.

"Oh, ho!" the Imperial laughed. "A little life left in our bug, I see. Maybe we should have some fun with him before the deed gets done."

Andos objected. "Commander, he is S'krrr ... we should —"

"Don't tell me what I should do!" Glave snapped. "I'm an officer of the Emperor's stormtroopers! Stand him up!"

Two stormtroopers dragged Sh'shak to his feet, stretching his forearms to either side. Glave grinned and jammed his blaster into the S'krrr's upper thorax, next to the first wound. He pulled the trigger.

In the sensor alcove, one of the Bothan's pulled the headset from his ears and grimaced in horror. He looked at Leda, then at Sanna and the pilot. "It's bad."

"We've got to do something," Leda yelled. "Please!"

Sanna turned to the man and stared at him. Reluctantly, she agreed. "This is too much to take."

The man swallowed. "If we reveal ourselves, this base is finished. All our efforts will have been wasted."

Leda plucked his blaster from its holster. "Maybe I made a mistake. I joined your Rebellion because I thought you fought against things like this. You do what you want. I can't just sit here."

She rushed off into the darkness.

Sh'shak trembled but stayed on his feet. He was trying to recall the mantra against pain, but it seemed to have left his memory, and there was only pain itself. He wondered how long he would live.

The scarred one, the commander, put the blaster to his upper thorax again. There was another blaster shot, but oddly, Sh'shak felt nothing. Instead the scarred man stumbled forward with a surprised



look on his face, bowling over Sh'shak and both troopers holding him. The scarred trooper's reinforced armor was blackened, but it had held. Ignoring the pain, Sh'shak took advantage of the moment. Pushing the nearest trooper away, he struggled to clear himself of the tangle of arms and legs.

Suddenly two human hands grabbed him and hauled him up. Sh'shak got a quick glimpse of Mika firing a palm-sized blaster point blank at two stormtroopers.

"The ... scarred one?" Sh'shak rasped.

"Got away," Mika said. "They'll be back. We need to find cover."

"I'm surprised ... you didn't leave me for dead."

Mika pointed to the two blaster holes in Sh'shak's upper chest. "Body cavity in the S'krrr upper thorax. No vital organs, no circulatory function. No serious damage." He winked. "I did my homework."

Sh'shak's head twitched in a S'krrr version of a wince. "But still extremely painful."

A blaster bolt shattered a branch near Mika's head. The stormtroopers had not been driven off for long. Mika dove behind a small thicket and returned fire. Sh'shak grabbed a fallen blaster and joined him. Soon the air was alive with energy bolts.

Mika continued to fire blindly into the trees. "The commnet!" His component lay on the ground where he had placed it. "We need to send a signal."

In answer, Sh'shak dashed from their sparse cover toward the fallen component. Invisible shooters fired at him, but the S'krrr was a blur of motion. He returned to their scant cover with blasters churning up the ground around him.

Sh'shak's voice was disturbingly calm as he began to assemble the uplink. "This is an indefensible position. We will be overrun in moments."

"Not if I can help it."

The S'krrr and the Rabaanite both looked up, startled. Leda Kyss had materialized from nowhere.

"Leda!" Mika grabbed her like a man clutching a dream. Sh'shak lowered his weapon. "Leda, what are you doing here!"

"Long story," she said. "Run!"

Blaster bolts started to crash around them, but most of them struck the thick, stunted trees that shielded them. Half-blind, Mika and the wounded S'krrr followed Leda through the trees that covered their retreat.

In moments, their protection ended. From the forest edge they could see a large cave mouth only a hundred meters away — but it was a hundred meters of flat terrain.

"Run!" Leda ordered.

Together, they dashed across the open ground. They had outdistanced their pursuers, and when they were halfway across Mika thought they would make it to the cave mouth. Then a loud whine filled his ears, and a shadow blotted out the sun.

"Cruiser!" he warned. He leaped to one side as Sh'shak and Leda leaped to the other. Turbolaser fire peppered the ground between them.

"The uplink!" Mika screamed. "Finish it!"

Sh'shak scrambled to complete the connections. "Done!" he hissed.

Then the three warriors watched, horrified, as the pocket cruiser settled gently on its repulsorlift engines between them and the cave mouth.

In the sensor alcove, a signal bleeped. One of the Bothans checked his instruments.

"Uplink signal," he said. "But it's being jammed. It won't get off-planet."

The tall angular man felt all eyes on him. The Givin seemed to be calculating his possible responses. The two Bothans waited impassively. Sanna stood next to him and put a hand on his shoulder.

He looked back at her and nodded.

The airborne cruiser continued to circle the area, forming a perimeter, as the door to the stationary vehicle opened. Six stormtroopers stepped out. Then Commander Glave. Then Andos.

"Weapons!" Glave bellowed.

Mika, Leda, and Sh'shak tossed their blasters to the side. Keeping their distance, troopers gathered them up.

"All of them!" the commando roared.

Mika unstrapped his Ibarsi knife, and Sh'shak unhooked his energy pike from his wounded body. Leda raised her hands to indicate she was now unarmed.

"Well, well!" Glave said. A grin wrinkled his scarred face even further. "You've led us quite a chase, and turned a simple mission into a waste of my time!"

"You're too late!" Mika yelled. "We've already sent a signal to S'krrr! They'll be here before you can cover up the evidence!"

Glave shook his head. "No signal has left this planet. Shout all you want — there's no one to hear."



As he spoke, the ground began to tremble. A roar came from behind him, and Glave turned to see the cave mouth flicker with light, as though a dragon lay hidden within. The roar and the light grew, and a blast of hot air struck them. With a triumphant scream, a dragon that was no dragon burst from the cave and hurled itself skyward.

An X-wing fighter.

The ship became a point of light rising up into the blue sky, then it turned with impossible agility back toward toward the surface.

The airborne cruiser turned sluggishly to meet it. Both ships fired as they passed in opposite directions. The cruiser missed. The X-wing didn't. Four streaks of light pierced the other ship's shields, and the pocket cruiser vanished in a ball of fire.

On the ground, both sides watched in utter amazement. Commander Glave was the first to react. He slapped the nearest stormtrooper on the back.

"The Rebel outpost!" he shouted. "It was under our noses all the time! Get inside and signal *Coercion*!"

The trooper dashed for the cruiser.

He never made it. A blaster bolt punctured his armor at the weak neck joint and he fell like a rag doll.

Sh'shak had taken the opportunity to draw his hidden blaster.

His shot was answered by others — not from the stormtroopers, but from the cave. Sanna and the two Bothans charged. Confused by blaster fire from two directions when they had expected it from none, the troopers dove for cover on the uneven ground.

Ignoring the new threat, Commander Glave fired at Sh'shak as the S'krrr took aim on him. Distracted by the S'krrr's weapon, Glave fired directly at it — the shot blew the hold-out blaster from Sh'shak's hand.

This time, Glave took more careful aim.

"No!" Mika and Leda shouted as one.

Mika dove for his Ibarsi knife. In one motion he rolled forward and grabbed the weapon. Coming up he unsheathed it smoothly and hurled it forward. The weapon cut the air, then passed cleanly through the commando's arm just above the wrist.

Too slow.

Glave had already fired. Mika turned to see that the blaster had struck ... Leda.

While Mika attacked, Leda had thrown herself between the Imperial and the wounded S'krrr.

"No!" Mika screamed. He rushed forward with tears in his eyes.



He did not see Glave, ignoring his own wound, track the X-wing coming around for another attack. He did not hear the Imperial bellow a retreat, then slip into the waiting pocket cruiser with Andos close behind.

"Leda!" he dropped to his knees next to her. "Leda!"

She was surprised when the blaster bolt struck her and she felt no pain. But her jaw no longer worked. She looked at Mika, trying to invest in that look all her belief in her actions, her devotion to her cause, and most of all her words of love for him. Then she seemed to fall a second time. White light passed through her body, and two gentle hands caught her as she fell. She closed her eyes, and never opened them again.

Mika let out a piercing, wordless wail.

Next to him, Sh'shak's face was impassive. There were no words of parting in his language, only the gentle flutter of the wings of memory.

The X-wing kicked up dust as it settled on its repulsorlift cushion, its ion engines growling impatiently. The angular-faced pilot leaped from the cockpit and in a few seconds he had covered the distance to the small crowd of mourners.

Mika held Leda's body in his arms. He looked at the newcomer as if hoping the pilot could save him a second time.



The pilot choked. "She ... was very brave."

Mika sobbed. "She was a Rabaanite warrior."

The pilot turned to Sanna. "We have to evacuate." The Imperial ship launched the second her people were aboard. He had given pursuit, but the Imperial commander had been too smart to engage him. Shutting down his weapons and shunting all power to his shields, the pocket cruiser had weathered a blistering assault from his X-wing's lasers as it fled into space. With the Star Destroyer looming out there somewhere, he had dared pursue them only so far.

"The Bothans are jamming them," he explained to Sanna. "But they'll be out of range in seconds. So much for this base."

Sanna smiled sadly. "I didn't think you'd give in."

The pilot shrugged. He looked at Sh'shak, then at Leda. "She was right. This is what we're supposed to fight against. Let's go."

In moments the Rebels had returned to their cave and were wheeling their equipment onto a small freighter. After a few minutes, Mika and Sh'shak appeared.

The Rebel pilot stopped his work.

"We buried her," Mika said. "I thought it best to leave her behind."

"I'm sorry."

Mika's face hardened. "You say the Empire will be here soon?"

"Any minute."

"I want to leave something else behind, too."

An hour later, a swarm of TIE bombers screamed across the moon's thin sky as AT-ATs pulverized the ground beneath, giving cover to the assault team that broke into the subterranean cave.

They found nothing but an open cavern with a floor made of shining durasteel, and a small, empty alcove.

Governor Klime marched into the cavern with Commander Glave and Andos at his heel. Where the commander's right hand had been, a chrome-sheathed bio-cap was in place, holding the wound in stasis until a bionic hand could be readied. The pain must have been tremendous, but Glave ignored it.

Klime's voice echoed loudly in all corners of the cavern.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, sir," Glave growled. "It must have been a small operation for them to get out so fast. I take responsibility for their escape, sir."

Governor Klime opened his hands wide. "Not to worry, commander. We must remain philosophical and flexible. Our original plan was thwarted, but we will make adjustments. We can no longer

## Governor Klime



**Type:** Imperial Governor

**DEXTERITY 2D+1**

Blaster 4D+2, blaster artillery 5D, dodge 3D, grenade 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Bureaucracy 6D, intimidation 5D, law enforcement 4D+2, planetary systems 4D, tactics: ground assault 7D+2, tactics: squads 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Communications 5D, repulsoflight operation 4D+2, sensors 5D, walker operation 5D+2

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 5D, command 7D+2, con 5D+2, investigation 5D

**STRENGTH 2D+2**

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Computer programming/repair 4D, droid programming 3D+2, security 5D

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, datapad

**Capsule:** Klime is the recently appointed governor for the Ishanna system and several other adjacent systems. A former Imperial Army general, Klime runs his administration much like a military unit. He instills respect through fear and through his military prowess.

The ambitious Klime desired a governorship to increase his power and to offer him greater opportunities to earn prestige. He has assembled several units which served under him in the past, units with unquestioning loyalty to Klime. He hopes to use his military ties to more effectively rule as an Imperial governor.

Klime's first order of business is to eliminate any Rebel activity in his systems, beginning with Ishanna. Until he finds the base, however, he continues to relish the task he so ably performed in his Imperial Army days — using military force or other methods to bring worlds beneath the Empire's heel.

cause a war between S'krrr and Rabaan. But we will use this Rebel base as an excuse to garrison the system." Klime turned to Andos. "You will voice your public approval of the Empire's presence." It was not a question. "For your support, you will be rewarded with a high place in the reorganized government."

Andos gave a tight smile and a nod. "Yes, sir."

Klime tightened both hands into fists. "Gentlemen, the ultimate

goal was to bring this system into a tighter grip without these idiotic abos putting up a fight. That goal will still be achieved."

"Sir, we found something!" a stormtrooper called out from the nearby alcove.

A technician examined the item and brought it to Governor Klime. It was a small device made up of two pieces. A small light in the control panel indicated that it had been activated. The technician swallowed. "It's a commnet uplink, sir. It's been activated and ... I think it's broadcasting on two frequencies."

Governor Klime's mouth tightened. "Are you telling me ... ?"

"Yes, sir," the technician replied. "Someone's been listening to every word we've said."

**S**omewhere in the empty reaches of space, a nondescript freighter and a single X-wing fighter ripped through an invisible barrier and returned to realspace.

Mika had rarely been to the stars, and he had never been outside the system. But he ignored the wondrous emptiness around him. Through a viewport, he could see the X-wing hanging in the void as he and Sh'shak listened on a headset.

"We'll have to wait a short while," the X-wing pilot was saying, "but we can probably slip you back onto your home planets without much trouble. From there, you're on your own."

"I'm not going home," Mika said simply.

The speaker crackled.

"You're welcome to join the Rebellion ..."

"I will join you," Mika said. "But first I need to see justice done. I need to find Andos, and that Imperial commando." In the viewport glass, his reflection hardened. "That's something I have to do alone."

"Not alone." Sh'shak's wings rustled. "I owe you my life. And I owe her. I will come with you, if you will have me."

Mika nodded.

"Then we'll take you to our rendezvous point, and arrange transportation to the nearest port." The pilot addressed the freighter's helm. "Okay, Sanna, let's go."

Both ships pointed their bows away from the void, toward the distant gleam of stars. As they arced gracefully out of the darkness, they seemed to leave in their wake a whisper of sorrow, and the quiet rustle of wings.

**S**tage your own battles for the Rebellion with this deluxe boxed set! This set contains everything you will need to start a miniatures campaign in the *Star Wars* universe!

Included are the second edition *Star Wars Miniatures Battles* rules, 12 *Star Wars* miniatures (including stormtroopers and bounty hunters) and dice!



# STAR WARS

## THE DARKSTRYDER CAMPAIGN

STAR WARS  
SOURCEFILE



Be A Part of the **DARKSTRYDER** Adventure!

On the farthest edge of the Empire, a rag-tag group of New Republic commandos, smugglers, thieves, mercenaries and bounty hunters gather. Flying an old Corellian Corvette, they are about to strike out into the Unknown Regions. Their mission: hunt down a rogue Imperial Moff who has ruled this sector with an iron fist, twisted morals and strange new technology provided by someone — or something — known only as **DarkStryder**.

Featuring an original introduction short story by **New York Times** bestselling **Star Wars** author **Timothy Zahn**!

# LUMRUNNERS



By John Beyer and Wayne Humfleet

Illustrations by Doug Shuler

**lum:** n. A common alcoholic beverage found throughout known space.

**lum run:** n. 1. A task or assignment that has become common or routine. 2. An endeavor that involves little or no risk.

**lumrunner:** n. 1. Complementary term to describe a professional capable of making a difficult or impossible task look common or routine. 2. Derogatory term to describe an individual with a reputation for taking on easy work or low risk assignments.





In these troubled times, smugglers come a dozen a credit. Rebels need weapons, crime lords demand spice and the black market wants to unload massive amounts of hot goods. Every captain with his own ship and every hotshot spacer fancies himself the perfect smuggler. Still, with every successful delivery, the Empire responds with increased patrols and boarding actions. Sooner or later every smuggler gets boarded. This is as far as most smugglers get, either dumping their goods in space or ending their careers — if not their lives — at the hands of the Empire. However, some smugglers sail through boardings seemingly without effort. These are the lumrunners, the smugglers who know the tricks of the trade — the tricks that separate the good smugglers from the dead.

## Smuggling For Fun and Profit

Captain Orr gazed at the computer screen before him, eyes darting across the scrolling readout. "Are you positive that this is the ship we were told about?" he demanded of the customs agent controlling the starport datafeed.

"Yes sir," the controller replied confidently. "The informant stated that the Corellian PB-950 designated *Lumrunner* might be one of the ships attempting to smuggle contraband arms out of Gallisport tonight. The ship is registered to a Captain Shamus Falconi, and its transponder code has been confirmed with BoSS, sir."

"Any outstanding warrants on Captain Falconi?" Orr asked eagerly.

"No, sir, his record is clean. Shall I inform Starport Control to give the ship landing clearance?"

An icy smile crossed Orr's pinched face. "Excellent," he purred. "Yes, have the port authority grant standard clearance, then place Lieutenant Smythers and his inspection team on alert. Have a detachment of stormtroopers and a full scanning team join him outside the ship's docking bay. He is to take no action until I arrive. I will handle this inspection personally."

Turning to face the startled controller, Orr pulled an ornately-carved bantha bone pipe out of his pocket and packed it tightly with a pinch of tabacc. "These petty smugglers never learn," Orr stated, adopting a superior tone. "They flitter about the galaxy plying their

illicit trade, making a mockery of the Emperor's laws — all the while believing themselves too clever to be caught. And the gall of this one naming his ship *Lumrunner*, just begging to be taught a lesson."

Orr paused, relishing the angry emotion building within. Placing the pipe to his mouth, he ignited his flamer and lit the tabbac. Then, staring into the still-burning flame, he continued. "I think it's time to take some of the cockiness out of Captain Falconi's attitude. I wonder how he will take it when a competent representative of the Empire inspects his ship." With a flourishing pinch of fingers, he snuffed out the match's flame. "Yes, we'll see how smug he is soon enough."



Captain of the Port Renea Luies waited patiently at the monitoring post near bay 1831. Through macrobinoculars he watched intently as the ancient patrol boat broke from its holding orbit and began its long descent. After checking his chrono and noting the time for official records, Port Captain Luies turned his attention back toward the Imperial Customs officer hovering nervously beside him.

Seldom was Captain Luies impressed by the trappings of Imperial uniforms. Unlike his own deep blue uniform, resplendent in appearance with its gold and red braiding, he found Imperial uniforms drab and unexciting. Very much like this young Lieutenant Smythers who had barged into his private offices demanding immediate attention. While Captain Luies was officially in charge, the Empire would often take control of the starport's resources. So, like many times before, Captain Luies and his port troopers found themselves relegated to the role of backup muscle, treated as little more than hired hands in their own starport. Captain Luies found this demeaning and insulting. Still, this was the Empire and he was just a loyal servant.

Smiling broadly, Luies activated a monitoring station and motioned for the lieutenant to observe. "I've verified the identification of those already present in the docking bay," he announced, adjusting the display screen. "The Arcona you see by the skiffs is Dutan Lee. He operates a mining supply business and has no criminal record. The human next to him is Chop Harlison, a swoop technician with a minor record of theft and public misconduct. The others you see there are mostly scum. They are members of a local swoop gang, hired as cheap labor. They appear to be unarmed, although they



could be concealing most anything.

"I've made a copy of our files for your records," stated Luies, handing over a datacard. "Now if you will come this way, Lieutenant Smythers, we can check on the deployment of our guards."



"All right, Grasheel, we've been granted clearance to land at docking bay 1831. Start calibrating the scanners," Shamus Falconi announced while adjusting the course of the ancient patrol boat. He glanced over his shoulder at the giant sable-furred Wookiee seated at the ship's engineering station. The Wookiee's massive hands danced over the scanner controls making delicate adjustments to the ship's most sensitive equipment.

Grasheel gave a questioning growl and fiddled with a large hoop earring tied into his fur where it would normally be worn on a human.

"No, I don't think it makes you look dashing. Besides, I don't think he wanted to give it to you."

Grasheel protested loudly, with a deafening series of grunts and howls.

"I know you gave him back his ear. I just don't think he saw the generosity in it. Personally I think you look ..." Shamus was cut short by the bleeping of a ship's alarm indicating that they were being scanned.

Below them the planet's largest starport slid into view. Shamus killed the alarm and made a minor adjustment to the ship's speed. "Wait for it ... get ready ... now!" he yelled. Immediately Grasheel's hands flew into a flurry of motion. There were very few beings in the galaxy who could perform a lifescan reading as quickly and as thoroughly as Grasheel could — still, what they were doing left no margin for error. By piggybacking their sensor scan along the return frequency of the starport scan, the smugglers hoped to get a reading of their landing bay without appearing suspicious. If they were being watched, focused sensor activity at this late stage would be like showing your hand at a high stakes sabacc game.

Grasheel let out a grunt of satisfaction as he displayed his findings.

"We've attracted a welcoming committee," Shamus concluded. "From the numbers and deployment, I'd say they're Imperials." Grasheel

shook his head in confirmation, and made a questioning sound. "Yes, I'm sure this will work. Besides — it's too late to back out now."



Inside docking bay 1831, Chop Harlison watched the massive patrol-boat-turned cargo ship land. Amidst a series of metallic clanks and the high pitched whines, the Corellian PB-950 settled heavily upon ancient landing struts. Several of Chop's swoopers started forward, heading toward the ship's outer hatches. He motioned them back. Across the landing bay he observed Dutan Lee powering up the cargo skiff. Catching Dutan's attention, he shot him a questioning look. The Arconan arms dealer appeared calm and relaxed, and, like Chop, appeared to be waiting for something else. Seconds ticked by as the *Lumrunner* powered down, returning the bay to relative silence. Chop watched the cockpit closely, and could see the shapes of the pilots moving about. Then the lights in the cockpit were turned off, plunging it into complete darkness broken only by the brief flare of a flamer.

That was what he waited for: the signal that they were being watched. Now Chop began to worry in earnest. Which course of action should they take? Stand firm and bluff it out, or leave as quickly as possible? His swoopers began to get nervous, eyeing the various exits of the bay, plotting possible escape routes. Sweat trickled down his back as he waited for the ship's main ramp to extend. As the boarding hatch cycled open, the choking odors of smoke and lum emanated forth from the bowels of the ship and two figures strode down the ramp.

The huge Wookiee bounded down the ramp first, puffing heavily on a thick cigarillo and trailing large clouds of greenish-blue smoke. Shamus casually sauntered behind him. Chop breathed a little easier — the Wookiee was smoking the cigarillo. Chop turned back toward his men. They had seen the signal, and were settling back down — preparing to bluff it out.

Chop moved forward, bellowing out a welcome. "Shamus Falconi, you old lumrunner. Right on time as usual." He held out a meaty hand to shake.

A low growl slipped from Grasheel, who moved to intercept the two. Grasheel was odd-looking, even for a Wookiee. He wore various ornaments braided into his sable fur which only added to his



intimidating visage. A silky red scarf was tied around his shaggy head, obviously a fashion the Wookiee had taken fancy to.

"Oh, sorry Grasheel, I was just getting to you." Chop comforted the Wookiee's injured pride, maneuvering to avoid a crushing hug.

"Yes, welcome Captain Falconi," Dutan Lee offered, joining the group at the base of the ramp.

"Evening, gentlemen. Let's get started," Shamus grinned at the two. Plucking the cigarillo from the Wookiee's mouth he tossed it across the landing bay. "Put that thing out, you overgrown carpet, its giving me a headache."

Further conversation was cut short, as a massive groan emanated from the landing bay's main doors. Advancing rapidly as the doors parted, a squad of white-armored stormtroopers moved into the landing bay and assumed defensive positions. From behind and above, more noise could be heard, indicating that armed troops had also taken positions along the docking bay walls. The Empire had arrived in docking bay 1831, and the boarding of the *Lumrunner* had just begun.



Flanked by Luies and Smythers, Captain Orr strode confidently among his men toward the group gathered at the base of the *Lumrunner*. Wearing the evil smile of the ferrcat caught eating the womp rat, he took a brief moment to enjoy the shocked looks of this evening's prey. "My name is Captain Orr of the Imperial Customs Bureau. I will be conducting an inspection of your vessel and the cargoes exchanging hands in the name of the Emperor. I trust that there will be no objections." Orr examined the assembled faces, watching for signs of trouble.

"None at all, Captain," Shamus spoke for the group. "Happy to oblige the Empire." His expression said otherwise.

"You are Captain Falconi?" Orr asked the lanky redhead before him. Not waiting for a reply, he turned toward the Wookiee. "And this thing must be your co-pilot Grasheel. I trust his permits are in order." The Wookiee stuck forth a massive hand, but quickly aborted the handshake when a stormtrooper raised his blaster. Studying the swoop tech and the Arcona, Orr pressed on. "State your name and business," he demanded.

Luies stepped forward to speak, but was cut off by Lieutenant

## Captain Alijah Orr



**Type:** Imperial Customs Officer

**DEXTERITY** 2D+1

Blaster 4D, dodge 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE** 4D

Alien spices 5D, bureaucracy 10D, business 5D, intimidation 6D, law enforcement 8D, planetary systems 6D, value 5D+2, willpower 6D+1

**MECHANICAL** 2D+2

Astrogation 4D, astrogation: Minos Cluster 6D, capital ship piloting 6D, space transports 4D

**PERCEPTION** 4D

Command 7D, investigation 7D, search 8D

**STRENGTH** 2D+2

**TECHNICAL** 2D+1

Computer programming/repair 6D-2, security 5D, space transport repair 4D

**Force Points:** 2

**Dark Side Points:** 2

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), chrono, comlink, Imperial uniform

**Capsule:** Captain Alijah Orr is one of the most powerful men in the Shesharile system. As the ranking officer in the Imperial Customs Bureau he is afforded position and privileges, exceeded only by the system's governor and aides. As the head of Imperial Customs Orr has the authority to confiscate ships and cargoes, to suspend trade permits and to levy special taxes, all in the Emperor's name. He even has the power to close down the system's starports, which would effectively destroy the system's faltering economy. To keep Captain Orr appeased, wealthy trade groups and shipping cartels constantly wine and dine him. Glamorous parties and elaborate gifts are now an expected part of the Imperial Captain's life.

Unfortunately for most of his benefactors, Captain Orr cannot be bought. He has never accepted a bribe nor bent a regulation in his entire 50-year career. His rigid adherence to regulations and customs codes is known throughout the Imperial Customs Bureau and the smuggler communities. His temper and his ability to hold a grudge are also just as legendary. These same qualities also prevent him from raising any further in rank or position. His superiors are weary of anyone they cannot bend or control, and they fear his performance would outshine their own.

His years of customs experience have given him an almost supernatural ability to detect smugglers. It is rumored that he can smell guilt and that his mere presence at a boarding causes most smugglers to confess. In truth, Orr relies heavily on his hand-picked inspection teams and Imperial technology to find contraband. As he advances in age he conducts fewer and fewer boardings himself, saving his efforts for those smugglers he deems worthy of his attention and talents. His growing arrogance and overconfidence in his people's abilities are the only character flaws smugglers might successfully exploit.



Smythers "Captain Luies, you may rejoin your men. This is an Imperial matter."

Captain Luies faltered for a second, then snapped to attention. "If you will excuse me, sir," he stated pleasantly to Captain Orr.

Lieutenant Smythers produced a datacard and plugged it carefully into his datapad. "Sir, I've taken the liberty of identifying these beings and have assembled their complete histories."

Orr commanded the datapad. "Excellent, Lieutenant. As always, I am impressed with your foresight and efficiency."

Lieutenant Smythers visibly glowed from the compliment. "Shall we proceed, sir?"



Dutan Lee was at a loss. Falconi had given the signal that something was up, and now Imperials were breathing down their necks. This was not good, no, definitely not good at all.

"Your name and business, Arcona?" the Imperial captain demanded. It took a moment for Dutan Lee to realize that the question had been repeated. "I am Dutan Lee of Dutan Mining Supply Exports. We produce all of our products here in Gallisport, Captain. This is a shipment of parts headed for the Mestra System." Lee's tongue twitched nervously as several stormtroopers approached the outbound cargo and began unlatching crates. How could Falconi allow this? He knew these crates contained stolen Imperial weapons.

What a terrible mess, he thought to himself. Dutan Lee knew how the Empire treated smugglers and arms dealers.

The troopers succeeded in opening the first crate, breaking the local customs seals in the process. Peering inside, the lead stormtrooper announced, "Mining equipment."

"Sergeant, you won't find anything right on top. Sometimes you must be more thorough," Lieutenant Smythers chuckled. Releasing the side latches, he allowed the front of the packing case to fall away, spilling its contents at their feet.

While the stormtrooper examined the contents, Dutan Lee contemplated how he would spend the last few minutes of his life. "Mining equipment," the stormtrooper stated flatly. "Move on to the next one."

Finally forcing himself to look, Dutan Lee couldn't believe his luck. The weapons weren't in the crates! A slight pause followed that

## Dutan Lee



**Type:** Arcona Arms Dealer

**DEXTERITY 2D+2**

Blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 3D+2, dodge 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 5D, bureaucracy: Minos Cluster Trade Authority 8D, bureaucracy: Imperial Customs Bureau 6D, business 7D, cultures 4D+2, languages 4D+2, law enforcement 5D+2, streetwise 5D, streetwise: Minos Cluster 7D, value 5D+2

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Repulsorlift operation, 4D, space transports 3D+2

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Bargain 6D, con 5D+1, hide 5D+2

**STRENGTH 3D+2**

**TECHNICAL 3D**

**Special Abilities:**

*Digging:* Arcona can use their talons to dig through soil.

*Senses:* Arcona have weak long distance vision (+10 to the difficulty of all tasks requiring vision at distances greater than 15 meters), but excellent close range senses (+1D to *Perception* skills involving heat, smell or movement within 15 meters).

*Thick Hide:* Adds +1D to STR for physical damage.

*Talons:* Adds +1D to climbing, *Strength* in brawling attacks, or *digging*.

*Salt Weakness:* Arcona are easily addicted to salt.

**Character Points:** 8

**Move:** 9

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad, expensive chrono, constantly changing variety of personal weapons carried for protection and demonstration.

**Capsule:** Dutan Lee has been active in the illicit arms market for almost a decade. The Arcona exports military hardware throughout the Minos Cluster, satisfying the arms needs of criminals and Rebels alike. Using the Dutan family business for cover — and a few select smugglers — Lee's contraband goods often leave the system under the guise of mining parts and supplies. The entire Dutan nest is active in the arms trade. Lee's cousin, Dutan Kelliv, is a supervisor at Gallisport's SoroSuub munitions factory and supplies classified information on shipping schedules and security procedures. Other nest members work in administration positions in the planetary government, forming a network of spies and informants.

Dutan Lee constantly moves his place of business, more for protection from the local swoop gangs and thieves than for fear of the Empire. His steady customers discover his new location through a series of informants, while new clients are carefully researched before they meet Dutan Lee in person. Although Lee prefers credit-only transactions, lately he has begun to accept favors and trades in place of cash.

A disturbing series of failed deals and missing funds has led Lee to suspect that he has a traitor in his organization. In fact the traitor is Dutan Leara, his youngest sister, a salt addict who talks too freely when under the influence.



thought. The weapons weren't in the crates? But if they weren't in the crates, where did they disappear to? Double-crossed, stabbed in the back, robbed of my livelihood! The thoughts poured through his mind. This wouldn't be the first time smugglers tried to cheat him.

While crate after crate of mining equipment and parts were unceremoniously dumped, Lee's fear was replaced by anger. "What have you done! That equipment better not be damaged! I still have to sell it! What are your operating numbers?"

To pacify the angry Arcona, Lieutenant Smythers ordered Port Captain Luies and his soldiers to repack the crates. "Be sure to affix Imperial seals on these crates, Luies." Imperial seals insured customs inspectors that the case had been thoroughly examined by the Bureau of Customs. As long as the seals showed no sign of tampering they could bypass normal customs posts and be delivered directly to the end customer. "That should be more than enough to appease this 'businessman'," Smythers stated in disgust. A stormtrooper watched as Captain Luies and his men went to work, passing out Imperial seals as they progressed.



Lieutenant Smythers hesitantly approached Captain Orr. "Sir, perhaps our informer was incorrect. Should we move on to our next suspect?"

Deep in thought, Captain Orr absently stroked his chin as he calculated his next move. "No, Lieutenant, something is going on here, I can feel it," he whispered. Then very loudly he announced, "Bring in the scanning team. I want a scan of this landing bay made at once. And then we begin on the ship. Give me a complete scan of the ship and its contents. Be thorough — we wouldn't want Captain Falconi to think he was given less than proper treatment."

"We wouldn't want that, would we, Grasheel?" Falconi muttered to his companion. The Wookiee responded with a low rumble.

"You might as well just tell us what you're smuggling today, Captain Falconi," Orr said. "My scanning team is one of the best in the Empire. I hand-picked them personally, and they aren't easily fooled." He offered, "Confess now and I'll be lenient on you and your companion. It might even save you a trip to the spice mines of Kessel." Orr laughed evilly as he glared at the pair of smugglers. The smugglers were definitely getting nervous, Orr thought. Look how

they squirm. They'll break, even if I have to break them myself.

Minutes passed by in silence as the scanning team performed its duty. After what seemed a lifetime the team returned.

"The ship's clean, sir," the ranking scanner tech announced.

"Clean? That can't be. Did you check for hidden compartments? They always try using hidden compartments," Orr exclaimed furiously.

"Yes, sir. There was no indication of hidden areas aboard the ship. The cargo compartments registered clean also. Preliminary readings indicated industrial-grade repulsorlift coils and various alcohols, sir."

Stunned, but not deterred, Orr waved for Smythers and the two smugglers to follow him into the cargo hold. "I believe we will have to do this the old-fashioned way."



Lieutenant Smythers followed Captain Orr, carefully staying to his superior's right and a little behind. The academy instilled proper protocol into its cadets, and this had followed Smythers to his backwater assignment. The only way to advance in the Imperial Navy was to please your superiors. Smythers excelled at this task,

## Imperial Seals

**Model:** Imperial Customs Bureau Seals

**Type:** Coded shipping container seals

**Cost:** Not available for sale

**Availability:** X (Imperial use only)

**Game Notes:** Imperial seals are virtually impossible to counterfeit, and success should be beyond the scope of most characters. Any breakage, electronic disruption or rough handling will cause the seals to rupture and dissolve, rendering them useless.

**Capsule:** Imperials seals are small plastic strips and stickers used to seal the latches, locks and openings of shipping containers. Embedded with tiny microchips and thin reservoirs of dissolving compounds, Imperial seals can be individually identified with standardized code scanner units. The seals are coated with a bonding agent that activates when the protective wrapper is removed. The bonding agent dries in approximately 30 seconds, hardening the seal. At this point any code tampering, rough handling or breakage activates the seal's small reservoirs of dissolving compounds, destroying the seal. Containers bearing Imperial seals that match Imperial inspection reports written to Write-Once-Read-Many (WORM) chips are allowed to bypass normal custom inspections.



keeping Captain Orr constantly updated and informed, following his orders to the letter. And while Captain Orr had never been proven wrong before, the Lieutenant was beginning to have doubts about this inspection.

The cargo holds were piled high with crates and boxes, and smelled of lum and something else. Orr smiled, as was his habit when he knew he had caught his prey. The cargo holds reeked of guilt. "Excellent," he said. Orr turned to the assembled stormtroopers and boarding officers who had followed them inside. "Turn this hold inside-out. I want to show the good Captain Falconi here that we don't play games in Gallisport." Orr took up a position behind Shamus and Grasheel to observe their reactions as his men began their investigations.

Smythers briskly assigned positions and tasks, then turned his personal attention to the cases labeled as alcohol. The visual inspection progressed slowly and Smythers could sense Captain Orr's impatience. "Only lum and Corellian wine so far, sir" he announced.

"Move those crates aside, Smythers, and proceed to the rear. If they are hiding anything it will be back there," Orr said. "And they do seem to be getting more nervous the farther you move back."

Boxes were quickly pushed aside as a path was made to the back of the cargo hold. Smythers stole a look at the two smugglers, who were definitely fidgeting and sweating now. "Open one of those boxes back there," he ordered one stormtrooper. The case was promptly opened, exposing several bottles with green labels, one of which was passed to Smythers. "More lum, sir," the Lieutenant stated meekly. The red flush of rage colored Orr's face. Smythers couldn't help but think he would receive the brunt of the coming explosion.

"Well, Lieutenant?" Orr hissed. "Don't just stand there. Open it."

The cap pulled off easily and Smythers gave the bottle a quick sniff. "Smells like lum, sir."

"Odors can be deceiving, Lieutenant. I think we should perform a test to be sure. Have the Wookiee take a drink from it."

Panic almost overwhelmed Smythers as he pushed the bottle toward Grasheel. The Wookiee was shaking his head quite vigorously, waving the approaching bottle away. Smythers remembered a saying his grandmother once told him: "You can lead a Wookiee to lum, but you can't make him drink." The Wookiee would not accept the bottle.

"What's wrong with him, Falconi? Does he know something that

## Shamus Falconi



**Type:** Veteran Smuggler

### DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 5D+1, brawling parry 4D+2, dodge 4D+2, melee combat 3D+2, running 4D

### KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Alien species 3D, bureaucracy 4D, bureaucracy: Imperial Customs Bureau 5D, business 5D, cultures 3D, languages 4D+1, languages: Wookiee 6D+1, law enforcement 4D, planetary systems 3D+1, streetwise 4D+1, value 5D, willpower 5D

### MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 4D+2, astrogation: Minos Cluster 7D, repulsorlift operation 4D+1, space transports 5D+2, space transports: Corellian PB-950 8D+1, starship gunnery 4D+1, swoop operation 4D

### PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 5D+2, con 5D+2, forgery 4D+1, hide 5D+2, persuasion 4D+2, sneak 3D+2

### STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2

### TECHNICAL 2D+2

Computer programming/repair 5D+1, first aid 4D, space transports repair 3D

**This character is Force-sensitive.**

**Force Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 12

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Corellian PB-950 transport, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), heavy flight jacket, hold-out blaster (3D+2), 1,350 credits

**Capsule:** Shamus Falconi is a native of Algor, a planet renown for its two major exports — pirates and lawyers. When he was 21, Shamus faced a career dilemma. Lacking the combative abilities of his mother and sisters, he knew he would never be a successful pirate. And his distaste for unnecessary violence and bloodshed ruled out following his father into the field of law. He did have another option. He had inherited his grandmother's ship, a Corellian PB-950. The patrol boat was over 300 years old when his grandmother first hijacked it at the start of her pirate career. Although the ship had been maintained, it was seriously outdated. A massive overhaul was required, and the expertise in engineering required was beyond his limited abilities. To this day, Shamus refuses to discuss how he hired his future partner, the Wookiee Grasheel — Shamus claims it's a trade secret.

Shamus has built a small but loyal group of friends and informers. Word of good cargo runs — or which systems to avoid — reaches Shamus at most of the ports he visits, allowing him to set up deals and scams on the return run long before he ever picks up the cargo. He recently began running guns into the Mestra system, where independent miners have begun to clash with powerful corporations. Dutan Lee keeps him supplied with weapons, but is having a problem with security. More importantly, Captain Orr is becoming more persistent in his efforts to obtain a promotion and has decided to end every smuggling operation in the system. Fortunately, Captain Luies is one of Shamus' good friends and tries to provide protection (at the usual price).



you're not telling me?" Orr asked.

"Actually, he does," Falconi offered with a shrug. "It's not his brand."

Furiously, Orr grabbed the bottle and thrust it into the Wookiee's massive hands. "Captain Falconi," he raged, "he will drink this right now or I'll impound your ship from now until time's end. Do I make myself clear?"

Grasheel exchanged a final worried look with Falconi and brought the proffered bottle to his lips. Closing his eyes, he took a cautious sip of the thick liquid. The Wookiee convulsed as a series of massive coughs racked his body. Then, opening one eye, a look of surprise crossed his furry face — after which followed a happy bellow as Grasheel guzzled down the rest of the lum in record time.



TG-421 halted in front of the crates supposedly filled with repulsor coils. The stormtrooper was eager to get the inspection over with. "Spread out and start opening random crates," he ordered his squad. "Compare the contents with the cargo manifest. Report any discrepancies immediately." Approaching the nearest crate, he cracked the seal. The lid swung open easily, revealing several large industrial repulsor coils packed for shipping. He motioned to the scanning team as he carefully lifted the heavy coil out of its packing material. The coil proved slippery and hard to hold. Instinctively he clutched the coil, pressing it firmly against his chest.

It wasn't until the scanner tech had completed the reading that TG-421 realized his mistake. The coils had been coated with an anti-corrosion gel to protect them during shipping. He immediately dropped the offending coil back into the crate. Reading the packing instructions carefully he backed away from the case as though it were a thermal detonator. "Anti-Corr 113!" his panicked voice crackled over the stormtrooper communication net. "Visual inspection only! Don't touch the coils!"

His warning was too late for some of the other stormtroopers. He watched in horror as the once-gleaming white armor of his squad started changing to a pasty blue wherever it had touched the Anti-corr. Items treated with Anti-Corr 113 could remain exposed to high heats and dangerous environments for years with no adverse ef-



fects. Unfortunately, its only side effect was the nasty habit of dyeing everything it contacted a rather sickly shade of blue. It was specially designed to penetrate deeply for protection and seldom ever polished or buffed out. TG-421 could only watch helplessly as his troopers inadvertently spread the contamination further in vain attempts to wipe off their soiled armor.



The stormtrooper squad assembled outside the *Lumrunner*, attempting to hide the blue stains. Smythers waited patiently behind Orr while the two free-traders and their customers stood near the ramp of the ship awaiting the verdict. Orr gazed at the scoundrels long and hard in a last attempt to glean anything incriminating out of them. "You're very lucky Captain Falconi. Your ship is clean," he finally proclaimed, infuriated by the smug look that passed over the pair's face. He knew they were dirty. And while he couldn't lock them away, he could make their lives miserable.



## Lumrunner

**Craft:** Modified Corellian PB-950 Patrol Boat  
**Type:** Modified patrol boat  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 37 meters  
**Skill:** Space transports: Corellian PB-950  
**Crew:** 2, gunners: 2  
**Passengers:** 8  
**Cargo Capacity:** 180 metric tons  
**Consumables:** 3 months  
**Cost:** Not available for sale  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1  
**Hyperdrive Backup:** x12  
**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Maneuverability:** 1D+2  
**Space:** 8  
**Atmosphere:** 365; 1,050 kmh  
**Hull:** 5D  
**Shields:** 3D  
**Sensors:**  
*Passive:* 30/1D  
*Scan:* 60/2D  
*Search:* 90/4D  
*Focus:* 4/4D+1

### Weapons:

#### 1 Quad Laser Cannon

**Fire Arc:** Turret  
**Crew:** 1  
**Skill:** Starship gunnery  
**Fire Control:** 3D  
**Space Range:** 1-3/12/25  
**Atmosphere Range:** 100-300/1.2/2.5 km  
**Damage:** 6D

#### 1 Concussion Missile Tube

**Fire Arc:** Turret  
**Crew:** 1  
**Skill:** Starship gunnery  
**Fire Control:** 2D  
**Space Range:** 1/3/7  
**Atmosphere Range:** 50-100/300/700  
**Damage:** 9D

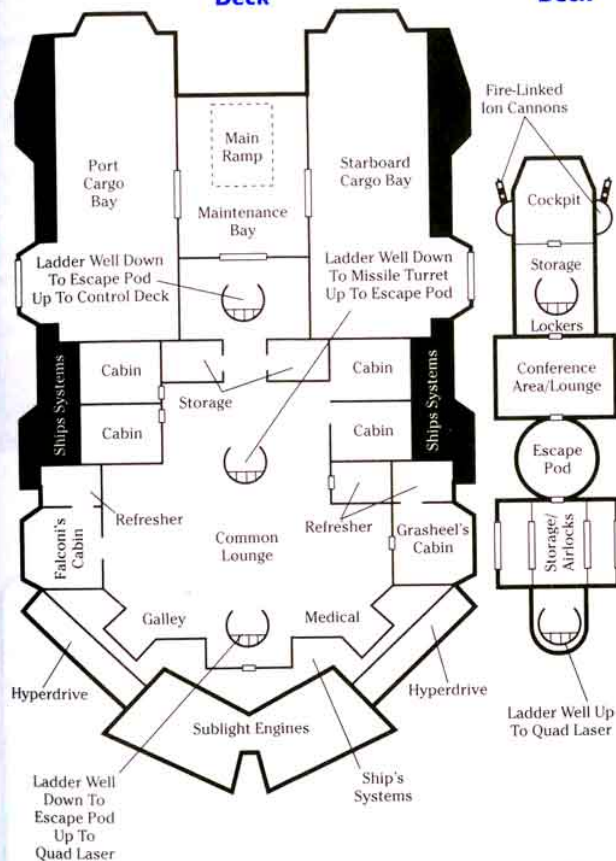
#### 2 Medium Ion Cannons (fire-linked)

**Fire Arc:** Front  
**Skill:** Starship gunnery  
**Fire Control:** 3D  
**Space Range:** 1-3/7/36  
**Atmosphere Range:** 100-300/700/3.6 km  
**Damage:** 4D

**Capsule:** Corellian PB-950 patrol boats saw widespread use during the Old Republic. Used primarily for system defense and customs interdiction, the series proved to be a welcome addition to most system and sector fleets. The PB-950 enjoyed one last surge of popularity at the onset

## Main Deck

## Control Deck



of the Clone Wars before production was finally halted in favor of larger, more powerful customs corvettes.

The *Lumrunner* is an original series PB-950. Replacement parts are scarce and expensive, and consume a large portion of the smugglers' profits. To counter costs, Grasheel often elects to completely replace a damaged component with a modern equivalent rather than repair the system with original parts. As a result, the ship has been extensively upgraded and modified in a manner known only to the Wookiee.



"I want the two of you out of my starport in one hour," he hissed, "or I'll have you brought up on charges of loitering. Is that clear?" No objections were voiced. "Good. Lieutenant Smythers, let's ..."

"Excuse me — Captain Orr?" Port Captain Luies interrupted holding out his datapad. "I will need you to sign off on these Imperial seals."

Orr took the datapad and scanned it briefly. After authorizing the manifest, he downloaded a copy into the official Imperial records. Handing back the datapad, he ordered, "Captain Luies, make sure that these cargoes are exchanged immediately. Use as many of your men as needed. I want these two and their ship out of my starport in one hour ... or I will hold you personally responsible."

It was a furious Captain Orr who lead the procession of Imperials out of docking bay 1831. He had just been made a fool and needed a new target to lash out at. "Smythers, what's the next ship due in?"

The Lieutenant scanned his datapad for the list the informer provided. "The *Last Chance*, a Corellian YT-1300, captained by a Platt Okeefe, sir," he offered.

"Excellent," Orr purred. "Excellent."



## Corrosion Preventative

**Model:** ColuChem Anti-Corr 113

**Type:** Anti-corrosion spray/gel

**Cost:** 75 per liter

**Availability:** 2

**Game Notes:** Anti-Corr 113 stains everything it comes into contact with a nasty blue residue. Only expensive chemical solvents can remove the stains, sometimes causing physical damage to the treated item if composed of softer materials.

**Capsule:** Anti-Corr 113 was developed by Bith chemists to protect equipment positioned outside of their hermetically sealed cities after their disastrous biochemical civil war. Once applied in spray or gel form, the coated areas are protected from extreme variations in heat and environment. Anti-Corr 113 takes decades to chemically break down or evaporate, and can usually be removed only by very powerful chemical solvents. One liter in spray form usually provides three square meters of coverage. Gel form provides less coverage area as it is usually applied in thick layers for best protection. Warning: contact during application or with treated items may cause severe discoloration of unprotected surfaces.

## Grasheel



**Type:** Wookiee First Mate

**DEXTERITY 2D+2**

Blaster 3D+2, bowcaster 5D, brawling parry 5D+1, dodge 4D, pick pockets 3D+1, running 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

Intimidation 5D, planetary systems 4D, streetwise 5D, survival 4D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Astrogation 5D, repulsor operation 4D+2, sensors 6D+1, space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 6D+1

**PERCEPTION 2D**

Con 4D, search 3D

**STRENGTH 5D**

Brawling 7D, climbing 5D+1, lifting 6D, stamina 7D

**TECHNICAL 3D+1**

Bowcaster repair 5D+1, droid programming 5D, droid repair 5D, repulsorlift repair 6D, space transports repair 6D, space transports repair: Corellian PB-950 trans-

port 8D

**Special Abilities:**

**Berserker Rage:** +2D to *Strength* when inflicting brawling damage.

**Climbing Claws:** +2D to *climbing*.

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 13

**Move:** 12

**Equipment:** Engineering datapad, modified bowcaster (5D), portable tool kit, 3 footlockers of assorted trinkets, 800 credits

**Capsule:** Grashael has been described as "a slave to fashion" due to his compulsive desire to wear whatever is in vogue. His fur is braided with brightly colored objects and a large hoop earring — lately he sports a flowing red silk scarf tied around his head. Most people are frightened by his appearance and try to avoid him. They do not realize each item he sports has a deep personal meaning.

Sold into slavery as a child, he was forced to move among work camps, often with no warning. If he did not wear his few meager possessions, they would be lost to him forever. He continued this habit even after his last camp was liberated by Algor pirates. Each piece brings back private memories to the sentimental Wookiee. The earring (and the ear it was attached to at the time) belonged to a smuggler from Socorro he once befriended, the red scarf is an homage to a lady smuggler he likes, and the bright objects he wears are various forms of currency.

He learned the art of engineering from the Algor pirates. He practiced by repairing systems believed to be totally wasted. After plying his trade with the Algor pirates, the huge Wookiee wanted a ship of his own. Fate brought Grashael and Shamus Falconi together. The story of their meeting is long and complex — it's enough to know that it involved a seedy Algor spacer bar called the Airlock, several angry pirates and a bottle of lum. In the end, Grashael owned half Falconi's ship, and the two became partners.



Once the Imperials had left, Port Captain Luies activated his comlink. "Bring it in." Luies smiled as two repulsor skiffs bearing starport insignia pulled through the open bay doors, stopping at the ship's loading ramp. Groups of Luies' troopers were joined by Chop's swoopers as they began unloading various crates and boxes bearing Imperial Seals.

"What's going on?" Dutan Lee demanded.

"Just getting your cargo ready for loading, Dutan. You do still want to be part of this deal, don't you?" Shamus answered with a small grin.

"But what about those containers full of mining equipment?"

"You can thank Port Captain Luies here for those, and for keeping your cargo safe while we pulled off this little stunt." Captain Luies bowed slightly at the mention of his name. "We now have legal documentation to bypass all inspection along the way to Mestra. Those seals on the mining equipment have different numbers than the seals on your containers."

A look of dawning crossed the Arcona's face. "Well now, this is a surprise, isn't it," Dutan Lee beamed.

"Really, it was nothing," Luies proclaimed. Producing a second datapad from behind his back he bowed again. "A mere slight of hand, nothing more."

"Now while the men do their work, let's go inside to settle our debts." Shamus motioned towards the ship's interior. When everyone was seated, he continued. "Chop, your shipment of refined Tibanna gas is stored in the first few crates of lum, the ones with the red labels. Luckily for us they always think that we try to hide things as far away from them as possible, right Grasheel?" The Wookiee gave a positive bellow. "The military coils you requested are tucked inside those big industrial coils. A sharp rap on the end and you'll find that they easily slide out. Oh, and make sure you wear gloves. Don't want to stain your hands on that Anti-Corr."

"Thanks, Shamus. I appreciate it," he said with a toothy grin.

"You play a dangerous game, Captain Falconi. Which is why you're one of my favorites," Luies chimed in. "Now, can we get to the business of compensation?"

A quick exchange of credits left everyone happy. The smugglers lost a little money on this leg of the trip, but delivering those weapons hidden in the mining equipment for Mestra would more than make up for it. "I think we should celebrate," Falconi proclaimed, pulling a bottle of Socorran raava out from under a seat. He poured everyone a round.

"Captain! Socorran raava is illegal here in Gallisport!" Luies

## Captain of the Port Renea Luies



**Type:** Starport Customs Administrator  
**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D+2, brawling parry 4D, dodge 4D-1, pick pocket 5D, running 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy 5D, bureaucracy: Imperial Customs Bureau 7D, bureaucracy: Minos Cluster Trade Authority 9D, intimidation 5D, languages 6D, law enforcement 7D, streetwise 6D, streetwise: Gallisport 10D, value 5D+2, willpower 6D

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Repulsorlift operation 4D+1

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 6D, command 7D, con 6D, forgery 6D, investigation 5D, investigation: Gallisport 10D, persuasion 5D+2, search 6D

**STRENGTH 2D+2**

Brawling 3D+2

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Computer programming/repair 5D, security 4D-2

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 3

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, credit chip, datapad

**Capsule:** Captain Renea Luies is in charge of the Shesharile system's commercial starport. He commands the respect of his underlings and rules his domain with an iron purse. A native of Shesharile 5, Luies learned the ways of graft and corruption by working as a starport officer. He was already in office when the Empire made its presence felt in the system, and works carefully to expand his organization without raising Imperial suspicions.

Luies' boarding teams perform like their non-corrupt peers, inspecting ships, issuing permits and collecting taxes. When violations to codes or contraband cargos are discovered, Luies is immediately notified. After a round of negotiations, "standard fines" are collected and temporary waivers issued. For an additional fee, the inspection could be postponed while the inspectors take an early lunch, leaving the smuggler time to prepare his ship. When the cargo is hot enough or special arrangements must be made, Luies expects about 25 percent of a cargo's value. Those refusing to pay usually end up in a cell or are booted off planet without their contraband.

Luies has no loyalty to the Empire, nor for the Old Republic. He sees each regime for what it is — the current government. And although Captain Orr often usurps his authority, Luies always displays the exact respect and admiration his counterpart craves. Maintaining his position on the Empire's good side is a game he plays well. He always appears shocked when one of his men accepts a bribe, or when a dirty operator is in his starport.

On those few occasions when the Empire busts one of Luies' private deals, he manages to come out clean. He produces a mountain of evidence to support his claim of a sting operation. He sometimes provides his Imperial counterpart with anonymous or misleading tips. At other times it is a ploy to tie up Imperial forces while a deal is underway.



shouted at Shamus, while jumping to his feet.

The room fell silent.

"What do you suggest we do about it, Inspector?"

"Dispose of the evidence," Luies replied, downing his drink with a satisfied smile.

Shamus toasted Port Captain Luies. "This looks like the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

## Beating The Boarding

Falconi and Grasheel are prime examples of true lumrunners, possessing that unique ability to make difficult boardings appear easy. Despite the ease in which they get through boarding actions, only years of practiced and proven methods have given them the ability to profit from their endeavors. Like most seasoned smugglers, they use a radical blend of time-honored tactics and offbeat versions of old tricks to elude and confuse their boarding officer adversaries. Although each smuggler customizes these tactics to suit his or her own style, the basics remain the same.

### Know Your Enemy

In order to beat the boarding, you have to beat the boarding officer. Just as smugglers come in infinite varieties, so do boarding officials. As a result, no two boardings are exactly the same. Each boarding officer has his or her own unique spin on how to conduct a by-the-book boarding. Often officers will allow their own personal motivations to interfere with or overrun their sense of duty.

Experienced smugglers go to great lengths to familiarize themselves with potential opponents. Spacer bar regulars, dock workers, and any one of the dozens of administrators found at most starports make excellent sources for critical information. Rumors, facts and innuendo can all be twisted to the smuggler's benefit, the rewards outweighing the investment of time and credits. This is an excellent opportunity for characters to use their *streetwise*, *persuasion*, and *investigation* skills as well as a chance for the gamemaster to introduce recurring characters and information sources.

So armed, smugglers can plan ahead or wait for the opportunity to exploit this information. They'll find that greedy or corrupt officials will be more interested in personal rather than planetary revenues, readily taking bribes or payoffs. Other boarding officers range from petty and self-serving bureaucrats to die-hard zealots eager to impress their superiors. Knowing their individual strengths is as important as knowing their individual weaknesses, and both

can mean the difference between success and failure.

The official Imperial guidelines for boardings are found inside the *Spacer's Information Manual*. Numerous items are covered, varying from the physical aspects of the ship to the cargo and people found inside (see excerpt). While every conceivable boarding situation is supposed to be covered, it is impractical to expect strict adherence. Neither the Imperial Navy nor the Imperial Customs Bureau have the time or resources to commit to such an endeavor. Instead, they rely heavily on their own sources of information, standard profiles of smugglers, and calculated guesses as to which ships they will board. Once a ship has been selected, the officials customize their boarding actions to fit resource and mission parameters.

### An Ounce of Prevention

Unless you prefer the Corellian method of smuggling — massive firefights highlighted by brief periods of profit — you should develop a plan long before you leave port. Successful smugglers take every opportunity to project an air of legitimacy and innocence. Cover stories, fake documentation and identification should be prepared in advance. Always have a contingency plans for aborting the run.

While not all cover stories are airtight, they should be conceived with attention to detail and rehearsed by all crew members. If you're posing as down-and-out spacers, you should look the part. Grungy uniforms, failing equipment, and messy quarters will be expected, whereas state-of-the-art droids, expensive computers, and flashy clothes could ruin your plan. Learn the appropriate lingo and body language; miners don't talk like aristocrats, just as inexperienced travellers don't react calmly to Imperial threats.

To bolster your cover, convincing documentation must be produced for suspicious customs officials. In addition, all fake documentation should concur, adding legitimacy to each individual piece. A list of common free-trader documents can be found in the *Spacer's Information Manual*. Researching the customs, laws and regulations of your planetary destination — as well as obtaining copies of legitimate documentation — all go a long way toward making realistic forgeries. *Knowledge*, *planetary systems*, *bureaucracy*, *law enforcement*, and *cultures* may be put to a constructive use. Successful rolls could provide bonuses to forgery attempts.

When all else fails, you should fall back on your contingency plans. All crew members should be performing some function as the ship comes out of hyperspace. Pilots should be calculating escape routes



## Spacer's Information Manual

### Customs Inspections and Requirements

Various Imperial and local level agencies have been empowered to perform general and custom inspections on behalf of the Empire. Imperial agencies include, but are not limited to, the Imperial Navy, the Imperial Space Ministry and the Bureau of Customs. Local level agencies vary from system to system, but usually include the planetary version of the Bureau of Customs and any local navy or militia units.

Regardless of the agency actually in charge of a boarding, all spacers and ship owners are charged with the duty of complying immediately and without resistance to the instructions and orders of boarding officials acting in the name of the Emperor. Ships failing to comply may be detained or fired upon. Ships' captains and crews offering resistance face stiff fines and possible imprisonment. All authorized boarding agencies will insure that spacefaring vessels comply with the following Imperial guidelines:

**1. Transponder Identification:** All vessels must have a functional transponder signal broadcast at all times the vessel is in operation. The transponder signal must be clear and free of alteration. All transponder codes will be processed and verified through BoSS. Vessels broadcasting an altered or masked signal are assumed to have criminal origins and will be detained or fired upon. Damage and/or destruction of such vessels has been authorized by the Emperor for the protection of Imperial citizens and property.

**2. Documentation:** All spacefaring vessels must carry and make available for inspection current and updated versions of the following documentation: Ship's Operating License (SOL), Captain's Accredited License (CAL), Arms Load-Out Permit (ALP), Safety Inspection Certification (SIC), Sector Trade Permit (STP), Vessel Cargo Manifest (VCM) and all required and authorized permits pertaining to currently carried cargoes. Vessels must also maintain for inspection a ship's log current to within one standard year. Entries to the ship's log must include a complete manifest of crew and passengers as well as record of all visited ports of call. Failure to produce or the use of forged or altered documentation may result in the detaining or confiscation of the ship and its cargo.

**3. Physical Alteration:** Any and all physical alteration visible or hidden must be registered and approved by the Imperial Space Ministry. Said approval and permits must be added to the Ship's Operating License documentation and entered into the ship's log. Physical alteration includes but is not limited to changes on the engines, weapon mounts and systems, sensors arrays, control computers and shield generators. In addition, all alterations and maintenance work must be documented and logged showing date, type and location where alterations were performed. Unauthorized alterations may indicate criminal intent and will be disassembled for investigation at the ship operator's expense.

**4. Safety:** All spacefaring vessels will be maintained and operated in compliance with the Imperial Space Ministry safety regulations. Ships must maintain operational escape devices in sufficient number for crew and passengers. All escape devices must be stocked with sufficient medical and food supplies to maintain stated occupancy for a period of at least two standard weeks. In addition, the expiration dates of said stocks must be at least six standard months from the date of inspection. Ships, passageways and airlocks must be maintained in such a manner as to provide uninhibited access to escape devices and rescue crews. Failure to comply may result in a financial penalty.

**5. Cargo Compliance:** All cargo being transported must be contained only in the vessel's cargo holds or other authorized locations. All locations must be recorded in the ship's log and are to be well marked as cargo storage. The ship's captain must also maintain a cargo manifest detailing the type, amount, storage methods, locations, and the safety precautions and hazard warnings of the cargoes being carried. Copies of all required permits and proof of ownership must be included with the ship's documentation and made available for inspection. Failure to produce this documentation, or the use of forged or altered documentation, may result in the detaining or confiscation of the ship and its cargo.

**6. Crew and Passenger Compliance:** The ship's log must maintain an updated roster of all crew and passengers currently aboard the ship. All passengers and crew must be able to produce verifiable identification upon demand. All crew members must hold the appropriate license or certification for each position held.





and new jump coordinates, perhaps even calculating a course for ejected cargo and later recovery. Gunners should be near their stations, someone should be crewing communications, and active sensor scans should be performed. Attempts at intercepting and decoding planetary transmissions may give you vital clues as to the intentions and temperaments of the Imperial forces present. Take the initiative. Don't wait for trouble — expect it. All these actions combined will aid you in getting out with your life and your cargo.

### Secret Signals

The art of silent communication is a smuggler's lifeline. The act of conveying thoughts or actions to a partner or contact should be obvious only to those in the know. A smuggler and his contacts should have prearranged signals, with clearly defined meanings warning of a change in plans or possible ambush. Everything from simple hand gestures to elaborate code phrases should be included in the smuggler's repertoire. While code signals could be made up on the fly, they are most effective if they have been pre-planned and practiced.

In the example of Shamus and Grasheel, their contact knew to watch for a signal. When the cockpit lights dimmed and the distinct

tive flare of a flamer lit up the darkened interior, Chop knew that the transaction was being observed by a third party — the Imperial Customs contingent waiting outside the docking bay. It wasn't until the ramp was lowered and the smugglers emerged that Chop learned what course of action to take. When the Wookiee exited the ship first smoking the cigarillo, Chop breathed easier, recognizing the prearranged signal to stay calm and to take no offensive action. Things would have been quite different if Shamus had appeared at the exit smoking the cigarillo. Shamus only smokes when he conducts business — deadly business. Behind his back Shamus would have carried a heavy blaster ready to open fire. Chop also knew that had this occurred, the Wookiee would already be crewing the ships' weaponry, providing destructive cover fire while Chop and his swoopers vacated the landing bay.

### What They Don't Know Can't Hurt You

Smuggling, by its nature, is the art of deception. Hiding contraband, misleading authorities, and using various distraction methods are essential elements of a successful run.

Smugglers have depended upon false compartments, hidden panels, and other devious means of concealment since the most ancient of times. The advent of modern scanners and electronic technology has increased detection abilities — hiding something from sight alone is no longer solely effective. In addition to physical concealment, smugglers must keep up-to-date on the latest technology, finding means to counteract Imperial searching techniques. Secret compartments and scanner-resistant holds work well, but are expensive to install and are limited in storage capacity. The Empire has amassed extensive profiles on smugglers and ship types, and in most cases, customs inspectors know where to find secret compartments.

Another way to hide contraband is to hide it in plain sight, slightly altering or breaking down the pieces of the contraband and mixing it with other cargoes as a way of fooling the boarding party. A lumrunner does not depend on one method alone, but uses a variety of techniques tailored to the individual contraband and his expectation of obstacles to overcome.

Most boarding officers wouldn't know contraband if it smacked them in the back of the head with a hydrosponder. Imperials, by their nature, depend too highly on their technology. Computerized documentation, highly-advanced scanners, and specialized training are the tools of the modern boarding officer. However, due to



inexperience, improper training and arrogance, few boarding officers actually know what they are looking at when conducting visual inspections. Smugglers may turn this to their advantage by catering to these shortcomings with altered documentation, mislabeled packages, and the use of scanner masking techniques. Sometimes smugglers should allow the boarding officer to find something wrong, feigning ignorance of customs laws, elevating the boarding officer's confidence and leading him to believe he's dealing with simple-minded fools.

In some instances, due to poor planning or unexpected events, the boarding officer will come too close to discovering the contraband. It's essential to divert his attention by creating a verbal or physical distraction. A slight scuffle between crew members, "accidental" toppling of cargo, or a wayward droid are excellent physical devices. Using your knowledge of the boarding officer (if you did your research) could prompt him to engage in long-winded discussions of trivial importance. Having the officer's favorite lunch being cooked in the galley during the inspection, or "coincidentally" mentioning a reference to the boarding officer's favorite pastime, will allow you to lead him astray without raising undue suspicion.

### How Hot is Hot?

Knowledge of the contraband itself is important. Why is it contraband? Is it being smuggled to avoid a payment of taxes and import fees? Or is it prohibited by the Empire and illegal to possess? These factors are extremely important in determining how much attention will be paid to and how much effort will be spent in search of the cargo. Items of little or no military importance do not attract much Imperial interest, even if found, but are of keen importance to planetary boarding officers for economic reasons.

Items associated in any way with offensive or defensive capacity generate a great deal of interest at both the planetary and the Imperial levels — the Empire has raised awareness and response to Rebel activity. While medpacs and tents are not military in nature, large quantities or covertly-delivered cargoes of these materials may indicate Rebel or criminal involvement. As every smuggler knows, the hotter the cargo, the more discreetly it must be moved.

Knowing how the cargo will be used will help you determine the methods needed or the degree of care necessary in delivering it. In the story, Shamus and Grasheel knew that Chop would use the Tibanna gas as a fuel source for modified swoops. The way it was smuggled proved adequate for the job. If the Tibanna gas was to be

used as a weapons source, the smugglers would have expected higher level of Imperial interest and may have taken increased precautions, perhaps using a different mix of cargoes or concealing techniques.

### Sometimes It's Who You Know

Smugglers who fail to increase their circle of friends and contacts never generate high profits or repeat business. They should make every effort wherever they go to recruit a new information source or business contact. Bribes, payoffs, and information trades are several ways to accomplish this. Even when a smuggling run is not being made, a payoff to keep someone happy, to watch your back, or just to listen for information and rumors can generate future business. You never know what small piece of information will change your fortunes, but if you limit your options, you may never learn of it.

### Gamemastering Boarding Actions

Boarding actions are the most overused but misplayed obstacle in *Star Wars* adventures. Most gamemasters and players have no real idea of what actually would go on during a customs boarding and often resort to lackluster techniques to achieve their goals. Most times characters resort to stowing the contraband in secret compartments that just happen to be on the ship, reducing the boarding action to a series of die rolls and little or no roleplaying. Gamemasters who prepare for and are well-versed in boarding activities will find that players often rise to new levels of creativity in an attempt to outwit or outplay the gamemaster.

The most crucial element of any boarding action is the objective. As the gamemaster, you must have a clear purpose in mind. Is a dramatic plot twist about to occur? Is a comical break from the rigors of gaming needed? Perhaps you need to impart critical information or a few false rumors. Sometimes your boarding events should serve no other purpose than to scare, mislead, or deceive players as to the true purpose of the adventure. Once the objective is chosen, you can create the appropriate boarding officer and resources.

As discussed earlier, boarding officers come in many varieties, each with his or her own motivations. You should carefully select and mold the boarding officer's personality to fit the objective and the characters' ability level. Next, supply the boarding officer with aides, equipment, ships, and any other appropriate resources. A poor, backwater planet may only have one customs inspector and



a few troops, while a commerce-rich system may have hundreds of custom officers and thousands of troopers available. Systems of no importance to the Empire rely on civilian or local militia to perform all boardings, while prohibited areas of suspected Rebel activity swarm with Imperial forces. The people and equipment used by boarding officers also reflect the attitude and political structure of the system they inhabit.

Before the characters arrive at their destination, they might try to ascertain the temperaments and personalities of the boarding officers patrolling that area using contacts or infochants. Take the opportunity to introduce new characters during or prior to boarding actions. Stage additional scenes — don't waste the chance to use minor characters you've been dying to try out. The characters should be encouraged to make these gamemaster characters their friends and allies, and not to blast everyone in sight. Consistent hotheadedness can be curbed by allowing the crucial customs information to evade them, leaving them ill-prepared for upcoming events.

In the event the characters are caught, gamemaster characters should react according to the severity of the violation. Minor infractions usually result in payment of small fines and no major combative action (unless the characters shoot first). Violation of custom laws involving contraband that is not on the Imperial hit-list usually results in heavier fines and maybe some rough treatment by the authorities. Smugglers caught with weapons and other military equipment should expect heavy-handed punishment, such as confiscation of ship and cargo, and imprisonment. You should feel no reluctance in using the full weight and resources of the Empire in crushing those who resist Imperial arrest (give the characters a sporting chance — but remember, they know the risk they're taking).

## Reference Materials

West End Games has published numerous materials which provide even a novice gamemaster all the basics he or she needs to jump into a boarding scene.

*Cracken's Rebel Field Guide* includes information on altering your transponder codes, and how to get away with it. There are also some interesting gadgets and modifications to normal equipment which might come in handy in distracting customs inspectors.

*Han Solo and the Corporate Sector Sourcebook* tells everything you want to know about the Corporate Sector, including how they treat smugglers.

*Galaxy Guide 6: Tramp Freighters* is a must for any player or



gamemaster running smugglers. This manual contains rules for ship repairs and upgrades, including installing secret compartments and heavy weaponry. A separate section includes an entire campaign set in the Minos Cluster (where Shamus and Grasheel's story takes place). Detailed information is provided on permits, starport classifications, buying and selling on the open market, buying and selling on the black market, loan sharks, ship repairs, ship construction, damage tables, boarding officers, and Imperial infractions

*Galaxy Guide 7: Mos Eisley* describes a great setting for smugglers to conduct business.

*Galaxy Guide 11: Criminal Organizations* tells how the crimelords work. Includes great sections on smugglers, making deals and the law agencies out to stop you.

*Platt's Starport Guide* is a colorful tour of various starports narrated by the infamous Platt Okeefe. It includes detailed information covering documentation, transponders, the *Spacers' Information Manual*, getting caught, Imperial infractions and penalties, and boarding officers. Seven starport settings are detailed from the enterprising smuggler's point of view.

*Star Wars Adventure Journal* #2 — Platt Okeefe's "Smuggler's Log" gives tips on getting past boarding officers. Several ready-to-use



officers are included.

*Star Wars Adventure Journal* #3 — Learn how to get hooked into "Galaxywide NewsNets," including those that cater to keeping the smuggler informed of Imperial activities and business opportunities. Also, Platt Okeefe gives tips on using bulk freighters as a smuggling platform in "Smuggler's Log."

*Star Wars Adventure Journal* #4 — Scanner equipment used by the Empire is revealed in "Cracken's Rebel Field Guide," along with rules and stats. Also Platt Okeefe tells us about escape pods and other emergency information in "Smuggler's Log."

*Star Wars Adventure Journal* #5 — "Smugglers' of the Outer Rim" are detailed with excellent examples of how some smugglers operate. More boarding officers are presented in the "Smugglers' Log."

*Classic Adventures* contains a series of adventures originally published in *The Politics of Contraband* which are suitable for smugglers. It also includes a few dirty revenue tricks for you to try out.

### Send Us Your Questions!

Do you have questions about the *Star Wars* roleplaying game? Have them answered by the West End Games' *Star Wars* staff. Send a letter with up to three questions to:

West End Games  
Attn: *ISB Intercepts*  
RR 3 Box 2345  
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will try to answer your questions in an upcoming issue of the *Star Wars Adventure Journal*. Since some questions may be too specific to address in this column, you may want to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a response. Please try to phrase your questions so that they may be answered with a "yes" or "no" response. All material (including letters) published in the *Star Wars Adventure Journal* becomes the property of Lucasfilm Ltd. Questions are subject to editing for publication.

# Easy Credits



By Paul Danner

Illustrations by Doug Shuler

In his 23 years of life, Sienn Sconn had never bothered to imagine how he'd react when confronting a Moff of the Empire (or what was left of the Empire, anyway ...). As he turned to acknowledge the tap on his shoulder and came face-to-face with Moff Caerbellak, Sconn immediately wished he had taken the opportunity to do just that.

With no other real alternative, Sconn put on his best smile and calmly offered Caerbellak a glass of Rydonnian spicewine from the silver tray he was carrying. The Moff selected one and then waved



him away with a brush of his hand.

Sconn gave a quick nod of respect to the high-ranking Imperial official. It was a gesture the intergalactic thief didn't particularly care to make, but he made up for it by imagining the look on the Moff's face when the self-important blowhard discovered his prototype weapon had been stolen right from under his nose. Of course, Sconn considered silently, that could take a while, considering that Caerbellak's nose was usually jutting up into the air at an angle that made it difficult to see *anything* occupying the space below it.

"That *will* be all ..."

The voice of King Rilyvan K'ntarr snapped Sconn back to attention and the thief quickly realized he was still standing next to the two officials, and interrupting their private discussion. Bowing in apology, Sconn straightened the stolen servant's uniform and hurried off to serve the other guests.

Caerbellak threw the retreating thief an appraising stare, then shrugged and resumed his conversation with K'ntarr, who doubled as the head of Rythani Products and the de facto ruler of Rydonni Prime.

Sconn frowned as he moved out of earshot of the two most important men on the planet. He would have liked to have dallied around them to eavesdrop, but he didn't want to arouse any more suspicion than was necessary, especially from the dangerous Moff.

With an eye on one day filling in the void left by the deaths of the Emperor and Vader, Caerbellak was slowly moving himself into political position. The next day's ceremony would go a long way toward that end. The public unveiling of Rythani Product's new addition to the Imperial arsenal and its subsequent presentation to the Moff would be extremely positive propaganda. And such news was a valuable commodity for the remnants of the shattered Empire. Caerbellak was hoping that once the prototype was in his capable hands, and he began his quest to crush the New Republic in earnest, word of his achievements might even reach the ears of Imperial Advisors, and catapult him to the title of Grand Moff ...

That prototype was certainly worth a lot for whatever it was, but even more to Caerbellak personally. And as a result, just the thought of stealing it brought a smile to Sconn's face. Of course, if he didn't get moving soon, he would never even get the chance ...

The thief felt someone watching him — he glanced at Caerbellak, but the Moff was busy with the King and not paying attention. Shrugging it off, Sconn turned back, bumping right into someone. Sconn steadied his tray and, as he looked up at the person, he almost jumped out of his skin.

Slender and tall, the woman was dressed in an elegant black gown that clung to her athletic body. She was very attractive, with smooth skin, a mane of curly red hair, and exotic features. There was also an air of almost palpable danger about her, which was fitting. Her name was Variise, and she was a reputed member of the Mistryl shadow guard as well as the Moff's personal protector.

Sconn hoped the blood wasn't draining from his face. "Excuse me," he managed to half-whisper, half-mumble, and quickly moved around the woman.

"Wait." She spoke the word softly, but Sconn could have sworn she had screamed it into his ear.

The thief obeyed, taking a deep breath as Variise stepped back in front of him. Under the tray, his right hand began to flex, and the hidden wrist laser began to power up.

The woman locked her gaze onto his and neither blinked. Finally, Variise grinned, and the image of a Dulvovinn bloodcat flashed through Sconn's mind.

"Aren't you going to offer me a drink?"

The tension building up in Sconn's body subsided somewhat and he gave her a penitent smile. "My apologies ... The lady's beauty made me forget myself."

Variise's crimson fingernails, filed into sharp, almost claw-like points, wrapped around a glass. "Understandable. But understand this ... I only forgive once." She finished the entire drink in one interminable long sip, staring at Sconn the entire time, and placed the empty container back on his tray. "See that it is the only mistake you ever make in my presence."

With that, she turned and disappeared into the crowd. Sconn stood there for a long moment, sweat pouring from his body. The thief let out a long breath he hadn't even realized he'd been holding and quickly moved away.

Sconn brought the empty drink tray back to the kitchen and carefully crept down the nearest empty hall, circumventing the party going on in the rest of the king's mansion. As he began to make his escape, the thief began going over the rest of his plan.

In his excitement, however, the thief forgot one of the important lessons his Uncle Cavv had spent countless hours drilling into him in his youth. A lesson his uncle claimed to have learned from some harmless little green alien who had apparently suffered from delusions of grandeur that he was a Jedi Master ...

*Keep your mind on where you are, what you're doing. Thinking of the future instead of concentrating on the present could result in your*



## Sienn Sconn

**Type:** Master Thief**Dexterity 4D**

Blaster 5D, blaster: wrist lasers 7D+2, brawling parry 5D, dodge 7D, melee combat: stun staff 8D, melee parry: stun staff 7D, pick pocket 6D+2, running 6D, vehicle blasters 5D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Alien species 4D+1, cultures 4D, languages 5D+1, law enforcement 5D, streetwise 6D, value 8D, willpower 5D

**MECHANICAL 2D**

Repulsorlift operation 4D, repulsorlift operation: speeder bike 5D+1

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 8D, con 7D+2, gambling 5D, hide 8D, search 9D, sneak 7D

**STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 5D, climbing/jumping 6D+1

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Computer programing/repair 6D+2, demolition 5D, security 6D+2

**Force Points:** 3**Character Points:** 15**Move:** 10**Equipment:** Stun staff (STR+3D+2 including stun charge; STR+2D without stun charge), thermal half-spheres and detonator device, wrist laser gauntlet (5D)

**Capsule:** Sienn Sconn is a 23-year old intergalactic thief. Quick-witted, spontaneous, and mischievous are only a few of the words that have been used to describe him (many of the rest are unfit to print). The ones he prefers the most, however, are "one-of-a-kind." He strives to be different, refusing to follow prescribed rules, and, often times, common sense.

Sconn doesn't steal from anyone except Imperials, crime lords, and the obnoxiously rich. He's known for his ferocious tenacity, technological skill, and daring feats of escape. Another key element of his personality is a strong streak of morality. It is a side he tries to hide, though, due to the negative effects it could have on his reputation.

Like many in his chosen profession, Sconn has a penchant for getting into trouble, but unlike others, he excels at getting back out again. The thief has always claimed that he's luckier than he deserves to be. Considering that he's still alive after many encounters with bounty hunters, dealings with galactic scum of every shape and size, and escaping the collective wrath of a wide assortment of Imperials, it truly seems that Lady Luck has embraced Sienn Sconn.

*not surviving to see tomorrow.*

But as he walked down the shadowy hall, all thoughts but those involving his plans had vacated his brain. It all came rushing back to him, though, when the hand that came out of nowhere yanked him into one of the side rooms.

The door was quickly shut, and Sconn found himself being forced back against a wall in the darkened room. Before the surprised thief could react, a pair of soft lips pressed against his. Sconn was caught up in the passion for a few seconds, then quickly broke the embrace.

A soft voice, inflected with confusion, broke the silence. "Arden?" "Who?"

There was a pause, then a clicking sound and suddenly a bank of glowlamps was shining in the thief's face, blinding him.

"Hey! You're not Arden."

Sconn blinked to clear the spots in his eyes, then focused on a beautiful young woman standing in front of him. Her dark hair was impeccably styled and she was dressed in a sheer white gown that obviously belonged with the party going on outside.

"Who are you?" she demanded with the insistence of someone who was used to getting quick responses.

"That depends ..." Sconn replied cautiously, noting for the first time that the room was actually one of the mansion's many guest bedrooms. "Who's asking?"

The girl took a regal breath that seemed to inflate her entire body. "I am Princess Kalieva K'ntarr of the Royal House of Rydonni."

Sconn went pale, speaking before he could think. "Then I am in big trouble ..."

"That is an understatement if I ever heard one." The Princess brushed past him, reaching for the door.

Sconn quickly moved sideways, blocking her path.

Kalieva narrowed her eyes, setting her lower lip in determination. "Move or I'll scream."

"No, you won't."

She flashed him a child's impetuous grin. "Just watch me ..."

And true to her word, she opened her mouth to let out what no doubt would have been a bloodcurdling yell had Sconn not quickly clamped a hand over her lips. Kalieva immediately began to struggle and Sconn grabbed her around the waist with his free arm, dragging her away from the door.

"You have two reasons why you can stop struggling ..." Sconn said softly. "First of all, I'm not going to hurt you. And secondly, I'm not exactly sure how your royal family functions, but I'm guessing



dalliances with the hired help is not the sort of activity the king approves of his little Princess indulging in."

Kalieva's struggles slowly ceased. Sconn removed his grip on her and stepped back. Glaring at him, the girl reluctantly sat down on the bed, folding her arms across her chest.

Sconn nodded in approval. "That's much better."

Believing the danger to have passed, the girl's attitude changed to one of curiosity. "So, who are you really? Not hired help, that's obvious ..."

The thief brushed past her, checking out the windows. They were on the third floor, facing the front of the secluded countryside manor. "None of your business."

"Oh, yes it is. You *involved* me. Now you must deal with the consequences."

Sconn turned around, his mouth dangling open. "*I* involved *you*? Look ... You're the one who yanked me in here." The thief checked his chronometer, biting his lip as he saw the late hour glowing back at him. "And you're killing my schedule."

That only piqued the girl's interest. "What kind of schedule."

"I told you, that's none of your business ..." Sconn checked the outline of the windows and frowned. They were all equipped with sensor alarms. Type VII SafeScreens, he noted, shoulders slumping. No way he could deactivate those without the proper equipment, and unfortunately the proper equipment was a little too bulky for his servant's outfit. "Damn."

Kalieva noted his expression and grinned. "Something wrong?"

Sconn sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his jaw as he searched for a solution. His brain would not play along, however, and offered up only two mocking words.

*Easy credits.*

Those words echoed in Sconn's head like the lyrics from a bad *Emperor's New Clothes* song. The last time he heard them, they were originally spoken in Huttese, then translated by a silver protocol droid with a faulty speech processor. It caused the "s" sound to be stretched out into something vaguely reminiscent of a Deryvian snake's hiss.

That fact alone, the thief thought, should have been reason enough to turn down such a ludicrous mission. At the time, though, the theft of an Imperial prototype sounded perfectly reasonable, mostly due to the fact that Sconn had forgotten another of the lessons taught to him by his uncle ...

*Money always has a way of numbing cerebral functions.*

Apparently, the effects included numbing the part of his memory

that stored all the important lessons Sconn had learned from Uncle Cavv.

When Draskha the Hutt had contacted him, Sconn was a bit surprised. The thief had a reputation, earned through skill, resourcefulness, and a record for not getting caught, but the Hutt was becoming a big-time player in the shadowed hierarchy of criminal organizations and there were certainly countless other thieves out there who had a better success record than Sconn. Yet, Draskha chose him. It was flattering, and that made turning down the job even harder. Of course, so did the offer of 100,000 credits — half up front, half on delivery. The amount surprised him, considering that the Hutt didn't even know exactly what the prototype was ...

According to the information gathered from the Hutt's spy network, it was a new weapon, stumbled upon quite by accident. Supposedly, Rythani Products had been experimenting with some sort of new breakthrough technology for the last year or so without much success, until some bright tech-boy discovered a military application for the otherwise useless research. But even that story involved some major speculation, for nearly everything about the prototype was shrouded in a veil of secrecy thicker than the hull of a Star Destroyer. In fact, the only thing Draskha knew for certain about the prototype was that he wanted it. Very badly.

Of course, if Sconn didn't get moving soon, he'd have nothing to deliver. "I need a way out of here."

"Why? Where are you going?"

Sconn was shocked, not realizing he was thinking aloud. He turned to look at Kalieva and was just about to open his mouth.

"I know, I know ..." she said before he could respond. "It's none of my business, right?" The Princess shrugged, giving the thief a mocking smile. "Well, why don't you go back to your original genius plan and just walk right out of here?"

"What makes you think that was my plan?"

"Why else would you be dressed in that Ferijian ape suit? To impress women?"

Sconn flashed a grin. "It apparently worked for Arden."

Kalieva narrowed her eyes and shot him a dirty look. "Only because he was leaving this dump." The girl turned away. "And was supposed to take me with him," she added softly, almost too low to hear.

Sconn sighed. "Unfortunately, my time window for exiting has passed. Thanks to you ..."

"Don't blame me for your incompetence."

It was the thief's turn to flash a dirty look.



Kalieva shrugged innocently. "It's okay. The galaxy needs some idiots."

Without a word, Sconn pulled out his server's cloth and walked over to Kalieva. She shrank back on the bed.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"Strangling you comes to mind, but I've bargained my conscience down to a gag."

"I'll scream!"

### Rydonni Prime

**Type:** Terrestrial

**Temperature:** Temperate

**Atmosphere:** Type I (breathable)

**Hydrosphere:** Moderate

**Gravity:** Standard

**Terrain:** Urban, forest, plains

**Length of Day:** 22 standard hours

**Length of Year:** 370 local days

**Sapient Species:** Humans

**Starports:** 1 Imperial class, 2 standard class

**Population:** 7 billion

**Planet Function:** Manufacturing

**Government:** Corporate monarchy

**Tech Level:** Space

**Major Exports:** High technology

**Major Imports:** Foodstuffs, luxury goods

**Capsule:** Rydonni Prime is the only inhabitable planet orbiting the Rydo sun in the Namaryne system. The sector capital of Moff Caerbellak's rule, it has historically been an Imperial stronghold, well-treated by the Emperor due to the contributions it made to his military. The wealthy planet has very few homeless and disenfranchised, and as a result, there has been little unrest over the years, and certainly no seeds of Rebellion.

The era of the New Republic has had little effect on this world, except for increasing the people's fear of New Republic incursion. The people believe that the fragmented Empire will again be whole in the near future, rising to crush the Rebellion once and for all.

The capital city of Ryell is home to Rythani Products, run by the monarchy of the K'ntarr family. Rythani Products is a major contributor of parts, especially for Imperial walkers and repulsortlift vehicles. Rilvvan K'ntarr serves as the corporation's head as well as the planet's king.

The people of Rydonni Prime are pro-Imperial and very resistant to change. They are happy, for the most part, on their own little world, and don't much care for galactic politics unless they are directly affected. Unfortunately, since the planet has always resided near the heart of the Empire, they seldom are, and as a result, are blind to what is truly going on around them ...

The thief grinned. "Either way, not for long ..."

"Long enough for someone to hear ..." She crawled back on the bed, away from Sconn. "And you can't steal the prototype from prison."

That made the thief stop. The cloth fell from his fingers and it took all he had not to let his lower jaw fall wide open. "How —"

"I may be sheltered, but I'm not stupid. You're obviously up to no good. And your presence here just as the prototype is about to be presented to the Moff cannot be a coincidence."

"How do you know I won't kill you?"

"Don't try to bluff me. If you were capable of *that*, you would have done it already, instead of wasting your time."

"So where does that leave us?"

"In a position to bargain. You want that prototype and I want off this lousy planet. I'll help you if you help me."

"No deal."

"Why not?"

"I really don't have the time to list all the negatives. So, how about just because I said so."

"You're a fool."

Sconn grinned. "I've been accused of worse ..."

"And you'll stand accused of much worse if you're stupid enough to try and break into the Rythani Products Building."

"I'm sorry, I just can't —"

"Oh, I know you'll be sorry ... Especially during those final moments before your execution at the hands of Moff Caerbellak. And all you would have had to do in exchange for my help was agree to take me off the planet. But then again, you won't have long to regret your mistake, because your head will be removed from your shoulders with the biggest vibro-axe they can find."

"That's enough!" Sconn shook his head, unconsciously massaging his neck.

"Come on ... trust me. With my help, your job will be easy."

Sconn was still doubtful. "When people start throwing around the word 'easy,' I start getting nervous." The thief chewed on his lower lip. "Okay, you've got a deal ..."

She grinned triumphantly. "That's the first intelligent thing I've heard you say since I've met you."

"And hopefully it won't be the last ... Now, you're sure you can get me in without any problem?"

Kalieva folded her arms defiantly. "I am the *Princess*. I have access to *everything*, including the Prototype Labs."



"What do you mean I can't enter the prototype labs?"

The leader of the two Rythani Products guards shook his head and jerked a thumb back at the massive durasteel doors interlocked behind him. "I apologize, my Princess, but no one is allowed into Prototype Lab A."

"This is an outrage!" Kalieva wheeled around to face Sconn, who was smartly dressed in the clothing of a Rydonnian noble, "borrowed" from the royal closets. "I promised Arden, here, a sneak peek at Daddy's new toy and now I am made to look like a fool." She theatrically took Sconn's hand in hers. "I mean, the poor boy had his expectations up. Not to mention how it looks for the heiress of this world to be denied entrance into the very business she will one day be in charge of!"

The lead guard shrugged helplessly. "I don't know what to say, my lady ... I have strict orders from the king. And his orders come from the Moff, himself."

Kalieva plastered a petulant frown on her face. "Then I demand to speak with him immediately!"

"Your father?"

"No, you dolt! Moff Caerbellak!"

The guard's jaw nearly dropped to the floor. "You want to speak with the Moff?"

The Princess made a gesture of scanning the otherwise empty hallway. "Is there an echo in here?"

"But, but —"

Suffering from the same reaction as the head guard, Sconn squeezed Kalieva's hand, staring pointedly at her as if she had lost her mind.

She flashed the thief a look, then returned her glare to the guard. "Well? What are you still standing around for? Go get him!"

Not knowing what else to do, the guard shouldered his blaster rifle and reached for his comlink. "I'm not really sure if I can just —"

Kalieva grabbed the comlink right out of his hand. "Then I'll do it myself." She played with it for a moment. "It's not working," she said, then threw it over her shoulder in annoyance, much to the chagrin of the guard.

"But —"

Kalieva cut him off as she spun to face his partner, extending her hand. "Give me yours."

The man glanced at his commander as if asking what to do.

"Now," she barked, causing the man to flinch.

Cautiously, he handed over his comlink, as if afraid she would also bite.



To his surprise, though, she withdrew her hand and nodded to her companion. "Arden, if you would do the honors ..."

Nodding, Sconn stepped forward, taking the comlink in one hand and planting a fist into the guard's face with the other.

The commander started toward Sconn, but Kalieva stuck out a foot, causing the man to lose his balance. Sconn turned as the man stumbled forward, delivering an elbow to the man's chin, and then dropping him with a blow to the back of the neck.

"Behind you!" Kalieva shouted.

The thief returned his attention to the other guard just in time. The man was bringing around his rifle to fire. Sconn grabbed the end of it, driving the butt end of the stock into the guard's stomach, knocking the wind out of him. Still retaining his grip on the nose of the weapon, Sconn jerked it upwards, catching the man under the chin and felling him as well.

Kalieva flashed a cocky smile at Sconn, who just shook his head, obviously impressed. "Now that was pretty amazing," he said as he retrieved the head guard's ID card.

"I told you it would be easy. I mean, what would you have done without me?"

"I don't know," the thief said, reaching for the silken belt clasped around his robes, "but we're about to find out ..."



"I should never have trusted you!" Kalieva snarled, struggling with her bonds as Sconn placed her inside the storage closet. "You're a thief and a liar!"

Sconn held the silk belt ready to gag her and shrugged helplessly. "Look, I appreciate your help. I really do ... But this whole thing is just too dangerous for you."

"Oh, don't you dare try to placate me. I'm not stupid. You don't worry about anything except your payment. I could be eaten by a rancor, but as long as you steal the prototype and get away, everything would be just fine for you."

"Look, I don't have time to argue this, and since I don't see any rancors around here ... " He began reaching for her mouth, preparing to set the gag around it.

"Why did I ever trust the word of a thief? I should have known people like you never keep your promises."

Sconn stopped dead. "I ... I'll come back for you. Once everything is taken care of, I mean."

"Who are you trying to convince? Me? Or the guilt you're feeling in whatever it is you have that passes for a conscience?"

The thief narrowed his eyes, bristling at that comment, then quickly tied the gag around her mouth. Kalieva continued to fume and struggle, offering ungracious comments about Sconn's ancestry that were mercifully distorted by the gag.

Sconn paused in the doorway, checking her bindings one more time, then nodding in satisfaction. "I'll see you again, Princess. And that's a promise ... "

Kalieva muttered something the thief was thankful he couldn't quite make out. He bowed theatrically, pressed a hand to the control panel, and the door slid shut.

The last stormtrooper went down hard, assisted by the crackling tip of Sconn's stun staff. The thief rolled the three armored bodies between two large cargo containers. The shadows would conceal them long enough for him to make good his escape.

The thief paused a moment to wipe the sweat from his forehead and push fallen locks of damp hair out of his eyes. He had been extraordinarily lucky so far. Hopefully it would hold out just a little longer ...

Sconn maneuvered the repulsorsled up the AT-AT's loading ramp, checking over his shoulder to make sure that he wasn't being

followed. "So far, so good," he said softly. "Which means something's due to go wrong any moment."

He slid the prototype's containment capsule into the walker's troop deck, noting the modified interior — the troop benches had been removed for cargo transport and a pair of battered speeder bikes were squeezed into one corner. Equipment for hauling and securing cargo, including magnalock grapplers, was strewn about haphazardly over the bikes and the floor. Sconn tasked the state of the once mighty Empire, which usually kept its vehicles in pristine condition, both externally and internally.

Well, their problems were his gain, the thief thought as he used the scattered equipment to secure the prototype. When he was done, Sconn took a moment to stare at the containment capsule — a one-meter sphere of blast-shielded durasteel armor — wondering just what it was inside that could be worth 100,000 credits. Satisfied in the knowledge that possession, not content, was his only concern, the thief breathed a sigh of relief and headed for the walker's command deck. That's when he heard the footsteps behind him.

Sconn whirled around, taking aim with his wrist laser ...

Princess Kalieva stood at the boarding hatch, grinning and holding up her hands in a non-threatening manner. "It's only me."

Sconn was extremely shocked to see her, but didn't lower the weapon. "I know ... but you still haven't given me a reason why I shouldn't shoot."

"You promised you'd see me soon. It's just a little sooner than you expected."

"How did you escape?"

"I don't know how good a thief you are, but with the knots you tie, you would have made a lousy pathfinder" She stepped forward. "Please, Sconn ... Take me with you."

"You know, you are positively scary ... I did *not* tell you my name."

Sheepishly, Kalieva handed him his ID card. "I lifted it back in the bedroom."

Angrily, Sconn snatched it out of her hands. "It looks like I'm not the only thief around here."

"I'm begging you ... I have to get off this planet. I positively can't stand it anymore."

The thief snorted derisively. "Oh, yeah ... The brutal life of a princess. People waiting on you hand and foot, never having to work a day in your life, and more money than you know what to do with ... How *do* you stand the torture?"

"It's not like that. I mean, you make it sound like my life is perfect."



## Kalievea K'ntarr



**Type:** Corporate Princess

### DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D, dodge 5D, melee combat 4D+2, pick pocket 5D+2

### KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 4D+2, bureaucracy: Rydonni Prime 8D, business: Rythani Products 7D+1, intimidation 5D, law enforcement: Rydonni Prime 5D, value 4D, willpower 5D+1

### MECHANICAL 2D

Beast riding 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 4D

### PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 6D, command 7D, con 8D, hide 5D+1, persuasion 7D, sneak 5D+2

### STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+1, climbing/jumping 5D, swimming 4D

### TECHNICAL 2D+2

Computer programing/repair 4D, security 3D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 10

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Expensive clothing, hold-out blaster (3D)

**Capsule:** Kalievea K'ntarr is in her late teens and is the heiress not only to the throne of Rydonni Prime, but the executive office of Rythani Products, a large supplier of electronics, weapons, and parts to the remnants of the Empire.

Kalievea is beautiful and truly regal, tinged with the seemingly inbred haughtiness and commanding tone of all royalty. When she wants something, she wants it immediately, and exactly as she demanded it to be. Those who displease her are made to suffer, even if only in small ways.

Her petulance and childish behavior are tolerated mostly because of her position and her stunning appearance. But, like a poisonous flower, the beauty is just a facade. Her intelligence and perception are both as sharp as any vibroblade, perhaps even deadlier. Adept at the game of politics and power, Kalievea is much more than she seems to be on the surface.

Those unfortunate enough to take the moody and seemingly harmless young girl at face value are in for a rude awakening ...

"Isn't it?"

"No." Kalievea sat down, her fluid blue eyes beginning to water. The effect was akin to watching two whirlpools begin to slowly form. "I hate it. Everyone treats me like I'm fragile ... Like I'm still a little child. No one

takes me seriously. I'm just a pretty little thing without a brain. When my father is discussing politics with whatever important delegation is currently visiting our planet, do you know what my job is at dinner?"

Sconn shook his head.

"To keep silent and smile a lot. Can you believe that?"

"That's ridiculous ..." Sconn grinned. "I haven't seen you keep your mouth shut for five minutes, let alone a whole meal."

Kalievea's eyes narrowed to slits. "Go ahead and make your stupid jokes!" She stood up, planting her hands on her narrow hips. "How could I have been so foolish as to think you'd understand ... I should have known a thief would be too busy caring about himself to have room enough for anyone else." The whirlpools overflowed and tears ran down her face. Sconn's glimpse of them was brief, though, for she spun around and rushed toward the exit.

"Kalievea ..."

She stopped halfway down the ramp and he got a better look at the streaming droplets as she turned back around to face him.

"I ... I ..." Sconn's voice began to fade.

Her lower lip trembled as if struck by a tremor.

"I know I'm going to regret this ..." After a long sigh, Sconn jerked his thumb back towards the AT-AT's command deck. "Come on ... The Imperial Walker Express is departing immediately. Next stop ... outta here."

Kalievea's face lit up like a Kurдавian sunrise. She ran over to Sconn, throwing her arms around his neck. "Oh, thank you. Thank you so much. I promise you. You won't regret this. I won't be any trouble at all. You won't even know I'm here."

Sconn slapped away Kalievea's hand as it reached for a control. "Don't touch that!"

"Why?" Kalievea grinned, eyes twinkling with mischief. "Is it dangerous?"

"How should I know?" Sconn frowned at the array of controls surrounding him, staring at them as if they were a hostile alien species and he had no idea how to communicate with them. "I'm still trying to figure out how to turn this thing on ..."

She reached for another control. "Good. Then I can help."

He grabbed her arm again. "No, you can't."

"I never get to do anything." Kalievea sat back in the co-pilot's seat, folding her arms and pouting. "You're just like my father, you know ... a tyrant. Always having to be in control of every situation. Never listening to anybody else's ideas. Never mind that they might be helpful."



"Okay, okay ... You know what you can do that would really help?" Her eyes lit up with excitement. "What?"

"Well," he began in a calm voice, "you can always ..." His face reddened as he finished the sentence in a scream. "Be quiet!"

"Fine. But see if I offer to help you again anytime soon."

"I don't need any 'help.' Things are going just fine and that's the way I'd like to keep it." Sconn grinned as the AT-AT cleared the exit of the armory. "See? No problems."

A voice crackled over the comlink. "Attention Unit 718-A ... This is Imperial command. Respond immediately."

Kalieva crossed her arms and smugly sank back in her chair. "You were saying?"

"Don't forget, Princess ..." Sconn jerked a finger at her. "If I get caught, you get caught."

She sat up and began scanning the control panel. "Where are the guns?"

"I wish I knew ..." Sconn sighed. He reached for the comlink and put the best Imperial inflection he could manage into his voice. "Unit 718-A responding ..." The thief's authoritarian tone faltered slightly. "Uh ... Can we help you?"

"You are not scheduled for patrol at this time. Explain your actions."

Sconn bit his lower lip, thinking quickly. "There have been, uh, some problems with this unit ... Just taking her out for a performance evaluation. We certainly don't want a malfunction during the Moff's parade, do we?"

There was a pause and Sconn crossed his fingers. The comlink released a burst of static. "I wasn't notified of any such operation."

"It may not be on the log, yet ... it's a bit last-minute."

"Well, I'll have to clear it with my superiors. You will return to the armory until that time."

"Look, we're just a maintenance crew, cut us a break, will you? I mean, by the time you get your supervisor out of bed, it'll be morning. Repairs could take a while, and we're cutting it close as it is."

"But standard procedure —"

"Fine. I'll return to base ... and when my supervisor asks me to explain all the crushed civilians, I'll tell him to talk to you."

There was a long pause. Sconn sucked in an anxious breath between his teeth.

"Very well. Unit 718-A, you may continue your maintenance evaluation, but I expect a complete report upon your return. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

Sconn exhaled as he clicked off the comlink.

Kalieva stared at him, obviously impressed. "That was amazing."

"No. That was luck. Staying alive means knowing the difference."

The stolen walker lumbered down the immense streets of Ryell, repulsorlift traffic buzzing over and past like a swarm of angry insects. Sconn peered out the viewport, staring in awe at the starscrapers of Rydonni Prime's capital city.

The thief shook his head ruefully. "I never thought I'd ever be sitting inside an AT-AT and still be intimidated. On second thought, I never thought I'd be sitting in an AT-AT." Sconn grinned. "Well, not up front, anyway ..."

He glanced over at Kalieva, but the Princess was apparently lost in her private thoughts.

"I wonder what the tops of those things look like?"

"You can only see them from space ..." she said wistfully, then turned to face him. "Didn't you notice?"

"I didn't land here. I was dropped off at Berast."

"That's quite a trek ..."

"That's okay. I'm getting quite a lot of money."

Kalieva laughed and took a deep breath.

"Second thoughts?"

"No ... Well, yes." The Princess craned her neck to peer up at the night sky. Stars were just barely visible through the swirled clouds above. "I mean, there's so much out there. Where do you start?"

It was Sconn's turn to laugh. "Now there's a question that may just be as old as those stars."

"So, what's the answer?"

"There really isn't one ... I guess that's why the question has been around so long."

"I've always dreamed about it, ever since I was a little girl. I pictured it as an endless expanse of forest, just waiting out there to be explored. I think I'm ready now ... to explore, I mean." She paused to take in the sights above. "Tell me, Sconn," she said, gesturing at the stars. "Tell me what's waiting for me out there."

The thief paused before answering. "Everything you ever imagined. And everything else you never even knew existed."

Kalieva smiled at him.

"What?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You don't act like a thief. Or *anyone* I've ever met, for that matter."



Sconn's grin stretched from ear-to-ear. "That's because I'm one-of-a-kind."

She couldn't stifle a laugh. "Probably because that's all the galaxy could handle ..."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Kalieva grinned. "Figure it out ..."

Sconn pointed a finger at her. "Don't forget who's getting us out of here, Princess. If it wasn't for me, you'd still be stuck —"

There was a loud, mechanical screeching sound and the walker came to a sudden stop.

"— on this lousy planet," he finished through gritted teeth.

Kalieva fought to maintain a straight face.

The thief began combing the command deck for a set of hydrospanners. "This," he said with a resigned sigh, "is just not my day ..."

"Finished," Sconn grinned as he climbed out of the access panel on the floor of the walker.

Kalieva yawned, gesturing out at the breaking dawn and frowned. "And just in time."

Sconn's eyes widened as he rushed back to the pilot's station. "Why didn't you tell me what time it was?"

"I was asleep!"

"Great ... just great," Sconn mumbled as he got the AT-AT moving. "I swear, if I make it out of this, I'll never steal anything again."

"That's a shame. You could really use an intelligence augmentation chip."

"Nothing. Especially loud-mouthed Princesses ..."

There was silence as he maneuvered the walker through the immense capital city of Ryell until Kalieva finally spoke.

"Do you really think we'll make it?"

Sconn checked his chronometer. "If we can make it to the Outland Region before 1100 hours, we will."

"What happens after that?"

"The captain I paid in advance takes off in his transport with my money, but without us."

"Step on it."

"What do you think I'm doing?"

Sconn angrily maneuvered the AT-AT around a corner, and the walker stepped right into the middle of a massive Imperial parade.

There was a moment of quiet in the command deck, and Kalieva slowly turned to stare at Sconn. "Getting us killed," she said flatly.

The sides of the streets were lined with elevated repulsorstands that contained what seemed to be every citizen in the city. Sconn's walker stepped right into formation with four others, which brought up the rear of the large Imperial procession. Leading the parade was a legion of stormtroopers, various repulsorlift vehicles, and a phalanx of AT-ST units.

It was an impressive spectacle, and the gathered crowd cheered, ooing and ahing at the assembled Imperial might. Children balanced on their parents' shoulders pointed excitedly at the sight of the massive AT-AT walkers, which moved with the same lumbering gait as the native Rythii beasts they saw in the Royal Zoos.

A stark contrast to the rest of the high technology, the royal reviewing box was a relic from another era. Constructed of bonded wood-frame, the king's grandstand towered above everything except the starscrapers surrounding it. As the visible Imperial troops passed the royal box, they saluted its occupants, which included the king, Moff Caerbellak, and Variise.

King K'narr glanced at the empty seat next to him and frowned in annoyance. "My daughter will pay for missing this event. She's making me look bad."

Caerbellak gazed at the slightly overweight man and his multi-colored, foppish ensemble out of the corner of his eye. "I can't imagine it getting any worse," the Moff grinned.

"Well, at least things can't get any worse."

Sconn turned to Kalieva and frowned. "Never, ever say that. Things can *always* get —"

A voice crackled over the walker's comlink. "It's about time you joined us, Unit 718-A. If Caerbellak finds out you were late, he's going to have your head."

Sconn glared at the Princess, who merely shrugged, as he reached for the comlink. "So maybe he doesn't have to find out ... You know, I, uh, still have that whole case of Savareen brandy back at the barracks."

An unbearable moment of silence followed and Kalieva flashed Sconn a look. The thief just shrugged.

"Make it half a case and you have a deal."

"Done." Sconn clicked off the comlink and exhaled. "It's a good thing the Empire isn't what it used to be."

"So, now what?"

"Now, we parade past the crowd, keep going right out of the city, and head into the Outlands for the rendezvous with the transport."



For the first time, Sconn grinned at his chronometer. "And all with time to spare ..."

Celomar, the Moff's Imperial aide, whispered into Caerbellak's ear, then quickly moved away as the Moff leaped to his feet.

"What do you mean the prototype's gone?"

Celomar seemed to physically shrink under Caerbellak's withering glare. "We believe it's been stolen, sir."

"Such an ingenious deduction ... I would have thought it was just misplaced. Of course it's been stolen, you idiot! The only question is who did it?"

The king was flabbergasted, his voice raising an octave. "Stolen!"

Caerbellak whirled around to face K'ntarr. The Moff's voice lowered to a dangerous whisper. "Keep your voice down, you idiot. This little mishap is going to remain quiet if I have to cut out tongues personally. Under no circumstances will I allow this situation to turn into yet another embarrassing incident for the Empire."

If the king heard him, he gave no indication as he merely droned on. "But ... but, this can't be. Our security —"

"Was obviously insufficient. I knew I should have demanded Imperial protection at Rythani Labs."

"But —"

"But I mistakenly believed you when you informed me that the prototype would be safe until the presentation."

The king quickly stood, assuming a look of righteous anger. "Heads will roll for this, I assure you!"

"Now that is the first correct statement I have heard escape your lips." Caerbellak grabbed the king's collar, jerking the man forward. "You see, that prototype will be found immediately and quietly by whatever means necessary. I will kill every last being on this planet if need be, but I will find it and the party responsible for its theft."

"How dare you! I demand that you release me immediately!"

"You are in a position to demand nothing. As of this moment, I am imposing martial law on this planet."

"Guards!"

The two armored Rythani guards stepped forward, reaching for their weapons, then both men fell to the floor of the box, smoking blaster holes in their backs.

Variise stood over their bodies, staring coldly at the shocked king over the two hold-out weapons in her grasp.

"I'm afraid they can't help you," Caerbellak grinned. "But you can"

help yourself if you furnish me with some suspects."

"But I have no idea!"

"I suffer the many faults of a fool, good king, but I cannot forgive uselessness." Caerbellak pulled out his blaster, sliding the tip under the king's nose. "You will be the first to die ... though certainly not the last."

At that moment, Sconn's walker passed the royal reviewing box. Seeing Caerbellak with his blaster to her father's head, Kalieva leaned forward in her seat and screamed. "Father! No!"

Sconn turned his gaze from Caerbellak and the king over to Kalieva, watching the tears streaming down the girl's face. The thief pondered his choice ... If he did nothing, her father would die. If he acted, his chance of escape was reduced to almost nil and they would all be killed.

On second thought, Sconn realized, it wasn't really much of a choice at all ...

Caerbellak!"

The amplified voice momentarily startled the Moff. He slowly turned his gaze, until he saw that one of the parading walkers had come to a halt, its head craned sideways to face him.

"What?" Shocked at what he was seeing, Caerbellak could barely manage to sound out the word.

"There's something you should know, sir," came the booming response.

"What?" echoed the Moff, unsure if he could manage a different word.

"You're a real space slug."

Caerbellak's face turned three shades of red. "Who are you?"

"The guy who has your prototype. So be nice ..."

The Moff's mouth dropped open.

Kalieva's voice echoed from the walker. "Daddy!"

The king was shocked. "Kalieva?"

"Someone is going to die!" the Moff roared, waving his blaster menacingly.

"Wow, what genius. I guess that's why you're the Moff ..."

And those were the last words spoken before the walker's chin cannons roared to life ...

Sconn grinned as half the supports anchoring the royal grandstands gave way, causing it to shift wildly. Caerbellak, Variise, and



## Moff Caerbellak



**Type:** Imperial Moff

### DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D+2, dodge 6D, melee combat 5D

### KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy: Imperial 8D+2, cultures 6D, intimidation 7D, languages 5D, law enforcement 6D, tactics: fleets 7D, tactics: ground assault 8D, will-power 7D

### MECHANICAL 2D+2

Astrogation 5D, capital ship gunnery 6D, capital ship piloting 5D, capital ship shields 5D, repulsorlift operation 3D, sensors 6D

### PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 5D, command 9D+2, con 7D+1, persuasion 5D+2, search 7D

### STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 6D+1, climbing/jumping 4D+1

### TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 3D, security 6D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 5

**Character Points:** 17

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, Imperial uniform

**Capsule:** Moff Caerbellak is one of the dangerous men remaining in the Empire. Every action he takes in his life is oriented toward achieving a single goal — to destroy the New Republic, and return to the glory days of the Empire. An Empire which he will, of course, have a powerful hand in.

However, Caerbellak is smart enough to realize that this will take an incredible amount of time and effort. The Moff intends to begin by rooting out New Republic activity in his sector, a task that he believes will be made easier after he receives the prototype from Rythani Products.

Unlike many of his counterparts, Caerbellak makes judicious use of both military force and underhanded politics. The fact that he is equally comfortable with either makes him all the more deadly. As the saying among his staff goes, "Never turn your back on Caerbellak."

Completely without scruples, mercy, or respect for life, Caerbellak will stop at nothing to achieve his goals. At times, his tactics even clash with Imperial doctrine. For the Moff, though, the end nearly always justifies the means ...

the king tumbled to the floor of the box as they lost solid footing. The whole structure seemed to groan, but it held.

Kalievea whirled to face him. "Are you crazy?"

"So I've been told," the thief replied with a shrug.

"You could have killed my father!"

"But I didn't. And if he's got any sense, he'll make a break for it."

Sconn threw the AT-AT into motion, sending Kalievea crashing back into her seat. "And so will we ..."

"Are you hurt, my liege?"

Caerbellak roughly pushed away his Mistryl bodyguard. "I'm fine," the Moff snarled as he brushed off his ceremonial uniform and gestured at the escaping walker. "Just stop them!"

Variise nodded. "And the Princess?"

"I don't care! Kill them both if you wish, just get that prototype back!"

Variise grinned, and in one fluid motion spun around, took a few running steps, and jumped from the tilting reviewers box, landing gracefully on the rear of the walker.

Forgetting his danger, the king charged forward. "No! You can't kill my daughter! She's an innocent hostage!"

The box began to creak and shake, causing the king to stumble into the Moff's waiting arms. Caerbellak regained his grip on the king, shoving his blaster in the man's stomach.

"I will do whatever I see fit ... and that includes ordering any death I wish. So, if you want to continue living, you will do as I say." The Moff shoved the king forward. "Now get moving, your highness, before we are both brought low by circumstance ..."

Sconn turned to Kalievea. "Did you hear something?"

The Princess nodded, indicating the rear of the walker. "It sounded like it came from back there ..."

"I'll check it out. You take the controls."

"But I don't know what I'm doing," Kalievea said.

"Then you'll fit right in."

Annoyed, Kalievea took over the controls as Sconn stood and stepped into the access tube contained in the walker's neck, moving back towards the troop deck.

Sconn moved through the darkened troop deck, holding the handle of his stun staff in a tight grip. He maneuvered through the



compartment intent on checking to make sure the durasteel sphere was secure. He saw that it was and smiled, relieved. The thief patted it reassuringly. "Don't worry ... everything's fine."

That's when the steel whip wrapped around his throat. Sconn gurgled, dropping the stun staff as he was jerked backwards and lost his footing. The thief landed on his back and was staring up at Variise, who held other end of the whip in her hand. She smiled at the fallen thief, then shifted the expression into a snarl as she pressed a button in the handle.

Sconn let out a bloodcurdling scream as the whip pulsed to life with crackling energy.

"I think I shall enjoy watching you die, writhing like the miserable little Askarian worm that you are ..."

Fighting off the excruciating pain, Sconn lifted his arm slightly, letting his sleeve drop to reveal his wrist laser. Grunting, he fired the beam, angling it to slice through the whip at about its mid-point. Cut off from its power supply, the steel coiled around Sconn's neck returned to normal. The severed tip sparked wildly, sending a pulse of feedback energy back into the handle, and Variise.

The Mistryl screamed as she was hit by the crackling energy, the jolt powerful enough to slam her body back into the wall. The smoking handle fell from her quivering fingers as she slid to the floor. Lances of charged energy continued to arc across her body.

Sconn used the opportunity to quickly pull the whip from around his neck. He stumbled, getting to his feet as the residue from the shock took its toll on his body. The thief managed to grab hold of the wall to keep from falling back to the floor and paused to catch his breath.

"I have to tell you ... I'm shocked that such a beautiful woman could be so vicious." Sconn saw the residue charge still flickering around her form and grinned. "Hmm. I guess you know the feeling."

Sconn spotted his stun staff and reached for it, only to scream as a long needle-thin knife slammed into his arm. Pulling it out, he whirled around in time to see Variise charging him. The thief dropped onto his back, at the same time bringing up his legs. The thief drove his feet into the approaching Mistryl's stomach, knocking the wind out of her, as well as taking advantage of her momentum ... Using his leverage, Sconn flipped Variise completely over him, sending her through the air. The Mistryl crashed into the side wall, her body hitting the sensor panel that controlled the assault ramp.

Variise rolled forward, making sure to keep away from the ramp, which was lowering into empty space outside the vehicle. Across the way, Sconn was slowly getting to his feet, still a little shaky from



## Variise

**Type:** Mistryl Shadow Guard

### DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 7D, dodge 7D, melee combat: shock-whip 6D, thrown weapons 5D

### KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy: Imperial 5D+1, cultures 5D, intimidation 8D, languages 4D, streetwise 6D, willpower 6D

### MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 4D, repulsorlift operation 5D, space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 5D

### PERCEPTION 3D+2

Command 6D+2, hide 6D, search 7D+1, sneak 8D

### STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 7D, brawling: martial arts 8D, climbing/jumping 6D

### TECHNICAL 2D+1

Computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 5D, security 6D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 4

**Character Points:** 16

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** 2 Hold-out blaster pistols (3D), shock-whip (STR+2D+2), vibro-knife (STR+1D)

**Capsule:** Variise is a beautiful and exotic-looking woman who serves as bodyguard and right-hand operative to Moff Caerbellak. Variise enjoys her job immensely, especially the fear her reputation inspires in most sentient beings. Before the Moff arrives somewhere, rumors fly, but whenever her name is mentioned in the conversation, the words are hushed to a whisper.

Cold, cruel, and calculating, she is as deadly as she is attractive. Variise speaks in a smooth, silky tone that can easily be laced with a razor's edge. When she gives an order, it is followed without pause, for usually the lackey is in a hurry to get as far away from her as possible.

She exudes danger with each measured, yet graceful step. Her stride reminds many beings of feline predators, and she seems always ready to spring into action. As a result, people tend to be very edgy around her, as if unsure if she's about to pounce.

Variise is part of a mysterious sect known as the Mistryl Shadow Guards. Though she acknowledges being a member of the group, she never discusses them, claiming it would break a secrecy oath. It is known, however, that the Mistryls are a group of female warriors from an unknown world crushed under the tyrannical rule of the Empire. As a result, nearly all of the Mistryls will not serve the Empire in any way — which makes it all the more odd that the enigmatic Variise serves Caerbellak. Rumors say that the Moff saved her from death at the hands of a band of pirates and she is repaying the debt by guarding his life. Though no one knows for sure if this is true ...



the shock whip. Seeing that his opponent was still trying to gain her own footing, the thief took the opportunity to rush her. Unfortunately, Variise was more than ready for that.

Before he even reached her, Variise dove forward, catching his legs and toppling him over. She immediately used the opening to try and dig her sharp fingernails into his throat. Sconn grabbed her arms, trying to keep her from ripping into something vital in his neck.

As they thrashed around on the floor, wind began to rush in through the open hatch, buffeting them both. Sconn used his strength to roll Variise over him, knocking her flat on her back right at the edge of the hatch.

Sconn began forcing her out with a grin. "I think it's time for you to disembark ... Please watch your step."

In response, Variise delivered a well-placed knee that turned Sconn's vision into a hyperspace leap complete with streaking stars. "Oops. My leg slipped ..." Using all her strength, Variise mimicked the thief's move and rolled the stunned Sconn over her ... right out the hatch and into the grasp of the wind.

Sconn clawed the air as he fell, and his fingers caught hold of the very bottom edge of the ramp, which, with no ground to touch, hung open in the air. Tightening his grip to brace himself against the strong gusting of the wind, the thief braved a glance down, swallowing as he gauged the height. The 10-meter fall to the hard ground below would definitely kill him.

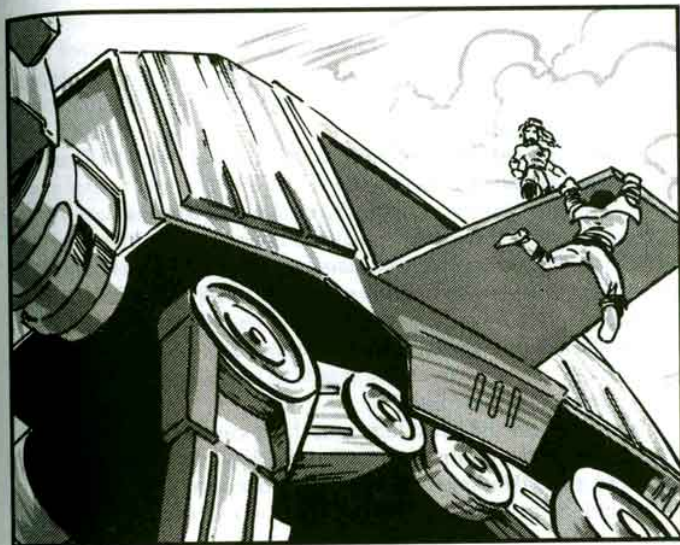
Variise looked down at Sconn, who was trapped in an extremely precarious position. "I warned you, thief ..." The woman grinned and took aim with a hold-out blaster. "I only forgive once. And you already had your chance."

"That's okay ... I'm not really sorry," Sconn said, tightening his tenuous grip as he arched his right wrist.

A moment before Variise squeezed the trigger, Sconn fired his wrist laser, the cutting beam slicing into her gun hand. The Mistryl screamed in pain, dropping the blaster. Sconn stretched out his hand, catching the weapon, and quickly opened fire.

The Mistryl dove back inside as blaster fire exploded around her, one of the shots nicking her shoulder. Sconn tossed away the weapon and reached into one of his pockets, withdrawing one of his special half-sphere thermal explosives. The thief quickly attached it as far up on the ramp as he could reach, then used it as a handhold to make his way back up into the walker's interior. As he pulled his upper body up onto the troop deck, a hold-out blaster was waiting there to greet him.

Variise flashed a vicious smile as she held the barrel of the weapon



pointed at his face. "I think it's time for you to disembark ..."

Without warning Sconn suddenly grabbed her arm and jerked forward. The weapon erupted, the blast hurtling harmlessly out the hatch, quickly followed by Variise. At the last second, the Mistryl caught hold of the bottom of the ramp.

Sconn got to his feet and turned to stare down at Variise. "I love irony, don't you?"

She snarled up at the thief as he pulled out a small, silver device and fingered one of its buttons. Her eyes widened as she moved her stare from the device to the half-sphere between her and Sconn. "You wouldn't ..."

"Of course not," he said, then pressed the button. "Oops. My finger slipped ..."

The device beeped, and the half-sphere gave an answering tone. Sconn leaped back inside as the ensuing explosion shook the entire walker. After a moment, the thief cautiously peered out the hatch. Both the ramp and Variise were nowhere to be found.

The thief nodded with satisfaction. "Looks like my luck's finally changing."

As soon as the words escaped his lips, the entire walker jerked forward again, sending Sconn tumbling to the floor of the troop deck.



**"S**conn! We've got a problem, here!"

Kalieva gave a quick glance over her shoulder as she fought unsuccessfully with the walker's controls. "Where is he?" she muttered under her breath.

Sconn stumbled into the command deck just as the AT-AT lurched forward again, picking up speed.

"Where have you been?" Kalieva demanded to know.

"I got caught up in what you might call an explosive argument with Variise. Things blew up and she went to pieces." Sconn fell into the pilot's seat as the walker shook wildly. "Is it me or are these things not supposed to be moving this fast?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you ... this thing's out of control!"

"Define out of control ..."

"Whatever you did back there must have caused major damage in this thing's drive motors. I can't slow us down and I can't steer."

"Okay, that definitely qualifies as out of control."

A sudden blast rocked the walker. Sconn shook his head. "Now what?"

Kalieva checked the sensor arrays. "The other walkers are opening fire. Luckily, at this speed they can't catch us."

"Oh, silly me. And I thought being out of control was a completely negative experience."

The Princess shot him a dirty look. "Things can't possibly get any worse than this."

"Didn't I tell you never to say that?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

Sconn glanced out the viewport and gave the sigh of the long-suffering. "Because now they just did." They had diverted from the parade course and were headed for one of the repulsorstands. Its occupants seemed to realize this wasn't part of the show, and started exiting as quickly as they could.

The thief fumbled with the external comm. "Uhh, you people may want to move ..." More people started to flee, but some looked stunned.

Sconn tried again, this time at a higher volume. "Runaway walker! Everybody out of the way!"

The remaining citizens got themselves off the repulsorstand as fast as they could.

The thief exhaled in relief as the repulsorstand emptied out just as the walker plowed right through it, reducing it to scrap. Sconn sank back into the pilot's seat as he watched the crowds run

screaming through the streets. The mass chaos was actually aiding their escape, throwing off the pursuit of the other walkers. "Now, that was a close one ..."

"But that one's even closer," Kalieva shouted as she tugged on Sconn's arm.

The thief looked up and immediately wished he hadn't when he saw a large starscraper directly in their path. "What'd you do? Say things couldn't get worse, again?"

"No. Should I?"

"No!" The thief bit his lower lip and considered his options. "What building is that, anyway?"

"The Rydonnian Imperial Consulate."

Grinning, Sconn grabbed Kalieva's arm, jerking her out of her seat. "Okay, then ... time to abandon walker."

**K**alieva glanced out the open hatch and swallowed as she measured the descent to the ground. "How are we going to get off this thing?"

The thief was busy searching the troop deck. "Jump?"

The Princess narrowed her eyes. "I mean, how do we get off this thing alive ..."

Sconn began pulling equipment off one of the speeder bikes. Peeking over his shoulder, Kalieva saw it and smiled. "Let's get out of here."

Sconn jerked a finger into the air. "Not without that prototype ..."

The walker was rocked by another round of blaster fire.

"We don't have time for this, Sconn! We're talking about our lives. Besides, we can't move it out of here, so forget the stupid prototype and let's go!"

The thief wasn't so easily deterred. "I've gone through too much trouble to let it slip through my fingers now ... come on, Sconn, think ..." His gaze wandered from the bike to the durasteel sphere containing the prototype and the repulsorsled it was still sitting on. Sconn grinned. "I've got it."

"What? A death wish?"

"Hardly. Look, instead of wasting all that energy you seem to have by asking dumb questions, why don't you make yourself useful and look for some magnalock grapplers. I'm sure I saw them somewhere around here earlier ..."

"What do you need those for?"

Sconn just shot her a look. Sighing loudly, she turned and began searching. "Fine ..."



"Are you sure about this?" Kalieva asked as she tightened her grip around Sconn's waist.

"Yes," he answered in a coarse whisper. "But it'd be much easier if you'd allow me to breathe ..."

"Sorry," she said as she loosened her grip slightly.

Sconn nodded, checking the controls on the speeder bike beneath them. Satisfied, he turned around to check on the magnalock grapples trailing durasteel cabling between the back of the bike and the repulsorsled containing the prototype. Taking a deep breath, the thief glanced out the open assault ramp hatch and gunned the bike forward.

The bike, and the attached repulsorsled, screamed out of the walker's open hatch just seconds before the head of the great machine thundered into the side of the starscraper like an ancient battering ram. The body soon followed, driving its massive weight forward, right through the building.

The fallen AT-AT gave a great shudder, and then promptly exploded. Nearly every panel of the building's transplastoid face below the thirtieth floor blew out in unison, shattering like fine glass and showering the streets below.

The crowds continued to spill off the repulsorstands and into the streets, screaming in terror. People ran for cover or just dropped to the ground and covered their heads as debris rained down from above.

Caerbellak watched the distant explosion and slowly lowered his blaster from the king's head. The Moff motioned to Celomar, who stepped forward to report.

"We've scrambled a squadron of TIE fighters, sir. They'll be arriving any minute."

"Tell them to hold off ..."

"Sir?"

"I said, tell them not to engage!"

"But —"

"Are you questioning my orders, Celomar?"

The aide took a step back. "Of course not ..."

"Then you will inform our forces that they are only to make a show of trying to stop them. In the end, though, they shall let them escape."

The king stared at the Moff. "You're mad."

"No," Caerbellak answered with a smile. "I'm just creative ..."

"I cannot believe we made it," Kalieva said as she surveyed the natural beauty of the heavily-forested Outlands.

"I hate to say 'I told you so,' but I told you so ..." Sconn grinned as he dismounted the bike, which was still smoking from the blaster holes it picked up after their run-in with the Imperial forces. The thief watched happily as the crew of the transport ship loaded the durasteel sphere into the bowels of the heavily-modified Ghtroc freighter that bore the name *Corellian Thunder*.

The Princess shook her head. "It was almost too easy ..."

"Easy? Are you nuts? After everything I've been through on this lousy planet, I'm lucky to be alive. And so are you ..."

"I suppose ..."

The captain of the *Thunder*, a thin Corellian by the name of Davrin, motioned to Sconn that they were ready for take-off. "Come on, then ... time is wasting!"

"My money, my time, so take it easy," Sconn said and turned to Kalieva.

"Sure, 'take it easy,' he says. Well he ain't gonna be the one havin' to dodge those Star Destroyers orbitin' above ..." Davrin continued to mumble to himself as he ascended the ramp into his ship.

Sconn shook his head. "I need some new friends ..."

"You already made one," Kalieva answered.

The thief grinned, self-consciously rubbing the back of his neck. "So, you ready to go?"

The Princess paused. "I can't ..."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I can't. I always wanted adventure, Sconn ... and that's what you gave me a taste of. The only thing is, I didn't realize how much danger goes along with it. After what I've just been through, the boring safety of Rydonni doesn't seem quite so bad anymore. Besides, my father may still be in danger. And there's so much that has to be done here ..."

"You know, something, Princess? I think you grew up a little on this adventure. And I also think that one day, you'll lead this place right out of the Moff's grasp."

She grinned. "Just like I did for you?"

Sconn held up his hands. "Wait a second now, I think you have who saved you a little backwards ..."

"Let's just call it a draw. And you better get moving, before Caerbellak calls in an entire fleet to chase you down."

"Take care of yourself, Princess ..."



"You too, my mysterious thief ... and don't forget your promise. I want you to come back and see me again."

The two hugged each other tightly, and as they began to separate, Kalieva leaned in to kiss him. After a moment, she pulled back from the embrace, reading his eyes. "There's someone else, isn't there?"

"Yeah," Sconn replied, his thoughts going to Shandria L'hnnar, "there sort of is. Though I'm not sure if we both know it yet."

"Well, she's a lucky woman, whoever she is. You are certainly one-of-a-kind ..."

"I know," he grinned, heading up the freighter's ramp.

Davrin was waiting at the entrance, arms folded impatiently. As the thief approached, he leaned over, talking in a low voice. "You know it ain't exactly a bright idea to keep a Hutt waitin'. Especially when he's droolin' all over his slug self for somethin'."

"Don't worry yourself." Sconn patted the captain's back as they walked inside together. The thief took one last look at Kalieva through the ramp closing behind him, then returned his attention to the prototype being secured in the *Thunder's* cargo bay. "Draskha is going to be one happy Hutt when he sees what I brought him."

**"T**he Ghtroc freighter has escaped our pursuit and successfully made the jump to hyperspace ..."

Caerbellak waited for the filtered voice to finish in a burst of static, then he lifted the comlink to his lips. "Understood. Excellent work."

The Moff put away the comlink and grinned up at the stars. "This is working out better than I could have ever planned. Fortune has been truly kind, but I really should have thought of this myself."

"I don't quite understand your logic, Caerbellak." The female voice came from behind him, but the Moff didn't turn to look. "Why are you letting him escape with the prototype?"

"Because, my dear, once that sphere is opened, its contents will move through the New Republic, pass into the hands of a few of their cells, and more than likely land in a weapons testing lab of some type. And as the locations of each segment of that underground chain are transmitted back to me, I will sever each link personally."

"You are a truly devious one, Caerbellak ..."

The Moff blushed, stepped over the corpse of King K'ntarr, and extended his arm to the woman behind him. "The King is dead ..."

Princess Kalieva took his hand and allowed herself to be pulled into his embrace. "Long live the new queen."

And their laughter echoed up into the night sky ...

# DEATH- HUNTER

**To:** General Crix Madine

**From:** Rebel Operative "Tigress"

**Subject:** Operation Death-Hunter

Once again, I implore you to further investigate the recent activities connected to an Imperial project called Death-Hunter. The following data burst contains a manifest for a supply of courier droid vessels which were delivered to the military shipyards in the Jaemus system. It is my belief that these droid vessels are important to the Death-Hunter project. My efforts to learn more have so far proven unsuccessful, but the project continues to receive an inordinate amount of attention here in the Core. Perhaps if you sent a team to check out this recent delivery of droid vessels to Jaemus, we can uncover more about the Death-Hunter project and what it has in store for the Rebel Alliance. May the Force be with all of us, General.

By Tony Russo

Illustrations by Doug Shuler



**From:** General Crix Madine  
**To:** Colonel Dursa Conegan, Special Mission Operations

**Subject:** Imperial activity in the Jaemus system  
 Colonel, I have enclosed for your review the latest in a series of reports concerning this Death-Hunter project. Other reports from our agents in the Core concur that the Empire is definitely up to something. However, there is some concern about the reliability of this information. The deep cover agent who has been sending these reports, "Tigress," broke contact with Alliance Intelligence for some time before reappearing again. Information provided before the agent's disappearance was approximately 80 percent accurate. Now the information is only about 60 percent accurate. The project called Death-Hunter may not exist, or it might be a trap. Still, I believe further inquiry is necessary. Organize and send a team to investigate the droid supply order sent to the Jaemus system and check for any leads to the Death-Hunter project.

Many companies at the Jaemus shipyards hire tremendous amounts of civilian labor to produce ships and fighters for the Empire. It should be easy enough for our slicers to create dockworker permits so that your team can move around the shipyards, but beware — security is tight. A light transport can be arranged for your team's use, but unfortunately, weapon and equipment stores throughout the Rebellion are low at this time. The team can obtain additional supplies when necessary. For security reasons, I cannot disclose any further information about Tigress or the agent's identity or location. Luck to your people, Colonel.



### Episode One: Rendezvous at Jaemus

The gamemaster should read the following aloud:

As Rebel Alliance agents, you are to investigate a shipment of courier droid vessels sent to the Imperial shipyards at Jaemus. In some way, this supply of droids is connected to a project called Death-Hunter. The project's existence is based on reports from a mysterious Rebel agent known only as Tigress. Despite concerns that Tigress might be a double agent, Alliance Intelligence wants the droid supply order checked out.

Because the Imperial shipyards at Jaemus are considered a high-security region, you are traveling with forged dockworker identifications. The spacedocks at Jaemus are heavily patrolled and your ship is immediately confronted by a TIE fighter patrol. Escorted by the fighter patrol, you and your fellow agents arrive at a private dock. According to a manifest report stolen by Tigress, this is where the courier droids were delivered.

The characters arrive at a series of private dockyards. Yachts and other craft owned by various high Imperial officials are there for routine repair and maintenance. After checking out the characters'



credentials, a maintenance supervisor puts the characters to work by sending them to clean out the bilges of an Imperial advisor's personal liner (yuck). Just as the characters reluctantly step on to the dock platform, they are suddenly approached by a pesky R2 droid. Unless the characters have some means to interpret the droid's beeps and clicks, the Artoo unit circles the characters like a friendly pet until they follow it down an access corridor. A recorded hologram of a cloaked figure with a woman's voice appears before the droid. Read aloud:

**"Salutations, fellow travelers. I am Tigress. Please consider this R2 droid your friend and guide in the journey to come. If you insert your worker permits in this R2 droid's access slot, they will be changed to clearances for a facility two docks further down. This enclosed dock is used by a company called Renikco. I don't think I have to remind you of the significance of the company's name. This R2 unit will help you in any capacity you find necessary to accomplish your mission. Good luck, and be careful!"**

With a Difficult *Knowledge* or *bureaucracy* roll the characters remember that the name "Renik" is associated with one of the counterintelligence branches of Imperial Intelligence. After inserting their worker permits in the droid's access slot to be altered, the characters board a shuttle speeder and proceed to an enclosed dockyard protected by troopers wearing Santhe Security badges and uniforms. The characters' new orders state that they are a scanning crew. In addition, the R2 droid is listed as part of their team. Before arriving, the R2 unit opens a hidden compartment, revealing handheld scanning equipment for the characters to use.

## ■ R2-B4 (Artoo Beefour)

Type: R2 Astromech Droid

DEXTERITY 1D

Dodge 3D+2

KNOWLEDGE 1D

Bureaucracy: Imperial 5D

MECHANICAL 1D

Astrogation 5D, communications 5D+2, sensors 5D, space transports 4D, starfighter piloting 3D

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 1D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 7D+2, security 5D+2, space transport repair 5D+2, starfighter repair 5D+2\*

\*Astromech droids, if acting in co-pilot capacity, may attempt starship repairs while in flight.

Equipped With:

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)

- Retractable heavy grasper arm (*lifting* skill at 2D)
- Retractable fine work heavy grasper arm
- Extendable 0.3 meter long video sensor (360 degree rotation)
- Small electric arc welder (1D to 5D damage as fits situation), 0.3 meter range
- Small circular saw (4D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Video display screen
- Holographic projector/recorder
- Fire extinguisher
- Small (20 cm by 8 cm) internal "cargo" area

Move: 5

**Capsule:** Artoo Beefour had several masters before Tigress, but don't let the droid's battered exterior fool you. The feisty little droid keeps all of its memory modules, sensors and equipment in excellent condition. Similar to thousands of other Industrial Automaton Artoo units found across the galaxy, the droid uses its ability to blend into the background with other unobtrusive droids with great success. Obviously loyal to Tigress, Artoo Beefour will do anything to save the agent from harm.

The Santhe Security guards at the dock read their orders with suspicion, but allow the characters access. "Scan to your heart's desire. Just don't touch anything," they warn.

Inside the floor level of the dock the characters find dozens of Plexus courier droid vessels which are undergoing some kind of modification. The interior of each of the nine-meter-long vessels has been gutted, while the exterior has been fitted with a starfighter-sized laser cannon. An elaborate heat shield, typically found on probe droid drop pods, adorns the front end of each craft like a hollowed-out half moon. The R2 unit beeps worryingly as the characters take a better look at the courier droid vessels. The characters can reach the assembly-line level by descending one of several turbolifts.



A look inside the interior of a modified droid vessel reveals miniaturized navigational and maneuver controls, astrogation nav computer, acceleration control couch, and a small life support enclosure. The interior, although cramped, looks large enough to house a human passenger.

The R2 unit interrupts the characters with a series of warning beeps before it suddenly dis-



appears — project technicians and engineers are returning. The project leader eyes the characters suspiciously. "What are you doing in there?" he challenges before immediately turning to one of his staff. "Get security down here. No one is allowed in here without a complete identity check and an escort. Moff Comark's personal orders."

The project leader pulls out a comlink and depresses a red switch — automatic alarms hoot throughout the dock interior. Pressurized doors and access junctures snap closed.

The characters have two options: they can try to persuade the project leader using their falsified orders that they are indeed part of a scanning crew, or they can start shooting their way out now. Talking with the project leader only delays the inevitable — Santhe Security guards appear, armed with blasters and handheld remotes that control all doors and exit points.

**Santhe Security Guards.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D, *blaster* 4D+2, *melee weapons: stun baton* 5D, *Strength* 2D+2, *brawling* 3D+2. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), stun baton (STR+2D when energy shock is used; STR+1D without energy shock), blast helmet and vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, torso and head only), handheld remote access control (given only to the leader of each group of guards).

As the characters become embroiled in a shoot-out in the dock with the security guards, and all means of escape have been cut off, the entire dock is suddenly plunged into darkness! The darkness increases the difficulty of shooting weapons by one level. A few of the characters, as well as some of the security guards, can find handheld lumas scattered around for interior work on the droid vessels.

Under cover of darkness, one of the characters encounters a security guard leader who has one of the handheld remotes. Wrestling the remote away, the characters, with help from the R2 unit, can open one of the exit accessways and head back to their ship. Other Santhe guards notice the characters' attempt at escape and use their own remotes to try to close the accessway. Leaping through the narrowly-closing hatch is a Moderate *dodge* roll.

## Farewell to Jaemus

With their helpful mechanical friend, the characters get back to their transport. But like a ripple in a water puddle, the security alarm has raised the attention of Imperial forces. Before they can escape the Jaemus shipyards and make the jump into hyperspace, the

characters must not only elude a patrol of TIE fighters but a Skipray blastboat.

**2 TIE Fighters.** Starfighter, *starship gunnery* 4D+2, *starfighter piloting* 4D+2, maneuverability 2D, space 10, atmosphere 415; 1,200 kmh, hull 2D. Weapons: 2 laser cannons (fire-linked; fire control 2D, damage 5D).

**Skipray Blastboat.** Capital (due to power output), *capital ship gunnery* 4D+2, *capital ship piloting* 4D+2, maneuverability 1D+2, space 8, atmosphere 415; 1,200 kmh, hull 2D+1, shields 2D. Weapons: 3 medium ion cannons (fire-linked; fire control 3D, damage 4D), proton torpedo launcher (fire control 2D, damage 9D), 2 laser cannons (fire-linked; fire control 1D, damage 5D), concussion missile launcher (fire control 1D, damage 6D).

## Episode Two: The Mystery on Bescane

Once the characters make it into hyperspace, the Artoo unit activates another hologram of the Rebel agent Tigress. The game-master should read the following passage aloud:

"If you made it safely away from the Jaemus shipyards, I programmed this Artoo unit to activate this next hologram. Hopefully, whatever you learned at Jaemus might provide an answer to this next mystery. I have obtained reports about a series of kidnappings on Bescane. Details about these kidnappings are available for your review through Artoo Beefour here. I was alerted to these crimes through one of my close informants inside the Imperial Intelligence agency known as Renik. He gave me this information at great cost — his life.

"To help you on Bescane, the Alliance maintains a contact agent there. His name is Cooper Dray. He leads a swoop gang in one of the housing complexes, a place the locals call Lumchugger's Hub. If you had time, you could probably confirm all of this with Alliance records. Time is something none of us have, I'm afraid. Death-Hunter is real. Be careful."

The Artoo unit then transmits the information Tigress collected from the informant through their transport ship's data terminals.

In summary, the reports are little more than official memos, notes, and postings filtered through Renik. Granted, Renik is a counterintelligence unit; it does not talk openly about its dealings across electronic lines, no matter how well encrypted. With a Moderate *investigation* skill result, a character can deduce through this information that Renik is



somehow responsible for the kidnappings on Bescane. The target of the kidnappings are humans who are between the age of 15 and 25 years old. This presents a huge cross-section of the population on Bescane, as it is composed of mostly corporate factory workers. Why Renik is kidnapping humans on Bescane is not entirely clear. There is no mention of Death-Hunter, Plexus droid vessels or a Moff Comark anywhere in the reports.

## Bescane

**Type:** Terrestrial

**Temperature:** Temperate to cool

**Atmosphere:** Type I (breathable on "good" days, some industry zones require a breath mask and eye protection due to pollutants)

**Hydrosphere:** Moderate

**Gravity:** Standard

**Terrain:** Heavily industrialized and urban

**Length of Day:** 30 standard hours

**Length of Year:** 332 local days

**Sapient Species:** Humans, light mix of aliens

**Starports:** Four Imperial class

**Population:** 10.2 billion

**Planet Function:** Manufacturing/processing

**Government:** Galentro Heavy Works corporate management

**Tech Level:** Space

**Major Exports:** Heavy metals, ion fuel production, bonded materials, mid-level technology, mass produced materials, chemical products.

**Major Imports:** Raw materials, biochemicals, foodstuffs, atmospheric and hydrospherical replenishment, entertainment products

**Capsule:** Bescane is well-known as a rough and tumble world located in the Obtrexta system. The planet is a densely overpopulated, heavily industrialized series of ugly factories, furnaces, chemical waste slough pools and box-tier dwellings. Factories and blast yards produce raw materials like molecularly-bonded supasteel for starships and military garrisons. Chemical churners and impact sifters produce fuel cores for ion drives and plasma generators. The appeal of Bescane and hive living is not measured in creature comforts but in credits; it is a nightmare world that lures many with promises of wealth. Rarely does it relinquish its grip on those who fall down its path. Many contract laborers find themselves indebted to the company stores, addicted to simulated holo entertainments and cheap combinations of synthetic pleasures. On Bescane, the commodity of people is almost as profitable as the corporate factories.

After several days of hyperspace travel, the characters find it quite easy to obtain a landing permit to conduct business on Bescane. The Imperial presence is reduced on Bescane since the Empire gives free rein over the planet's control to powerful megacorporates. Cargo-hauler and free-trader traffic is plentiful. Any worries about the characters' ship being identified as the same vessel that blasted away from the Jaemus shipyards can be readily

dismissed — as long as the characters keep a low profile.

The only truly enforced regulation on Bescane is a total ban of energy weapons and explosives. Regulations forbid the carrying and use of energy weapons except by corporate security and marshal forces. Such marshals immediately arrest and detain any characters believed to be carrying energy weapons.

Planetside, Bescane is an industrial nightmare. The world has been divided into regions called "hubs." Certain hubs specialize in different forms of heavy industry or processing. Other hubs consist of huge multi-tiered dwelling complexes. When viewed from above, seas and other bodies of water reflect multicolored contaminants. It is difficult for the characters to find any natural terrain here that has not been pressformed or flattened by prefabricated processing stations or dug into impact sifter pits. Why would anyone choose to deliberately live here?

The answer lurks in the expressions of those who do live and work here. The locals consist of crowds of listless factory laborers, technical specialists, chemical engineers and low-level managerial types. Eager to spend their downtime away from their claustrophobic housing units, the crowds drift eagerly to the entertainment centers that thrive amid the hubs.

## Lumchugger's Hub

Lumchugger's Hub is one of the more popular, and not to mention rougher, of the free-for-all entertainment regions. Downtime workers, anxious to get the maximum bang for their credit, can choose from among the Hub's avenues of holothraters, gladiator droid contests, shock ball rooms, zero-gee dancitoriums, cantinas, and gambling parlors.

Staffing these entertainments is a thriving strata of hucksters, pitchmen, con artists, gangsters, thieves, gamblers, enforcers, and other predators. Life in Lumchugger's Hub can be described as a high-stakes sabacc game where the turn of a card can make you instantaneously rich ... or permanently dead.

Tigress' Artoo droid leads the characters through a maze of crowds and confrontations. Street dealers hustle their wares right in the characters' faces, others beckon them inside a dark crevice or nook to examine a trinket or valuable item more closely. On an Easy to Moderate *streetwise* roll, more experienced characters might know to beware such seemingly innocent invitations.

**Typical Street Con.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D, *dodge* 4D, *melee combat: vibro-shiv* 4D+2, *pickpocket* 4D, *Perception* 2D+2,



bargain 4D+2, con 5D+2, persuasion 4D+2, sneak 4D+2. Move: 10. Black market droid chips, bogus sabacc cheater chips, dark street clothes and tunic, spice cylinders (low grade worth), vibro-shiv (STR+1D), 50 credits.

After avoiding most of the street cons, the screams of a young, pitiful voice draw the characters' attention down a deserted corridor — strangely, no one seems to pay any attention to the call for help. Pedestrians appear to be making an earnest effort of vacating the immediate area. An aging spice merchant quickly packs up his case of wares and tries to scoot away. If one the characters tries to grab him to get some information, he gestures down the corridor before slipping away from the character's grasp. "Enforcers for the company! I strongly suggest you avoid their attention!"

Litter and refuse festoon the alleyway as the characters work their way between the narrow access walks. In the dim light that manages to slip down between the buildings, a gang of muscled factory workers armed with clubs and mono-cord whips can be seen dealing out "company policy" to a helpless Twi'lek. Mono-cord whips are made of unbreakable serrated fiber straps that can cut through skin, cloth and even some light plastics. There seem to be as many enforcers as there are characters. A human female clings to one of the alley walls, her mouth clamped over by one of the brutes. One of the enforcers spies the characters as they approach. "Go away. This doesn't concern you."

The characters might have something to say about that, though.

**Company Enforcers.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D+2, *dodge* 4D+2, *melee parry* 4D+2, *melee weapons* 4D+2, *Strength* 4D, *brawling* 5D+2. Move: 10. Mono-cord whip (STR+1D+2), protective fabric vest (+2 physical, torso only), steel club (STR+1D).

Once the enforcers are driven off, any character can help the badly wounded Twi'lek with a medpac and a Moderate *first aid* or *medicine* roll. The Twi'lek, although barely conscious and understandable, stills require professional medical attention to completely heal his injuries.

The human girl thanks the characters profusely. The corporates do not like anyone doing business in certain restricted goods without their knowledge ... and their usual percentage of the profits. Hoping to repay the characters in some small way, she happens to be familiar with a local swoop biker named Cooper Dray. She tells the characters to check out the Arcade Omicron.

## The Arcade Omicron

To the curious, the kaleidoscope lights of the Arcade Omicron are much too inviting to simply ignore. A flashing holosign over the steep archway beckons the characters and the Artoo droid inside.

If Cooper Dray is somewhere in here, the characters are going to have their work cut out finding him. The arcade is filled almost wall-to-wall with factory drones in their company-issued downshift garb. From a scaffolding stage against the back wall, a band known as the *Screaming Jawas* are projecting a terrifying screech of sound and synthesized thunder.

The centerpiece of the Arcade is a holozoetroscope, a powerful holographic generator typically seen only in the most luxurious of entertainment centers on Coruscant. Spinning slowly on its gyroscopic axis, the huge cylinder generates a holo-effigy of a Death Star exploding over and over again. Miniature holos of X-wings and TIE fighters dance and destroy each other across the room. Holograms of twisted sculptures and art works take form, shimmer and burst apart.

In several side rooms that lead away from the main hall, patrons delight in scenic replicators. Couples can be seen dancing and drinking their way across the desert wastes of Tatooine, the forests of Kashyyyk or the ice geysers of Hoth. A detailed replication of the





bridge of an Imperial Star Destroyer, perhaps lifted from a military simulator firm (without their knowledge or permission), provides numerous thrills to spectators as starfighter battles rage outside the viewports. Other holo scenes replicate the tropical seashores of Wroona and vistas of huge mountains on Ryloth.

The Artoo unit begins to beep and hoot excitedly (more than usual) when the droid spies two figures talking among themselves inside a holo replication of a dank swuvehorn club on Fegorok IV. An alien band blares mournfully in the smoky background. One of the figures turns around in his seat and quietly sends the lone woman he was talking to scurrying away. He lifts a boot-clad leg heavily up on a bar stool, exposing a modified blaster carbine strapped to his leg in a blasterslinger's harness. He wears the heavy leathers typically worn by swoop racers. He looks the characters up and down with a slight trace of malice: "Can I help you, kind spacers?"

### ■ Cooper Dray

**Type:** Swoop Gang Leader

#### **DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster: blaster carbine 7D+2, brawling parry 5D+2, dodge 6D+2, grenade 4D, vehicle blasters 5D+2

#### **KNOWLEDGE 2D**

Intimidation 5D, languages 3D, law enforcement 5D, streetwise 6D+1

#### **MECHANICAL 4D**

Repulsorlift operation 7D, swoop operation 8D+2

#### **PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Bargain 5D+2, command 6D+2, con 4D+2, hide 6D, sneak 4D+2

#### **STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 6D, climbing/jumping 4D

#### **TECHNICAL 2D+1**

First aid 5D+2, repulsorlift repair 4D+1, security 5D+2, swoop repair 7D

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 10

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Medpac, modified blaster carbine (5D+2), survival cloak, swoop rider suit (+1D physical), vibro-shiv (STR-1D), 1,000 credits

**Capsule:** Cooper Dray looks older than his 25 years might suggest. An avid swoop racer, his popularity began to wane when he stopped winning. He gradually settled down on Bescane because the crowds there loved the sport. Many believe Dray is nothing more than a wash-out with no place to go. He was approached by an Alliance courier agent to get him off the planet, when corporate marshals murdered the Rebel right before Dray's eyes. Determined to make the corporates and the Empire pay, Dray went on a campaign of vengeance. Only those in his swoop gang know of his cover with the Rebel Alliance, providing a means for contract workers to escape their corporate bonds and fight for the Rebellion.

Dray refuses to openly admit his identity as a Rebel contact agent, even if the characters try to convince him they are Rebels them-

selves. "I just try to keep my eyes and ears on passive scan, if you get my solar drift," he states. Others from Dray's swoop gang, Cooper's Swoopers as they call themselves, appear from the shadows in defense of their leader.

Dray knows about the kidnappings. It's one of the reasons why he and his gang are here in the Arcade tonight — to prevent another kidnapping. He is curious about the characters' interest in the kidnappings. "Why should you be concerned? It's a local problem."

Even if the characters try to explain that the Empire, or specifically Imperial Intelligence, is behind the kidnappings, Dray is dubious that it's part of an Imperial plot.

"The constable force from Galentro is saying they're doing everything they can. Well, I don't believe that for a second. Word's out that these jumpers are out again tonight ... and this place is the target."

Unexpectedly, the crowd in the center of the Arcade starts to part. The corporate bullies the characters trounced before have returned, this time with corporate marshals. These marshals are nothing like their famous forebears during the time of the Old Republic — they are little more than thugs who have the sense to

carry more firepower and armor than the street enforcers they hire. They also have the authority of the corporate management, giving them license to do just about anything as long as the factories remain productive. They are feared by the work drones as judges, juries and even executioners. An enforcer points out the characters to one of the marshals.

With so many innocent bystanders around them, Dray does not like the odds. "This way!" he motions to a wall behind the bar before he vanishes. The wall is a little more than a holo projection of the club's interior. Behind it is an emergency door that leads to the back streets ... and Cooper's waiting swoop gang.





## The Back Street Shuffle

Swooper riders and characters immediately leap on to their souped-up, modified machines just as an armored airspeeder and corporate patrol speeder bikes make their appearance. The chase is on down the narrow streets of Lumchugger's Hub!

**Cooper's Swoops.** Speeder, *swoop operation* 5D+2, maneuverability 4D, move 175; 500 kmh, body strength 1D. Note: For each swoop bike carrying a character or passenger, increase the difficulty level for all *swoop operation* attempts by one level and reduce the swoop's maneuverability by -1D.

**4 Corporate Speeder Bikes.** Speeder, *vehicle blasters* 4D, *repulsorlift operation* 4D+2, maneuverability 3D+2, move 150; 430 kmh, body strength 2D. Weapons: laser cannon (character scale; fire control 2D, damage 3D).

**Patrol Airspeeder.** Speeder, *vehicle blasters* 4D+2, *repulsorlift operation* 4D+2, maneuverability 1D, move 140; 400 kmh, body strength 3D. Weapons: laser cannon (fire control 2D, damage 3D+2).

The chase begins with the patrol speeders and the flitter at Medium range to the swoop gang and the characters. As the chase ensues and the gang separates to avoid capture, treat each as a separate chase. Cooper's Swoopers try to stick as close to the surface as possible, using the urban terrain to lose the patrol speeder bikes. The swoopers take every hair-raising maneuver possible to force the patrol speeder bikes to crash. If the original four patrol speeder bikes crash prematurely, the gamemaster is encouraged to add pairs of additional patrols as word spreads across the comm channels about the chase.

Meanwhile, the patrol flitter has risen high above the streets and singles out Dray (and the character who might be riding on his swoop bike.) At the end of the chase, the flitter fires down on Dray. The blast does not strike the bike directly, but it does upend the vehicle and send it spiraling out of control into a series of light metal and plastic huts along a squatters' row. Any character riding as a passenger on Dray's swoop bike is automatically wounded and is stunned for four rounds. When the character regains consciousness or is found by other characters, no trace of Dray or the patrol flitter can be found. All that remains is the wreckage of his swoop bike. A few of the frightened locals come forward from hiding places and reveal that the patrol flitter landed and took Dray.

## Tigress Appears

"We do not have much time," a voice remarks from the shadows. A woman, her head covered by a cloak hood, steps forward from the shadows, Artoo Beefour at her side. "The constable forces will hand Cooper Dray over to Moff Comark." This is Tigress, who had been speaking earlier with Dray at the Arcade Omicron before the characters appeared. Riding with others from Dray's swoop gang, they all head for the safety of the sewers beneath the Hub.

Once in the dank sewer system, Tigress talks at length with the characters. When asked why she knows Dray will be handed over to a Moff named Comark, she pulls back the hood to finally reveal her face. She is Lady Amber Comark, Moff Jesco Comark's daughter.

### ■ Lady Amber Comark

**Type:** Rebel Agent

**DEXTERITY** 2D+2

Blaster: hold-out blaster 5D+2, brawling parry 4D+2, dodge 5D+2, running 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** 4D+1

Bureaucracy: Imperial 6D+1, languages 5D+1, planetary systems 5D+1, streetwise 6D+1

**MECHANICAL** 3D

Astrogation 5D, communications 5D, repulsorlift operation 4D, sensors 4D, space transports 5D, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 5D+2

**PERCEPTION** 3D+1

Command 5D+1, con 4D+1, con: disguise 7D+1, hide 6D, investigation 6D, persuasion 6D

**STRENGTH** 2D

Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 4D

**TECHNICAL** 2D+2

Computer programming/repair 5D,

droid programming 6D+2, droid

repair 6D, first aid 5D+2, security 5D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 10

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Cloak, hold-out blaster (3D), medpac, 7,500 credits

**Capsule:** As a member of an elite family from the Core Worlds, Amber Comark befriended one of the librarians of the Imperial Archives. As it turned out, the librarian was a Rebel agent—the original Tigress. Amber could only stand by and watch in horror as her friend was eventually discovered, ar-





rested and interrogated. After that she lost all contact with her friend, only to be informed of her death by her father.

With the true nature of the Emperor and the Empire revealed to her, Amber decided to take up where the old Tigress had left off. Unfortunately, Amber could not provide the elaborate amounts of reliable information to the Alliance, nor did she have the training and ability of the first Tigress agent. Alliance intelligence threatened to cut off all contact, believing her to be a double agent. Still, she was determined... until she discovered that her father was hatching a terrifying scheme named *Death-Hunter*. She could find little about the project except for the Plexus courier droid supply order and the strange kidnapping reports. Even her own father would not discuss the matter with her. Since she relayed the information and asked for the Alliance to send experienced agents to investigate the secret project, Amber Comark has been carefully helping the characters from the shadows.

Amber believes the constable forces will turn Cooper Dray over to her father because he fits the *Death-Hunter* project's need for humans, preferably between the ages of 15 and 25. What happens to the victims after they are taken is still a mystery, although she has followed a trail of ship movements bearing her father's signatory from this system to a sector of space known as the Wastes.

Beyond the Outer Rim, the Wastes are a source of wild rumors and stories primarily because it is forbidden space. The Empire uses the worlds in this sector as test subjects for sieges, planetary bombardments, radiation warfare, virus weapons, catastrophic geo-alteration and other abominations. Many of the systems in this area are either inhospitable or have been deliberately poisoned. Clusters of battered hulks dating back to the days of the Old Republic are scattered across the space lanes, spending the remainder of their days as practice targets for Imperial warships and new weapons. The systems that comprise the Wastes are so obscure that they are not even properly named: many worlds are identified only by their preliminary scouting report numbers.

Getting into the Wastes is a problem — detailed astrogation information about the sector is extremely restricted since the Empire prefers to control any star traffic throughout the region. Even if one actually wanted to deliberately enter this death sector, many regions are interdicted by Imperial forces. Other worlds have "vaporize first, question later" orders posted around their perimeters.

There are two ways to get into the Wastes. One way is to jump in blindly — all the while hoping not to appear before the snouts of Imperial turbolasers — or to go in carrying salvager's credentials. The Imperial Trade and Commerce Authority (ITCA) dispenses

special permits which allow salvagers to search and reclaim the wrecks of target vessels for scrap and other bits. Since directly appealing ITCA for the proper permits would take months, maybe even years (and extensive background checks), forgeries have to be crafted.

One of Cooper's Swoopers knows about a forger and counterfeiter named "Lucky" Ordormire who works Lumchugger's Hub. Ordormire has made false identifications for drones Cooper Dray recruited to join the Alliance and escape the drudgeries of Bescane. However, the forger is highly paranoid and deals only with Dray.

### To Find the Forger Ordormire

Locating Lucky Ordormire is not a difficult task, even in the packed confines of Lumchugger's Hub — but arranging to actually meet with the quirky forger is anything but easy. According to the swoopers, arranging a meeting is accomplished by placing an order at one of the BanthaQuik! food stops in the hub. It might be hours, even days, before a reply is made to the request. Lady Amber stresses that the characters do not have the luxury of time — the longer the characters wait to find Dray and any other captives, the more likely they will be lost forever.

If one of the characters does not suggest it, Lady Amber proposes that the characters place the order and secretly follow the trail to Lucky's lair. Maybe then they can deal directly with the forger.

One or all of the characters can place the order at the BanthaQuik! food stop. The request must be made in the form of a meal order, chosen in specific order from the food stop's electronic menu system:

## WELCOME TO BANTHAQUIK!

**Tusken Special:** bantha-on-a-stick platter

**Calamaria Surprise:** exosquidra poppets

**Ithor Delight:** ooglata eggs, scrambled

**Rodian Platter:** cranker roots, deeply oiled

**Corellia's Pride:** renown liquid extract fringe cake



The order must be marked for "delivery" and pre-paid (about seven credits for all the food), with the characters choosing the location of the "delivery." The characters can choose almost any place they want, since they intend to follow the order to Lucky himself.

The characters may then watch the BanthaQuik! food stop for any suspicious activity. After a few minutes, a courier on a hover-scoot appears and picks up the food order. At first the characters might think the courier will simply deliver the food to the destination they specified, but that does not happen. By secretly following the courier (if they did not bring their own transportation via the swoopers, the characters can flag down a speeder cab), the food order is delivered to a warehouse on the outer fringes of Lumchugger's Hub. (During this time, the gamemaster should secretly make Very Difficult *streetwise* or *Perception* rolls for the characters. If any characters succeed, that character catches a glimpse of a tall black shape which appears at random on the surrounding rooftops.) The courier hands the food order to a huge, thick-skinned alien at the warehouse's front door. The metal door slams shut and the courier drives away.

If the characters want to try, they can approach the warehouse and press the buzzer switch at the door. A camera, mounted on the former arm appendage of a protocol droid, swings down from a recess in the gate post. A voice grunts from a hidden speaker. The characters can try to gain access using whatever ruse they can think of. The voice on the other side tells them that the shop is closed. "Go away," the voice warns. If the characters ask if Lucky is available, the voice tells them that they are mistaken. "No Lucky is here. Go away!"

The characters may decide to take their chances and try to find another way in. There is a door that opens to an alley in the back of the warehouse. Opening the door requires a Moderate to Difficult *security* skill roll. A failed attempt sets off a loud, obnoxious siren, forcing the characters to try another way in. Artoo Beefour carries a variety of tools which might help characters enter the warehouse.

By all appearances, this warehouse is a repulsorlift chop shop. The floor space is filled with speeders and other vehicles. Certain vehicles are on lifts, where components and usable parts are being removed. Beings of all kinds are scurrying around the repair floors, cutting off engines, repulsorlift brackets, doors and bodies using plasma torches. Other sections of the shop are devoted to assembling and painting rebuilt vehicles.

One of the characters spies the big alien carrying the food order.

He is waiting patiently outside an office door. After a few moments, a tall Rodian steps out from the office and allows the alien with the food to go inside.

There are several ways the characters can approach this situation. They can steal worker coveralls and try to approach the office covertly. Sneaking from one work location to another might be another method. If the characters manage to reach the office without being discovered, they find Lucky Ordormire, happily eating the huge order of food provided by the characters. Unfortunately, the big Rodian, along with several armed shop techs, are right behind the characters!

**Rodian Bodyguard.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D+2, *blaster* 5D, *brawling parry* 4D+2, *melee combat* 5D, *Strength* 3D, *brawling martial arts* 6D. Move: 10. Character Points: 3. Heavy blaster pistol (5D), vibro-shiv (STR+1D), blast vest (+1D physical, +2 energy).

**Speeder Chop Shop Techs.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D, *blaster* 3D+2, *dodge* 4D, *melee combat* 4D+2, *Strength* 3D, *brawling* 4D, *Technical* 4D, *ground vehicle repair* 4D+2, *hover vehicle repair* 4D+2, *repulsorlift repair* 5D+2. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), laser torch (5D) or metal club (STR+1D), breath masks, coverall jumpsuit, tool belt.





## ■ Lucky Ordormire

**Type:** Criminal Businessman

**DEXTERITY 2D+2**

Blaster; hold-out blaster 3D+2, dodge 5D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Business 5D+2, languages 5D+1, forgery 6D+2, planetary systems 5D+2, streetwise 5D, value 6D

**MECHANICAL 2D**

Ground vehicle operation 3D, hover vehicle operation 3D, repulsorlift operations 4D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Con 6D+2, hide 6D+2, sneak 5D

**STRENGTH 2D**

Brawling 3D

**TECHNICAL 3D+1**

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid programming 6D+2, droid repair 6D, security 5D+2

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 8

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Datapad, forgery equipment, hold-out blaster (3D), 5,000 credits

Between chewing, Ordormire informs the characters, "They don't call me Lucky for nothing, you know."

At this point, the characters can try to explain their situation, but Ordormire does not want to have anything to do with them. Anyone who goes to such lengths to meet him in person is either foolish, working for the Empire, or both. If the characters cannot strike a reasonable bargain with Ordormire (or if the situation looks like its going to come down to shooting), Lady Amber gets the forger's attention with an elaborate brooch. A birthday present with the Comark family crest inscribed on its back, Lady Amber reminds Ordormire of just how lucky he is that they represent the Rebel Alliance and not the Empire. "The Rebellion has no quarrel with your mode of business. We need your services and we are in a hurry. Cooper Dray has been kidnapped by my father. We need to get to the Wastes."

Eyeing the sparkling piece of jewelry in her hand, Ordormire's sense of greed takes over. He can create the salvager's permits to allow the characters access to the Wastes, but the price will be high. Lady Amber hands him the brooch without remorse. "The workmanship of those permits should be as high as the craftsmanship you now hold in your hands."

The forger agrees to the deal. After a few minutes, he produces a set of permits for the characters to use. (The gamemaster should roll Ordormire's *forgery* skill in secret and note the results for later use.)

No sooner does he hand the permits to Lady Amber when the warehouse's main door comes flying down ... and something tall

and black strides in, followed by a squad of stormtroopers! Ordormire squeals like a Gamorrean and snatches the permits back, accusing Lady Amber of working for the Empire!

## Death-Hunter Revealed

A two-meter tall humanoid figure clad in shimmering armor strides into the warehouse. In the darkness, their attacker at first looks like an assassin droid. As it approaches, the characters realize it's a cyborg, a horrifying biomechanical construct! Wielding a huge, prototype turbocannon, the Death-Hunter's head swivels from side to side, carefully searching until its gaze locks upon Lady Amber! The turbocannon takes aim and fires, not directly at her, but at several vats of flammable paints and other combustibles. Lady Amber is knocked into unconsciousness as the containers, and much of Ordormire's office, vanish in a huge explosion! The stormtroopers charge, their blasters killing many of the panicked shop techs.

## ■ Death-Hunter Cyborg

**Type:** Hunter/Killer Cyborg

**DEXTERITY 3D+2**

Blaster 7D+2, blaster: turbocannon 8D+2, blaster artillery 4D+2, blaster parry 4D+2, dodge 5D+2, melee weapons 5D+2, missile weapons: grenade launcher 5D, vehicle blasters 4D+2



**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

**MECHANICAL 2D+1**

Communications 5D+2, sensors 4D+2, starfighter piloting: droid vessel 4D, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship shields 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Search 8D+2

**STRENGTH 4D+1**

Brawling 5D+1

**TECHNICAL 2D**

First aid 4D

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Comm relay unit, implanted body armor (+3D physical, +2D energy, -1D to *Dexterity*), turbocannon blaster rifle (6D), upper forearm extension claws (STR+2D)

**Special Abilities:**

**Enhanced Perception:** Low-light vision and macrozoom enhancement (additional +1D to *search* under low light or distant conditions); fine tune hearing system (+1D to *search* under noisy or long-range hearing conditions).

**Implanted Comm Sensors:** Lifeform



detector (+1D to sensors when searching up to 10 meters for lifeforms); wideband receiver to monitor and jam short range communication systems (+2D to communications when monitoring comlinks and other short-range transmissions; +1D to communications when attempting to jam); tightband antenna to receive coded orders.

**6 Stormtroopers.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D, *blaster* 4D, *blaster: blaster rifle* 5D, *brawling parry* 4D, *dodge* 4D, *brawling* 3D. Move: 10. Blaster rifle (5D), stormtrooper armor (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D to *Dexterity*).

While the stormtroopers seek to capture the characters, the death-hunter walks into the midst of the firefight, throws Lady Amber over its shoulder, and retreats out the way it came. If the stormtrooper squad is reduced by half in the early rounds, a second squad provides cover fire from the warehouse entrance. The cyborg and its victim are picked up by a slowly-circling Imperial shuttle and are flown away from the skirmish. The first set of stormtroopers attempts to catch the characters until the troopers are either wounded, knocked unconscious or killed. The gamemaster should encourage the characters to use the facilities in the speeder chop shop — paint sprayers, load lifters, laser torches — to stop the stormtroopers.

In the aftermath, one of the characters finds Lucky Ordormire hiding behind the gutted remains of a speeder. It appears as though the forger's luck has finally run out. He begs the characters to help him escape. Naturally, he offers the permits as an incentive.

If things are looking a little too grim for the characters, Cooper's Swoopers appear on the scene to help the characters and Ordormire escape.

The characters have little time to return to their own ship in an attempt to catch up with the shuttle carrying the death-hunter and Lady Comark. Of course the characters can only help but wonder that Lady Amber also fits the death-hunter profile: she is a human between the ages of 15 and 25. Will she suffer the same fate that befell Cooper Dray?

When the characters manage to catch up with the shuttle beyond the gravitational fringes of Bescane, the shuttle suddenly leaps toward hyperspace and vanishes. The characters require a Very Difficult *astrogation* roll to determine the vicinity in the Wastes where the shuttle is headed. A skill result less than the difficulty level might provide a guess ... but that's all it is, a guess.

If the characters do not catch up to the shuttle in time or roll *astrogation* well enough, there might be another way to obtain the

shuttle's destination — by contacting Bescane's starport control. On an Easy *bureaucracy* or *planetary* systems roll, the characters realize that the shuttle must have filed its intended destination with Bescane's starport control. Unfortunately, that information is restricted. The characters are going to have to resort to their *con* or *bargain* skills to obtain the information from the starport control officer. When properly motivated, the starport control officer reveals that the shuttle's intended destination is a planet known only by its preliminary scout identification number: Zeta Zero Nine, deep within the Wastes!

## Episode Three: Confrontation on Zeta Zero Nine

Armed with their courage and a set of forged salvager permits, the characters make the journey into the Wastes and to the world shown as Zeta Zero Nine on their ship's nav computer display.

### ■ Zeta Zero Nine

**Type:** Terrestrial

**Temperature:** Freezing

**Atmosphere:** Type 1 (breathable)

**Hydrosphere:** Saturated

**Gravity:** Standard

**Terrain:** Treacherous islands surrounded by pitching ice seas

**Length of Day:** 25 standard hours

**Length of Year:** 403 local days

**Sapient Species:** Unknown

**Starports:** 1 Imperial class

**Population:** Unknown

**Planet Function:** Design, testing and manufacturing site

**Government:** Imperial commander

**Tech Level:** Space

**Major Exports:** Ice, other raw materials

**Major Imports:** Base facilities and operational materials, raw materials, foodstuffs

**Capsule:** Only a preliminary scouting report is available for Zeta Zero Nine. The surface consists of treacherous, rocky islands surrounded by unstable ice seas. Zero Nine's oddly-shaped orbital plane exerts tremendous tidal forces on these ice seas. The seas pitch up and down like storm-swept oceans, making travel upon them difficult, if not dangerous. The planet's magnetic field wreaks havoc on long range sensors and communications, making detailed scans of the surface next to impossible. There is no information in the scouting report on the existence of any natural form of life, sentient or not, on this world.

There is no indication of vessels, Imperial or otherwise, in the region. Although detailed scans of the planet are impossible because of magnetic interference, sensor checks in the system detect traces of ion engine exhaust waste, a sure sign of recent ship activity.



With a Very Difficult *sensors* roll, the ship sensors can be calibrated to specifically track this ion waste trail down to the planet's surface.

The ion trail leads down to the white surface of Zeta Zero Nine, with islands of barren rock surrounded by rolling seas of ice. The characters do not have long to admire the strange view, though. Without warning, huge electromagnetic bolts strike the ship. The ship's metal surface is somehow reacting with the planet's intensive magnetic field. The reaction is similar to the blasts of an ion cannon as the strikes render the ship's control systems inoperative. Their ship plunging without maneuverability thrusters, the characters must make a Very Difficult *space transports* roll to land on Zeta Zero Nine's ice seas. With a terrific thud, the ship slams down on to the ice and skids to a stop. Each character who does not make a Moderate *Dexterity* roll must make a *Strength* roll to resist 3D of crash damage. The ship, although badly dented and scratched on its underside, is relatively intact.

The ice is strong enough to support the ship, but the surface sometimes shatters, sending sheets of ice crackling skyward. Sections of the ice flow crash against each other with terrible groaning sounds. If the characters look skyward, bolts of magnetic energy can be seen cascading from the clouds. They are going to have to find some way to protect their ship from these surges of energy or they will be unable to leave this dangerous, frigid world.

Even as the characters ponder how they are going to escape, the sounds of high-pitched engines can be heard over the howling wind. They are Imperial snowtroopers, each one riding a fast-moving swoop sled! The snowtroopers guide their repulsorlift sleds over the ice flows, firing warning blasts at the characters.

**Snowtroopers.** All stats are 2D except: *blaster 5D, blaster artillery 4D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 3D, vehicle blasters 4D, survival: arctic 4D, repulsorlift operation 4D, search 3D+1, Strength 3D, brawling 4D*. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), blaster rifle (5D), snowtrooper armor (+1D physical and energy attacks, -1D *Dexterity*).

**Swoop Sled.** Speeder, maneuverability 2D, move 35; 100 kmh, body strength 2D. Weapons: laser cannon (fire control 2D, damage 2D).

The snowtroopers' task is not to attack the characters but to prevent them from escaping. A sudden rumbling tosses the ice flows around the characters' ship even harder. Abruptly, the ice shatters before the characters' ship as an immense, gray monolith bursts from the ice: an AT-AT swimmer! The undersea vehicle levels its heavy blasters while a voice bellows down upon the characters from

a loudspeaker, "Drop all weapons and prepare to be boarded immediately!" The characters are surrounded. With only the vacant ice floes to escape to, the characters have little choice but to surrender or face destruction.

An Imperial commander, dressed in the white layers of his camouflage uniform, approaches the ship with a heavily-armed squad of snowtroopers. At this point, the characters have two options: try to bluff the commander with their forged salvager permits or be vaporized on the spot and left on the ice.

**Imperial Commander.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity 3D, blaster 5D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D, Perception 3D, search 4D, Strength 2D+2, brawling 3D+2*. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink.

The gamemaster should have the commander make a *Perception* check against the *forgery* result obtained earlier for the permits. Any attempt to bribe or intimidate the officer only rouses his suspicions and reduces the value of the permit's *forgery* result. After making the roll, the commander informs the characters that they are all to come with him. The characters are escorted at blaster point into the AT-AT swimmer.

## Voyage to the Bottom

The AT-AT swimmer submerges and begins a rather clumsy descent to the bottom of the ice-covered sea. The characters are placed in a holding pen for the journey and have little idea where they are going. After about an hour, they hear metallic scraping sounds and several loud clanks. The door to the holding pen opens and the commander orders the characters to proceed with a guard of regular stormtroopers. Transparasteel corridors reveal that the AT-AT swimmer has docked with the outside of an immense undersea base. Huge, ceramasteel domes jut out from the darkness. Other AT-AT swimmers and undersea vehicles can be seen roaming the perimeter of the base. Closer by, seatroopers ride inside special TIE subfighters and attack carriers. As the characters are marched down one of the long tubeways to the central portion of the base, a bulk freighter, encased in a special protective bubble, is being pulled to the surface by several subtugs.

If the commander's *Perception* result was higher than the *forgery* result, the characters are taken into a turbolift and brought directly into a grim-looking detention facility ... for interrogation (proceed to "Detention Level Breakout").

If the commander's *Perception* result was lower than the *forgery* result, the characters are led to a holding area. There are only a few



chairs available in this room for them to sit on. Against the wall, a viewer screen activates. The face of a rather tight-faced official appears and identifies himself as Moff Jesco Comark.

### Moff Jesco Comark

Type: Imperial Moff

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 3D+2, dodge 6D+2, missile weapons 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Bureaucracy: Imperial 9D, languages 5D, planetary systems 7D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogration 4D, powersuit operation 4D, repulsorlift operation 5D, space transports 5D, walker operation; swimmer 5D

PERCEPTION 4D

Command 8D, intimidation 6D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Computer programming/repair 5D+1, droid programming 4D+1, first aid 5D, (A) medicine: cybernetics 4D+1, security 5D+1

Dark Side Points: 3

Character Points: 12

Move: 10



**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, datapad, underwater powersuit

**Capsule:** Jesco Comark's reputation as a New Order fanatic stretches from beyond the Outer Rim Territories to the Core Worlds. This reputation is even more startling considering the Moff's planet of birth is the same as Mon Mothma's—Chandriga. Comark was easily swayed by then-Senator Palpatine's writings and became an early convert to his cause. When Palpatine installed himself as Emperor, Comark was awarded the position of Imperial Governor of Chandriga, a posting Mon Mothma debated hotly against in the Imperial Senate. Since Comark had little to no experience guiding the peaceful populace there, he yielded to Mothma's pressure and abandoned the post in favor of an advisory office within

Renik, Imperial Intelligence's counterintelligence's branch.

Comark quickly diverted Renik's resources to his own personal projects, among them Death-Hunter. Comark intends Death-Hunter cyborgs to replace the need to recruit bounty hunters to locate deeply entrenched Rebel spies. Many within the Empire loathe the bounty hunters, since even the best have been known to have problems respecting or following the orders of their Imperial superiors. Comark's greatest scheme is to launch Death-Hunters against the highest members of the Rebel Alliance.

The Moff is intrigued with whatever story the characters offer him, until he informs the characters that they will have to wait until a thorough check of their salvager permits is made. "In the meantime, make yourselves comfortable," he adds. He does not wait for a reply and his visage vanishes from the viewer.

The lock on the door can be bypassed with a Very Difficult security roll. The corridor heads in two directions. One way leads to a bank of turbolifts and the way out. But the characters hear sounds of human agony coming from the other direction. That passage leads to a detention facility ...

### Detention Level Breakout

The detention facility is a circular room that consists of several levels of stasis booths. Detention guards patrol each level. In the center of the facility, at the lowest level, is a sinister-looking droid that hovers near a specialized medical table. Several technicians are assisting the droid as it conducts painful tests on Cooper Dray, his body writhing in agony.

Moff Comark suddenly appears with several armed detention guards, "How good of you Rebels to volunteer for my Death-Hunter program." The Moff takes this moment to explain how the cyborg conversion requires a human body to operate successfully. The conversion turns the victim into a willing soldier of the Empire. The Death-Hunters can be programmed with the physical characteristics and personality profile of the desired target, then launched in modified courier droid vessels to search hundreds of systems at once. "They are much more efficient, and loyal, than your typical vile bounty hunter, don't you think?" He turns to the medical techs there. "Prepare the humans among them for conversion. Terminate the rest."

A Death-Hunter appears in the detention level to capture the characters. This Death-Hunter has the same attributes and skills as the others, except that it carries a stun pole (STR+2D stun damage). The Moff chuckles as the unarmed characters are helpless against the cyborg's approach.



## A Twist of Fate

Just before the cyborg attacks, the body of a detention guard falls on top of the Death-Hunter — Lady Amber is on the upper levels! The Moff is stunned that his daughter is helping the characters. "Amber! What are you doing? I told you to remain in your quarters!"

Her arm bandaged from her last encounter with a Death-Hunter, she shoots at another guard and tosses weapons to the characters down on the ground level. "I'm sorry, Father, I can't watch you enslave others for your Emperor! Not anymore!"

Amber has been reviving as many prisoners from the upper levels as she can. Slowly but surely, the tide is turned to the characters' favor. But even with their best efforts, however, there is no way they can release or help all of the prisoners in the detention center. Guards are starting to appear in the lower sections, forcing the characters, Cooper Dray and other prisoners to the upper levels.

**Detention Level Guards.** All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D+2, *blaster* 4D+2, *brawling parry* 4D+2, *dodge* 4D+2, *grenade* 4D+2, *melee weapons: stun baton* 4D+2, *Strength* 3D, *brawling* 4D. Move: 10, Blast helmet and vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, head and torso only), blaster pistol (4D), stun baton (STR+2D with energy shock; STR+1D without energy shock).

Amber shows the characters how she snuck in, through a turbolift system that brings supplies and other materials to the detention center. Once they reach the next level of the base, they find a docking bay used to prepare transports laden with Death-Hunters. In addition to the subtugs used to pull these transports to the surface, there are several torpedo attack carriers.

In order to bypass the planet's magnetic field, the characters must find and install a special disrupter box. According to Amber, they can steal one from one of the waiting freighters. Death-Hunters, Imperial stormtroopers and defensive troops appear in the docking bay to stop them. Eventually the characters find a disrupter box in the engineering section of one of the transports and leave the base in a stolen attack carrier, with TIE subfighters, AT-AT swimmers, and other attack carriers in hot pursuit. As they leave, Dray suggests that the characters let loose a few concussion missiles to damage the base as they make their escape.

**TIE Subfighter.** Speeder, *vehicle blasters* 3D, *missile weapons* 3D, *undersea vehicle operation* 3D+2, *maneuverability* 2D+2, *move* 30; 90 kmh, *body strength* 2D. Weapons: concussion missile launcher (fire control 1D, damage 7D), blaster cannon (fire control 2D, damage 4D).



**Attack Carrier.** Speeder, *vehicle blasters* 3D, *missile weapons* 3D, *undersea vehicle operation* 3D+2, *maneuverability* 1D, *move* 25; 70 kmh, *body strength* 3D+2. Weapons: concussion missile launcher (fire control 2D, damage 7D), 2 blaster cannons (fire-linked; fire control 2D, damage 5D).

## Finale

After the terrifying underwater chase, the characters make their way back to their ship on the surface. Knowing that the forces of the Empire are only temporarily thwarted, the characters can quickly install the disrupter box with a Moderate *space transports repair* roll.

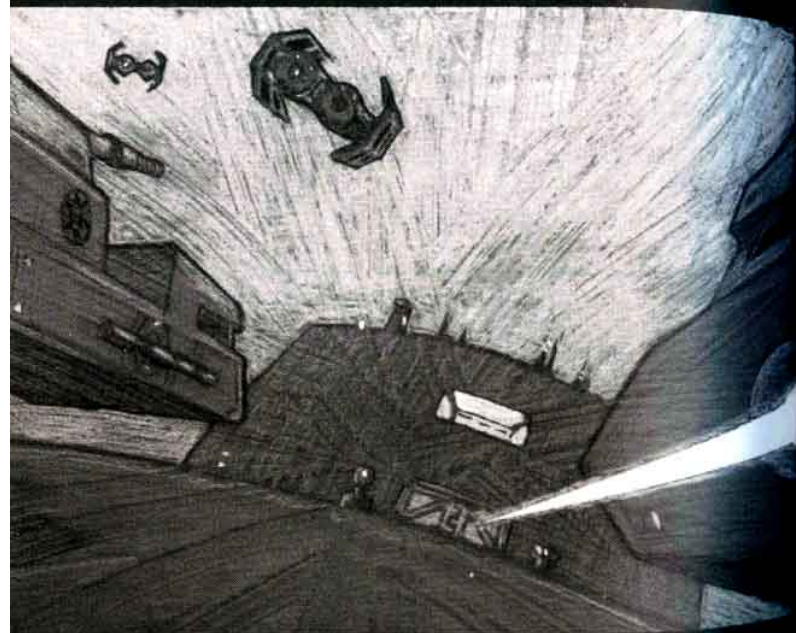
As they lift off, huge underwater explosions shatter the surrounding ice floes from underneath — those concussion missiles apparently did more damage to the base than expected. The anticipated reprisal does not come and the characters make it back to their Rebel base safely.

During the voyage, Lady Amber sits quietly away from the characters. She never wished for her father's death, only his understanding. What is certain though, Amber will never be able to continue as the Rebel agent Tigress. She hopes she can help the Alliance in other ways.

Even as the characters' ship streaks through hyperspace, who knows what really happened to Moff Jesco Comark ... or the rest of his deadly creations?



# REPULSORTANK



# BATTLEFIELD

By Timothy O'Brien  
Illustrations by Matt Busch

## A Note from General Madine

Gentlebeings, please take a moment to review the attached intelligence report and technical data on the *Imperial*-class repulsortank. Additional material on Imperial Army armored vehicles is included. Sector commands, mission groups, special operations groups, and free agents may find this material especially interesting.

The Alliance balances between victory and defeat. As I was compiling this report, I received news of an Imperial assault on our new High Command base on Hoth. We were able to evacuate most of our personnel and critical material, but at a high cost. Princess Leia of Alderaan, Commander Luke Skywalker, Han Solo and his co-pilot Chewbacca are among the missing. Analysis of the battle report shows a perfectly executed ground assault by the Imperial commander (at last report General Veers). This need not have been so perfect: if we had only a few more days of preparation we could have delayed the assault for up to another hour and given the Imperials a bloody nose. Our Speizoc v-188 Penetrators, able to damage the attacking AT-ATs, were still in their shipping crates, waiting for emplacement. Our X-wings were reserved for freighter escort, and could not be sent to target the AT-ATs. Air support was restricted to the patrol snowspeeders intended to target much lighter vehicles. Despite their considerable lack of firepower, they were able to destroy a fraction of the walkers through a combination of daring tactics, great bravery, and raw luck.

I hope this information on Imperial repulsortanks can help avoid other defeats like the one recently sustained at Hoth. May you not need it.

Respectfully,  
General Madine



Assault vehicle design fashions go in cycles, much like starship design, and interest in repulsortanks is just now coming out of a low ebb. The Imperial reliance on terror weapons manifested itself in armored vehicles as the AT-AT walker and similar behemoths. Previously the trend was quite the opposite, with walker-style personal armor in a decline and repulsortanks a mainstay of Old Republic-era armies. Among the last widely produced repulsortanks in the former phase were the Kelliak Arms and Armor Company freerunner and Ubrikkian's floating fortress. The fearsome looking fortress was adopted by Imperial garrison commanders, despite Imperial High Command's preference for AT-ATs, but the freerunner was firmly rejected by the Imperial command structure, leading to KAAC's ruin.

The mobility and economic firepower of repulsorlift tanks are too useful to stay eclipsed for long, however. The Alliance has acquired a large stock of KAAC freerunner surplus and other light and medium tanks, and has used them to good effect on dozens of worlds. This has not gone unnoticed by Imperial military planners.

## Imperial Ground Assault Doctrine

Imperial Ground Assault Vehicle doctrine assumes certain things; that the GAVs are strategically outnumbered but technologically superior, that the GAV units will be working in conjunction with infantry, and that Imperial Navy vessels have achieved orbital superiority at a minimum or the GAVs will be operating under cover of planetary shields.

Standard Imperial military doctrine calls for GAVs to be used in assault campaigns against concentrations of enemy forces, to support and guard infantry units, to create and clear breakthroughs in the enemy line, and to counter enemy tanks.

### GAV Classifications

Ground Assault Vehicles (GAVs) are generally categorized into three groups. Surface Assault Vehicles (SAVs) include any ground vessels which travel via wheels or treads directly on the surface, such as the Imperial mobile command base, juggernaut, and the compact assault vehicle. Repulsorlift Assault Vehicles (RAVs) include any repulsorlift-propelled craft, including the floating fortress, command speeder and repulsortanks. The final category includes any kind of mechanical terror weapon using walker propulsion systems, including the AT-AT and AT-ST walkers, and the obsolete AT-PT walker.

Walkers perform very well with ground infantry. AT-ATs soften enemy concentrations while transporting infantry units to occupy those positions. AT-STs are used to scout, support fire, and guard the AT-ATs' flanks. This works well for straightforward set-piece battles, and very well for assaults against fortified positions. It works somewhat less efficiently for mobile battles, open terrain campaigns and breakthrough operations. Walkers sacrifice speed and mobility for firepower, armor and overall impression.

Repulsorlift and Surface Assault Vehicles (RAVs and SAVs respectively) perform well under exactly opposite conditions. They are more mobile, but less well armed and armored. As repulsortanks are more variable from sector to sector than the extremely standardized AT-AT, Imperial Army Central Command has not issued strict doctrine for repulsortanks. Instead a series of general directives were issued pertaining to repulsortanks — local sector army headquarters developed model-specific doctrines in adherence to these directives. Lack of adherence to the general and sectoral doctrine usually results in court-martial of the offending commander.

These directives, without their involved, highly specific, and very dull expoundation, are:

1. Repulsorlift and Surface Assault Vehicles are to be used in a mobile fashion, engaging and overwhelming the enemy by concentration of force, breaking through enemy lines, overrunning or surrounding enemy fortified positions, and defeating enemy assault vehicles.
2. RAVs and SAVs should be used in overwhelming concentrations of force — although enemy forces may strategically outnumber Imperial forces, commanders must strive to match or exceed enemy forces both quantitatively and qualitatively in theaters of operation.
3. Repulsorlift and Surface Assault Vehicles should in all possible circumstances be used in conjunction and combination with, and support of other Imperial units, most especially infantry. RAVs and SAVs should not be deployed without adequate air or orbital cover, or infantry support.

## Repulsortanks and Imperial Doctrine

Several armament manufacturers produce tanks, but the Ubrikkian *Imperial*-class repulsortank series, the tank of the Hell's Hammers elite armor unit, is an excellent example. These repulsortanks are five times faster than an AT-AT and much more maneuverable, with more than half the armor and raw firepower.



Each repulsortank designation — light, medium and heavy — is a variation on a basic template. The light designation outclasses most medium Ground Assault Vehicles in armor, speed and firepower. The medium designation is reserved for command vehicles, which is identical to the basic *Imperial*-class repulsortank, aside

from the replacement of the main heavy gun with a command and control seat for the officer. The command tank is designated "medium" because it is not armed well enough to be heavy, and officers do not ride in light tanks. The heavy tank has the same basic chassis as the other versions, but mounts an impressive long range heavy laser cannon as its main weapon, one of the most powerful and accurate

tank guns of its class on the modern battlefield.

The Imperial repulsortank reflects the general ground assault directives. It is fast and mobile, enabling it to quickly overrun enemy positions. Its power allows for high concentration of force. And since the repulsortanks lack anti-infantry weapons, they are forced to remain dependant on friendly infantry for support. This supporting infantry is rarely issued anti-tank weaponry and is thus pressured to rely on friendly tanks for cover from enemy tanks. This promotes unit cross-cohesiveness and morale through application of fear and dependency, and generally discourages battlefield desertion via a "safety in numbers" logic.

## Alliance Ground Assault Doctrine

The Alliance has a largely different use for Combat Assault Vehicles (CAVs), the Rebel equivalent term for ground assault vehicles. The Alliance rarely uses CAVs to assault enemy strongpoints simply because we are aware that Imperial garrisons and other strongly held locations are impervious to our forces. Instead, Alliance forces ambush, sucker, trap, raid, surprise, and in every other way attack non-conventionally. Imperial doctrine calls for Army forces to attack the enemy at the weakest points, then concentrate force on strongpoints in detail. Alliance doctrine calls on ground forces to outmaneuver and finesse the enemy into overextension, then attack the weakest points. Strongpoints are almost entirely ignored (this does wonders for keeping the Imperials in their

strongholds and not outside fighting). Remaining field forces may or may not be defeated in detail, depending on tactical situations.

Much like Imperial Central Command, the Alliance High Command recognizes the vastly different conditions its diverse commands face, and has issued a broad and sketchy general doctrine for CAVs:

1. Alliance Combat Assault Vehicles are to be used in a mobile fashion, striking against the flanks and rear of the enemy to disrupt their advance.
2. When possible, CAVs should support and cover infantry operations, and should seek to overpower enemy infantry.
3. Combat Assault Vehicles should not be set against Imperial armored forces unless they outnumber the enemy by a factor of at least three to one.

The Alliance has enough sense not to burden commanders with lists of tactical expoundation. These rules are subject to the exception that all other Alliance doctrines follow: except in emergencies. Some sector commands develop more specific general local orders, but many simply leave the general orders alone. Unlike Imperial doctrine, failure to follow these rules rarely leads to a court-martial. If a commander believes the situation requires an override of standard doctrine, it's overridden. Success is its own reward, failure is almost always its own punishment.

## Rebels Against Imperial Forces

There is a tendency among Alliance personnel to imagine that Alliance forces are universally superior to Imperial forces, and that the Alliance is only kept in check by the Empire's overwhelming numbers. A corollary illusion is that Imperial personnel are disheartened, sloppy, disloyal, and incompetent.

This is dangerous nonsense. The Empire can always muster superior numbers, and those forces almost always have superior equipment and superior training. While it is true that large numbers of the Imperial forces have been pressed into service, it is also true that most of those crew and troopers are reasonably indoctrinated into the Imperial system. Imperial personnel do lack the high level of morale and loyalty that characterizes Alliance personnel, and this gives the Alliance an edge. But all in all, the Imperial armed forces are filled with bored, tolerably loyal, highly trained specialists who have little to do but drill and sharpen their skills.

The Alliance attitude may rise from the overall high success rate



of Alliance starfighters. What non-starfighter personnel rarely realize is that Alliance starfighter pilots may be braver than their opposites — in that they are willing to regularly face superior numbers — but they are the most aware that the enemy is as quick and sharp as they are. Only in starfighter combat do we have such close parity of skill and an advantage of hardware. In most other areas we lack such an advantage.

### A Matter of Morale

This is perhaps best contrasted by comparing the branches of the Imperial Army to Alliance ground forces. Generally, Alliance ground troops win through careful choice of mission objectives, guerrilla tactics, and bravery under fire. Many firefights have been settled when the better-trained, better-equipped Imperial troopers lost their taste for the fight, and ran from the more generally trained, ill-

equipped, and more experienced Alliance forces who simply toughed out the fight longer.

This does not happen in set-piece battles between Alliance and Imperial ground assault vehicles, mainly because the Imperial assault crews are better protected. The Imperial assault crew once again has a superior piece of equipment and is highly trained in its operation. The Alliance has dedicated, experienced

but less-trained crews in older, patched, second-hand vehicles. The sides do not have equal skill and an advantage of hardware.

As a rule, infantry runs when it has reached a certain level of fear; a soldier's morale eventually fails under fire. Tank crews usually do not. A tank is typically either functional and safe, or it's a smoking hulk. The transition from one state to the other is usually shorter than the amount of time needed to send the crew into retreat. The Imperial crews are safer in their more heavily armed and armored vehicles than the Alliance crews are in theirs, and so the Imperial tanks win, time after time.

Except when the Alliance forces are able to ambush, trap, or totally overwhelm the Imperials, Alliance ground vehicles lose. Alliance CAVs are very effective against infantry, and have a number of qualities to recommend them (not the least of which is that they

are what we have to work with), but should only be sent against an equal or greater number of enemy when absolutely necessary.

### Internal Conflicts

In Imperial doctrine Ground Assault Vehicles combine with infantry, artillery and support services to form a smoothly integrated overwhelming Imperial ground force. In practice there are internal factions and difference in branch goals. Often there is more internal sub-branch strife than branch disagreement.

The ground infantry generally regards Ground Assault Vehicles as glorified personnel carriers, and thinks the AT-AT is the pinnacle of this function; transporting and protecting the infantry is good, and the AT-AT does wonderful job of it. Repulsorlift Assault Vehicle crews regard walkers in exactly the same way, but think using armor to ferry infantry is a waste of good armor and guns. Neither the infantry or GAV branches can stand artillery, since those emplacements are often well out of the immediate danger of battle. An infantry trooper or GAV crewman would sooner buy a drink for a Naval crewman ("vac-head") than sit in the same bar as an artillery crewman ("stand-back"). This sort of rivalry is generally kept on a short leash by officers, but the attitudes are rife.

Similarly, while the higher Imperial Army echelons prefer walkers, the lower echelons generally prefer the ground hugging, more mobile repulsorlift vehicles. Ambitious officers and crew often request assignment to walker units, as walker service is perceived as a fast track career. But more experienced and pragmatic personnel prefer not to place themselves at the top of a highly visible priority target. These personnel quietly sneer at walkers as flashy infantry transports and prefer to have infantry on the ground assisting them as soldiers, rather than riding on board as passengers. This attitude is strongly discouraged by higher levels of Imperial Army command, many of whom rose through the ranks as walker commanders. A quick way for repulsortank crewmen ("pucks") to limit their career is to be heard referring to walker crews as "bantha drivers."

Military analysts point at this situation as a classic result of allowing political considerations to outweigh practical design needs. Walkers were important to the Imperial political structure because they fit the Rule of Fear doctrine — so walkers were produced in vast numbers, praised by upper level command, and accepted by ambitious field officers.



## Repulsortank and Infantry Slang

The following terms often used in relating to tanks or by armor crews. They are mostly used by Imperial forces, although some general and Rebel terms have also been included.

**Bantha:** Derogatory tank crew term for an AT-AT.

**Bantha Rider:** Derogatory tanker term for an AT-AT crew.

**Can't:** Rebel special operative term for tanks.

**Ceiling:** Planetary shield coverage (tankers appreciate the Ceiling).

**Dead Men:** Infantry term for armored vehicle crew.

**Fanboys:** General term for hovercraft crew.

**Field Thorns:** Mines (also called "burrs").

**Fire Magnet:** Infantry term for any armored vehicle, but especially repulsortanks. Most infantry are uneasy around tanks and armored personnel carriers.

**Knocking on the Roof:** Orbital bombardment on planetary shielding (something tankers worry about).

**Lightfoot:** Armor term for infantry attached to repulsortank units.

**Long Arm of the Empire:** Artillery fire.

## The Imperial-Class Repulsortank

The Empire strives for order, regulation, and reliability. In theory, Imperial forces are modularly designed so that one Imperial unit could be detached, sent halfway across the galaxy, and smoothly integrated into whatever Imperial forces are present. Equipment and training is standardized so a randomly selected group of ground troopers should be able to quickly organize and execute a mission. The *Imperial*-class Star Destroyer, TIE fighter, AT-AT, and most especially the stormtrooper are all excellent examples of this doctrine.

The late arrival of the *Imperial*-class repulsortank is a result of the uneven practice of that doctrine. Armor units overall have remained a priority in Imperial military theory, but standardization of repulsortanks slipped through the cracks. Until the rise to prominence of Colonel Zel "Rancor" Johans, repulsortanks were considered expendable, interchangeable (despite their different designs), and unworthy of attention. The success rate of Johans' Hell's

**Mudfoot:** Armor crew term for infantry attached to walker units.

**Puck:** Walker crew term for a repulsortank.

**Puck-Heads:** Walker crew reference to repulsortank crew.

**Rocket Riders:** Speeder bike-mounted scouts, especially scout troopers.

**Slap:** An artillery barrage. A "light slap" is a light barrage, a "hard slap" is a heavy barrage. Artillery crews have numerous other terms in the same vein.

**Stand-Back:** General term for an artillery crew.

**Starbirds in the Rafters:** Starfighters inside the planetary shield coverage (something tankers dread).

**Target:** Starfighter pilot's and orbital gunner's term for any armored vehicle. A heavy tank is considered a "slow target," at AT-AT is a "slow easy target," and a speeder or light tank is a "fast target."

**Tiny Tanks:** Tanker term for stormtroopers.

**Treadfoot:** Armor crew term for infantry in general.

**Wannabies:** Repulsor-crew term for hovercraft.

**White Armor:** Armor crew term for stormtroopers.

Hammers elite armor force has altered this perception and created a market for a reliable, standardized repulsortank.

Colonel Johans was a driving force behind the Imperial repulsortank. Several years ago "Rancor" Johans lost nearly all of his tanks to Rebel forces in a battle on Turak IV. Although counted as a defeat, the Hell's Hammers won renown throughout the Imperial Army for the massive amount of damage done to the Rebel forces. Post-battle analysis suggests that the Rebels outnumbered the Hammers by five-to-one, and by the time the Hammers were ordered to withdraw the Rebel forces had been forced into one-to-one parity. The local Alliance sector command considers the Hitak Mountains campaign on Turak to be a strategic defeat due to the staggering loss of personnel and equipment.

This encounter led to further glories for the Hell's Hammers and a rapid succession of clear-cut victories for the much reduced unit. Johans was able to convince Imperial command to upgrade his command to its former regimental level and to commission a



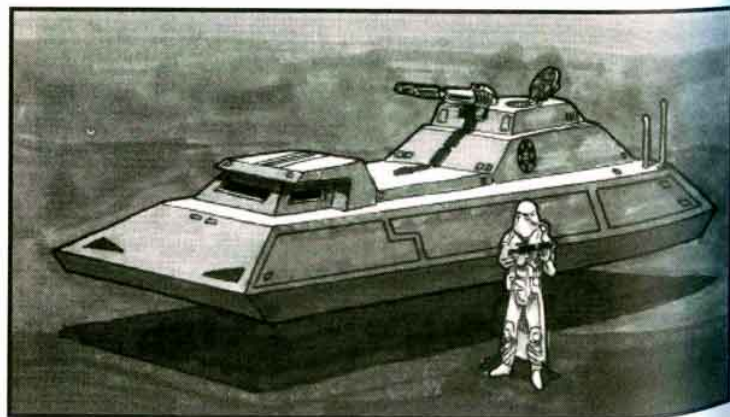
superior tank for this expansion. (For more information on Johns' unit, Hell's Hammers, see the *Imperial Sourcebook*, pages 131–134.)

Ubrikkian Transports, designers of the well-regarded floating fortress, was awarded the chassis design contract, and subcontracted Merr-Sonn Weapons to produce a main gun equal to the colonel's desires — the Mark 4e/S heavy laser cannon. The tank's secondary gun is intended for short range engagements and as a field backup. Johans was consulted extensively and most of his suggestions were incorporated into the final design of the tank. Only his request for battle-shields went unfulfilled, for physical-science technical problems.

## Light Imperial Repulsortank

A light vehicle is usually a fast, less armored vehicle with low powered weapons and a small crew. Armed airspeeders, landspeeders, speeder bikes, and most armored personnel carriers fall into this class. Very few tanks are light in this sense. A light tank is usually only light when compared to other tanks. Unlike repulsortanks, other light vehicles are usually used against ground troops, since they pose little or no threat to other vehicles, including other light vehicles. Light vehicles usually work in swarms or individually as scouts.

The terms "light," "medium" and "heavy" are nebulous descriptions for the three classes of Imperial repulsortanks. The terms are only loosely standardized, and exceptions abound. The *Imperial*-class repulsortank uses the same medium-range chassis for all three



classes, and its classification relates strictly to armament.

The light Imperial repulsortank is an economical version of the heavy repulsortank (the standard for the *Imperial*-class) minus the expensive heavy gun intended primarily for a garrison tank. The light tank has a crew of two — driver and gunner — both usually regular troopers under the tight command of their sergeant via comlink. The light tanks have a passenger seat for use of the section sergeant or platoon sergeant major, both of whom traditionally shift vehicles from day to day. (Note: roleplaying game stats for each repulsortank are followed by stats for using repulsortanks in *Star Wars Miniatures Battles*.)

## Light Imperial-Class Repulsortank

**Craft:** Ubrikkian Imperial Repulsortank 1-L.

**Type:** Light repulsortank

**Scale:** Speeder

**Length:** 20.5 meters

**Skill:** Repulsorlift operation: *Imperial*-class repulsortank

**Crew:** 2

**Passengers:** 2

**Crew Skill:** Repulsorlift operation 5D+2, vehicle blasters 5D+2

**Cargo Capacity:** 300 kilograms

**Cover:** Full

**Altitude Range:** Ground level–2 meters

**Cost:** 40,000

**Maneuverability:** 1D+2

**Move:** 105; 300 kmh

**Body:** 4D+2

**Weapons:**

1 Medium Blaster Cannon

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 1

Skill: Vehicle blasters: medium blaster cannon

Fire Control: 1D+1

Range: 50–200/500/1 km

Damage: 3D+2

## Imperial Light Repulsortank (Miniatures Battles Stats)

**Drive System:** Repulsorlift

**Crew:** 2

**Passengers:** 2

**# Turns:** 2

**Turn Distance:** 3

**Move:** 105

**Cautious:** 10

**Cruise:** 30

**Top:** 105

**Accel/Decel:** 10/10

**Flight Ceiling:** 2m

**Body Str:** 10

**Body Pts:** 100

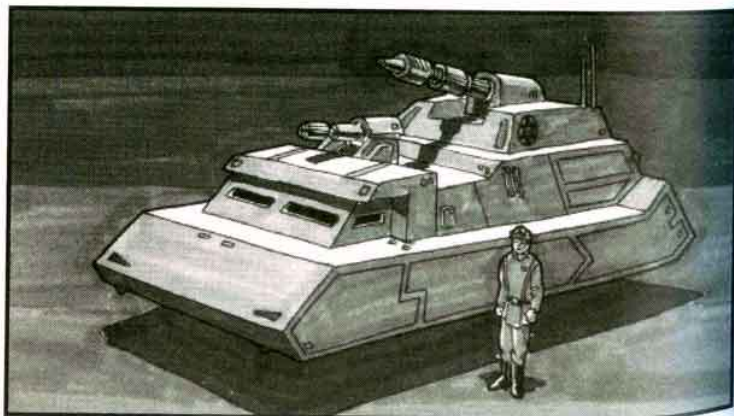
**Cover:** Full



**Weapons:****Mark 3/S Medium Blaster Cannon (64 SGPs)***Fire Arc:* T*Skill:* Vehicle blasters*Fire Control:* 1*Range:* 25–100/250/500*Damage:* 8**SGPs:** 266**Medium Imperial Repulsortank**

A “medium” vehicle designation is usually given in comparison to other similar vehicles. Mediums vehicles are stronger than light vehicles and weaker than heavy ones, and are thus stuck in the middle. Despite this vague method, most repulsortanks fall into the medium classification. Medium tanks have “average” armor, weapons, speed, and crew sizes. A medium tank is a threat to infantry, light vehicles, other medium tanks, and can usually muster enough firepower to threaten heavies, especially in tandem. Medium tanks usually deploy in small units.

The medium Imperial repulsortank is a limited production command vehicle with an anti-personnel repeating blaster as the secondary gun (allowing protection from ground troops, while not allowing officers to seek out maverick engagements). The medium has even more room and crew space than any of the other two models — enough for the driver, gunner, lieutenant and sergeant major, and the communication equipment necessary for command of the armor unit. Platoon officers use these in the field to keep close command on their units.

**Medium Imperial-Class Repulsortank****Craft:** Ulbrikkian Imperial Repulsortank 1-M**Type:** Medium repulsortank**Scale:** Speeder**Length:** 20.5 meters**Skill:** Repulsorlift operation: *Imperial-class repulsortank***Crew:** 3**Crew Skill:** Repulsorlift operation 5D+2, vehicle blasters 5D+2**Passengers:** 3**Cargo Capacity:** 250 kilograms**Cover:** Full**Altitude Range:** Ground level–2 meters**Cost:** 45,000**Maneuverability:** 1D+2**Move:** 105; 300 kmh**Body:** 4D+2**Weapons:****1 Medium Blaster Cannon***Fire Arc:* Turret*Crew:* 1*Skill:* Vehicle blasters: medium blaster cannon*Fire Control:* 1D+1*Range:* 50–200/500/1 km*Damage:* 3D+2**1 Heavy Repeating Blaster***Fire Arc:* Turret\**Crew:* 1*Scale:* Character*Skill:* Vehicle blasters: repeating blaster*Fire Control:* 1D+1*Range:* 3–75/200/500*Damage:* 8D

\*Forward, left, and right arcs only.

**Imperial Medium Repulsortank (Miniatures Battles Stats)****Drive System:** Repulsorlift**Crew:** 3**Passengers:** 3**# Turns:** 2**Turn Distance:** 3**Move:** 105**Cautious:** 10**Cruise:** 30**Top:** 105**Accel/Decel:** 10/10**Flight Ceiling:** 2m**Body Str:** 10**Body Pts:** 100**Cover:** Full**Weapons:****Mark 3/S Medium Blaster Cannon (64 SGPs)***Fire Arc:* T*Skill:* Vehicle blasters*Fire Control:* 1*Range:* 25–100/250/500*Damage:* 8



### Heavy Repeating Blaster (34 SGPs)

Fire Arc: LFR

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 1

Range: 38/100/250

Damage: 8

SGPs: 301

## Heavy Imperial Repulsortank

Heavy vehicles are those with the toughest armor and most powerful weapons. Heavy tanks sport weapons that rival artillery pieces in both range and power, and can often withstand multiple hits even from other heavy assault vehicles. Heavy tanks are usually relatively slow and require large, highly trained and specialized crews to operate them.

The heavy Imperial repulsortank is the most widely produced. It has the heavy gun as well as the medium secondary gun, and requires a crew of four; driver, two gunners, and the sergeant in command of the tank, which is considered a squad-level unit in itself.

### ■ Heavy Imperial-Class Repulsortank

Craft: Ubrikkian Imperial Repulsortank 1-H

Type: Heavy repulsortank

Scale: Speeder

Length: 20.5 meters

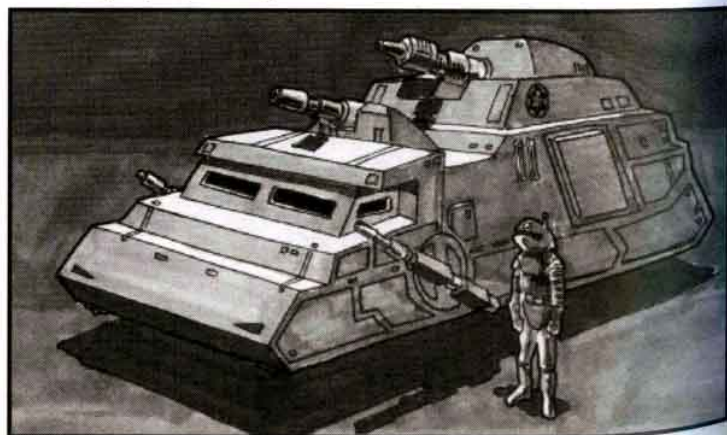
Skill: Repulsorlift operation: Imperial-class repulsortank

Crew: 5

Crew Skill: Repulsorlift operation 5D+2, vehicle blasters 5D+2

Passengers: 1

Cargo Capacity: 250 kilograms



Cover: Full

Altitude Range: Ground level-2 meters

Cost: 50,000

Maneuverability: 1D+2

Move: 105; 300 kmh

Body: 4D+2

Weapons:

#### 1 Heavy Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 2

Skill: Vehicle blasters: heavy laser cannon

Fire Control: 2D+2

Range: 200-1/3/5 km

Damage: 6D

#### 1 Medium Blaster Cannon

Fire Arc: Turret\*

Crew: 1

Skill: Vehicle blasters: medium blaster cannon

Fire Control: 1D-1

Range: 50-200/500/1 km

Damage: 3D+2

\*Forward, left, and right arcs only.

### ■ Imperial Heavy Repulsortank (Miniatures Battles Stats)

Drive System: Repulsorlift

Crew: 5

Passengers: 1

# Turns: 2

Turn Distance: 3

Move: 105

Cautious: 10

Cruise: 30

Top: 105

Accel/Decel: 10/10

Flight Ceiling: 2m

Body Str: 10

Body Pts: 100

Cover: Full

Weapons:

#### Mark 4e/S Heavy Laser Cannon (320 SGPs)

Fire Arc: T

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 3

Range: 100-500/1500/2500

Damage: 12

#### Mark 3/S Medium Blaster Cannon (64 SGPs)

Fire Arc: LFR

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 1

Range: 25-100/250/500

Damage: 8

SGPs: 585

Among the fastest of Imperial tanks, wearing some of the toughest repulsorlifted armor in the Imperial Army, and equipped with one of the best laser cannon in the Imperial arsenal, the first Imperial-class



repulsortank rolled off the line on-time and on-budget. The first 1,500 of the production run were immediately assigned: 1,420 to the first Death Star, the remainder to the Hell's Hammers regiment. Unfortunately, most of these tanks were destroyed with all the rest of the equipment aboard the Death Star at the Battle of Yavin.

Since then, the production lines have rolled at a steady, if reduced, pace — the Imperial repulsortank is slowly filling in gaps in the armored units as they occur due to combat or regular operations. Ubrikkian's production scheme is highly decentralized. Sector armies that have embraced the Imperial repulsortank award a subcontract to a local sector manufacturer who builds the tank under Ubrikkian supervision. Many local commands have not embraced the *Imperial*-class tank in this way, because there is little political pressure to do so, and so this repulsortank is being unevenly distributed through the Empire. However, some subsector headquarters have acquired the Imperial repulsortanks via unit transfers and orders sent to central production. Other versions of repulsortanks have also crept into the ranks of armored units, including many older models and some tanks designed by other manufacturers.

Ubrikkian continues to manufacture *Imperial*-class repulsortanks to order. Interestingly, the Ubrikkian central production facilities are manufacturing a surplus of Imperials, as much as five percent, that are apparently simply being warehoused, although no warehouse is listed as their resting place, and no record of supply transfer and transportation exists. Where this surplus is vanishing to is an uneasy mystery.

## Anti-Tank Strategies

There are a variety of methods for destroying or disabling an armored vehicle. The most obvious and common methods are briefly discussed below, except for sabotage, an effective but distinctly non-combat method.

Artillery is a time-tested method of destroying armored vehicles, whether by direct or indirect fire. Artillery technology is currently at a low ebb in galactic warfare, being upstaged by fast and light speeders and slow strong armored vehicles, but there remains great untapped potential in the concept that may yet be called into play.

Direct fire is a desperate measure, usually only taken when the enemy has broken through the lines or crept up within visual range. Artillery crews hate to have to directly target a tank, since they can usually only manage one or two shots before the tank can target

them.

Indirect "call-in" fire is the more preferred use of artillery. This requires a scout or on-site commander to act as a forward spotter, to relay coordinates, appraise hits, and advise targeting adjustments, either by sight or sensor.

Air and orbital strikes by capital ships and starfighters are a great threat to tank safety. Starfighter pilots and capital ship gunners alike refer to ground vehicles of all varieties, and especially Ground Assault Vehicles, as "targets." It is this power that makes control of orbital space and planetary defense shields so crucial to any invading or defending ground force.

Orbiting capital ships often have enough targeting acumen to make pinpoint strikes against such relatively large and loud (in sensor terms) objects as tanks, and are far beyond the direct influence of any ground forces. Planetary shields generally foil a ship's sensors, even when the ship is able to punch through the shields themselves.

Starfighters lack the extreme range of orbiting vessels, but can

## Other Vehicle Designations

In addition to the classifications of light, medium and heavy, there are two others infrequently used to describe Ground Assault Vehicles — ultra-light and super-heavy.

Ultra-light tanks are not currently being produced by either Imperial or Alliance forces. Ultra-light is a confusing misnomer: it refers to a light model tank that has been significantly upgraded without a corresponding increase in crew or decrease in other performance. The ULAV used by Alliance forces was formerly a light Imperial tank, improved in firepower and armor by Alliance technicians after they were liberated from Imperial storage. The ULAV is as fast as it ever was and requires no more crew, but now packs as much firepower and armor as a medium tank.

Super-heavy is a term that refers either to a heavy tank that surpasses even the most impressive heavy vehicle, or a heavy tank that has been improved well beyond original specifications. The general test of "superness" is whether or not the tank could be expected to survive a direct hit from a starfighter. An AT-AT is an example of the former, the experimental Ubrikkian Imperial super-heavy repulsortank is an example of the latter.



## Artillery in the Roleplaying Game

Artillery is a great dramatic threat, but unless the characters do something really dumb, like deliberately run into a barrage, they should be in no real danger of dying from artillery fire. On the other hand, artillery is great fun for the characters to use. They'll get a kick out of blasting away at the Imperials from a safe distance, right up until counter-battery fire comes in. Artillery pieces also make for great goals or plot devices — the characters may have to acquire, liberate, or reach an artillery emplacement for the good of the Alliance or to win a battle. For a more complete discussion of artillery, see the *Imperial Sourcebook*, pages 114–120 and the *Rebel Alliance Sourcebook*, pages 101–104. Notice that most artillery pieces listed are direct fire weapons, not indirect fire, lob-shot guns.

comparative rarity on the modern battlefield, although predictions of their imminent arrival on the battlefield are rife. The concept is quite simple: a lightly armored repulsorlift vehicle with a powerful long range laser weapon, dedicated to hunting and dispatching tanks. The idea has spawned at least one limited production dedicated tank-

dip into a planetary atmosphere, charge through a theater of operation at blinding speed, strike at considerable range, and retreat before a ground force even realizes the threat. The great range and power of starfighter guns, which can penetrate even the strongest armor, make them a fantastic threat. Starfighters can usually penetrate planetary shields or sneak in under their edges, but they avoid doing so, as they are then cut off from communications and easy retreat, and are much easier to track on the underside of the shield canopy.

Tanks are a common tank defense on battlefields, simply because tanks generally seek each other out to fight as a matter of course in the completion of their missions. Pragmatically, tanks are a direct and obvious threat to other tanks, and tank crews generally want to eliminate such threats posthaste. Psychologically, tank crews seem to want to fight their "own kind" in preference to infantry "treadfeet" (considered an inferior breed). This reflects the staying power of the cavalry image; in the backs of their minds tank crew consider themselves cavalry, much as starfighter pilots tend to.

Tank-hunting vehicles are a

hunter, but the Imperial policy favoring walkers over repulsortanks combined with the concrete belief that the Imperial Army can handle anything the Rebels throw at it has left little demand for the craft. The Alliance is unwilling to commit resources to the idea of specifically producing such a vehicle, although Rebel techs routinely arm light vehicles with whatever heavy guns they can acquire.

Infantry units have a long standing love-hate relationship with Ground Assault Vehicles of all sorts. Repulsortanks attract fire, but they also lend a great punch to operations. Infantry with proper support weaponry can be a very effective counter measure against tanks, especially in constricted terrain. High explosive devices can be quite effective as well, if one can get close enough to place the charges.

Infantry support weapons (ISWs) come in two basic sorts; high-powered blasters and missile weapons. Blasters are simply that: very expensive, powerful blasters designed to penetrate armor and destroy vehicles. Missile weapons, including proton torpedoes and grenade launchers, propel a device that explodes on contact with its target and causing damage by concussive force. Grenades are usually most useful against soft targets and lighter vehicles, missiles against armored vehicles, and proton torpedoes against heavy armor.

Standard Imperial infantry units are not generally issued anti-vehicle weapons, in order to promote reliance on Ground Assault Vehicles, although loyal veteran and elite units have regular access to them. Alliance units try to acquire such weapons as often as possible, but are only moderately successful. Mercenary units usually equip their infantry with support weapons whenever possible.

Mines are very effective counter-armor weapons. Anti-personnel mines usually explode, or "trip," on simple contact, or a few moments after being triggered. They usually lack enough power to damage any but the most frag-

## Orbital Strikes in the Roleplaying Game

Like artillery, it's particularly galling to be killed by something characters have no chance to avoid. Orbital and starfighter strikes can be pre-empted by the gamemaster by using planetary shields. Information on orbit-to-surface strikes is sketchy, but see the *Rebel Alliance Sourcebook* under Chapter Five: Starfighters, and "A World to Conquer" in *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #2, pages 254–270.



ile vehicles. Anti-speeder mines only trip when a repulsorlift field is sensed. Most anti-speeder mines have an adjustable sensor that allows them to ignore low-powered repulsorlift fields, but will trip when a strong field is detected. Foot traffic, speeder bikes and landspeeders can cross over the mines with no danger, but heavier vehicles, including most repulsorlift trucks as well as repulsortanks, set the mines off.

Anti-walker mines are more complicated and fairly rare. Like anti-personnel mines, their triggers search for intensity of ground pressure, and also scan for large areas of ground pressure. If the mine senses an area of ground pressure larger and more intense than the mine's programmed values, it trips. Unfortunately, large animals and non-

repulsorlift vehicles (especially hovercraft) often fit this criteria, and if they wander across an anti-walker mine they can become so much collateral damage. Heavy snow and hard rain can also set off a mine's trigger. Anti-walker mines can also be set to trip to repulsorlift fields of a certain intensity, making them a real threat to heavy tanks. Repulsor-trip mines are more common in the field, pressure-trip mines more commonly used for the static defense of bases.

More complicated mines are being developed. One of the newer mines is at the center of a large sensor web — when the mine trips it pops out of the ground and launches itself at the target. This allows for very economical use of mines, since one mine can guard a much larger area, but also greatly increases the odds of mis-fire.

Imperial forces use mines of all varieties as standard tools for static security, population terror, and denial of terrain. Alli-

ance forces rarely use such devices, except for specific ambushes against known targets. Use by other forces varies wildly.

Under certain circumstances, demolitions can be an effective way to damage a repulsortank. A demolitions specialist can rig a shaped detonite charge to explode by timer or remote command (called a satchel charge). The charge must be somehow placed or tossed onto the hull of a tank. This is dangerous, but a sufficiently large charge will damage light and medium vehicles. Thermal detonators are occasionally pressed into such service because they concentrate most of the force of their explosion into a small area, although they tend to be touchy and are not very popular with demolitions experts.

## Explosives in the Roleplaying Game

Mines are a nasty surprise for characters, and the gamemaster should not use them without proper dramatic warning. Mines are a great way to conveniently disable vehicles, threaten and funnel characters — “Can’t go this way, there’s a minefield” — and present the grim, nasty side to war. For specific mines and triggers see page 129 of the *Imperial Sourcebook*, and *Cracken’s Rebel Field Guide*, pages 18–20 and 78–79.

Demolitions, explosive devices, and other pyrotechnics are standard action-adventure tools which add a bit of spice to a scene. Rigging a shaped satchel charge of detonite to pierce tank armor is a Difficult *demolitions* task.

Also check “Blasters for Hire” in *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #3 for a variety of New Republic era anti-vehicle weapons.

## Infantry Anti-Tank Resources

Infantry usually lacks the firepower and range to hurt a tank, but if troopers can get close enough with enough firepower they can be a real threat. Forest, jungle, swamp, and urban terrains all have enough clutter to allow infantry to get up close and personal, and this is where tanks fear to tread. Infantry fighting an armored enemy on prepared ground can be devastating. For more information on infantry, see page 45 of the *Imperial Sourcebook*, and especially pages 95–101 of the *Rebel Alliance Sourcebook*. For standard infantry support weapons see the *Imperial Sourcebook*, Chapter Ten: Infantry Support Weapons.



# Fragments from the Mind's Eye

by Pablo Hidalgo

## THE GALAXY'S WORST JOB: Hoth Weatherman



"Today's forecast  
... cold again"

## **OBJECTIVE SIGHTED**



## Stand at Bhir'khi Pass

By Timothy O'Brien

© 1996 LFL



The New Republic commander scanned the horizon rushing toward him. Somewhere on the other side of that ridge a metal behemoth was slowly striding forward to trample the life out of this planet. The cold mountain air whistled past, stinging his cheeks.

*I should have been a poet, he thought. Or maybe a holovid writer.*

"Sir!" a sensor technician's reedy voice crackled in his ear. "New sensor data ..."

"Just a minute." The commander cut him off, then pulled into the slightly warmer air of the heavy tracker command vehicle, closing and latching the hatch behind him. He wedged his way into the sensor booth and leaned over the omniprobe screen.

"New data, sir. Definitely an AT-AT, still only one track showing the standard footfall. Something else — this is the new data — two repulsorlift shadows. Oval sensor tracks. They're moving around a lot. Didn't pick them up earlier because of the walker background vibration. Average speed of the new tracks is about 120 kilometers an hour. I'd say they're —"

"Imperial-class repulsortanks." The commander turned to the comm tech. "Advise vehicle commanders: two repulsortanks guarding the main target."

The commander rubbed his head. It was going to be a short day.



The AT-AT deck swayed slightly under the major's feet. The horizon dipped and rose slightly with each step his walker took. Several hundred meters ahead of the walker a tank came to a virtual halt as it swerved to double back and continue its orbit of the slower AT-AT. The tank's twin, behind the AT-AT, was probably doing exactly the same. There was no particular reason to circle the AT-AT at such high speed — the tank crews were simply showing off their speed and maneuverability.

*Pucks, thought the major. I could step on one of your precious little tanks and crush it.* If any of his men had voiced such a thought he would have had him stockaded, but he couldn't stand the blasted little floating pests either. Reminded him entirely too much of the Rebel repulsortanks.

*They're out there somewhere. Lying in wait. Ready to spring one of their cowardly, stock-in-trade ambushes.*

"Sir! Relay from Regimental Headquarters!" the co-pilot barked.

The major scanned the message and his lips tightened into a firm

line. "Corporal, *request* our flankers to form up in line and prepare for engagement."

The major smiled. It was shaping up to be a short day.



"Stand at Bhir'khi Pass" is a *Star Wars Miniature Battles* scenario revolving entirely around vehicles, mainly repulsortanks. The *Star Wars Miniatures Battles Companion* is needed to play this scenario.

This battle is presented at a different scale than the standard 1 inch = 2 meters. The vehicle scale used for this scenario is 1 centimeter = 2 meters, neatly keeping the range numbers while increasing the usable table ranges. Most micro-armor miniatures fall roughly into this scale. This allows the battle to be fought at more realistic ranges than allowed by the larger squad scale.

Included in this article are several scale top view vehicle templates suitable for photocopying for personal use. These vehicle templates are at a 1 centimeter scale and show the correct weapon mounts and features for each vehicle.

## The Situation

This battle occurs in a valley in Bhir'khi Pass, an access point to the mountain city of Marter An on the Outer Rim world Sheris. The battle occurs toward the end of the rule of Grand Admiral Thrawn, when the Imperial forces are on the offensive and gaining ground.

The Imperials have dropped a vanguard force to seize a major spaceport. The spaceport is protected by powerful planetary defense shields, and must be seized before the main landing force can be dropped. To this end a mixed force consisting of an AT-AT, stormtroopers, and repulsortanks has landed at the closest point possible, on the other side of a mountain ridge. (The stormtroopers are aboard the AT-AT and will not be a factor in the battle.) If the Imperials can get through the pass to the spaceport, they can quickly knock out the shield generators and land a large enough force to blitz the primary continent before local planetary forces can be organized.

The New Republic forces landed only shortly before the Imperials arrived in system, and were still unloading troops as the Imperials made their landing. A motley force of New Republic Combat Assault Vehicles (CAVs) were sent to quickly bottle up the advancing Imperial force. They chose Bhir'khi Pass as the best defensive site to halt the



Imperial advance. If this small Imperial force can be stopped here, the remaining New Republic forces will be able to deploy, and the local planetary defense forces will have time to mobilize.

## The Forces

The Imperial forces consist of an AT-AT and two heavy repulsortanks. The AT-AT is carrying a platoon of stormtroopers, but since part of the Imperial objective is to get through the pass as quickly as possible, the troopers are not counted toward the Squad Generation Point balance.

For this confrontation, the New Republic contingent consists of a roughly equivalent force of seven freerunners and a heavy tracker.

Notice that the SGP balance is far out of balance and that the Imperials are significantly outnumbered. Playtesting shows that the Imperials nevertheless have an advantage in crew and vehicle quality.

## Imperial Forces

### All Terrain Armored Transport (AT-AT)

**Drive System:** Walker

**Crew:** 5

**Passengers:** 40

**# Turns:** 1

**Turn Distance:** 4

**Move:** 21

**Cautious:** 2

**Cruise:** 6

**Top:** 21

**Accel/Decel:** 2/4

**Body Str:** 18

**Body Pts:** 180

**Cover:** F

**Weapons:**

**2 Mark 2e/W Medium Blaster Cannon**

*Fire Arc:* F

*Skill:* Vehicle blasters

*Fire Control:* 2

*Range:* 25-125/375/750

*Damage:* 9

**2 Mark 3e/W Heavy Laser Cannon (fire-linked)**

*Fire Arc:* F

*Skill:* Vehicle blasters

*Fire Control:* 2

*Range:* 25-250/750/1500

*Damage:* 18

**SGPs:** 822

### Imperial Heavy Repulsortank

**Drive System:** Repulsorlift

**Crew:** 5

**Passengers:** 1

**# Turns:** 2

**Turn Distance:** 3

**Move:** 105

**Cautious:** 10

**Cruise:** 30

**Top:** 105

**Accel/Decel:** 10/10

**Flight Ceiling:** 2m

**Body Str:** 10

**Body Pts:** 100

**Cover:** Full

**Weapons:**

**Mark 4e/S Heavy Laser Cannon (320 SGPs)**

*Fire Arc:* T

*Skill:* Vehicle blasters

*Fire Control:* 3

*Range:* 100-500/1500/2500

*Damage:* 12

**Mark 3/S Medium Blaster Cannon (64 SGPs)**

*Fire Arc:* LFR

*Skill:* Vehicle blasters

*Fire Control:* 1

*Range:* 25-100/250/500

*Damage:* 8

**SGPs:** 585

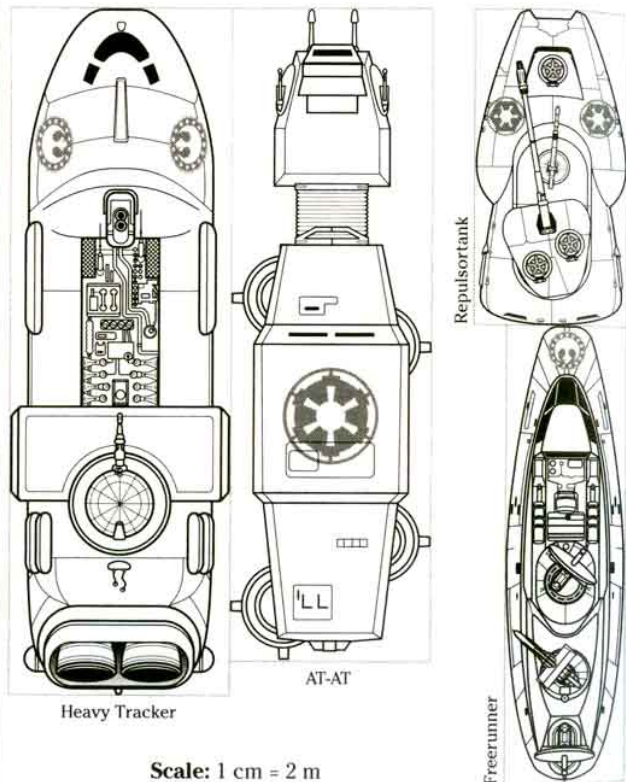
## Players Be Warned

*Star Wars Miniature Battles* is a fun pop-and-pretzels game. There is enough detail to keep things interesting, but the system is designed to reflect the simple action-adventure nature of the *Star Wars* setting. The dice can bomb-out or roll-over at the worst possible moment for someone and take the game wildly out of control. Vehicles will charge straight into obstacles and armor will fail. While this does a good job of simulating the chaotic nature of combat, it can also be very frustrating. No battle plan survives the first series of bad rolls. On the other hand, watching your opponent deal with this can be very amusing, at least until it happens to you.

This particular scenario may seem out of balance. The Imperials are outnumbered almost three-to-one and by about 2500 SGPs. Extensive playtesting shows that the Imperials nevertheless have a good chance of winning. The New Republic can expect to lose one tank every second or third round, unless they can be seen by the AT-AT, in which case they'll lose a tank every round, barring bomb-outs.



## Stand at Bhir'khi Pass Vehicle Counters



Stephen Crane

Permission is granted to photocopy this page for personal use.

## Imperial Assault Crews

- 18 Average Troopers (five in each vehicle, plus one commander in each vehicle).
- DEX 3, *blaster* 5, *blaster artillery* 5, *vehicle blasters* 4; KNO 1, *survival* 2; MEC 4, *repulsorlift operations* 5, *walker operation* 5; PER 2; STR 1; TEC 1; Move: 10.

- Walk Rate: 8; Run Rate: 13.
- Weapons: blaster pistol.
- Commander: *command* 4.
- Squad Generation Points: 561

Imperial SGP Total: 2577

## New Republic Forces

### KAAC Freerunner

Drive System: Repulsorlift

Crew: 4

# Turns: 3

Turn Distance: 2

Move: 105

Cautious: 10

Cruise: 30

Top: 105

Accel/Decel: 10/10

Flight Ceiling: 2m

Body Str: 6

Body Pts: 60

Cover: F

Weapons:

#### Mark 2/S Heavy Blaster Cannon

Fire Arc: LFR

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 1

Range: 25-100/450/1000

Damage: 10

#### Mark 2/S Heavy Blaster Cannon

Fire Arc: T

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 1

Range: 25-100/450/1000

Damage: 10

#### Mark 3e/S Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: LBR

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 2

Range: 25-150/400/750

Damage: 8

SGPs: 477

## Freerunner Crews

- 28 Veteran Troopers (four per freerunner).
- DEX 2, *vehicle blasters* 4; KNO 1; MEC 2, *repulsorlift operation* 4; PER 2; STR 2; TEC 2; Move 8.
- Walk Rate: 7; Run Rate: 12.
- Weapons: blaster pistols.
- Commander: *command* 4.



• **Specialists** (for each freerunner):

1: *repulsor operations* 5.

2: *vehicle blasters* 5.

• **Squad Generation Points:** 130

■ **Heavy Tracker**

**Drive System:** Repulsorlift

**Crew:** 6

**Passengers:** 5

**# Turns:** 2

**Turn Distance:** 3

**Move:** 45

**Cautious:** 4

**Cruise:** 12

**Top:** 45

**Accel/Decel:** 4/4

**Flight Ceiling:** 2m

**Body Str:** 12

**Body Pts:** 120

**Cover:** F

**Weapons:**

Mark 2e/W Heavy Laser Cannon

*Fire Arc:* T

*Skill:* Vehicle blasters

*Fire Control:* 2/4\*

*Range:* 25-250/750/1500

*Damage:* 14

\*Against low level targets

**SGPs:** 376

**Heavy Tracker Crew**

• 6 Veteran Troopers.

• DEX 2, *vehicle blasters* 4; KNO 1; MEC 2, *repulsorlift operations* 4; PER 2; STR 2; TEC 2. **Move:** 8.

• **Walk Rate:** 7; **Run Rate:** 13.

• **Weapons:** blaster pistol.

• **Commander:** *command* 5.

• **Specialists:**

1. *repulsorlift operations* 5.

2. *vehicle blasters* 5.

**Squad Generation Points:** 259

**Heavy Tracker Sensor Crew**

• 5 Veteran Troopers.

• DEX 2; KNO 1; MEC 2, *communications* 4, *sensors* 4; PER 2; STR 2; TEC 2; **Move:** 8.

• **Walk Rate:** 8; **Run Rate:** 13.

• **Weapons:** blaster pistol.

• **Commander:** *command* 4.

• **Specialists:**

1. *sensors* 5.

2. *communications* 5.

**Note:** the sensor team has two sensor specialists and two communications specialists. This team (two comm techs, two sensor techs and the commander) runs the heavy tracker's omniprobe sensor array, and rides in the vehicle.

**Squad Generation Points:** 240

**New Republic SGP Total:** 5124

**The Battlefield**

The Bhir'khi Pass valley is glacially carved — long and broad with light vegetation, a few large freestanding boulders, and a small lake at its center. The pass goes through the long access.

Several large boulders were deposited in this high valley thousands of years ago by a receding glacier. These boulders are several meters tall and weigh over a hundred tons each. Centuries of erosion have rounded off the boulders bases and deeply cracked them. Although they remain solidly balanced, any impact able to over-



**Orders of the Day**  
**Imperial Commander 295.902/V8**

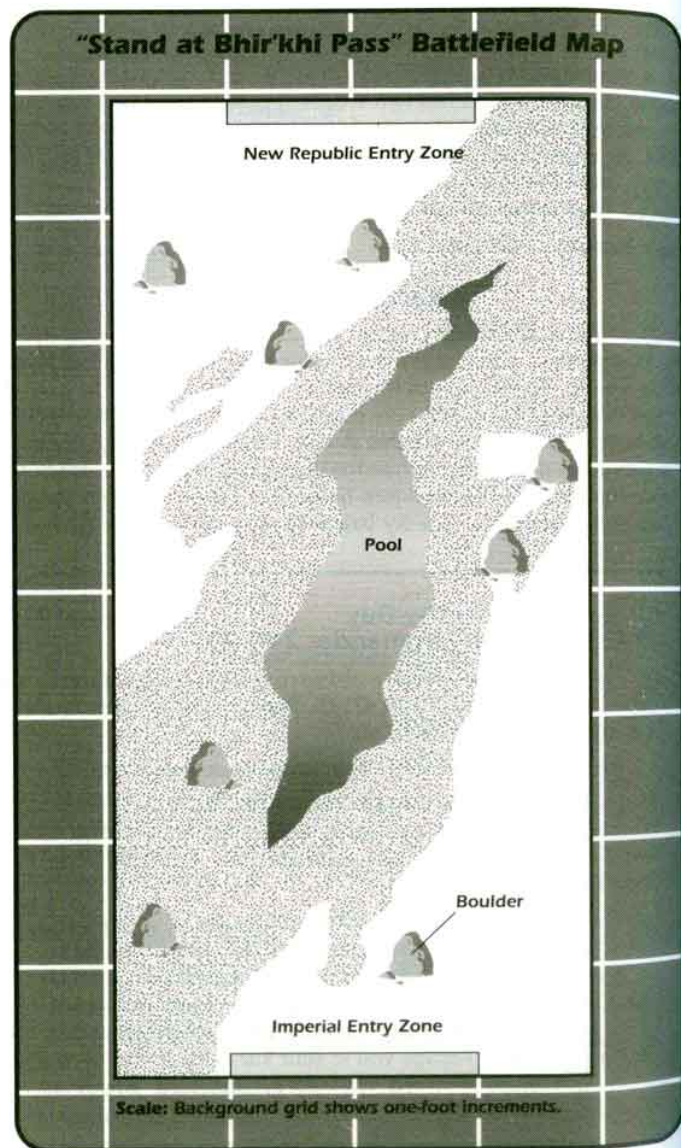
**Commander:** Approach and destroy the shield generators at grid reference X175.15/Y421.66. Deploy stormtroopers to occupy and secure this facility.

**Alert:** Message received from Regimental Command HQ.

**Commander:** Long range scans indicate Rebel forces converging on intercept course. Project interception at grid reference X171.65/Y418.05 — Bhir'khi Pass. Intelligence report follows.

**New Orders:** Do not allow Rebels to delay your mission. Intelligence estimates that further Rebel forces will be able to reinforce and converge on your task force in approximately 45 minutes. Your task force will be approximately 35 minutes from achieving a firing position on the Rebel shield generator when the Rebels engage you in Bhir'khi Pass. In the event your All-Terrain Armored Transport is disabled, use your *Imperial-class* repulsortanks to fire on the shield generators.





come their sheer mass could topple or even shatter them.

The boulders have a *Body Strength* of 18, and 180 *Body Points*. A normal damaging hit knocks a boulder off its base — the rock rolls down slope and into the lake. If a vehicle is in the path of the boulder, resolve as per the collision rules on page 26 of the *Star Wars Miniature Battles Companion*. The boulders have a movement rate of 18 and move before all vehicles. A critical hit shatters the boulder, which showers tons of rock on everything within 10 meters (5 centimeters) — an automatic *Strength* 6 hit.

A boulder can block line of sight — or partially block line of sight — providing light cover (at less than one-third blockage), medium cover (between one- and two-thirds blockage), or heavy cover (over two-thirds blockage). The gamemaster, if the game has one, has final say. See the Line of Sight guidelines on page 16 of the *Star Wars Miniature Battles* main rules.

The sides of the valley rise sharply. Vehicles may not exit the board via the table sides, except where noted on the map. Any vehicle that does so — as a result of a out-of-control vehicle or critical hit mishap — runs up the cliff face, falls back onto the board, and flips as per the table on page 25 of the *Star Wars Miniature Battles Companion*, under "Out-Of-Control Vehicles."

The lake in the center of the table is a deep pool of ordinary water fed by several small mountain streams (omitted from the map for clarity). The lake has no effect on the repulsorlift-drive vehicles. If the AT-AT enters the water, it must slow to half speed.

## The Set-Up

All vehicles set up in their respective entry zones at either end of Bhir'khi Pass. Each player can decide how their vehicles are arrayed — there are no restrictions on how far any tanks or the AT-AT should be from other units.

## Gamemaster Notes

### Imperial Objectives

The Imperial force's main objectives are to pass through the valley with the AT-AT and infantry intact and destroy the New Republic shield generator protecting the starport. A major victory requires the force to exit the valley within 20 turns of entering. Delay of more than 20 turns degrades the victory to a minor victory, as the New Republic will then have time to organize reinforcements.

Once the Imperials have reached the New Republic entry zone,





## Orders of the Day New Republic Commander Rone Mothin

**Commander:** Imperial forces have landed outside the city shields and are approaching Shield Generator Station 3. If this station is captured or destroyed the Imperial forces will be able to land troops directly into Marter An Starport and occupy the city.

Long range omniprobe scans indicate the enemy force is small, including only one AT-AT and two repulsortanks. Your force should be able to engage the enemy as early as 30 minutes before they can target the shield generator. Reinforcements are converging on the generator, but will not be able to arrive for almost 45 minutes. You must delay the AT-AT long enough for reinforcements to be brought up. If possible, destroy the AT-AT and as much of its escort as you can.

they must fire on the shield generators (off-board) and destroy them. The generators are at range 400 and have a *Body Strength* of 20 and 200 *Body Points*. Any vehicle can fire at the generators, but the AT-AT has the best chance of destroying them.

The Imperials suffer a minor defeat if they are not able to destroy the shield generator within the time limit. They suffer a major defeat if the AT-AT is destroyed.

### New Republic Objectives

The New Republic's main objective is to defend the shield generators protecting the starport from direct attack. A major victory is achieved if the AT-AT is destroyed. A minor victory is achieved if the AT-AT is delayed more than 20 turns, as New Republic forces will be able to bring up reinforcements.

The New Republic forces suffer a major defeat if the shield generators are destroyed. There is no minor defeat for the New Republic in this scenario.

### Imperial Tactical Advice

The AT-AT is one of the most powerful ground vehicles ever fielded. It can withstand many strong direct hits and destroy any repulsortank it can target. However, the AT-AT itself is a slow and easy target. Enough concentrated firepower will eventually wear down even this mighty behemoth. It is only able to fire forward and

will have to rely on the escort to guard its flanks and rear. Do not attempt to chase down the maneuverable New Republic freerunners; they'll just run circles around it. Head directly for the exit.

The *Imperial*-class repulsortanks are among the best repulsortanks in the galaxy. The heavy Imperial tank mounts a powerful, highly accurate, long range main gun. The tanks themselves are generally tough, fast, and maneuverable. While these tanks have no major design flaws, they are outnumbered. Maintain cruise speed at a minimum to remain a difficult target.

### New Republic Tactical Advice

All of the New Republic vehicles should enter the field at a high speed and try to get behind the AT-AT as quickly as possible. Use the boulders to cover vehicle moves across the board. Maneuver at high speeds to present harder targets. Stay outside of the AT-AT's forward firing arc. The AT-AT can kill anything it sees.

The heavy tracker is tough and mounts a strong, accurate, long-range gun. It has a decent chance to hit any target on the board. Unfortunately, it is fairly slow and a relatively easy target.

The freerunners are medium tanks; reasonably maneuverable and decently armed and armored. They should circle the AT-AT and blast away with all three guns in broadside.

The heavy tracker is equipped with a highly advanced omniprobe sensor array, which adds +2 to its weapons fire control against low level targets only. This increases the *Squad Generation Point* value of the heavy tracker by 2, to 378, plus crew.



■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A//NEW.GNN//RH  
 ■ FILEFORM...D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING...

# GALAXYWIDE NewsNets



37:1:4/IHV/NER3/JTE.5.REY/MIL

## Jante and Freda Feud Turns to War Reynols, Jante

The Rettina system erupted in battle yesterday when Freda system militias launched a surprise attack on Jante holdings in Rettina. The Freda 1st, 3rd, and 5th Lon Flotillas participated in the attacks. The first strike destroyed the Hamner Heavy Ores Plant in orbit around Rett II. A second and third strike against two other Jante Materials Corp plants orbiting Rett II were equally successful.

The Jante Rett II orbital defense force responded by pursuing and engaging the Freda 3rd and 5th Lon Flotillas. After inflicting heavy casualties, the Jante forces were forced to withdraw as the Freda 1st Lon joined the other two flotillas in repulsing

■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A//NEW.GNN//RH  
 ■ FILEFORM...D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING...

the counterattack. Freda now holds the orbital space around Rett II, and is presently off-loading troops to seize the ground installations. Jante is marshaling its forces in the orbit of Rett I, their sole remaining mining colony in the system.

Moff Haveland is reportedly enraged at the surprise attack. He stated in a press conference this morning that he is ordering Imperial CompForce units into the system to enforce a cease-fire. He hinted strongly that Jante and Freda would both face punitive measures for allowing the dispute to boil over into open conflict. The Jante delegation is protesting its innocence in the affair, and plans to petition the Moff for a hearing tomorrow.

The dispute between Jante and Freda over mining rights in the Rettina system is decades old, and nearly led to war three months ago when miners from the Freda and Jante systems began sabotaging one another's plants. At the behest of Moff Haveland, the two governments have been participating in peace talks for the last two months. The talks broke down early this week when the Freda delegation withdrew from the negotiations. Freda President Rolf Petruma said at the time he was dissatisfied with the lack of progress made in the talks, and blamed the intractability of the Jante delegation for the problem. He gave no sign that his government was considering military options.

**Imperial HoloVision**

◀ PREVIOUS

DATAPAGE: 255

NEXT ▶



■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW.GNN/RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

37:1:13/TRI/A12B/GAL.3.FEM/ENT

## Performer Shocks Ball With Alien Dance

### Femon, Gailea

Guests attending the famous and exclusive annual Marqua Spas Grand Ball were shocked when floubette artist Jantaa Binx strode onto the dance floor and began performing during the third course of the traditional Panelan feast.

Floubette dance, an idealized form of the Floubettean mating ritual, is considered aesthetically pleasing when performed by avian performers. Unfortunately, the sight of a human performing the dance is somewhat shocking (some would say revolting), as the ball attendees discovered to their dismay. Binx, the only known human performer of floubette dance, got nearly a third of the way through her performance before being escorted off the dance floor and off the premises.

Falaco Don-DeMardo, the general manager of the Spas, was mortified by the incident, and this morning sacked his assistant manager Tarin DeHallo, who booked the performer. "I had no idea she was a human," sobbed DeHallo as she was escorted off the Spa premises with a box of belongings. "How was I supposed to know that? Who ever heard of a human floubette dancer? It was horrible."

TriNebulon News

◀ PREVIOUS

DATAPAGE: 256

NEXT ▶

■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW.GNN/RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

37:1:29/DSN/T12R/ESS.3.HYT/POL

## DynaCorp Refinery Blasted by Rebel Terrorists

### Grande Hyet, Esseles

The small polar island of Grande Hyet was rocked yesterday by an explosion that utterly destroyed the major fuel depot and refinery located there, and caused major damage to the local spaceport. The explosion, which occurred at the same time as another attack on the Imperial installation at Tralee, is being attributed to the Rebel terrorist group known as the Faceless, which recently made its presence known here on Esseles.

With more than 50 dead and 250 injured, as well as an estimated 50 million credits in property damage, the strike ranks as the worst atrocity to hit Esseles since the Algeran Faction attacks during Emperor Palpatine's ascension to the throne.

Rumors in the Hall suggest that the delay in response to the disaster was caused by a quibble between Hall President Ralle and Governor Takel as to who had the right to send troops into the area. Takel ended the argument by sending in a detachment of Imperial Navy troopers from the Destroyer *Indomitable*, and air cover from Tralee Naval Base. Ralle is reportedly seeking more latitude in moving Esselian troops without Imperial interference.

Darpa SectorNet

◀ PREVIOUS

DATAPAGE: 257

NEXT ▶



■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW.GNN//RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING...

37:1:30/DSN/T11R/ESS.3.CAM/POL

### Ralle Urges Calm in Aftermath

**Camalar, Esseles**

President Ralle took to the newsnets today in an attempt to assure citizens that their lives are not in danger, and that the Rebel terrorist presence on Esseles is being investigated. "I want to let everyone know that the disasters that occurred at Grande Hyet and Tralee will not be repeated. Security is being upgraded at all levels, and orbital movements will be watched." His announcement was deemed necessary to calm the populace, and halt the increasing flight of offworld business.

The recent activities by the Faceless are expected to have a tangible negative impact on the business cycle this quarter. DynaCorp's stock took a dive today as speculators anticipated a major loss this quarter as a result of the Grande Hyet disaster. Timour Lines, a major fuel hauler, also lost ground today at the destruction of its fueling depot and freight contract.

The fabricated broadcast the Faceless put on the air during the governmental address will likely have damaging effects on industry as well. The broadcast, which made hysterical charges of anti-alien bias on the part of the government, has nonetheless succeeded in alarming the more gullible of Esseles' offworlder residents. The spaceports were clogged today as aliens of all sorts attempted to purchase seats on spaceliners, and alien labor chiefs are urging their members to go on strike. Today, the factories of such industrial giants as Sendarl Electronics and MeraStel fell

◀ PREVIOUS

DATAPAGE: 258

NEXT ▶

■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW.GNN//RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING...

silent as workers walked off the job. "At least the droids can't walk," quipped one foreman, "they're bolted to the floor."

**Darpa SectorNet**

37:2:3/DSN/T11R/ESS.3.CAM/POL

### Alien Workers Reach Accord with the Hall

**Camalar, Esseles**

President Ralle and Kanno Sebak, the Sullustan representative of the Guild of Offworlder Skilled Laborers (GOSL), met in the Hall yesterday to renew vows of support and friendship. GOSL had ordered its workers to boycott their workplaces following the fabricated but convincing broadcasts aired by an anti-Empire fringe group.

Ralle announced at the talks that a task force would be appointed to look into anti-alien bias in the workplace, and that special scholarships to Camalar University would be offered for the deserving young of immigrant workers.

Sebak graciously received this generous gesture from Ralle, and announced that he was satisfied by the conclusions of the Hall report which had investigated the Grande Hyet disaster. "The leadership of GOSL hereby acknowledges and affirms that the tragic disaster witnessed by Grande Hyet, in which 146 offworlders lost their lives, was caused in whole by the dastardly and dangerous terrorist group known as the Faceless," Sebak declared in an impromptu speech on the steps of

◀ PREVIOUS

DATAPAGE: 259

NEXT ▶



■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW\_GNN/RH  
■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

the Hall. "We would like to express our appreciation for the President's support and understanding in these difficult times, and request that all GOSL members and sympathizers return to work as soon as possible. Esseles welcomes us yet."

Esselian New Order Party head Jamson Freller echoed the President's sentiment. "Certainly, while the ENO party wonders whether alien residents have much to offer our society, we are outraged by the attempt of Rebel sympathizers and terrorists to turn us against them, and them against us," Freller, about to face Ralle in the upcoming elections, did question Ralle's motivations. "I do wonder at the newfound warm feeling the President has for alien migrant workers. It can't have anything to do with the upcoming elections, of course."

**Darpa SectorNet**

37:2:11/GNS/923E/RAL.3.DEM/MIL

### Graeber Cracks Rebel Spy Ring on Ralltiir

#### Demilla City, Ralltiir

Governor Graeber seized over 300 tons of weaponry in an early morning raid of a secret Rebel armory located in the center of Salibury's commercial sector. The authorities also captured 35 Rebel terrorists and spies on the site, and are in the process of apprehending another hundred or so through interrogations and by examining documents seized during the raid.

◀ PREVIOUS

DATAPAGE: 260

NEXT ▶

■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW\_GNN/RH  
■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

The largest crackdown on underground agitators since the Imperial invasion nearly two years ago, the raid took three weeks to plan, and involved the security forces of four counties, as well as Imperial military units detached from the governor's garrison.

**Galaxy News Service**

37:2:21/TRI/H5YT/GRO.5.GRO/ECO

### Taxes Rise in Outer Systems

#### Grovner, Ord Grovner

Imperial economic advisor Pinac Galous announced a 15 percent increase in consumption taxes, to apply to all Outer Rim Territory world citizens retroactive through the beginning of the year. He cited rising rawmat costs and increasing Rebel attacks as justification for the increase.

The news has not been met with enthusiasm in the Outer Rim. Many leaders here are asking why they alone must bear the burden of increased taxes. Perhaps anticipating this question, Galous stated in his report that since the brunt of Rebel terrorist attacks are originating in the Outer Rim, that region must bear the brunt of taxes raised to allow the Imperial military to respond to these threats. He pointed out that proportionally, the Mid-Rim and Colonies have very little Rebel activity, and the Core virtually none (despite recent embarrassing events on Esseles).

He also noted that other isolated regions such as Hutt space, the CSA, and the Tion Hegemony all

◀ PREVIOUS

DATAPAGE: 261

NEXT ▶



■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A//NEW.GNN//RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD//DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

provide their own security forces and do not require the close Imperial supervision that the Outer Rim Territories do.

The increased revenue is to go toward funding unspecified military projects, Galous said.

**TriNebulon News**

37:2:23/BTN/D1K3/BRT.4.VOT/ECO

### Customs Uncovers Rawmat Smuggling

**Votrad, Brentaal**

Imperial Customs investigators uncovered evidence of a smuggling scheme believed responsible for re-directing rawmats routed through Brentaal starport to unknown secondary sources in the Outer Rim Territories.

According to Brentaal Imperial Customs Captain Dalea Trovin, who coordinated the investigation, Imperial Customs officers raided a warehouse complex in Brentaal starport's Votrad sector yesterday. The customs security forces found thousands of tons of rawmats listed as missing or misrouted in official datafiles. No arrests were made, as the warehouse was undefended and void of inhabitants — investigators are still searching for those involved.

After tracing registry and lot numbers on the materials, customs followed a trail of shipments misdirected from mining transports and corporate freighters through several different shipping companies and even a Brentaal trade guild. Apparently the smugglers have been slicing into corporate and

■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A//NEW.GNN//RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD//DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

Imperial Customs computers, changing routing numbers and altering freighter manifests so the rawmats would be delivered into their hands.

Captain Trovin believes the rawmats uncovered yesterday were the latest in a series of materials shipments to be stored in the warehouse. Although computer records could not pinpoint where these shipments have been going, Trovin suspects they were shipped to the Outer Rim, currently experiencing a shortage of rawmats. She vowed to find the culprits and end their operation. "These rawmat smugglers are hindering the Empire's efforts to better the lives of all Imperial citizens and defeat Rebel terrorists," Captain Trovin said. "We'll do everything we can to shut them down."

**Brentaal Trade News**

37:3:2/IHV/NER3/FMD.3.CMA/GEN

### Rebels on Fremond III Surrender

**Camaa, Fremond III**

A three-day-long siege came to an end yesterday morning when a group of Rebel provocateurs holed up in a Camaa warehouse complex surrendered to Imperial forces. "It might have been a nasty business," said Rumo Takashi, the commander of the troopers who surrounded the complex. "The warehouses were fortified some time before, obviously in preparation for such an event as this. If they hadn't surrendered, we might have lost a lot of lives storming the place."



■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW.GNN/RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

The Rebels retreated to the complex after being caught in an attempt to infiltrate Prefect Glaffold's government offices. It is not yet known whether they escaped with anything of strategic value, though according to police sources, state surveillance systems detected several transmissions being beamed from the warehouse to a ship in orbit. Investigators are currently trying to determine the identity of this vessel, which leaped into hyperspace immediately after receiving the transmissions.

The Rebel terrorists have been taken into custody, and are presently being interviewed by Prefect Glaffold's staff. They will likely be extradited to the sector capital for penal judgment once the interviews have concluded.

**Imperial HoloVision**

37:3:14/CDN/G76D/COR.1.IPC/POL

### **Tigellinus Inducted into Elite Order** **Imperial City, Coruscant**

In a formal open ceremony in the Skydome Botanical Gardens this evening, Grand Admiral Ruffaan Tigellinus donned the midnight-black velvet robe of the Order of the Canted Circle, one of the most ancient social organizations on Coruscant, and definitely the most exclusive. The Order rarely takes on more than 11 members per decade, which makes Tigellinus' induction noteworthy — he is the thirteenth member added within the last seven years.

Tigellinus' induction in particular came as quite a surprise to Court observers, since many prospec-

◀ PREVIOUS DATAPAGE: 264 NEXT ▶



■ DATA SEARCH ■ PROG41009 ■ FILEPATH 9602/7A/NEW.GNN/RH  
 ■ FILEFORM..D.PAD/DOWNLOAD ■ SOURCEFILE: NEWS NETS ■ READING..

tive members, all of them well-regarded leaders of Imperial government, have been kept waiting for an invitation from the Order for years. Tigellinus, by contrast, has only emerged as a Court player within the last year. It is a tribute to his savvy and ability to serve the Emperor that he has been able to advance this far in so short a time.

The Order's private ceremony, held in an undisclosed location within the palace, took place later that evening. It was not open to outsiders.

**Coruscant Daily NewsFeed**

37:3:21/TRI/PR42/WRN.3.STD/MIL

### **Saboteurs Hit Wroona Stardock**

#### **Stardock, Wroona**

The Wroona Stardock was rocked this morning by a powerful explosion aboard the *Victory*-class Star Destroyer *Rampant*, berthed at the facility for repairs. The explosion came from the vessel's port-most ion drive, which was undergoing refitting after a recent campaign against Rebels in the nearby Boeus Sector.

The blast was quickly followed by a flurry of fighter activity around the stardock facility. A squadron of TIEs engaged a force of snubfighters, a Corellian Corvette and a gunship, which stormed the stardock in a vain attempt to inflict further damage. The attacking vessels escaped swiftly into hyperspace after destroying the TIE fighters.

After the raid, stardock officials received a transmission from Kabalard Vinne, a Wroonian outlaw

◀ PREVIOUS DATAPAGE: 265 NEXT ▶







Several loyal readers have written us asking for a column answering questions about *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition*. Bill Smith, award-winning editor of the *Star Wars* game line, assembled some answers to queries we recently received. Unfortunately, Bill's reply was intercepted by agents of the Imperial Security Bureau ...

# ISB INTERCEPT'S

By Bill Smith

**From:** Hamiz Spel, Intelligence: Analysis

**To:** Pettyr Zent, ByblosNova

**Subject:** Interception of Rebel Code Messages

**Confirmed:** SEND; TRAN 34/37; RECV

**Context:** 10E6; AMAN; ASYS

**Phasecycle:** PSEG004651138903; WORD; 00.01.12BMUT; 1.39RMUT

Pettyr,

It appears that the Rebel scum on Byblos are active again. Our agents intercepted couriers with the following messages, but the Rebel spies, fools that they were, chose to let the interrogator droids wipe their minds clean rather than tell us what the messages really meant. Fools ...

My agents are still decoding these messages; I am confident we have captured vital information on Rebel troop and supply movements disguised as instructions for an as-yet unknown technical manual.

The last known contact for the Rebel cell is appended to this file.

**Q. Galaxy Guide 8: Scouts says scouts receive 0.01 percent of a planet's value for discovery. What are the values for certain kinds of planets (agricultural, mining, ocean planet)?**



**A:** The "value" of worlds can vary greatly. Even the most desolate planet is "worth" something — perhaps 10,000 credits.

An undeveloped world with not-particularly-valuable resources — grains, common metals, etc. — may be worth 100,000, a million or a billion credits.

An undeveloped world with valuable resources — naturally spin-sealed Tibanna gas, spice, greel wood, or metals necessary for starship construction — may be worth a 100 million, a billion or several hundred billion credits.

Developed worlds can be worth just a few thousand credits (if there is a primitive civilization with no trade, or a world with a depressed economy — remember that entire planets may suffer from staggering debt). Somewhere in the middle are the planets with populations in the millions and an annual value of perhaps a few billion credits. On the other hand, a bustling trade world with several billion residents and plenty of valuable resources could be worth several quadrillion credits.

Remember that some companies may not be forthright in reporting the value of their worlds, or may only offer bonus payments in terms of equipment, stock options and other non-monetary forms. Scouts may only be able to receive payments on a quarterly basis (or perhaps even only getting payments every three, five or 10 years). They may also have to report to a specific planet, such as the world hosting the company's corporate headquarters, which may be deep in the Core Worlds or the Corporate Sector.

Please note that the phrase in *Galaxy Guide 8: Scouts*, page 13, is "can be as high as .01% of the market value of planet" — such bonuses can be considerably lower. These bonuses may also be tied to certain conditions, such as payments limited to the first year after discovery, requirements for minimum (or maximum) populations (for example, one million residents within eight years), or "ceilings" to payments (perhaps 100,000 or a few million credits).

In summary, scouts should read their contracts carefully ... and gamemasters should make sure that scouts never get so wealthy that they're no longer any fun to play.

**Q. When a character is wounded, incapacitated or mortally wounded, does that character lose -1D on natural healing rolls?**

**A:** No. Characters always roll their full *Strength* die code for healing rolls.

**Q. Could you please print the basic stats of the *Firespray*-class ship which Boba Fett flies?**

## Firespray

**Craft:** Kuat Systems Engineering  
*Firespray*-class

**Type:** Sublight patrol and attack craft

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 21.5 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: *Firespray*

**Crew:** 1, gunners: 2

**Crew Skill:** Varies widely

**Passengers:** 4

**Cargo Capacity:** 70 metric tons

**Consumables:** 1 month

**Cost:** 120,000 (new), 45,000 (used)

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x3

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x15

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 1D

**Space:** 5

**Atmosphere:** 295; 850 kmh

**Hull:** 4D

**Shields:** 1D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 10/0D

*Scan:* 25/1D

*Search:* 50/1D+1

*Focus:* 2/2D

**Weapons:**

**2 Twin-Mounted Blaster Cannons**

*Fire Arc:* Turret

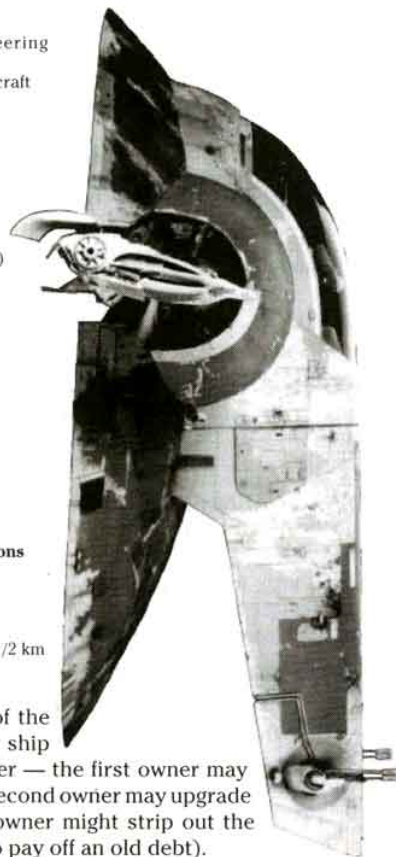
*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-3/10/20

*Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/1/2 km

*Damage:* 4D



This is a "stock" version of the *Firespray*, but virtually every ship gets modified during its career — the first owner may add extra laser cannons, the second owner may upgrade the shields, while the third owner might strip out the shield generators (perhaps to pay off an old debt).

Since the *Firespray* is a relatively old ship, the characters may have to settle for one that's been through a couple of owners and has a few "special" (possibly unreliable) modifications.

**Q. My player with the brash pilot took the template from *Second Edition* which gives him an X-wing fighter. He cries foul every time his ship is identified by Imperials. Are there any other hyperdrive-capable starfighters besides the ones the Alliance uses?**

**A:** There are quite a few fighters he could choose from. Getting his hands on such a ship could present a couple of interesting adventures.



ture ideas — some great ideas for how this type of adventure could be presented are shown in issues 58 and 59 of the old *Star Wars* comics, where the Rebel heroes have to venture across a vast “trash” world to uncover hidden Imperial TIE fighters for an undercover mission.

One thing the player has to remember is that anyone with a fighter is going to be under suspicion when it comes to Imperial Customs inspectors.

Here are some good choices:

- A modified Z-95 Headhunter (*Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 15; Mara Jade has a hyperdrive-equipped Z-95).
- A CloakShape fighter with a hyperdrive sled (about 30,000 credits; *Dark Empire Sourcebook*, page 106).
- *Preybird*-class fighters (from *The Last Command Sourcebook*, page 133). These ships were produced in very limited quantities, so the pilot will have to scout around before finding one, but the good news is that *no one* knows what these ships are.
- A Triarii RX4 patrol ship. While technically not a fighter, it might do the trick. See *Han Solo and the Corporate Sector Sourcebook*, pages 99-100.
- The MRX-BR Pacifier exploration fighter could be a good choice; its weapons are certainly nothing to sneer at. See *Galaxy Guide 8: Scouts*, page 42.
- The Mestapol Zephyr light combat fighter from *Classic Adventures*, pages 46-47; this ship also appears in *The Politics of Contraband*.

**Q. Is this correct? One of my players took a Verpine and gave him the maximum 5D Technical attribute. With the +2D bonus and the initial maximum 2D added to a skill his starting computer programming/repair skill is 9D. Is that right?**

**A:** Yes. A Verpine character could conceivably begin with 9D in a *Technical* skill, including *computer programming/repair*. Since *first aid* is also a *Technical* skill, beginning Verpine medics could also be exceptionally talented.

Of course, if a player is abusing a high skill code, it's fairly easy to bring him or her under control. Any character who gets a reputation for being very, very good at something may get the attention of Rebel High Command and be reassigned to the most needy (and dangerous) bases. This character could also be noticed by the Empire or any number of criminal organizations, further complicating a character's life.

**Q. Is there a conversion formula to translate creatures from the first edition of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* to *Second Edition*?**

**A:** No, we didn't come up with a system ... so stats for all of our first edition creatures are presented below along with some general notes about creature stats.

Creatures use their *Dexterity* (or *brawling parry* skill if they have it) to resist attacks. They use their *Strength* (or *brawling* skill if they have it) to make attacks.

All creatures cause damage equal to their *Strength*: these attacks can be simple head-butts, paw swipes, trample attacks or whatever else is appropriate for the creature. As noted below, some animals have sharp teeth, claws or other natural tools which cause more (or less) damage. All of these attack forms use the *brawling* skill unless otherwise indicated.

The Move rates are for land movement unless otherwise noted.

The size listing describes average adult specimens, but exceptionally large or small specimens (with attributes adjusted accordingly) may always be waiting around to hassle careless or unlucky characters.

Unless otherwise noted, all creatures are considered “creature” scale (which is equivalent to character scale).

The orneriness code is listed only for creatures that can be ridden; if a creature lacks an orneriness code, it means it cannot be ridden. If a character is really stubborn and insists on trying to ride a rancor or similarly dangerous creature, the orneriness code can be assigned as 8D, 9D or even higher.

**From**

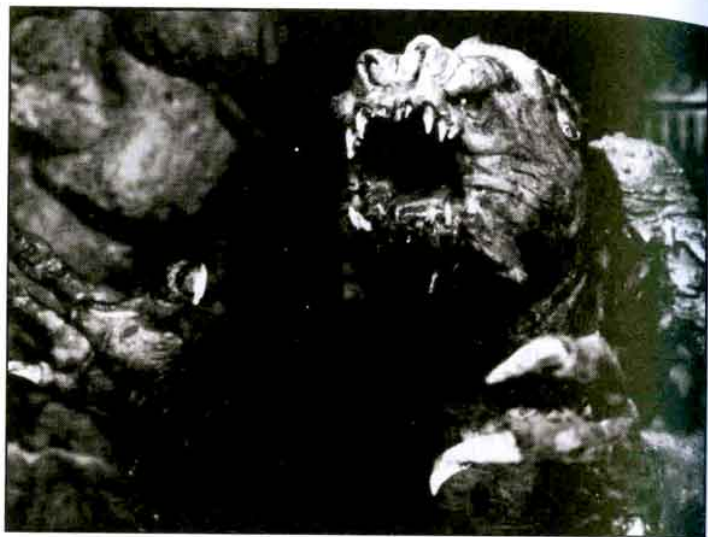
***Star Wars Sourcebook, Second Edition*, pages 86-93:**

**Bantha.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, Strength 8D.* Special abilities: horns (STR -1D damage), trample (STR damage). Move: 5.

**Dewback.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 4D, brawling 4D+1.* Move: 35; 100 kmh (during day), 7; 20 kmh (at night), orneriness: 3D.

**Mynocks.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 1D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: energy drain (survive by draining energy from starships), flight (mynocks who drain enough energy can fly), silicon life forms (silicon-based life forms and can survive in vacuum of space). Move: 9, 1 (Space units per turn).





**Rancor.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 1D, search: tracking 3D, Strength 7D.* Special abilities: armor (+3D), claws (STR+3D), teeth (STR+5D). Move: 20 (restricted to Move 10 in Jabba's pit because of cramped conditions).

**Space Slug.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 1D, Strength 6D (creature scale)/5D (starfighter scale)\*.* Special abilities: vacuum (space slugs are native to the vacuum of space and can survive in this environment with no assistance), teeth (STR+1D). Move: 6 (creature-scale slugs only).

\*For a 6-meter-long and 900-meter-long slug respectively; *Strength* varies dramatically by the length of the slug; extremely large slugs are in the starfighter or capital class.

**Tauntaun.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 3D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: charge attack (STR+1D+1), arctic creature (can withstand frigid temperatures). Move: 16, orneriness: 1D.

From the

***Rebel Alliance Sourcebook, Second Edition,***  
page 109:

**Cracian Thumper.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 3D+2, sneak 4D+2, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: claws (STR+1), tail (STR+1D+2), silent

movement (can move very silently, adding +1D+2 to *sneak* attempts if they make only one or two moves per round; can carry 100 kilograms of cargo or a rider and 50 kilograms). Move: 12, orneriness 1D.

From

***The Movie Trilogy Sourcebook:***

**Dianoga.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 3D+1, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: can change color to match surroundings (+4D to *sneak*), tentacles (target must make opposed *Strength* roll to escape and not be dragged along). Move: 3.

**Wampa Ice Creature.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 4D, search: tracking arctic 6D, sneak: arctic 7D, Strength 7D.* Special abilities: claws (STR+1), teeth (STR+2), camouflage (+3D to *sneak* in arctic climates), heat-diffusing body (adds +2D against detection by sensors), howling language (allows wompas to communicate using Hoth's winds to hide their speech). Move: 13.

**Worrt.** *Dexterity 1D, Perception +2, Strength 1D, brawling: tongue attack 4D.* Special abilities: tongue attack (worrt will attack anything that moves that is its size or smaller; tongue causes 1D damage). Move: 3.

**The Sarlacc.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 1D, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: tentacles (have a *Strength* of 6D, cause 6D damage, reach up to four meters outside pit; do not cause damage, but victims must make a successful opposed *Strength* roll to escape), bite (5D damage), acid digestion (any creature dragged into the Sarlacc's maw suffers 5D damage from digestive acid until victim is knocked unconscious and dragged into the Sarlacc's digestive tract—at that point, the victim normally wakes up, but by then it is normally incapacitated by the Sarlacc's paralyzing digestive enzymes, 7D stun damage). Move: 2.

From the

***Heir to the Empire Sourcebook,***  
pages 87-89:

**Wild Vornskr.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D+1, sneak 5D, Strength 3D+2.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+2D), tail (STR+1D stun damage), Force sense (Vornskrs can detect Force-users; have 3D in this ability. Upon sensing a Force-user, they become very agitated and aggressive: they confuse all Force-users with ysalamiri. A Force-user within 10 meters can be detected and tracked by a vornskr with a Very Easy roll; 11-25 meters is an Easy roll; 26-50 requires a Moderate



roll; and 51-100 meters requires a Difficult roll. Over 100 meters is a Heroic difficulty). Move: 15.

**Note:** Vornskrs can be domesticated. Sturm and Drang, Talon Karrde's two guard beasts, are identical to wild vornskrs except they lack the tail (and its stun attack) and they lack the *sneak* skill.

**Ysalamiri.** *Dexterity +2, Perception 1D+1, Strength +2.* Special abilities: Force repulsion (ysalamiri can create "bubbles" inside of which the Force cannot be manipulated. A single ysalamiri can form a defensive bubble up to 10 meters in radius. Within the bubble, characters cannot use Force skills, Force Points or Character Points. Force attacks directed at ysalamiri fade away as they enter the creature's "Force bubble"). Move: 0.

From

## Galaxy Guide 2: Yavin and Bespin:

**Non-Predatory Floater.** *Dexterity 1D, Perception 1D, Strength 4D\*.* Move: 70; 200 kmh, scale: starfighter.

\* 4D is the minimum *Strength* of a small floater — the larger a floater is, the greater its *Strength* will be.

**Floater Shark.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, search 4D, sneak 3D, Strength 6D.* Move: 175; 500 kmh, scale: starfighter.

**Floater Squid.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, search 6D, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: tentacles (STR+1D, has 10–50 tentacles). Move: 105; 300 kmh, scale: starfighter.

**Crawlfish.** *Dexterity 3D, dodge 4D, Perception 1D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: slipperiness (+1D to *dodge*). Move: 3.

**Yavinian Runyip.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, Strength 3D+2.* Special abilities: head butt (STR+1D). Move: 8, orneriness 4D.

**Woolamander.** *Dexterity 5D+1, dodge 6D, Perception 3D, hide 4D+1, sneak 4D, Strength 2D+2, climbing/jumping 4D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1). Move: 10 (ground), 12 (brachiating).

**Stintaril.** *Dexterity 4D, running 6D, Perception 3D+2, sneak 5D, Strength 2D, climbing/jumping 3D+1.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1). Move: 10.

**Herbivore Burrower.** *Dexterity 2D, running 4D, Perception 2D, hide 3D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1). Move: 12.

**Loper.** *Dexterity 2D, running 3D, Perception 2D, search 4D, sneak 3D, Strength 3D, brawling 5D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1), claws (STR+1), barbed tail (STR+1D). Move: 9.

**Moss-hopper.** *Dexterity 2D, running 4D, Perception 3D, search 4D, sneak 5D, Strength 1D, brawling 2D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1 due to mild venom). Move: 9.

**Raith.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, hide 4D, search 5D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D). Move: 8.

**Typical Grazer.** *Dexterity 1D, running 6D, Perception 2D, Strength 1D–7D.* Move: 10, orneriness 5D.

**Avril.** *Dexterity 2D, dodge 4D, Perception 2D, search 5D+1, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: acute vision (have good eyesight for spotting prey from high altitudes; +2D to visual *search* rolls), bite (STR+2), talons (STR+2). Move: 6 (walking), 15 (flight).

**Ursod.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, search 4D+1, sneak 5D, Strength 5D, brawling 6D.* Special abilities: camouflage (uses chameleon-like fur to fade against snow or lichen-covered rock, +1D to *sneak* while moving or hiding), teeth (STR+1D), claws (STR+1D), thick hide (+2D to resist damage). Move: 10.

**Purella.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D, hide 4D, search 4D+1, sneak 3D, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: infravision (see in the dark), pincers (STR+1D), silent movement (+1D+2 to *sneak*), spin web (spin extremely sticky webs across cave openings; those entangled must make an Easy *Strength* roll to break free. Each additional attempt increases one difficulty level), venom (does no damage, but must make Difficult *stamina* roll to avoid paralysis up to one hour). Move: 12.

**Ropedancer.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 3D, search 6D+1, sneak 4D, Strength 7D.* Special abilities: fangs (STR+2), skin (+1D to resist damage). Move: 12.

**Twilight Lizards.** *Dexterity 2D, running 4D, Perception 1D+1, sneak 3D+1, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+2), claws (STR+2). Move: 8.

**Burning Snakes.** *Dexterity 2D+1, Perception 2D+2, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: heat radiation (snake absorbs and gives off heat from scales; heat causes 4D damage and burns through light survival gear). Move: 8.

**Tripions.** *Dexterity 3D+2, Perception 1D+2, Strength 1D–5D\*, brawling 5D+1.* Special abilities: pincers (used to seize and hold prey. Target must make Moderate *Dexterity* roll or be held fast, suffering -2D penalty to *Dexterity*. Breaking free requires opposed *Strength* roll; character must beat *Strength* total by 6 or more points), venomous tail (three



stingers can strike in same turn; smaller tripions cause 1D-2D stun damage; larger species do 3D-4D+1 normal damage). Move: 12.

\* Larger species have greater *Strength*.

**Beldons.** *Dexterity 1D, Perception 4D, Strength 9D.* Special abilities: electrolocomotion (generate an electrical field that allows them to maneuver and move), electrolocation (sensitive to disturbances in the electrical field surrounding them; effective scan *sensor* capability of 2 km/1D). Move: 70; 200 kmh, scale: walker.

**Velkers.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, search 4D, sneak 4D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: energy bolt (stun prey by delivering ionized electrical bolt for 10D stun damage), teeth (STR+1D). Move: 140; 400 kmh, scale: walker.

From

## Galaxy Guide 7: Mos Eisley,

page 90:

**Womp Rat.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 1D+1, Strength 2D+1.* Special abilities: claws (STR+1), teeth (STR+1D). Move: 5.

From

## Star Wars Miniatures Battles,

page 70:

**Vervikk.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: bite (STR+1D). Move: 6.

From the

## Star Wars Campaign Pack;

reprinted in *Classic Campaigns*:

**Eater.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 1D, search: tracking 3D, Strength 3D, brawling: bite 4D.* Special abilities: bite (STR+4D), armor (+4D). Move: 9, orneriness 6D.

**Likka.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, Strength 4D, brawling: bite 5D.* Special abilities: bite (STR+1). Move: 12, orneriness 3D.

From

## Planets of the Galaxy, Volume One;

reprinted in *The Star Wars Planets Collection*:

**Treppok.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+2D; if character is wounded, he or she must make a Moderate *Dexterity* check to avoid being swallowed). Move: 45 (swimming), orneriness 4D.

**Grotseth.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D), razored scales (covered with small, razor-sharp scales, cause 4D damage, whenever a character makes contact with grotseth he must make a Moderate *brawling* parry roll to get out of the way). Move: 16 (swimming).

**Hoska.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 1D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: horns (STR+1D), trample attack (STR+1D+2). Move: 5, orneriness 4D.

**Terecon.** *Dexterity 3D+2, Perception 2D, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: armor (+3D to *Strength*), bite (STR+5D). Move: 22.

**Thevaxan Marauder.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 1D, Strength 5D, brawling 5D+2.* Special abilities: tail swipe (STR+2D), teeth (STR+1D), charge (STR, plus extra +1D for every round charging, maximum +3D). Move: 15, orneriness 7D.

**Forntarch.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 3D, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: slicers (STR+2D+2), teeth (STR+1D). Move: 4 (crawling), 17 (leaping).

**Tesfli Piercers.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 0D, Strength 0D.* Special abilities: rotting disease (anyone bitten must make a Very Easy *stamina* check or be infected by the "rotting disease": within one week the limb will swell and turn black — a Moderate *medicine* or Very Difficult *first aid* roll is necessary to determine the appropriate medicines; after two weeks, increase the roll one level to determine appropriate medicines; after two more weeks, increase *medicine* and *first aid* difficulties by one level and treat limb as being at -1D for all *Dexterity* and *Strength* actions; after two more weeks, increase the *medicine* and *first aid* difficulties by another level and consider the limb to be at -2D for *Dexterity* and *Strength* actions; after seven weeks the limb is useless). Move: 8.

**Swarm Bugs.** *Dexterity 1D, Perception 0D, Strength 0D.* Special abilities: methane explosion (does 2D damage to everyone within a 2 meter radius). Move: 12.

**Morvak.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, mineral detection 4D, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: armor (+1D energy, +2D physical), claws (STR+1D), tentacle acid (4D damage), rock eaters (survive by tunneling through rock and ingesting released compounds), space survival (can survive in the vacuum of space). Move: 6.

**Wulkarsk.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, search 4D, sneak 3D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: claws (STR+1D). Move: 16.

**Oslet.** *Dexterity 1D, Perception 3D, Strength 2D.* Move: 15 (climb-



ing), 12 (jumping), orneriness 2D.

**Kalan.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, Strength 2D+1.* Special abilities: tusks (STR+2D), trample (STR+2D+1). Move: 28, orneriness 4D+2.

**Hokami.** *Dexterity 4D+2, Perception 1D, sneak 5D+2, Strength 5D+1.* Special abilities: claws (STR+2D), teeth (STR+1D). Move: 24.

**Yeat.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 1D, Strength 2D+1.* Special abilities: horns (STR+1D). Move: 29.

**Gwerax-hai.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D, sneak 5D, Strength 3D, climbing/jumping 4D.* Special abilities: tusks (STR+2D). Move: 16.

**Black Behemoths.** *Dexterity 1D+2, Perception 1D, sneak 4D, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: armor (+1D physical), teeth (STR+2). Move: 9.

**Swamp Worms.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 1D, Strength 3D+1.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D), poisonous tail (4D damage, but can only be used on creatures behind swamp worm). Move: 15 (wet mud only).

**Derkolo.** *Dexterity 3D+2, Perception 1D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: armor (+1D physical), claws (STR+1D+2). Move: 20.

From

## ***The Politics of Contraband;***

reprinted in *Classic Adventures*:

**Sid'han.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D, sneak 8D, Strength 6D+1.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+2D+1), tail (STR damage; on any attack which incapacitates, mortally wounds, or kills, the victim is entangled and cannot escape without an opposed *Strength* roll). Move: 12, orneriness 18D.

From

## ***The Abduction of Crying Dawn Singer;***

reprinted in *Classic Adventures*:

**Kichicolia.** *Dexterity 4D, dodge 6D, Perception 3D, hide 4D, sneak 4D+1, Strength 1D, climbing/jumping 3D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D). Move: 12.

**Tree Viper.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, Strength 3D, brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 4D+2.* Special abilities: fangs (STR damage plus venom), constriction (STR+1D damage each round, -2D from victim's *Dexterity* until he or she makes a successful opposed *Strength* roll to break free), venom (anyone bitten by a viper must make Moderate *stamina* roll to avoid paralysis; paralyzed character will cease breathing in 10 rounds and suffer irreversible brain damage in the

next 8 minutes unless the venom is countered by the general antitoxin present in standard medpacs). Move: 11.

**Najarkan Wilderbeast.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 1D, Strength 8D.* Special abilities: bite (STR), armor (+2D). Move: 14, orneriness 7D.

From

## ***Planets of the Galaxy, Volume Two;***

reprinted in *The Star Wars Planets Collection*:

**Dhislugs.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, sneak 3D, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: armor (+1D physical), constriction attack (STR+2D), acid (5D). Move: 3.

**Cidwen.** *Dexterity 5D, Perception 4D, Strength 1D+1.* Special abilities: bite (STR+2D), claws (STR+2D+2 — works out as 3D+3). Move: 30 (flying), 22 (gliding).

**Diehards.** *Dexterity 5D, Perception 1D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: mandibles (STR+2D), armor (+2D energy). Move: 24 (flying).

**Rinacats.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 5D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: claws (STR+1D), teeth (STR+2D). Move: 15.

**Swamp Skimmer.** *Dexterity 5D, Perception 2D, sneak 5D, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: armor (+2D physical, +1D energy), bite (STR damage, but if attack succeeds by 10 or more points, prey is swallowed whole). Move: 14 (swimming).

**Muckworms.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: bite (only causes 4D damage, but causes 2D damage every additional round by draining fluids; victim must make successful opposed *Strength* roll to pull muckworm free). Move: 19 (crawling and swimming).

**Nemats.** *Dexterity 6D, Perception 1D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: bite (STR+1D). Move: 9 (flying).

**Lesynn.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 1D, Strength 1D+1.* Special abilities: beak (STR+1D). Move: 29 (flying).

**Revirs.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: howl (6D stun, 10 meter radius), claws (STR+1), teeth (STR+1D). Move: 14.

**Mears.** *Dexterity 3D, missile weapons 4D+1, Perception 1D, Strength 3D, climbing/jumping 4D.* Special abilities: quilled horns (STR+2D, 3-10/15/20), hooves (STR+1D). Move: 9.

**Scrub Lizard.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 3D, search: tracking 5D,*

**sneak 5D, Strength 4D.** Special abilities: blood frenzy (if a scrub lizard can cause a wound when attacking a target, the lizard goes into a frenzy, giving it +1D to *Strength* and *Dexterity* actions), armor (+1D physical and energy), teeth (STR+1D), trample (4D damage). Move: 15.

**Necresh.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D). Move: 16.

**Draz.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+2D), claws (STR+1D). Move: 10.

**Aga.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, sneak 7D, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: bite (STR+1D), claws (STR+1D+2), clubbing attack (STR+2D), screech (target must make Easy *Perception* total or be stunned for one round, -1D to all actions), armor (+2D physical, +1D energy). Move: 9, orneriness 5D.

**Kilit.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 4D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: beak (STR+1D). Move: 38 (flying), orneriness 4D.

**Kro.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: bite (STR+2D). Move: 32.

From

## Battle for the Golden Sun:

**Twenchok.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 1D, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: amphibious (can survive and breathe both air and water), quills (can fire up to six quills per round; total 16 quills. A single quill does 2D+2 damage; six combined quills do 5D damage. Use *Dexterity* attribute to hit, with ranges 3-10/15/20). Move: 12 (swimming).

**Razort.** *Dexterity 5D, brawling parry 6D, Perception 3D, Strength 4D+2, swimming 5D.* Special abilities: dual attacks (razorts can make a second attack in a round without penalty; the third attack is at -1D, the fourth -2D, etc.), bite (STR-1D-1), razor tail (STR+1), armor (+2 to resist damage). Move: 14 (swimming).

From

## Death in the Undercity:

**Flailer.** *Dexterity 2D+2, Perception 4D, sneak 4D+1, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: camouflage (at ranges of greater than 20 meters, +2D for *sneak* to remain hidden; if *search* roll succeeds by 1-5 points, flailer is spotted but mistaken as a petroleum slick; if roll succeeds by 6 or more points, flailer is identified as a creature), razor teeth (STR damage; stunned or worse result causes cuts; blood spilled in battle may draw other dangerous creatures). Move: 15 (swimming).

**Choarn.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D+1, Strength 2D-6D\*.* Special abilities: blood frenzy (choarns are drawn by the scent of blood in ocean water; +1D to *search* for spilled blood at ranges of up to one kilometer; within 20 meters of blood, they go into a frenzy, receiving +1D to attack; when frenzied will attack any moving object, but will not parry attacks). Move: 15-35\* (swimming).

\* *Strength* and movement increases with the size of the creature. Most young adults will have the minimum statistics listed, but mature adults will tend to have the higher statistics listed.

**Lampfish.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 1D, Strength 8D-12D\*, brawling 9D\*.* Special abilities: lure (lampfish lure their targets with luminescent glowing tongues). Move: 5 (swimming).

\* Most lampfish will tend toward the minimum statistics listed here, but exceptional creatures can have the uppermost statistics listed here. The *brawling* skill is always 1D higher than the *Strength* attribute.

From

## Tatooine Manhunt:

**Krayt Dragon.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 1D+2, Strength 12D.* Special abilities: claws (STR-4D), bite (STR+3D). Move: 15.

From

## Planet of the Mists:

**Mosrk'teck.** *Dexterity 3D+1, Perception 3D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: advanced senses (+1D to *search* or *Perception* when using their senses of hearing and smell to track prey in Marca's dense swamps), teeth (STR+1D). Move: 16 (running), 14 (swimming), orneriness 6D.

**Swamp Serpent.** *Dexterity 2D+2, Perception 2D, Strength 1D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D), packs (these creatures can be found in "schools" of up to 15 members). Move: 11.

**Thunder Lizard.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 1D+2, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: armor (+1D), tail slap (STR-1D damage, but succeeding by 6 or more points knocks the target to the ground). Move: 10, orneriness 3D.

**Flutterer.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 1D.* Move: 20.

**Water Glider.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D, Strength 1D.* Move: 4.

**Swamp Shark.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: bite (STR-1), aggressive (will attack anything that passes



within 10 meters of them). Move: 13.

From

## The Game Chambers of Questal:

**Trompa.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 2D, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: stealth (trompas are quiet; +1D to *sneak*), claws (STR+2D+2). Move: 19.

**Caniphants.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 3D, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: bite (STR+1), sense of smell (+1D to *search: tracking* when tracking by scent). Move: 13.

From

## Otherspace:

**Floating Glob.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: tendrils (STR+1D), acid sac (6D+1; creature must be touching character), multi-attacks (have four tendrils and can make four attacks without multi-action penalty; the fifth action is at -1D to all actions; sixth action is at -2D, etc. If all four tendrils hit, character is entangled and drawn toward the glob's acid sac). Move: 6.

**Cathorn.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 1D, Strength 3D+1.* Special abilities: armor (+1D), claws (STR+2D+1), spiked tail (STR+1D). Move: 14.

From

## Domain of Evil;

reprinted in *Classic Adventures 2:*

**Monsails.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 3D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1), food value (grown monsail provides food for four meals). Move: 15 (swimming).

**Skinwings.** *Dexterity 3D+1, Perception 2D+1, Strength 2D+2.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D), food value (a skinwing provides food for two meals). Move: 18 (flying).

**Marsh Lizards.** *Dexterity 3D+1, Perception 2D+1, Strength 2D+2.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D), spiked tail (STR+1D), food value (marsh lizard provides food for three meals). Move: 15 (swimming), 10 (crawling).

**Morrils.** *Dexterity 3D, dodge 5D, Perception 2D+2, Strength 1D, climbing/jumping 6D.* Special abilities: food value (morrils provide one meal). Move: 15.

**Water Snakes.** *Dexterity 3D, dodge 4D, Perception 2D+2, sneak 4D+2, Strength 2D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+2D), food value

(water snakes provide two meals). Move: 10.

**Gallazes.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D+1, Strength 2D, running 4D, swimming 4D.* Special abilities: food value (gallazes provide three meals). Move: 10.

**Dream Snake.** *Dexterity 3D+2, Perception 3D+2, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D+2). Move: 10.

**Dark Lizard.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D+1, Strength 4D+2.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D). Move: 15.

**Watersnake.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D+2, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+2). Move: 15 (swimming).

**Dark Skinwings.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 2D+1, Strength 2D+2.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D). Move: 18 (flying).

**Carnivorous Plants.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 2D, Strength 3D+2, brawling: tendrils 4D+2.* Special abilities: tendrils (2D), teeth (STR+1D).

**Dark Tongue.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D)

**Dreambeast Dark Jedi.** *Dexterity 2D+1, Perception 3D, Strength 2D.* Move: 10. Lightsaber (5D).

**Dead Hunters.** *Dexterity 3D, Perception 3D, Strength 3D.* Move: 10. Blaster (4D).

**Swamp Beast.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, Strength 4D+2.* Special abilities: claws (STR+1D). Move: 10.

**Dreambeast Boba Fett.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, Strength 3D+2.* Move: 10. Blaster rifle (6D), jet pack (burst lasts one move and flies 100 meters horizontally or 30 meters vertically; has 10 bursts).

**Gorgand.** *Dexterity 5D+2, Perception 3D, Strength 5D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D), claws (STR+1D+1). Move: 15.

**Gorgand's Intestines.** *Dexterity 6D, Perception 1D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: crushing grip (1D damage first round, +1D damage per round attached).

**Lobster-heads.** *Dexterity 4D, Perception 3D, sneak 4D, Strength 4D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D), claws (STR+1D). Move: 10

**Cratniks.** *Dexterity 3D, dodge 5D, Perception 2D+1, sneak 3D+1, Strength 3D.* Special abilities: teeth (STR+1D). Move: 10.

**Dreambeast Wookiee.** *Dexterity 2D, melee combat 4D, Perception 1D, Strength 4D+1.* Move: 10. Vibroblade (STR+1D).

**Dreambeast Sand People.** *Dexterity 2D+1, blaster: blaster rifle 3D+1, melee combat: gaffi stick 4D, Perception 2D, Strength 3D+2.* Move: 10. Blaster rifle (5D), gaffi stick (STR+1D).

## Rules Errata

The following corrections regarding the Death Star stats come from several different products, including *The Movie Trilogy Sourcebook* and the *Death Star Technical Companion*.

**The Death Star.** The 5,000 turbolaser batteries and 5,000 heavy turbolasers were incorrectly labeled as starfighter scale weapons; they should be capital scale. The appropriate skill is *capital ship gunnery*.

**The Second Death Star.** The 15,000 turbolaser batteries and 15,000 heavy turbolasers were incorrectly labeled as starfighter scale weapons; they should be capital scale. The appropriate skill is *capital ship gunnery*.

Replace the 7,500 laser cannons listed as follows. These statistics represent several different laser cannon models used aboard the Death Star. (As an analogy, some blaster pistols, like the BlasTech DL-18, do 4D damage, while others, like the Elmainin Armaments SBP-200, do only 3D+2 damage.)

### 2,500 Laser Cannons

*Fire Arc:* Turret\*\*  
*Crew:* 3  
*Scale:* Capital  
*Skill:* Capital ship gunnery  
*Body:* 4D (capital scale)  
*Fire Control:* 1D  
*Space Range:* 1-5/10/15  
*Damage:* 7D

### 5,000 Laser Cannons

*Fire Arc:* Turret\*\*  
*Crew:* 3  
*Scale:* Starfighter  
*Skill:* Starship gunnery  
*Body:* 4D (capital scale)  
*Fire Control:* 1D  
*Space Range:* 1-5/10/15  
*Damage:* 7D



# About the Authors ...

**John Beyer** is a 34-year-old ex-Navy brat, ex-Coast Guardsman who absolutely fell in love with *Star Wars* on opening day. He's currently working for UPS and spends much of his free time sleeping and working on roleplaying game ideas. John keeps his friends busy by running them through adventures for *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* and *The World of Indiana Jones*.

**Thomas Bowling** is a professional writer who has had the pleasure of working with some very interesting characters. He has written roleplaying adventure sourcebooks for Sam Keith's *The Maxx* and Neil Adams' *Deathwatch 2000*. Tom lives in Baltimore, where he enjoys Orioles' baseball, studying World War II aviation history, and having power over all except that which is cyan.

**Paul Danner** is a freelance writer and *Star Wars* fan working toward a motion pictures/English degree at the University of Miami. Recently published in Dagger Comics, he enjoys movies, comic books, *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*, and arguing that "writing actually does constitute work" to his friends who have real jobs.

**Pablo Hidalgo** is a freelance artist from Winnipeg, Manitoba, who specializes in illustration and animation. He is a member of the Manitoba Society of Independent Animators, and co-instructs animation courses for young people. He has a disturbing amount of *Star Wars* trivia kicking around in his head, and does a mean Lobot impersonation.

"Lumrunners" is **Wayne Humfleet's** second *Star Wars Adventure Journal* article — "Swoop Gangs" appeared in *Journal* #6. He also contributed to the recently published *Star Wars* roleplaying game supplement *Heroes and Rogues*. Wayne is currently working as a network specialist in his hometown of Traverse City, Michigan.

From the West he came, **Timothy Squire O'Brien**, a mercenary writer quick and sharp-witted, wielding a mighty pen. Educated in the way of Dunni-Gan and the philosophy of Per-La, he battled many fierce editors and dread deadlines. In time he would come to trod the jeweled executive chairs of the game companies of the world beneath his tennis-shoed feet; these are the works of his early years.

**Angela Phillips**, a teacher in Hampton, Virginia, is glad to be working for West End Games because she can justify reading all those *Star Wars* novels as "research." For her, *Star Wars* isn't just an adventure, it's a job.



**John J. Richardson III** saw *Star Wars* in 1977, and it has since influenced him into pursuing a career in film. He has a bachelor of fine arts degree in film production from New York University and is pursuing a career in film editing. He lives with his wife Diane in New Jersey, and pursues such interests as *Star Wars* roleplaying, drawing, football, comic books, and 80's music.

**Tony Russo** is a technical writer and graphics specialist for a computer consultant in northern Virginia. Besides trying to branch out into other areas of fiction (including comic books and novels), he has already developed and run a live action version of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* — and hopes to generate interest in running more live action *Star Wars* adventures.

**Bill Smith** is the award-winning author of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition* and contributor to numerous other *Star Wars* projects. He is West End Games *Star Wars* line editor, a guiding force in shaping the roleplaying game universe. His *Star Wars: Essential Guide to Vehicles and Vessels* will be published by Ballantine Del Rey Books in March. He enjoys working at West End's headquarters on the ice planet of Hoth, but wishes he could commute in a Rebel snowspeeder.

**Paul Sudlow** maintains a full schedule of freelance and full-time game design and editing for West End Games. Between bouts of writing, he watches the cows who live across the street (no, real cows), listens to the radio, and drinks altogether too much Pepsi. After experiencing the dubious joys of editing on DOS systems when working as a Defense Department tech writer, he is pleased to be working on Macs full-time.

**John Whitman** is the executive editor for Time Warner AudioBooks. He's written interactive adventures for Brøderbund and Disney, and he's also written several *Star Wars* stories, including the best-selling audio adaptations to *Dark Empire* and *Dark Empire II*. John is the author of the forthcoming *Death Star* and *Millennium Falcon* pop-up books and an upcoming *Star Wars* middle-grade novel series. He flies with his blast shield down as often as possible.

## About the Artists ...

"Who do I have to kill?" was **Steve Bryant's** response when asked if he wanted to do *Star Wars* work for West End Games — leading to his work in *Galaxy Guide 12: Aliens — Enemies and Allies*, *Heroes and Rogues*, and *The Official Star Wars Adventure Journal*. In addition to

the movie trilogy, Steve cites Al Williamson's seminal *Star Wars* work as a major influence. A former art director for Game Designers Workshop, Steve currently works on staff at FASA and lives in the suburban wilds of Chicago with his wife and four companion animals. He looks forward to illustrating more *Star Wars* stuff for West End (yes, that is a hint).

**Matt Busch** spent a great deal of his childhood creating his own *Star Wars* comic books, fan clubs, "pop-up" books, fanzines and graphic novels. His first real job creating *Star Wars* art began in the *Journal*. Matt also designed and illustrated 20 items for the *Star Wars* game supplement *Fantastic Technology*. Currently living in Pasadena, California, Matt freelances for various magazines and motion picture companies.

**Dave Pilurs** is a self-taught artist who enjoys freelancing his computer-generated artwork. He has fond memories of waiting in line to see *Star Wars* on opening day, 1977, and was instantly drawn to *Star Wars*' distinctive starship designs. Dave's past work includes artwork for *Stock Ships* for West End Games' *Shatterzone*, and *NetRunner*, Wizards of the Coast's cyberpunk collectible card game.

**Doug Shuler** has been a freelance artist for eight years and has done work for many prominent game companies, including GDW, Steve Jackson Games, ICE, White Wolf, FASA, and West End Games. His illustrations continue to appear on new cards for *Magic: The Gathering* and *Jyhad* by Wizards of the Coast. A *Star Wars* fanatic, he lives in Boulder, Colorado, with his wife Jordi, their infant daughter, Brianna, and five maniac cats.

**Mike Vilardi** has been freelancing as an illustrator for eight years, breaking in with Game Designers Workshop and Digest Group before catching on with West End Games. "My very first WEG project was doing some pencils for *Paranoia (The Bot Abuser's Manual)*." While he may have grown up with *Star Wars*, Mike didn't buy much of the merchandise. "I've had to scramble to get whatever I can since much of it is a great help in producing illos ... and it's an excellent excuse to buy some really cool toys!" Of course, he has to share them with his two young children.





**I CAN'T BELIEVE I FORGOT TO  
ORDER MY COPY OF**

THE OFFICIAL

**STAR  
WARS**

**Adventure  
JOURNAL**

**Please send me  
four issues of the *Star Wars Adventure Journal*.**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Start my subscription with issue # \_\_\_\_\_

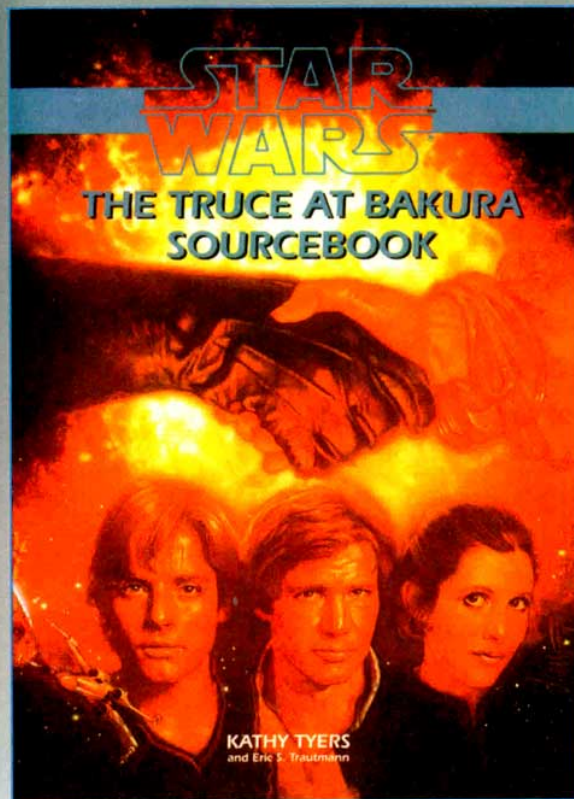
Send check or money order for \$35 (\$40 Foreign) to *Star Wars Adventure Journal*/Subscriptions, West End Games Ltd., RR 3 Box 2345, Honesdale, PA 18431-9560.

SWA/J09

**Don't get stuck in  
Imperial Customs  
with nothing  
good to read.**

**The *Star Wars*  
Adventure Journal,  
your source for new  
*Star Wars* material.**

® TM and © 1996 Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL). All Rights Reserved. Trademarks of LFL used by West End Games under authorization.  
Illustration by Chris Gossett.



from West End Games

**Available Now at:**

**B. Dalton**

Check the Yellow Pages for the B. Dalton Bookseller nearest you.

® TM & © 1996 Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL). All Rights Reserved.  
Trademarks of LFL used by West End Games under authorization.



## Your Source for New Star Wars Material!

Take a fascinating voyage through the *Star Wars* galaxy with *The Official Star Wars Adventure Journal*. Each issue features exciting adventures, new source material and tales from the *Star Wars* universe! The *Star Wars Adventure Journal* gives *Star Wars* fans original locations, characters and plots in their favorite fictional universe that they cannot find anywhere else.

Shannon Voorson was just a child living in the immense workers' quarters serving Kuat Freight Port. She enjoyed reading story platforms on her computer, and dabbling in slicing into the installation's data network. But when her cousin, Deen, came to visit the family, Shannon wanted to help him and his "friends," members of the Rebel Alliance. Despite opposition from her parents, Shannon uses her computer skills and her child-like charm to help her cousin and the Rebels. But can a little girl really pull it off? Follow Shannon's adventures as she begins *Slaying Dragons*.

### Other features in this issue include:

- *Combat Moon*, a trial to the death between the best warriors of two worlds embroiled in conflict.
- Seven tramp-freighters waiting to be purchased on the lot of *Fizzi's Slightly-Used Starships*.
- *Lumrunning*, a smugglers' guide to slipping illegal cargoes past Imperial Customs inspectors.
- A new column, *ISB Intercepts*, featuring readers' roleplaying game questions and answers from game editor Bill Smith.

ISBN 0-87431-408-9



0 18874 41009 2



41009

\$12.00