

Slaver's Chains

an adventure for *Star Wars: The Role-playing Game*

by James Macduff • Artwork courtesy of West End Games

Slaver's Chains is an adventure for the *Star Wars* RPG. It is designed for a mixed group of beginning and experienced PCs, allowing new characters to smoothly enter a preexisting campaign. However, with a little adjustment, it can be made to fit just about any campaign, and inexperienced characters are hardly necessary to run the adventure.

The players' stalwart band of rebels must gather vital information on a nefarious band of outlaw slavers. Executing a dangerous boarding of the slavers' ship while in hyperspace, they inadvertently cause an engine malfunction, sending the vessel careening towards an occupied planet. They must avoid crash-landing, salvage the information they need, and escape, all while being pursued by both the angry slavers and the local Imperials.

New PCs will take the role of slaves on the *Tarnta's Fang*, a slaver ship destined for the outlaw's headquarters. They will have a chance to cast off their chains and perhaps join the Alliance once the rebels board. Older characters can portray the rebel commando team, poised to strike at the slaver's operations.

Players can use any characters they wish; if pressed for ideas, there are ready-made templates located at the end of the adventure.

Slaver's Chains has been designed to allow a certain amount of leeway in terms of how it progresses. Parts of the adventure have been deliberately left vague for GMs to fill in with their own details. The information below should be used as a guide, not a strict fiat.

The Situation

For the last five years or so, a large band of slavers has been operating out of the Elrood sector. They use the rather innocuous name "Consolidations Unlimited," but both their business associates and their victims know how terrible their profession really is. With an elaborate system of informants and an intimate knowledge of shipping schedules and travel lanes, they have launched devastating attacks on settlements and personnel transports in the region, taking the strongest and fiercest as captives. They have an uncanny ability to know when and where to attack, siting only the targets that produce the greatest amounts of "quality product." As is often the case, the Empire has turned a blind eye to these pirates, considering the elimination of "undesirables" under their chains to be a boon.

The Rebel Alliance has recently learned of this nefarious band and vowed to put an end to their activities. Besides the humanitarian concerns and the desire to eliminate a thoroughly odious business, the destruction of Consolidations Unlimited would curry favor for the Rebellion within the sector. Furthermore, it would subtly demonstrate the Empire's incompetence to both legitimate and illegitimate interests. To this end, they have sent a small group of commandos — the player characters — to locate their base of operations and transmit the coordinates back to headquarters. Once the Alliance knows where the slavers are, they can launch a full strike against them, destroying their power base — and hopeful-



Parrying 45

SCORE -4

Tell opponent: "No restrictions next turn."

2	5	18	37	34	25
4	63	20	29	36	15
6	17	22	11	38	49
8	33	24	15	40	5
10	3	26	63	42	5
12	3	28	3	44	17
14	9	30	5	46	43
16	1	32	9	48	17

46



Ax Cracked 47

SCORE -1

Tell opponent: "Do no Orange next turn, and if receiving 6 damage points or more then subtract 4 from all ax attacks for the rest of the game."

2	5	18	19	34	25
4	63	20	29	36	15
6	17	22	11	38	49
8	19	24	15	40	19
10	45	26	47	42	45
12	45	28	19	44	17
14	45	30	19	46	19
16	57	32	9	48	17

48

49 Slashing Spear



Tell opponent: "Do no Sword or Shield attacks next turn."

50 45	58 41
52 23	60 11
54 9	62 19
56 17	64 53

50

51 X-Range, Slashing Spear



Tell opponent: "Do only X-Range Spear attacks or Brown next turn."

50 21	58 49
52 61	60 11
54 9	62 55
56 57	64 57

52

ly freeing hundreds of slaves who would be more than happy to join the rebellion.

The Slavers

Consolidations Unlimited was founded by an opportunistic smuggler by the name of Tarnta Bane. Taking advantage of the recent chaos caused by the rebellion, Tarnta has gathered a small army of equally ruthless scum and promptly begun carving out his own little criminal empire. The slavers have utilized a fiendishly simple *modus operandi* — they kidnap friends or relatives of star-port controllers, customs officials, militia captains, and anyone else with information they need, then blackmail them into providing regular data for the organization. In some cases, they simply plant a transponder program in the proper computer system, allowing the slavers access to particular pieces of information. In others, a more permanent relationship is required and the victim's loved one is held captive for months or years on end. In any case, this web of reluctant informants has provided Tarnta and his band with everything they need to strike quickly, take what they need, and vanish before any kind of help arrives.

Consolidations Unlimited operates out of Vicerv 3, a small planetoid hidden deep within a nearly-destroyed system. A nearby gas giant provides Vicerv with a barren, but survivable atmosphere, and the increasing profits of the operation have allowed a veritable fortress to be constructed beneath the surface. Comfortable living quarters and all manner of amusements are available for Tarnta's men, as well as a docking platform for attack ships, a well-stocked arsenal, and an entire floor of slave pens designed to hold their product. No one but the slavers and their captives is ever brought here; buys are conducted at a neutral site and everyone within the operation is totally loyal to Tarnta.

Raids are typically carried out through the use of several huge frigates refitted for slave trading and

numerous smaller vessels of one kind or another. They occasionally attack under-defended settlements, but usually choose personnel transports carrying large numbers of passengers. They typically force the ship out of hyperspace, board it, and move directly towards their pre-specified targets (Wookies and other such creatures are highly prized, as are beautiful women and underground species such as Ugnaughts). After securing their victims, they disable the ship if possible and retreat before any serious opposition organizes. This process continues again and again, over a period of weeks, until the holds are full.

Once captured, potential slaves are tagged with restraint collars, herded together into pens and shipped to Vicerv. From there, they are cleaned up, holo-taped for sales pitches, and if necessary, broken into accepting their new lifestyle. The slave drivers of C.U. are very talented, and ensure that there is no permanent damage to their product during this process.

Thus far, no one has been able to get a mark on Consolidations Unlimited. They strike fast, move quickly, and vanish before anyone knows what's going on. That, however, is about to change.



The Mission

As stated earlier, Imperial authorities have been reluctant to do anything about Consolidations Unlimited. As long as Tarnta and company do not inordinately disrupt Imperial shipping or harass "decent" Imperial citizens, the local magistrate will happily ignore their depredations. Several weeks ago, however, one of C.U.'s blackmailed informants had had enough. He discreetly contacted the Alliance and asked for their help. The rebels agreed.

The biggest difficulty the Alliance faces in dealing with Consolidations Unlimited is getting a decent bead on them. Lacking the resources to patrol the sector and unwilling to tangle directly with the

An Adventure for Star Wars

local Imperials, the rebels need to know exactly where C.U. is based before launching their strike. Through their informant, they have been able to plant a single mole (one of the PCs) onboard a transport slated for attack. A combination beacon/microphone has been planted beneath the mole's skin that will permit a small group of commandos (the other players) to both monitor his situation and follow the slaver's ship.

The official plan runs as follows: the mole will allow himself to be taken by the slavers. Once onboard, he will assess the situation and attempt to engineer a revolt amongst the other slaves. Whether the revolt succeeds is not the issue; it is merely designed to distract the slavers from the other rebels. At the proper moment, the rebel commandos will board the ship, locate the bridge, record the coordinates to Vicerv from the navicomputer and depart. If they're lucky, the slave revolt will be successful, and they can pilot the now-captured ship back to headquarters. If not, they must depart and leave the rescue operation for later (the mole will have to suffer until the strike force arrives).

The *Morrt*

The *Morrt* is an experimental vessel that the Rebellion has loaned to the players in order to board the slaver ship. It is a three-man craft designed to latch onto another vessel while in hyperspace, bore a hole in the hull and allow a commando unit access to the "host ship."

Essentially just a big engine with a cockpit attached, the *Morrt* combines the hyperspace capacity of long-range fighters with the hull penetration of classic Corellian boarding skiffs. It is designed to ride behind the host ship in hyperspace, gliding along in the wake of the hyperdrive engines. When the time is right, it accelerates alongside of the host, latches to the side and uses the edge of the cockpit to drill a hole in the hull. With the addition of mass and weight, the hyperdrive will be forced to deal with a new set of figures. Safety routines will click into place and the ship should drop out of hyperspace just as the *Morrt's* crew begins to board. This has the twin benefits of halting the host's movement, and allowing it to be attacked by larger ships in the area.

That's the theory, anyway. The players are expected to see how well it works when they board the slavers' ship.

Stats for the *Morrt*

Type: experimental boarding ship

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 15 meters

Skill: Starfighter piloting 4D (at least)

Crew: 1 plus 2 passengers

Cargo Capacity: 50 kilograms

Consumables: 1 week

Hyperdrive multiplier: x2

Hyperdrive back-up: none

Navicomputer: Yes

Maneuverability: 4D

Space: 10

Atmosphere: like a turkey dropped from a B-52

Hull: 4D

Shields: None

Sensors:

Passive: 20/0D

Scan: 40/1D

Search: 65/1D+1

Focus: 3/5D

Weapons: none

The *Morrt's* hull is designed to reduce the engine signal, making it very difficult for enemy sensors to detect. It can approach stealthily, leap into hyperspace alongside its host, and glide along smoothly until boarding operations commence.

Plotline

Capture

Play begins with the capture of the Rebel mole. He (she) has been planted aboard the *Shining Comet*, a lower class personnel transport en route from Lanthrym to Bodrin. The character has been provided with a universal lockpick — planted within his jawbone — and a two way transponder radio/microphone, imbedded in the skull behind his right ear. With it, he can communicate with the rest of the commando squad (lurking nearby in the *Morrt*) and allow them to track him through deep space.

The *Comet* is a dingy, clanky, unkempt hole of a freighter, designed to pack as many people on as possible. The mole will be assigned a bunk in a communal living quarters, with four other passengers in the same room. Recreational facilities are at an absolute minimum on the ship, although the viewing deck provides a spectacular view of the surrounding stars. Those not on the viewing deck generally stick to their quarters.

GMs should feel free to role-play any encounters on the *Comet* they see fit. The crew is for the most part sullen and uncommunicative, concerned more with doing their job than making chit-chat with others. Most of the passengers are poor migrant laborers, leaving Lanthrym for greener pastures. They tend to be reserved, yet optimistic sorts, hopeful about their prospects for the future. A smattering of criminals and ne'er-do-wells may have found themselves on board as well, and one may try to take the mole for a ride (GM's discretion).

At the proper moment, the *Comet* should suddenly shudder, as if struck, and the engines will grind to a halt. The slaver's flagship, *Tarnta's Fang* has disabled the engines, and its crew of cutthroats is in the midst of boarding the vessel.

Strength Draining Touch 49



Tell opponent: "No restrictions, and if on a score page, go to page 19 and drain +3 of my Body Points. See Character Sheet."

50	45	58	41
52	23	60	11
54	9	62	31
56	17	64	53

50

X-Range Strength Draining Touch 51



Tell opponent: "Do X-Range next turn, and if on a score page, go to page 35 and drain 3 of my Body Points. See Character Sheet."

50	21	58	49
52	61	60	11
54	9	62	55
56	57	64	57

52

53 Body Wound



SCORE 3

Tell opponent: "Do only Green or Yellow next turn."

50 31	58 35
52 33	60 11
54 45	62 35
56 17	64 3

54

55 X-Range Escaping



Tell opponent: "Do only X-Range next turn, or you may choose to escape; if you escape, the game is over and I win."

50 39	58 51
52 61	60 59
54 9	62 55
56 17	64 3

56

Having no defenses and little incentive to prevent the takeover, the crew will stand by as slavers stride down the corridors, blasters in hand. Those few passengers who fight back are ruthlessly gunned down. Allow the player to conduct any action he wants, but unarmed as he is, he shouldn't prove much of a match for the hardworking employees of Consolidations Unlimited. Treat any slavers encountered as Imperial Army Troops from the SWRPG rulebook.

The player's passivity (or fighting spirit, whichever he most exudes) will be rewarded by a brief visit from Tarnta Bane himself. He will stride into the character's quarters, flanked by a pair of guards.

Tarnta Bane:

Dexterity 4D+1: blaster 6D+2, dodge 5D, melee combat 6D, melee parry 6D, running 5d+2

Knowledge 3D: business (slaving) 7D, intimidation 6D +2, planetary systems 4D, streetwise 7D, survival 4D

Mechanical 3D: astrogation 4D, space transports 5D, starship piloting 6D, starship gunnery 4D+1

Perception 4D: bargain 6D+2, command 7D, con 7D, hide 5D, search 5D+2, sneak 5D+1

Strength 2D+1: brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 3D, stamina 4D

Technical 2D+2: first aid 3D, starship repair 3D

Tarnta is a seeming anomaly among the slaving community: a jovial, boisterous man who genuinely likes people. The ethical connotations of his job just haven't hit him, and he doesn't let the abject misery of others get in the way of his good time. He enjoys seeing his men made happy and puts his other business associates at ease with his boyish charm and easy smile. Even the slaves are given friendly treatment; he treats his profession like some kind of grand game in which his victims are the losers ("better luck next time, big guy!"). His jocularly should not be confused with frivo-

lousness, however, and he will kill those who cross him with the same passion and glee he exudes over the rest of his life.

Tarnta dresses in no-nonsense clothing designed for close combat fighting. He carries twin blasters stuffed into his belt like a pirate and a wrist communicator on his right hand. His black hair is tied back in a pony-tail and his eyes flash with a deep-set love of his job.

"So, this is the prize we've heard about," he booms at the mole in a good-natured voice. "Let's hope you're all you're cracked up to be, my pretty pet." Allow the player to engage in any witty repartee he wishes at this point. When the conversation has run its course (or as soon as the character does something threatening), Tarnta's guards step forward, subdue him with stunsticks (6D stun damage) if necessary, and latch a restraining collar around his neck.

As always, the slavers will waste little time procuring their other victims. Within twenty-five minutes, they will have found who they needed, stunned and collared them, and returned to the *Tarnta's Fang*, which is preparing to go to light-speed.

Meanwhile, the commandos on board the *Morrt* will be able to make their move as soon as the slavers launch their attack. The pilot must maneuver the *Morrt* into the general vicinity of the *Tarnta's Fang*, then wait for the slaver ship to fire up its hyperspace engines. The pilot must make a Moderate starfighter piloting roll to avoid being spotted by the slavers; give a bonus for particularly clever ways of getting close (if the character keeps the *Comet* between them and the slaver ship, for example).

Revolt/Boarding

The mole will be dragged the *Tarnta's Fang*, and led down to the slave holds along with seven other captives. He will be stunned and shackled to a wall, left there to suffer until the slavers return to Vicerv.



In contrast to the *Shining Comet*, the *Fang* is a clean, efficient, well-run vessel. (For statistical purposes, treat the *Fang* as a modified Corellian frigate as per the rulebook pg. 119. It fires twelve turbolaser cannons instead of the usual six, and has a crew capacity of 50. Up to two-hundred slaves can be held in the storage areas, which have been converted to pens. In all other aspects, it matches the listed stats of a Corellian frigate.)



Tarnta expects his men to keep their quarters clean, and to conduct themselves as professionally as possible — the fun of raids should never translate over to sloppiness. The atmosphere of the *Fang* reflects this philosophy. The walls and floors glow with a soft white light, the corridors are free of debris, and dirt and dust are never given a chance to coalesce.

The slave pens, however, are another story. Dark, poorly lit and crowded, a few hours in them is enough to turn most captives into gibbering wrecks. Slaves are swiftly taken down to the dual holding floors, where they are chained to the wall and forced to crowd in with hundred of others. Food is distributed in buckets and no provisions

are made for the captives' hygiene (Tarnta finds such conditions a useful way to break the slaves' will — they are cleaned up and made healthy before being presented to buyers). Pens are divided into upper and lower sections, with a central catwalk dividing the floor down the middle. The shackles prevent any of the slaves from reaching the catwalk.

The slave pens are overseen by Nuubsal the Hutt, a frustrated, pathetic member of his odious species.

Nuubsal the Hutt
Dexterity 2D+2

Knowledge 2D: intimidation 6D, value 3D

Body Wound 53



SCORE 6

Tell opponent: "Do only Green or Yellow next turn."

50 31	58 35
52 33	60 11
54 45	62 35
56 17	64 3

54

Escaping 55



Tell opponent: "No restrictions next turn, or you may choose to escape; if you escape, the game is over and I win."

50 39	58 51
52 61	60 59
54 9	62 55
56 17	64 3

56

57 X-Range Blocking and Attacking



Tell opponent: "Do only X-Range next turn and you may change weapons."

50 39	58 49
52 33	60 11
54 35	62 55
56 35	64 57

58

59 X-Range Thrusting Spear



Tell opponent: "Do only X-Range Spear attacks or Brown next turn."

50 53	58 49
52 33	60 11
54 13	62 35
56 57	64 57

60

Mechanical 2D

Perception 3D: bargain 4D, con 4D, persuasion 4D

Strength 4D: stamina 7D

Technical 1D+1

Nuubsal's clan was on the losing end of an extended intra-Hutt conflict, and its survivors have been scattered throughout the galaxy. Nuubsal tried his hand at the covert, manipulative form of crime that his race excels at, but never quite got the hang of it. He's been reduced to actual physical labor, acting as the slave driver for Tarnta's band. Needless to say, this has made him bitter, caustic and hateful to every being he meets. Since he can't challenge Tarnta or any of his other associates for a position of real importance, he takes out his frustrations on the slaves. He can be found waddling up and down the catwalk, shocking passive captives with a stun stick and following it up with some witty comment. He enjoys pitting the slaves against each other, forcing them to fight over food, supplies and preferential treatment (i.e., not getting stunned into unconsciousness). This is the closest the miserable Hutt can get to the vaunted manipulation his race is famous for.

Nuubsal always has a contingent of four guards with him, in case of serious difficulties (treat as Imperial Army Troops — they are armed with an assortment of blasters).

Once things have settled down a bit and the ship is under way, the mole will be free to interact with Nuubsal or with any of his fellow prisoners. There are approximately one hundred slaves here, having been captured on a series of raids stretching back several months. Many of them are frightened and demoralized, but a few have nurtured a healthy hate for their captors. None of them is so far gone that they wouldn't revolt against their captors if the opportunity presents itself.

This is the point where new characters can enter the game. PC slaves should be chained up near the mole and allowed to quietly interact with him. If no characters are playing slaves, substitute Jarson and Ch'thoqua from the Appendix. In any case, however, a few minutes talk and a presentable means of unlocking the chains (i.e. the lockpick) should be enough to get them on their feet. Depending on how the character handles it, word could spread quickly throughout the entire cell, alerting all of the slaves of a means to freedom. Or it could be just the players breaking their chains and lurching wildly up at Nuubsal. It is up to individual players and GMs to decide exactly how to play the slave revolt.

Any talking above a whisper is likely to attract the attention of Nuubsal, who will apply his stunstick with vicious glee to any transgressors. If talk of escape is widespread, he will be stunning a great many captives, which may be the spark that sets everybody off.

Meanwhile, the other stalwart commandos should be following developments in the slave hold via the transponder. The *Morrt* will have gone into hyperspace quite easily, and should now be wafting quietly behind the *Tarnta's Fang* (Easy piloting rolls to avoid alerting the slavers to their presence). They should be able to make suggestions to the mole concerning the particulars of the slave pen and revolt, but anything they say or do must be channeled through him.

Once they feel the time is right, they can put the *Morrt* into action. It will require a Difficult piloting roll to maneuver the ship out of the *Fang's* wake without colliding with the engines (Force points should be encouraged here). From there, they need to match speeds with the *Fang*, pick a good spot to attach, and engage the ships boarding program. A series of claws will appear from housings lodged around the cockpit. A sharp burst from the engines will shoot the *Morrt* towards the *Fang's* hull, where the claws dig in and begin to superheat the surrounding metal. Within seconds, a seal is made, the hull is broken through, and the entire front end of the cockpit opens forward like a flower petal, giving the crew access to the ship (exactly where depends on where the pilot decided to board and the GM's whim — a nice corridor somewhere is probably best). As they prepare to board, however, the ship should lurch terribly, and an horrible shudder will cause the surrounding metal to buckle. Have everyone make a Moderate dodge roll in order to stay on their feet. Those who fail take 1D damage.

Landing

Some of the calculations regarding the *Morrt's* ability to bring a ship out of hyperspace were a wee bit flawed, and the *Fang's* hyperdrive has gone belly-up from the stress caused by the connection. The good news at this point is that the *Morrt* has indeed opened a hole in the *Fang*, and the Rebels are now free to charge through the corridors at their leisure. The bad news is that the connection has done irreparable damage to the hyperdrive, the lurch back into realspace has caused a nasty explosion, and the ship is now spiraling hopelessly out of control. If they haven't already, the shuddering ship causes the slaves to finally make a bolt for freedom, overpowering their guards and forcing their way towards the upper decks.

The characters' orders are to find the bridge and download the coordinates to Vacerv from the navicomputer. In light of the *Fang's* malfunctioning, however, they may want to change their plans. The engineering section is currently leaking flaming debris into space, so attempts to gain control of the ship from there are going to be a bit touchy. If they somehow get through the boiling plasma and avoid getting sucked out into space, they will find the controls here completely useless. Some players may want to go down to assist the slave revolt, others may want to hunt down the slavers before they can escape (the *Fang* is

An Adventure for Star Wars

equipped with emergency lifeboats). A few may even want to find the escape pods or go back to the *Morrt* and get the heck out of Dodge.

In any case, the entire crew has been alerted, and with the slave revolt underway, is expecting trouble. The commandos should have a firefight or two on their hands before they get to where they want to go. Rebellious slaves will soon be wandering the halls as well, and might not be particular about who they shoot at. Sympathetic slaves may want to join the rebels in a burst for freedom, and in any case, there should be at least one opportunity to hook up with the mole. Everyone should also make routine dodge checks of varying difficulty to avoid taking light damage as the ship continues to pitch and yaw.

The only place to regain control of the vessel is the bridge. The *Fang's* officers have been running around like headless chickens trying desperately to correct what is rapidly becoming an overwhelming problem. When (if) the players enter, there will be five slavers scattered about the bridge, all operating various controls. They will open fire if the players make hostile acts (again, treat as Imperial Army Troops), but are otherwise too busy trying to keep the *Fang* from exploding to notice anything else. Tarnta Bane is not among them (he's trying to quell the revolt).

Luckily, the *Fang* came out of hyperspace near an inhabited system. Darstell 4 is a fairly pleasant little planet located along a minor-league shipping lane. Its primary continental mass consists mainly of softly rolling hills, and the many settlements dotting its surface have achieved a harmonious balance with the surrounding ecosystem. The local Imperials are able to keep order with a minimum of strong-arming, and the quiet flux of trav-

elers along the trade route does little to ruffle the native's feathers. Things on Darstell are by and large fairly peaceful.

That, however, is about to change. Unless exploding in a ball of amazing Lucasfilm™ special effects somehow appeals to your players, the best hope is to land the *Fang* somewhere on the planet. It will take three Difficult starship piloting rolls to maneuver the burning *Fang* into Darstell's atmosphere and engage the landing cycle. The slaver's current pilot has a skill of 3D+2, but is unwilling to hand the conn over to anyone else — he may take some persuading if more competent characters want to take control.

Clever players will doubtless want to access the navicomputer and fulfill their mission. Once again, they will need to persuade the slaver there to abandon his post. It takes a Moderate astrogration roll to call up the *Fang's* flight plans and download them onto a storage disk. Once the slaver realizes what the player is trying to do, he will do whatever it takes to stop him.

Any number of things could happen during this time to further disrupt player activities. An enraged mob of slaves could break in and attack everyone. Tarnta Bane could return and decide to kill the players on general principles. The possibilities are limited only by how nasty the GM feels.

The Crash

Hopefully, the characters will be able to guide the *Tarnta's Fang* towards Darstell and engage the landing cycle, thus preventing the hideous death of all on board. Unfortunately, the ship has picked the worst possible place on the planet to crash — the Governor's palace in the heart of the capital



X-Range Blocking and Attacking 57



Tell opponent: "Do only X-Range next turn."

50 39	58 49
52 33	60 11
54 35	62 55
56 35	64 57

58

X-Range Cursing 59



Tell opponent: "Do X-Range next turn, and if on a score page, you may direct me once in the future to 'Do Yellow or Blue' in place of another restriction."

50 31	58 49
52 33	60 11
54 13	62 35
56 57	64 57

60

61 X-Range Dodging

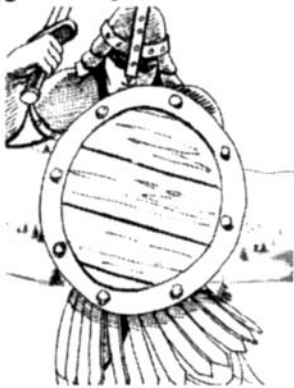


Tell opponent: "Do only X-Range next turn and add +2 if you score. You may change weapons."

50 39	58 51
52 61	60 59
54 57	62 55
56 57	64 57

62

63 Blocking With Shield



Tell opponent: "Do no Orange next turn."

50 7	58 51
52 35	60 35
54 9	62 55
56 17	64 3

64

city of Symt. Burning like a meteor, it streaks right down on top of building's central tower, landing *Morr*-side down in front of Governor Bellows and his tea. The building will crack and large chunks will come tumbling all over everything. Everyone on board will suffer 2D damage for every unsuccessful starship piloting roll made during the landing. (Oh yeah, and the *Morr* will be destroyed beyond repair — the Alliance can bill them.)

Governor Bellows is not one to take the destruction of his living quarters lying down, and orders his troops to take down anyone they find in the wreckage. As survivors stagger from the *Fang* they will be fired upon or subdued, slavers, slaves and rebels alike. At least twenty Imperial stormtroopers survived the crash and will promptly begin poking through the wreckage, looking for other survivors to kill. Furthermore, a large percentage of the slavers are alive and kicking, and now now want some payback. The characters will have to deal with twofold threats of cranky slavers inside the *Fang* and cranky stormtroopers outside.

Fortunately, they have a large number of ram-paging ex-slaves on their side (sort of), who are fleeing the ship and won't be easily deterred by people shooting at them. In all the chaos and confusion, a determined band should be able to effect an escape. As long as they don't draw inordinate attention to themselves, they should be able to slip out of the palace and into the city beyond. A large crowd has gathered to watch the destruction and carnage, making escape that much easier. Exact details, again, are up to the GM.

Symt is a fairly high-technology city of approximately one million beings. It contains a modest underworld element and a fair amount of crime, although its small size keeps things from getting tremendously out of hand. Streetwise characters should be able to blend in without a considerable amount of difficulty. Once the fireworks settle down, however, the players will have a new problem on their hands. Governor Bellows has ordered a quarantine of the entire system until the "miscreants" who crashed their ship on him can be apprehended. He lacks the ships to physically prevent anyone from leaving, but anyone who does so will find themselves wanted by the Imperial authorities wherever they go. Stormtroopers will begin methodically searching for slavers and slaves alike, throwing anyone they catch into the stockade.

The players will have to dodge the troop patrols and find a way off the planet before they end up back in chains. Exactly how the players manage to leave is up to the GM. Stealing a ship is a possibility, and there are enough unsavory smugglers about who would be willing to break quarantine and take them off-planet if the price is right. Whatever the players come up with, make sure enough pressure is there to keep them on the move. Darstell is not the place to be right now, and leaving is in everyone's best interests.

Furthermore, Tarnta Bane managed to escape the wreckage at the palace and is extremely upset. With his operation in shambles, he will become obsessed with hunting down the characters and making them pay. He could cause quite a few problems to their escape attempts, and eventually force a showdown before they can leave. Or he can go on even further to become a recurring villain for the players. Catching them has become a new game for Tarnta, and he wants to make sure he wins this one...

Players should be awarded between five and ten Character Points for the adventure, depending on how well they performed and how much fun everyone had.

Appendix: Ready To Play Characters

The Slaves

Jarson Andekers: Jarson is the sort of cocky, brash, shuttle pilot that infests every starport in the galaxy. He was taken captive because of his mechanical skills and because he was able to convince Tarnta not to kill him outright. Unfortunately, his skills don't work with Nuubsal, and he has quickly found himself at the top of the Hutt's List of People to Harm. He therefore tries very hard to avoid attracting attention, and is content to wait and bide his time for an escape attempt.

Dexterity 3D+1: blaster 4D+1

Knowledge 2D: language 3D

Mechanical 3D: space transports 4D

Perception 4D: con 5D, forge 5D, persuade 6D

Strength 2D

Technical 3D+2

Ch'thoqua: Ch'thoqua was a Tusken Raider whose tribe was wiped out by Imperials on Tatooine. After performing the traditional mourning rituals, he left the Jundland Wastes for the first time and traveled to Anchorhead, where he caught a shuttle off-world. His intention was to link up with the Alliance and exact some revenge, but he was unused to the cloak and dagger tactics such contact required. He was spotted by an Imperial bureaucrat who pointed him out to Consolidations Unlimited, and quickly found himself in slaver's chains.

Dexterity 3D: melee 4D

Knowledge 3D: intimidation 4D, survival 4D

Mechanical 2D

Perception 4D: hide 5D, sneak 5D

Strength 4D: brawling 6D

Technical 2D

The pair have been in chains for just a few weeks, and have come to trust each other a great deal. Ch'thoqua has even begun thinking of



Jarson as a new, "surrogate tribe," and will go to great lengths to protect him. Both of them are very anxious to escape. A serious opportunity to put the harm on their captors would be even more welcome than a shot at freedom.

The Mole

Cermack Rustill: Cermack's high-gravity planet produced a large number of Endomorphs, and was thus singled out by the Empire as a source of slave labor. His family was pressed into servitude while he was off planet, and he joined the Alliance as soon as he got the news. He hopes to find and rescue them someday, and sees the Rebellion as the best chance of doing that.

Cermack is a quiet, thoughtful man whose intelligence belies his huge size. He will be cautious in his instigation of the revolt, as he has no wish to die before finding his family.

Dexterity 2D: blaster 3D

Knowledge 3D+2: languages 5D+2, streetwise 4D+2

Mechanical 2D+1

Perception 3D: con 5D, hide 4D

Strength 4D

Technical 3D

The Commandos

Selnia Trigg: Selnia was a page for Senator Bail Organa and one of the earliest members of the Rebel Alliance. The destruction of her home planet of Alderaan has left her withdrawn and distant, and she now goes about her duties with an almost clinical detachment. J'rek de Mahdavi has opened her up a bit, but she feels that any display of emotion will betray the devastation of her world. She follows orders well and demonstrates considerable field initiative during her missions.

She is somewhat upset at receiving this assignment, preferring assaults on Imperials rather than a "PR tangle" with comparatively minor criminals.

Dexterity 3D: blaster 3D+2, dodge 3D+1

Knowledge 4D: bureaucracy 5D

Mechanical 2D+1: astrogation 3D+1, capital ship piloting 4D+1

Perception 4D: command 6D

Strength 2D

Technical 2D+2

Ne Thruska: "One cannot be betrayed if one has no 'people'." That's the guiding philosophy of Ne Thruska, a Bothan pilot of unparalleled skill. Trained early on as a spy, Ne has developed a sense of paranoia that rivals most in the Alliance. He prefers missions alone, and dislikes trusting his back to anyone. As such, he usually serves as a scout pilot and rarely comes into contact with any rebels save Selnia, his C.O. He was chosen to test the *Morr* mainly for his talents, but also to teach him a little about the merits of trust.

Dexterity 3D+1: vehicle blasters 4D+1

Knowledge 2D: planetary systems 3D

Mechanical 4D: astrogation 5D, capital ship piloting 6D, starfighter piloting 6D

Perception 2D+1

Strength 2D+1

Technical 4D

J'rek de Mahdavi: J'rek de Mahdavi is a student of the Force, a pseudo-Jedi who is just beginning to understand his capabilities. He's a good soldier who understands the concept of mercy, and was sent on this raid to help quell any misunderstandings that may develop with the revolting slaves. J'rek is a very sensitive young man who feels the pain of his comrades acutely. He's tried to bring Selnia and Ne out of their shells, but so far has achieved only limited success. His greatest ambition is to one day leave the fighting behind him, and study the mysteries of the Force in peace and seclusion.

Dexterity 3D: melee combat 5D, melee parry 4D

Knowledge 3D: alien languages 4D


Mechanical 2D

Perception 3D: command 4D+2

Strength 2D: stamina 3D+1

Technical 2D

Force Points: 1

Special Abilities: control 1D, sense 1D, alter 1D. Seven Force powers of the player's choosing. 

X-Range Dodging 61



Tell opponent: "Do only X-Range next turn and add +2 if you score."

50 39	58 51
52 61	60 59
54 57	62 55
56 57	64 57

62

Blocking With Ax 63



Tell opponent: "Do no Red or Orange next turn."

50 7	58 51
52 35	60 35
54 9	62 55
56 17	64 3

64