

# STAR WARS®

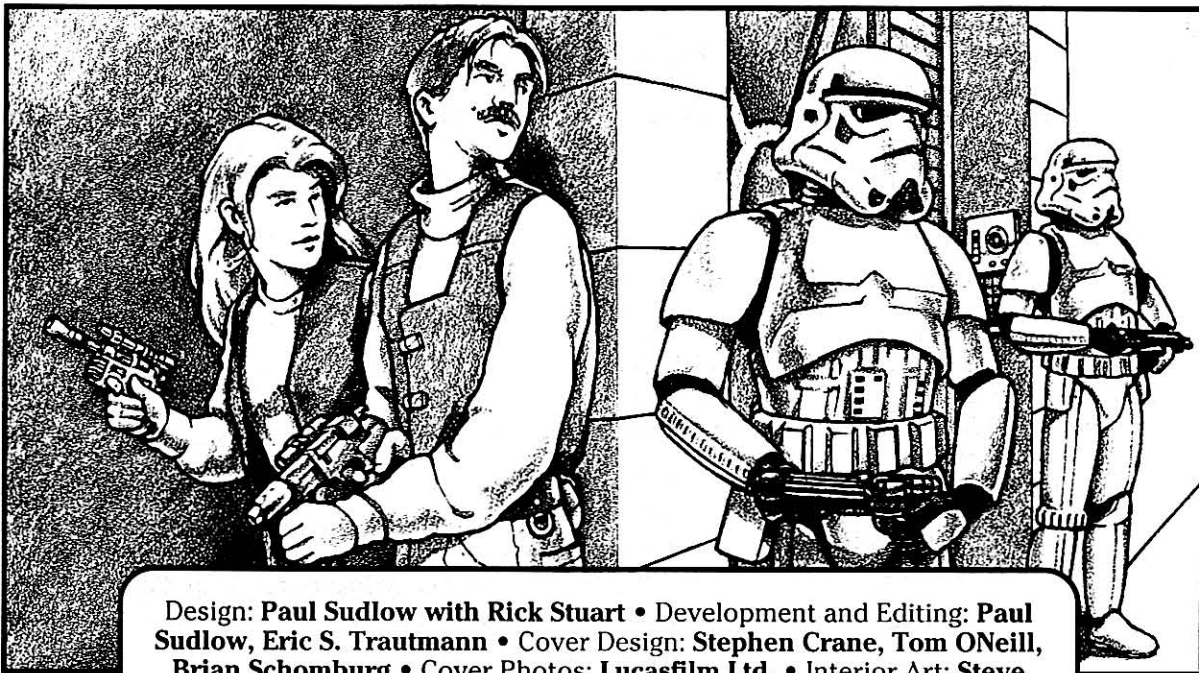
## HEROES & ROGUES



**WEST  
END  
GAMES®**

# STAR WARS®

## HEROES AND ROGUES



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# Introduction

It's a big galaxy out there ... a galaxy full of incredible places to visit, daring deeds to do, and exciting people to meet. Perhaps more than any other aspect of play it is the people of the galaxy "far, far away" that makes *Star Wars: The Role-playing Game, Second Edition* so enjoyable.

## New Dimensions

*Heroes and Rogues* contains dozens of exciting character templates. Ever wonder what it might be like to roleplay one of the Empire's top undercover operatives? Does the thought of being a galactic big game hunter appeal to you? Think you could get rich as an enterprising arms merchant working both sides of a dirty outer Rim border war? With *Heroes and Rogues*, you can play any of these roles, and many more.

The classic *Star Wars* campaign is one in which heroic Rebels clash with the dreaded Empire and its many minions. The game has been structured to accommodate this style of play from the very

beginning, and many *Star Wars* roleplayers enjoy "saving the galaxy" on a routine basis. This is a natural style of play, given the *Star Wars* saga as a model.

Others prefer to run characters who account for little in the great scheme of things, but lead complicated, interesting, and often *dangerous* lives nonetheless. They are the smugglers, the bounty hunters, and the gamblers, the members of fringe society who get by day-to-day, only occasionally rising to thwart the Empire. Players can find ready models for this style of play in the pages of Brian Daley's *Han Solo* novels, and fans of Lando Calrissian, Talon Karrde, and Platt Okeefe can readily point to other sources.

Now, however, a third option becomes available. Players have long expressed an interest in roleplaying Imperial characters. With the popularity of the *TIE Fighter* flight simulator by LucasArts Entertainment Company, a whole new world of playing in the darker side of the *Star Wars* galaxy has opened up. For the first time,

### "Irrefutable Logic"

Hesoc was a crack fighter pilot, one of the best. It's said he kept altering his computer records — setting back his date of enlistment — to keep extending his tour of duty. During the Matacorn campaign, Hesoc alone accounted for 18 TIE fighters and four TIE bombers before an interceptor caught him on the wrong side of a "Talon Roll." Somehow, Hesoc managed to bring his damaged X-wing back in. But neither it, nor he were exactly in one piece.

After that, "Hotshot Hesoc" ended up with a cybernetic replacement for his right leg. Under normal circumstances, this would have meant the end of Hesoc's flying career. But Hesoc made it clear he would never accept a training assignment.

Defying orders, he appealed directly to his

Sector Commander, General Lesilk. In his request to remain on active duty, Hesoc argued — in all seriousness — that, "far from being a hindrance, the synthetic limb recently received provides me with an actual advantage over other pilots. In the event of a scramble, I can reach my fighter quicker than most, given I have one sock and one flight boot already on!"

After reading Hesoc's appeal, General Lesilk is said to have smiled and replied, "Who can argue with such irrefutable logic?" Whether "Lockjaw Lesilk" actually cracked a grin on this occasion is not known. Whatever the truth of that allegation is, Hesoc got back his combat slot and the survivors of his squadron are all very glad he did.



Mike Vilardi

West End Games introduces Imperial templates and campaign ideas for gamemasters and players.

Rebels, Imperials, independents — heroes, scoundrels and villains — are all here. In all, over 60 new templates are available.

### Using This Supplement

Give your characters a solid anchor in the universe by developing vibrant, interesting backgrounds for them which leave them with unexpected resources and allies, and also a few scars and enemies. *Heroes and Rogues* helps the player easily develop these histories, even if the player knows little about the *Star Wars* universe.

The first section of this supplement focuses on expanding the typical *Star Wars* character into a fully three-dimensional person. Select a homeworld for your character (don't worry if you aren't a *Star Wars* expert — in this book, some of the most notable planets of the galaxy are outlined in one place). Develop a family history. Did you grow up in a wealthy and privileged Imperial household, or in the humble monastery of poor monks?

Go to college, work the fields of your uncle's farm, or hit the school of hard knocks. Dabble in shockboxing, or spend a few years as a stunt pilot in a flying circus. Or put in a few years with the Imperial Navy. Experience a few life-changing events along the way, and come out the other side with a few contacts and friends who owe you

#### Live And In (Bleeding) Color ...

"... over here Andross! Keep that feed line clear. Watch your step!" Hailey LaMelle, Namore's hottest holonews reporter, gestured toward the distant figures across the plaza. "Can you believe it? That's Prefect Gerom, talking with Dasar Zorm, who happens to be just the biggest racketeer on the entire planet!"

"Make sure you're getting this all on holo ... " Hailey squinted as she peered through her own monocular lens. "Looks like Zorm is opening that suitcase ... " Her eyes widened. "Stang! Look at all those credits ... What's the Prefect handing Zorm? It looks like some sort of document pouch."

Hailey glanced back at her holocam operator. "Think this is some sort of payoff?" Andross was backing slowly toward the wall with a sick expression on his face. He lowered his holocam. She frowned. "Andross, what do you think you're *doing*? Keep filming!"

It was then that she felt the hard point of a blaster rifle nudge the small of her back. "Uh oh ... "

favors; gather a few enemies and rivals as well. Does this sound like the character has already lived a full life? You just generated it an hour ago!

Any player wishing to try out new character options can benefit from this supplement. Gamemasters looking to inject new challenges into existing campaigns will find *Heroes and Rogues* helpful. Roleplayers wishing to "rejuvenate" older characters will also find *Heroes and Rogues* of value. Players and gamemasters desiring to expand their *Star Wars* roleplaying options can use the following material to more fully flesh out their campaign.

### A Certain Point Of View

The templates presented in this guide are grouped in three categories: Imperials, independents, and Rebels. Some templates will naturally suggest occupations that are culturally acceptable because they are law-abiding (such as the Rodian pacifist or Mon Calamari courier) or unacceptable (like the con artist or slicer).

Acceptable and unacceptable, right and wrong, depend on how players run their selected characters. An Imperial TIE pilot, for example, may be hailed as a hero within the Empire. The same character may be seen as the worst sort of villain within the Alliance. Similarly, a Rebel resistance leader can be viewed as a dedicated patriot by those he leads. The Imperial troopers charged with his capture will likely see things differently.

Players and gamemasters alike should bear in mind that the *Star Wars* universe has a clear cut view of what is right and what is wrong. With the addition of Imperial templates, players should be cautioned that "what goes around, comes around" during the course of the game; blatantly evil acts will have severe consequences.

Complicating matters are the independents who come in all shapes, sizes, and political stripes. In the end, the characters offered in these pages will largely become what you, the player and gamemaster, make of them. Not every template will appeal to every player, of course, but there should be something here for everyone.

Whatever its origin, each of the templates presented here is designed to be playable in certain campaign settings. Each has been constructed with an eye to inclusion in existing adventures, or as inspiration for new campaigns. The galaxy is vast, and different character motivations or goals can easily be factored into play. In each case, the gamemaster has the final say as to how a character is used. This includes approval of specific background elements, equipment, or starting funds. The gamemaster is free to make reasonable adjustments to these templates in the interests of maintaining game bal-

ance. Please note, however, not every decision a gamemaster makes need be justified or explained to the players!

### **Setting The Stage**

Many of the templates are useful no matter which era the campaign is set in. The newsnet reporter, Imperial assassin, and Ithorian storyteller are equally at home in the classic era between the *A New Hope* and *Return of the Jedi*, and the New Republic era, after the fall of Palpatine. Others are more specifically tied to the New

Republic era, such as the NRI operative and unemployed Imperial bureaucrat. Even they might be adapted to the other era with a little effort, however.

Think of this supplement as a starting point. While it is impossible to depict every type of character a player could run into in the galaxy, *Heroes and Rogues* gives the reader a better appreciation for the wide range of characters that can exist. Hopefully, after examining this supplement, the reader will be encouraged to develop additional characters, using the templates presented here as guidelines.

# Chapter One

# Character Development

## Introduction

*“When devising a campaign, the player characters are central to the events that will unfold. Therefore, the player characters deserve as much consideration as the other elements of the game. In designing player characters, gamemasters should work with the players to build a history for each character ... smart gamemasters should look into those character backgrounds for new adventure ideas.”*

— *Star Wars Gamemaster Handbook*,  
page 98

Whatever the style of play or the type of character a player prefers — Rebel, Imperial, or independent — the *Star Wars* universe provides a lavish backdrop for exciting roleplaying campaigns.

There is no reason why that backdrop need begin with the first adventure. Characters seldom begin campaigns as infants, and have, at least theoretically, lived full and exciting lives before stepping onto the stage of game play.

Consider the events Han Solo is known to have participated in before he appeared in the Mos Eisley cantina. He studied at the Imperial Academy, became an Imperial officer, was stripped of his rank when he defended a Wookiee slave, became a spacer, won a freighter from a gambler buddy, and had a number of adventures as a smuggler. And remember all the old friends and rivals that cropped up in Brian Daley’s *Han Solo* novels to haul Han into adventures?

There isn’t any reason your character can’t have a rich past, full of interesting events, friends, enemies, horrible secrets and mysterious affairs. Having a homeworld and a family add a new dimension to gaming, particularly if your game-master incorporates elements from your character’s past into the campaign.

The elements of character development, as covered in this chapter, allow you to do just that.

## Why Character Development?

In addition to providing your character a sense of place in the galaxy, character development can give you a feel for character motivation.

Determining if your character was raised in a pro-or anti-Imperial household (or was orphaned, or abandoned) will help determine how that character responds to and interacts with aliens, Rebels, stormtroopers, pirates, and so forth.

The method of character development presented in this chapter does not force you into specific paths, or rely on random die charts to determine the development of your character. Rather, we present a free-association format which guides you along the path of developing a character that interests you.

Numerous “character hooks” are presented in each section, which you can use as they are, or modify any way you see fit. Character hooks are mini-scenarios concerning some aspect of a character’s background, followed by a series of questions which prompts a response from you, acting the role of the character. The responses can help you get a handle on a developing character, and get the creative juices flowing.

A character hook looks something like this:

- You were abandoned as a small child in the wilderness of an unexplored planet and raised to adulthood by a society of aliens. What species of aliens raised you? Are they known to the outside galaxy? Are they a primitive society, or an advanced one? Why and how did you leave this community?

A general note: Because there are hundreds of aliens already presented in various books, game products, and movies, the character development sections presume that you are playing a human character. Those developing alien characters should modify the character hooks to reflect the background of the species involved. This will have the largest impact in the “Childhood” section. Alien as well as human worlds are covered in the “Homeworlds” section.

## Overview

The character development process will take you step by step through the life of the character up to the time of the campaign. The following are brief descriptions of the various steps in this character creation method:

**Homeworld.** This section provides over 20 world capsules which will give you a wide variety of homeworld options.

**Growing Up.** This section covers the character's childhood, including family background and school life.

**Past Occupations.** Your character probably moved around a bit before the present time, and what he or she might have done is discussed here — military service, attending university, taking on a profession, and so on.

**Romance.** Romance is a big part of space opera in general, and *Star Wars* in particular (how many old flames *does* Lando Calrissian have, for example), so why leave *your* character out of the fun?

**Critical Events.** Most characters should have at least one big event which had an impact on his or her destiny.

**Contacts.** In getting through life, your character has made friends, and accumulated a few people who owe him or her favors. (Your character could also owe someone else a big favor.) Now it's time to figure out who these people are.

**Enemies and Rivals.** You didn't think it was going to be easy, did you? This section helps players and gamemasters generate interesting foils for your characters.

And at the end of all that, you will have a character with a solid history and background.

To get started, pick out a character template, get a copy of the worksheet (or make your own), and keep on reading ...

## Homeworld

Having made some basic choices about your character (species, gender, possibly profession as well), it is time to consider the character's roots.

Many players fail to consider where their characters come from, or give the idea only a cursory thought. (Not *every* character will hail from Tatooine or Alderaan!)

Many players have trouble picking out a homeworld because they don't know a lot about the worlds available. In fact, there are hundreds of worlds in the *Star Wars* galaxy which have now been developed in novels, comics, and roleplay-

ing supplements. The volume of information can be downright intimidating.

Listed at the end of this chapter are 24 homeworlds from around the *Star Wars* galaxy players can choose from, complete with a short description sufficient to give them enough background color to be useful as character development tools. All have been presented in a *Star Wars* game product, comic book or novel.

## Growing Up

People do not spring into being fully formed at age 20 or 30. Everyone comes from somewhere, and childhood — through upbringing, social environment, degree of safety, education, and so on — to a supreme degree determines what sort of person one is likely to be as an adult. It is therefore important to consider the background of your character.

You have already selected a homeworld for your character. Keep in mind that your choice of a homeworld could well impact the rest of your background as developed below. Chandrilans, for example, have a low birth rate, and children are highly prized. Other homeworlds may not prize their young so highly, preferring instead to raise large families intended as a large labor pool. In short, the choice of homeworld can have a profound impact on the character's family life.

## Family

Family plays an enormous role in the *Star Wars* saga, both in the foreground and the background. You can capture that feel in your own games by developing a family background for your character. This isn't so much a matter of constructing a 10 generation family tree as it is developing a few central details concerning the first 10 to 15 years of your character's life. Deciding what sort of family your character had is a big part of that process.

Everyone has a family of some sort, though the term must be stretched beyond its normal meaning in some cases, especially in the *Star Wars* universe.

What kind of childhood did your character have? What were your character's parents like, and what did they do for a living? Write down your answers and go over them with your gamemaster.

Below are some examples to start you off. Don't be afraid to alter them to suit your own ideas about your character, or use them as patterns to make your own.

- Your family has long been a prominent one in the history of your world — great things are expected of its members. Are you the first-born child, a second or third child, or a still more distant sibling? Are you expected to return home and tend to family affairs at some point, or are



### Gamemaster Notes

There are quite a few adventure and character hooks buried in each of the family scenarios. They can inspire adventures, recurring gamemaster characters, and campaign story arcs.

For example, will the idealistic Rebel who once turned in his parents to the Empire ever see them again? If so, will they trust him? What would happen if the group's Rebel contact on a Core world turns out to be a family friend who saw him betray his parents?

Ask yourself these questions while the character generation process is underway, and jot down ideas that come to mind. Later, you can come back to your notes and develop your ideas for use in adventures. Parents and guardians make powerful motivators for adventures, and adventure set-ups concerning a character's family members will be more believable and intense if the foundation has been laid all along.

you free to do as you will? Has your leaving your world estranged you from your family, or do you still get on well with relatives? On your world, is there a social stigma to the profession your relatives believe you to be engaged in?

- Your parents were famous artists or musicians when you were young. Did they make time for you, or did you spend a lot of time alone? Did your friends like you for yourself, or for who your parents were? How does this affect your present friendships? Did you spend any time in the lime-light yourself? Would people recognize you today?
- You were raised in a very political New Order family: one parent was a prominent politician, and the other a high-level bureaucrat. You were well cared for and loved, and given the best your parents could provide. Were you happy and content, or did you rebel in some way? Did you take for granted the privileges you and your friends had, or were you aware there were others less fortunate? What moved you toward your present position in life?
- You were raised by the Imperial Orphanage Authority. Were the caretakers loving and caring, or impersonal and business-like? Are you appreciative of the things the Empire has done for you? Do you know who your parents were or why you were deposited in an orphanage? Do you even care?

- You grew up on the violent streets of a large urban center. You found protection in a swoop gang, and learned to get by with raw wits and brute strength (either your own or others'). Who did you rely on in those days? Did you have any role models who helped you get out of the slums? Did you ever do anything you regret to survive? How does this affect you today? How do you feel about returning to these urban wastelands? Do you hate and fear these locations, or are you most comfortable on the tough streets of your youth?

- Your parents were top scientists working for the Empire. You spent a good deal of your childhood living in high security military bases on a dozen worlds, as your parents' contracts took them from place to place. Did your parents believe in the New Order, or were they simply interested in developing new technology for its own sake? What sort of work did they do, or do you know? Did you ever see or hear anything about the Empire you were afraid to mention? Do you keep in touch with your family, or has there been extended silence between you?

- Your parents were touring academics teaching at top universities. You grew up around their large pool of friends, who were extremely talented people from dozens of species. Did their love of academics rub off on you, or did you go your own way? Were they dedicated to the Empire, or did they privately criticize its actions and philosophies? Did their friends like you and take time to answer your childish questions, or were they uncomfortable around you and easily annoyed? Did they influence your present feelings about members of other species positively or negatively?

- You were lost or abandoned at a very early age, and raised by aliens (this could apply to aliens raised by humans as well). Did you grow up on your foster parents' homeworld, or were they expatriates living on yours? How do you relate to members of your own species as compared to members of your foster parents' species? Do you generally distrust aliens? Or humans? Or have you struck a balance, equally at harmony with humans and non-humans alike? Did your upbringing color your views of the Empire or Rebel Alliance (or the New Republic) negatively or positively?

- You joined COMPNOR SAGroup (see *Imperial Sourcebook*, page 18) when you were young. They were everything to you — they gave your life meaning and showed you there were bigger things than yourself worth fighting for. At 13, you turned your parents in to the authorities when you found anti-Empire literature among their belongings. You never saw them again, but you did get

a scholarship to the best prep school and the university of your choice. Everyone told you you did the right thing at the time, but how do you feel about your actions now? Were they justified, or were you manipulated and brainwashed to turn on your parents? Have you told any of your adult friends what you did, or are you ashamed? Do you think your parents are still alive? Would you like to see them again, or is that part of your life over forever?

- Your parents were middle class merchants. Your childhood was unremarkable and dreadfully boring. Did you long for adventure in your youth, or were you content with your lot? Are you grateful for the stable environment you had, or did you take it for granted? Did you ever do anything interesting and unusual, like go on an intergalactic student choir tour, or join a swoop gang?

- You grew up in a war zone or a prisoner camp. Violence and atrocities were a normal part of your childhood. Who were the warring parties? Was the Empire involved, or was the fighting between local factions or armies? How did the war change your outlook on life? Do you hold any group responsible for your suffering? How would you act today if you met a representative of that group?

- You and your entire family were enslaved when you were very young. You worked at hard labor until it was discovered you have a unique artistic talent, at which point you were separated from your family and sold into a large household of a high-ranking Imperial. What was your talent? Singing, painting, poetry, sculpture, a musical instrument, or something else? Do you still have this talent? What sort of household did you grow up in? Was your master kind and generous, or aloof and demanding? How and why did you win your present independence? Do you know what happened to your parents? Have you or do you intend to take any actions towards finding or avenging them?

**Basic Education**

Where one goes to school plays a significant role in the development of life goals, network of friends, and, of course, education. Species, social level, and the character's culture and technological level will all impact educational opportunities and experiences. In this section, we are concerned with basic education, the childhood education which consists of the sort of knowledge and information a person needs to get by in Imperial society. University education will be covered in "Past Occupations."



Basic education includes reading and writing, mathematics (including specialized education in fields common in the *Star Wars* universe, such as introductory hypernautics theory and droid programming), political theory and history (local, planetary, and galactic), and languages. Alternative educational programs, such as vocational programs or participation in a family business might supplement (or take the place of) basic education.

Once again, a number of scenarios are presented below. Use them as is, or as models and inspiration for developing custom educational backgrounds. Keep the information you have already developed in mind when developing the educational background of your character. If your character grew up in the gutters, for example, it is unlikely that that character went on to attend an elite private school (though it isn't impossible, either).

The first entry applies to the vast majority of humans who grew up in urban Imperial environments in the Core, Colonies, Corporate Sector Authority, and Mid-Rim. Use or adapt this background if developing an educational background for your character does not appeal to you. The other options may be of more use in generating interesting and dynamic characters, however.

- You attended a local branch school of the Imperial educational system. The physical facilities were modern and comfortable, and the education was solid and very thorough (and of course, pro-Imperial). Were your school days unremarkable, or did you do something that still affects you? Did you excel in any way, in sports, academics, or art, for example? How will this affect your further life path?

- You were educated at home by your parents or tutors. You received a decent basic education, which may have been supplemented or influenced by family business or social class, political leanings, and location (consider what additional skills a child being raised in, say, a small undersea colony or an isolated moisture farm might learn). Why were you educated at home? Did your parents simply wish to have more control over your education? Did they object to the political indoctrination of the Imperial schools? Were you needed in the family business during normal school hours? Did your local community lack organized schools? Were your parents sufficiently wealthy to provide a better education than the local schools could offer?

*Who taught you?* Was it a mother or father, or a sibling or more distant relative? Were you taught by a tutor, or a series of tutors? Was this instructor of your species or an alien? Was it a droid? Was this tutor a trusted person with long

ties to the family, or simply a qualified outsider? Were you taught according to your parents' desires, or did your tutor strive to instill in you other values? If so, which values do you now embrace and consider right?

- You were educated in a community-sponsored school, and provided with the skills of use in serving your people. Did this education correspond to a basic education, or were you taught significantly different skills? If you were taught non-standard skills and knowledge, what did you learn? Was your community within the Imperial fold, or outside of it? Did it consider itself in opposition to the Empire? Was it even aware the Empire existed?

This educational background works well for characters from primitive or low-tech communities. Members of many non-human species especially originate in low-tech communities, or those demanding non-standard skills. Such communities likely place more value on agricultural, hunting, mining, and other low-tech skills than ones typical of basic education such as three-dimensional calculus and Corellian literature.

- You were educated by a religious or political order. You were recruited at an early age to lead in a religious sect or political body, and sent to a special school which set out to groom and mold your character, mind, and body. Did you go to this school willingly, or did some authority figure (parents, religious or political leaders, local laws or tradition, etc.) force you to attend? Did you still live at home, or did you live in dormitories? What sort of religious or political organization ran your school? What were its goals? Was this organization powerful and prominent, or small with few resources? Was it known throughout the galaxy, or unique to a specific area? Did your school operate in the open, or was it subversive or secret? Did you learn any special skills or secret knowledge there (such as martial arts, a slight grasp of the Force, or knowledge of allies in high places)? Are your present actions motivated by the teachings and directives of this organization, or have you turned your back on it? Do its adherents still seek to manipulate or guide you? If so, is this guidance offered with or without your consent?

- You were apprenticed at an early age to a professional organization, guild, or individual master of a profession to learn a trade. What was this trade? Were you being trained to be a plumber, a freighter pilot, a professional athlete, an engraver of fine crystal, or something else? What sort of instructors or master did you have? Were you well-taught, or was your training substandard? Did you live in a dormitory, with your parents, or with the family of your master? Did

you complete your training and move into the profession as an accredited journeyman or master, or did you leave (through dismissal or your own volition) before you completed your apprenticeship? If you left, why did you leave? Were you judged unsuited to the profession? Did you have a falling out with your master or instructors? Were they arrested, slain, or otherwise incapacitated? Do you still maintain ties with your former teachers or with fellow apprentices? Or have you left all that behind?

- You grew up in the streets, and the only school you've attended is the school of hard knocks. You learned how to survive, how to read a bit, fire a blaster or wield a vibroblade, and perhaps hotwire a speeder bike. What did you do for food, shelter, and companionship? Did you beg or subsist on welfare and handouts? Work low-paying jobs? If you broke the law to support yourself, how did you do it? Did you have any specialties? Did you steal landspeeders, break into houses, slice into bank accounts, break legs for local loan-sharks, or fence stolen goods? Do you have a criminal record? Were you in a gang, or a loner?

### Past Occupations

Most characters have adventured and moved around a bit before settling into their present positions as Rebel operatives, freighter captains, military leaders, and so on. Han Solo, for example, was an Imperial cadet and a smuggler before finally casting his lot with the Rebel Alliance. Luke Skywalker was a moisture farmer who honed his piloting skills in his spare time. Princess Leia was a high-level diplomat and Rebel leader, long before this group ever met. Obviously, *your* character did something to earn a living before they reached their present position.

### Military Service

Many young Imperial citizens (though by no means all) serve in the military in some capacity. Besides the Empire, which conscripts billions of recruits annually, each world (including many non-human worlds not completely annexed by the Empire) has its own militias and navies which draft or recruit millions of its citizens each year. If you have already decided that your character does not have a military background, move on to "Occupations Held" for other options.

If you think perhaps your character might have a military background, look over the following character hooks for inspiration or direction. These examples are by no means exhaustive, but might serve to get you moving in an interesting direction.

After you've settled on a military past, move

on to the next section, or to "Occupations Held" if your character did something else between leaving the military and the present.

#### Planetary Militia

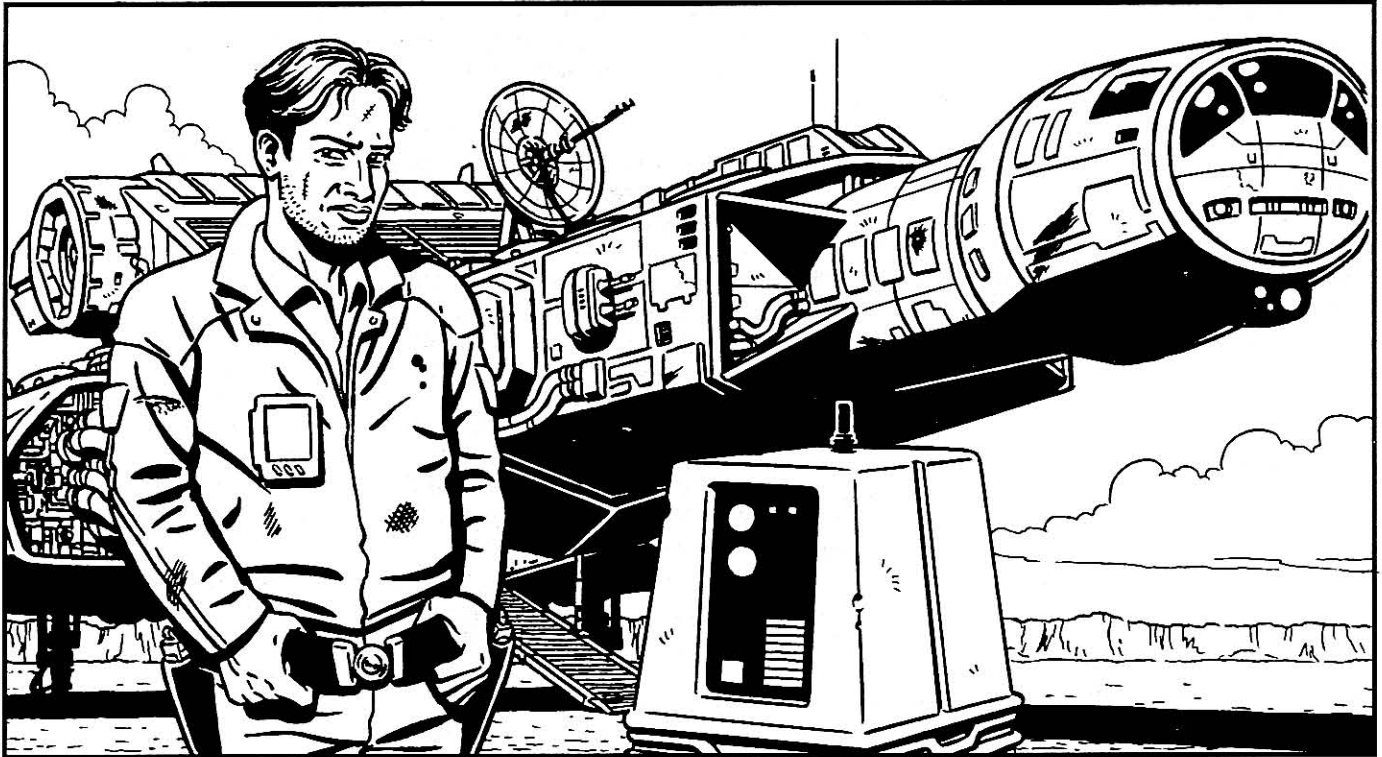
- You were drafted into your planet's militia shortly after graduating from basic education. You spent most of your time at an army depot somewhere on your homeworld, drinking a lot, buying a lot of electronic toys to stuff into your quarters, and occasionally doing some sort of peace-time military job (such as disaster relief or other such mercy missions). Your tour of duty was unremarkable and only briefly punctuated with excitement (that is, unless your world was occupied by the Empire, in which case you spent a lot of time trying to keep the Imperials happy without being seen by your people as a collaborator and traitor).

- You joined your local militia navy, and spent several years keeping your system swept clean of smugglers and vermin aboard a navy cutter. You saw a bit of combat, helped the Imperials in a few engagements, and rescued a few ships in distress. Maybe along the way, you developed a taste for rescue operations, preferring to save lives over taking them. Or maybe you love the excitement of a good boarding action, relishing combat for the adrenaline rush and mental challenge it presents.

#### Imperial Military Service

- You served in the Imperial Navy as a radio operator at a remote secret listening post far out in the Outer Rim Territories. The job was dull and routine for the most part, but once you intercepted and decrypted an incredible broadcast that amazed and frightened you — you knew that if your superiors were aware that you had been exposed to the broadcast, your life could be in danger. You immediately erased all traces of the interception from the computers and went about your business. What was in this broadcast, and who sent it? Was it an Imperial progress report from a top secret base, a flagship, or even a member of the Imperial Ruling Council (*Dark Empire Sourcebook*, page 65)? Was it a Rebel broadcast reporting atrocities at some remote world, welcoming an incoming ship to a Rebel safe world, or reporting Imperial fleet movements in an area of space you know to be poorly defended? Or perhaps a report from an Imperial expeditionary force sent far into unexplored territory, or an alien armada scouting the Outer Rim region?

- You served with distinction as a Navy gunner aboard an Interdictor cruiser, and participated in several fleet actions noted with favor on



Mike Jackson

Coruscant. Your career looked very promising before it came crashing down around you. What happened? Were you accused of cowardice? Were you framed by a rival? Were you caught in a political power play? Did you make a bad decision? Did it cost the lives of those under your command? If so, how did you react? Was it *really* your fault, or were you just a scapegoat?

- You were drafted by the Empire to serve in the Imperial Army. You spent a number of years as a ground-pounder pacifying and “welcoming” new planets into the Empire. You stayed clear of the more horrifying atrocities committed by the Imperials, but you did see your fellow soldiers do some fairly shocking things. Your unit stayed well clear of the stormtroopers, who scared even the most sadistic men and women in your company.

- You served as a lowly technician on the bridge of an Imperial Star Destroyer. You once witnessed the death of a high-ranking Imperial officer who was slain by Lord Darth Vader for a serious error committed by a subordinate. You had to carry the body away. This got you a lot of free drinks from impressed comrades, and also gave you a great respect for the powers of the Force. Nobody ever found out that it was *you* who botched the order, to your great relief.

- You had a promising career as the aide of a powerful Imperial colonel on a plush Core world. That is, until you got involved in an unfortunate love affair with the mate of your superior. You narrowly avoided execution under trumped up charges when he or she found out. Needless to say, your military career was over. Chalk one up to youthful indiscretion (and don't forget to note this little experience when you get to “Romance”).

- You signed on with the Corporate Sector Authority and spent several years as a shuttle and dropship pilot aboard several capital ships. You longed to join the elite Imperial TIE corps, but never quite qualified. Why didn't you qualify? Did you fail the qualifying exams? Did you get low marks from your political officer? Did you lose interest? Or did something become more important to you along the way?

#### Rogue Military Organizations

- You joined the Rebels and after field training, got sent to Yavin IV as a Y-wing pilot. To your eternal shame (or maybe relief), you broke your leg in a wrestling match two days before the Death Star arrived in orbit, and missed out on the Battle of Yavin. You were the only surviving member of your squadron as a result. Did you stay with the Rebels after the evacuation, or move on to something else?

- You were recruited by Rebels on your homeworld, and joined a local Rebel cell. From your cover job, you were able to channel invaluable information to other cell members until your network was infiltrated by Imperial spies and you all had to make a run for it. What kind of cover job did you have? Did you relocate to another Rebel cell, or get out of the spy business? Do you still have friends in captivity, or did you all get away?
- You joined the crew of a pirate ship, and spent several years plying the spaceways looking for ships to hijack. The pay wasn't nearly as good as you had been led to believe, but you did get some good piloting and combat experience, and met some fairly interesting people. Life was *not* boring. Did you leave the pirate band, or was it forcefully disbanded? Did you betray your comrades to collect a bounty, or did someone else turn the rest of you in? Are any of your former shipmates after your hide? Are you after theirs? Or did you part company amicably?
- You joined a company of mercenaries. You worked for minor nobles, did dirty work for Moff's, ran bandits out of towns on Outer Rim worlds, and anything else remotely military the person paying your fees asked. Are you still employed by the company? Or did you leave? If so, why? Was it because the nature of the business began to leave a bad taste in your mouth? Were you sold out by employers? Defeated by enemies? Or did the company peacefully disband to pursue other interests?

### Occupations Held

Below is a selection of jobs you might have held at some point in your past. Feel free to add to the list if you have some other possibility in mind. We have neglected to mention quite a few possible careers in the *Star Wars* universe. Bank loan officer, high-tech thief, apartment landlord, private investigator, factory worker, and museum curator are just a few of the possibilities you can develop.

- You became a professional athlete for a few years after college, which showered you in glory and credits. What sport did you play? Shockball? Wepsphere? Unarmed combat? Why did you quit? Did you retire voluntarily, or was there some sort of scandal involved? Did you compete honestly, or was some form of cheating required to maintain your position and not anger the various underworld figures who frequently run such contests?
- You worked as a technician of some sort. What did you do? Run diagnostics on home heating systems? Operate the holo-recorders at sporting events? Reprogram droids? Do you still work in this field? If not, why? Was your work declared illegal? Was it so highly regulated by the Empire you could not keep your business? Or did you mismanage it so badly it folded on its own?
- You were a lesser chef in a rather posh resort. You learned to prepare advanced dishes for demanding diners, though the head chef got all the glory (and most of the money, too). Is this inequitable distribution of wealth the reason for your departure? Or was there another reason for your leaving the profession?
- You were a farmer. What did you farm, and where? Did you farm grains or beans planetside, or did you engage in more exotic activities, like kelp farming, space station hydroponics, or moisture farming?
- You were a teacher or instructor of some sort. Did you teach art to children in a standard Imperial basic education school, or did you teach survival skills to guerillas in a secret Rebel training facility?
- You were a common laborer. Why did you do physical labor in a largely mechanized society? Were you in a low-tech area, or in an area where human labor is cheaper than droid labor? Was the work too delicate for droids? Were you being punished? What sort of work did you do? Did you dig ditches, weld plates to Star Destroyer hulls in shipyards, build dams, or sell bantha burgers to the tourists?
- You went to prison. Did you deserve it? If so, what did you do? If not, who framed you? What sort of prison was it — a light security affair with a swimming pool and wegsphere courts, or a high security prison on an isolated rock of a planet? Did you meet anyone interesting there? Do you still maintain any kind of contact with these people? Were you released, or did you escape?
- You were a civilian pilot. What did you fly? Luxury starliners? Stunt ships in a flying circus? Interplanetary shuttles? Shipyard tugs? Huge cargo transports? Why did you leave such a plush job, anyway? Looking for more excitement? Fired? On the run?
- You didn't know what you wanted to do for a living, so you stayed in school. You managed to get a rather large grant for your research and an influential mentor. What did you study? Did you do a lot of traveling, or did you stay in the university libraries or labs? Did you leave academia for professional or personal reasons? Was there, perhaps, a scandal involved? If so, what was the nature of the scandal? An illicit love affair? Cheating? Participation in "subversive" groups?
- You became an artist. Were you a painter, a sculptor, or maybe an actor or dancer? Did you

make a name for yourself, or struggle for recognition? Did you have a patron, or did you fund yourself through the sale of your creations? Was your work well-regarded and accepted? Or was your work banned by the Empire?

- You became a wandering musician. You played in luxury spas, concert halls, and spacer bars alike. What sort of instrument did you play? Were you alone, or a member of a band? Were you any good, or was the rest of the band carrying you?
- You were the leader of a gang. You built your group into a true organization and doubled your territory. You became a real presence in the urban jungle. Why did you get out? Did you tire of that life, or were you forced out by rivals or the authorities?
- You were a reporter. Did you work for a local newsmag, or for a bureau of one of the big nets, like Imperial HoloVision, TriNebulon News, or Galaxy News Service? Did you cover any events of galactic significance, or were they mostly local system affairs? Why did you get out of reporting?
- You were a police officer. You handled civil law enforcement on your homeworld. In what capacity did you serve? Were you a beat cop, a forensics expert, a demolitions expert, a detective? What was your last case? Why did you quit?

### Gamemaster Notes

Here is another opportunity to develop ideas for future scenarios and characters.

So the character was a member of a pirate gang? Maybe that pirate gang attacked a ship and killed its crew before the player character came along. Maybe family members of the crew put together a posse or pooled their resources to hire a seasoned bounty hunter whose mission it is to track down every pirate and kill them one at a time. So what happens when the character's name comes up?

Was the character a shockball champion once upon a time? There must be all kinds of sports fans out there who would not only recognize the character, but be able to tell him his stats, best season, and number of games missed. That might be fine if he's gone into the landspeeder dealership business, but might be a bit of a problem if he's a Rebel spy. "Um, no, your Moffness, I'm just a janitor, really. Never seen a shockball in my life ..."

## Romance

Romance is a powerful motivator, and one of the major conventions of space opera. It is certainly an integral part of the *Star Wars* saga.

Developing romantic backgrounds for characters is not for everyone. But romance can be a useful tool in getting a handle on a character, and it need not require a lot of effort or bother.

You can use romance to explain little character quirks; for example — *she* won't wear red jackets because *he* always did while he goes all maudlin when he hears Bith music, because his first love listened to nothing else.

You can get more dramatic if you like. For example, she goes into a berserk rage when she sees an Imperial officer, because an Imperial officer killed her husband before her eyes. That's fairly heavy, but it makes the point. Love affairs can spawn a great many character quirks.

Notice that we haven't given these romantic interests names, occupations, appearances, or much of anything in the way of detail. It is enough to determine what impact these people had on the character's present personality, and leave it at that. You can always come back later and develop more detail if you like.

Perhaps, though you'd *like* to go into more detail now, at the character generation stage. That isn't too difficult, either, though it takes a little more time.

Once again, get into the "query" mode: How many significant romances has your character been involved in? How long did they last? How did they end? Were the break-ups friendly, or is there still animosity? If so, who is the injured party?

Pick the one affair that might have the greatest impact on the character and go into a little more detail. What was the love interest's name? What sort of person? What did he or she do for a living? Were there complications in the affair (such as a social upheaval due to an ongoing war, or a love triangle)? Was your love returned, or spurned?

How did this affair affect you? Still searching for the girl you saw at the spaceport? Are there any character quirks you might have picked up as a result of the affair?

### Gamemaster Notes

You can have lots of fun working characters' former flames into adventures. For example, it seems that Han Solo's past romantic "entanglements" seem to be constantly complicating his marriage to Leia. You can take it from there, right?



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We'll not go into a lot of specific examples this time. There are plenty of ideas sprinkled here and there throughout the chapter (remember the affair with the Imperial's spouse?) and you can either build on those or your own ideas.

### **Critical Events**

Critical events are drastic or life-changing episodes in the life of your character. These events may have occurred during childhood, adolescence, or while the character was engaged in a previous job.

Not everyone will have had a critical event, and you can skip over this section if you like, especially if some other area of your character background already features some significant event, such as witnessing an execution by Vader or being taken into slavery during childhood.

Many of these critical events will probably affect the background you have already established for your character in some way. Be prepared to re-work some details as you go through them.

Here are a few critical event ideas, sorted by category:

#### **Death in the Family**

Someone close to you died at a key moment in your life or in a dramatic way (this person could

be a friend instead of a relative, if you like). This death might have been accidental, murder, due to disease, or something else.

- One of your parents was killed in an industrial accident when you were very young. Was your family compensated by the company? Could the death have been avoided, either by your parent or the company? How did this affect your upbringing?
- Your parents were on Dentaal on a long-awaited vacation when the Dentaal Uprising occurred. They died of Candorian Plague just like everyone else on the planet. The Empire and Rebel Alliance each blame the other for releasing the horrible disease into the atmosphere. Who do you believe? How old were you when this happened? What happened to you?
- Your parents were slain by a criminal when you were young. Who was this criminal? A common thief? A gangster kingpin? A slaver? Why were they killed? For resisting a mugging? For witnessing a murder or robbery? For not paying protection money? For angering the criminal?
- Your eldest brother, a young Imperial Naval officer, was killed by Rebels while suppressing an anti-Empire uprising when you were 12. His death crushed your parents. How did it effect you? How do you feel about the Alliance? The Empire?



- Your mother attracted the attentions of a local authority figure. She resisted his advances, and was slain for her trouble. Who was the figure? A Moff? A Hutt gangster? An Imperial officer? Was she executed in cold blood, or slain in a fit of passion? Was the true reason for her death made known, or was it kept quiet? How did you learn of it? What did you do?
- Most of your family was killed during a raid on your community. Who were these raiders? Pirates? Slavers? Local aliens? Stormtroopers? What became of you?

### Other Family Shake-ups

- Your family became embroiled in a tremendous feud. What participated this feud? A personal insult? A betrayal? Infidelity? Political opportunity? Who is the rival family? How serious is the feud? Is it limited to arguments and occasional fist fights, or are family members dying from duels or attacks? Has the feud been resolved, or does it continue today? How does this affect you?
- Your family won the lottery and shipped off to live on Byss in the Deep Core. You stayed where you were to attend university. You heard from them twice a few years ago, but haven't heard anything since. Do you wonder what became of them? Have you attempted to contact them again? Was this attempt successful? If not, what hindered your investigation?
- Your family was split by conflict. What caused it? A divorce? Personality flaws? An illicit love affair? Political differences? Local legal requirements? Are you or a sibling considered a "black sheep?" What did this loss of family unity mean for you?
- Your family defected to a Rebel safe world. Did you go with them? Do you know where they are? Do you feel that the Alliance is helping them? Or do you consider your family hostages or dupes of a terrorist faction?
- Your sister has disappeared. No one knows where she is. What were the circumstances surrounding her disappearance? Have Imperial forces assisted your inquiries, or have you been forced to use illegal methods to find her?  
Have your efforts met with any success or have you run into a dead end? Have you given up the search or are you convinced you can find her?
- Your parents were terrible at managing the family's money. As a result, your childhood involved a great deal of relocating to smaller and smaller homes, bitter financial squabbles with banks and other relatives, and recovering from several failed business ventures. How has this

affected your relationship with your parents? Do you still have to help them financially?

### Special Gifts

Check with your gamemaster before using any of these ideas, or any of your own, which result in your having possessions you would not ordinarily start play with.

- You inherited a spaceship. Who gave it to you, and why? Your parents? A distant relative? A grateful friend or acquaintance? A mysterious stranger? Is the ship in good condition, or barely running? Are there any stories associated with it, any secret compartments or unique features? Any glaring weaknesses or failings? Any strings attached?
- You inherited a droid which has been in the family for generations. This droid has a very developed personality (it hasn't had a memory wipe in centuries), and you have known one another since you were very small. What kind of droid is it? Is it a solidly built farm droid? A nanny droid? A protocol droid? An ancient navigator droid? Does it have any unique modifications or features, such as secret compartments, weapons, and so on? What sort of personality does it have? Gruff and no-nonsense? Silly and inane? Prissy? Civilized and cultured?
- You were given a financial grant, an inheritance, bonds, or some other source of credits. How much were you given? What did you do with it? Were there strings attached? (For example: "This 100,000 credit voucher is yours to use as you see fit, as long as you join the Alderbathe Monastery for life and give it all to them. Love, Grandpa.")
- You have inherited a residence. Did you sell off the property and pocket the credits, or did you hold on to it? Is there anything interesting about the residence or its location? Where is it located? Is it large or small? Well-kept, or ramshackle?
- You have inherited a business. Did you sell it off, run it into the ground, or did you hold on to it? Is there anything interesting about this business? Where is it located? What goods or services does it produce? Is it even legal? Does it make or lose money? How much attention from you does it require?
- You have been bequeathed a mysterious map. What kind of map is it? A sector map? A planetary map? A city map? What does it claim to lead to? Treasure? Mysterious alien ruins? A weapons cache? A wrecked starship? A secret Imperial base? How old is the map? Who gave it to you? Are there reasons you can't at present make use of it?

## Accidents

You have suffered a serious injury or illness at some point in your life. Unless you desire otherwise, physical recovery was complete (though the use of cybernetic replacements might now be necessary). You may still suffer psychological after-effects from these traumas, such as a mild phobia of situations similar to that which led to the injury.

- You suffered a mishap with a faulty airlock. You nearly died of exposure to space, but were rushed to a bacta tank where you eventually recovered.
- While on a star voyage, your starliner was attacked by pirates. They rampaged through the ship, stealing everything of value. You were seized as a hostage, and injured in the rescue mounted by Imperial forces.
- You were seriously injured at a swoop race rally when a swoop jockey lost control of the vehicle and it careened into the stands.
- You were stranded on an uninhabited planet for several days when accidentally left there by your tour group. You survived on food and water from your travel kit, but suffered a few injuries from the local wildlife before rescue came.
- After a serious childhood illness, you spent several years confined to a hoverchair before you were able to walk again.
- You were infected by a deadly disease while on a business trip to a remote planet. You spent several weeks abed, and barely survived. Your case has become a textbook study, since the disease has a 98 percent fatality rate among members of your species.

## Alien Encounter

You had a significant or unique encounter with aliens in your youth. (Non-human characters might have had encounters with humans or with another alien species.)

- You participated in a cross-species student exchange program in your youth, and spent a year in the family of an alien species while their child lived with your family. What planet did you live on? What species was your host family? Did anything interesting happen while you were there?

**Note:** This is probably not a program Imperial households would participate in, though the character might participate in such a program while at university despite parental objections.

- You were kidnapped by aliens. Why? Were they looking for a member of your species to study? Were they members of a radical political or reli-

gious organization attempting to draw attention to their cause? Were they lonely or just crazy? Were they attempting to make you a slave? What was the outcome of the encounter?

- You stowed away on a spaceship owned by an alien troupe of actors, and lived with them for a brief period. What species were they? (Rodians or Barabel might be interesting!) Where do you go with them? Did they return you to your parents, or did the authorities have to track you down? How did the authorities treat your friends?
- Your best childhood friend was an alien, but something happened to separate you. What happened to disrupt the friendship? Did he or she move away? Were you told to stay away from aliens? Was the friend enslaved? Fired? Imprisoned? Deported? Killed? Do you know where he or she is now?

## Underworld Encounter

You had a major brush with the underworld—even if you had regular contact with the underworld, this event was especially significant.

- You saved the life of a gangster kingpin. How did you do so? Warn him of a plot against his life you overheard? Push him out of the way of an oncoming vehicle? Prevent him from eating poisoned food? How did he reward you? Credits? Protection? A job? Or did he not reward you? Do you still have ties with this figure?
- You witnessed what was obviously a contract assassination. Did the assassin know you were a witness? Is so, what did the killer do about it? Who was the victim?
- You found a deactivated droid deep in the bowels of an abandoned building. When you reactivated it, it asked you directions to the governor's estates, and left the building. The next day, you heard that an assassin droid had gunned down the Imperial governor at breakfast before disappearing again. Are local law enforcement officers searching for you as an accomplice? Or does the assassin droid consider you a witness, a loose end to tie up? Did you come forward with your story or are you in hiding?

## Gamemaster Notes

This section is ripe with ideas for bringing people and events from a character's past into the campaign. What if the assassin droid, recently reactivated again, has decided to eliminate all witnesses to its previous crimes? What if the character discovers that the Imperial brother who died in the Rebel uprising was really a Rebel spy—killed by a fellow ISB agent?

## Contacts

*“The way I see it, it’s not who you are, but who you know in this galaxy that counts!”*

— Revidjasa, Rodian Crimelord, (lieutenant to the late Jabba the Hutt)

Han Solo acquired quite a few friends and contacts in his galactic wanderings, among them Jessa and Doc, Lando, Roa, Cynabar, Badure, Salla, Bollux and Blue Max, and most of all, Chewbacca, Luke, and Leia. There isn’t any reason your character can’t have a bunch of pals too. Just remember that sometimes the pals come to *your* character for favors ...

### Friends and Acquaintances

Contacts are characters from your past who may be in a position to help you some day. They might be close friends destined to sacrifice their careers to rescue you from certain death, or merely casual acquaintances who will do you one or two minor favors and then vanish.

There are two types of contacts: friends and acquaintances. Friends are people who will, for whatever reason, risk a great deal for the character, while acquaintances may be counted on for a few occasional favors if the risk is not too great. Friends can usually be expected to be more reliable and trustworthy than acquaintances, though there are no guarantees; Lando Calrissian fell into both categories in *The Empire Strikes Back*.

As an *optional* rule of thumb, the gamemaster can choose to allow up to three starting contacts: one friend and two acquaintances. Once the character enters the campaign, contacts will come along in the time-honored manner: through adventures and gamemaster fiat.

## Developing Contacts

You probably have quite a few eligible candidates already if you think about it, just having gone through the exercises in this chapter — parents, host families, co-workers, old flames, former students, and so on.

Try to stick to appropriate contacts. It is probably unlikely that two-bit grifters will have any Imperial Moffs owing them favors. Certainly, any attempt to establish such a relationship will have to pass the scrutiny of a dubious gamemaster (so the reasons behind this relationship had better be *good*).

Rather than list a whole bunch of contact ideas here, we’ll break contacts up into a number of broad categories and approach them that way.

**Family Contacts.** Family contacts are those which, obviously, are members of the character’s family. Often, these are individuals who had a hand in raising the character. In other cases, contacts can come from members of an extended family group (wealthy cousins, stepbrothers, clan members, etc.) who may be favorably disposed to aid the character now and then. Close family friends can fall into this category as well.

**Conditional Contacts.** Conditional contacts come into play only when certain circumstances are in effect. Acquisition of conditional contacts are dependent on location, timing, situation, and random events.

Conditional contacts may be one-shot affairs (i.e., “I’ll get you that security pass, but then we’re square!”).

They may likewise be long-term situations where the character possesses vital information used to ensure (read: *coerce*) a contact’s assistance. At other times, aid from a conditional

### A Caveat

As always, developing a character background is a cooperative effort between player and gamemaster. This is especially true when it comes to developing gamemaster characters which may play a part in future adventures. This is an area in which the gamemaster has total control. Work with him or her to come up with contacts you both feel will contribute to the campaign. This will likely require some compromise if you have your heart set on having a Grand Moff in your pocket.

Realize that obtaining contacts and friends can be a gamble, because you don’t control them. If you go through with developing contacts, don’t be too upset if they don’t appear when expected, do what you want, or even be

who you thought they would be. Gamemaster characters are the gamemaster’s prerogative, and they appear at his or her discretion. Of course, if the gamemaster is willing to develop such characters with you, you can *probably* expect to see them at some point.

If your gamemaster is *not* willing to do so, you’ll have to do without them. You can use a lot of the material in this chapter to develop a character background on your own, but this “system” is *optional* — it only counts as long as your gamemaster is willing to use it. If he or she isn’t hot on the idea of players acquiring contacts in this manner, you’re just out of luck.



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contact will come with a heavy price tag.

**Examples:** A minor bureaucrat in the Imperial government might be willing to falsify an important document, for example, but only once, and then only for a large amount of credits. A slaver might be willing to help a character locate a missing person, but only if the player can arrange a fellow slaver's release from jail first.

Another type of contact may be more personal: a friend from the character's Academy days now works for Sienar Fleet Systems, and may help the character in a time of need. Or how about characters who were born in the same hometown and run into each other half-way across the galaxy? Or even someone who is a friend of your character's parents (or even just a "friend of a friend")?

The key in using this type of contact is that they should be of limited help; the assistance they can offer may be vital but the character should still have to work to achieve his or her goal.

Sometimes conditional contacts are individuals the character would not normally seek out.

**Example:** The character saves a person from a burning speeder wreck only to find out

afterwards that the victim is the most notorious contract assassin in the star system. The character who would never willingly go out looking for such a contact now finds he has acquired a new "friend" who insists on paying back his debt of honor).

**Professional Contacts.** Professional contacts are those with whom the character has had business-related dealings. These can include a wide range of people. While professionals are normally thought of as trained personnel, specialists, or "career" individuals, they can also be relatively obscure persons with specialized knowledge relating to a little known subject matter. ("We need someone who understands the binary language of Verossian computers, huh? Say, I think I know who might be able to help!") Academicians can have professional contacts in similar fields of academic or scientific pursuit. Military personnel who might have once served with the character also fall into this category. These may now be favorably (or even negatively) disposed depending on the results of previous missions together.

**Influential Contacts.** Influential contacts refer to special personages in position of power who, for reasons of their own, may be willing to help

the character in times of need. These can include business persons and customs officials who are secretly Rebel sympathizers.

Not surprisingly, the real identity of these contacts may not be known to the character. In each case, however, what makes these contacts special is a clearly defined area of authority or level of power that can be used to intervene on the character's behalf. Ironically, while the most powerful type of contact available, by virtue of their position and high visibility, they may be the most infrequent type "tapped" for assistance. ("I can't possibly help you today. I would be exposed in a minute. Maybe next week. Don't call me again. I'll contact you when it's safe!")

***Example:** Selas Ferr is a member of the Rebel underground on Jastro III. He is in love with the daughter of the local planetary governor whom he met as a young man. She returns his affection but is unable to aid him in any way because of the presence of so many CompForce personnel.*

*Instead, she puts Ferr and his companions in contact with a mysterious person known only as "Alexan." Alexan's true identity is a secret. He is known, however, to be someone in the Governor's hierarchy with considerable influence.*

*In the course of events, two of Ferr's men are captured in an abortive sabotage operation. Ferr contacts Alexan to see if he can help. Alexan reluctantly agrees but only if Ferr takes the governor's daughter away with his men. Puzzled but with no other choice available, Ferr agrees.*

*At the appointed time Alexan delivers Ferr's battered men and Ferr's unconscious love. Before safe passage can be negotiated, however, Imperial troopers arrive and an intense firefight breaks out.*

*Ferr and his companions survive but Alexan is mortally wounded. Only after reaching safety is it revealed that Alexan was, in fact, the Governor himself in disguise.*

## Enemies and Rivals

Han Solo has about as many enemies as he does friends and contacts: Greedo, Skorr, Hirken, Gallandro, Jabba, Ploovo Two-for-One, Vader, the Emperor, his own cousin ...

Enemies are in many ways the inverse of contacts. Like contacts, they fall into two types: enemies and rivals.

Enemies are as interested in foiling your character's goals and interests as friends are in advancing them. They may or may not want you dead, but they will never knowingly do anything to assist you. They are villains: former students who blame you for their failures, jilted lovers,

people you've betrayed, members of rival Houses, and so on.

Rivals are not nearly as serious a threat, though they may grow to be so. They may even be friends or occasional allies. Rivals are competitors — you and they are competing for the same limited resource. This may be the hand of a lover, a coveted promotion, the desire to be the best pilot on Bespin, the loyalty of the same underlings, the recognition or patronage of the same superior, or maybe even just competition over an office with a door.

Develop enemies and rivals as you did contacts, using the same methods and sources. For example, families can be a source of opposition as well as support, especially if the character has chosen the side of the civil war opposed by his or her parents.

### Gamemaster Notes

Players will likely approach the task of developing enemies and rivals with a lot less enthusiasm than they did characters who would be of use to them. You will probably play a much larger role in developing the bad guys than you did in developing the good guys.

Develop enemies and rivals with an eye toward the sorts of adventures you plan to run, and your plans for the campaign. One interesting idea is to convert one of the character's friends into an enemy by some sort of betrayal at some point in the campaign.

Alternatively, you may wish to introduce enemies and rivals in the normal course of play, rather than at the onset of the campaign.

## Putting it all Together

Congratulations! You now have a well-rounded thumbnail background and personal history for your character. Now comes the most important question: how does this system enhance game play?

Consider this: when you have played for some time with the same character (let's call him Turran), you begin to identify with him. Turran has been through dozens of adventures, made friends and enemies, and you have begun to establish his personality and character. You know how he reacts in certain situations, and know how others are going to react to him.

He has, in short, begun to develop a history. You and he are becoming comfortable with one another. By developing a history before play

begins, you greatly accelerate this process of identifying with your character.

This system will *not* tell you whether your character is a spendthrift or afraid of droids. You can develop these sorts of quirks yourself with little trouble. Nor will it tell you how your character will react in specific situations.

It *will* help you *understand* your character better and more quickly, which will enhance game play immensely, and help you make these sorts of decisions as the character develops.

Having a character background will also allow your gamemaster to develop adventures and characters based upon the past experience of your character. Which sounds more interesting as a scenario hook: a woman you once knew shows up and wants you to help her get the poachers off her ranch? Or: Kavree Mile, the woman who helped you escape the horror of the slums, is in trouble with poachers? Who are you more likely to want to help more? “Generic Plot Device Character,” or dear old Kavree, a character you helped develop yourself?

### Homeworlds of the Galaxy

The following material can be used to provide a more detailed background for your character. Each planet entry below represents a world that

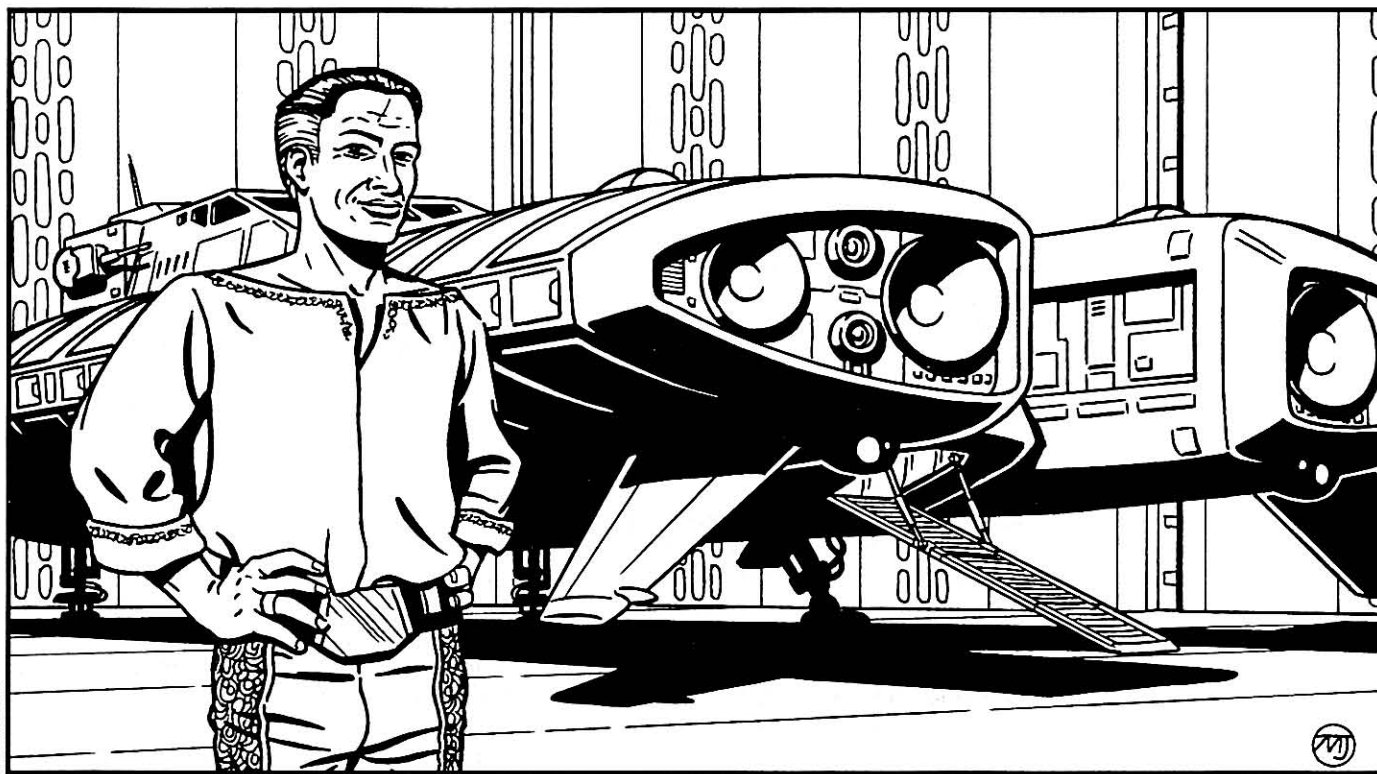
has figured prominently in *Star Wars* novels, comics or game products. They are presented as they existed in the classic *Star Wars* era.

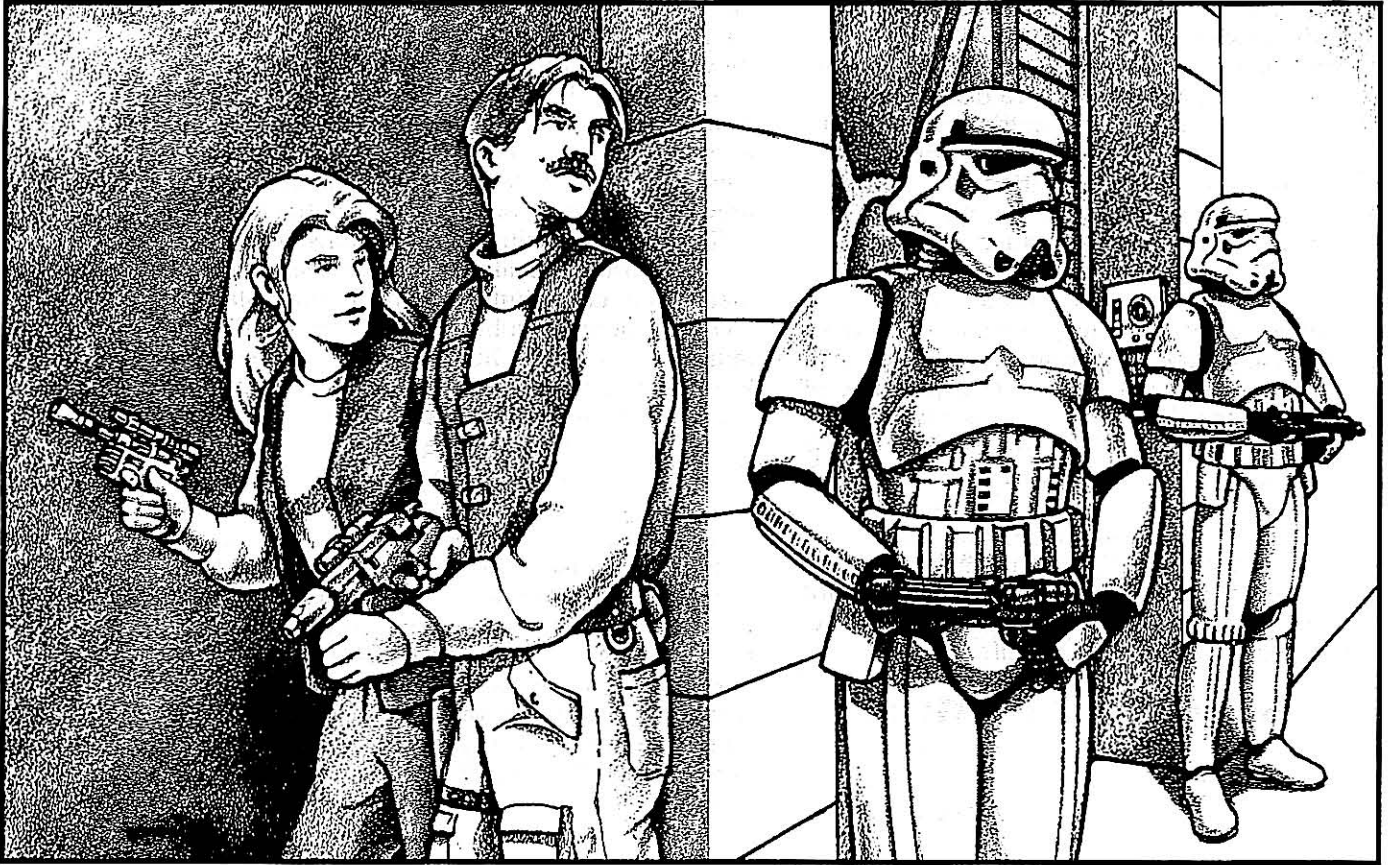
This is useful for New Republic–era characters as well as classic era ones. Remember that we are interested in the homeworld of the character’s childhood — most New Republic–era characters grew up in the days of Emperor Palpatine.

The “Dominant Species” notations at the end of the entries indicate the major aliens or humans that commonly hail from that planet. (“Other” indicates a hodge-podge of alien communities; naturally, humans from Sullust and Wookiees from Brentaal are not unheard of, if not exactly common.) Also listed at the end of the entries are sources where you can gain additional information on each world.

#### Bakura

Bakura, an isolated world in the Outer Rim Territories, was originally settled by the Bakur Corp, a speculative mining corporation, during the final years of the Clone Wars. The ore veins narrowed, and the economy foundered. The newly formed government diversified exports, and shifted to the export of repulsorlift components and an exotic fruit candy and liqueur made with the indigenous namana fruit.





Christopher J. Trevas

The Bakuran government is horribly mismanaged, and so laden down with factions and political parties that the groups have great difficulty reaching a consensus on even the major financial and military issues confronting the world. As a result, the system defense force is weak and disorganized.

Bakuran philosophy stresses the need for balance in the galactic scheme of things, which tends to sabotage any faction which manages to dominate for more than a few years.

**Dominant Species:** Human. *The Truce at Bakura*, by Kathy Tyers.

#### Berchest

Berchest is one of the largest trade worlds of the Anthos sector, and benefits from a healthy volume of Imperial traffic. One of the great wonders of the Old Republic, Berchest has long been a major tourist attraction, though the tourist industry has been in slow decline since the days of the Clone Wars and the rise of the Empire. Fortunately, the Imperial trade has helped it maintain its high standards.

Since the early days of the Old Republic, Berchest has been hailed as a planet of extraordinary beauty. Its saline-rich seas have left huge crystalline deposits along the coasts, and formed

them into amazing crystal structures. These crystals, some of them several kilometers in diameter, have been painstakingly sculpted into actual cities by the Berchestian artists and architects.

**Dominant Species:** Human. *Last Command Sourcebook*, page 65.

#### Bespin

Located near the Corellian Trade Spine, the gas giant Bespin draws a lot of traffic to the system, particularly to the floating city of Cloud City. Bespin, which features a temperate band high in its atmosphere, is the home of several hovering mining colonies, Cloud City being but one. The colonies mine Tibanna gas from the atmosphere.

Cloud City is an independent colony which was built to take advantage of Bespin's great secret—that the gas giant produces Tibanna gas with unique properties which boost the fire-power of blasters. The station has made its fortune covertly selling this gas to weapons manufacturers not associated with the Empire.

The casinos, sports arenas, and dance halls of Cloud City are first class, and draw many tourists to Bespin. Merchants and smugglers come to Cloud City's grungy Port Town to trade and make

deals, and between the smugglers and desperate refugees hiding from the Empire, Port Town can be rough at times.

Cloud City has a small population, so citizens of Bespin encountering one another amongst the masses of the Core will feel a natural affinity for one another.

**Dominant Species:** Human, Ugnaughts, other. *Galaxy Guide 2*.

#### Bimmisaari

The temperate world of Bimmisaari is covered by swaying trees called asaari trees that move even when no wind blows.

The inhabitants of Bimmisaari are Bimms, diminutive people who love storytelling and trade. They were nominal members of the Old Republic who have escaped the horrors of the Empire because of its great distance from the Core.

Bimms are governed by a planetary council, which meets in a deliberations chamber known as the Tower of Law. The Tower joins with a larger tower which serves as a marketplace. The planet boasts a number of impressive open air marketplaces.

**Dominant Species:** Bimms. *Heir to the Empire Sourcebook*, page 77.

#### Bonadan

From space, Bonadan is a yellow sphere covered with rust-red stripes. The planet looks barren and parched, for whatever plant life that was not deliberately destroyed has largely died due to careless mining operations, abundant pollutants, and simple neglect.

Bonadan is one of the Corporate Sector Authority's most important factory worlds. Those who hail from the planet are either from the families of wealthy corporate officers, or corporate serfs who have managed to buy out their contracts or run away.

The highly industrialized and densely populated planet houses many different intelligent species from all over the galaxy, and interspecies rivalries are common. To keep some semblance of peace and order, weapons are banned on the planet. Bonadan authorities use a vast and advanced network of weapon detectors to enforce the ban.

**Dominant Species:** Human, other. *Han Solo's Revenge*, Brain Daley.

#### Brentaal

Brentaal is a rather dry and arid world, and its small oceans are very salty. Its eight continents are dominated by commercial starports, entire cities of warehouses and container storage facili-

ties, trade markets for a wide variety of goods, financial markets, and industrial centers. It is strategically located to serve as a major shipping world, and handles a huge volume of traffic flowing into the Core and out to Colonies region, extending on to the distant Corporate Sector. Most of the citizens of Brentaal are either directly involved in commerce, or in an industry or business which supports it.

A popular hero in traditional Brentaal folk tales is the fearless spacefaring merchant trailblazing new hyperspace routes for his or her vessels. Brentaal citizens are no-nonsense when it comes to business, and their buildings are functional and stark, though oddly beautiful, since they favor organic-looking architecture. Politics are a means to advance one's interests in the commercial world, and little else. Most of Brentaal's commerce is controlled by the hundreds of noble families which dominate the various guilds and shipping Houses.

**Dominant Species:** Human, other. *Star Wars Adventure Journal #7*, page 218.

#### Calamari

Calamari is a watery world far out in the Outer Rim, inhabited by the Mon Calamari and the Quarrens. Great floating cities dot the surface of Calamari's endless oceans. The Mon Calamari have created a highly civilized culture — art, music, literature, and science are highly regarded pursuits, and those who practice them are the most honored in their society.

Mon Calamari have long eschewed the practice of war, and before the Empire came, had virtually no offensive weapons or craft. This has changed greatly in recent years, and the Mon Calamari have thrown off their oppressors and forged a mighty navy which serves as the backbone of the Rebel Alliance Navy.

They have paid a high price for their resistance — the world of Calamari has experienced a number of environmental disasters during the conflict, which the Mon Calamari are still struggling to recover from. Mon Calamari warriors are honored for their struggles and sacrifices, but are still viewed with unease by their fellow citizens for their violent deeds.

**Dominant Species:** Mon Calamari, Quarren. *Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 77; *Dark Empire Sourcebook*, page 79; *Death in the Undercity*.

#### Chandрила

Chandрила is a somewhat contrary world when compared to most of its fellow Core worlds. Culturally, Chandrilans dislike piling into huge cities, and have taken pains to keep communities small, with a low population density. Chandrilans have an unusually low birth rate, and families



rarely have more than one child. Chandrila has only two continents, both of which are dominated by large, grassy plains.

While Chandrilans enjoy the same technological advances as other Core worlds, they reject entirely the notion that progress is linked to a divorce from nature. Everywhere one goes on Chandrila, one sees naturalistic elements in virtually every facet of life. Elaborate gardens are a mark of high status. Agriculture is still a large part of Chandrila's economy. There are a huge number of agrifarms on the gently rolling hills and huge grassy plains of Chandrila's two major continents. Farmers specialize in foodstuffs which are difficult to preserve for long hyperspace trips.

**Dominant Species:** Human. *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #7, page 216.

### Corellia

One of the founding systems of the Old Republic, Corellia is a major Core world, known for its fast ships and skilled traders. The system has five fully-inhabitable planets, which leads some scientists to speculate that it is an artificially-constructed system (others have developed alternative theories). Humans dominate politics in Imperial Corellia, but there are two other species native to the system, the Drall (evolved from predatory mammals) and the Selonians (who evolved from water mammals).

Though wily Corellian merchants can be found everywhere in the galaxy and are generally casual in their relationships, they do not often speak of their homeworld to outsiders. Corellia has long been a major trading center in the Core, but there is a steady trend toward isolationism amongst its people. This is exacerbated by the increasingly serious pirate attacks on shipping in the Corellia sector which the Empire seems powerless to prevent.

**Dominant Species:** Drall, human, Selonian, other. *The Corellian Trilogy*, by Roger MacBride Allen.

### Corulag

The very model of an Imperial Core world, Corulag is *extremely* cosmopolitan, and devoid of provincial values and loyalties which might interfere with the New Order ideology. The world is totally devoted to the Emperor and his philosophy of human High Culture.

The people of Corulag are wealthy and productive, and pay little attention to worlds less favored and fortunate. They bask in the knowledge that their success as a society is entirely due to their superior abilities and culture. Actually, their successes in the Imperial era are largely

due to the fact that Corulag latched itself firmly to the fortunes of young Senator Palpatine, and rode with him all the way up to the top. It also doesn't hurt that Coruscant is only three hours away via the hyperlanes.

Corulag hosts a branch of the Empire-spanning Academy. Like Raithal, Corulag Academy prepares the most talented young Imperial citizens for military service. A surprising number of students from Corulag enter the Academy, and as a result, many senior Imperial officers are natives of Corulag.

**Dominant Species:** Human. *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #7, page 214.

### Coruscant

Coruscant has served as the seat of galactic government since the very first union of stars. In the days of the Old Republic, Coruscant was the seat of the Senate, and its many supporting committees and organizations. When Palpatine brought his Empire to power, he chose Coruscant as the site of his Imperial Court, and built a monstrous Palace around the Presidential Residence, itself an enormous sub-city thousands of years old.

Coruscant is a trend setter for all of human space. If something comes into fashion on Coruscant, it is sure to spread to the rest of the Core within weeks, and on into the Colonies and Mid-Rim not much later. The surface cities of the planet are opulent in the extreme. Immense palatial mansions tower over parks, game reserves, entertainment centers, and business buildings. The entire planet is covered in a dense network of buildings, plazas, roadways, and landing platforms hundreds of layers deep.

There are warrens and broken-down sectors deep in the bowels of Coruscant which haven't been visited by government representatives in hundreds of years. There are cities and communities deep underground, long forgotten to those closer to the surface, inhabited by refugees, outlaws, and worse. Still other areas are the domain of horrible feral creatures which have established their own brutal ecosystem in the ducts, sewers, and accessways of the undercity.

**Dominant Species:** Human, other. *Heir to the Empire Sourcebook*, page 79; *The Jedi Academy Trilogy*, by Kevin J. Anderson; *The Corellian Trilogy*, by Roger MacBride Allen.

### Elom

Elom is the homeworld of the Elomin and Elom species. A cold, barren world, Elom is a frigid wilderness far from the warming rays of its sun. Rich in mineral wealth, especially the strategically important ore of Iommite, it was warmly

welcomed into the fold of the Old Republic. With the rise of the Empire, Elom was placed under Imperial martial law, and the Elomin became slaves mining their own resources for the glory of the Empire.

The Elomin greatly resent their enslavement, and burn to break free of their Imperial chains. Most Elomin consider it their duty to slow the Imperial war machine when possible, through outright sabotage, corruption, bureaucratic red tape, and an extremely low work ethic. Some few Elomin have escaped their planet, or migrated from their world before the Empire annexed it.

Eloms are a separate species which dwell in warrens of caves deep under the desert surface. They are relatively uninterested in affairs outside of their underground cities, and withdrew deeper into their caverns when the Empire invaded.

**Dominant Species:** Eloms, Elomites. *Heir to the Empire Sourcebook*, page 96; *Galaxy Guide 12: Alien Races — Enemies and Allies*, page 36.

**Endor**

Endor is the homeworld of the Ewoks. A forest moon of a gas giant, Endor is graced with a wide temperate band, thanks to the planet's low axial tilt. The landmasses are covered by giant trees,

which grow to heights exceeding 300 meters. Since their branches are few and thinly leafed, plenty of sunlight shines on the fern-coated forest floors.

The Ewoks live in treetop communities to escape the fearsome predators which roam the forests at night. Village structures are anchored on the thick boles of the trees for support, and platforms and walkways connect the cluster of huts on each tree to one another. The Ewoks revere their mighty trees as gods, and express their devotion through their music.

**Dominant Species:** Ewoks. *Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 71; *Galaxy Guide 5: Return of the Jedi*, page 54–68; *The Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*, page 139–147.

**Esseles**

Esseles was a highly volcanic world in its recent geological past (10 million years ago), and its surface is now densely covered by imposing young mountain chains. The large population centers are nestled into the narrow valleys and few plains which can be found on the rugged continents.

In the days of the Old Republic, Esseles was a vastly influential world, as befits a Core world, and a powerful presence in the Senate chambers



on Coruscant. While friendly enough with the Empire, Esseles has traditionally held itself somewhat aloof from the ideologies and programs emanating from Coruscant. Most Esselians still consider themselves loyal to Esseles first, the Empire second.

One of Esseles' key sources of income is the high-technology manufacturing centers necessary to produce capital ships. In fact, Damorian Manufacturing (the shipbuilding firm that constructed the Carrack cruiser) is headquartered here.

**Dominant Species:** Human. *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #7, page 221.

### Gamorr

Gamorr is the homeworld of the porcine Gamorreans. It is a pleasant planet, featuring a variety of terrain types from the icy tundras of the north to the lush tropics of the equatorial inland seas. Its kindly aspects are entirely lost on the Gamorreans themselves, who are either preparing for, engaged in, or recovering from an endless procession of holy wars and skirmishes at any given time.

Gamorrean cities are large, bulky fortresses built up out of rock and fusion-hardened clay. They are surrounded by thick walls bristling with armaments and death traps. Gamorr is largely self-supporting, and its people do little trading with offworlders. Those who leave the planet are mostly mercenaries, bodyguards, slaves, or simply unusually intelligent.

**Dominant Species:** Gamorreans. *Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 72.

### Ithor

Ithor is the homeworld of the Ithorian "Hammerheads." The fourth planet of the Ottega system, Ithor is a lush tropical world teeming with a wide variety of flora and fauna. Most of it has been tamed by the Ithorians, but wild areas remain. The Ithorians live in large flying cities known as "herd ships," which travel at tree-top level, thus preserving the environment while allowing Ithorians to partake of modern conveniences. The Ithorians farm their vegetables from their cities without setting foot on the ground.

The various herds on Ithor are autonomous and self-supporting. Once every Ithorian season (roughly every five Standard years), the herds gather for the "Meet," an enormous time of celebration, council, and decision-making. The Ithorian herds trade with both the Rebel Alliance and the Empire, showing no favor to either side so long as no one interferes in their affairs. This strategy has met with limited success: the Ithorians move with relative freedom throughout the Empire, but the Empire nonetheless maintains a garrison on the planet surface.

**Dominant Species:** Ithorians. *Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 74.

### Kashyyyk

Kashyyyk is the arboreal homeworld of the Wookiee species. It is a jungle world of wondrous beauty and instant death. Massive *wroshyr* trees cover the surface of the land masses, their branches intertwining at several levels to form an immensely dense canopy which admits little light to the lower levels. The Wookiees live in the upper levels of the canopy, and have built massive cities within the trees, with a seamless integration of practical technology and naturalistic elements of the local environment.

Kashyyyk is under Imperial martial law, and many of its citizens have been exported as slave labor to hundreds of Imperial worlds. There are Imperial garrisons located in just about every Wookiee city, enforcing an uneasy peace. Wookiees taken offplanet to work in slave camps know full well that failure to cooperate means the death of their families. Few accept this fact gracefully.

**Dominant Species:** Wookiees. *Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 84.

### Nar Shaddaa

The moon Nar Shaddaa orbits Nal Hutta, the adopted homeworld of the Hutts and the center of Hutt space. It was once the reservation deeded to the original inhabitants of Nal Hutta after they lost their world to the Hutts, but then became the nexus of a huge trade network, and has since fallen on hard times as the trade routes shifted away from the system. The once glorious cities are broken-down slums now, the haven of smugglers, spice-jackers, slavers, and criminals.

Known as the "Smugglers' Moon," Nar Shaddaa is a comfortable world for criminals with credits and connections, and a miserable ghetto for those without. A great variety of species and offworlders make their home on Nar Shaddaa, many gathering in their own sectors, where they govern themselves within Hutt perimeters. The Empire does not concern itself with Nal Hutta or its moon so long as the Hutts mind themselves.

**Dominant Species:** Hutts, humans, other. *Dark Empire Sourcebook*, page 85.

### Ralltiir

Ralltiir, on the very border that separates the Core region from the Colonies, is the only world in the sector that managed to maintain its independence from Esseles over the past few centuries. Until recently, it likewise successfully resisted Imperial intervention. For all its independence, Ralltiir has always been a relatively main-

stream Core world, which makes its debasement particularly galling to its people. Most have been perfectly loyal law-abiding citizens, and are in a deep state of shock at finding their beloved Empire suddenly cruel and impassive.

Today, Ralltiir is a sad sight. Its once formidable banking industry lies in shambles, and its economy is little better off. Many of the unemployed are routinely shipped to other Imperial worlds to work as petty clerks and industrial supervisors. It is still a beautiful, high-tech world, but its infrastructure is showing the first signs of decay. The planet was placed under Imperial martial law for suspected "Rebel activity" prior to the dissolution of the Senate. While the Empire shipped off a large portion of the populace to interrogation centers, the Imperial Navy blockaded the planet.

**Dominant Species:** Human. *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #7, page 227.

### Rhinnal

Rhinnal is a world which has freshly emerged from its most recent ice age. Some of the best medical schools in the galaxy are located here, and Rhinnal is also famous for its weaving industry.

People live in both large communities and small, but almost always gather in ethnic groups based on clan kinship. Public affairs on Rhinnal are mostly handled within periodical gatherings of clan heads if they are judged to be of little import to the outside galaxy, and by the governor when they are considered to be significant.

Rhinnalian culture values honor and style, and these traits mark the behavior of every native. Meetings and partings are attended to with great ceremony, and nearly every day on the calendar marks a commemoration of some sort. Clothing, colorful and worn in many layers, is considered a very important part of social interaction. The dress codes are a way of maintaining independence and solidarity in the face of centuries of occupation by a variety of "conquerors."

**Dominant Species:** Human. *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #7, page 224.

### Rodia

Rodia is the homeworld of the Rodians. It is a world of dense jungles, which once gave shelter to fierce predators. The Rodians hunted these species into extinction centuries ago, and having built their culture on the hunt, have turned to stalking sentient game on other worlds. The planet has undergone rapid industrialization in the last few centuries, and Rodian cities are a curious mix of modern factories and apartments, and soot-crusted crumbling brick structures.

Most Rodians worship violence and death, and this love affair with bloodshed has given rise to the two contributions Rodia has made to the galaxy: prime weapons and Rodian drama. The sprawling weapon manufacturing plants of Rodia are justly famed for their quality firearms and blasters — the Empire's orders and contracts alone keep half of the planet employed. Rodian drama has earned a prominent place in the galaxy's pantheon of classical works, and is widely appealing to audiences of a variety of species.

**Dominant Species:** Rodians. *Galaxy Guide 4: Alien Races*, page 77.

### Ryloth

Ryloth is the homeworld of the Twi'leks. It is a dry, rocky world of shadowy valleys and mist-covered peaks. Half of Ryloth is locked in eternal darkness, and this darkness shelters most of the planet's inhabitants, including the Twi'leks. Super-heated wind storms originating from the bright side provide the warmth necessary to sustain the planet's dark-side ecology.

The Twi'leks, still a primitive industrial civilization, lack space-faring capabilities. This leaves them dependent on neighboring systems for trade. The major export of Ryloth is ryll, a mineral which is used for medicinal purposes as well as recreational ones.

Twi'leks prefer diplomacy and trickery to combat, for cunning and pragmatism are more valuable survival skills on Ryloth than brute strength. This attribute is best seen in Ryloth's response to the frequent raids by slavers on their populace. Rather than combat the slavers and risk damaging their cliff-dwellings, the Twi'leks sell their own people into bondage. This results in fewer slaves taken over the long run, spares their cities, and puts credits in their coffers.

**Dominant Species:** Twi'leks. *Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 82, *Platt's Starport Guide*, pages 136–160.

### Sullust

Sullust is the homeworld of the diminutive Sullustans. A volcanic world, Sullust has an inhospitable atmosphere consisting of thick billowing clouds of hot noxious air. The Sullustans live in the myriad complex of cool, humid caves which criss-cross the planet just under the surface. They have expanded and adapted the caverns into beautiful subterranean cities.

Sullust is home to the SoroSuub Corporation, a leading mineral-processing megacorp that has energy production, space mining, food packaging, and high tech divisions throughout the galaxy. Nearly 50 percent of the Sullustans work directly for SoroSuub or a supporting business. SoroSuub took over planetary government when

it became clear that the civilian government favored rebellion.

Sullustans are greatly divided on the issue of corporate annexation. Many are sympathetic to the Rebellion, and feel the Sullustans should stand with the Mon Calamari in open opposition to the Empire. Those in the other camp point out that SoroSuub's actions have kept the Empire from forcefully occupying their planet and forcing them into slave labor.

**Dominant Species:** Sullustans. *Star Wars Sourcebook*, page 81.

### Tatooine

Tatooine is a small desert world far from the center of activity of the galaxy. Twin suns beat down on this sand-covered world, burning the

great expanses of desert and all those who dwell there.

The planet is home to Jawas, Sand People, banthas, dewbacks, human settlers, and assorted aliens who populate Mos Eisley's spaceport district. The human settlers, most of whom make a living as moisture farmers, live in small communities and homesteads. Many members of the galaxy's fringe society, such as smugglers, mercenaries, and bounty hunters, use Tatooine as a base because of its distance from the watchful eyes of the Empire and other galactic governments.

**Dominant Species:** Humans, Jawas, Sandpeople, other. *Galaxy Guide 1: A New Hope*; *Galaxy Guide 7: Mos Eisley*.

## CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT WORKSHEET

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**Homeworld:** \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Growing Up:** \_\_\_\_\_  
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# Chapter Two

# Roleplaying Imperials

## Entering the Imperial World

There is a certain allure to playing characters of dubious morality, plotting, scheming and fighting in a dark dystopia. Many players have expressed an interest in playing Imperial characters, both military and civilian. The *TIE Fighter* flight simulator from LucasArts Entertainment Company, which has fueled the already strong interest in living (and gaming) on the Imperial side of the “fence.”

This chapter presents material of interest to players and gamemasters who would like to participate in an Imperial campaign.

## Hero Or Rogue?

“Everyone” knows the Empire is an evil institution. It shatters peaceful worlds, crushes freedom underfoot, enslaves non-human species, and seeks to dominate every aspect of a citizen’s life.

### Thoughts on Rebellion

*Excerpt from a tract by Alendar Jarvis*

Chaos and weakness must be avoided at all costs, or we will find ourselves once again in the dark final days of the Old Republic, when the leaders were indecisive and feeble. The Empire is the natural evolution of human culture. The “feel-good, we’re-just-one-big-happy-family” philosophy of the Old Republic led to corruption and rot. It all sounds so loving and wonderful in the Rebel propaganda broadcasts, but educated people know it just doesn’t work. It took centuries to prove, but we now know that it absolutely does not work.

The Rebels are dangerous because they defy authority, and encourage us to turn back the clock and adopt a dead-end philosophy that has already proven itself unworkable.

To be sure, some of the misguided fools may have good intentions, but they are the most dangerous fanatics of the lot, even more so than the Justice Action Network terrorists. For the sake of the Empire and its citizens, they must be convinced to lay aside their senseless Rebellion or be destroyed.

Does this mean every adherent to the Imperial system is evil? Well, *no*. To be sure, there are those twisted and sadistic individuals who have found outlets for their dark tendencies within the Imperial system. (In fact, as Palpatine tightens his grip, it appears the Imperial military *encourages* such behavior.) However, few Imperial citizens would condone the more horrendous tasks the Emperor sets for his trusted servants, and still fewer would be capable of carrying them out. Most people who swear allegiance to the Empire have higher motives for serving the Emperor. (Not *much* higher, in some cases, but higher nonetheless.)

A great many Imperial citizens are genuinely convinced that the Empire is an advancement over past political systems. They have embraced the propaganda and dogma of the New Order: that through the Imperial system, law and order are supplanting corruption and chaos, and that a little freedom must be sacrificed to assure everyone security and peace.

Others see in the Imperial system a way of getting ahead. Some human merchants who once had to compete with Herglic and Sullustan shippers eagerly supported the rise of a system which would see alien companies disbanded or curtailed and their own operations given preferences and lucrative contracts. A spoils system based on species rather than merit found a great many supporters among the mediocre.

The vast majority of people have little say in the way galactic governments are run, and affect a certain stoic attitude regarding galactic politics. Their goals are simply to hang on and get on with their lives, no matter what happens. They say what they must to be left alone, and do not make waves.

Do not misinterpret this to mean that there is no room for personal heroism within the Empire’s institutions. Far from it. Despite the many disadvantages Imperial citizens and soldiers deal with everyday, many competent, caring, and capable persons are genuine heroes. Many do achieve

fame, position and power through hard work and their own abilities. Along the way, however, many have a change of heart. Many eventually come to doubt whether they are fighting for the right side. Still others begin to question where it will all end. For some, questioning whether the fame, the position, and the power are worth it, after all, is the beginning of true heroism.

The bottom line is that Imperials are not a homogeneous lot. There are distinct sub-divisions among Imperial supporters, which may be broken down into four categories: *elite*, *traditional*, *citizen*, and *renegade*.

### Imperial Elites

Imperial “elites” are people who owe their power to the Emperor and serve as his power base; as powerful as the Emperor is, he could not easily rule without the support of certain key aristocrats and military leaders. In either case, the elites know that they need Palpatine where he is if they are to continue thriving — their fortunes are tied with those of the Emperor, like it or not. Consequently, their loyalty is to Palpatine first, the greater good of the Empire second.

Though of necessity loyal to the Emperor, the elites do a lot of jockeying amongst themselves to improve their own positions within the Imperial hierarchy, a situation the Emperor encour-

ages. The more divided and weak his potential opponents are, the less likely they are to plot against him, and the easier they are to manipulate to serve his purposes.

Members of the elite class are most often members of a royal house, high-ranking military officers, politicians (governors, Imperial advisors, and so on), or Dark Adepts. Not all elites need fall into these categories, however — even if rank and high birth do not admit one into this exclusive company, fanaticism and incredible ability may. The Emperor’s Royal Guard and the Imperial stormtroopers are prime examples of this.

Of the character templates offered in Chapter Three, the arrogant noble, the CompForce Assault trooper, the Imperial adjutant, the Imperial double agent, the Imperial morale officer, the ISB protocol officer, the COMPNOR SAGroup youth, and the wealthy physician templates are examples of the elite Imperial (though some of these might also qualify as traditional Imperials, depending on how they are played).

### Traditional Imperials

“Traditional” Imperials are the most common components of the Imperial military and bureaucratic machine. They generally serve the Empire out of personal feelings of duty, honor, and fam-

#### Just One Planetary Riot!

Governor Cathers drummed his fingers nervously on the burnished desktop of greel wood, a symbol of his power and prestige. He glanced down at the blaster burn that etched a ragged furrow into its gleaming surface and scowled. The Rebel monsters were growing powerful as well as bold. Last night’s attack had come much too close to succeeding for his comfort. Had he been in his office ...

Cathers shuddered, and sighed with relief when his assistant doubted ushered in a tall man in full battle dress. The assistant bowed himself out of the room as the two men sized one another up. It was Cathers who backed down. There was something strange about this one, something he did not like at all. He couldn’t quite explain it. The man’s eyes shone with something ... it almost seemed like a feral anticipation of the hunt. Suddenly, he wished the assistant was back in the room.

The newcomer saluted. “I am Major Fenris Sarhl, commander of the CompForce Demnadi Relief Operation, part of the regiment assigned to pacify this ... *planet* of yours.”

Cathers beamed. “Excellent, Major, excellent! I can’t tell you how *delighted* we all are to see you. These rioters have obviously been suborned by local Rebel factions.” He sank down into his chair with a heavy sigh. “They simply will not listen to reason, Major, and my militia forces are no longer sufficient to put them down. I *insist* you take action immediately.”

“Of course, Excellency.”

“Very good.” Cathers squinted up at the young man he had temporarily acquired. “Tell me, Major, how many squads are in your Relief Force?”

“Just one, Excellency.”

“*What* ... you mean they only sent *one* squad?”

“No, excellency, not one squad, one person. *I* am the Demnadi Relief Force.”

“I don’t understand!”

“Your communication *did* say you only had one planetary riot on your hands, did it not, Excellency?”





ily. Many join the war effort because they sincerely believe the Rebellion is a tragic waste of life. Some enlist in the Emperor's cause only after the loss of friends and family at the hands of Rebel operatives. Members of this group are often military professionals who simply view the war as a job to be done.

As far as traditionalists are concerned, the New Order ideology is superior to all others the universe has offered, and they believe in the traditional virtues of strength, order, and stability — the Empire is the best way of imposing these ideals on a galactic scale.

Traditionalists tend to be as personally ambitious as elites, but they are far more likely to envision an Empire without Palpatine. The Emperor is aware of this, and keeps a much tighter leash on those who are known to be more loyal to the Empire than its founder.

Among the templates offered in this reference, the ground assault trooper, the intelligence agent, the ISB investigations specialist, the Space Rescue Corps officer, and the TIE fighter pilot are excellent representatives of this group.

### Dark Shades Of Distinction

The distinctions between elite and traditional Imperials can appear blurry at first glance. Perhaps the best way to distinguish between the two is to remember that an Imperial elite is, above all else, loyal to the Emperor. He is the leader of their "personality cult."

A traditional Imperial, however, is first and foremost loyal to the Imperial *system*. The elite serves the Emperor out of love (if such a word can be made to fit such a man as Palpatine), while the traditional serves out of a profound sense of duty.

Elite and traditional Imperials agree that the ends justify the means. Few in either class have qualms over the destruction of property or massive loss of life, as long as such things further the cause of the Empire. Excessive measures can always be justified and explained, as long as they achieve the desired ends.

### Imperial Citizens

Imperial citizens represent the vast majority of men and women within the Empire. They are not particularly enthusiastic boosters of the Empire. They are not interested in dying for the Emperor, and they aren't thrilled by the idea of Palpatine's New Order binding the galaxy together.

On the other hand, they don't particularly care if millions of people die opposing the Empire (as long as it doesn't impact *their* lives), and the knowledge that entire alien species are enslaved and dying to serve their Empire doesn't keep them awake at nights, either. They honestly believe that there is very little that they can (or should) do to change the situation. After all, those punished by the Empire must have done something wrong to merit this treatment. They are, in short, simply interested in getting on with their own lives, and the government of the Empire is "someone else's problem ..."

Of the templates presented, the Imperial newsnet reporter, the Imperial smuggler, and the unemployed Imperial bureaucrat are Imperial citizens.

### Renegade Imperials

In the post-Endor era, the Imperials began to lose ground to the fledgling New Republic. They were driven out of the central Core region, and were forced to retreat to the systems which most strongly supported the New Order.

During this chaotic time, those who worked to restore the Empire to its previous glory came primarily out of the elite and traditional camps. There were mighty struggles to determine who would succeed Palpatine, but the end goal was always the restoration of the Empire.

However, out of the various camps, there emerged a faction of lords, governors, admirals, Moff's, and other leaders who desired to carve out their own petty fiefdoms from the carcass of the ailing Empire. These were the warlords; they and their supporters are the "renegades."

The renegades have fiercely defended their claims to personal power. Some have forged mutually lucrative arrangements with local crime lords. A few are even thought to have clandestine dealings with the New Republic. While a few have already been dealt with, either by New Republic or Imperial forces, many are yet to be assimilated back into the Empire, or into the New Republic.

Many of the character templates make suitable renegades, particularly the Imperial assassin-in-training, the Imperial smuggler, the intelligence agent, and the TIE fighter pilot.

### Running An Imperial Campaign

Running an Imperial campaign poses some problems which Rebel and independent campaigns do not. If you want to run an Imperial military campaign, for example, you must deal with the fact that the Imperial Army and Navy are far more regimented than their Rebel counterparts. This cuts back on character freedom, since TIE pilots and Army troopers are seldom con-

### A Pleasure Doing Business With You ...

An ingratiating smile spread itself wetly across Magresh's pudgy face. "Do come in, Captain, do come in. Sit down. Make yourself comfortable. *Whatever* can I do for you?"

The unsmiling Imperial officer walked stiffly into the room, and pointedly stared down at the offered chair. She did not sit. She looked up to regard her host with violet eyes that flashed with barely concealed anger. "Let's cut the insincere formalities, Magresh. You *know* why I'm here."

Magresh's smile faltered only an instant. "Ah, yes, Captain Vran, something about your purchasing some medical supplies from my firm, or so my sources inform me. My sources also inform me that supplies like this are difficult to come by since the Emperor died."

Vran nodded. "Your sources were correct, little man. I have no alternative but to purchase back the medical supplies your thugs *stole* from my ordnance dump in West County last night."

Magresh blanched in a not-quite-convincing imitation of dismayed shock. "Your facility came under attack last night? How *shocking*, and how unfortunate." He looked sad.

Vran snorted. "Not for you. It seems you stand to profit quite nicely from our misfortune."

Magresh spread his hands and shrugged helplessly. "Well, what can one do? It would seem I am suitably placed to be of service to you, doesn't it?" He sat back and picked at his teeth. "You may, of course, go elsewhere for your replacement pharmaceuticals."

Vran slammed her fist down on the rickety table between them. "Blast it, Magresh, I have men in the hospital who *need* those supplies! Don't push me, and *don't* play me for a fool!"

Magresh ceased his study of his scarf. "Very well, then Captain, no games. We all do as needs must. I presume you brought your payment in full?"

Vran signaled, and four silent troopers carried in several large crates. "The weapons you requested are right here: ten portable missile launchers. I *don't* want to know what you intend to use them for."

Magresh glanced at the boxes and smiled. "I intend to use them to make a profit, my dear Captain. A *very* big profit, in fact." He sighed and heaved his bulk out of his chair. "Well, I see that everything is in order. My men are already loading your medical supplies aboard your transport. We have only to shake hands to conclude our arrangements."

"You'll excuse me if I forego that particular local custom." Vran looked as if she was moments away from leaping over the desk and strangling the fat merchant with her bare hands.

"Alas," Magresh smirked, enjoying his "customer's" predicament, "it has been a pleasure doing business with you, regardless. Good day."

Five minutes and five kilometers away, Captain Noran Vran of the 656th regiment stopped her Chariot command speeder atop a small rise. From there she picked out the three-story office building from which she had recently emerged. Located in a secluded section of Xanas City, the place was an ideal location from which the arms dealer Magresh could conduct business without drawing unwanted "official" attention.

As the second hand on her chronometer ticked down to zero, the young officer smiled. A near-deafening ripple of explosions from a series of missile warheads rocked the Chariot back and forth. Looking at the crater that had suddenly appeared in the streets below, the officer grinned fiercely to herself. "Yes, Magresh, you treacherous worm," she murmured, "it *has* been a pleasure doing business with you."

sulted by their superiors regarding bombing targets and mission objectives. They are told where to go and what to do, and they are expected to do just that.

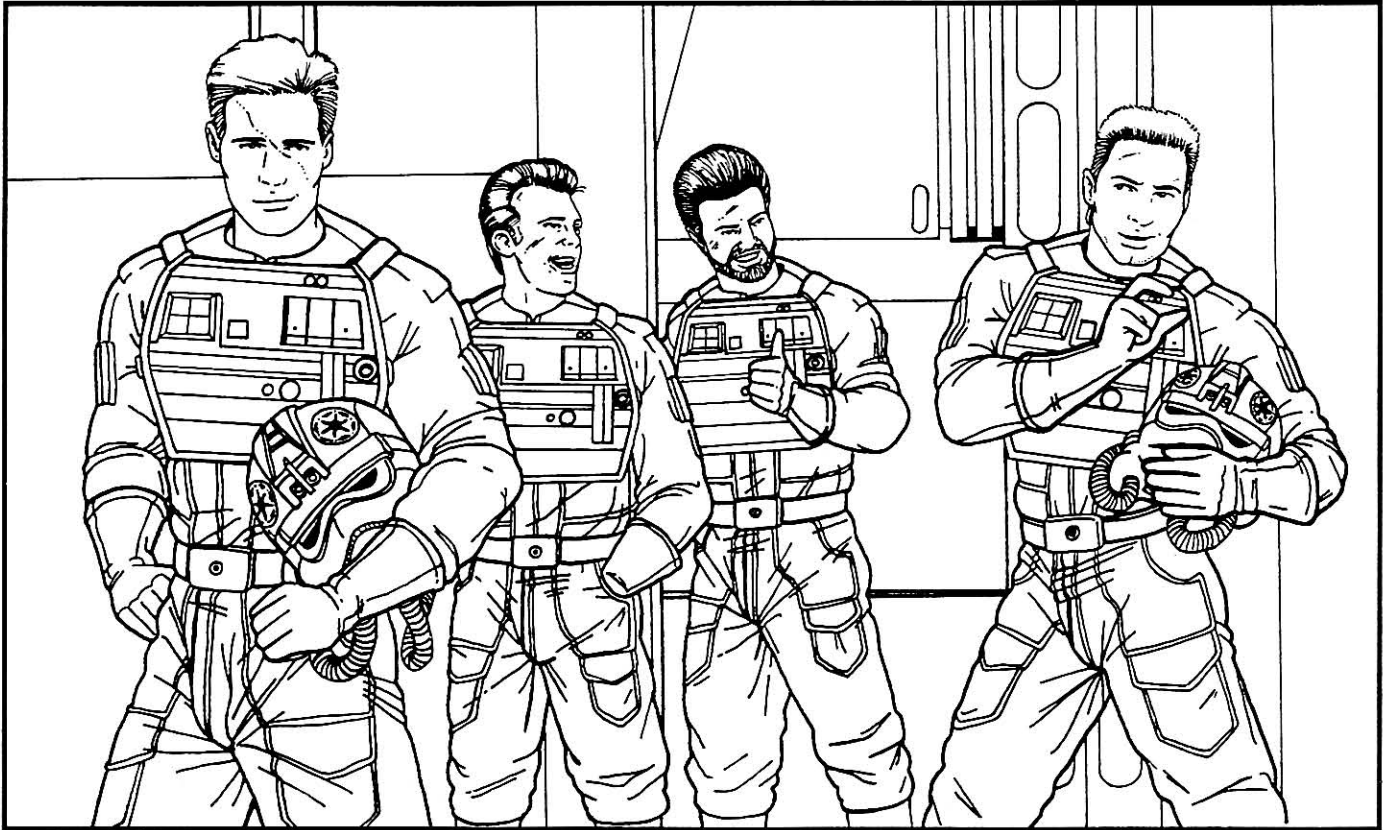
The military campaign also limits the number of character templates which can be plausibly brought into play. Just how many adventures will involve a TIE pilot, a wealthy doctor, and a COMPNOR SAGroup youth and retain a shred of believability? The obvious answer: precious few.

Thankfully, this is not necessarily the case.

There are ways of getting around these problems, and the conventional military campaign is not the only option available. Since we've already begun discussing the conventional military campaign, however, we'll tackle it first.

### Military Campaign

There are a number of routes to go in a conventional military campaign, and it depends largely



Robert Duchlinski

■ Imperial TIE fighter pilots need a combination of exceptional talent and limitless ego to survive deep space combat.

on the sort of campaign the gamemaster and players want to participate in.

The *Imperial Sourcebook*, which focuses almost exclusively on the military, can be an invaluable aid in running any Imperial military campaign. In it you will find essays on the various branches of the military, available weaponry, spaceships, and armored vehicles.

Due to the format of the military campaign, most characters will be based on the same template. This does not mean that each one must be a carbon copy of the others. Indeed, some might be ISB or COMPNOR spies as well as repulsorcraft drivers and TIE pilots, (or Rebel spies, for that matter). Each template should also have a different specialty: some members of the unit will be heavy weapons experts, others demolitions specialist, others the communications officer. The players should feel like a part of a team, with their strengths and weaknesses balanced by their teammates.

**TIE Squadron.** With the popularity of the *TIE Fighter* flight simulator from LucasArts Entertainment Company, a campaign surrounding the exploits of the members of a TIE squadron is a natural choice for a campaign.

The characters begin play in a standard TIE squadron aboard a Star Destroyer (or perhaps a

lesser vessel such as an Interdictor cruiser). The gamemaster should develop various personalities aboard the ship, such as the command crew, the characters' immediate comrades and superior officers, and a few recurring gamemaster characters outside of the command chain, such as techs, mess hall crew, supply officers and so on.

The characters start in the misfit squadron of the ship, and must endure the jibes of better pilots until they prove themselves and move up into better squadrons (they will likely outlive many of their initial wing partners). The ace pilots, in the best squadron, lord it over all the other pilots aboard, and are extremely arrogant. They serve to spur the characters into striving to top them, and strive to get into a better squadron.

Ultimately, the deeds and reputations of the characters take them to better ships, with better captains, and more important missions. Ultimately, they may win billets in one of the "hot" attack squadrons, with one of the best reputations in the fleet. Anyone coming into this "Aces Only" type of environment will be expected to prove himself in short order.

One of the "non-combat" oriented scenarios possible involves the hazing rituals of a star-

fighter pilot (or indeed virtually any other member of the Imperial military). Rookie pilots are often called upon to prove their ability by painful and rigorous tests of skill. Some examples of the hazing include: competitions on flight simulators, dexterity tests (such as a dart throwing contest) or even dangerous stunts that rookies are put up to by tougher, more experienced pilots. (Stealing the commanding officer's swagger stick, or holding a fellow pilot's pile of contraband reading material are good examples of hazing rituals.) Obviously, these activities would not be officially condoned, but older commanding officers probably underwent similar hazing as cadets and will often turn a blind eye to these activities (provided that the infractions are minor and no injuries, death or destruction of Imperial property is involved). In general, there should be a good deal of involvement with other pilots' personal lives. The longer the squadron works together, the stronger the bond between these characters will grow; a scenario built around the squadron's shore leave could prove *very* interesting.

A TIE squadron campaign would naturally feature a great many space battles, bombing missions, and scouting forays. These will get repetitive fairly quickly unless split up with adventure outside the cockpit. Most of such action would consist of political jockeying — trying to topple rivals through blackmail and frame jobs, spying on fellow pilots for ISB or COMPNOR contacts in exchange for favors or information, and so on. Other adventure ideas include a temporary reassignment to a test pilot facility where prototypes are flown (and perhaps Rebels try to steal one), goodwill flying tours to planets in the Core (plenty of adventures can occur in the Core), and trying to uncover a Rebel spy ring within the squadron. Also, a thriving black market of contraband goods exists aboard many Imperial capital ships and installations; the player characters could be wrongly implicated in a crackdown on contraband, or may actually *be* the black marketeers. Or perhaps, they are being used by ISB or COMPNOR agents to ferret out the real smugglers ...

Obviously, the TIE squadron campaign more or less demands that everyone play a TIE pilot of some sort, though the TIE flown might vary. Some characters might fly interceptors, while others fly bombers. No one begins play in anything but a regular TIE fighter, however. Faster ships and better assignments only come *after* the rookies have proven themselves.

In addition, rather than have these missions become carbon copies of one another, a number of variables can be woven into the fabric of the storyline. Bad intelligence, mechanical failure,

even outright lies from superior officers can add to the challenge of the campaign. These situations help underscore the unwritten rule of thumb in the Imperial military: "adapt or die." No one ever said military life would be easy ...

**Ground Assault.** For those desiring the simple pleasures of a "ground-pounder" land war, there is the ground assault campaign. This game environment is a particularly attractive option for those who enjoy incorporating *Star Wars Miniatures Battles* scenarios into their games.

The characters may be stationed at an Imperial garrison on a world which needs pacifying (for a less combat-intensive garrison campaign, see the next section). Alternatively, they may be based on a ship which takes them to hot spots around the galaxy. In either case, they handle heavy weaponry, drive Juggernauts and Floating Fortresses, and cause a great deal of property damage along the way.

Scenarios will vary. The characters may spend a month seizing the capital of a planet claimed by a rogue Moff, and the next week be shipped off to storm the barricades of a Rodian revolt deep within the bowels of a mining complex. Or how about a "prisoner of war" campaign where the Imperial characters have been captured by the Rebels or New Republic and must attempt to escape?

Chapters Seven and Eight of the *Imperial Sourcebook* offer some good source material and adventure ideas for a ground assault campaign. Templates most appropriate to the campaign are obviously the ground assault vehicle commander, CompForce Assault trooper and the Imperial adjutant.

**Special Operations.** This sort of campaign focuses on commando action. The tasks the commandos perform are *not* pretty, nor are they for the faint of heart. They assassinate leaders suspected of planning a defection to a Rebel safe world, slip into enemy-held areas to kidnap enemy officers and scientists for interrogation, recon enemy bases and camps, sabotage critical Rebel assets, and so on.

The commandos are professional soldiers — the best there are — and simply do what they do because that is their job and their nature. These troops are New Order fanatics, totally loyal to the Emperor and the New Order, willing to die should their leaders command it. Commando campaigns will focus on the missions, and the thrill comes in tackling new (and seemingly impossible) challenges.

The characters may move up into more distinguished units as they win renown for their deeds. A few notable units repeatedly distinguish themselves, among them the 43rd Salagori Lancers, the 543th Denbari Attack Company, and the 76th

Assault Regiment. Being assigned to one of these crack units means one can expect to see a *lot* of action.

The characters might be special Army units, Storm Commandos, or ISB operatives (though all characters will come from the same branch and service). *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim* is an excellent guide to commando-style campaigns. Though it focuses on Rebel campaigns, the information therein can be easily adapted for Imperial campaigns, especially if the campaign will feature the Storm Commandos. Characters should all be based on the same template. Each character should have a specialty the other members of the unit do not, in order to work as a team.

**CompForce Assault.** For groups looking for a bit more skullduggery and political maneuvering in a military environment, a CompForce Assault campaign might do nicely.

CompForce, as the military arm of COMPNOR, isn't a part of either the regular Army or Navy. Still, its members do participate in heavy action alongside the conventional forces, so its inclusion here is justified.

CompForce Assault teams participate in some of the dirtiest and toughest fighting in the civil war. Their success rate is not as high as that of Storm Commando units, and the casualty rate in CompForce units is very high, in some cases 50 percent. Nonetheless, CompForce is seen as a proving ground for ambitious young officers, and many people who desire an important place among the next generation of Imperial rulers are putting in their time in the CompForces. It is also true that CompForce's success rate is improving as its men gain more experience in the field.

Political considerations and goals are as important to someone in CompForce as are military ones, which is what differentiates a CompForce campaign from a typical ground assault campaign. While most CompForce units engage in conventional warfare alongside Navy and Army units, the more capable units also engage in covert assignments. These assignments might range from killing "traitorous" Imperial leaders (actually enemies of COMPNOR), to obtaining blackmail material on potential COMNOR rivals in the Imperial hierarchy.

For more information on CompForce, and COMPNOR overall, consult Chapter Two of the *Imperial Sourcebook*. The main character template for a CompForce campaign will naturally be the CompForce Assault trooper.

### Garrison Campaign

The garrison campaign is a very attractive option for an Imperial military campaign. It allows players to use a variety of character templates, and offers a variety of adventures as well.

The garrison is a small base located in the capital or chief city on a world hostile to the Empire, perhaps only recently conquered or annexed. The characters, as key members of the garrison, must pacify the local citizens (preferably without bloodshed, but one way or another in any event), nationalize local industries of value to the Empire, prevent sabotage, and suppress and destroy the local Rebel cells which are rising up all around them.

As if the enemies in the general population aren't enough, the characters must look out for enemies *within* the system as well. Ambitious underlings are trying to subtly undermine the characters' standing in order to supplant them, and will mercilessly pounce on any sign of weakness or failing, or even sabotage missions to ensure they fail. The characters may respond to these attempts to discredit their superiors so they can rise through the ranks, or they may wish to assist these subterfuges in order to take over higher positions.

Spies of the ISB are also known to have infiltrated the garrison personnel, as have CompForce observers. Most disastrous of all, someone within the garrison is leaking sensitive information to a Rebel cell operating somewhere in the system.

The characters certainly have their work cut out for them — political purges, nights of arson and terror, and duels and betrayals all tend to make life ... interesting, to say the least. Other events might come along to complicate even things further, such as the arrival of a new commander bent on crushing the local populace (and destroying the careful balance of intimidation and subversion the characters have established), or the discovery of a secret Rebel observation post in the system. If the campaign is set in the New Republic era, they may even face a New Republic invasion intent on taking the system back!

Pages 117–121 of the *Star Wars Sourcebook* contain detailed information on the standard garrison base, including maps and layouts, lists of base personnel and vehicles, and so on.

### Diplomatic Campaign

The diplomatic campaign is set in the New Republic era, and features intrigue within the shattered remains of the Empire. Many warlords are on the move, establishing their own petty empires from the carcass of the Empire. The New Republic is taking back worlds on all fronts, and numerous worlds still in the Imperial fold are growing more and more restless as the possibility of freedom grows more real. The characters play either servants of the legitimate Empire, or renegade Imperials allied with a rogue warlord.

In either case, they will likely face the same

challenges. They must negotiate with neutral worlds in an attempt to draw them into the Imperial camp (with the rise of the New Republic and the waning of Imperial power, brute military force is no longer the diplomatic tool of preference it once was). Their task is made more difficult because they are often competing with New Republic representatives for the favor of the neutral world. The characters may either take the high road and attempt to win the contest through honest negotiations, or attempt to undermine the opposition through all sorts of underhanded ways — anything from staging “accidents” or blackmailing New Republic officials to organizing strikes and rallies among sympathizers, to bribing reporters and politicians to “see things the Imperial way.”

Internal politics are as volatile as external politics in this uncertain world of sudden change, and plots abound within the diplomatic corps. Certain leaders are brought down and others raised up continuously, and cautious and clever characters can make a quick rise through the ranks by backing the right people.

Determining which plots will enhance their position and those which won't is one of the most difficult decisions players will face — sometimes the very goals of the plot are unclear until the characters are involved up to their necks. Natu-

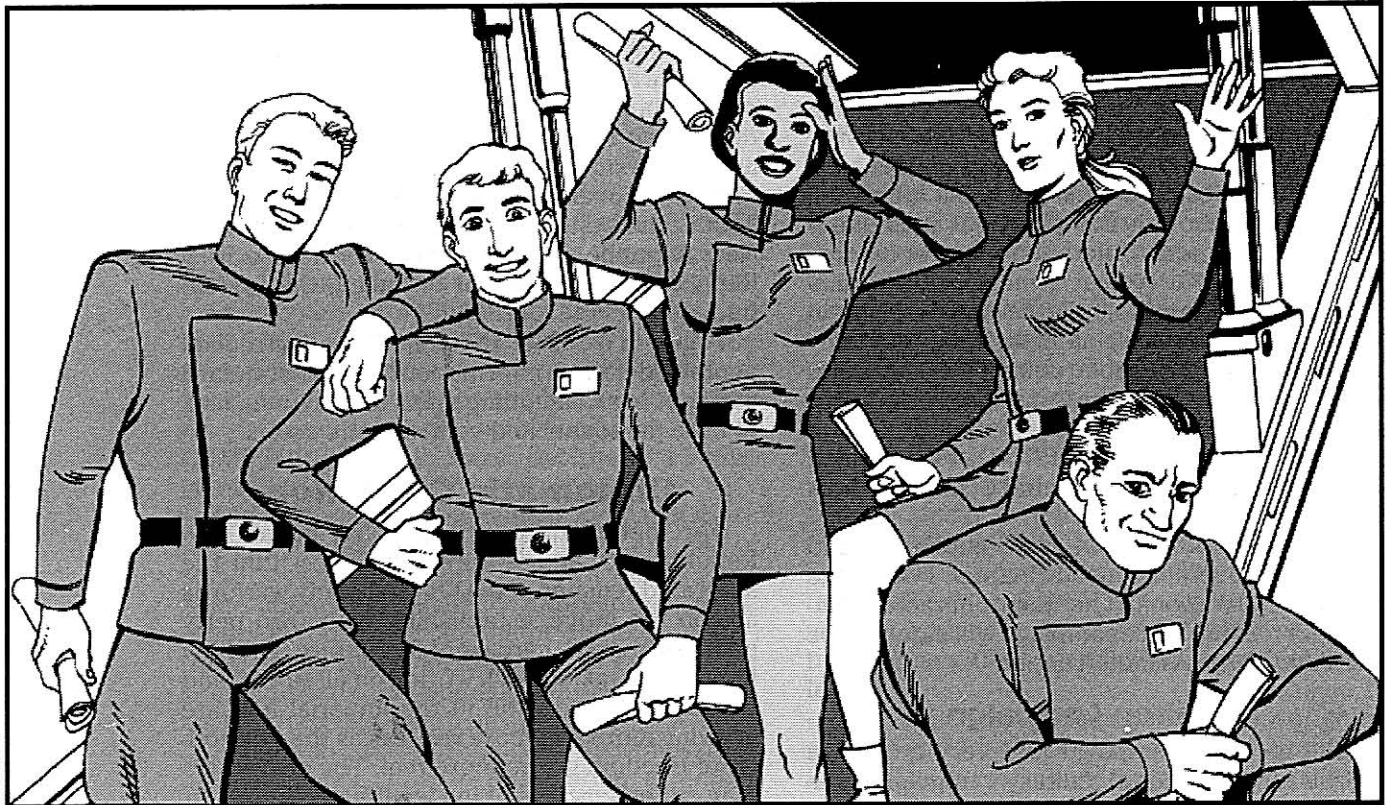
rally, care must be taken to ensure that potential allies don't end up working against you.

The arrogant Imperial noble, the Imperial adjutant, the Imperial diplomat and the unemployed Imperial bureaucrat are good choices for character templates, though a good many others would serve as well — the diplomatic corps is in a shambles since the Emperor fell, and many have stepped into the void vacated by those unable to adjust to the new realities.

### Civilian Campaign

Not everyone sympathetic to the Empire actually serves it. The civilian campaign focuses on characters who don't especially care for the Empire, except insofar as it may serve their own interests.

Not all merchants and smugglers out there are independent fringers. Just as there are shippers who favor the Alliance, there are those who find the Imperial system more conducive to profits. *Someone* has to haul supplies into the Imperial-held Deep Core (not to mention the thousands of restricted Imperial installations scattered amongst the stars), and the payoff is vast. In a New Republic era campaign, pro-Empire privateers roam the stars, seeking out New Republic ships to attack and plunder.



Tim Eldred

■ Imperial Academy graduates pause for a few moments to snap holo-mementos before shipping out for their first assignments.

Of course, life is not all that simple. To get these plush contracts and routes, one must curry favor with a sponsor of some sort, such as a Moff, a governor, a warlord, or an admiral. This means getting caught up in turf battles with rival Imperial leaders and their shippers. The characters may wind up sabotaging the efforts of these other shippers to help their sponsor, and will certainly have to fend off similar attacks themselves. There are also shippers in their own camp who would just love to take over their routes, and these unscrupulous characters must be watched carefully as well. Finally, there is danger out there in the shipping lanes, since no one knows when an X-wing squadron will appear to wreak havoc on Imperial shipping.

Alternatively, the characters could work for a pro-Imperial corporation or industry. (The Corporate Sector Authority is always looking for more skip-tracers, for example.)

### The Imperial Military Code of Conduct

Not all Imperial military personnel are alike, as we have seen. Some may simply be arrogant bullies in battle armor. Others may serve the Emperor's cause while earnestly striving for peace. Still others, hope, by their examples, to keep the war far removed from their loved ones.

But most, if not all, abide by an unwritten code of conduct which is drilled into every recruit from day one. This code tells crewmen, troopers, and officers how to behave. The following guidelines may help players to realistically depict Imperial characters in a wide variety of roles, and help the gamemaster depict the Imperial reaction to their actions.

**Mission Statement.** One of the key ways in which Imperial characters differ from their Rebel counterparts lies in how they approach their various assignments. Within a given unit, each member of the Imperial armed forces is indoctrinated with one overriding principle. This principle is generally referred to as that unit's "mission statement." While the exact wording can vary, the gist is always the same: the successful completion of one's mission takes priority over all other considerations. In contrast, a similar doctrinal statement issued to Rebel troops might suggest the completion of an assignment is of vital importance, so long as severe casualties are not necessary to carry it out. Where members of the Alliance military may be concerned about high casualty rates, Imperial combat units often accept extremely high losses, so long as their objectives are reached.

**Lead By Example.** Imperial officers are expected to lead by example. This often results in capable officers being lost in the opening mo-

ments of battle. An officer failing to lead an attack in person risks charges of cowardice or incompetence. Such acts of personal bravery, however well intended, have both long and short term negative consequences. In the short run, an Imperial attack that might otherwise succeed can often fail due to a lack of coordination from capable officers. As a unit's chain of command is decimated, unqualified officers (even enlisted personnel) often find themselves in positions of authority. In the long term, such losses can result in a lack of trained officers at higher command postings. Their ranks are often filled by officers who have proven themselves "politically," rather than militarily, fit to command.

**Repetition Is Politically Sound.** One unfortunate side effect of the code is that bad strategy and tactics are often repeated. Imperial armed forces are nothing if not results-oriented. Regrettably, this often means so long as the desired results are achieved the methods by which they are accomplished are not questioned. Patrols are often carried out with the same format, the same predictable regularity. Security measures are typically left unchecked if no immediate threat is apparent. "Seek and attack" operations in a given area are often repeated in the same manner (long after the enemy has left the area) if once proven marginally successful.

### What Goes Around ...

The *Star Wars* universe is a place where good deeds are rewarded and evil does not go unpunished for long. This is important to remember during an Imperial campaign; if the players are intent on committing atrocities and reveling in senseless brutality, their actions should come back to haunt them.

For example, during a particularly brutal pacification, the player characters were instrumental in wiping out a number of native villages. However, a few natives survived and provided accurate descriptions of the characters to the Rebel relief mission to the planet. Those characters are now prime targets for the Rebels (and any Rebel-allied bounty hunters who may be in the area). Opposition to the player characters' unit has just increased a great deal.

Or maybe the characters' behavior was "evil" enough to actually harden the resistance of the Rebel cell they are trying to stamp out; the entire planet flares up in revolt and the characters have a huge mess on their hands ...

Players should be encouraged to play their characters appropriately, but professionally. Soldiers should remain detached and willing to obey orders, but atrocities are not looked upon with favor by the front-line troops. Often, orders from superiors and the dictates of the conscience are highly contradictory. These situations can be roleplayed to great effect.





Robert Duchinski

Rebels have many times exploited this weakness by placing the Imperials in a situation where their past record of success works against them. So long as the circumstances appear to be the same, Imperial command staffs will often use the same battle tactics that worked in the past. Indeed, to suggest any deviation from proven success is to have your loyalty questioned. Knowing this, a skillful Rebel commander in the field who can adapt quickly can often catch a predictable enemy off guard, resulting in a smaller Rebel force outwitting or outmaneuvering a larger, better-armed Imperial contingent.

**The Last Order Given Always Has Precedence.** It often happens in the course of battle that a unit can be cut off from its command personnel and left to fend for itself. In such situations Rebel troopers are taught to think and act for themselves. Often this can mean “going to ground” and acting as partisans and saboteurs behind enemy lines until help arrives. Personal initiative on the part of Rebel soldiers is highly prized.

Imperials caught in the same situation act completely differently. A unit cut off from its command, for example, is expected to use whatever means are at its disposal to carry out the last order it received. Any deviation from this estab-

lished norm is tantamount to treason under fire. Within the Imperial armed forces, personal initiative is generally seen as a dangerous thing. While there are exceptions to the rule, a constant display of personal initiative (let alone questioning one’s orders) can result in the “offender” coming up before a review board very quickly.

**Success Is Never Questioned.** It is an unspoken truth in many situations involving Imperial armed forces that the ends do justify the means — Imperial officers will often go to great lengths and extremes to complete their missions. If they succeed in their task, no sacrifice was too great. No tactic, however morally unacceptable, is ever questioned ... as long as it *worked*. While there are many officers who do not subscribe to this philosophy, there are equally many (especially in the upper echelon) who do. Such attitudes can often prompt officers to order troops to carry out assignments that, on the face of it, have little chance of success.

**There Is Always Someone Ready To Take Your Place.** One of the basic truths about life in the Empire is that people unable or unwilling to carry out assigned tasks are promptly replaced. Sometimes this means the person is retired prematurely, and often in a sudden and fatal manner.

Success in one's work, even in civilian life, means strict adherence to established doctrine and instant obedience to one's superiors. Beyond this, there is little room for excuses or explanations as to why a directive has not been carried out as ordered. In a very real sense of the word, in the war between the Empire and the Alliance, individuals are often seen as being either "part of the solution, or part of the problem." This atmosphere tends to breed an excess of suspicion and distrust as individuals, fearful for their own safety, often seek out likely targets of suspicion in others. As a result, it often happens that those in positions of authority are more concerned with holding onto that power than exercising it in the best interests of all concerned.

The typical Imperial administrator, upon assuming office, automatically assumes he or she has one or more "traitors" lurking in the staff pools. It will be seen as a measure of that administrator's own competence whether or not these people can be rooted out in short order. Even within the scientific community, persons in charge of production and research are often those least qualified — academically — for the posts they hold. Such minor details are generally overlooked so long as quotas are reached and new breakthroughs are achieved (by whatever means available).

**Take Care Of Your Own First.** Whether in a military or civilian setting, inter-service (or inter-agency) rivalry is commonplace. Competition for equipment, funds and replacement personnel is the order of the day. In such a situation, members of a given organization (military or otherwise) are expected to look after their group's own interests first. Often this can lead to friction's among competing personnel, disputes over jurisdiction, and mutual suspicions. Individuals "favoring the other side," the common good notwithstanding, are often thought of as worse than Rebels. They are seen as being traitors to their own.

### No Good Deed Goes Unpunished

While outright *evil* behavior (murder, pillaging of conquered territory, etc.) is not encouraged in an Imperial campaign, a certain amount of ruthlessness and political intrigue is almost required of Imperials, both military and civilian. Taking advantage of an opponent's weakness is a guiding principle in the military, and if that opponent is a fellow officer who's in a position you covet, well, players should be encouraged to discredit or otherwise remove this person from the playing field with haste.

By the same token, acts of mercy or charity committed by the player characters may *also* be taken as a sign of weakness, not only by Imperial gamemaster characters, but by fellow *player characters* as well. While these actions may not be illegal at all, they may be *perceived* as improper, leaving the "offending" character open to political reprisals from anyone who witnessed them. These acts can be as simple as possession of a literary work that has been restricted (not necessarily *banned*, just restricted), watching a non-Imperial news broadcast, even something as innocuous as being seen engaging in conversation with a non-human or giving food to a starving alien on an occupied world.

Any player who behaves in a manner that is potentially counter to Imperial policy is going to have to think pretty quickly to avoid loss of rank, pay, freedom — or even their *life!*

### Imperial Templates

The following templates represent characters typically found in the service of the Empire. Some represent individuals serving in the Imperial Army or Navy. Others are civilians or professionals in the employ of the Empire, either directly or indirectly.

In some situations, various independent characters can also be employed as Imperial operatives. This will occur on a case-by-case basis. Independents are detailed in Chapter Three.

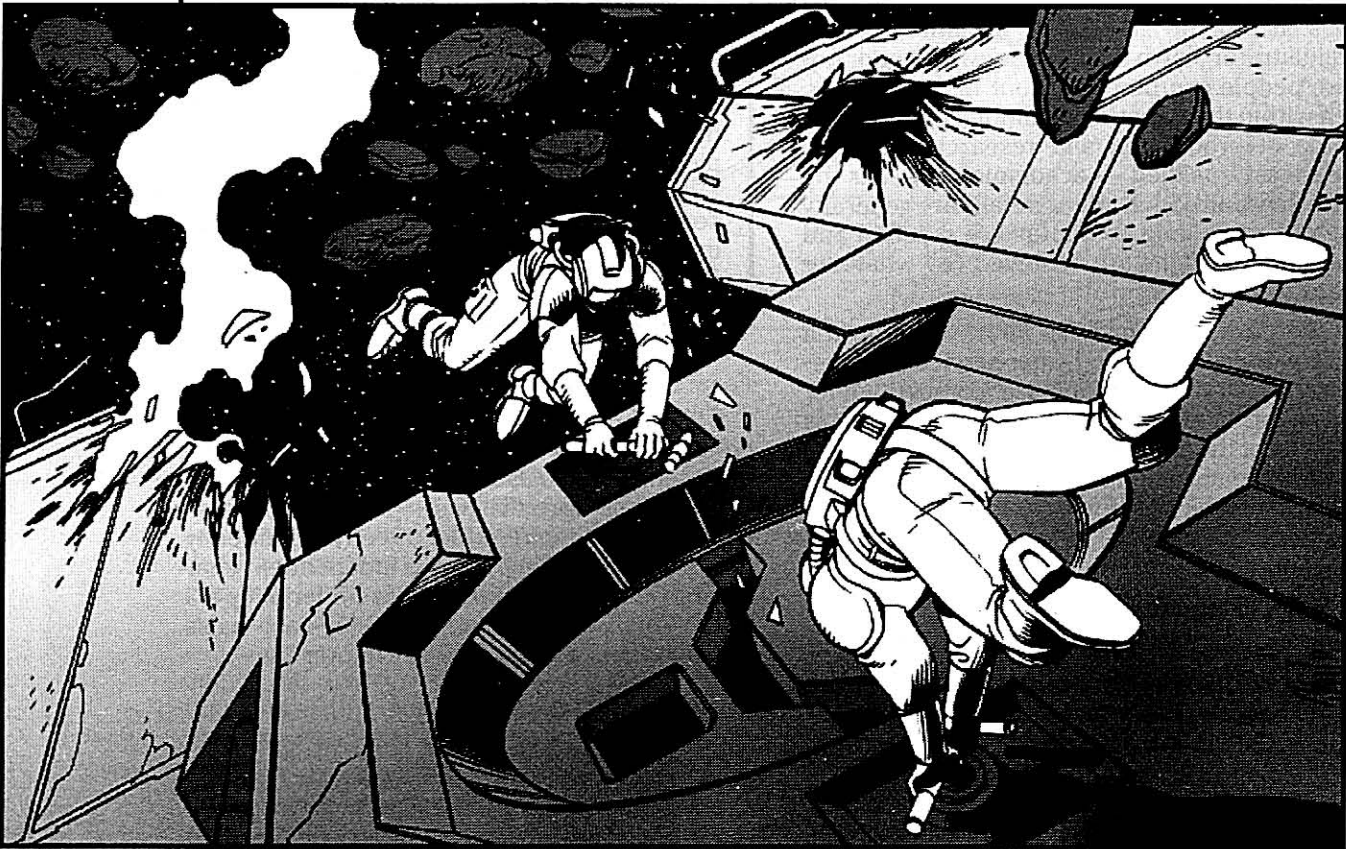
### This One's Going To Be Close ...

Jandrell worked her handservo as fast as she could. One slip now and the locking mechanism on the damaged air lock would jam for good. Curse that stupid *fedejik* of a pilot for trying to take his ship through a grade five asteroid belt! Now his precious ship was disabled, his ion drive close to superheating, and three small hull punctures were bleeding air out of the last intact cabin.

Jandrell glanced at the readings on her heads-up suit display and cursed. She tongued her comm mike open and yelled over to her partner floating three meters above her. "We only got a few more minutes, Mangrill. That blasted power plant is degrading fast."

Mangrill rotated his suit so Jan could see him nod in assent. He turned back and resumed work on his side of the airlock. Suddenly, she felt a dull thump vibrate through the hull as the airlock reseated itself. "I think we've got it!" She popped open the lock access panel and began to wire it back together.

Just then multiple indicators on her helmet display began flashing red warnings. Engine number two had just entered an overload spiral. Jandrell closed her eyes for a moment and redoubled her efforts. *Oh yes, she thought to herself, just another glorious day in the life of the Space Rescue Corps. Blast, this is going to be a close one ...*



Tim Eldred

# STAR WARS

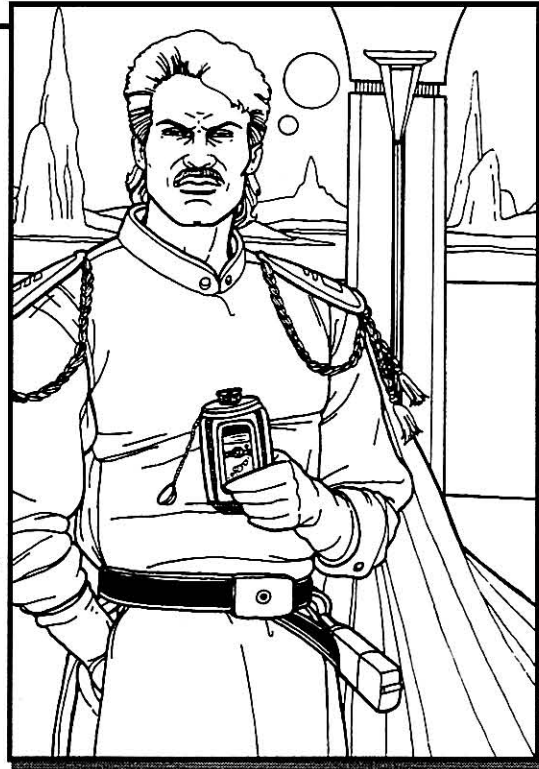
**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Arrogant Imperial Noble

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



Robert Duchlinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ Command \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_ Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_ Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_ Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_ Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_ Computer program-

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_ ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_ First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_ Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_ repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_ Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Space transports

\_\_\_\_\_ repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**      Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

None.      Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Extensive wardrobe for both formal settings and life in the bush, comlink, blaster carbine (5D), sporting blaster (3D+1), portable bar, 5,000 credits.

**Background:** For many centuries, your royal house has been one of the pillars of Old Republic society. Your family moves only in the smartest of sets, and the "little people" cater to your house's every whim.

Unlike most of your relatives, you do not delight in the banal entertainments to be found in the Core, nor do you desire to follow your uncle and sister into the regimented life of the military. For you, the exploration and taming of the backwater worlds of the galaxy has the greatest appeal. You love the thrill of the hunt, and coaxing or forcing closely held secrets from primitive alien tribes.

Though you are perfectly willing to rough it when necessary, you see no need to suffer discomfort when it can be avoided. You bring civilization into the wild as much as possible, including climate controlled tents, servants, and complete larders. After all, it is your duty as a nobleman to show savages the benefits of civilization. In return, it is their duty to express their gratitude by obeying your every whim.

**Personality:** To those you consider your peers, you are polite, polished and urbane. You don't pay much attention to those beneath your station as long as they serve you well and know their place.

**Objectives:** To discover new species and worlds which may be exploited by the Empire. Your secret desire is to have a species named after you.

**A Quote:** "Pray be at ease, Moff Tendrum. I have come to this miserable world to explore its natural mysteries, not to sniff out *your* petty intrigues."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

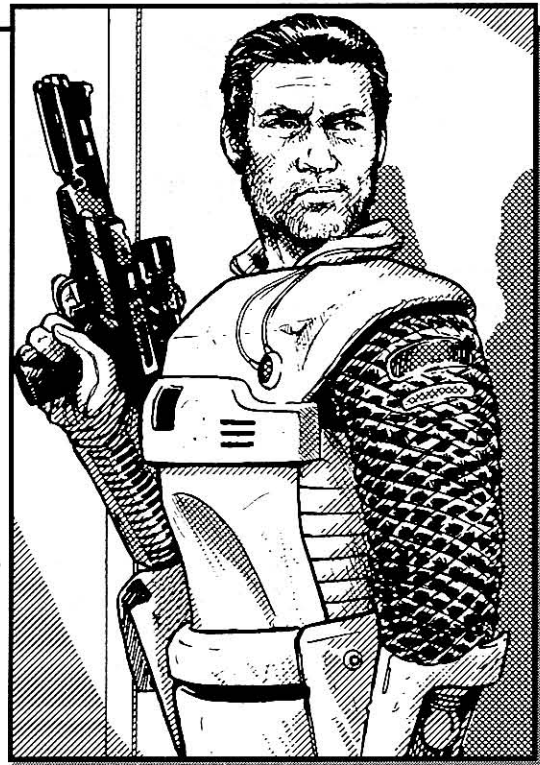
**Type:** CompForce Assault Trooper

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

- Blaster \_\_\_\_\_
- Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_
- Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_
- Dodge \_\_\_\_\_
- Grenade \_\_\_\_\_
- Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_
- Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

- Languages \_\_\_\_\_
- Survival \_\_\_\_\_
- Tactics \_\_\_\_\_
- Willpower \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

- Ground vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_
- Powersuit operation \_\_\_\_\_
- Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

- Command \_\_\_\_\_
- Hide \_\_\_\_\_
- Search \_\_\_\_\_
- Sneak \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

- Brawling \_\_\_\_\_
- Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_
- Lifting \_\_\_\_\_
- Stamina \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

- Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_
- Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_
- Demolition \_\_\_\_\_
- First aid \_\_\_\_\_
- Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** CompForce uniform, blaster rifle (5D), comlink, heat reflective power armor (+1D energy, +2D physical, -1D *Dexterity* and related skills), heavy blaster pistol (5D), knife (STR+1D), three grenades (5D), medpac

**Background:** You come from a part of the Empire few ever heard of and fewer still know much about. You left your family a long time ago, and haven't spent much time looking back.

CompForce has become a second family to you, replacing the one you never really knew. You live for the adrenaline high you get in combat, and so do the men and woman in your company.

It's only a matter of time before that blaster bolt with your name on it catches up to you, but no matter. For now, you've got your comrades, and the thrill of battle. You never really planned on living to a ripe old age anyway.

**Personality:** You don't know who is crazier: you or your fellow troops. If life gets too boring, you like to liven it up a bit by tempting death — playing catch with an armed thermal detonator, for instance.

**Objectives:** Accomplish the mission, no matter what. You're a breed apart. Being the best of the best is what it's all about.

**A Quote:** "They said I'd never make it. But I made it through where others never came back. Now that I'm through with basic training I'm ready for anything those Rebels can throw at me."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** COMPNOR SAGroup Youth

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ Command \_\_\_\_\_

Bows \_\_\_\_\_ Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_ Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

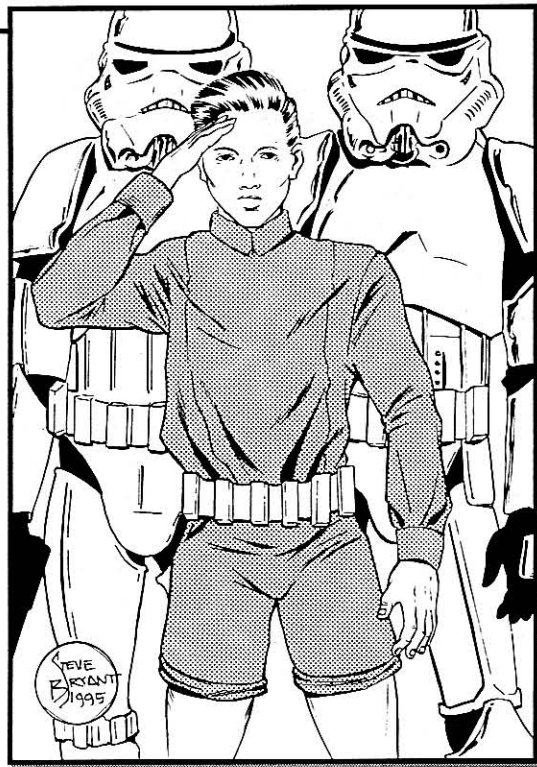
**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** COMPNOR SAGroup uniform, datapad of SAGroup Regulations, COMPNOR-issue stun blaster (2D stun), travel voucher (free passage on non-military Imperial spaceships), 300 credits

**Background:** You have always longed for a place where you could belong, and you found it in COMPNOR SAGroup. The Group builds you up and gives you an identity, and teams you up with comrades you can identify with and rely on.

You readily demonstrated leadership potential soon after joining, and cemented your path to the top by warning your superiors that your friend's parents were not attending the proper rallies.

As a senior member of your SAGroup squad, you have unlimited travel privileges throughout the Empire, and are on an extended sojourn to see as much of the Empire as you can before you return to school and prepare for the admissions test to the Academy. (You also have to write a long report on your travels in order to receive full COMPNOR accreditation, so you dutifully keep a journal of your day-to-day activities).

**Personality:** You are proud to be a loyal and active member of the New Order, and worship the ground the Emperor walks on. You see the world in black and white, and everything Imperial is white.

**Objectives:** To prepare yourself for Academy and military life by seeking action throughout the galaxy.

**A Quote:** "Hail to the Emperor, the Empire and the New Order. May its righteousness never falter." (This is accompanied by a stiff, precision salute that is almost comical coming from someone your age.)

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Floyd Wosel

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ground Assault Vehicle Commander

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Walker operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Walker repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

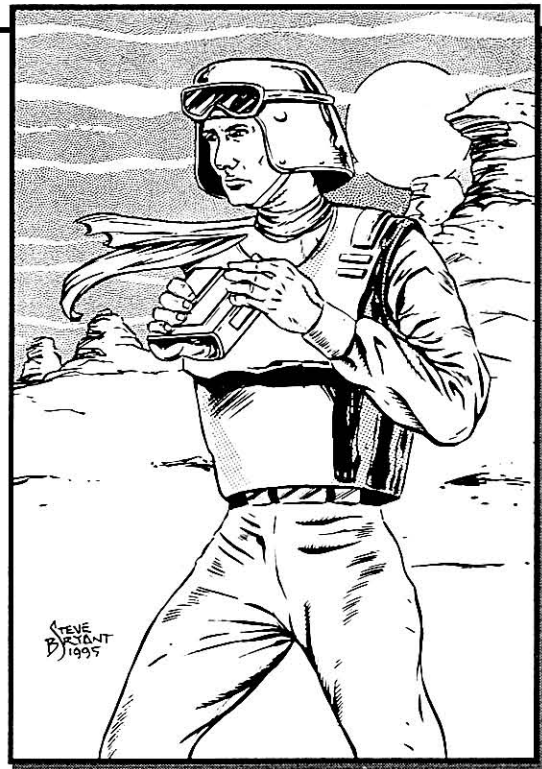
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Imperial uniform, blast vest (+1 physical, +2 energy), blast helmet (+1D physical, +2 energy), medpac, macrobinoculars, blaster pistol (4D), rations pack, 200 credits, Imperial GAV (options include Juggernaut, CAVwPK-10, PX4 Mobile Command Base, Flying Fortress, or Hoverscout; see pages 69-79 of *Imperial Sourcebook* for more information).

**Background:** You come from a family of warriors. For many generations, your family has served Coruscant with honor and bravery. You are not about to be left out.

After graduating from the Academy, you served for a time in the infantry before working your way into armored fighting vehicles. Now that you've found your niche, you intend to stay put for awhile.

You are career army, and though you are ambitious, the ideologies of the New Order do not much interest you. You make little effort to curry favor with New Order representatives. You are a soldier, not a politician. Besides, it isn't your place to judge the Empire — your ancestors did not question their rulers, and neither should you.

**Personality:** You live it up when on leave and are a great practical joker. On the battlefield you say little — you let your cannons do the talking for you.

**Objectives:** Your job is to take out as many of the other side as possible. You'll go home after the last Rebel has laid down his arms at the foot of your vehicle.

**A Quote:** "Until the Rebels surrender, I'm here to stay."

**Connection With Characters:**

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# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Adjutant

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Capital ship \_\_\_\_\_

gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

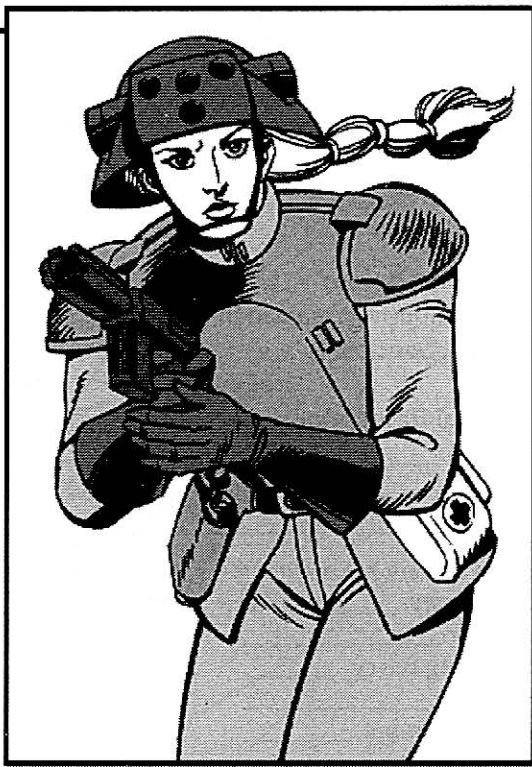
**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Imperial uniform, protective vest (+2 to *Strength* to resist damage), helmet (+2 to *Strength* to resist damage), medpac, macrobinoculars, blaster pistol (4D), 200 credits

**Background:** Your family has long served Coruscant, in both military and political capacities. You walk in both spheres as an aide to an up-and-coming admiral who has many friends of consequence in the New Order regime. Though in name you are an adjutant reporting directly to the admiral, in reality, you are a minor but useful errand-runner who reports to the aide of one of the admiral's junior assistants.

Your duties take you far and wide, and seldom get boring. You've done everything from arranging inspection tours for the admiral, to silencing those who discovered things they shouldn't have, to carrying messages deemed too delicate for normal channels. Needless to say, you have quite a bit of dirt on quite a few people.

You haven't used this information, yet, content that your abilities, family name, and connections will accomplish more than threats and blackmail. Still, you know you are not playing on a level playing field, and should your rise falter, you are prepared to do what you must to move up.

**Personality:** You are very ambitious, but also very patient and mild in temperament. Those who assume that you are simply a pampered desk jockey do so at their own peril — you earned your grade on the battlefield, and are quite capable of killing to get the job done.

**Objectives:** The Emperor's command staff will have an opening one day and you mean to fill it.

**A Quote:** "If you can't do the job, then *I* will."

**Connection With Characters:**



# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Assassin-In-Training

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Claws:* STR+1D damage  
*Sharp Teeth:* STR+1D damage. -1D from any parries that round.

*Indoctrination:* You may not place any beginning skill dice in *Knowledge* skills other than *intimidation*, *survival*, and *willpower*.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 12

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

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

Design: Pablo Hidalgo

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# STAR WARS

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

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

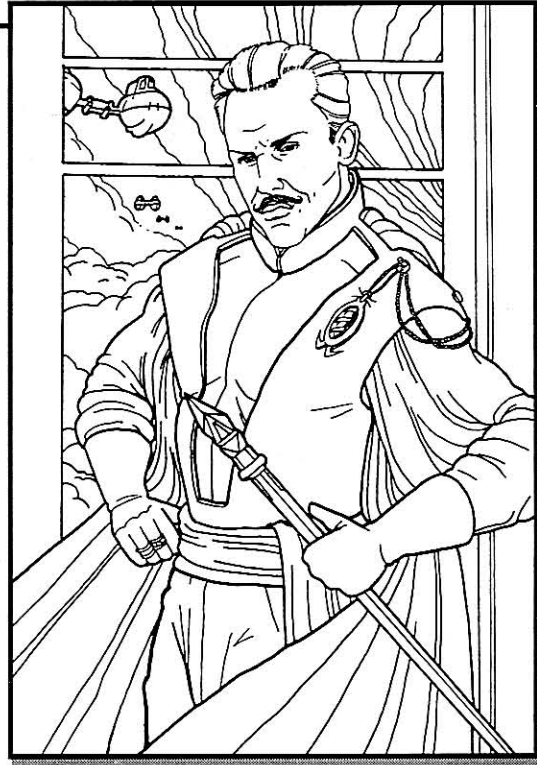
**Type:** Imperial Diplomat

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Loose-flowing robes, datapad, comlink, hold-out blaster (3D), customized power cane (5D stun), 10,000 credits

**Background:** All your life you worked to join the much-honored Imperial diplomatic corps. It was just your luck that as soon as you achieved this lofty goal, the Emperor died and his Empire began to collapse.

Once you got over your initial dismay, you realized that this sudden reversal of fortunes wasn't so bad after all. No longer did you have to worry about finding new worlds to bring into the Empire — you now had all the work you wanted simply convincing wavering worlds to stay in it.

Though still quite a junior diplomat, the overwhelmed diplomatic corps has given you quite a bit of independence, and you've already built up an impressive record of diplomatic accords and treaties. You have a bright future ahead of you if you don't blow it by saying the wrong thing to the wrong person.

Your greatest joy is to vie for the heart of a world against a weak-kneed New Republic idealistic moron — and win.

**Personality:** Attention to detail, patience and calm reserve are your trademarks. You believe placing the interests of the Empire first means acting as a buffer between the Empire and those who would do it harm.

**Objectives:** A slow but sure rise through the ranks to senior postings one day is not your only dream. You also hope to one day serve as an advisor to the Emperor's successor.

**A Quote:** "I do hope you choose to remain a steadfast ally of the Empire, your Excellency. Why, one would hate to see the chaos which is devouring the Mon Calamari sweep through *this* system."

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudlow

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Robert Duchlinski

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Double Agent

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
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Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_      Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_      Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Firearms \_\_\_\_\_      Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_      Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Running \_\_\_\_\_      Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_      Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_      Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**  
 Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_      Computer program-  
 Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_      ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
   operation \_\_\_\_\_      Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sensors \_\_\_\_\_      Security \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**

*Indoctrination:* At the time of character creation and with the gamemaster's approval *only*, you receive an additional 2D to allocate to one *Mechanical*, *Technical* or *Knowledge* skill that fits your current cover assignment.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
 Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Force Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Average street clothes, forged identification credentials, lock-picking kit, hold-out blaster (3D), datapad, one stun grenade (5D), comlink, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were recruited to the Imperial cause several years ago, back when the galaxy looked like it was falling apart. You decided to seek out enemies of the Emperor, and make them pay when they least expected it. They haven't caught you yet and, with luck, they won't suspect you for some time to come!

You have spent the better portion of your career as an Imperial operative under deep cover with various Rebel cells and fringe organizations like bounty hunters and smugglers.

While you are loyal to the Empire, ISB agents probe your brain after each assignment in order to determine whether or not you have any desires to leave Imperial service.

**Personality:** You're sociable and outgoing, a friend to those in need and someone others can depend on. You know how to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. You hate the Rebels for the turmoil they have brought to your world, and the galaxy at large. You pay the Alliance lip service but in your heart, you know where your loyalty truly lies.

**Objectives:** You'd like nothing better than to foil a Rebel "grand scheme" single-handedly.

**A Quote:** "In this war, everyone has to play their part. There can be no fence-sitters."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Intelligence Agent

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

Repulsorlift

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Street clothes, modified motion sensor array (see *Galaxy Guide 10: Bounty Hunters*, page 91), infrared macrobinoculars (adds +1D to heat-oriented *Perception* or *search* rolls), voice-locked datapad, 500 credits

**Background:** Before the fall of the Emperor, the job of an Imperial intelligence agent was a bit more difficult, since most opposition to the Empire was underground. With the establishment of an actual New Republic government, your job has become *much* easier.

Your job is to report on New Republic strengths and weaknesses. You do this by infiltrating New Republic shipyards, corporate offices, factories, and so on. You are not a saboteur or an assassin — you simply watch and listen (and occasionally break and enter). You leave it to others to use the information you bring back.

You've survived the worst the galaxy could throw at you and now you're in a position to dish some punishment back at those who seek to turn the galaxy upside down.

**Personality:** You're a loner and prefer it that way. When there's a job to be done, rules and regulations only get in the way. All they have to do is leave you to it. You get results.

**Objectives:** Use anything to your advantage while avoiding becoming an expendable asset at the same time.

**A Quote:** "I'm not an ethics professor. I just do what is necessary."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Morale Officer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Datapad of New Order reports and statistics, flyers and leaflets of latest news, Imperial Morale Officer ID badge, Imperial-issue protocol droid, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were born into the house of a minor noble family but always wanted to be a larger part of the glory of the New Order. Your family connections got you into a very good Academy but it was your above average record and your allegiance to the Empire that got you where you are today, promoting and praising the works of the New Order.

You travel to different systems to see troops and Imperial citizens all over the Empire, promoting the New Order and "its good works." Many times, these worlds are somewhat hostile to your position, and need a great deal of winning over.

**Personality:** You are passionate and truly believe in the Empire and the New Order or you couldn't keep the morale of the Imperial people so high. You sincerely try to convert the opposition to the New Order before the military gets involved.

**Objectives:** To people informed of the Empire's bold new agendas and programs as well as to keep morale high.

**A Quote:** "Good day citizen! You are familiar with the New Order, of course, but have you heard the latest statistics on the standard of living in this sector? Up, up, up!"

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Floyd Wesel

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

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Smuggler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

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

**Equipment:** Stock light freighter, comlink, 2,000 credits, 25,000 credits in debt to Imperial warlord, heavy blaster pistol (5D)

**Background:** Blast the Rebels and their thrice-cursed New Republic! If it hadn't been for that troublesome lot, the galaxy would still be a peaceful, well-ordered place, and you'd still be hauling freight for the Empire, nice and easy.

But the Rebels took over, and the good times came to an end. Fighting broke out everywhere and you had to keep moving to stay within the bounds of the ever-shrinking Empire.

Things settled down a bit once you entered the service of one of the emerging warlords. Now you smuggle needed supplies from New Republic space to his various fleets and depots.

**Personality:** You're bitter that the Rebels and New Republic have destroyed your easy life. You hope that one day the Imperials will stop fighting each other and wipe out the Rebels once and for all.

**Objectives:** To make enough money to pay off your debt to an Imperial warlord, a debt you incurred by losing one of his cargoes to New Republic customs inspectors.

**A Quote:** "What, *another* New Republic inspection? Surely they've got *something* better to do!"

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Sterling Hershey

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** ISB Investigations Specialist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

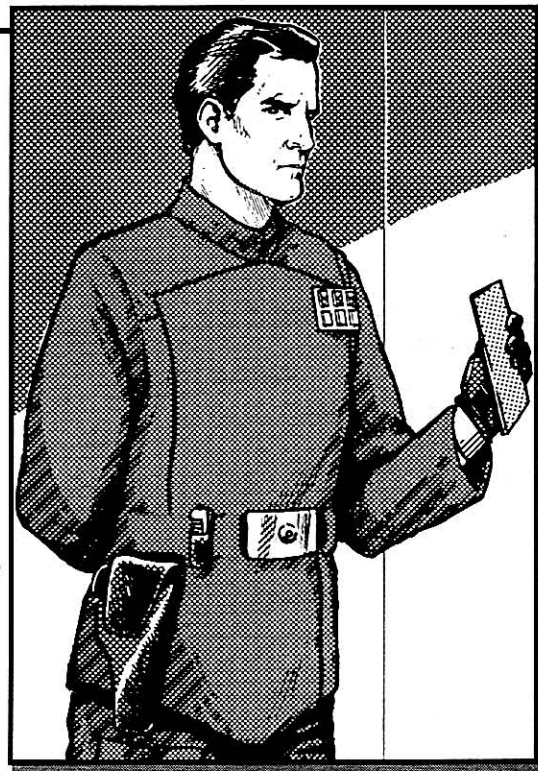
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** ISB uniform, Imperial identification, comlink, blaster pistol (4D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** Your service to the Empire has been one filled with loyalty and obedience. Indoctrinated into the Imperial Security Bureau (ISB) shortly after reaching adulthood, you have worked in almost every area of the ISB (including a brief stint in the Interrogations arm). As an ISB officer and a member of COMPNOR, you often find yourself in competition with representatives of Imperial Intelligence. When faced with Imperial Intelligence officers, you tend to view them as amateurs and thugs with a penchant for cruelty and callousness. (They are by no means up to *your* high standards of professionalism.)

For the past few years you have operated as an Investigations Specialist in the Outer Rim Territory, uncovering Rebel bases and sympathizers for the good of the Empire.

**Personality:** You are dedicated and honest in your dealings with ISB and the Empire. When it comes to dealing with Rebel scum and other lowlifes, you become a snarling brute with little (and often no) compassion.

**Objectives:** To progress in rank in the ISB and further the cause of the Emperor's New Order.

**A Quote:** "Command, this is Specialist 1138. I have discovered their location. Do I have authorization to launch the assault? Repeat, do I have a green light?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** ISB Protocol Officer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster _____	Bargain _____
Brawling parry _____	Command _____
Dodge _____	Hide _____
Melee combat _____	Investigation _____
Melee parry _____	Persuasion _____
_____	Search _____
_____	Sneak _____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species _____	Brawling _____
Bureaucracy _____	Stamina _____
Intimidation _____	_____
Languages _____	_____
Law enforcement _____	_____
Planetary systems _____	_____
Value _____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation _____	Computer program- ming/repair _____
Repulsorlift operation _____	Demolitions _____
Space transports _____	Droid repair _____
Starship gunnery _____	Security _____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), vibroblade (STR+1D), hold-out blaster (3D+1), comlink, datapad, 2,000 credits

**Background:** The greatest threats to the Empire do not come from without, but from within. As despicable as the Rebel Alliance villains are, at least they are honest in their opposition to the New Order. Far worse are the curs who mouth the platitudes of the Empire and eat of its bread, while seeking to undermine it for personal or ideological gain.

You graduated at the head of your class during your COMPNOR indoctrination, and moved directly into Internal Affairs. As a representative of the Internal Affairs branch, you arrange to be assigned to military units which are suspected of harboring traitors. Then you ferret them out and make an example of them. Perhaps their horrid fates will convince others that betraying the Empire does not pay.

Technically, the ISB has no official jurisdiction within the military, but this hasn't been much of a hindrance to you thus far.

**Personality:** You are completely loyal to the New Order. You follow commands and orders to the letter, and follow every protocol of Imperial regulations. You are stiff and implacable.

**Objectives:** To expose any traitors of the New Order.

**A Quote:** "Would you say this little slavery ring of yours falls under regulations, Colonel? Perhaps not?"

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Pablo Hidalgo

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



# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Space Rescue Corps Officer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



Tim Eitred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster _____	Command _____
Dodge _____	Persuasion _____
Missile weapons _____	Search _____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species _____	Brawling _____
Bureaucracy _____	Climbing/jumping _____
Planetary systems _____	Lifting _____
Survival _____	Stamina _____
Value _____	_____
Willpower _____	_____
_____	_____

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic starship piloting _____	Computer programming/repair _____
Astrogation _____	Demolitions _____
Capital ship piloting _____	First aid _____
Powersuit operation _____	Repulsorlift repair _____
Repulsorlift operation _____	Security _____
Sensors _____	Space transports _____
Space transports _____	Starfighter repair _____
Starfighter piloting _____	_____

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Space Rescue Corps uniform (black with crimson trim) or vacuum environmental suit, emergency suit sealant pack, emergency comlink, blaster pistol (4D), stock EVA rescue pod

**Background:** Nothing is so welcome to spacers in distress than the sight of a bright red and black Space Rescue cutter. The Space Rescue Corps has changed very little from the days of the Old Republic, which suits you fine — you're in this business to help people, not shoot at them or search their cargo holds.

Your parents were spacers and you were jockeying cargo pods when you were just a kid. It only seemed natural to become a member of the Corps when you got out of school. You know all there is to know about the dangers of deep space travel. You also know there aren't nearly enough trained personnel to go around when something goes wrong.

**Personality:** You know your own limitations and like depending on your own abilities to get you through another hitch. You like the thought of being a life-saver. Each rescue operation is a personal contest between you and the galaxy.

**Objectives:** To rack up the highest rescue total ever.

**A Quote:** "In this business, there's no medals for second place ... only corpses."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** TIE Fighter Pilot

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapons

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

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### Wound Status

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchillinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Navigational computer linkup helmet (internal comlink, +1D to *sensors*), high gravity stress flight suit with life support equipment, suit sealant pack, medpac, light blaster pistol (3D), survival pack

**Background:** You were born in the urban jungle of a major city. Despite what some people apparently think, there *are* poor people in the Core. Your family is living proof.

You fought your way out of the slums before the swoop gangs could claim you and managed to discover a love of flying that is still with you today. Your passion took you through school and all the way up into the elite corp of TIE pilots flying for the mightiest Empire in existence.

You don't have much sympathy for fellow pilots who complain about their ships' vulnerability. If they were better pilots, they'd have less to worry about. One day you may make the wrong move at the wrong time, but, until then, life has never been better. And if you *do* make a mistake, well, you'll be the last to complain — you know your job is dangerous.

**Personality:** You have little time to waste with politics. The Rebels are just one more target of opportunity in a long list of opponents.

**Objectives:** Enjoy what life has to offer and don't complain when your number comes up before you're through enjoying it.

**A Quote:** "I figure better him than me. Oh, and by the way, Hail to the Emperor, I got another one! Engaging secondary target ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Unemployed Imperial Bureaucrat

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

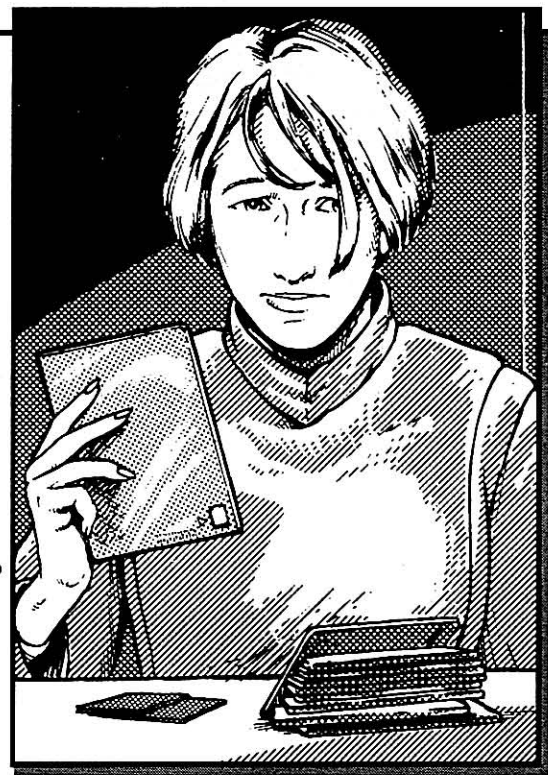
**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Datapad (containing a multitude of official-looking forms), recording rod

**Background:** You were born into a society where bribery and blackmail were an accepted — even necessary — facet of dealing with the government. You learned your lessons well, placed the right bribes, blackmailed the right clerks, and secured an administrative position on a planet in the outer systems of the Empire. You assumed that you would be left alone in your little corner of nowhere, plundering and pillaging the populace in the name of the Empire, filling your pockets while you placed all the blame on the Emperor and his minions.

This all changed with the Battle of Endor. You quickly found yourself destitute, with little more than the clothes on your back, and the datapad at your side.

Though the New Republic has absorbed many systems, there are still bastions of Imperial might. Where there is the Empire, there is bureaucracy, and where there is bureaucracy you will find wealth and security.

**Personality:** You want power and wealth, but no responsibility and no danger, so you're constantly looking for easier and more lucrative jobs. Your formula for success involves making others feel that they can depend on you and that you are indispensable to them. It's not true, but they never discover this until it's too late and you're far away, with your pockets full of gold and your accounts full of credits, searching for another position in another unwieldy bureaucracy.

**Objectives:** To make a fortune while doing almost nothing.

**A Quote:** "Tell you what: for 2,000 credits, I can ensure that your application is first on the governor's list; for 10,000 credits, I can ensure that your application is the *only* one on the governor's list."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Wealthy Physician

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

(A) Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Fine clothes, 3,000 credits, landspeeder (move 105; 300 kmh, body strength 3D, maneuverability 2D), medpac, medical tools, datapad (with diagnostic database, cataloging treatments for over 20,000 diseases and injuries)

**Background:** When the Empire was at its peak, you were in your glory. There was no shortage of cash-rich upper class bureaucrats and New Order adherents who clamored to be your patron, to take advantage of your medical skills. Certainly, most of their complaints were either imaginary or cosmetic, but that suited you just fine. Placating such fools is child's play, and they paid so well for your services.

Unfortunately, with the fall of the Empire, the medical profession has seen many of its wealthy patrons evaporate, as the line between the "haves" and "have-nots" grows less distinct. Now you are reduced to following your patrons from world to world as the Imperial sphere of influence shrinks. Alas, many of these worlds are not what you'd call "top drawer."

You have been forced a number of times to evacuate a world along with your patrons just as your practice was settling down. This is growing very tiresome. You have augmented your income by surgically altering the features of wanted Imperials, though you are now considered an "Imperial sympathizer" by the New Republic.

**Personality:** You are a dedicated and skilled physician, but part of you misses the grandeur and pomp of the Old Empire.

**Objectives:** You wish to maintain or improve your standard of living and you long for a noble title.

**A Quote:** "I can perform that procedure, of course, but it is *very* expensive."

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Wayne Peacock

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# Chapter Three

## Independent Templates

*"Please, don't bore me with questions of politics. What do I care about politics? In my line of work every cause is a just cause. Now, if you would just sign on the dotted line, the 5,000 heavy blaster rifles will be yours ..."*

— Prengahl Kreen, armaments expeditor

Of the sorts of people drawn to a life of adventure, "independents" are the most often encountered in the galaxy. ("Independent" as it is used

here refers not only to the character's political and economic affiliation, but also a style of living and way of approaching life.) Independents refuse to be boxed in by regulations and routine, and go wherever business is good. Few care who they deal with, and fewer care to inquire.

To many law-abiding folk, independents are lawless persons operating outside the galactic mainstream. They are not to be trusted or aided,

### This Must Be The Place . . .

*From the memoirs of Shelby Tribold*

The sign outside the sagging ferrocrete hut read "BaChorin's Spaceways, Unlimited." The "Unlimited" apparently referred to the amount of clutter inside. After struggling through a maze of overflowing file cabinets, we found ourselves deep in the heart of BaChorin's office. Wading our way through ankle-deep piles of old copies of *The Stellar Informant* and *Astrogation Today*, we reached the relative safety of a beverage-stained desk. Here a huge stack of unpaid bills and year-old data printouts threatened to defy the laws of gravity. From this vantage point we surveyed our surroundings. Worn-out floaters hovered precariously in the vicinity. A dented fizzyglug machine in the corner made noises I was sure it wasn't supposed to make. And everywhere we looked models of Imperial starships hung, ready to entangle the unsuspecting passer-by.

Suddenly Castrella clutched my arm in fright. Not three meters in front of us, a large furry hand —connected to an even larger, unwashed forearm — emerged from a pile of outdated star charts heaped over a worn-out grav lounger.

The appendage quivered and shook as it groped its way towards a half-eaten roast *fregeni* sandwich on a nearby lamp stand. As if guided by some unseen force, the paw reached

outward. An instant later it seized its prey in a vice-like grip. Slowly it reeled the prize back in. Castrella's fright increased all the more as, deep within that man-made mountain of charts, the sound of crunching could be heard.

Truth be told, I was considering a swift retreat myself. That is, until I spied the picture on the wall. There, in a cracked holo-frame, stood a burly man, surrounded by fellow starfighter pilots. The giant in the middle of the picture was hugging the stuffings out of a smaller comrade. To judge by the way his fellows were following suit, the flight commander was rejoicing over the return of a comrade feared lost in space. It was then that I noticed the unit patch on the giant's chest — the stylized design of a lightning bolt forking out in three directions. Startled by the discovery, I moved closer and, after a fashion, made out the nameplate on the giant's right forearm.

Elbren BaChorin! BaChorin of the 865th! By space, I should have known!

At that point, any doubts I might have had over our chances of survival quickly dissipated. I knew the man, as indeed, I knew the man he fought so hard to save when the others ran!

"Not to worry, my love," I reassured my companion. "I do believe this is the place we've been looking for."

and are often lumped together in a general category containing pirates, syndicate enforcers, smugglers, and other less-than-savory individuals. Never mind that the person in question may be a law-abiding citizen with a slightly unconventional lifestyle or occupation; in the Empire different is generally not considered *good*.

To others, however, independents are lovers of freedom with the courage to make their own rules. ("You know, I always thought that was a bad law ... let's consider it repealed!") As for the independents themselves, most just take life as it comes, with no excuses and an attitude of "keep your hands out of my credit pouch, thank you."

### Running An Independent Campaign

Anyone who has ever run a brazen smuggler through a naval blockade or directed a bounty hunter against the galaxy's worst criminals already has a good idea what it takes to moderate an independent campaign. Campaigns with independent characters as the center of attention tend to be freewheeling, action-packed affairs.

Independents are not usually concerned with politics. Most could care less whether the Empire or the Alliance eventually comes out on top.

Still, independents will work for either side, assuming the price is right. Such arrangements will typically be temporary at best, however.

Do not assume that independents are motivated *solely* by the size of a proffered credit chip. For many, the ability to live their lives as they see fit is what matters most. For others, the lure of fame (as well as fortune) is the deciding factor. For still others, a sincere desire to be left alone by the galaxy at large is what drives them on. In crafting an campaign for this type of player character, care must be taken to provide goals and rewards that match these different wants.

### Independent Templates

The following templates represent characters generally found in all major spaceports. Many can also be located among the many outlying planets, forgotten settlements, and colony worlds that populate the galaxy.

Each is capable of aiding or supporting other Imperial and Rebel characters. Usually such cooperation, however, will be a temporary accommodation at best. Note that, in some situations, independents can be employed as long-term Imperial or Rebel operatives. Generally, however, this will be on a case-by-case basis.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Annoying Squib

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Squib

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operations \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Collection of broken chronometers, huge shiny belt buckle, loud musical instrument that you don't know how to play (but *do* — badly — at all hours), hold-out blaster (3D+1), 300 credits.

**Background:** Born on the distant trading world of Skor II, you were a bit of a delinquent, even for a Squib. Your parents wanted you to join the Reclamation Fleet, and indeed, you were assigned to report to duty in the fleet, but you had other things on your — for lack of a better word — mind. You craved *adventure*.

You greatly enjoy the prospect of surrounding yourself with intriguing people who go to interesting places and do exciting (and often violent) things. They aren't nearly so thrilled to be in your company as you are to be in theirs, but no matter. You can make yourself useful enough to earn your keep. In theory.

Though you don't plan to tell anyone this, you are AWOL from the Reclamation Fleet. You avoid other Squibs like the plague, lest they somehow find out who you are and turn you in. You're having far too much fun to waste your time sorting through someone else's junk!

**Personality:** You are flighty, with little concern for what others tell you is important. You like collecting "neat stuff," whether it's useful or not. You don't really understand that other people's property is not yours. You tend to mis-remember stories and past events somewhat. You're not really *lying* exactly — you simply remember playing a much more heroic role in events than you actually did.

**Objectives:** The scope of your foresight extends only to your next meal.

**A Quote:** "Are you finished with that? Can I have it? Please? Can I?" (Repeat incessantly.)

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

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

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudlow

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Type:** Arms Merchant  
**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Rodian  
**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



Tim Eldred

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<b>Dexterity</b> _____ <b>3D+2</b>	<b>Perception</b> _____ <b>3D+2</b>
Archaic guns _____	Bargain _____
Blaster _____	Con _____
Blaster artillery _____	Persuasion _____
Dodge _____	Search _____
Firearms _____	_____
Missile weapons _____	_____
Vehicle blasters _____	_____
_____	_____

<b>Knowledge</b> _____ <b>3D</b>	<b>Strength</b> _____ <b>3D+1</b>
Alien species _____	Brawling _____
Business _____	Climbing/jumping _____
Cultures _____	Lifting _____
Languages _____	Stamina _____
Streetwise _____	_____
Value _____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

<b>Mechanical</b> _____ <b>2D</b>	<b>Technical</b> _____ <b>2D+1</b>
Astrogation _____	Armor repair _____
Capital ship gunnery _____	Blaster repair _____
Starship gunnery _____	Computer programming/repair _____
_____	Starship weapon repair _____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**  
None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
 Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Force Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned  
 Wounded  
 Incapacitated  
 Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Business suit, personalized computer with arms inventory database, customized hold-out blaster (4D+2), stun cloak (5D stun), 200 credits

**Background:** You're the latest in a long line of arms dealers. Your grandparents dealt with the Old Republic, and your parents served the Empire. Now it's your turn to make your mark in the family business.

You don't deal with the Empire itself, of course. Only the big boys and girls (and all of them human), have the connections and resources to pull off contracts like that. No, your services are a bit more modest. You content yourself with arming various militant groups operating within the boundaries of the Empire. It's extremely dangerous work, of course, but what's danger to a Rodian? To you business is just a subtle form of the hunt.

You don't particularly care who you do business with. You would just as soon sell weapons to pirates as the Rebel Alliance. If a deal turns sour, you can always offer a bargain to the other side.

**Personality:** You are businesslike and professional at all times. You don't think much of most of your clients and customers, but you keep that to yourself.

**Objectives:** Opening exclusive markets where others failed to see them.

**A Quote:** "That's right, Mr. President, you look through those little cross-hairs out there, then you squeeze like this . . ."

**Connection With Characters:**



# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Barabel Shockboxer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Barabel

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Wayne Humfleet

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **5D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

*Natural Body Armor:* +2D against physical attacks, and +1D against energy attacks

*Radiation Resistance:* +2D against radiation.

*Vision:* Can see in the infrared spectrum.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ **11**

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

Robert Duchlinski

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Bimm Bard

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Bimm

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 Persuasion: storytelling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 Scholar \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Value \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Ground vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Musical instrument operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Musical instrument repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Datapad with list of Jedi stories, three sets of clothing, musical instrument of choice, 500 credits

**Background:** You're known in a dozen systems for your style and ability at your chosen craft. You have created hundreds of poems and stories. Until recently, with the rise of the Emperor and the New Order, your services as a story-keeper of the Jedi Knights were welcomed in any home, on almost any planet in the galaxy. But now it seems that only the Empire wants you, and their motives are entirely too clear. So you've been traveling the galaxy in disguise, secretly passing your knowledge along.

**Personality:** Tales and songs are everything. You play and verbalize for your own enjoyment and for the enjoyment of others. You never stay around one place for too long; nomadic behavior seems to be the best way to avoid the Empire's attention.

**Objectives:** To recite your tales and those of the Jedi and to enlighten others in this time of restriction.

**A Quote:** "Young master, have you heard the tale of the Jedi Master Murrtagg and the Dark Underlord?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Type:** Bith Musician  
**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Bith  
**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Design: John Beyer

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<b>Dexterity</b> _____ <b>3D</b>	<b>Perception</b> _____ <b>3D</b>
Dodge _____	Bargain _____
Melee combat _____	Command _____
Melee parry _____	Con _____
Pick pocket _____	Gambling _____
Running _____	Hide _____
_____	Sneak _____
_____	_____
_____	_____
<b>Knowledge</b> _____ <b>4D+1</b>	<b>Strength</b> _____ <b>2D</b>
Alien species _____	Climbing/jumping _____
Artist _____	Lifting _____
Cultures _____	Stamina _____
Languages _____	Swimming _____
Planetary systems _____	_____
Streetwise _____	_____
Survival _____	_____
Value _____	_____
_____	_____
<b>Mechanical</b> _____ <b>2D+2</b>	<b>Technical</b> _____ <b>3D</b>
Beast riding _____	Computer program-
Musical instrument	ming/repair _____
operation _____	Droid program-
Repulsorlift	ming _____
operation _____	Droid repair _____
_____	First aid _____
_____	Musical instrument
_____	repair _____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**

*Vision:* +1D to Perception with objects less than 30 cm away. -1D for visual based actions more than 20m away. Cannot see beyond 40 m.

*Scent:* +1D bonus to all Perception skills when pertaining to actions and people within three meters.

*Manual Dexterity:* +1D to fine motor skills.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Musical instrument, datapad with sound slugs, change of clothes, 750 credits

**Background:** You travel the galaxy looking for new and unusual musical styles that you can incorporate into your work. You seek the beat that will "make the Empire shake from the Core Worlds to the Outer Rim." You've packed your bags and your instruments and hit the galactic music circuit. You won't catch the new sound by playing in some stuffy Core World lounge, so your agent books you into the galaxy's worst dives (as per your request). The pay stinks, the audience might kill you and the free drinks are watered down. But the sound feels alive and real, and so do you.

**Personality:** When trouble comes and fists start flying, you dive under the bandstand, and if someone pulls out a blaster, you head for the exit. It's hard to play well when you're dead.

**Objectives:** To find the inspiration for new music, and to live long enough to play it.

**A Quote:** "Normally I don't do requests, but if you put down the blaster I'll make an exception."

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

# STAR WARS

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

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Con Artist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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Tim Eldred

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudlow

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# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Court Fop

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Wardrobe full of formal attire, sporting blaster (3D+1), comlink, datapad, personal secretary droid, 4,000 credits, landspeeder

**Background:** You thrive in the Imperial court, though it is a bit difficult to avoid the boring fellows who cluster about the Emperor. You can hardly fathom it; among all the splendor of Coruscant, all these dolts want to talk about are plots, battles, and politics! The fancy dress balls and social gatherings are far more to your liking, since they attract *your* kind of people — those with a sense of style, a knack for clever remarks, and all the right friends.

Of course, you wish you could spend all of your time at court, but Father is trying to mold you into some sort of “responsible person.” Since it’s important to amuse the old boy (at least if you want his title and money), you frequently find yourself being dispatched on family business. This could (and often does) take you to some fairly strange and alarming places. But it does stop the old boy from grumbling ...

**Personality:** You love social occasions. You already know most of the people *worth* knowing, so everyone else is bound to be beneath you (a situation you simply adore). Saving face and looking good are all-important.

**Objectives:** To win favor with as many court officials as possible, and have a good time. Which objective has the higher priority? Good question! Maybe you’ll think about it after the Emperor’s Masquerade Ball ...

**A Quote:** “Good day, Admiral. How is that ‘battle-Rebel’ thing coming along? Lovely... so nice to see you again. Why Princess Holobet, you look *lovely* today... of *course* these are *real* corusca gems, my dear.”

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

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

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Devaronian Grifter

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Devaronian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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Robert Duchlinski

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Equipment:** Blank deeds (phony), 3 fake IDs, briefcase, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D), expensive business suit, chronometer, 1,000 credits

**Background:** Life is one big scam for you. It's what you do, it's in your blood. You live life a day at a time, wandering the stars as the mood hits (or the mob chases) you.

You make a living by selling people what they want, even if you don't actually *own* it yourself. Since you are constantly moving from place to place, you always keep a few extra identities available for emergencies.

You've heard of the Rebellion against the Empire, but you are basically apolitical. Besides, you've got enough of your own problems to worry about, like getting out of your latest scheme alive.

**Personality:** Shifty and sly, you tend to think of yourself first and others later. You'd probably sell your own mother if you thought you could make a profit. (In fact, you proudly claim you've actually *tried* that particular stunt.) You ply your wares on the unwary and foolish. You give them what they want, even if you don't have it to sell. You never stay in one place for long, usually hopping the next transport out when the wanderlust hits you.

**Objectives:** To make that one big sting that will put you on easy street.

**A Quote:** "I'm telling you my friend, now's the time to buy this prime beachfront land on Tatooine — the ocean reclamation project starts next month, and then *everyone* will want in. Don't take *my* word for it; here's some documents that will verify what I've told you ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ewok Shaman

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Ewok

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Bows \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Glider \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Force skills:* Sense 1D.

*Force Powers:*

*Sense:* Life detection.

*Smell:* Ewoks get a +1D to their *search* skill when tracking by scent. This skill may not be improved.

*Skill bonus:* Beginning characters *only* get 2D for every 1D placed in the *hide*, *search*, and *sneak* skills.

*Skill limits:* New characters may not place skill dice

in any vehicle or starship except *glider*.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **7**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **Yes**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Fabio Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Spear (STR+1D), healing satchel (the equivalent of 10 medpac applications), venra root (+1D to *Perception* or *sense* when chewed, for one hour, moderate *stamina* roll required to avoid incapacitation).

**Background:** The Great Tree spoke to you during the Festival of Hoods, when you came of age. The village elders, and the medicine chief as well, said you had a great gift, and for many years you served as the healer, the seer and keeper of the stories in your village.

Now, your muzzle is graying, your mate is dead, and younger Ewoks are taking over the mantle of healer. Now that the Rebel tribes have left your woods, fewer and fewer stargliders visit Endor. You've spent your time with the trees, and now a greater spirit calls you. You accompanied the last star cruiser off planet to pursue that spirit.

Some aliens have the wrong idea about Ewoks, mostly since the Ewoks who have left Endor are young and impetuous. Those who make the same assumptions about you are making a critical error.

**Personality:** Cantankerous and gruff. You believe the old ways are the best, and still keep the faith alive by practising them.

**Objectives:** To pass healing throughout the galaxy. To learn of the other spirits and the other trees.

**A Quote:** "Of course I chan shpeek your language, hoo-man. Do not mishatke appearansh or vocal limitashunz for foolish mind."

## Connection With Characters:

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Flamboyant Entertainer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dance \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Artist \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer program-

ing/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ing \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Expensive street clothes, personal jewelry, stun stick (5D stun), recording rod, custom chronometer, 200 credits

**Background:** You've been in the entertainment industry since you could first walk. You started out as a child actor on the holovids, and graduated to pangalactic variety shows in your teens. You've starred in dramas and comedies, had a singing career, and even started a studio or two.

Having a trillion or so fans can be a lot of pressure, but it's all worth it when you hear those cheers. Your fame does make it hard to get away by yourself, though.

**Personality:** A lifetime of fame and media exposure has made you a bit jaded. You want something more than fame but you're not sure exactly what. Perhaps having an "adventure" of sorts might do the trick ...

**Objectives:** A quiet retirement someday, where you write your memoirs and bask in the rewards of fame.

**A Quote:** "You're happy to meet me at long last? But of course you are!"

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudflow

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



# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Galactic Big Game Hunter

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bows \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
 Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_  
 Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ground vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hover vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Jet pack operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ground vehicle repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchlinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Sporting blaster rifle (4D+1), sporting blaster pistol (3D+1), vibroblade (STR+3D), synthrope, water purification kit, macrobinoculars, medpac, survival kit, outdoor clothing, breather mask

**Background:** Hunting as a profession was not always your first career choice. For the first 15 years of your professional life, you were an accountant. It wasn't until a client invited you to accompany him on a wildlife safari that you discovered the intense thrill of the chase. Six months after returning to your practice, you quit, packed your bags, and caught a freighter bound for the Outer Rim.

Now you make your living in the hunt. Sometimes you go it alone or with other pros — to bag furs, pelts, live animals for resale, and eggs. Other times you hire yourself as a guide for amateurs looking for a good hunt. Though you are strict with your charges, you are never patronizing to them.

**Personality:** Each hunt for you is a unique experience: a battle of wits, a pitting of brute strength verses brute ingenuity. Someday you'll meet your match, but until then ...

**Objectives:** Making it into the record books is not what you're about. Surviving against the odds — now that's the ticket!

**A Quote:** "Oh, did I mention that tomorrow we're leaving the blasters in camp?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

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

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Herglic Gambler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Herglic

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



Steve Bryant

Design: Paul Studlow

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

**Natural Armor:** A thick layer of blubber gives a Herglic +1D to resist damage from physical attacks. It gives no bonus to energy attacks.

**Story Factors:**

**Gambling Frenzy:** A Herglic who passes by a gambling game must make a Moderate *willpower* check to avoid joining it.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **6**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Tailor-made clothing, stun cloak (5D stun), hold-out blaster (3D), datachip with verified credit line, 500 credits

**Background:** You learned early on the intense weakness those of your species have when it comes to gambling after you blew away your Academy tuition on a card game. While most Herglics control the urge to gamble by abstaining entirely, you decided that the best protection was to embrace the gambling lifestyle totally and become good enough that you need not fear losing.

It worked. You may have trouble turning away from a card game, but once you're in it, you can clean out just about anyone. Everything, from the clothes on your back to the food you eat, comes from your ability to manipulate chance and luck.

You spend a great deal of your time in the plush casinos and gaming salons where the high rollers hold court. You aren't a high roller yourself — yet — but you've made a big enough mark to gain admittance to their domain and an occasional hand in their games. Already, you've won and lost several enormous fortunes. Disappointing, but you can probably win another if you really need it.

**Personality:** As a Herglic, you are an instant target for would-be card sharks in every gambling joint you enter. You enjoy playing the innocent Herglic unable to refuse a bet — at least until you have all their money.

**Objectives:** Work your way through every casino in the Core Worlds, one clean sweep after another.

**A Quote:** "It's not whether you win or loose, just how often."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Industrial Espionage Agent

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), motion tracking sensor (*Galaxy Guide 10: Bounty Hunters*, page 91), datapad, comlink, street clothes, 100 credits

**Background:** You decided early in your corporate career that the "wage-slave" life was not for you. Why spend decades getting to the point where you could live the good life when you could sell the corporate secrets you know and have the good life *now*?

You sold out your company, but to your surprise, you ran through the money you were paid fairly quickly. You went looking for another job, and that's how you got your start in industrial espionage.

Over the years, you have become adept at infiltrating companies and installations for your clients. No longer do you have to work to get hired. Now you use fake IDs and transfer papers to get where you want to be. And you're just as likely to take the identity of a lowly desk clerk or technician to get what you need as a business-suited salaried executive.

**Personality:** You enjoy hoodwinking the corporate boobs around you, and thank the fates you got out of the humdrum business life before it was too late. You think highly of your own skills, and while some see that as arrogant, no one has yet had the temerity to suggest that you are wrong.

**Objectives:** To amass more wealth than the CEO of your first company (this will likely take awhile).

**A Quote:** "Marketing forecasts from Gowix last month, this month a few blueprints from Sienar, and I think, after a brief vacation, I'll be borrowing a prototype sensor suite for a mercenary group from Dweomilis..."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Interstellar Transient

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

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### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchilinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Well-worn clothes, datapad, emergency signal pack, comlink, small pack (with snacks, odd bits of junk and crumbs), collapsible survival tent, vibroblade (STR+1D), 50 credits

**Background:** You're a galactic vagabond. You love to travel and see the wonders the stars have to offer. You're always on your way somewhere else. Sure, it was great to visit this planet for a while, but why stay here when there's another fabulous place that's not too far away? It's only a couple hundred light years ...

Anyway, you're always ready to move on when your next ride is lined up. You can never pass up a ride — you never know when you may get stuck somewhere. Sometimes you get a free ride, but most of the time you have to work for your passage. You've gotten into some interesting scrapes, but all in all it's been worthwhile and you've never visited the same planet twice.

**Personality:** You enjoy the relaxed life you live. You hang around a planet until it becomes boring, then you're off to your next exciting destination. Some beings think you're a bum, but you're not. You work when you have no other choice. You love your never-ending trip across the galaxy.

**Objectives:** To see as much of the galaxy as possible.

**A Quote:** "It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there — the air smells a bit too much like wet bantha fur."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Jawa Trader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Jawa

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Technical Aptitude:* At the time of character creation only, Jawa characters receive 2D for every 1D they place in repair-oriented Technical skills.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

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**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

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

**Equipment:** Dirty cloak, Jawa ionization gun (3D ionization damage), toolkit, 150 credits

**Background:** You were separated from the rest of your people when you boarded a freighter docked at Mos Eisley ... which promptly took off. The crew of the freighter refrained from dropping you out of the airlock when you proved your talents as a mechanic by re-routing the power flow of their engines (and bypassing those silly safety mechanisms) to increase their speed. Now all you have to do is watch the system displays to make sure the blasted thing doesn't blow up ...

The galaxy is truly a junk trader's paradise. You have machines to tinker with and species to trade with you never dreamed possible. (Besides, your new companions *have* to keep you around; only you know how to keep the systems you modified functioning.)

**Personality:** You are highly excitable, particularly where machinery of any kind is concerned. You are fascinated by other species, particularly traders like the Ithorians (mostly because they are easy to sell things to). You don't care one bit about the war between the Empire and the Rebel Alliance, except when there has been a battle; you can always find salvageable junk left behind on the battleground.

**Objectives:** To see as much of the galaxy as possible, while trying to salvage all the junk you can find.

**A Quote:** "Yo'to, a'wee, chee'm maan'duccer!" (Translation: "Don't let the paint job fool you ... this unit is *obviously* in prime condition!")

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Mon Calamari Courier

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ / Mon Calamari

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

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

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Value \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**

*Moist Environments:* Mon Calamari receive a +1D bonus to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Dry Environments:* When confined to dry environments, they suffer a -1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

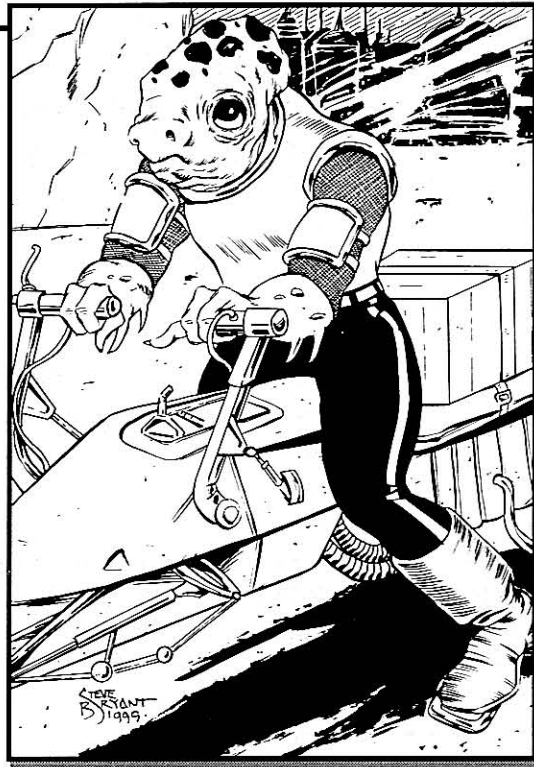
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned  
 Wounded  
 Incapacitated  
 Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Customized uniform, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D+1), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You run your own freelance courier service on Calamari. Delivering packages to various companies, you're building a clientele in hopes that your operation can someday grow into a major intersystem business concern.

You've considered purchasing a vehicle in the past to help you on your rounds, but have found that it is cheaper to find other ways, such as public transportation systems and "ship-pooling." These means of traveling can be risky but it adds flavor to your work.

**Personality:** Spending more time with business than pleasure, you have become serious about your work. However, you're always up for an adventure, taking any chance necessary to get the job done.

**Objectives:** To never let your clients down, doing whatever it takes to get your deliveries completed on time.

**A Quote:** "Name the time and place. I'll get it there!"

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Matt Busch

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

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mon Calamari Professor

**Gender/Species:** /Mon Calamari

**Age:**                      **Height:**                      **Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Archaic starship \_\_\_\_\_

    piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

    ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

    ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

    repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Moist Environments:* Receive a+1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Dry Environments:* When confined to dry environments, suffer a-1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Aquatic:* Can breathe both air and water.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 9

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

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

Design: Floyd Wesel

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# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** NewsNet Reporter

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

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**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Press credentials, datapad, holorecorder, comlink, hold-out blaster (3D), 1,000 credits.

**Background:** People always need up-to-the-minute accounts of current events, and that's what you give them. You bring people what they want to know and what they *need* to know.

If the Empire is going to work, it can't be run by shirkers and the corrupt. When you find Imperial officials taking advantage of their positions, you blow the whistle.

Obviously, this approach gets you into some hot water, but you can handle it. The Imperials would prefer you stick to the more domestic news — local gossip, and all that fluff. Well that's not going to happen — you're going to get to the bottom of the story even if you have to go into hiding to get it. The people have a right to know the truth! And you're the right person to bring it to them. (As long as you can keep yourself *alive* while you're doing it ...)

**Personality:** When you get word of a scoop, you tend to throw caution to the wind and pursue your story to the bitter end, ignoring threats, warnings, and obstacles alike. Worrying about consequences comes later, after the story is filed, and your duty is done.

**Objectives:** To show the galaxy that the Empire cannot ignore its flaws and hope to survive.

**A Quote:** "Listen, I'm not exactly a member of the Palpatine fan club, but if I gotta be an Imperial citizen, I at least want to see its leaders practice what they preach — namely, *law and order*."

**Connection With Characters:**



# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**  
**Type:** Outlaw Tech  
**Gender/Species:**  
**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Sterling Hershey

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster _____	Bargain _____
Brawling parry _____	Con _____
Dodge _____	Forgery _____
_____	Persuasion _____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Business _____	Brawling _____
Cultures _____	Climbing/jumping _____
Languages _____	Lifting _____
Planetary systems _____	Stamina _____
Streetwise _____	Swimming _____
Value _____	_____
_____	_____

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

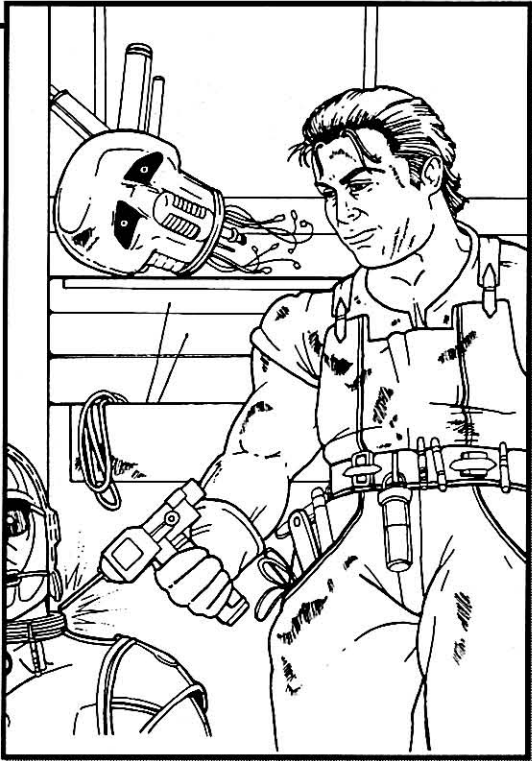
Archaic starship piloting _____	Computer programming/repair _____
Astrogation _____	Droid programming _____
Ground vehicle operation _____	Droid repair _____
Hover vehicle operation _____	Ground vehicle repair _____
Repulsorlift operation _____	Repulsorlift repair _____
Sensors _____	Space transports repair _____
Space transports _____	Starfighter repair _____
_____	Starship weapon repair _____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**  
None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
 Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Force Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Work coveralls, datapad, diagnostic scanner, repair kit, laser cutter, circuitry replacement parts, blaster pistol (4D), concealed vibroblade (STR+1D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You love to tinker with things — there's always ways to make them *better*. Given the right tools and enough time, you can improve anything ever built.

Of course, this often makes the item illegal to own, but you don't worry much about that. You certainly never let some bureaucrat tell you how to fix anything.

Since the Imperials have gone out of their way to make work difficult for you to find, you've taken to hiding out or working for shady characters to make ends meet. They *do* pay well for your skills, though you try not to get mixed up in their business any more than you have to — their credits are all you want from them.

**Personality:** You're a "go anywhere, fix anything" sort of person — for the right price, that is. It doesn't matter which side hired you. You're always learning about new gadgets and how to improve them. It annoys you when people tell you something can't be done.

**Objectives:** To own your own company someday and let others work for you.

**A Quote:** "That's all it can do? Let me see it. Yeah, just as I thought. If we remove this stupid safety mechanism, we can boost the energy flow to the converter ... and it *probably* won't explode."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Professional Bodyguard

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

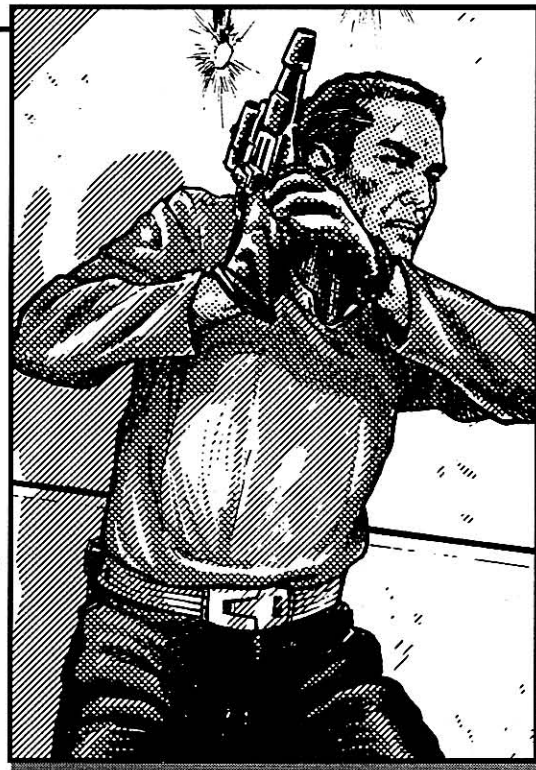
**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Street clothes, heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink, motion tracker (*Galaxy Guide 10: Bounty Hunters*, page 91), smoke grenade, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You learned early on that you had a talent for convincing people to see things your way just by standing tall and letting them see your teeth. And when teeth proved to be an insufficient motivator, you found other (equally nonverbal) ways of making your point.

It wasn't until later that you discovered that people would pay you to exercise this skill on their behalf. Now you work as a freelance bodyguard. You've protected corporate execs, gangsters, famous actors, and even high-ranking Imperials traveling incognito.

You put a lot of time and effort into your training, and you are a thorough professional. You aren't a thug or leg-breaker, and those who expect you to be one seldom retain your services long.

**Personality:** You're not too particular about who's paying you, nor why. A job is a job, just so long as the credits are delivered to your account promptly.

**Objectives:** To make enough so that one day you'll need protection.

**A Quote:** "Wait here sir. Let me go in first ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudlow

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Quarren Swindler

**Gender/Species:** /Quarren

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

*Aquatic Survival:* At the time of character creation only, characters buy place 1D of skill dice in *swimming* and *survival: aquatic* and receive 2D in the skill.

*Aquatic:* Quarren can breathe both air and water and withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.

Move 9 (walk), 10 (swim)

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

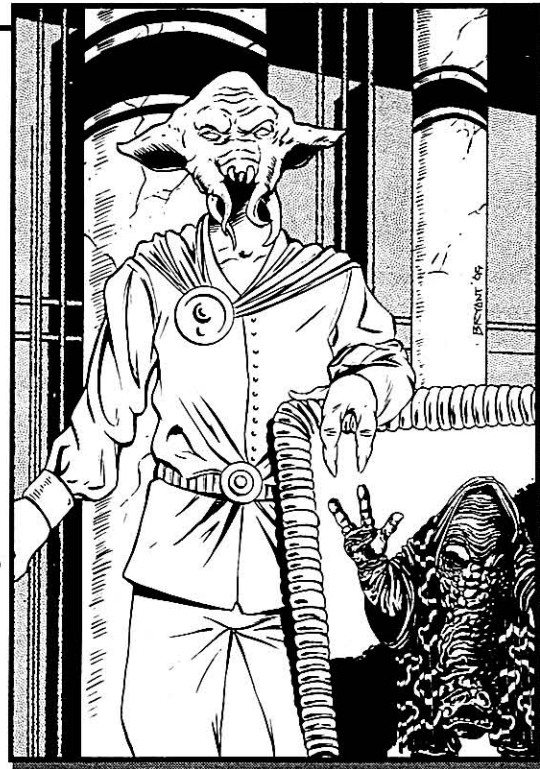
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Cloak, blaster pistol (4D), 750 credits

**Background:** Maybe it was the underwater environment you grew up in — where deception and camouflage are merely survival techniques — that led you to become a dealer in “synthetic dreams,” always concealing the unattractive and worthless behind alluring veils just long enough to take some sucker’s credits and fade from sight.

Nothing could be finer in life than matching wits with an opponent and coming out ahead. Of course, some would call your opponents “victims,” but you give them more credit than that — anyone who falls for your cons just isn’t alert enough. Fortunately for you, there are a lot of distracted folks out there.

You’ve always been able to maintain a comfortable lifestyle without ever seeking employment — at least, not employment as an honest citizen world would recognize it.

**Personality:** You’re a likeable individual, usually leaving victims oblivious to your deceptive actions. Trickery never makes you feel guilty. After all, it’s a fair game. Or would be, if these suckers were simply paying attention.

**Objectives:** To always gain the most with the least amount of effort.

**A Quote:** “Look, all you have to do to get the life you’ve always wanted is invest in my real estate firm. With my connections, we’ll be swimming in money in no time...”

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Matt Busch

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# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

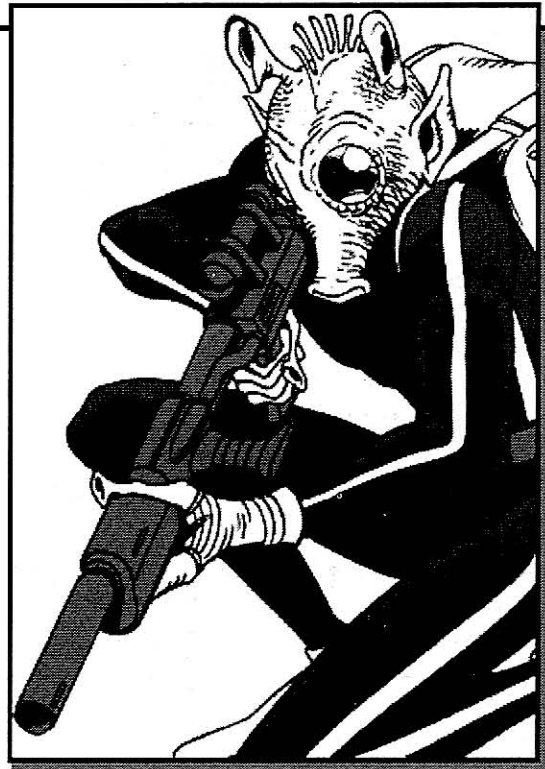
**Type:** Rodian Dramatist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Rodian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Demolition \_\_\_\_\_  
 Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Make-up kit, black clothing, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), 500 credits

**Background:** Acting has always been a hallmark of your culture, but you've found a unique application for your talents: staging high-profile *fake* assassinations. They are elaborate productions, always staged in public and always with a target of the most distinguished stature (who pays equally distinguished fees, naturally).

The blaster shot flashes out of the dark, the victim topples, witnesses scream and recoil in shock and horror, but the blasters are nothing but harmless light beams, the impact explosion nothing more than a carefully timed micro-charge, and — if all goes well — the target walks away without a scratch.

Your clients are surprisingly varied, but they all have one thing in common: they have realized that a well staged — and extremely public — assassination is sometimes the best solution to the problems of wealth.

**Personality:** Between jobs, you are content to relax in luxury resorts, but while a job is on, no one can match your drive for perfection.

**Objectives:** To mount increasingly complicated and elaborate productions which earn you enough money to subsequently throw increasingly complicated and elaborate parties.

**A Quote:** "‘Die well and you only die once,’ act 14, scene 27, *The Unquiet Spirit Arises From the Swamp*, Veerdo Veerone, author."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Slicer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Street clothing, DimSim holographic projector (see *Galaxy Guide 11: Criminal Organizations*, page 85), electronic lockpicking kit, hold-out blaster (3D), drogue repulsorlift skiff (see *Galaxy Guide #11*, page 86)

**Background:** You've always had a knack for coaxing electronics and computer nets to do your bidding. When you were in school, you began to test your budding slicing talents by tapping into local corporate networks, reprogramming community droids, and placing virastacks into newsnet circulation.

When you graduated, you drifted into freelance slicing as a matter of course. Having already made a name for yourself in some syndicate and corporate circles, you had no trouble getting work. Your biggest worry is not getting caught, but getting silenced by a worried employer who fears you may have learned something that threatens them while performing your duties ...

**Personality:** You're fascinated with gadgetry. You enjoy applying technology to your trade. "The right tool for the right theft" is your motto.

**Objectives:** Retire in comfort long before the authorities get wise to you.

**A Quote:** "If it's out there, I can get it."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Snivvian Artist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Snivvian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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Pablo Hidalgo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Artist \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

*Adaptive Skin:* Snivvians can survive in temperature extremes from -30 to +45 degrees standard without harm or protective clothing. Snivvian skin gives a +1D armor bonus for physical damage.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Speeder Racer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter \_\_\_\_\_

piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

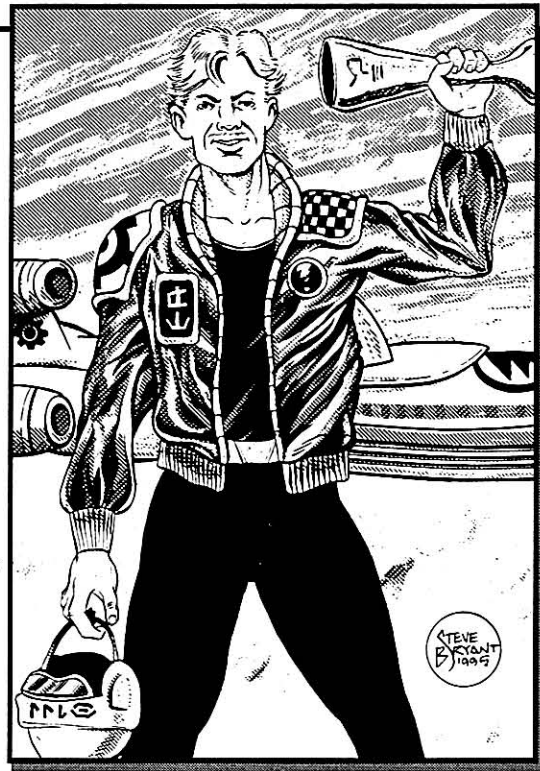
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Racing airspeeder (maneuverability 3D, move 140; 400 kmh, body strength 2D, 2 stun blasters (fire control 1D, damage 2D stun)), blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, crash vest (+1 energy, +1D physical), crash helmet (+ energy, +1D physical), 500 credits

**Background:** Swoop racing is for adolescents; star rallies are playgrounds for dilettantes; but the *real* racing — where the action is most exciting — is speeder racing. Only the best belong here. That's *you*.

The "criterium" races are always most popular with the crowds, who will stand for hours, watching the groups of speeders circle, jockeying for position as they speed past the pylons. When racers want to settle scores among themselves, they always turn to the time trials, a mixture of obstacle course and shooting gallery that challenges every skill a pilot can develop.

It's a rough life. You spend most of your time in space transports, traveling from venue to venue, but when you see the racing course you realize that it is all worth it.

You can fly and you can shoot. You're not the best at either — no speeder racer is — but you could well be the best at both, if your blasters stay hot, and your speeder keeps dodging the poles.

**Personality:** You're quiet and level-headed, more interested in improving yourself and your equipment than in bragging. You're good at what you do — bad speeder racers end up as wet smudges on a canyon wall — but there is no call to brag. Your actions speak for themselves.

**Objectives:** To gain fame and respect among the other speeder racers, and to find a sponsor with deep pockets.

**A Quote:** "I can beat that time, no prob."

**Connection With Characters:**

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

Design: Chuck Truett

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Spoiled Debutante

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operations \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

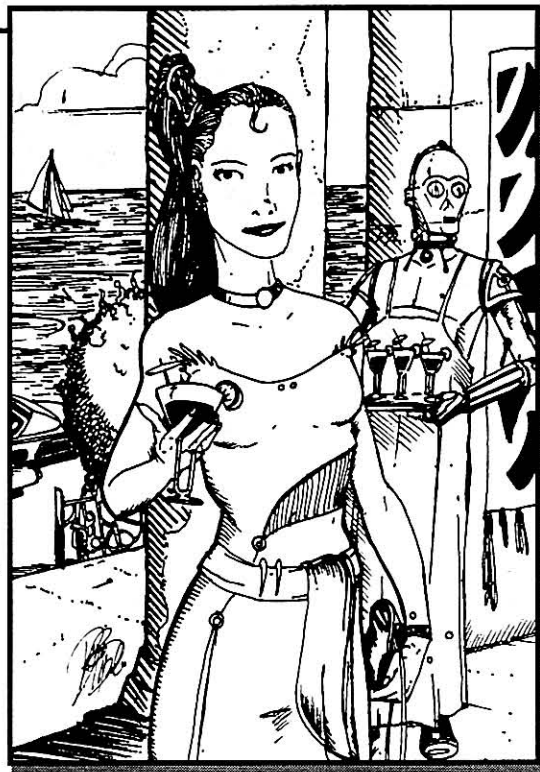
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Sporting blaster (3D+1), 3PO protocol droid, 3,000 credits

**Background:** Daddy can be such a *pain* sometimes! He insists that you follow family tradition and throw in your lot with those awful Rebels. You've been to some of their training camps, and it just isn't you: the Rebels are out in that horrid Outer Rim, and all the greatest stores and nightclubs are in the Core. Being in the Rebellion is not at all cool, and you'd just *die* if your friends found out.

You'd rather be swathed in off-the-rack clothes than follow Daddy out to some shack on a mudball planet. But he *does* have your money, and your account isn't going to last forever. Thank goodness you talked him into letting you wander around for a few years first!

**Personality:** Insufferably arrogant and materialistic, you can be extremely tiresome at times, but people just don't understand the pressures you face from day to day.

**Objectives:** To show Daddy you're right. To make it on your own (although these objectives are rarely voiced).

**A Quote:** "That's a rather bold thing to say for a *waiter*."

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Pablo Hidalgo

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Squib Trader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Squib

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), datapad, tool belt, Squib scout ship (armed only with a single tractor beam).

**Background:** Not long ago, you decided to leave Skorr II in pursuit of the "One Good Deal." After getting your bearings, you're ready to make some decisions.

You've heard that the Empire sometimes hires Squibs to dispose of the refuse and junk on board their ships. That may be a way to go, because what the Empire considers junk, you consider treasure. Or you could follow after this Rebellion. There's a lot of salvage after a battle, after all, and the Rebels get involved in quite a lot of those.

You're not really concerned with which side to work for as long as you get the better end of the deal.

**Personality:** Overconfident and overbearing, and too curious for your own good. You examine everything you can regardless of the possibility of danger, because you'd hate to miss something of value.

**Objectives:** To find the "One Good Deal," and make as much profit as possible.

**A Quote:** "Got nice go-go vehicle here, pal, still work good, sorta, but it's a classic. Trade for new talkie-talk shiny man. Good deal. Wanna trade?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Svivreni Mineralogist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Svivreni

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Stamina:* Svivreni receive a +2D bonus whenever they roll their *stamina* and *willpower* skills.

*Value Estimation:* Svivreni receive a +1D bonus to *value* skill checks involving ores, gems and other mined materials.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 4

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Field coveralls, comlink, datapad, mining gear, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You have a good eye for ores and gems, even for someone from a species that has natural talents involving mineralogy and mining. At an early age you left your homeworld, scouting for a minor corporation, traveling the galaxy and getting field experience to compliment your trade school learning.

Several years ago, shortly after the rise of the New Republic, you severed your corporate ties and went into business for yourself. As a freelance mineralogist you work for who you choose (and being as good as you are, set your own price).

**Personality:** You, like many of your species, are very stubborn. Many find you too resolved, and in your younger days you got into more than a few fights over your positions. Now, while you are still stubborn (and even less likely to back down than in your youth) you have gained wisdom enough in the last few years that you can manage to at least keep out of a fight. Sometimes.

**Objectives:** To prove that you are, hands down, the best mineralogist in the galaxy.

**A Quote:** "No, Executive D'gaat, your mine will produce only Level-001 quality Vendusii Crystals, of that there is absolutely no doubt."

## Connection With Characters:

Design: Floyd Wesel

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

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Type:** Whiphid Collector  
**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Whiphid  
**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_      Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_      Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_      Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_      Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Alien species \_\_\_\_\_      Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_      Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_      Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_      Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_      Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**  
 Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_      Computer program-  
 Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_      ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_      First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**  
*Claws:* Do STR+1D damage.  
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**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **9**  
**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D+1), knife (STR+1D), datapad, 2,000 credits

**Background:** Although most of your relatives are busy chasing araboers, snow demons and one another, you have gone on to hunt more exciting game. Your family's holdings allowed you to book passage off Toola many years ago, and you've done everything you could think of to avoid going back.

Your main business is collecting. Work is what you do to allow you to collect. What you collect varies, but what never wanes is the single-minded drive to possess what you do not yet have.

You tried your hand at bounty hunting to raise money, as do many of your folk that have left your homeworld, but you found it either too boring or too dangerous (mostly too dangerous). Now you just take whatever job comes to hand, or sell off bits of side collections you maintain just for that purpose (though it pains you to part with them).

**Personality:** You are obsessed with your collections and making enough money to support your obsessions. If that means circumventing others' laws, then so be it. Like other Whiphid collectors, the challenge of the chase is as much fun as the possession of a sought-after object. The more difficult it is for you to obtain objects for your collection, the more status you gain from other collectors and the more you prize that collection.

**Objectives:** You *must* add to and expand your collection.

**A Quote:** "I must have it, simple as that. What will it take to get it?"

**Connection With Characters:**

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Wookiee Bounty Hunter

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Wookiee

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bowcaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Bowcaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

**Berserker Rage:** Enraged Wookiees receive a +2D to *Strength* for brawling damage. Also suffers -2D to all non-*Strength* attribute and skill checks. To calm down, the character must make a Moderate *Perception* roll (at only -1D, minimum roll of 1D).

**Climbing Claws:** +2D to climbing rolls, but cannot be used honorably in combat.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 11

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Wookiee bowcaster (4D), datapad with current bounty postings, New Republic Bounty Hunter License, vibroblade (STR+1D+1), hunting knife (STR+1D), 1,500 credits

**Background:** Slavers, sanctioned by the Empire, enslaved hundreds of thousands of your species. Selling Wookiees across the galaxy to perish in hellish work camps, they made a profit from your people's suffering. Now with the Empire shattered, the slaving has stopped, but the pain remains.

You were once a slave yourself, but were rescued from captivity by fellow Wookiees who had managed to avoid capture. You now consider all enslaved Wookiees to be members of your clan. You are sworn to restore all enslaved Wookiees to freedom and hunt down those responsible for their captivity. They will answer for their crimes.

**Personality:** You will accept any job involving a slaver. Relentless in your pursuit, even to the point of going into debt, you let nothing stand in your way once you've picked up the trail. You abide by the New Republic's rules concerning the capture and treatment of those you pursue, but you can't help it if they resist. In fact, sometimes you hope they do.

**Objectives:** To find the slavers and their allies who profited by enslaving Wookiees.

**A Quote:** (Growl a lot, thump the table violently.) Translation: "Don't *lie* to me! Where're the rest of your slaving buddies hiding out?"

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: John Beyer

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

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Xen archaeologist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Science \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Archaic starship piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Outdoor hiking gear, syntherope, datapad, terrain charts, sensor pack, blaster pistol (4D), rations pack, pick axe, 1,200 credits

**Background:** Throughout the ages, every society records in myth and history the stories of lost civilizations, ancient worlds and fabulous treasures. Not content to just read about such wonders, you are one of the few who actively seeks them out.

The secrets of the ages are yours to uncover. All it takes is a little research, a little backing and *lots* of luck. The competition is tight and often not very well mannered. If you're not quick enough or smart enough they'll take your head along with the prize.

You hand-pick your associates and share in your good fortunes when you make the find. When someone beats you to the site you know the adventure has just begun. You know that there's always an opportunity to turn the tables.

**Personality:** You have a driving need to preserve as much of the past as possible, and sometimes you have to be pretty rough to do so. Part of this compulsion is due to a reverence for history, and partly for a desire to game fame and fortune.

**Objectives:** To beat the competition, the curio collectors and the Empire to the treasures of the ages — before these artifacts are lost forever.

**A Quote:** "Do you know what you're holding? Do you realize the significance of this find? We'll be famous!"

**Connection With Characters:**

# Chapter Four

## Rebel Alliance and New Republic Templates

### The First Core World

Jerell winced as the dull thump of a heavy artillery blast shook the underground communications center. Bits of ferrocrete powder fell from the ceiling, bouncing off the polished dome of his R2 unit. The little droid beeped irately, and spun its head to fling the debris clear.

He heard Bettle curse and looked over in her direction. She had leapt out of her chair and was hunching over the communications gear which was spread out over the table, shielding its delicate components from the falling debris with her body.

"Doesn't sound like Ralltiir is faring so well, up there." Jerell remarked.

"I could be doing a bit better myself, *Pop*. Damned if I know why I let you drag me into this Rebellion of yours."

Jerell shrugged. "Because it pays better than smuggling?"

Bettle muttered to herself, and adjusted her receiver.

The lights in the tiny room flickered, dimmed, then surged back on. Bettle cursed as her headset squealed feedback into her ear, then looked over at her father with a delighted smile. "Thank the Maker! Spike's gang just took the snowmen's ion cannon out!" She laughed wickedly. "I hope they take a few kilos out of Graeber's posterior, too."

Jerell grimaced at the thought of the bloated Imperial governor who had taken his other daughter from him. "*Please*," he moaned sardonically, "Fatboy up there wouldn't miss it." He glanced at his own readouts. "The fleet should be droppin' in from hyperspace within

the hour. I hope we can hold them off that long."

Another blast hit the building above the bunker with a dull *whump*. "Pop! I'm getting a broadcast from the Imperials!"

"Patch it though."

Dennix Graeber's evil visage filled the view screen. It smiled. "I thought you might be down in your rat's hole, Jerell," he chuckled merrily. "Why don't you give it up? Your little fort here is surrounded. Your attacks on the shield generator have failed. The much-vaunted New Republic has *yet* to take a Core world."

"'Yet' is the operative word, Graeber." Jerell said coolly. "Why don't you send your boys down? We've got a nice reception planned for them."

"Perhaps. All in good time." He looked aside as a panicked aide stepped up to him and whispered in his ear.

Bettle crept up beside Jerell and closed the audio channel to the Imperials. "Just got word from Spike," she said quietly. "Graeber's generators just went down." She grinned maliciously. "And I am pleased to report that six Mon Cal cruisers just dropped out of hyperspace right outside the gravity well, and not a Star Destroyer in sight."

Jerell thumbed the audio channel open again. Graeber's face had grown considerably more pale. "Congratulations, Governor Graeber. You have the honor of being the first Core World leader to welcome the New Republic to its soil! See you soon, fat man."



Robert Duchinski

### Rebel Alliance Templates

The following templates represent characters allied with the Rebel Alliance or the New Republic government, depending on the era. Such support may be either overt or covert.

Some characters presented here serve in the Alliance military. Others are civilians who lend their support indirectly to the Rebel cause. Each is capable of supporting other Rebel characters already committed to an ongoing campaign.

Please note that the characters are not locked

into a particular time period. Obviously, a classic-era Rebel will work well in the New-Republic era as well. These characters should be older and wiser; an experienced fighter can think a way out of a tight spot instead of shooting their way to a solution.

Also, many Rebels can retire from military life in the New Republic era. (Why not have a resistance leader-turned-independent shipper?)

In short, these characters are restricted only by player imagination and the storytelling needs of the gamemaster.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Alliance Agitator

**Gender/Species:** /Ishi Tib

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law Enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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Mike Vilardi

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

## Special Abilities

*Beak:* STR+2D damage.

*Planners:* Ishi Tib receive 2D for every 1D spent on *bureaucracy, business, law enforcement, or tactics* skills (during character creation only; limited to 2D of beginning skill dice in a skill).

*Immersion:* Ishi Tib must immerse themselves for 10 rounds after spending 30 hours out of water. Otherwise they suffer 1D of dam-

age every hour that they stay out of water.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **9**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Street clothes, hold-out blaster (3D), chronometer, 100 credits

**Background:** You once had a home, friends, family and career on a colony world. Politics held no interest for you, until the Empire appeared in orbit over your world, and bludgeoned it into submission. When the smoke cleared, your home was destroyed, your friends were in irons, and your family was dead. Now politics interest you a great deal.

The Imperial military forces moved on after pacifying the local populace and setting up a puppet government, leaving you and your fellow citizens to pick up the pieces. Well, they may think they have knocked the spirit out of your people, but you are determined to prove them wrong.

You've dedicated your considerable organizational skills to planning and executing mass demonstrations, peaceful sabotage, and so on. You refuse to commit violent acts, however, and have resisted attempts to develop your organization into a Rebel cell.

**Personality:** Your type of loss can't be measured on a ledger sheet. You're no warrior, but you'll do your part any way you can.

**Objectives:** To give aid and comfort to the forces of the Alliance in whatever capacity you can.

**A Quote:** "The Emperor must be made to go on paying for a long time."

## Connection With Characters:



# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Alliance Liaison

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Suttlow

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain: mediation \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Comlink, Alliance uniform, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D), 100 credits

**Background:** Back in the days when people still addressed Palpatine as "Senator," you traveled to many different worlds with your parents. Through them you learned to appreciate the cultural diversity of different civilizations, and translated your desire to communicate your ideas into a career as a teacher.

As the Emperor came to power and asserted his will over the worlds of the galaxy, you kept your grave doubts regarding his motives to yourself, hoping against hope that a fruitful union might emerge from the ashes of the Old Republic. Alas, the pro-human Empire began to persecute aliens, and after the gruesome demise of Alderaan, you realized you could never support the Empire.

Soon after that cataclysmic event, you resigned your teaching post, and offered your services to the Alliance. Now you help to coordinate logistics for the Rebellion, travelling from world to world meeting with cell leaders, smuggling those hunted by the Empire to safe worlds, and so on. Civil, military, or resistance personnel — you aid them all as best you can.

**Personality:** You have a dogged persistence about you that often wears your opponents down. Tact and guile are effective weapons but you prefer honest confrontation.

**Objectives:** To one day be among those who sign the document of Imperial surrender.

**A Quote:** "Of course we can work something out. How badly do you want to win?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ex-Imperial Commando

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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Robert Duchinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tactics \_\_\_\_\_  
 Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Hover vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
 Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Alliance commando uniform, blaster rifle (5D), blaster pistol (5D), knife (STR+1), three fragmentation grenades, (5D), two thermal detonators (10D), medpac, macrobinoculars, 500 credits

**Background:** When you enlisted in the Imperial military, you figured you'd be with the Army for life. You were proud to be a part of such a well-disciplined fighting force, and were honored to stand beside your fellow soldiers on the field of battle. That was before your sensed an ugliness festering among the leaders of the military, a sickness that became apparent when Alderaan was destroyed. Although official channels denied any involvement, word of the Empire's complicity in the disaster spread pretty quickly through the Imperial grapevine. Sickened to the core of your being, you defected to the Rebel Alliance, to see that tragedy on this scale never happens again.

Ever since you "came over" you've asked for the toughest assignments, the most daring operations. You've proven your worth and no one can question your abilities or your loyalty. Which is just as well, since you personally believe that the galaxy needs a strong Emperor. Just not Palpatine.

**Personality:** You know you can never go home again, no matter who wins the war. You're making the best of a bad situation.

**Objectives:** Do your part to end the war as soon as possible, and then pick up the pieces.

**A Quote:** "Beta team, hold here and target that AT-ST with the Plex; remember, wait for the signal and *don't be a hero*. Alpha team, move out. Let's see if we can take these armored dullards by surprise ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudlow

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Hologrid Celebrity

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

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Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Flashy clothes, personal secretary droid, luxury landspeeder with driver, two-season contract with local hologrid studio, a face known throughout the sector, 8,000 credits (including a contract advance of 4,000 credits), five-season contract with a sleazy agent of dubious moral character

**Background:** You're a star. Everyone knows your name. You've been the hottest thing on the sector hologrid for two seasons now.

Your next step will be the big one — a galaxy-wide contract! Well, maybe someday after this *bothersome* war is over. Right now you're enjoying your fame.

Besides, you have another job to do: a job for the New Republic. You've become the public spokesperson and cheerleader for the New Republic in your sector. The New Republic is the second hottest thing in this sector right now (after you) and you figure it will boost your rising star (besides, it's the *right* thing to do, and audiences simply *adore* a socially-conscious star).

Your agent has assured you that such a winning combination *can't lose!* (Of course your agent is a tad behind on negotiating your royalty compensation, but he'll get to it soon, no doubt.) Ever since they got rid of the Imperial sensors that used to ruin your perfect performances, your true abilities are seen by billions! You know they love every minute of it!

**Personality:** You have a flair for the dramatic. You love performing on the hologrid and live to hear the cheers of your fans. You know your way is best — how else could you have become so famous? Everyone loves you and you know it.

**Objectives:** To become as famous as possible.

**A Quote:** "Oh! Thank you! *Thank* you! No, please, you're too kind... no, really, stop! You're embarrassing me!"

**Connection With Characters:**

Design: Sterling Hershey

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ithorian Storyteller

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Ithorian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion:

storytelling \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Knowledge skills:*

*Agriculture:* Has a good working knowledge of crops and animal herds, and can suggest appropriate crops for a type of soil, and how the yields might be boosted.

*Ecology:* This skill can be used to determine the probable function of a lifeform within its own biosphere: predator, prey, symbiote,

parasite or some other quick description of its role.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **11**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Staff (STR+1D)

**Background:** You have lived your entire life on Ithor, your species' native planet. Since you were young, you have had a gift for telling stories and have spent your adult life perfecting this talent. Over the years, your stories have become more intricate and satisfying for both yourself and your audience.

Now, you find yourself looking to the stars and the future. While you are not a warrior, you find yourself wishing to join the Rebel Alliance so that you may learn new stories, and record the valiant actions and heroics of their brave struggle for future generations. Several of your people have already joined the fight against the Empire, and you consider it a distinct possibility for yourself. Now, you have to locate a Rebel. Hmm, perhaps this will take more time than you thought. (Of course, that's a story in itself, isn't it?)

**Personality:** You are peaceful and friendly. Your stories have made you popular among your people, though you have kept your humility and will do anything in your power to help a friend.

**Objectives:** To join the Rebel Alliance and tell stories to anyone who will listen. Perhaps inspire a few stories yourself.

**A Quote:** "This tale is one of my home world and the Mother Jungle."

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Type:** Mon Calamari Medic  
**Gender/Species:** /Mon Calamari  
**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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Robert Duchlinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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- |                                    |                                       |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <b>Dexterity</b> ____ <b>2D+2</b>  | <b>Perception</b> ____ <b>3D</b>      |
| Blaster _____                      | Command _____                         |
| Dodge _____                        | Con _____                             |
| Running _____                      | Hide _____                            |
| _____                              | Persuasion _____                      |
| _____                              | Search _____                          |
| _____                              | _____                                 |
| _____                              | _____                                 |
| <b>Knowledge</b> ____ <b>3D+2</b>  | <b>Strength</b> ____ <b>2D+1</b>      |
| Alien species _____                | Climbing/jumping _____                |
| Bureaucracy _____                  | Lifting _____                         |
| Cultures _____                     | Stamina _____                         |
| Languages _____                    | Swimming _____                        |
| Planetary systems _____            | _____                                 |
| Survival _____                     | _____                                 |
| Willpower _____                    | _____                                 |
| _____                              | _____                                 |
| <b>Mechanical</b> ____ <b>2D+1</b> | <b>Technical</b> ____ <b>4D</b>       |
| Beast riding _____                 | Computer program-<br>ing/repair _____ |
| Repulsorlift<br>operation _____    | Droid program-<br>ing _____           |
| Sensors _____                      | Droid repair _____                    |
| Space transports _____             | First aid _____                       |
| _____                              | _____                                 |
| _____                              | _____                                 |
| _____                              | _____                                 |
| _____                              | _____                                 |

- **Equipment:** Comlink, field-medic kit (contains three medpacs and emergency materials like splints, bandages, high-potency painkillers and so forth), medical datapad, uniform, medical droid (all stats 2D except: *first aid* 4D), 300 credits.
- **Background:** You've always been fascinated by life and all its wondrous diversity. But you've also witnessed firsthand how short and painful life can be. With all the amazing technology available in the galaxy you're still bewildered that death and destruction are still the preferred methods of solving problems. Your training has prepared you to help save lives, but you have to get the rest of the galaxy to cooperate.
- **Personality:** The tyranny of the Empire must be stopped. But you've sworn to save lives, not to take them, and the Rebellion offers you the chance to make a difference. You are the first to offer caution and the last to leave if a team member is hurt. Your teammates get upset when you prevent them from using deadly force, but you act as their conscience and caretaker and remind them what the cause is all about. While the Rebels often employ methods you find ... *questionable*, you are willing to deal with it, since the wanton cruelty of the Empire is obviously the greater of two evils.
- **Objectives:** To help relieve the pain and suffering of others whenever possible, despite personal risk.
- **A Quote:** "Rest now. Don't worry, I'm here and I won't leave you."

**Special Abilities**  
*Moist Environments:* Receive a+1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.  
*Dry Environments:* When confined to dry environments, suffer a-1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.  
*Aquatic:* Can breathe both air and water.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 9  
 Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Force Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Noble-In-Exile

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Bows \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Culture \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilhardt

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Ceremonial robes of office, comlink, Alliance letters of introduction, protocol droid, hold-out blaster (3D+1), 1,500 credits

**Background:** Your House ruled your homeworld for generations. Then the Empire came and took over. Your parents refused to serve as puppet rulers, and were arrested and executed. You went into hiding as the leaders of a rival House assumed the throne as figureheads, and you barely escaped the planet with your life and a few possessions.

Determined to deliver your world from the Empire and the ill-conceived intrigues of the rival House, you have joined the Alliance. Perhaps not the best of reasons for joining a crusade, but they were happy to have you, regardless.

**Personality:** You've no great love for the Empire but dislike the thought of forcing your people to endure a war to kick them out. You feel at odds with the galaxy, frustrated at your youth and inexperience.

**Objectives:** To gain the wisdom and experience needed to set things right again.

**A Quote:** "I once led a pampered life, but my people will find me much changed when I return."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** New Republic Security Force Agent

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Y-wing starfighter, R2 astromech droid, data-pad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), binders, arrest warrants, New Republic Security Force uniform, badge and ID, 1,000 credits

**Background:** The restoration of law and order throughout the galaxy did not end with the death of the Emperor. In fact, it has barely begun.

Crime lords, terrorists, and renegade Imperials roam freely across known space, leaving misery and destruction in their wake. These individuals are the real threat to peace and justice, and must answer for their crimes.

As an agent of the New Republic Security Force, you are empowered to track down these felons — no matter where they range in the New Republic — and bring them to justice.

**Personality:** You believe in justice and the law. You've sworn an oath to uphold the laws of the New Republic and to bring in those who break them. And although your arrest record cannot be questioned, your methods can and occasionally are.

**Objectives:** To bring to justice all those who violate the laws of the New Republic.

**A Quote:** "New Republic Agent! You're under arrest! Throw down your weapons or I'll shoot!"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** New Republic Intelligence Operative

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
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Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Sterling Hershey

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Value \_\_\_\_\_  
 Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
 Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** NRI uniform (other clothes vary by mission), comlink, datapad, blaster pistol (4D), hold-out blaster (3D), vibroblade (STR+3D), 2,000 credits

**Background:** You work for the elite intelligence agency of the New Republic. The New Republic may be winning the war, but that doesn't mean there aren't a lot of Imperials and other troublemakers still around. It's your job to keep an eye on them.

Sometimes you get a combat mission, but most of the time, you investigate the activities of others, sometimes by remote surveillance, sometimes by staging raids and break-ins, and sometimes by going undercover.

You've worked hard to help get the New Republic where it is today and you're not about to let some renegade warlord take it apart again.

**Personality:** You're tough and secretive. You have to be. You never know who might be watching you and you can't risk blowing your cover. You keep your head, even in the worst situations.

**Objectives:** To root out threats to the New Republic, report and eliminate them.

**A Quote:** "There's trouble in the Corellian sector. We'd better check it out."

**Connection With Characters:**



# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**  
**Type:** Ordnance Procurer  
**Gender/Species:**  
**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
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Pablo Hidalgo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**      **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_      Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_      Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_      Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_      Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**      **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_      Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_      Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_      Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Value \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**      **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**  
 Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_      Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hover vehicle \_\_\_\_\_      Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
   operation \_\_\_\_\_      Computer program-  
 Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_      mming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
   operation \_\_\_\_\_      Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_      Ground vehicle  
 \_\_\_\_\_      repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_      Walker repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**  
 None.  
**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**  
**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Alliance uniform (others when needed), heavy blaster pistol (5D), medpac, comlink, vibroblade (STR+2D), electronics diagnostic kit, micro-tool pack, 700 credits

**Background:** The starfighters, power cells, and foodpacs which make the Rebellion function don't just spring into being, you know. Somebody has to go out and *get* them. The Alliance has thousands of supply sources, to be sure, and not one of them is conventional. You are one of the Alliance's roving ordnance procurers.

Your job is to accompany Rebel strike teams on their missions, and liberate whatever you can without endangering the mission. You've come back with TIE fighters, sacks full of blasters, Imperial uniforms (even some without blaster burns on them), and once, the pampered pet of a Moff.

**Personality:** You enjoy your work. You get to loot and steal and no one minds at all (with the possible exception of the Imperials, but they don't really count). You like to leave little calling cards when you take something particularly valuable, a sort of signature that you hope the Imperials will one day recognize widely ...

**Objectives:** To steal an Imperial shuttle, with the Emperor still in it. Okay, okay ... you realize that this is an unrealistic goal, and probably more than a little suicidal, but it sure sounds great in the tapcafe over a few mugs of lum ...

**A Quote:** "OK, let me see, here. Today, we have a dozen blaster carbines, a KDY heavy-weapons power converter, and Moff Balfour's undergarments. (Chuckle.) Sorry, little joke. We *don't* have the power converter."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Rebel Saboteur

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Civilian dress, forged identity papers, demolition charge (12D), mouse droid (equipped with spy camera and comlink), hold-out blaster (3D+1), 200 credits

**Background:** You were headed for the university when an Imperial press gang dragooned you right into the mighty Imperial Army. You developed a strong dislike for the formal, regimented lifestyle of the military, preferring the "free-wheeling" approach to life. The fact that your commanding officers often tried to purge your individualist tendencies from you didn't help; scrubbing latrines and forced marches aren't your idea of a good time.

Your instructors did teach you a good deal about demolitions and weaponry, which came in handy when you decided to desert your unit and join the Rebels. It was a while before the Alliance accepted you, but eventually you impressed them with your sincerity by sabotaging an entire row of TIE fighters parked on a spaceport landing apron.

Now you specialize in infiltrating Imperial facilities (of all sorts), and either directly sabotaging them, or recruiting others to do so for you.

**Personality:** Independent-minded and non-conformist, you firmly believe that one person can make a difference (or at least a *really big mess*).

**Objectives:** To take out the biggest tactical target of opportunity with the minimal amount of collateral damage.

**A Quote:** "Sure, I know it's risky, but, hey, I have a personal dislike for starchy uniforms."

**Connection With Characters:**

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Resistance Leader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Outdoor gear, sporting blaster (3D+1), blaster pistol (4D), four homemade grenades (4D), knife (STR+1), medpac, 500 credits

**Background:** You've never been a particularly even-tempered person, which is why you took it rather personally when the Empire came and destroyed your way of life.

You quickly gathered survivors of the initial raid, and formed the nucleus of a resistance force. Together with your comrades, you sabotaged the new Imperial government to the point that it could no longer function.

You left your former home years ago, when the Alliance offered to train you in the art of guerilla warfare. In turn, you train others the skills necessary to survive a dirty, long-term fight. Now you travel from world to world, battling the Empire. Forging Rebel cells, leading strike forces, planning ambushes, carrying out hostage-taking raids ... its just another day at the office.

**Personality:** You are grim and coldly calculating. You've no mercy for the Empire and no time to spare for those who have. The way you see things, it's "them" versus "us." You intend to make sure you and yours are the last one's standing.

**Objectives:** To carry the war to the enemy and make make them suffer for the terrible things they've done. And if they regard you as equally terrible, well, you've done your job.

**A Quote:** "They can't take anything else from us. We have nothing left to take. Now we start to take some back!"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

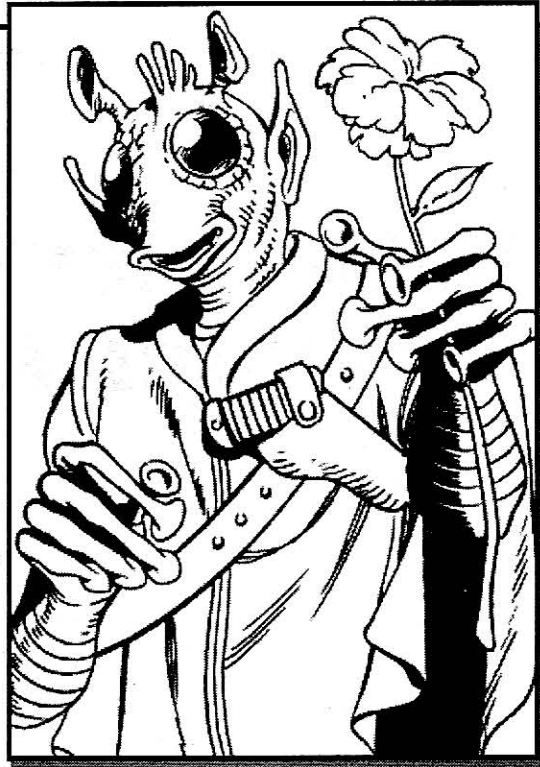
**Type:** Rodian Pacifist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Rodian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

Stunned

Wounded

Incapacitated

Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Stun pistol (4D stun), comlink, 2 medpacs, 3,000 credits

**Background:** Your fellow Rodians have always considered you a bit strange (and more than a little insane). You didn't like hunting games as a child. The violent drama of your school years bored you. You felt a strong compulsion to find peaceful resolutions to all conflicts.

After sending you to counselors for years without results, your parents finally threw up their hands in disgust and banned you from their household. Sadly, your attempts to make peace with them only made matters worse.

You left Rodia not long after, to seek your fortunes elsewhere, willing to do whatever it took to promote peace and happiness. When the Ithorians wouldn't have you, you decided to join the Rebel Alliance. True, they tend to be just a *bit* violent themselves, but they promise that peace will reign once they defeat the Empire. You're still waiting for that to happen.

**Personality:** Frankly, you're a little nuts. You see the galaxy only in terms of black and white, right and wrong. To you, all conflict is wrong, no matter what the reason. That is not to say that you are a coward. Quite the opposite. A coward would not stand, unarmed, in the middle of a scout walker's path in an attempt to save a comrade. A little crazy? Definitely. Cowardly? No.

**Objectives:** To bring peace and a little kindness, to this war-torn galaxy.

**A Quote:** "Oh, your weapon won't fire because I took the liberty of removing the energy cell. Perhaps now that you can't resort to violence as a means of resolving this issue, we can establish a constructive dialogue with those charging stormtroopers ... no, I'm *not* kidding!"

**Connection With Characters:**

# Chapter Five

# Heroes And Rogues

This chapter presents a collection of characters which have been developed from some of the templates introduced in this supplement. Many have been customized or modified, and do not therefore correspond directly to the stock templates. They also represent people at varying skill levels — some of the characters are still “wet behind the ears,” while others are advanced in their careers and very skillful. Examining these profiles can help players decide which character types might interest them, and how they can evolve over the course of a campaign.

The characters presented in this chapter may easily be incorporated into the gamemaster’s campaign, as allies or villains. Most can be plugged into existing campaigns with little adjustment, and alert gamemasters will readily see in them the seeds to some interesting adventures.

## Imperial Characters

### Lord Espan Balfed

The Balfed family was once one of the great families in galactic society. However, with the rise of the Empire, the Balfeds lost both influence and prestige, and were later set up and framed by a rival House, Tagge, and subsequently disgraced.

Today, the youngest descendant of the House, Lord Espan Balfed, is considered a noble in name only. He has no money, political power, or significant fame to speak of. Even his position in the Imperial Navy is one of little consequence. As the captain of a small, lightly armed customs frigate, Lord Balfed knows his chances at promotion are not very good. Despite this realization, the young nobleman still puts on a grandiose show.

Before inspecting a vessel, Lord Balfed will always inform the ship’s crew of his lineage and proper title. If, in his opinion, the traders do not immediately show the “proper” respect for his station, Balfed will go out of his way to find some infraction worthy of imprisonment. If, on the

other hand, they willingly acknowledge their inferiority to him, he will let them go only with a cursory — often lax — inspection.

### Lord Espan Balfed

**Type:** Arrogant Imperial Noble

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 4D, blaster: sporting blaster 5D+1, dodge 5D, melee combat 6D+2, melee parry 6D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Cultures 7D+1, languages 5D, planetary systems 5D, willpower 4D

**MECHANICAL 2D+1**

Astrogation 2D+2, beast riding 4D+2, space transports 4D+1

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Command 6D+2, persuasion 6D, persuasion: debate 7D, persuasion: oration 6D+2

**STRENGTH 2D+2**

Brawling 3D+2, swimming 3D+1

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Computer programming/repair 4D+1, first aid 4D

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 6

**Equipment:** Imperial uniform (with stylish red piping), sporting blaster (3D+1), dueling sword (STR+1D).

### Captain Sandrex Olotho

The beautiful and skillful Sandrex Olotho is the aide of Admiral Fonada, a warlord who commands a rogue Imperial fleet in the Outer Rim Territories. Fonada’s forces are currently engaged in a hit-and-run campaign against New Republic shipping. She travels far and wide, serving as the eyes and ears of her commander in the field; many years ago she was also Grand Moff Tarkin’s spy in Fonada’s command chain, but that came to an abrupt end with the destruction of the Death Star.

Olotho has the distinction of having been in the field with one of Fonada’s trooper detachments when it defected to the New Republic. Rallying the few loyal troops around her, she pulled back to a defensible position and dug in.

Having no desire to spend the rest of her career in a prisoner-of-war camp, she devised an unconventional means of escape. After captur-



■ Lieutenant Derwayne is uncharacteristically meek in the presence of Lord Balfed and Colonel Brenn.

ing dozens of *deshfinops* (large leathery-winged mammals indigenous to the planet), Olotho had the pests coated with a slow-burning resin.

They were then released in the direction of the traitors' encampment. The frightened avians caused confusion and disorganization while spreading fires in the enemy compound. While the defectors were busy dousing flames, Olotho and the remains of her company broke through enemy lines and escaped (even managing to capture a few New Republic soldiers on their way out).

■ **Captain Sandrex Olotho**

**Type:** Imperial Adjutant  
**DEXTERITY 3D**  
 Blaster 4D, dodge 5D  
**KNOWLEDGE 3D**  
 Bureaucracy 5D+2, languages 5D, tactics: small unit operations 7D, willpower 7D+1  
**MECHANICAL 3D**  
 Communications 4D+2, repulsorlift operation 4D  
**PERCEPTION 4D**  
 Command 5D+2, con 7D, investigation 6D, persuasion 8D, search 6D  
**STRENGTH 2D+2**  
 Brawling 3D, stamina: forced march 5D  
**TECHNICAL 2D+1**  
**Character Points:** 26  
**Move:** 10  
**Equipment:** Imperial uniform, partial protective vest (+2

to *Strength* to resist damage), protective helmet (+2 to *Strength* to resist damage), macrobinoculars, light blaster pistol (3D)

**Voegliss**

While surveying a supposedly uninhabited world, Imperial scientist Devlor Samt's team fought off a terrifying attack by two fierce sentient predators (who were not native to the world, nor of a species on record). The hostile aliens were eventually killed, their infant son was discovered nearby.

Devlor Samt raised the young alien as his son, and the child, Voegliss, regarded Samt as a surrogate father. When Voegliss turned 15, the Imperial Army captured the young alien on the orders of the sector Moff. This "induction" was certainly an unorthodox action, but the ambitious Moff regarded the young alien as a potentially useful operative. Voegliss killed 14 army troopers before he was taken into custody.

Now Voegliss serves a special commando team, waiting for the day he is accepted as a true independent assassin, in the employ of the Emperor. Voegliss is extremely proficient in performing his duties, though he still harbors a longing to be reunited with Samt.

Voegliss stands 1.7 meters tall, and has a hard,

red carapace-like skin. He has hooded, glinting eyes peering over a tooth-filled maw. He is a dedicated killer and warrior, intelligent, but with the emotional maturity of a child.

### ■ Voegliss

**Type:** Imperial Assassin-In-Training

#### DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D, brawling parry 7D, dodge 6D, melee combat 6D+1, melee parry 6D+2, running 5D+2

#### KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Intimidation 6D, intimidation: interrogation 7D+1, survival 5D, willpower 5D+2

#### MECHANICAL 2D

Sensors 4D+1, starship gunnery 5D+2

#### PERCEPTION 4D

Hide 6D+2, search 7D+2, sneak 8D

#### STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 7D+1, climbing/jumping 6D, stamina 8D

#### TECHNICAL 2D

Blaster repair 5D+2, demolitions 5D, security 5D+1

#### Special Abilities:

*Claws:* STR+1D damage

*Teeth:* Voegliss' large fangs add +1D to damage if used in combat. If this attack is used, he loses -1D from any parries he attempts that round.

*Total Loyalty:* Voegliss' loyalty ultimately lies in Devlor Samt, who oversaw his training. Voegliss gains +2D to his willpower skill if someone tries to persuade the assassin to betray his mentor.

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 12

**Move:** 12

**Equipment:** Knife (STR+1D), blaster (4D), dark cloak (+1D to sneak)

### Debin Karre

Debin is a modest-looking in his early 40s. He has started to gray around the temples but otherwise his hair is still a youthful brown. Karre is enthusiastic and personable, one of the individuals that manages to put a convincingly pleasant face on life in the Empire.

Debin always wanted to enter the military but was unable to because he suffered an accident in his youth that left him with a limp. Though he was disabled, his steadfast New Order party work won him favor with a well-connected officer who had him placed in the Imperial Morale Corps.

Debin truly believes in the Empire and all that it has done. He is very passionate about his job.

### ■ Debin Karre

**Type:** Imperial Morale Officer

#### DEXTERITY 3D

Melee parry 4D

#### KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Bureaucracy 4D+2, bureaucracy: Imperial 5D+2, languages 4D+2, law enforcement 4D+2, planetary systems 4D+2, planetary systems: Core worlds 5D+2, streetwise 4D, willpower 4D+1

#### MECHANICAL 2D

Ground vehicle operation 3D, repulsorlift operation 3D

#### PERCEPTION 3D+2

Command 4D+1, hide 4D, persuasion 4D+2, sneak 4D+2

#### STRENGTH 2D+2

#### TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, droid programming 4D, droid programming: 3PO Unit 5D, droid repair 3D+1

#### Special Abilities:

*Crippled:* Due to his injury, Debin suffers a -1D to any action involving his leg or movement.

**Move:** 8

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 10

**Equipment:** Datapad of New Order reports and statistics, flyers and leaflets of latest news, protocol droid, Imperial Morale Officer ID Badge, 1,000 credits

### Becca Westone

Born and raised on Coruscant, Becca had the opportunity to go to the Academy in whatever field she desired. Choosing to go where her writing talents would lead her, she chose journalism as her specialty and spent her Academy days honing her skills.

After her schooling, she worked as a reporter for a small newsnet corporation for a few years until she realized that it was drifting towards a pro-Rebel bias. She blew the whistle by writing a scathing expose and submitting it to Imperial HoloVision, and watched the newsnet implode.

Becca was rewarded by a place on Imperial HoloVision's staff. She immediately accepted and her career was underway.

Becca can be found just about anywhere people have secrets to hide, and she has a healthy interest in exposing them. She will never write anything directly critical of the Imperial system, though she realizes that no institution is perfect.

### ■ Becca Westone

**Type:** NewsNet Reporter

#### DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+1, blaster: blaster pistol 5D+1, dodge 4D, running 4D

#### KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Bureaucracy 4D, bureaucracy: Imperial 4D+2, business 4D, cultures 3D+2, law enforcement 3D+2, planetary systems 4D+1, streetwise 4D+1

#### MECHANICAL 2D+2

Communications 3D+1, repulsorlift operation 3D

#### PERCEPTION 4D

Con 4D+2, hide 4D+1, investigation 5D, persuasion 4D+2, search 4D+1, sneak 5D

#### STRENGTH 2D

#### TECHNICAL 2D+2

Computer programming/repair 3D+1, droid programming 4D, first aid 3D+2

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 10

**Equipment:** Datapad, 1,000 credits, Z2-9 Hover Vid-Cam droid, Imperial NewsNet pass, hold-out blaster (3D)

### Lett Minak

Lett Minak never much cared for aliens, with their ugly bodies, disgusting odors, and strange ways. Humans are the superior species, as the Old Republic's transition into the Empire proved. Under the old system, the government was a mish-mash of bureaucrats that never accomplished anything except support for the weak

who would not support themselves. The Emperor changed that. He brought order and justice to the galaxy.

Now that the New Republic has taken over, the galaxy is in chaos again. Granted, Lett never much bothered with obeying laws he didn't find convenient, but it had been more convenient when everyone else did.

For years after the fall of the Emperor, Lett worked for Moff Feleea. With so much of the galaxy lost, some goods were simply not available in Feleea's area of control. Lett was hired to ship Feleea's "special requests." Usually, this meant trips to New Republic space, but occasionally Lett would also venture into the territories of renegade Moffs.

Becoming dissatisfied with his relationship with the rogue Imperial Moff, Lett began looking for new options. He wandered into the Deep Core, and began secretly working for Moff Relans and what the smuggler feels is the "true Empire," while maintaining a front that he still worked for Feleea.

Lett has convinced Feleea that he can get secret technology from contacts in the Deep Core. Relans provides just enough information to keep Feleea's interest up, which allows Lett to make regular runs to the Deep Core without arousing suspicion.

Lett ferries reports and true Imperial agents between the Deep Core and Feleea's territories. So far, it has been an easy job. Lett is protected from searches by both Moffs (in their respective territories). He is quickly becoming a rich man from the contraband he smuggles on the side, though he knows that if Feleea ever discovers his game, he'll never reach the Deep Core again.

■ **Lett Minak**

**Type:** Imperial Smuggler

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Blaster 5D, dodge 4D+2, grenade 3D+2, melee combat 4D, running 4D, vehicle blasters 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Alien species 4D, languages 4D+1, planetary systems 4D, streetwise 4D+2, value 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D+2**

Astrogation 4D+1, sensors 4D, space transports 6D, starfighter piloting 4D, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 5D+1, swoop operation 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Bargain 4D+2, con 5D, forgery 3D+2, gambling 3D+1, persuasion 4D+2, search 4D, sneak 4D

**STRENGTH 3D**

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

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Blaster repair 3D, first aid 5D, repulsorlift repair 3D+2, space transports repair 5D, starship weapon repair 4D

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Stock light freighter (*Shadow*), comlink, heavy blaster pistol (5D)

■ **Idret**

Exactly who Idret is remains a mystery. It is believed this person is the head of Imperial Intelligence activities specializing in counter-espionage activities for Maldrood sector. As such, this person is responsible for the elimination of hundreds of Rebel Intelligence operatives throughout the Empire. In particular, Idret is wanted for the execution of over 30 Bothan agents. A reward of 500,000 credits is offered for the apprehension of this individual.

■ **Idret**

**Type:** Imperial Intelligence Agent

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

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

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+1**

Alien species 4D+1, cultures 4D+1, intimidation 6D, streetwise 7D

**MECHANICAL 2D**

Astrogation 3D, repulsorlift operation 3D, space transports 7D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 6D, con 8D, con: disguise 9D, forgery 8D, investigation: cryptoanalysis 8D, search 10D, sneak 7D

**STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 5D

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Computer programming/repair 4D, droid programming 3D, security 6D

**Character Points:** 37

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Street clothes, infrared macrobinoculars (adds +1D to heat-oriented *search* or *Perception* rolls), voice-locked datapad

**Specialist Victor Grieves**

Specialist Victor Grieves joined the ISB directly from COMPNOR at the age of 27 and was assigned to the Investigations arm mere weeks before the destruction of the second Death Star. Since that time he has operated with Imperial governors throughout the Outer Rim Territories as a spy and assassin, often bringing warning of New Republic attacks weeks before the attack is even scheduled to take place.

Though he misses the glory days of the Empire when he was well-equipped and well-supported, Grieves loves the dangers of operating independently. He sometimes considers leaving Imperial service entirely and perhaps becoming an independent spy or even a bounty hunter. Grieves was last seen operating in the Rintonne system and is suspected to be currently working with Imperial Governor Serdif Tount. The New Republic has recently posted a 6,000 credit reward for his capture.

■ **Specialist Victor Grieves**

**Type:** ISB Investigations Specialist

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D+1, brawling parry 5D, dodge 3D+2, running 4D+1, thrown weapons 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Bureaucracy 5D+2, bureaucracy: Imperial 6D, intimidation 3D+1, languages 4D, law enforcement 5D, planetary systems 4D+1, streetwise 5D



**MECHANICAL 3D**

Astrogation 4D, repulsorlift operation 5D, space transports 4D+1, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship shields 4D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Investigation 6D, persuasion 5D, search 4D+2, sneak 6D+2

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Brawling 4D, stamina 3D+1

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, first aid 3D, security 5D+1, space transports repair 6D

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 6

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), 600 credits, datapad, comlink, ISB uniform, vibroblade (STR+1D)

**Lieutenant Vella Derwayne**

One of the first actions Vella Derwayne performed when she entered a SAGroup Adolescent Training compound was to turn her parents into the Imperial Security Bureau for conspiracy against the New Order. She was awarded the Palpatine Cluster for academic excellence, and graduated the top of her class.

Her first assignment was as a training officer in Motivation, handling juvenile delinquents from the Core Worlds. Derwayne was only 19 years of age, and on active duty. She had the best reforming rate of the sector, drawing accolades from the sector Moff.

Derwayne was transferred to Surveillance to keep an eye on military activities. She was assigned to a group of Imperial special operatives which operated for several years in the Inner Rim.

Vella Derwayne is a human female, 25 years of age. She has dark skin, and piercing eyes. She speaks with a coolly modulated voice, and has a dark sense of humor. In any conversation, she immediately asserts her position of power by controlling what is talked about, and what isn't.

**■ Lieutenant Vella Derwayne**

**Type:** ISB Protocol Officer

**DEXTERITY 2D+2**

Blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 5D, dodge 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 6D, intimidation 5D, languages 6D, law enforcement 5D+2, planetary systems 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D+1**

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

**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Bargain 4D, command 5D, hide 5D, investigation 5D+2, persuasion 6D

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Brawling 4D+2

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Computer programming/repair 7D, droid repair 4D+2, security 6D

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 7

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), vibroblade (STR+1D), hold-out blaster (3D+1), comlink, datapad, ISB uniform

**Gibsun Robalto**

Gibsun is a fine-looking young man with sandy-blond hair and dead gray eyes. He is a natural leader and a capable athlete, and very friendly to and supportive of his compatriots. He is the head of his COMPNOR SAGroup troop, and has more badges than anybody else in his platoon. He is particularly admired for having turned his uncle into the authorities after overhearing him making anti-Empire comments.

Gib is qualifying for the highest rank in the youth organization by hiking across the Core, so that he might witness firsthand the widespread power and might of the Empire. His travel voucher allows him free passage on any non-military Imperial vessel.

**■ Gibsun Robalto**

**Type:** COMPFORCE SAGroup Youth

**DEXTERITY 3D+2**

Blaster: stun 4D, bows 4D, dodge 4D+2, running 5D

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+2**

Bureaucracy 3D+2, bureaucracy: COMPFORCE SAGroup Youth 4D+2, law enforcement 3D+1, willpower 3D

**MECHANICAL 3D+1**

Beast riding 4D, jet pack operation 4D+1

**PERCEPTION 3D+1**

Command 4D, command: SAGroup members 5D, hide 4D, persuasion 4D, sneak 3D+2

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Climbing/jumping 3D+2, swimming 3D

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Computer programming/repair 3D, droid repair 3D, first aid 3D

**Move:** 9

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 10

**Equipment:** SAGroup uniform, datapad of SAGroup regulations, COMPNOR stun blaster (2D stun), Imperial travel voucher, 400 credits

**Everik Dondarvan**

Of all the unsung heroes in the Imperial armed forces, Everik Dondarvan rates among the highest. Dondarvan is captain of the Imperial Space Rescue Ship *Corellian Consort*. The *Consort* presently holds the record for the highest number of successful rescue operations (56) and the largest total persons rescued (543) record of any Rescue Corps craft.

Much of the credit for this impressive record goes to Dondarvan himself. Commander Dondarvan is known for exceptionally high standards of discipline, both on and off duty. (Any member of this ship's complement reporting unfit for duty is immediately replaced!) While many of his comrades privately regard him as something of an unfeeling marionette, there is no arguing with Dondarvan's success rate.

**■ Everik Dondarvan**

**Type:** Space Rescue Corps Officer

**DEXTERITY 2D**

Blaster 4D, dodge 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Alien species 4D, planetary systems 8D, survival: space 8D, willpower 7D

**MECHANICAL 4D**

Astrogation 5D, powersuit operation: EVA pod 6D+2, space transports 6D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

**STRENGTH 3D**

Climbing/jumping: zero-g 6D+1, stamina 5D

**TECHNICAL 3D**

First aid 4D, repulsorlift repair 4D, space transports repair 3D+2

**Character Points:** 26

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Imperial Space Rescue Corps uniform (black with crimson trim) or vacuum environmental suit, emergency suit sealant pack, emergency comlink, blaster pistol (4D), EVA rescue pod

**Colonel Sularus Brenn**

At age 29, Brenn is a decorated Imperial flight officer and a wanted man in New Republic space. Brenn is a top-scoring TIE fighter ace with 42 confirmed kills.

Despite injuries requiring cybernetic replacement organs, Brenn continues to fly missions deep into New Republic space. Not surprisingly, New Republic propagandists have charged Brenn with having purposely fired on Republican pilots attempting to surrender. Despite these crude attempts to denigrate his accomplishments, the Empire has recognized the value of Brenn's contributions by awarding him a specially designed Medal of Conspicuous Gallantry decorated with star clusters.

■ **Colonel Sularus Brenn**

**Type:** TIE Fighter Pilot

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 3D+2, missile weapons 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Alien species 3D, planetary systems 4D+2, survival 7D

**MECHANICAL 4D**

Astrogation 6D, starfighter piloting: TIE fighter 9D, starship gunnery 7D, starship shields 6D+2

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Command 6D, gambling 5D+2

**STRENGTH 3D**

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 4D, starfighter repair 5D, starship weapon repair 8D

**Character Points:** 25

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Navigational computer linkup helmet (internal comlink, +1D to *sensors*), high gravity stress flight suit with life support equipment, suit sealant pack, medpac, light blaster pistol (3D), survival pack, stock TIE interceptor (see *Star Wars Sourcebook, Second Edition*, page 27)

**Riggins Delahrg**

Riggins Delahrg is a short, heavy man whose head is capped by a thick shock of white hair. At one time he was the Imperial Governor of Tallaso — a big fish in a small pond, but a big fish nonetheless. He lived a good life, extorting money from the native planetary government, taking bribes from the galactic business consortiums

and criminal syndicates that wanted to exploit the resources of Tallaso, generally performing all the activities of a stereotypically immoral Imperial Governor — until the Empire shattered following the battle of Endor.

With the support of the Empire suddenly taken away to deal with more pressing matters, the local populace rose up and ousted Delahrg. He took all that he could steal and ran.

In search of work, Delahrg traveled to Vandron — the closest system with a functioning Imperial bureaucracy — walked into the Imperial Administration building, and bluffed his way into a cushy new job.

When the Vandronian government collapsed, less than six months after Delahrg's arrival, the bureaucrat found himself once again unemployed and on the run. He did not panic this time, for he had found his calling.

Now, whenever Delahrg finds himself in need of employment — which is quite frequently — he creates it. In any area that supports a large, Imperial bureaucracy, he is able to use his verbal skills and knowledge to secure a high-paying, low-effort position, regardless of whether such a position truly exists.

■ **Riggins Delahrg**

**Type:** Unemployed Imperial Bureaucrat

**DEXTERITY 2D+1**

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Bureaucracy 5D+2, bureaucracy: Imperial 6D+1, business 4D+2, intimidation 6D, law enforcement 4D+2, planetary systems 6D, willpower 5D+2

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Communications 4D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 6D+2, command 5D, con 6D, forgery 5D+2, investigation 5D, persuasion 6D

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Stamina 4D

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Computer programming/repair 3D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 15

**Move:** 8

**Equipment:** Datapad (containing a multitude of official looking forms), several recording rods, wide assortment of rank badges and cylinders, decorations and uniforms (some stolen, others forged), 5,000 credits

**Dr. Deena Kinnet**

Dr. Kinnet, a woman in her early 40s, was born on Coruscant to a wealthy family who lived near the Senate chambers. They sent her to the finest schools on the planet and set her up in an office with a view of the Imperial Palace.

During the years of the Empire her practice flourished. She specialized in cosmetic surgery — court ladies seeking to prolong their youth, Imperial officers looking for “that aquiline nose,” and so on. She was close to securing a noble title

when the Rebellion succeeded in the impossible: killing the Emperor.

After the fall of Palpatine, her practice waned. The fickle bureaucrats of Coruscant have continued to identify her with the Imperial court, resulting in the loss of her elite clientele.

When an Imperial agent offered her a chance to return to her previous lifestyle, she jumped at the chance. All she had to do was spy on the New Republic. The agent gave her enough capital to re-fit her transport with a state-of-the-art operating facility, and she now helps the spy network in and around Coruscant from her office and uses her ship to perform surgery at secret locations all over the Core Worlds, altering the appearance of wanted Imperials.

#### ■ Dr. Deena Kinnet

**Type:** Wealthy Physician  
**DEXTERITY** 3D  
**KNOWLEDGE** 3D  
 Cultures 4D, languages 4D  
**MECHANICAL** 2D  
**PERCEPTION** 4D  
 Persuasion 5D  
**STRENGTH** 2D  
**TECHNICAL** 4D  
 First aid 6D, (A) medicine 6D  
**Force Points:** 1  
**Dark Side Points:** 1  
**Character Points:** 5  
**Move:** 10  
**Equipment:** Fine clothes, modified YT-1300 transport (has full medical bay with bacta tank), medpac, medical tools, datapad (with diagnostic database), Q-3PO protocol droid (Q-3PO has a white enameled covering, to give it the "medical look"), 3,000 credits

## Independent Characters

### Smileredon-Verdont

Ask "Smiley" his story, and he'll tell you he was a great hero, raised on the Reclamation flagship, *Wholesale*. He'll tell you he was trained in the Mystic Martial Arts of Squib Combats and Transactions.

He isn't lying — that's how he sees his past. In truth, Smiley was born in Metrobig city on Skor II to a pair of industrial traders. He was traded to another family at the age of seven for a mining borelifter. After a time, he joined a free trader from the Minos Cluster and traveled with him for a few years. When the trader's ship was impounded, Smiley became a drifter in the Outer Rim Territories.

Smiley is enthusiastic, curious and shrewd ... in his own way. He has a very short attention span, and can be distracted very easily. Smiley dresses in the rustic garb of a Yelsain tree-dweller, and speaks fondly of how he and his former partner tamed the woods of Yelsain. Of course, this partner has a decidedly differing opinion on those events.

### ■ Smileredon-Verdont

**Type:** Annoying Squib  
**DEXTERITY** 4D+2  
 Blaster 5D, dodge 6D+2, firearms 5D+1, pickpocket 5D+2, thrown weapons 6D, vehicle blasters 5D  
**KNOWLEDGE** 2D+1  
 Alien species 3D, value 4D  
**MECHANICAL** 3D  
 Space transports 4D, starship gunnery 4D, starship gunnery: laser cannons 5D+2  
**PERCEPTION** 4D  
 Bargain 8D, hide 5D+1, sneak 6D  
**STRENGTH** 2D  
 Climbing/jumping 2D+2  
**TECHNICAL** 2D  
 Droid repair 3D  
**Force Points:** 1  
**Character Points:** 8  
**Move:** 8  
**Equipment:** Throwing knife (STR+1D, STR+1 when thrown), submachine gun (4D), 8 glowrods, 5 flares, cube of detonite, harmonica

### Prengahl Kreen

Prengahl Kreen is a third generation Twi'lek, and one of the most successful arms dealers in the Emparthecca system (near Quence sector) in the Outer Rim Territories. A wily dealer and hard bargainer, Prengahl nonetheless has a reputation for never renegeing on a contract, even if it becomes more dangerous or expensive to honor than anticipated.

The Twi'lek claims he can get his hands on just about any sort of weapon desired, and seems to be able to back this claim up. He has a large network of contacts on hundreds of key worlds to help him run down desired items. Needless to say, his prices are *not* cheap.

Prengahl has stubbornly maintained he does not deal with Rebels. Nevertheless, rumors abound he does support several secondary operators who do. For obvious reasons, none within the Alliance hierarchy have come forward to dismiss these allegations.

Prengahl maintains a small hidden base called Breshkall somewhere beyond Lan Barell and the terminus of the Enarc Run. Breshkall is Prengahl's refuge and the home of his family and various servants, friends, and trusted associates. He does not do business there, nor are uninvited visitors welcome. Breshkall is said to be a veritable floating fortress, but few who learn of its location dare to test the veracity of the rumor.

### ■ Prengahl Kreen

**Type:** Arms Merchant  
**DEXTERITY** 3D  
 Archaic guns 4D, blaster 7D+2, blaster artillery 6D+1, dodge 4D, firearms: automatic weapons 6D+2, missile weapons 6D+1, vehicle blasters 5D+2  
**KNOWLEDGE** 3D+2  
 Alien species 5D, business: arms sales 8D+2, scholar: economics 5D, streetwise 6D, value 8D  
**MECHANICAL** 2D  
 Capital ship gunnery 4+2, starship gunnery 6D



Pablo Hidalgo

■ Prengahl Kreen presents Jakke Clamont with a new toy.

**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Bargain 8D+1, con 6D, persuasion 8D+2, search 4D+1

**STRENGTH 2D+2**

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Blaster repair 7D, computer programming/repair 4D+1, starship weapon repair 6D

**Special Abilities:**

*Head-tails:* Twi'leks can use their head-tails to communicate in secret with one another, even if in a room full of individuals.

**Character Points:** 20

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Tailored business suit, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D)

**Jakke Clamont**

Among outdoor hunting enthusiasts, Jakke Clamont is known as one of the top big game hunters in the galaxy. He certainly looks the part: well-worn frontier clothing, icy-blue squinting eyes, a predatory smile, and skin like leather. He is tough on tourist-types he takes out on hunts, and is exacting in the care of his equipment and gear. He knows his life may depend on it.

Clamont worked as a park ranger in an Imperial reserve for a number of years, but left when he decided he would rather hunt creatures than protect them. His life has definitely become more dangerous—many of the creatures he's wrangled back to zoos and research labs are some of the galaxy's fiercest predators.

Clamont has worked for and with Imperial leaders, gangster kingpins, CSA executives, zoos and pharmaceutical companies, as well as private citizens of all stripes. He doesn't care who his clients work for or what they do, as long as they pay him his fees. Under no circumstances, however, will he knowingly hunt or imprison sentient beings.

■ **Jakke Clamont**

**Type:** Galactic Big Game Hunter

**DEXTERITY 4D**

Archaic guns 5D, blaster 5D, bows 6D, dodge 5D, firearms 5D, thrown weapons 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+1**

Alien species 5D, business 4D+1, survival: wilderness 7D

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Beast riding 5D, ground vehicle operation 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 4D, swoop operation 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Bargain 4D, hide 6D, search: tracking 10D, sneak 7D+1

**STRENGTH 3D**

Swimming 4D

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Blaster repair 4D, first aid 4D, repulsorlift repair 3D+1

**Character Points:** 25

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Sporting blaster rifle (4D+1), sporting blaster pistol (3D+1), vibroblade (STR+3D), syntherope, water purification kit, macrobinoculars, medpac, survival kit, outdoor clothing

## Vasnish Kay

When Kay was young, she spent little time on her home planet of Bimmisaari. Instead, she traveled with her merchant family across the galaxy. Because of her great love for stories (a common trait among her people), she picked up a great many local traditions, folk tales, and epic stories from a wide variety of cultures during her travels. Of all the stories Kay heard, the ones about the Jedi Knights inspired her the most.

Kay's parents died in an accident when she was still an adolescent, and rather than return to relatives on Bimmisaari, she set out on her own, trading stories and information for passage from system to system. She is quick-witted, which has kept her alive and out of many violent encounters. Her great goal in life is to find someone who can tell her more about the Jedi.

Kay is small by human standards, and her head seems to be just a bit oversized for her petite body. She has thick, curly red-brown hair and deep blue eyes.

### ■ Vasnish Kay

Type: Bimm Bard

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 3D, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 4D+1, cultures 5D, scholar: Jedi lore: 6D, streetwise 5D

### MECHANICAL 2D+2

Musical instrument operation 4D, repulsorlift operation 3D

### PERCEPTION 3D+2

Bargain 4D, hide 4D, gambling 4D, sneak 5D

### STRENGTH 2D

Stamina 3D

### TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 4D, first aid: Bimm 5D

Move: 8

Force Points: 1

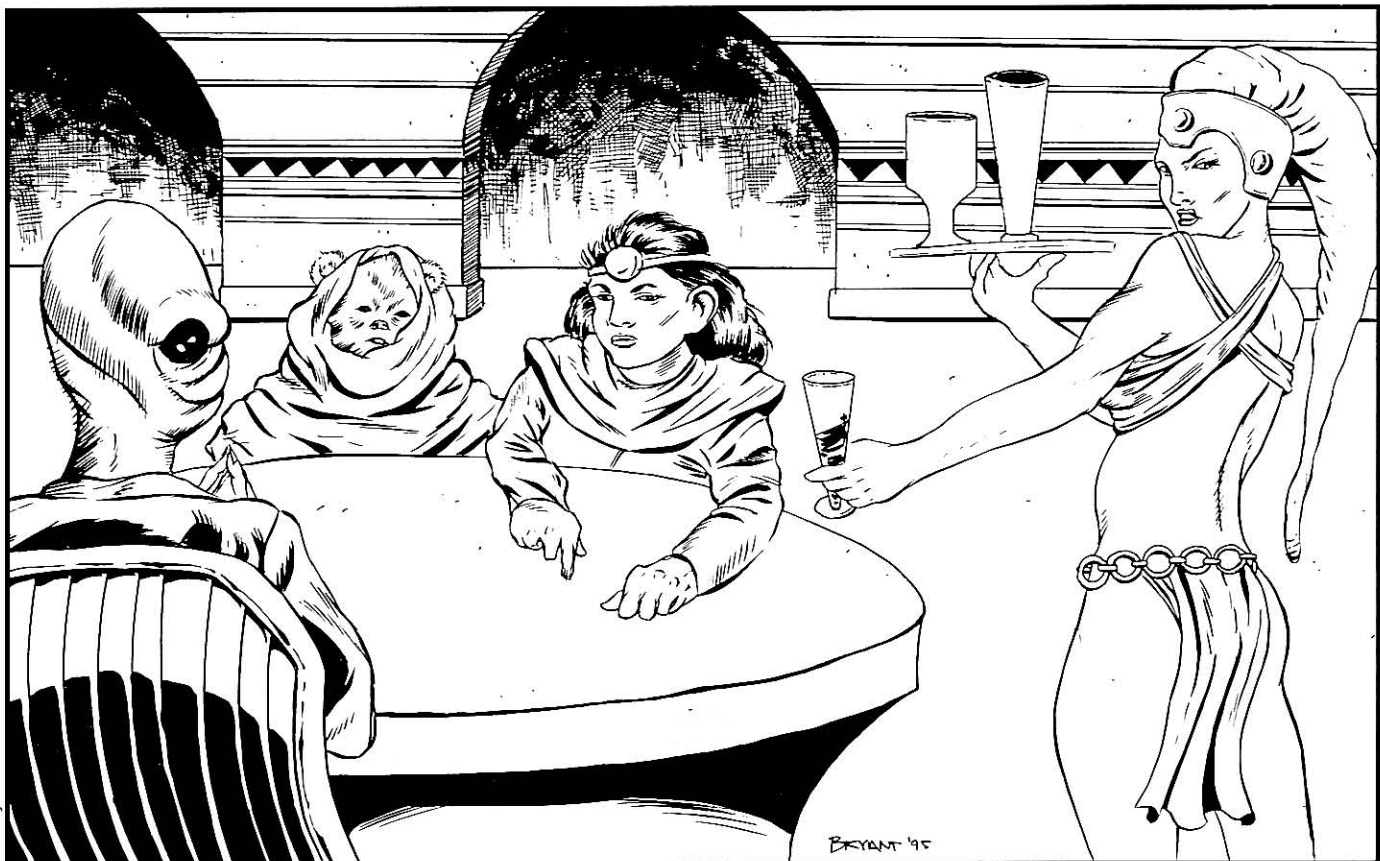
Character Points: 10

Equipment: Datapad with log of stories, three outfits, flag horn, stun gun (3D stun), 500 credits

## Ballifore "Balli the Horn" Figg

Ballifore Figg currently tours the galaxy as the leading horn for "Hyperspace and the Jump Lanes." The music they play is as popular as it is controversial. Currently banned by the Empire, the group's music has been embraced by the underground music circuit. The group's first album, "Trench Warfare," was banned immediately after its release, but sells out with every illicit release.

Ballifore is largely responsible for the group's sound, having written most of the the album's music. Although he has attempted lyrics, he readily admits that the lead singer, Jardra, is much better at words. Ballifore has expanded his



Steve Bryant

BRYANT '95

■ Vanish Kay, Ballifore Figg, and Keoulkeech relax.

abilities into the production arena. His studio engineering of the group's albums have received critical acclaim from his peers. Several bands have approached Ballifore to produce their new singles.

Ballifore plans to remain with the group at least until they finish their current tour of Outer Rim Territories, where Rebel sympathizers are known to be common. At first, going on such a tour seemed suicidal, and the thought of being near intelligent beings that actually embraced violence was distasteful. But somehow the raw emotion displayed by these people has found its way into his music. "Trench Warfare," the title cut of his latest album, moves at light speed making the listener's heart beat as fast as the songs tempo. The haunting "Alderaan Star Scream" somehow captures the painful destruction of the doomed planet.

So for now he'll do the tour, and not worry when they jump to an unidentified world. He'll put on the blindfolds and listen to the fake names, and he won't get upset when they adjust the lights so he can't see the audience. He'll do all this and more because the music is there. It's within the souls of every Rebel and every refugee, and he can hear it. He's found the sound.

■ **Ballifore "Balli the Horn" Figg**

**Type:** Bith Musician

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Dodge 4D, melee parry 3D+1, pick pocket 4D+2, running 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 4D+1**

Alien species 5D, artist: song 6D, cultures 4D+2, languages 4D+2, streetwise 5D+2, streetwise: entertainment circuit 6D+2, value 4D+2, value: sound slugs 6D

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Musical instrument operation 6D, repulsorlift operation 3D+2

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Command: band members 5D, con 3D+2, gambling 4D, gambling: bar games 5D+2, hide 3D+2, sneak 4D+1

**STRENGTH 2D**

Climbing/jumping 2D+1, stamina 3D

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Computer programming/repair 4D, computer programming/repair: holo-sound production computers 6D, droid programming 3D+2, droid repair 3D+2, first aid 3D+1, musical instrument repair 4D+1

**Special Abilities:**

*Vision:* +1D bonus to *Perception* skills with objects less than 30 centimeters. -1D penalty for visual based actions more than 20 meters away. Cannot see more than 40 meters away.

*Scent:* +1D bonus to all *Perception* skills when pertaining to actions and people within three meters.

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

**Move:** 5

**Force Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 14

**Equipment:** Klooo horn, chidinkalu, amplified synth-harmonica, datapad, 3 footlockers filled with clothes, sound slugs and musical compositions, 2AS2 sound reproduction droid, 250 credits

**Janstren Brell**

Janstren Brell is currently wanted by law enforcement officers on charges of conspiracy and fraud. Brell is the head of a criminal organization known as the "Red & Black League" (the name refers to the colors of Herstellic currency). From his headquarters on Herstell V, Brell's band of talented misfits have organized some audaciously large swindles.

Among their many notable exploits are the "Trancret Stock Exchange Swindle," the "Ursellin Sun Jammer Race Fixings," and, most recently, the "Perkell Sector Mining Fleecing." Brell is thought to funnel much of his ill-gotten gains into buying protection. More than one local judicial figure is believed to be on the Brellian payroll.

■ **Janstren Brell**

**Type:** Con Artist

**DEXTERITY 2D**

Blaster 4D, dodge 5D, pick pocket 5D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Alien species 4D+1, business 5D+2, cultures 6D, languages 4D+2, streetwise 7D, value 6D+2

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Astrogation 3D, repulsorlift operation 4D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 6D+2, command: henchmen 8D, con 9D, forgery 6D, gambling 6D, persuasion 7D, sneak 5D

**STRENGTH 2D**

Stamina 4D

**TECHNICAL 3D+1**

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid programming 5D, security 7D

**Character Points:** 12

**Equipment:** Expensive business wear, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D), deck of playing cards, 500 credits

**Salishh Tilloman**

Salishh grew up an orphan on the streets of Devaron, stealing food and credits to survive. When he reached adolescence his tastes grew a little more expensive than just a morsel of food — what he wanted was to get off-world. Fulfilling his compulsion to wander would require a lot of credits. He sold a few thousand HarborVacc vacupumps, which got him more than enough money to book passage off his homeworld. (That he didn't own any vacupumps was the trick). With that first con he was hooked. He had found his calling in life and decided to pursue it with the best of his ability and skill.

He is not the most talented grifter ever to hop a system, but he is well-known in that community and frequently takes on apprentices. He gladly teaches them some of his skills, accepting any profits made during the training as payment. He therefore has a lot of friends who were once students.

Among his better-known scams include selling real estate on the surface of Bepin, and trading phony shares in Tagge Industries. Due to his ever-expanding repertoire of cons, Salishh

moves as the mood strikes him. He stays as far away from galactic politics as he can. He does not particularly care for the Empire, but he doesn't have much reason to hate it, either.

### ■ Salishh Tilloman

**Type:** Devaronian Grifter

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 3D+1, blaster: hold-out blaster 5D, dodge 5D+2, pick pocket 6D, running 5D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Alien species 5D+2, bureaucracy 4D, business 5D+1, cultures 5D+2, law enforcement 4D+1, planetary systems 7D, value 6D

**MECHANICAL 2D**

Repulsorlift operation 4D+2

**PERCEPTION 4D+2**

Bargain 7D+2, con 10D+2, forgery 7D+2, gambling 8D, hide 6D, persuasion 9D+2

**STRENGTH 2D**

Climbing/jumping 3D, stamina 4D

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Computer programming/repair 5D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Dark Side Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 10

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D+1), briefcase, datapad with appropriate deed forms, expensive clothing of various types, travel brochures to various worlds, chronometer

### Keoulkeech

Keoulkeech is an aged and grizzled Ewok, but there is still fight in him. His fur is striped brown and gray, and he wears a decorated head-dress made from the skull of the dread divto.

Keoulkeech served in Chirpa's attack group during the Battle of Endor. He helped in the struggle to rid the Great Forests of the evil Empire. It was the biggest battle of his life, and it was a good fight. But when the smoke cleared, a great many trees had died, and others stood dying. They needed healing.

Keoulkeech spent the next few years traveling the floor of Endor's forests, healing the wounds inflicted by the Empire. It was at this time that the Great Trees spoke to him, telling him which of their family needed help. Keoulkeech became one with the spirits of the forest and stretched his feelings and abilities. When his healing mission was done, Keoulkeech visited Salfur's trading post where he saw a Carosite transport carrying medicinal supplies to the ravaged world of Yir Tangee. He was needed. There was healing required beyond the forest.

Keoulkeech has since traveled aboard the *Sudden Restoration*, a medical frigate from Carosi XII. This starship travels to the worlds ravaged by the Galactic Civil War, bringing medicinal aid to those who need it the most.

### ■ Keoulkeech

**Type:** Ewok Shaman

**DEXTERITY 2D**

Blaster 3D, bows 4D+2, dodge 4D+1, melee combat 5D+2, melee parry 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Alien species 4D, cultures 6D, languages 4D, scholar: Ewok lore 6D, survival 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D+1**

Beast riding 3D+2, glider 6D

**PERCEPTION 4D+2**

Bargain 5D, command 5D, hide 6D, persuasion 6D, search 6D+2, sneak 7D

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Brawling 3D, climbing/jumping 5D

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

First aid 8D, medicine (A) 2D, primitive construction 4D

**Special abilities:**

*Force skills:* Sense 2D+2.

*Sense:* Life detection, life sense, magnify senses, receptive telepathy, sense Force, danger sense.

*Smell:* Ewoks get a +1D to their *search* skill when tracking by scent.

**Force Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 8

**Move:** 7

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), spear (STR +1D), healing satchel (the equivalent of 10 medpac applications), venra root (+1D to *Perception* or *Sense* when chewed, for one hour, moderate *stamina* roll required to avoid incapacitation).

### Dana Meimonda

Dana was a classical actress of the Dakshee stage before the uprising which brought Imperial terror to her homeworld. She and her husband were among the very few to escape the bombardment and mass executions which ensued.

Escaping to Esseles, Dana became a socialite and entertainer, touring Imperial installations, and performing for the troops (and flirting with their commanders). Unbeknownst to her Imperial neighbors, she was a Rebel spy as well. She was a fantastic intelligence source regarding troop movements, and also played a key role in bringing down the governor of Esseles and the Moff of the sector. When the Emperor fell, she openly declared her allegiance to the New Republic, and became one of its leading morale boosters.

Dana devotes half of her year to her civilian career, touring and recording new songs and routines. The other half of the year, the holo-screen star tours the New Republic military circuit, bringing laughter and good cheer to thousands of men and women on the front lines. Dana holds the rank of a New Republic commander due to her service during the Civil War, and though she is no longer on active duty, she often proudly wears her uniform while touring.

### ■ Dana Meimonda

**Type:** Flamboyant Entertainer

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Blaster 4D+2, dance 7D, dodge 4D, running 5D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Artist: song 6D, business: entertainment 5D, languages 5D+1, value 4D+2

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Beast riding 5D, powersuit operation 4D, swoop operation 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Bargain 4D, con 5D, persuasion 7D

**STRENGTH 2D+2**

Climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 4D+1, swimming 3D

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Computer programming/repair 4D, droid programming 3D+1, security 5D+1

**Force Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 18

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Expensive street clothes, personal jewelry, stun cloak (5D stun)

**Noshy Heer**

Noshy Heer never considered himself a free-loader. It all started when he decided to take a short trip to visit the casinos of the Relatta system. Noshy soon found that he wasn't any good at gambling, but by then he had lost all the credits he had arrived with.

Noshy wasn't concerned. He knew he could pay for his ride home by working aboard a freighter during the trip. He found a likely ship, quickly persuaded the captain to take him along and in no time he was on his way back to Alderaan. Unfortunately, the Empire had already dealt with Alderaan. Noshy found himself without a home-world or a credit to his name.

Eventually, he decided to look up some long lost relatives on the Outer Rim Territories. He spent the next few years discovering just how vast the Outer Rim was, but never seemed to get closer to finding them. Finally, Noshy located their old home. He was too late: they had moved to Cloud City. With nothing better to do, he hitched a ride on anything heading towards Bespin. Unfortunately, upon arrival the ship's captain detected the presence of a Super Star Destroyer and immediately left for somewhere else. Anywhere else.

With no clues to lead him on, Noshy had to decide what to do with his life. He finally realized that what had started as a necessity, he had come to love — traveling around, seeing new places and new people. So, he decided that was precisely what he'd do from now on. Of course, telling people who could potentially "give him a lift" about the sad state of his family affairs, Heer can catch a ride virtually anywhere he wants to go.

Noshy is a middle-aged, dark-skinned human who favors colorful scarves and well-worn utility clothes. He looks like he's been through hundreds of starships and starports (which he has). He is constantly looking for a ride elsewhere and is willing to work for the duration of the trip.

■ **Noshy Heer**

**Type:** Interstellar Transient

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 3D+1, brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D, melee combat 4D, running 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+1**

Alien species 4D, cultures 4D+2, languages 5D, planetary systems 5D, streetwise 5D

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

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

**PERCEPTION 3D+1**

Bargain 4D+1, con 4D+1, hide 5D, persuasion 5D+1, sneak 4D+2

**STRENGTH 3D**

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

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, droid programming 3D, first aid 4D, security 4D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Well worn clothes, datapad, emergency signal pack, comlink, small pack with snacks, odd bits of junk and crumbs, survival blanket, vibroblade (STR+1D), 24 credits

**Chackron Nasplek**

Chackron Nasplek began his own private courier service on Mon Calamari three years ago. Most of his family has joined the New Republic, but Chackron chose to run his life *his way*.

Shortly after Chackron started his business in Kee-Piru, the floating city was attacked by Imperial World Devastators. Luckily, Chackron was in another system on a delivery, but he returned to Kee-Piru to find most of it destroyed.

Nasplek continued his courier service. Most of the deliveries are to and from various existing cities on Mon Calamari. However, Chackron has found himself taking business to several other systems as his business grows. Chackron has considered purchasing a vehicle but finds it cheaper and more exciting to use public transportation systems and hooking up with others who are traveling his way.

There is an element of risk in making sure that the deliveries are completed on time, but that adds a little spice to the job. Chackron is always looking for a group of travelers who are going his way, so he can cut a deal to hitch a ride. He has never failed at getting a delivery on time, and sometimes experiences an adventure on the way.

■ **Chackron Nasplek**

**Type:** Mon Calamari Courier

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D, running 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Bureaucracy 4D+1, business 4D+2, streetwise 5D, value 4D+1

**MECHANICAL 2D+1**

Repulsorlift operation 3D

**PERCEPTION 2D+2**

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

**STRENGTH 3D**



**TECHNICAL 3D****Special Abilities:**

*Moist Environments:* Mon Calamari receive a+1D bonus to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Dry Environments:* Mon Calamari seem depressed and withdrawn. They suffer a-1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Aquatic:* Mon Calamari can breathe both air and water and withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.

**Force Points:**1

**Character Points:**4

**Move:**9

**Equipment:** Customized uniform, datapad, 1,000 credits

**Halabar**

Halabar served as an essential, if inglorious, tutor on his home planet, Calamari, for decades. His reputation as a firm but gentle instructor earned him a position of some stature among Mon Cal society. When the Empire attacked, Halabar was captured and taken to Coruscant as a “pet” of a minor Imperial officer. Eventually, Halabar fled, signing on with a smuggling vessel and learning how to pilot small craft in exchange for his assistance in keeping the smugglers’ records.

As the civil war grows in ferocity, Halabar is content to stay in the Outer Rim Territories, where he has established a small tapcafe. He helps local educational facilities where he can, but always keeps a watchful eye out for Imperials who may seek to press him back into Imperial custody. In the meantime, Halabar subsists on his income from the bar, and toys with the idea of returning to Calamari — and teaching — someday.

■ **Halabar**

**Type:** Mon Calamari Professor

**DEXTERITY 2D+2**

Blaster 3D, blaster: blaster pistol 3D+2, dodge 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 4D+2, education 5D, languages 5D, scholar: space transports 6D, willpower 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D+1**

Archaic starship piloting 4D, astrogation 4D+1, space transports 5D+1, starship shields 4D+1

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Command 5D, persuasion 3D+2

**STRENGTH 2D**

Stamina 3D+1

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, droid programming 4D, droid repair 3D+1, space transports repair 4D

**Special Abilities:**

*Moist Environments:* Mon Calamari receive a+1D bonus to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Dry Environments:* Mon Calamari seem depressed and withdrawn. They suffer a-1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Aquatic:* Mon Calamari can breathe both air and water and withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.

**Move:** 9

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 12

**Equipment:** Datapads of lessons and teachings, blaster pistol, 2,000 credits

**Mattac**

Mattac has been a tech his entire life. Since his early days as a port brat on Nar Shaddaa, Mattac has been fiddling with bits of machinery, forever trying to improve them. Eventually, one of the local smugglers noticed the kid’s talents and hired him on as an assistant engineer. Mattac spent the next few years holding their ship together by wit and will. Eventually, his boss was boarded by Imperial Customs and everyone made a break for it. Mattac didn’t make it. The Imperials stunned him and locked him in the brig.

Mattac wasn’t about to spend the rest of his life on an Imperial prison planet. As soon as he regained his wits, he managed to short out the brig’s lock and steal an escape pod. The Imperials gave pursuit, but were annoyed to find that this escape pod could maneuver in ways its designers would not have believed. Mattac finally made it to Genesia’s surface and has been on the run ever since.

Mattac currently runs an illegal upgrade shop deep in the worst section of Brenn. He’s a shrewd businessman, but is greedy. His services are highly priced and his assistants are underpaid. Still, his work is excellent and there are few things he won’t work on. The legality or morality of his creations bothers him not at all. So long as he gets paid, he doesn’t care what others do with his “toys.”

Mattac’s professional detachment stops at his door. Anyone who tries to cross him or skip out on a deal soon learns the folly of their ways. Not only does Mattac have many unique devices he can use to exact his revenge, he also has a number of clients that are willing to do his dirty work in exchange for a forgiveness of debt.

■ **Mattac**

**Type:** Outlaw Tech

**DEXTERITY 2D**

Blaster 3D+2, brawling parry 4D, dodge 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Business 4D, language 4D+2, planetary systems 4D, streetwise 6D

**MECHANICAL 3D+2**

Repulsorlift operations 4D, space transports 4D

**PERCEPTION 2D+1**

Bargain 4D+2, con 4D+1, forgery 4D+1, persuasion 5D

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Brawling 4D+1, lifting 3D, swimming 3D

**TECHNICAL 4D**

Computer programming/repair 7D+2, droid programming 5D, droid repair 5D, repulsorlift repair 5D+1, space transports repair 9D

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Work clothes, tool kit (assorted tools), portable computer, blaster pistol (4D), concealed vibroblade (STR+1D), blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy).

## Hako Armado

Hako Armado is old for a Rodian, with the spikes on his head turning to gray. He left Rodia long ago, trading the Rodian lifestyle of violence and death for the life of a socialite, flitting through the fanciest parties, dining with the wealthiest, most fashionable members of both the Imperial and New Republic societies, hiding his deepest secret from them all — Hako Armado, knowledgeable, debonair and eloquent — was an assassin.

But, as Hako himself would have said (had you contacted him through the right connections, and offered to him an appropriate sum of credits), he was only an assassin in the most “meta-physical” of senses. Hako’s assassinations were fakes, arranged, not by the enemies of the target, but by the target itself.

It is not uncommon for certain individuals to find themselves in such great trouble, such great debt, that the only solution is to disappear. And the best way to disappear, of course, is to die, preferably violently and in the middle of a large, well-populated, extremely public place. These individuals seek out Hako Armado, because he is one of the few beings who can arrange such an assassination, yet still leave the target alive and breathing.

### ■ Hako Armado

**Type:** Rodian Dramatist

**DEXTERITY 4D**

Blaster 5D, brawling parry 4D+2, dodge 5D+1, melee combat 4D+2, melee parry 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Alien species 5D, cultures 5D+2, languages 6D, streetwise 5D+1

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Astrogation 4D+1, repulsorlift operations 4D, space transports 5D

**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

Command 4D+2, con 6D, hide 4D+2, investigation 4D+1, persuasion 5D, persuasion: acting 5D, sneak 4D+2

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

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

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Blaster repair 3D+2, computer programming/repair 3D, demolition 3D+1, droid programming 2D+2, first aid 4D, security 6D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 15

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Make-up kit, hooded black robe, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), 5,000 credits

### Berrann

Berrann, born into a family famous for its shockboxing combat style, was taught how to fight at an early age. When he was old enough to leave Barab I and seek his fortunes, he easily found a sponsor, an offworlder named Jabba the Hutt. Jabba said he’d take him all the way to the top and make him a true champion.

Jabba kept his promise. Berrann thrived in his new environment, bringing down every oppo-

nent brought before him. His fame and prestige grew by leaps and bounds.

Then came the day Jabba told Berrann to take a dive against a long shot contender to his title. Jabba told him he would be richly rewarded for this service.

The offer, however generous, was an affront to all Berrann held dear. During the fateful fight he made his decision. He brought his opponent down in the first round, and barely escaped the arena. Enraged, Jabba placed a bounty of 20,000 credits on Berrann’s head, and hired the best bounty hunters to bring the Barabel in.

Berrann has taken refuge in the underworld fighting circuit of a powerful crime boss far from Jabba’s domain, hoping one day for a chance to get his revenge on Jabba for even thinking of destroying his family’s pride.

### ■ Berrann

**Type:** Barabel Shockboxer

**DEXTERITY 3D+2**

Blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 9D, dodge 5D+1, running 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

Alien species 4D, business 3D, intimidation 8D+1, languages 4D, streetwise 5D, willpower 6D

**MECHANICAL 2D**

Repulsorlift operation 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D+1**

Persuasion 4D+2

**STRENGTH 5D**

Brawling 10D, climbing/jumping 6D, lifting 7D, stamina 8D, swimming 6D

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Armor repair 2D+2, first aid 3D+2

**Special Abilities:**

*Natural Body Armor:* +2D against physical attacks, and +1D against energy attacks

*Radiation Resistance:* +2D against radiation.

*Vision:* Can see in the infrared spectrum.

**Force Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 15

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), shockboxing gloves (STR+1D stun), shockboxing armor (+1D physical)

### Valeress

The wily slicer known only as Valeress is quite good at what she does. She has had many offers to work for various powers that be, but has turned down each and every one ... with good reason.

When she was young and foolish (and quite taken with her own prowess), she broke into the Corporate Sector Authority’s black operations database. CSA assassins have been on her trail for years now, and she has had several narrow escapes when she thought she was finally safe. Now she knows she may never be truly safe.

Valeress sells her talents to whoever can afford her talents and gain her trust, which is not easily given — she can never be sure that her client isn’t on the Corporate Sector Authority’s



Robert Duchlinski

■ Valeress taps into an Imperial infonet for Chambamakk.

payroll. Everyone is a suspect to Valeress. Sadly, this includes even her own family, most of whom have worked for the CSA.

#### ■ Valeress

Type: Slicer

**DEXTERITY** 2D+2

Blaster 3D+1, dodge 4D, pick pocket 5D, running 5D

**KNOWLEDGE** 3D+2

Business 5D, streetwise 6D value 7D

**MECHANICAL** 2D

Repulsorlift operation 3D+2, sensors 5D

**PERCEPTION** 3D+2

Bargain 5D+2, con 6D+2, forgery 5D, hide 6D sneak 8D

**STRENGTH** 2D

Climbing/jumping 4D

**TECHNICAL** 4D

Computer programming/repair 6D+1, droid programming 5D+2, droid repair 5D, security 6D+2, security: electronic 9D

**Character Points:** 25

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Portable computer, datapad, slicer unit (+3D to computer programming/repair), hold-out blaster (3D), 1,000 credits

#### Toirboggle

Toirboggle is a Snivvian artist working on his crowning life's work, *Honor Amongst Thieves*, an epic poem about piracy. To this end, he reads texts and works dating all the way back to the Expansionist Period.

Ever one to take research just a bit too far, Toirboggle decided to seek membership on a pirate ship. The Snivvian went to a spacer bar on Nar Shaddaa, and simply asked the first ruffian he saw where the pirates were. Amazingly, this figure actually *was* a pirate of some note, Olian Okamie.

Rather than kill him outright, Okamie, amused by this bold Snivvian, decided that Toirboggle could serve as her "court jester." To her amazement, Toirboggle actually came in handy aboard her vessel. A capable accountant, he kept accurate records of the loot they scored, and soon revealed to Okamie that one of her pirates was stealing from the group coffers.

Now Toirboggle travels with Okamie's pirates on the rim of Trax sector. He doesn't personally participate in acts of violence, but he does try to get into the spirit of things, with displays of flamboyant threats and frequent loud shouting. After all, what better way to understand the mind of a pirate than to become one?

#### ■ Toirboggle

Type: Snivvian Artist

**DEXTERITY** 2D+2

Blaster 4D+1, dodge 5D

**KNOWLEDGE** 4D

Alien species 5D, artist: poetry 6D, business 5D, cultures 4D+1, languages 6D, planetary systems 5D+1

**MECHANICAL 2D**

Astrogation 4D+2, beast riding 4D, repulsorlift operation 5D, space transports 4D+1

**PERCEPTION 4D+1**

**STRENGTH 3D**

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Computer programming/repair 4D+1, droid repair 4D, first aid 5D+1

**Special Abilities:**

*Adaptive Skin:* Snivvians can survive in temperature extremes from -30 to +45 degrees standard without harm or protective clothing. Snivvian skin gives a +1D armor bonus for physical damage.

**Force Points: 1**

**Character Points: 5**

**Move: 10**

**Equipment:** Sword (STR+2D), rings and things, datapad (with epic poem), sporting blaster (3D+1).

**Zag Tefilous**

Born into a family of vagabonds and thrill-seekers, Zag Tefilous always claimed he would "earn a living in the fast lane." No one thought to take him literally.

Zag, armed only with a handful of credits, a battered racing speeder, and an unshakable belief in his ability to succeed, left his homeworld. Accompanied by his half-sister-turned-mechanic, Patra, he began racing in the amateur circuits of the Outer Rim. His natural skills (which overcame his conservative style of racing) soon caught the attention of XySpeeder Corp, and Zag gained his first sponsor.

It has been many years since those early, lean days, and now Zag races in professional circuits throughout the Core. Jumping from system to system, from race to race almost daily, his only home his airspeeder, his only family Patra and his only friends the other racers, Zag lives a life of speed and excitement.

■ **Zag Tefilous**

**Type:** Speeder Racer

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Blaster 5D+1, brawling parry 4D+2, dodge 5D, vehicle blasters 6D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

Business 3D+1, planetary systems 3D

**MECHANICAL 4D**

Astrogation 4D+1, repulsorlift operation 6D, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 8D+2, space transports 4D+1

**PERCEPTION 2D**

Bargain 3D, command 3D+1, gambling 2D+2

**STRENGTH 2D+2**

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

**TECHNICAL 4D**

Armor repair 5D, blaster repair 5D+1, first aid 5D, repulsorlift repair 5D+1

**Force Points: 2**

**Character Points: 20**

**Move: 10**

**Equipment:** Modified Xy-2 Aircoupe racing airspeeder (speeder scale, maneuverability 3D+2, move 415; 1200 kmh, body strength 3D, double laser cannon (fire-linked, fire control 2D+2, 50-300/800/1.5 km, damage 4D)), blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, crash vest (+1 energy, +1D physical), blast helmet (+1 energy, +1D physical)

**Blair Temquill**

Blair Temquill was born into the family of lesser nobles who had married into the House of Tagge. Every night was a party for Blair until daddy became *political*. Growing increasingly disturbed by the Empire's activities, he quietly moved a sizable portion of the family fortune into the Ralltiir banks. He lost these funds, destined for Alliance coffers, when Lord Tion invaded Ralltiir.

Blair was rather miffed at this, for daddy now expected her to curb her travels and her shopping while he rebuilt his finances and decided on his next move. Deciding that daddy was just being so unreasonable, Blair ran away from home, emptying her accounts before her father could freeze them.

Now Blair travels by whatever means possible, being notably thrifty for the daughter of a wealthy noble. She still manages to hit all the best resorts, from the Manarai Mountains of Imperial City to the sunny beaches of Spira. She travels under a pseudonym (it changes from world to world) to avoid the bounty hunters her father hired to bring her back.

Blair is a beautiful young woman, with long dark hair worn in an elaborate fashion. She dresses in the finest shimmersilks accented by the most expensive baubles.

■ **Blair Temquill**

**Type:** Spoiled Debutante

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Dodge 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Languages 5D, planetary systems 5D, value 6D

**MECHANICAL 3D+2**

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Command 5D, persuasion 4D+2

**STRENGTH 2D**

Swimming 4D

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

**Character Points: 5**

**Move: 10**

**Equipment:** Sporting blaster (3D+1), expensive clothing and jewelry, 5,000 credits.

**Kwilper**

Kwilper is an artist. Just ask him. His expertise at sculpting and jury-rigging small pieces of junk into amazing but essentially useless contraptions is rather remarkable, but the truly amazing feat is that he manages to find people who will purchase these works of "art." He makes out pretty good on these deals, since his building materials are just bits of cast-off techno-garbage.

Kwilper doesn't stay in one place for long, usually only long enough to make a decent profit (and exhaust the local supply of interesting junk). Then he packs up his gear and hunts for new and better junk, sometimes following Imperial ships around, waiting for them to make their jump into hyperspace and dump their garbage.

Kwilper is a typical Squib, overbearing and curious. He won't hesitate to explore the most dangerous regions of space for the mythical "junk heap of the ancients." This has been his goal since leaving Skorr II a few years ago.

### ■ Kwilper

**Type:** Squib Trader

**DEXTERITY 4D**

Blaster 5D, dodge 6D, pick pocket 5D+2, running 5D

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Alien species 3D, business 6D, cultures 3D, languages 5D+1, planetary systems 4D, value 7D+1

**MECHANICAL 3D+1**

Astrogation 5D, sensors 6D+1, space transports 5D, starship shields 5D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 6D, con 7D, hide 6D, persuasion 8D, search 9D, sneak 5D+2

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Climbing/jumping 3D

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Blaster repair 5D+2, computer programming/repair 4D, droid programming 6D+1, droid repair 6D, space transports repair 8D

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 10

**Move:** 8

**Equipment:** Small blaster complete with lots of impressive-looking gadgets and accessories that don't work (3D), datapad, toolbelt with pouches for spare parts and lots of tools, small Squib scout ship with a tractor beam

### Marakoloon

Like most of his species, Marakoloon is physically imposing; he stands over two and a half meters tall and has a furry body dominated by a huge, tusked head. His tusks have been engraved and inlaid with swirling, lattice-like silver designs.

Marakoloon was born on Toola. His father's holdings on the Great Ice Floes allowed his family to make a good income selling the ice to traders. Since he was not in line to inherit the holdings, his family paid passage on an ice freighter so that Marakoloon could join his uncle as a bounty hunter.

Marakoloon did not like the work, but he did like the pay. The money allowed him to buy things the likes of which have never been seen on his backward world. As soon as he was able, he became an agent for bounty hunters and private investigators. As the middleman, he gets the bulk of the profits and the time necessary for expanding his collection.

While assisting a bounty hunter on a case, he happened into a zoo and saw a special exhibit of carnivorous plants. He was fascinated by their power and beauty. He had to have one. One wasn't enough; now he has hundreds.

Marakoloon is always looking for more plants or the agents necessary to obtain them. He has recently run into a rival collector, Tooslavite, a gambler with many connections. He is said to be searching for very large specimens with which to protect his home.

### ■ Marakoloon

**Type:** Whiphid Collector

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 4D+1, dodge 5D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Bureaucracy 4D+2, business 5D, streetwise 4D+2

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Space transports 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

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

**STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 4D

**TECHNICAL 2D**

*Special Abilities:*

*Claws:* Do STR+1D damage.

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), knife (STR+1D), datapad, 2,000 credits

### Chambamakk

Chambamakk began his bounty hunting career long before he ever received an official license. On his home world of Kashyyyk, he was a member of a select group of hunters and warriors called an "Honor Clan."

His Honor Clan considered all Wookiees killed or enslaved by the Empire to be extensions of their "honor family." Therefore, members of Chambamakk's clan were held by their honor to effect the release of the enslaved and to bring their slavers to justice — Wookiee justice, which is none too gentle. The Honor Clans wreaked havoc among the slaver groups gathering Wookiees to ship offplanet, at least until the slavers began to receive heavily armed escorts from the Empire.

During the entire reign of the Emperor, the Wookiee resistance kept detailed records of all the Wookiees enslaved or killed outright by Imperial Forces. Just as importantly, exacting files were kept on the slavers themselves, their ships and their Imperial colleagues.

Armed with this information and a New Republic Bounty Hunter License, Chambamakk travels across the galaxy apprehending all those responsible for the suffering of his people.

### ■ Chambamakk

**Type:** Wookiee Bounty Hunter

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Bowcaster 7D, dodge 6D, grenade 5D+1, melee combat 4D+2, melee parry 4D

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Alien species 4D+1, intimidation 5D+2, streetwise 4D+2, survival 5D+1

**MECHANICAL 2D+1**

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

**PERCEPTION 2D+1**

Investigation 7D+1, persuasion 6D+1, search 3D+2, search: tracking 7D+2, sneak 7D+2

**STRENGTH 5D**

Brawling 6D+2, climbing/jumping 5D+2, lifting 6D, stamina 5D+1

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Bowcaster repair 3D+2, demolitions 4D, repulsorlift repair 3D, space transports repair 3D+1

**Special Abilities:**

*Berserker Rage:* If a Wookiee becomes enraged, he receives a +2D bonus to *Strength* for brawling damage. The Wookiee also suffers a -2D penalty to all non-*Strength* attribute and skill checks. To calm down, the character must make a Moderate *Perception* roll (at only -1D, minimum roll of 1D).

*Climbing Claws:* +2D to *climbing* rolls, but cannot be used honorably in hand-to-hand combat.

**Force Points:** 3

**Dark Side Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 8

**Move:** 11

**Equipment:** Modified Wookiee bowcaster (5D), bandolier with extra ammo packs, binder cuffs, 2 flash grenades (4D stun, causes blindness for 1D rounds), 3 stun grenades (4D stun), flash goggles, datapad with current bounty postings, New Republic Bounty Hunter License, Salus Tangler Elite 1 tangler gun (2D, 4D stun damage, see *Star Wars Adventure Journal* #3, page 240)

**Dr. Angrail Ryhl**

Doctor Ryhl travels widely, mostly to some of the most obscure planets of the Outer Rim Territories. For Ryhl, fun involves cutting through the thickest jungles or crossing arid plains in search of ancient ruins and tell-tale clues to lost treasures. Throughout his career, Angrail has made some truly remarkable finds, including the Deadon Ice Temples, the Skull of Thalemute, and the Ch'hosk Cave Drawings of Antmuel VI.

Unlike treasure hunters who just rob the sites, Angrail uses his talents to insure that the ancient sites he uncovers are protected and preserved as historical landmarks. Sometimes he must resort to drastic measures to reach the dig sites, often employing the same hirelings his less ethical competition uses. In the underground market for ancient artifacts, the dealers and buyers don't care how the object is acquired, only that it is *delivered*.

Dr. Ryhl's major nemesis is Nardo Sau, a Corellian antiquities dealer who has beaten him to several finds. Nardo Sau has powerful backing and has managed to cut through Imperial red tape and regulations at lightspeed. It is rumored that some of Sau's biggest buyers reside on Coruscant, which accounts for his Imperial connections.

Currently both men are searching for the Um'Tal or "Sky Stone," an ancient artifact of a lost civilization believed to be invested with mystical powers. The search has lead to the planet Teh'Jar II in the Minos Cluster, where the Empire has begun to enforce a high technology ban with armed patrols. But Angrail has hired the best fixer in the sector to solve that minor detail. Now all he has to do is beat Sau to the artifact ...

■ **Dr. Angrail Ryhl**

**Type:** Xenoarchaeologist

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 3D+2, dodge 4D, running 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Alien species 5D, cultures 7D, languages 5D+1, planetary systems 4D+2, scholar: xenoarchaeology 8D, scholar: xenomythology 7D, scholar: pre-Republic cultures 8D, survival 9D

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Astrogation 4D+2, repulsorlift operation 3D, space transports 5D

**PERCEPTION 3D+1**

Bargain 4D+2, command 3D+1, investigation 4D+2, persuasion 4D, search 7D

**STRENGTH 3D**

Climbing/jumping 5D, lifting 5D, stamina 3D+2, swimming 3D+1

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Computer programming/repair 3D+1, droid programming 4D, droid repair 2D+2, first aid 3D

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 18

**Equipment:** A wall of degrees, small artifacts worth 3,000 credits, heavy blaster pistol (5D), datapad, a library of ancient maps, a commission for 25,000 credits to recover the Um'Tal

**Alliance and New Republic Characters**

**J'fe Din**

J'fe Din is a beautiful woman whose popular holoivid series "Starflash" propelled her to the top of Larrin sector's vid charts. The show ran for three years before the fall of the Empire in Larrin sector.

During that turbulent time, the Imperials never discovered the show's true message. Camouflaged among the epic battles and melodramatic love stories were dozens of codes, passwords and messages to Rebel agents working in Larrin sector. None of this was ever apparent to the show's billions of fans. J'fe and her producer always concealed the data in background vidscreens or crate labels and so forth. "Starflash" was the farthest reaching messenger that the Rebels had. J'fe and her show quickened the downfall of the Empire by at least a year in Larrin.

Since the Empire's defeat in Larrin sector, J'fe has revealed her true support for the New Republic. Though the secrets of "Starflash" won't be revealed for many years, J'fe has continued her success in a new show called "Imperial Truth."

Taken from thousands of New Republic files and stories, the show dramatizes the truth of the Empire. J'fe has the lead in each story — always opposing the Empire, whether the tale has a happy ending or not. J'fe's popularity refuses to die. She continues to promote the New Republic, both on and off the holoivid. Her open support

has done much to improve the standings of the New Republic in Larrin sector.

Usually, J'fe is a kind young woman. She's truly appreciative of her fans' support through these troublesome times. Still, J'fe knows that she's the most popular vidstar in the sector and loves every minute of it. She works hard to maintain that position and will argue with anyone she thinks is damaging her performance. She knows that as long as her show tells a good story, it will continue to show her fans how evil the Empire truly was.

#### ■ J'fe Din

**Type:** Hologrid Celebrity

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 4D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D+1, running 3D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Alien species 4D+1, business 4D, cultures 5D, languages 5D, planetary systems 4D+2, willpower 5D

**MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Beast riding 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 4D

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Bargain 5D, con 6D, persuasion 6D, persuasion: acting 9D

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Brawling 3D, stamina 3D, swimming 3D

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

Computer programming/repair 3D, droid programming 2D+2, repulsorlift repair 2D+2

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Flashy clothes, personal secretary droid, luxury landspeeder with driver, two season contract with local hologrid studio

#### Ixxis Cranata

Ixxis Cranata is one of the greatest storytellers his people have ever known. This Ithorian sits day in and day out relating tales of the past to anyone who will listen to him.

His stories, vibrant and real, have been written down by several authors across the galaxy who have traveled to Ithor for the sole reason to hear the master storyteller speak. Ixxis is perhaps most popular during "the Meet," which takes place only once a season on the Ithorian homeworld.

Since the death of the Emperor, New Republic historians have visited Ixxis on several occasions in the hopes that he will tell them tales which they may recover some of the stories and knowledge that was lost when Palpatine began rewriting history.

#### ■ Ixxis Cranata

**Type:** Ithorian Storyteller

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Dodge 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 4D+2**

Alien species 5D,

**MECHANICAL 2D**

**PERCEPTION 4D**

Persuasion 6D, persuasion 9D, persuasion: storytelling 14D

**STRENGTH 2D**

**TECHNICAL 2D+1**

**Force Points:** 2

**Character Points:** 5

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Staff (damage STR+1D)

#### Ahleazah

When the Imperials occupied Mon Calamari, Ahleazah was forced into the Empire's medical corps, and her entire family was sold into slavery. Assigned to the task of caring for sick and injured aliens, she was exposed to medical horrors beyond her young imagination. Despite unsanitary conditions and meager medical supplies, Ahleazah tried her best to relieve the pain and suffering of her fellow beings.

Ahleazah was shuffled from work camp to work camp for several years. Then, after saving the life of a young naval officer at great risk to herself, Ahleazah was assigned to his medical staff aboard his first command. Exposed to proper training and excellent supplies, she quickly mastered the arts of medicine long denied her.

Once, while treating a captured Rebel pilot in her ward (so he would be strong enough for interrogation), Ahleazah decided to help him escape. Using her newly-earned status with the crew she was able to effect the escape of the pilot just as the ship was jumping to hyperspace near the Anoat system. A Rebel search and rescue team was able to pick up their escape pod when, for some reason, the main Imperial task force headed off full speed into Anoat's asteroid field.

Ahleazah has served with the Rebels ever since, and now helps the New Republic establish field hospitals during the ever-growing civil war. Now fully integrated into the galactic medical community Ahleazah may finally be able to reach her full potential as a great healer.

#### ■ Ahleazah

**Type:** Mon Calamari Medic

**DEXTERITY 2D+2**

Dodge 4D+2, running 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Alien species 5D+2, bureaucracy 4D+2, bureaucracy: medical administration 5D+2, cultures 5D+2, languages 6D, planetary systems 4D+2, survival 6D+1, willpower 5D

**MECHANICAL 2D+1**

Beast riding 3D+1, repulsorlift operation 4D+2, sensors 4D+2, space transports 3D+1

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Command 4D+2, con 4D, hide 3D+2, persuasion 5D+2, search 3D+2,

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Climbing/jumping 3D, swimming 4D

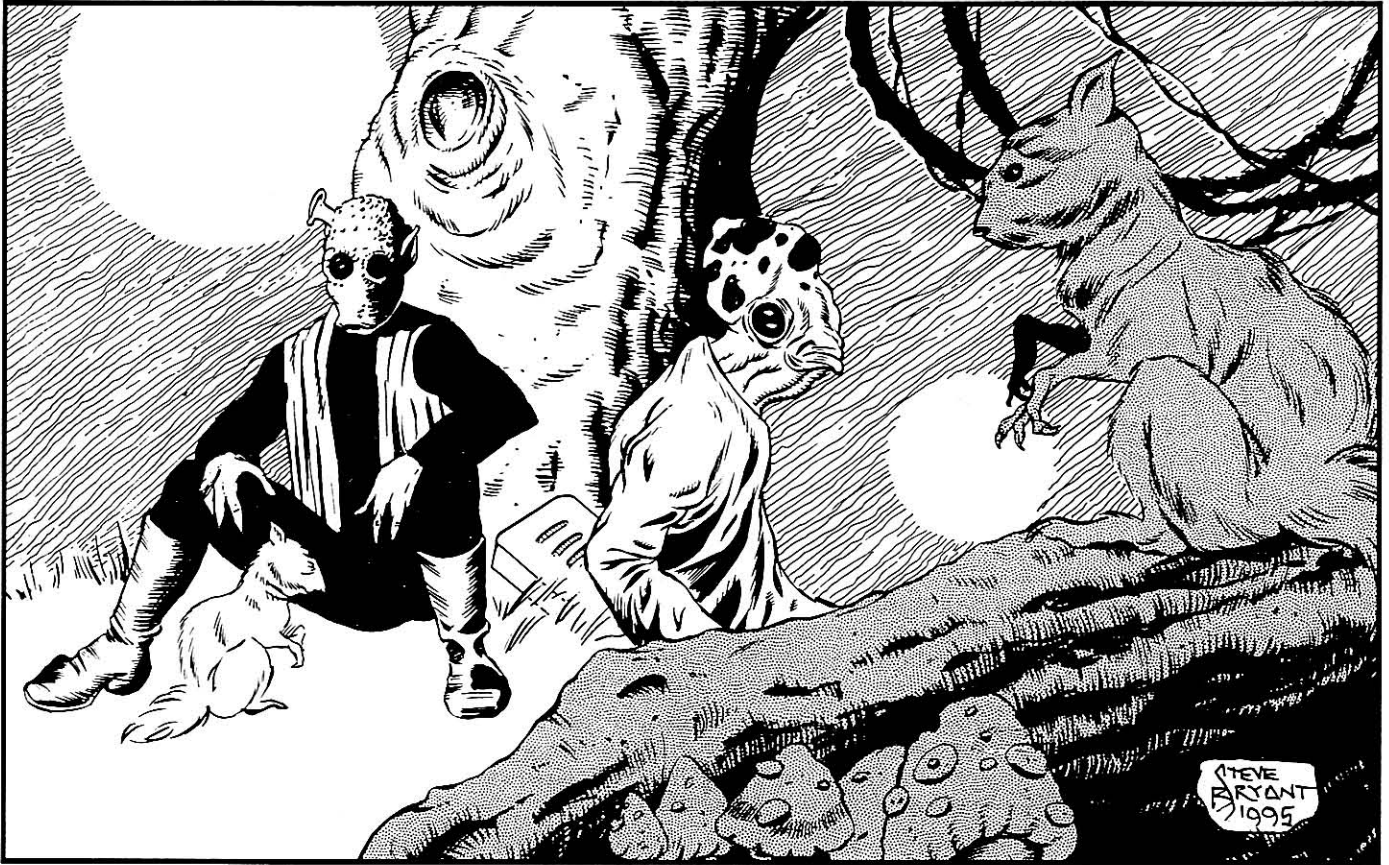
**TECHNICAL 4D**

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid programming 4D+2, first aid 7D, (A) medicine 4D

**Special Abilities:**

*Moist Environments:* Mon Calamari receive a +1D bonus to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Dry Environments:* Mon Calamari seem depressed and withdrawn. They suffer a -1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Per-*



Steve Bryant

■ Veedo Vaocan and Ahleazah in a typically violent setting.

*ception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.  
*Aquatic*: Mon Calamari can breathe both air and water and withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.  
**Force Points**: 3  
**Character Points**: 12  
**Move**: 10  
**Equipment**: Comlink, field-medec kit, medical data-pad, New Republic uniform, MD-0 diagnostic droid, 800 credits

**Myleena Dystra**

Myleena’s youth was spent in private schools and palatial estates on Coruscant. Her innocent life was drastically altered just after her 13th birthday, when the Emperor dissolved the Imperial Senate. Warrants were issued for the arrest of suspected Rebels, and when stormtroopers burst into the Imperial Senate, her parents were just two of the hundreds detained for questioning. But unlike the others, her parents were not released and in fact were never seen again; Myleena later learned that her family was in fact affiliated with the Alliance.

Myleena was uprooted from her private school and sent to a COMPNOR readjustment camp to be educated in the ways of the New Order. But the Rebel Alliance takes care of their own, and a SpecOps team rescued her before the Empire’s propaganda could take hold.

She was taken to a Rebel safeworld where she

was raised by a foster family and brought up to appreciate the sacrifice her parents made. She decided to devote her life to their cause, and eventually became a New Republic Security Forces agent.

Myleena is young and eager and her energetic quest for justice has allowed her to quickly build an impressive arrest record. Her enthusiasm could be her undoing as she takes unnecessary risks and short cuts to make her collar. She has been wounded in action twice, the last time nearly fatally.

■ **Myleena Dystra**

**Type**: New Republic Security Force Agent  
**DEXTERITY 3D**  
 Blaster 5D+2, dodge 4D, melee combat 3D+1, melee combat: stun baton 4D, melee parry 3D+2  
**KNOWLEDGE 4D**  
 Alien species 4D+2, languages 4D+1, law enforcement 5D+1, planetary systems 4D+2, streetwise 5D  
**MECHANICAL 2D**  
 Astrogation 2D+2, repulsorlift operation 3D+2, sensors 3D+2, space transports 3D, starfighter piloting 4D, starfighter piloting: Y-wing 5D+2  
**PERCEPTION 4D**  
 Bargain 4D+2, command 5D+1, investigation 5D+2, persuasion 4D+2, search 4D+2, sneak 4D+1  
**STRENGTH 3D**  
 Brawling 4D+2, climbing/jumping 3D+2, stamina 4D, swimming 3D+2



**TECHNICAL 2D**

Armor repair 3D, blaster repair 3D+1, computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 3D+2

**Force Points:** 3

**Character Points:** 14

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Y-wing starfighter, R2 astromech droid, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), Merr-Sonn Z2 stun baton (STR+1D or 5D stun), binder cuffs, arrest warrants, NR Security Force uniform, badge and ID, 1,250 credits

### Osira Mavron

Osira Mavron was a low-ranking member of an Imperial Army squad that performed reconnaissance and combat missions in jungle terrain. Mavron was decorated repeatedly for conspicuous bravery, participating in numerous operations during the Empire's campaign on Praadost II. During the final days of the Praadost pacification, Mavron stumbled upon the secret that the Rebels were fighting so hard to hide: a small refugee camp was located in an underground cavern she was reconnoitering.

Confronted with hundreds of shell-shocked refugees and orphans, Mavron realized what she had been supporting, and defected. Now, she teaches Rebel commandos the finer points of jungle warfare and tactics as well as participating in combat missions that require her expertise.

"It's not the most glamorous job in the galaxy, maybe, but it isn't exactly *boring*, either," she exclaims proudly.

#### ■ Osira Mavron

**Type:** Ex-Imperial Commando

##### **DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D, dodge 5D, grenade 4D, melee combat 5D, thrown weapons 4D+2

##### **KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Planetary systems 5D, streetwise 4D, survival 6D, tactics: jungle commando tactics 8D, willpower 5D

##### **MECHANICAL 2D+1**

Repulsorlift operations 5D, starfighter piloting 4D+1

##### **PERCEPTION 3D**

Hide 6D, search 5D+2, sneak 8D

##### **STRENGTH 3D+2**

Climbing/jumping 5D

##### **TECHNICAL 3D**

Demolitions 6D

**Character Points:** 22

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Alliance commando uniform, blaster rifle (5D), blaster pistol (5D), knife (STR+1), 3 fragmentation grenades, (5D), 2 thermal detonators (10D), medpac, macrobinoculars.

### Doctor Veedo Vaocan

Veedo Vaocan has always been a harsh critic of Rodian society. As a youth, he refused to take part in, and in fact, protested strongly against, such celebratory events as the Day of the Hunter Ceremony or the Great Protector's Gladiatorial Festival — both of which are held very near and dear to Rodians everywhere. Eventually, Veedo was run off Rodia, and after a series of misadventures, he eventually found a home in the Rebel Alliance.

In keeping with his peaceful nature, Vaocan went on to study medicine, quickly becoming one of the Alliance's most successful field medics. Known by the troops as "Doc Rodian," he is currently the chief surgeon of the Tierfon Rebel Outpost — an Alliance starfighter outpost located deep in the Sumitra sector. He justifies his involvement with a para-military organization by noting that fewer people will come to harm if the Alliance triumphs than if the Empire reigns supreme.

Veedo is never separated from his customized medpac, a large pouch crammed full of diagnostic scanners, medicines, medpacs, splints and other life-saving equipment. In keeping with his beliefs, Veedo refuses to carry a weapon, and will offer no resistance if captured.

Veedo is a tall, light-green skinned Rodian with red, bulbous eyes and a short, stubby snout. He is missing one of his antennae (a result of a battlefield explosion), and can only "hear" out of the left side of his head.

#### ■ Doctor Veedo Vaocan

**Type:** Rodian Pacifist

##### **DEXTERITY 3D**

Dodge 5D, running 8D+1

##### **KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Bureaucracy 4D+1, willpower 6D

##### **MECHANICAL 2D+2**

Communications 4D+1

##### **PERCEPTION 3D+1**

Bargain 6D, con 6D+2, hide 5D, persuasion 7D, sneak 4D+1

##### **STRENGTH 3D+2**

Climbing/jumping 4D

##### **TECHNICAL 2D+1**

First Aid 8D+2, (A) medicine 4D+1

**Force Points:** 3

**Character Points:** 13

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Comlink, field-medic kit, medical datapad, uniform, droid (all stats 2D except: *first aid* 4D), 300 credits.

# STAR WARS®

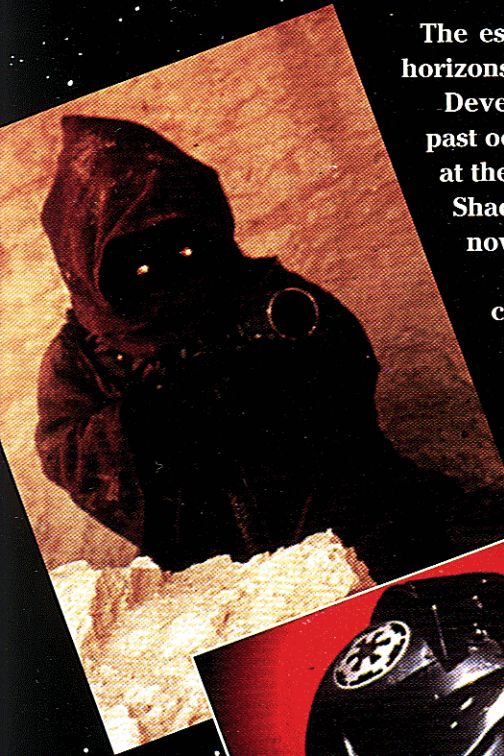
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