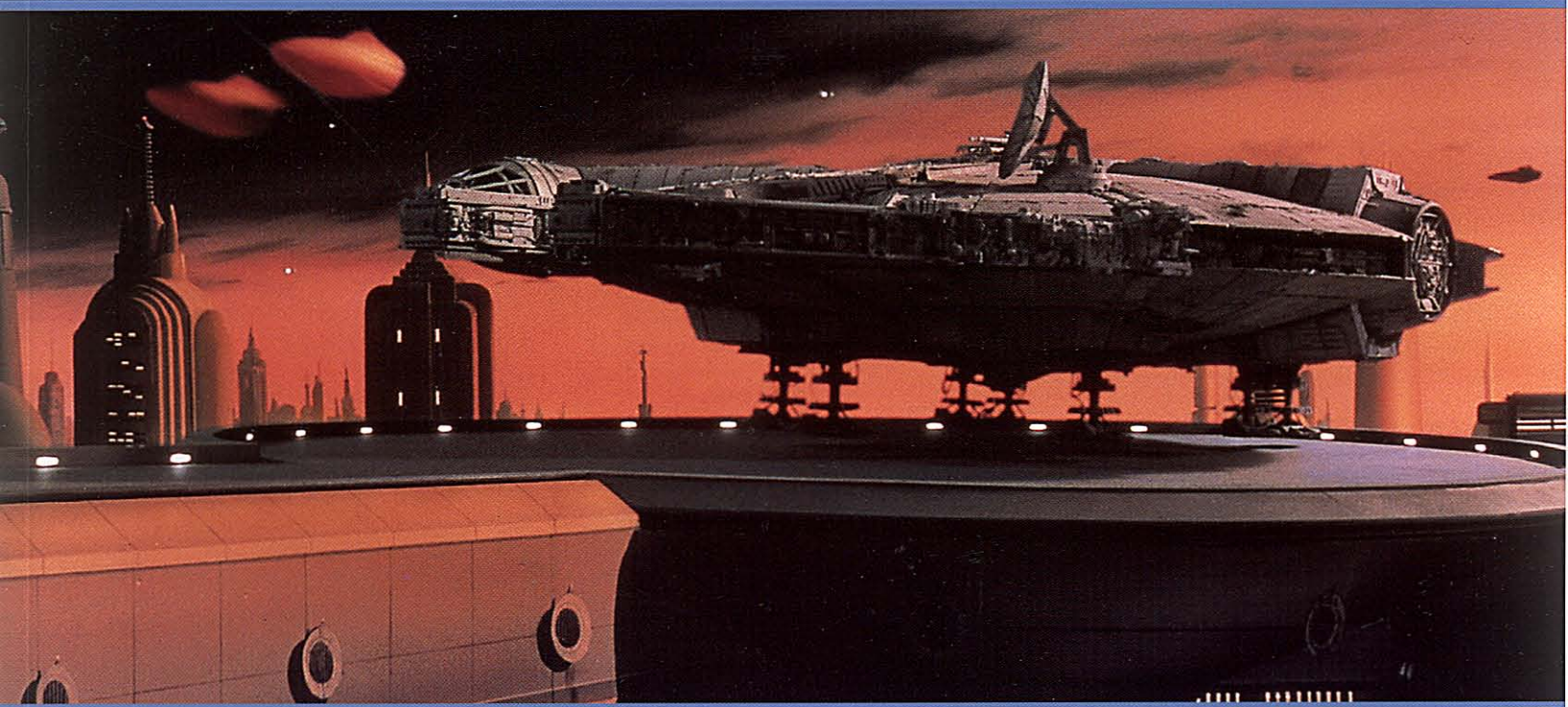


STAR WARS®

IMPERIAL DOUBLE-CROSS



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TRAPPED!

Darrik had hitched a ride with an infamous smuggler. Platt Okeefe and her ship, the *Last Chance*, might not have been as well-known as Han Solo and his *Millennium Falcon*, but that didn't keep them from stumbling into trouble. And Darrik was about to find out exactly how much trouble...

The turbolift door opened, and Darrik stepped out into a dimly lit corridor. Instead of the polished, white synthetic stone of Cloud City's upper levels, this area was constructed of gritty pipes, rusting girders, hissing air vents, and dingy deck grating. A blue light filtered in from a dirty window to the right—it overlooked a vast chasm, probably some sort of central core wind tunnel. To the left, he saw the other turbolift tubes. A passage lined with coolant pipes led beyond. He watched the Rodian bounty hunter's shadowy form walking cautiously down that corridor. Slipping along the shadows, the boy followed.

He wasn't supposed to be tailing Platt—she had told him to wait back at her ship until she'd finished her business here, but he had grabbed a blaster pistol and followed anyway.

The dim passageway opened into a small plaza with large doors on all sides except this one. Platt was near one of the doors, fiddling with a control pad. The Rodian sneaked over to a darkened corner near several coolant pipes, then silently pulled his heavy blaster pistol from its holster.

Darrik was just a boy. He never thought running

away from home would get him into so much trouble—not just mischief, but deadly peril. He looked at the blaster he had taken from Platt's ship. His hand shook as he held it. If he didn't act soon, that bounty hunter would shoot Darrik's one friend—and his only ticket off Cloud City...

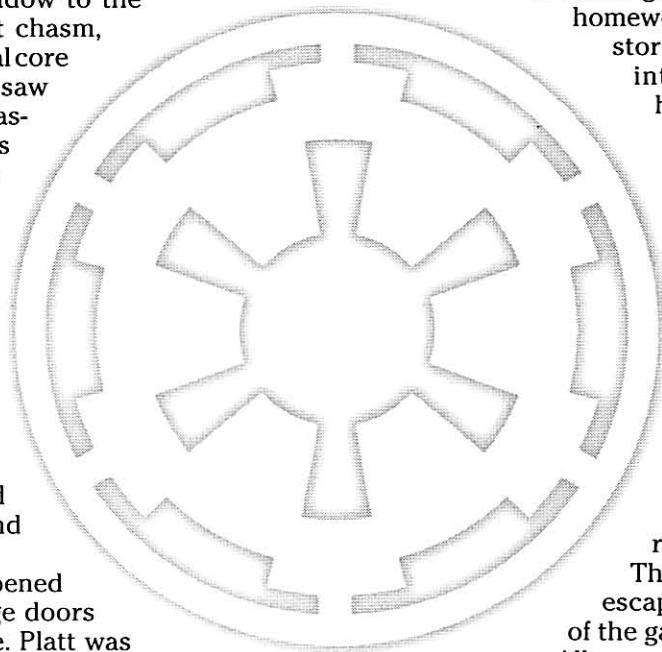
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Now you can decide. In this stand-alone roleplaying game book, you play Darrik, a young man with dreams greater than his hum-drum homeworld. Through a series of short stories and adventures, you'll run into stormtroopers, bounty hunters, and sinister Imperial agents. Although you make the decisions, you'll also depend on your skills and a bit of the Force. Are you good enough to tag along with a smuggler wanted by the Empire?

Just begin by reading the story "Getting Off This Rock." It introduces you to Darrik, the character you'll be portraying in the adventures. After the story, a short section explains a few rules for playing the game. Then you're ready to begin your escapades tagging along with one of the galaxy's infamous smugglers.

All you need to play is this book, several six-sided dice, and a pencil. Bring along your imagination and a sense of adventure and you're all set.

You've seen the *Star Wars* movies, now live the adventure!





GETTING OFF THIS ROCK

Today was going to be Darrik's last day on his homeworld of Brentaal.

It began just like any other day. That was the problem around here...every day blended into every other. Get up, go to the Brentaal Commerce Academy, do schoolwork and chores around the family complex, then get some sleep before the drudgery began again. Darrik was going to change all that.

This morning was filled with the usual bustling of the family. The compound was a great open courtyard bounded on all sides by the multi-level dwellings of Darrik's older relatives. It was designed to be a calm place, with a trickling fountain in the center, and gravel walkways around cultivated patches of grass and flowers. The homes rose up several stories, like giant rocks worn smooth by some ancient river. Darrik liked coming here late at night, when much of his vast extended family was asleep. In the mornings, though, it was busier than the most crowded starport.

The oldsters were busy helping the children get ready for a day of schooling at the Academy. Those who had graduated prepared for apprenticeships in the vast shipping offices which had made Brentaal great...and Darrik's family very prosperous. The adults were rushing around gracefully. They spent more time straightening their suit sashes, buffing their boots and polishing their staff pins than they did caring about the youngsters.

As always, Darrik was lost in the shuffle. Oldsters doted on the younger ones. Those Darrik's age were supposed to shoulder some responsibility in looking after the kids.

He and all his brothers, sisters, cousins, even a few nieces and nephews, were lining up for the trek to school. Each dragged along a bag filled with datapads. Some had small personal computers under their arms. Darrik slung his bag over his shoulder. Inside he had packed a few more items than he needed for his classes.

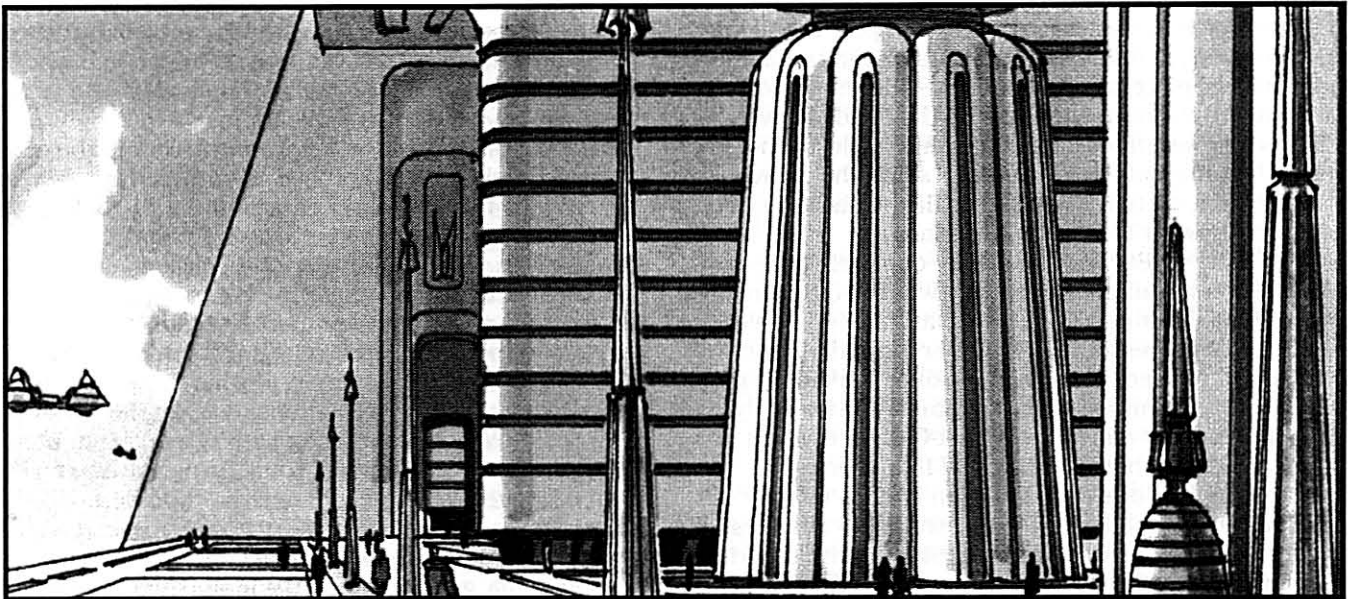




Illustration by Mike Vilardi

He was taking a little field trip of his own—far, far away from his tame life on Brentaal.

Darrik's older cousin, Versella, stood proudly at the front of the throng. She was responsible for making sure all the children bound for the Commerce Academy stayed in line as they walked the few short avenues to the school. The older kids were spaced evenly among the younger ones to make sure no one got lost or caused any trouble. As second oldest, Darrik was stuck last in line, left to monitor any stragglers. Versella looked down the line like some Star Destroyer captain reviewing her troops. She sneered when she saw Darrik. "Don't lose anyone today," Versella called. Everyone looked back at Darrik and laughed. He had a bad habit of daydreaming while his charges wandered off.

Elderly aunts, uncles, gammers and gaffers (all long since retired) clamored around the children, handing out lunch canisters. The horde of oldsters urged the kids toward the door with pats on the head and wishes for a studious day at the Academy. "Here you go, Darrik," some nameless gammer said. She shoved a lunch canister into his hands and flashed a smile. "Pay attention in your stock-tracking class."

Before they reached the family complex gate, they passed Great-Gammer Lissar. She was the oldest member of Darrik's family and the matriarch responsible for the family's success. Great-Gammer rapped her cane as each child passed. The younger ones waved as they went by. Darrik smiled grimly. He knew she was tallying them by number and name. Great-Gammer would discover one less when she counted this evening.

The long line of schoolchildren wound its way out the family gates and along the walkway avenues of downtown Brentaal starport. Darrik felt intimidated by the imposed order of everything around him. Each pedestrian boulevard was bounded with shops, cafes,

and the airy atriums of office buildings. Potted trees, bushes and flowers were placed down the avenue's center, creating an ordered yet natural environment. All the repulsorlift traffic soared far above the crowds, weaving among the elegant towers which grew out of each city block.

At this time of day, the streets were packed with pedestrians. Most were commerce executives dressed in fancy suits. Darrik noticed a few starport security men and a stray Imperial Customs officer. He often pretended the security patrols were stormtrooper squads looking for him (a Rebel spy or wanted gunrunner). Of course, here on Brentaal, Darrik never saw real stormtroopers. He had read about them and watched holos of them and of the dreaded Imperial All Terrain Armored Transports crushing the terrorist insurgents. Sometimes he found something in the newsnets about Imperial attacks on the Rebel Alliance—but Darrik knew he was far from any excitement here.

The line of students made its way through the concourse. Darrik was mindful of his straggling siblings and cousins for a few moments. Soon, though, he was staring up above the boulevard at all the traffic. Airspeeders soared between the organic spires of Brentaal's office complexes. Cloud cars veered around bends, while passenger skimmers and robo-hacks raced by. He imagined they were smuggler ships being chased by the Emperor's TIE fighters. In his mind the ships veered through narrow canyons, dodging laser bolts.

"Darrik! Watch your cousins!" Versella shouted. Those in the back of the group turned around and laughed. Several younger children had wandered out of line to gawk at shiny new servant droids in a store window. Darrik gathered them and urged them back in line. Versella gave him a dirty look, then continued leading the group toward the Academy.

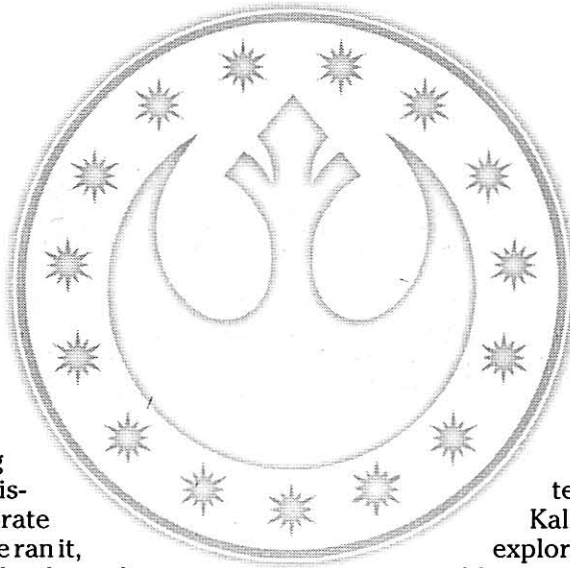


Studies at the Commerce Academy were anything but thrilling. Second-term classes for his level included advanced stock tracking, distribution theory, speculative investing, and the more boring aspects of Brentaal high culture. He spent much of the morning plotting theories for fenti bean distribution for a fictitious corporate his class had created. The way he ran it, his division would be bankrupt by the end of the day. He didn't much care—he'd already come to the conclusion that he wouldn't miss his studies once he left.

Part of the morning was spent perusing the newsnets on the classroom computer uplink. Darrik's lecturers believed it was important to stay informed of galactic events, because even the slightest news affected commerce in some way. The hot topic of today's discussion was the difference between official Imperial news bulletins and the lies the Rebel Alliance somehow downloaded onto the mainstream newsnets. The Empire blamed the recent annihilation of Alderaan on Alliance superweapon tests, while the Rebellion claimed the Death Star had obliterated the planet. Apparently a small force of Rebel starfighters somehow destroyed the Death Star in something the newsnets called the Battle of Yavin. To Darrik it all seemed quite exciting, even if it was far away from Brentaal. Rebels, Imperial forces, starfighters—all a part of a distant dream for the young boy. Unfortunately, his lecturer made it sound terribly boring by interpreting how the Galactic Civil War was affecting stock trading here in the Core Worlds.

During his midday break, Darrik brought his lunch to the edge of the courtyard, where the Academy looked out over the busy Brentaal skyline. Starships flitted to and fro. Bulk freighters roared overhead, gunning their thrusters on their landing approaches. Lifter tugs hauled immense cargo barges from container ships in orbit. He could see the dark hollows of the starport across the cityscape. There the large freighters and loader ships dropped off and took on cargoes. In the shadier docking bays Darrik knew the swift light freighters would be hiding. That was where the smugglers and gunrunners made deals and planned their cargo runs. If Darrik were lucky, that would be the place he'd find passage off Brentaal.

The afternoon's studies focused on Brentaal culture—the background and traditions which influenced the evolution of a highly successful mercantile society.



Darrik perked up when the lecturer discussed Freia Kallea. She was a great hero of Brentaal, responsible for single-handedly establishing the Hydian Way hyperlane some 3,000 years ago. Kallea represented the spacefaring adventure Darrik hoped to encounter in his own life. Legends told how Kallea braved dangerous nebulae, explored dangerous worlds with valuable resources, and made peace with hostile new aliens. But like everything else about Brentaal, Kallea's life soon became mundane. She married into a Brentaal family and helped it become one of the most prominent trading Houses in the Core Worlds.

The lecturer discussed other pioneers of Brentaal space. That was back in the days of the Old Republic, when Brentaal was a major economic force driving the galaxy forward. These days the only heroes Darrik heard of were executive traders who made fortunes and forged new corporate alliances. For a world known for its famous explorers, traders, and scouts, Brentaal was a pretty stuffy place. Someday Darrik was going to become famous for his own adventures, like Kallea. He just hoped he wouldn't have long to wait.

After classes, Darrik waited in the Academy assembly yard for his siblings and cousins to form their line. Versella glared at him while her younger brothers herded a few strays into place.

"Don't lose anybody on the way home," she called, making sure everyone within earshot heard. "Great-Gammer Lissar will scold you in front of everyone at gathering tonight if you do."

Darrik sneered back. She wouldn't have to worry—tonight he wasn't going home.

The line of young students wound its way out the Academy gate and through the bustling Brentaal avenues. For once Darrik's mind wasn't lost in the racing repulsorlift traffic above, or the colorful crowds of trading executives and security officers. Versella marched proudly up front. Her younger "lieutenants" kept the more restless youngsters in line. Darrik pulled a few back into the ranks, but they soon settled down for the short walk home.

Their path took them past the main boulevard which ran between the residential areas and the starport administration complex. Darrik made sure nobody was looking, shouldered his bag, and slipped off into the crowds. If he could make it to the light freighter hangars before he was missed, he'd begin his adventures in the greater galaxy.



PLAYING DARRIK

The three adventures in this book will give you a chance to explore the exciting *Star Wars* galaxy while learning how to play the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game*.

A roleplaying game is a modified version of "Let's Pretend." You take on the role of a character living in the *Star Wars* universe — blasting stormtroopers, flying fast starships and dodging bounty hunters—all in your imagination.

Like any game, this one has a few rules. This section contains brief guidelines on how to accomplish certain tasks with your character. Don't worry too much about the rules for now. The text of the game tells you everything you need to do whenever you're confronted with an option. In fact, you can skip this section and get right into the adventure if you'd like.

Anytime you try to do something and there's a chance you'll fail, you roll dice associated with your skill in that field. Your character is defined by certain statistics which tell how good he is at certain things, like using a blaster, dodging attacks, sneaking around, and using computers.

The character provided with this solitaire adventure is Darrik, a young schoolboy who has dreams of leaving his homeworld of Brentaal for a life of daring and adventure in the Outer Rim. You already know a bit about him after reading the short story, "Getting Off This Rock." He's described further in what's called a character sheet. The right side of his sheet explains his background, personality, and objectives—it's a good way to get an understanding of the character you'll be playing.

To define how good Darrik is at certain actions, he is described by several attributes and skills. They're listed along the left side of his character sheet. **Attributes** are things you're born with—innate abilities. There are six attributes—*Dexterity*, *Knowledge*, *Mechanical*, *Perception*, *Strength*, and *Technical*. **Skills** are abilities you learn, and they include things like *blaster*, *dodge*, and *brawling*.

Darrik has a **die code** for every attribute and skill.

The die code is the number of six-sided dice you roll when you use the attribute or skill (for example: 1D is one die, 2D is two dice, 3D is three dice, and so on). If there is a +1 or a +2 after the "D," add that number to your total.

Example: Darrik's Perception is 3D+2, so if he tries to notice something out of the ordinary in a crowd, you roll three dice, add the rolls together, and add 2 to the total. If you rolled a 2, 4, and 5, you'd get 11: the "+2" bonus gives you a total of 13. Not bad.

The same system works for skills, which are more specific uses of an attribute. For instance, the skill *blaster* is a more specific use of your character's *Dexterity*. For now don't worry what attributes and skills cover which actions—this adventure tells you when and what to roll.

All skills begin with the same die code as their respective attribute. Some are improved: Darrik's increased skills include *dodge*, *pick pocket*, *search*, *sneak*, *climbing/jumping*, and *droid programming*. There are many other skills than those Darrik has improved—even though they are listed on his character sheet with a blank next to them, they each have the same die code as the respective attributes above them.

Don't worry about the listings for Force Points, Dark Side Points, or Move for Darrik. These are statistics used in the roleplaying game which are not necessary to play this adventure. They are provided here in case you wish to incorporate this character into other *Star Wars* roleplaying adventures.

HOW DARRIK DOES THINGS

Every task Darrik might try to accomplish in this adventure has a difficulty, which is listed in the text. These tasks include shooting a blaster at stormtroopers, conning a cantina patron, or dodging for cover. There are six different levels of difficulty: Very Easy, Easy,

STAR WARS®

CHARACTER NAME: Darrik
TYPE: Kid
GENDER/SPECIES: /Human
AGE: **HEIGHT:** **WEIGHT:**
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: _____



PLAYER NAME: _____

Dexterity ____ **3D+2** **Perception** ____ **3D+2**
 Blaster _____ Bargain _____
 Dodge 4D+2 _____ Con _____
 Melee combat _____ Hide _____
 Melee parry _____ Search 4D+2 _____
 Missile weapons _____ Sneak 5D+2 _____
 Pick pocket 4D+2 _____

Knowledge ____ **2D+2** **Strength** ____ **2D+1**
 Languages _____ Climbing/ _____
 Streetwise _____ jumping 3D+1 _____
 Survival _____ Stimina _____
 _____ Swimming _____

Mechanical ____ **3D** **Technical** **2D+2**
 Beast riding _____ Droid programming _____
 Ground vehicle 3D+2 _____
 operation _____ Droid repair _____
 Repulsorlift First aid _____
 operation _____ Repulsorlift repair _____

Special Abilities
 None.

Move _____ 8
 Force Sensitive? _____
 Force Points _____ 1
 Dark Side Points _____
 Character Points _____ 5

Wound Status
 Stunned
 Wounded
 Incapacitated
 Mortally Wounded

Equipment: Backpack with clothing, datapad, 3 food bars, glow rod, utility knife (STR+1D), 31 credits

Background: You've spent your whole life—all 14 years of it—on Brentaal, a bustling planet in the Core Worlds. It's teeming with freighter transports coming and going, hauling all sorts of cargoes to every point in the galaxy, from Coruscant all the way out to the Outer Rim. While this is all very exciting for the spacers who fly those transports, it gets pretty dull for planet-bound young men with starry-eyed dreams. You'd love to fly off with one of those free-traders in their modified light freighters. There's an entire galaxy out there to explore, and you want to see all the wonders it offers.

But reality is far more boring. You were born to a noble shipping family, one of the great guilds which controls commerce on Brentaal. You live in a large complex with all your extended relatives, so it's easy to get lost in the crowd. Still, your parents expect you to go to the Brentaal Commerce Academy and join the family shipping conglomerate. Not exactly the dream of every kid. Now you have a plan. You intend to slip away from home and sneak aboard a transport. Where it takes you and what adventures it brings you don't know...that's part of the excitement you seek in a life among the stars.

Personality: You're always excited to see new places, meet strange people, and wander into all kinds of adventure. You're willing to work hard for whoever can transport you off Brentaal and around the galaxy. Life at the Commerce Academy has educated you only in the ways of numbers and theories, so you're a little short of wisdom when it comes to dealing with real situations on your own. Since your family was pretty hard on you about schoolwork, you don't take orders very well, and resent most authority figures.

Objectives: To leave Brentaal and see the galaxy aboard a light freighter. You wouldn't mind learning the ways of a small-time free-trader, which virtually guarantees you'll run into some excitement along the way.

A Quote: "Is that guy a bounty hunter? Looks like he's following us. It could mean trouble...cool."



Moderate, Difficult, Very Difficult, and Heroic.

Each difficulty level has an associated difficulty number. This is the number you have to tie or beat with your die roll to succeed at an action. In the adventure, these numbers are already determined. The chart below lists the levels of difficulty and the numbers associated with them—this way you can get a general idea how hard a task will be:

Difficulty	Difficulty Number
Very Easy	1-5
Easy	6-10
Moderate	11-15
Difficult	16-20
Very Difficult	21-30
Heroic	31+

Whenever you want to do something, roll the appropriate skill or attribute dice. If your roll is equal to or greater than the difficulty number, Darrik succeeds. If it's lower, he fails.

***Example:** Darrik wants to sneak past a pair of stormtroopers. His sneak skill is 5D+2. The difficulty number for slipping past the stormtroopers unnoticed is 15 (a Moderate difficulty). Darrik's player rolls five dice (for the "5D") and adds two more points (the "+2") to get a total of 19. Since this total is higher than the difficulty of 15, Darrik slips quietly into the shadows, past the stormtroopers.*

When your character tries to do something difficult in the game, roll the appropriate skill. The higher the total, the more successful your character. Of course, the more difficult the task, the higher the difficulty number becomes.

If you make a particularly bad roll, or if you want to improve a roll you've already made, you may use a **Character Point** to roll an additional die and add it to that skill roll. This represents your character tapping

into a small portion of the Force. Besides, since *Star Wars* is a game about heroes—and your character is a hero—you shouldn't always be subject to the whim of the dice. Character Points help you improve your character's rolls, sometimes when your character needs it most.

***Example:** Darrik is trying to shoot a bounty hunter sneaking up on his friend. Since he hasn't boosted his blaster skill, it has the same value as his Dexterity: 3D+2. Shooting the hunter is a Moderate task, with a difficulty number of 15. Darrik rolls three dice and adds 2, getting a total of 12. He decides that this shot really counts, and uses a Character Point. He crosses it off his character sheet and rolls an extra die. That die comes up a 5, bringing his total to 17. Darrik's blaster shot hits the bounty hunter!*

Don't use up your Character Points too quickly. You never know when you'll really need them. It's always good to have a few around to help your character through the adventure's exciting climax. Darrik begins with only 5 Character Points. You can collect more by making heroic actions. Notes throughout the text tell you when to add a Character Point because you did something brave, smart, or loyal.

You now know enough about the rules to start playing. But a roleplaying game is more than rules—roleplaying games are really about storytelling. Playing this solitaire adventure will give you a feel for the game. Simply read ahead and follow the directions. You'll be directed to several numbered entries, sometimes determined by your own choice, and sometimes determined by how well you make your skill rolls. Don't read the entries straight through, and don't read entries you're not supposed to look at—that will spoil any surprises. When you get to the end of an adventure, go on to the next story. Just follow the instructions and you'll be okay.

***Good luck,
and may the Force be with you!***

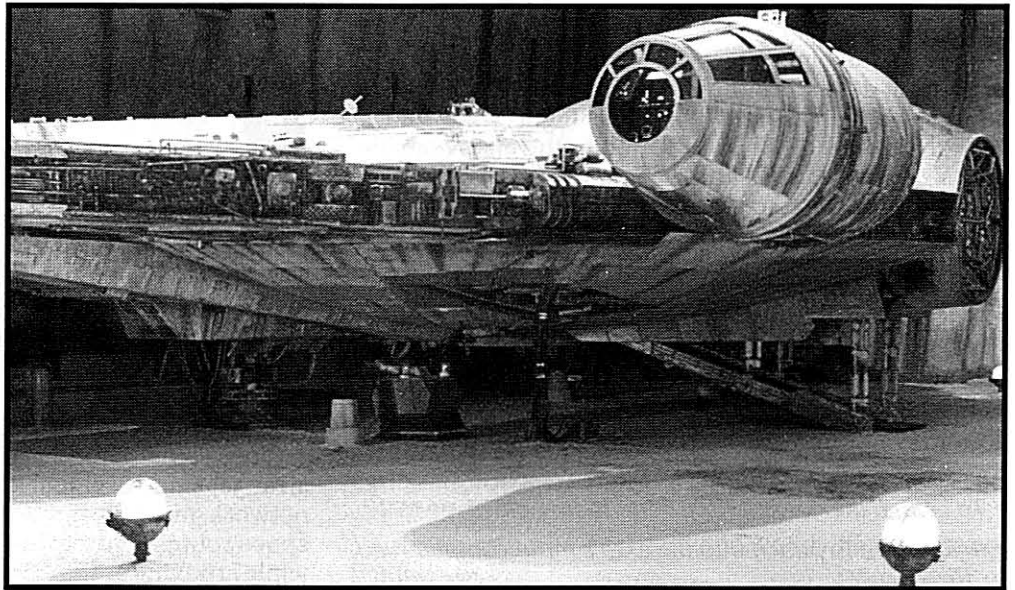


STOWAWAY

You creep along the darkened alleys of Brentaal's downport docking bays. You've heard that this neighborhood—unlike the areas closer to the main starport complex—is a locale frequented by infamous smugglers, bounty hunters and gun-runners. The streets aren't packed like Brentaal's main pedestrian avenues. Occasionally you pass a few spacers milling about a warehouse entrance. A cargo skiff piled high with crates zooms by. A bored-looking patrol of starport security troopers shuffles past, ignoring the seedier denizens passing through this part of town.

You'd approach the spacers, but your instincts tell you they don't usually hire new crew members as young as you. You know your best bet is to find a deserted light freighter you can sneak aboard. You can hide until the crew returns and blasts off—then they'll have to take you along wherever they're going.

You round a corner and peer into a landing bay. Through the wide cargo entrance you see two vessels docked within. One's an old Ghtroc freighter with some odd guns mounted near the cockpit. The other's a modified Corellian YT-1300 freighter—it looks sleek and fast, with a formidable quad laser cannon in the belly mount. The landing ramps of both ships are down. Two people are leaning against the struts of the Ghtroc's ramp. The woman has platinum blonde hair and wears a red vest over her spacer's tunic. The other is a Twi'lek: his head-tails are draped over a conservative robe. Both sport blasters. The woman wears hers slung



at her side, while the Twi'lek has made some effort to conceal his weapon under his robes. The two seem to be having a friendly conversation, although you can't hear much of what they're saying.

To listen more carefully, you're going to make a *Perception* roll. Darrik's *Perception* is 3D+2—to see how keenly he eavesdrops, roll three dice and add 2 to the total:

- If you roll 15 or higher, go to 10.
- If you roll 14 or lower, go to 7.

1

You head down a long corridor to the freighter's cockpit. It's not very big. You've been inside Corellian YT-1300's before, but this one looks heavily modified.



It seems like the captain took out two of the seats and filled that area with control computers and guidance equipment. There are two seats left, one for the pilot and another for the co-pilot. Both provide an excellent view out the forward viewport. Right now all you see is the docking bay wall, but soon you'll see stars streaking by as you head for exotic new worlds.

It looks like the captain has made herself at home here. You find an old sash tied around the back of the pilot's seat—it conceals a blaster burn mark. In a corner behind the co-pilot's chair you find an empty bottle with a label marked "Gruvian Tovash." A few datacards and a datapad are scattered over the co-pilot's control console, and what looks like a detached piece of the ion engine occupies the co-pilot's seat.

You check out some of the instruments on the control panels that cover every available surface. Although the freighter isn't powered up, the auxiliary generator keeps the ship's systems on standby. Colored lights blink on and off, a few are steadily lit, and others are dim. There are banks of switches, buttons, and knobs. Here and there you find some wires squirming out in the joints between control panels.

Settling down into the pilot's chair, you survey the control boards around you. The flight yoke hangs directly in front of you, connected to the main console by a steering bar. You find a computer display with an interface right next to the sensors screen and what you think is the shield generator monitor. Some of those controls you're not sure about. They could be power core gauges, fire control systems for the weapons, diagnostic boards, or anything.

Well, you're not about ready to fly the ship yourself. If you could do that, you wouldn't need to hitch a ride. There isn't much room to hide up here. Perhaps you should continue your search for a good place to stow away...

- *To search the cockpit for a good hiding place, go to 12.*
- *If you want to punch into the ship's main computer, go to 16.*
- *To figure out what all these controls do, go to 19.*
- *If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.*

2

The entrance to the gunnery well is almost opposite the boarding ramp you've just entered. The access crawlway runs up and down—rungs along the tube allow you to climb in either direction. You decide to scurry up to the dorsal gun mount.

This freighter is very well-armed. When you enter the gun turret, you peer through a transparisteel viewport at the impressive quad laser cannon. You settle into the gunner's seat and look around.

Directly in front of you is the fire control computer readout, mounted just above the gun control yoke. The yoke has buttons for firing the quad lasers and switches which help you maneuver the guns and the turret. Most of the walls are covered with buttons, switches, and display lights, none of which are lit right now since the weapon isn't powered up. A headset comlink hangs on a hook, a wire linking it into the ship's intercom system so gunners can coordinate with each other and the pilot.

It's probably not a good idea to power up the guns—there's nothing to shoot at. However, the turret might make a good hiding place. The gunner's chair is pretty comfortable, and it's not the kind of place the captain would check for stowaways before blasting off.

- *If you decide to stay here and hide, go to 40.*
- *If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.*

3

You wander through a short corridor toward the aft half of the freighter and into the cargo hold. It's not very big—you've seen immense cargo bays aboard bulk freighters—but then again, this is just a light transport. Synthetic strips of webbing are hooked into sockets in the walls, where they'd usually be securing cargo crates. In the center is a large patch of deck plating striped yellow and black: no doubt that's the cargo lift which loads larger freight into the hold.

There's no cargo in here right now. That's kind of strange, since Brentaal is the hub of a vast commerce network and a crossroads of several important hyperspace routes (one of the few useful things you learned while studying at the Commerce Academy). Your footsteps echo in the empty bay. This wouldn't make much of a hiding place—there's no cover, not even a single empty cargo crate. Perhaps you'd better look elsewhere for a good place to stow away...

As you begin to turn to explore another area of the ship, you hear an ominous *whrrr-clunk, whrrr-clunk, whrrr-clunk* from the hatch leading toward the escape pod. A beat-up old ASP droid lumbers around the corner, heading straight for you. It stops only a meter away, raises one of its bulky forearms, points a squarish "finger" at you, and says, "Negative."

"What?" you ask aloud, not quite certain what this odd droid is trying to say.

"Negative," it says again, still pointing at you.

- *You try to convince the droid you're a passenger aboard this freighter: go to 35.*
- *You ignore the droid and head for another part of the ship: go to 24.*
- *You tell the droid to go scratch gravel: go to 31.*



- You dig your glow rod out of your backpack and try to confuse the droid: go to 18.
- You command the droid to go off and do something useful: go to 28.

4

You wander down a short passage to the crew lounge. It seems like a comfortable place, filled with the captain's personal touches. There's a musty old divan from Wroona, with a holo-game table to one side piled high with unwashed drinking glasses and beverage containers. One wall sports a control panel—probably for monitoring the ship's engineering systems—with a seat nearby. A large nashtah-skin throne dominates one end. It's ornate enough to be fit for a space-pirate king. A few ornaments hang on the bulkhead: an old-style ship's sensor glass, a busted ion coil, one large, curled horn from some giant beast, a draped cascade of gaudy cloth, and an ornamental metal mask.

The lounge looks large enough to host a cozy gathering of people—no more than seven or eight. If you snoop around long enough, you'll probably find someplace to hide here. To find a good spot to stow away, you'll use your *search* skill of 4D+2. Just roll 4 dice and add 2.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 32.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 26.

5

The ship's crew quarters are arranged around a curving corridor. There are three doors along this passage. Opening them, you discover two bunk rooms on each side of a refresher. Each room has two beds with pull-down privacy screens, two lockers, a chair and a fold-down table. The bunks are pretty neat, so you suspect they haven't been slept in recently.

The refresher has been used in the recent past—as you'd expect it to be. You seem to recall that spacers call shipboard refreshers “the head,” but you don't recollect why. You take note of the refresher's location, in case you have to use it sometime during a long hyperspace jump.

You find another door near the galley alcove. Opening it, you walk into an opulent bedroom. This must be the captain's quarters. The walls are swathed in sheer black fabric, and several fancifully decorated shag rugs carpet the deck plates. A finely crafted greel-wood wardrobe stands against one wall. You open one panel and peer inside. The captain has all sorts of clothes hanging here: greasy tech overalls covered with pock-ets, an ornate evening gown by one of the Core Worlds' most famous designers, a few typical spacer's outfits,

some fashionable jackets, even an Imperial Customs Officer's uniform. Several pairs of boots—from spit-and-polish shined to scuffed ones—sit at the bottom of the cabinet.

You look over at the bed. It looks awfully comfy, especially after a harrowing day at the Commerce Academy. A mountain of pillows, each covered in some expensive fabric, are piled at the head. The blankets vary in quality, from a snug comforter to a gray Imperial-issue service blanket.

Looking up, you see the captain has installed a transparisteel viewport in the ceiling. Peering upward, you see the stars hovering above your homeworld. You're sure the view in deep space is even more spectacular.

You hesitate to rummage through anything else in here. The last thing you want to do is have the captain catch you going through her personal items. You leave her quarters, but consider hiding in one of the bunk rooms. They look unused, and with the privacy screen down, you'll be completely concealed.

- If you decide to stay here and hide in one of the bunks, go to 40.
- If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

6

You wander down a short, curved corridor, past the dorsal hatch access shaft leading to the top of the ship. You come upon a hatchway marked “Escape Pod: Emergency Use Only.” You press a panel next to the hatch, and it opens with a *hiss*. Inside you find two padded seats, safety restraints, and a few storage racks. You step into the pod and the hatch *hisses* closed behind you.

The pod isn't very big, but it seems to be a good hiding place.

- If you want to look around for anything useful in here, go to 39.
- If you decide to stay here and hide, go to 40.
- If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

7

You cup your hand to your ear, and overhear snippets of the spacers' conversation. From what you can make out, it sounds like the Twi'lek owns the Ghtroc freighter, and the woman is the captain of the Corellian YT-1300. They seem to be talking about some upcom-



ing business deal, but much of the conversation is muddled. Try as you may, you don't hear much more—they're just too far away.

- Please go to 9.

8

You scurry out from behind the cargo crates and head for the Corellian freighter's open boarding ramp. As you slip aboard, your backpack whacks against one of the ramp's support struts.

"What was that?" you hear the woman ask. Peering out from the shadows, you see her looking over in your direction. The Twi'lek motions at her to forget it. The two head into the alien's Ghtroc freighter, the woman glancing over her shoulder one more time. Now that they're both in the other vessel, you should have some time to explore the woman's starship and find a good place to hide.

- Please go to 11.

9

After a moment, it seems by his gestures that the Twi'lek is inviting the woman into his ship. This is the best opportunity you'll have to sneak aboard the Corellian freighter. You figure it'll be easier dealing with a human, since life on Brentaal hasn't given you much experience with aliens. You watch the two spacers—the woman seems to hesitate, as if she's not sure if she wants to go with the Twi'lek or return to her ship. If you're going to sneak aboard, now's the time.

You're standing in the docking bay's wide cargo entrance. A few nearby crates provide some cover for you, but you'll have to slip around the far side of the Corellian freighter to board it unnoticed. Nightfall is quickly approaching, so there are plenty of shadows along the landing bay walls. You just have to move quietly enough so nobody catches you.

To slip aboard the Corellian freighter undetected, you need to roll your *sneak* skill. Luckily you're good at slipping away: your skill is 5D+2! Roll five dice and add 2 to the total.

- If you roll 12 or higher, go to 13.
- If you roll 11 or lower, go to 8.

10

You cup your hand to your ear, trying to hear whatever snippets of the spacers' conversation you can.

"So all you have to do is buy the blasters from

Tharrand, then meet me at Dead Bantha Gulch on Tatooine," the woman says. "Meanwhile, I'll drop in on Nasrabi's processor on Bespin. You get some blaster gas to sell back to Tharrand for a handsome profit, and I pawn the blasters off on my friends."

"My dear," the Twi'lek says, "I have told you before, and I shall tell you again: you shall always lose profits offering special deals to your 'friends.' They are risky customers to serve, especially with all the Imperial activity after that Yavin incident."

"Do I tell you who your friends should be?" the woman replies, stabbing a finger in the Twi'lek's direction. He stands silently, wearing a smile which indicates he knows better than to answer. "No, I let you romp around the galaxy with your trigger-happy gun-runner buddies."

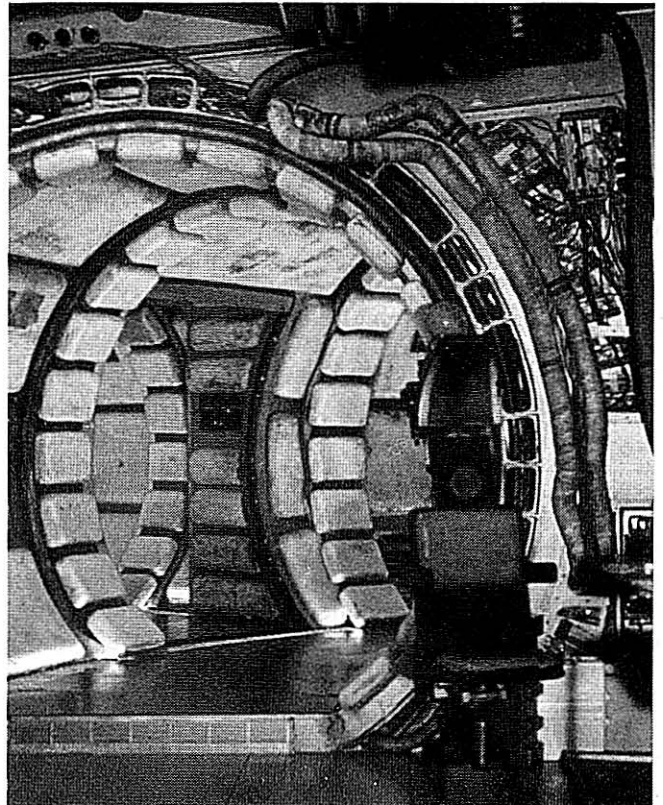
"The least you could do, my dear, is to explore other avenues of enterprise. After we're finished at the Gulch, you really should stop in Mos Eisley to scrape up some extra jobs. A few additional credits cannot hurt future investments."

"Now you're beginning to sound like my old gaffer." The woman turns as if she's going to head for her ship.

- Please go to 9.

11

You slip back up the entry ramp and into one of the ship's main corridors. Now's your chance to explore the Corellian freighter and find a good hiding place.

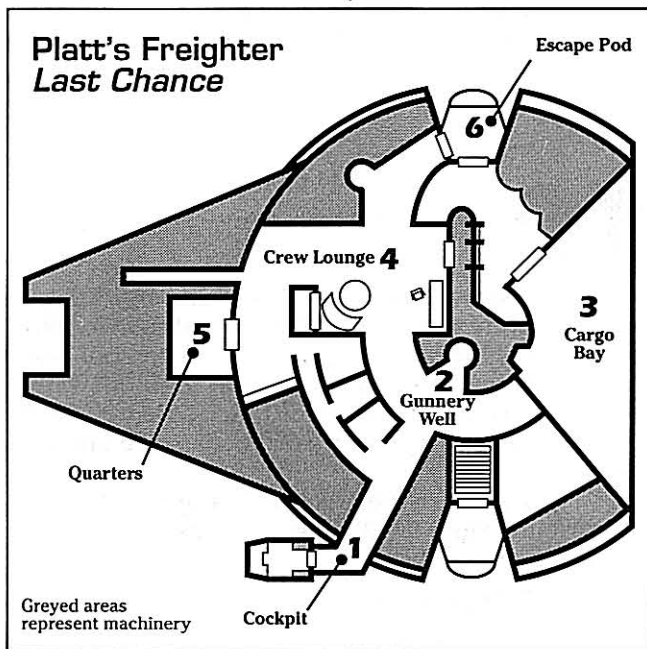




Check out the starship deck plan. This shows all the sections you can access. Each one has a number associated with it. To explore that area, just turn to the paragraph entry with the same number. You can get to most sections of the ship from the entry hatch; however, to get to the escape pod (location 6), you first must pass through the crew lounge (area 4).

Determine which area you want to explore first: go to the numbered paragraph that corresponds to the map location.

Cockpit: 1 Gunnery Well: 2 Cargo Bay: 3
Crew Lounge: 4 Crew Quarters: 5 Escape Pod: 6



12

Your ability to find specific things is a little better than your general ability to notice things. To see if there's a good place to hide up here in the cockpit, you'll use your *search* skill of 4D+2. Just roll 4 dice and add 2.

- If you roll 20 or higher, go to 23.
- If you roll 19 or lower, go to 15.

13

You scurry out from behind the cargo crates and head for the Corellian freighter's open boarding ramp. You move without a sound, making sure the contents of your backpack don't clatter around. Before you know it, you're slipping up the entry ramp and inside the freighter. Peering out for a moment, you see the woman

and the Twi'lek enter the alien's Ghtroc freighter. Hopefully that will give you some time to explore her starship and find a good place to hide.

- Please go to 11.

14

You type a few inquiries into the computer interface. After a few tries, you discover some basic information about the ship in an official Bureau of Ships and Services (BoSS) datafile. According to the Ship's Operating License, you've slipped aboard a YT-1300 transport called the *Last Chance*. It's a modified light freighter originally built by the Corellian Engineering Corporation. The license lists someone named Platt Okeefe as the current owner.

After another minute messing with the computer interface, you stumble upon what seems to be the latest entry in the captain's personal log. (Read the datapad.)

You punch out of the computer interface, leaving it just like you found it.

Platt Okeefe. That name sounds somewhat familiar. You try thinking of where you've heard it before. To do this, you'll roll your *Knowledge* attribute of 2D+2. Roll 2 dice and add 2 to the result.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 20.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 17.

Log Entry #2345, 35:7:12

Major Birket over at ISB has been turning up the heat on me. Probably found out I was the one who helped those Rebel agents blast out of Kuat Passenger Port. No doubt he's also figured out I'm running half my cargoes for the Alliance, too. I'll just have to be more careful, I guess.

This next job'll be a piece of glaze cake. Tru'eb says he knows some weapons dealer called Tharrand. Says he can score me a few crates of heavy blaster pistols. Of course Tharrand wants something in return—spin-sealed Tibanna gas from Beshpin. I can work that. I haven't been out to the Beshpin system in a while. Besides, my old buddy Nasrabi owes me a favor. Once I get the blaster gas from Nasrabi, I'll meet up with Tru'eb somewhere in our old stomping ground. After that, score one for me, one for the Rebels, and one against the Empire.



15

You look around the cockpit, checking under the seats and the command consoles, looking for any loose control panels with space behind them where you can hide. There's not much room around here to begin with, and you don't find anywhere which would make a good hiding place.

- *If you want to punch into the ship's main computer, go to 16.*
- *To figure out what all these controls do, go to 19.*
- *If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.*

16

Sitting in the pilot's chair, you begin rooting through the computer interface, trying to see if there's anything interesting. You soon realize the main computer is badly organized, filled with errors, coded files, and lots of junk. You've worked with droids at the Commerce Academy and in the family compound, but it's not quite the same. You have no training in computer programming, so you'll use your *Technical* attribute of 2D+2. Roll 2 dice and add 2 to the result.

- *If you roll 10 or higher, go to 14.*
- *If you roll 9 or lower, go to 21.*

17

You think Platt Okeefe is the name of a smuggler. You might have heard of her through the galaxy-wide newsnets, but any specific details about her elude your attempts at recollection.

- *To search the cockpit for a good hiding place, go to 12.*
- *To figure out what all these controls do, go to 19.*
- *If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.*

18

You reach into your backpack and pull out your glow rod. The droid watches in fascination as you turn it on: a bright beam emanates from the glow rod's cylinder. You shine the light around the cargo bay—it still looks

as empty as before. Then you point the light directly at the droid's visual sensor. The ASP raises its bulky forearm and tries to shield itself from the light, crying, "Negative, negative, negative." It seems the light blinds the droid, overriding its optic circuits and confusing the simple machine. You move the beam around to shine through his ineffective arms. The droid backs up, shaking its head and waving its arms. The light gleams off the ASP's visual sensor. It continues to cry, "Negative, negative, negative," as it backs off, turns around, and begins walking into the cargo bay wall. After a moment of "fleeing" into the bulkhead, the poor droid stops and shuts itself down.

- *Now that you've gotten that pesky droid off your back, you can check out other areas of the ship. Look at the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.*

19

You lean forward in the pilot's seat and check out the controls before you. At first all these buttons, readouts, levers, dials, lights, and switches seemed cool—now that you're trying to make sense of it all, it's rather confusing. You find a bank of touch-lights currently unlit. Maybe if you press them, you'll figure out what they do.

To make sense of these controls, use your *Mechanical* attribute. Since it's 3D, just roll three dice and add up the results.

- *If you roll 10 or higher, go to 22.*
- *If you roll 9 or lower, go to 25.*

20

You seem to recall reading a story about someone named Okeefe on the galaxy-wide newsnets. Platt Okeefe is a smuggler wanted by the Empire for supposedly helping the Rebel Alliance. In fact, the local newsnet you saw mentioned that Platt is from your homeworld of Brentaal, and ran away when she was young to forge for herself a daring free-trader's life. Well, if you could have chosen any captain to run off with, certainly someone from your homeworld is a good choice. At least you'll have something in common...and it might be a reason she'll let you stay on board when (or rather, if) Platt discovers you've stowed away.

- *You decide it's not too safe to spend too much time up here in the cockpit—you never know when Platt will finish her business with the Twi'lek and head back to her ship. To check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.*



21

You type several inquiries into the computer interface. After a few tries, you discover some basic information about the ship in an official Bureau of Ships and Services (BoSS) datafile. According to the Ship's Operating License, you've slipped aboard a YT-1300 transport called the *Last Chance*. It's a modified light freighter originally built by the Corellian Engineering Corporation. The license lists someone named Platt Okeefe as the current owner.

You punch out of the computer interface, leaving it just like you found it.

Platt Okeefe. That name sounds somewhat familiar. You try thinking of where you've heard it before. To do this, roll your *Knowledge* attribute of 2D+2. Roll 2 dice and add 2 to the result.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 20.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 17.

22

You decide to be cautious, and press only one of the touch-lights in the series. It activates and glows a bright red. A message appears on the ship's computer interface screen: "Concussion Missile Launch Tube System Activation: Please Stand By." You hear a *whirr-clunk* beneath the cockpit deck plates. The light turns from red to steady green. "Concussion Missile Tube Loaded. System On Standby," the computer screen reads.

Uh-oh. You've activated the ship's concussion missile weapons system! For a light freighter, this vessel is pretty well-armed. Perhaps it wasn't such a good idea to mess with the control console...

To avoid launching a missile and destroying the docking bay wall ahead (and probably this part of the freighter), you'll need to roll your *Mechanical* dice of 3D again. Roll 3 dice and add them up.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 27.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 34.

23

You look around the cockpit, checking under the seats and the command consoles, looking for any loose control panels with space behind them where you can hide. There's not much room around here to begin with, and you don't find any spot that would make a good hiding place.

While you're searching beneath the command console for a place to hide, you find a holster—complete with blaster pistol—hidden on the underside. It's within

easy reach of anyone sitting in the pilot's chair. Whoever this woman is, she's no legitimate free-trader: only smugglers use tricks like that.

- If you want to punch into the ship's main computer, go to 16.
- To figure out what all these controls do, go to 19.
- If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

24

You ignore the droid and head off toward another part of the ship. *Whrrr-clunk, whrrr-clunk, whrrr-clunk*. The stupid ASP droid is following you around! You're not even out of the cargo bay when he begins calling "Negative!" after you.

"Go away," you say, but the droid keeps following you. "Stupid droid."

"Affirmative," it replies. When you keep walking away, it *whrrr-clunks* after you, crying "Negative!" and pointing at you.

You can't have this droid following you everywhere—eventually the captain will return and hear the droid announcing your presence. If you're going to stow away on this ship and not be discovered right away, you'd better get rid of that pesky droid.

- You try to convince the droid you're a passenger aboard this freighter: go to 35.
- You tell the droid to go scratch gravel: go to 31.
- You dig your glow rod out of your backpack and try to confuse the droid: go to 18.
- You command the droid to go off and do something useful: go to 28.

25

You press a few of the touch-lights in the bank of buttons. Some light up green, some light up steady red, and a few are blinking red. You hear a *whirr-clunk* beneath the cockpit deck plates. One of the nearby monitors lights up, displaying targeting information. You check the ship's computer interface screen: "Concussion Missile Launch Tube Loaded. Concussion Missile Guidance, Propulsion, And Detonation Systems On Standby. Fire Control Computer Seeking Target."

Uh-oh! You've warmed up the ship's concussion missile tube, and it has loaded a hot weapon! For a light freighter, this vessel is pretty well armed. You'd better do something quickly before you accidentally fire a missile into the docking bay—that will surely destroy



the wall, taking out this part of the freighter, too. To deactivate this weapon system, you'll have to roll your *Mechanical* dice of 3D again. Roll 3 dice and add them up (hint: this might be a good time to use a Character Point to add 1 extra die to your roll...just in case).

- If you roll 15 or higher, go to 30.
- If you roll 14 or lower, go to 34.

26

Perhaps the best place to hide here in the crew lounge is beneath that musty old Wroonian divan. The space beneath the couch isn't very big, but you can squeeze into it. Besides, nobody's going to be checking under the furniture for stowaways before blasting off.

- If you decide to stay here and hide, go to 40.
- If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

27

Maybe if you press that green button again, the weapons system will stand down. Reaching over, you carefully depress the touch-light until it clicks. The light goes dark. You hear a *whirr-clink* beneath the cockpit deck plates—hopefully that's the weapons system removing the concussion missile from the tube and securing it in its storage bay. You anxiously check the computer interface screen: "Concussion Missile Tube Stand-Down—System Deactivated." You breathe a sigh of relief.

- Maybe you'd better stop messing around up here and start looking for a good hiding place. You never know when the captain might come back. To check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

28

You clear your throat. If you can sound commanding, like you're the droid's master, it might just obey you. "Droid," you announce. "Go off and do something useful with yourself."

You wait pensively for a moment. Did it understand you? Will it obey your order? The ASP droid cocks its head to one side, as if thinking, then straightens up and replies, "Affirmative." It walks over to a cargo bay wall, turns around, then powers itself down. You suppose shutting off was about the most useful thing the droid

could think of. Stupid droid.

- Now that you've gotten that pesky droid off your back, you can check out other areas of the ship. Look at the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

29

You straighten your back and raise your head proudly. "Listen here, droid," you say, adopting a commanding tone. "Platt Okeefe herself invited me aboard. I've paid her a good sum to transport me to Kuat—I have an important business meeting there. And if I'm late, Platt only gets paid half. You wouldn't want Captain Okeefe mad at you, would you? No doubt she'd sell you for scrap."

The droid cocks its head to one side as if thinking.

You continue. "Now take me to my cabin immediately." The droid's head straightens up, then it replies, "Affirmative." It *whrrr-clunks* through the main corridor near the boarding ramp. You follow it. It turns down another passageway, then into a short hallway. It leaves you at the crew quarters, then *whrrr-clunks* back the way it came.

- Please go to 5.

30

You examine the lit and blinking touch-lights carefully. There are five all in a row—maybe if you press each one once going right to left, you'll deactivate the system. Reaching over, you carefully depress each touch-light in order. The lights goes dark as each one clicks. You hear a *whirr-clink* beneath the cockpit deck plates—hopefully that's the weapons system removing the concussion missile from the tube and securing it in its storage bay. You anxiously check the computer interface screen: "Concussion Missile Tube Stand-Down—System Deactivated." You breathe a sigh of relief.

- Maybe you'd better stop messing around up here and start looking for a good hiding place. You never know when the captain might come back. To check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

31

"Look, you stupid droid," you say. "Why don't you just scratch gravel and get out of here?"



The ASP droid cocks its head to one side as if thinking, then straightens up and replies, "Negative." Great-Gammer Lissar always told you that being polite was a much more effective way of getting what you wanted than being rude. Apparently the droid believes that, too.

You'd better try something else—eventually the captain will return and hear the droid yelling, "Negative!" at you. If you're going to stow away on this ship and not be discovered right away, you'd better get rid of that pesky droid.

- You try to convince the droid you're a passenger aboard this freighter: go to 35.
- You ignore the droid and head for another part of the ship: go to 24.
- You dig your glow rod out of your backpack and try to confuse the droid: go to 18.
- You command the droid to go off and do something useful: go to 28.

32

While looking around the crew lounge for a place to hide, you pull up the cushion on the nashtah-skin throne—you might be able to use the cushion somewhere else to conceal yourself. Underneath you find a thin card of some kind. Picking it up, you realize it's a sabacc card-chip. The face is blank—in sabacc, a randomizer computer transmits and often changes the card faces unless the chip is placed in an interference field. Who knows how long it sat beneath the chair's cushion.

You decide to pocket the card-chip as a souvenir. Perhaps it will come in handy in the future. Jot down on a piece of scrap paper that you have a sabacc skifter—this will remind you later in case you need to use it.

- Please go to 26.

33

You try thinking up a good story, but the stupid droid is standing there, staring at you with its single visual sensor lens. "I'm, uh, a passenger on this ship," you finally blurt out. "I was just looking around the cargo bay, you know?"

The droid cocks its head to one side as if thinking, then straightens up and replies, "Negative." Looks like your little lie didn't do you any good. If you're going to stow away on this ship and not be discovered right away, you'd better get rid of that pesky droid.

- You ignore the droid and head for another part of the ship: go to 24.
- You tell the droid to go scratch gravel: go to 31.

• You dig your glow rod out of your backpack and try to confuse the droid: go to 18.

• You command the droid to go off and do something useful: go to 28.

34

You press some of the buttons again in no particular order. They *all* begin blinking red! Then they all go dim. You hear a *whirr-clink* beneath the cockpit deck plates—hopefully that's the weapons system removing the concussion missile from the tube and securing it in its storage bay. You anxiously check the computer interface screen: "System Input Overload. No Viable Target Found. Concussion Missile Tube Stand-Down—System Deactivated." You breathe a sigh of relief.

Maybe you'd better stop messing around up here and start looking for a good hiding place. You never know when the captain might come back.

- To search the cockpit for a good hiding place, go to 12.
- If you want to punch into the ship's main computer, go to 16.
- If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

35

You'd better come up with a good story if you are going to convince this droid you're supposed to be a passenger on this ship.

- If you discovered the captain's name while searching through the ship's computer interface in the cockpit, go to 29.
- Otherwise, you'll have to roll your Perception dice of $3D+2$ to con the droid. Roll 3 dice, add them up, and add 2 to the total. If you get 10 or higher, go to 37. If you get 9 or lower, go to 33.

36

There isn't much in here to search. It's a pretty small escape pod. While you're checking out the pod's bulkhead, though, you discover that two of the panels are actually small hatches to storage compartments. Inside you find two sporting blasters, two breath masks, two comlinks, one glow rod, and about a week's worth of rations in silvery packaging. You briefly consider taking some of this stuff—especially one of the blast-



ers—but you never know when you're going to have to use an escape pod. You'd feel safer knowing all this stuff was right here in the storage space, just in case you need it later.

Still, this escape pod would make the perfect hiding place; but you might want to explore the ship some more.

- If you decide to stay here and hide, go to 40.
- If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

37

You straighten your back and raise your head proudly. "Listen here, droid," you say, adopting a commanding tone. "Your captain invited me aboard. I've paid her a good sum to transport me to Kuat—I have an important business meeting there. And if I'm late, she only gets paid half. You wouldn't want your mistress mad at you, would you? No doubt she'd sell you for scrap."

The droid cocks its head to one side, as if thinking. You continue. "Now take me to my cabin immediately."

The droid's head straightens up, then it replies, "Affirmative." It *whrrr-clunks* back through the main corridor near the boarding ramp. You follow it. It turns down another passageway, then turns into a short hallway. It leaves you at the crew quarters, then *whrrr-clunks* back the way it came.

- Please go to 5.

38

You rummage through the small escape pod. Although you don't find anything useful, you do find something interesting. Along one wall is a small control panel. It has two buttons, both unlit. One's red and one's green. Obviously one jettisons the pod, while the other one activates—or perhaps shuts off—the rescue beacon. You're not sure which button does what. Perhaps it's safest that you don't touch any buttons. The last thing you want to do is launch the escape pod right into the docking bay wall. That would end your trip real fast.

This escape pod would make the perfect hiding place; but you might want to explore the ship some more.

- If you decide to stay here and hide, go to 40.
- If you'd like to check out other areas of the ship, consult the freighter's deck plans and go to the numbered entry corresponding to the section of the ship you want to explore.

39

To find anything interesting in here, use your *search* skill of 4D+2. Just roll 4 dice, add them up, then add on 2 to the total.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 36.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 38.

40

You settle into your hiding place, getting as comfortable as you can. It's not long before you hear light footsteps on the ship's entry ramp, then the *hummm-snap-hiss* of the ramp closing, locking, and sealing. "Okay, baby, let's blast out of this ho-hummer of a starport," you hear a woman say.

A low, comforting hum reverberates through the deck plates as the main power core comes on-line. You hear the ion drives screech to life, then feel the momentary sensation of lightness as the freighter lifts off. It's a giddy feeling. That and the reassuring sound of the starship's engines slowly lull you to sleep...

When you wake up, you find yourself sitting in the copilot's seat in the cockpit. All the controls on the consoles are lit, and the swirling lights of hyperspace shine through the main viewport ahead. You look to your left, toward the captain's seat. The woman you saw speaking to the Twi'lek is sitting there now. A red-and-silver sash is tied around her head, keeping her long mane of platinum blonde hair out of her face. She's wearing a faded red vest over her white spacer's tunic. Gray pants with red piping run into dusty boots. A heavy blaster pistol is strapped to her hip in a holster. The captain hasn't noticed you yet, mostly because she's busy rummaging through your backpack.

You try to move, but discover your wrists are bound behind you with restraining bands!

The captain senses that you're awake and smiles. "Hi, I'm Platt," she says. "You must be my little stow-away. Nice to meet you." Although Platt extends her gloved hand to shake yours, you obviously can't free your own hand from the binders. The captain notices your frustration and smiles. "Sorry, I forgot."

"Look, lady, I'd really like to shake your hand," you say. "But I can't with these restraining bands. Why don't you just take them off. I'm not going anywhere."

"First of all, kid, my name's Platt. Platt Okeefe," she says. "Second, you're not getting out of those restraining bands until you answer a few questions. Like who are you? What are you doing hiding aboard my ship? Are there any tracking devices in here?" Platt pokes around inside your backpack some more. "Cool stuff in here, you know," she says, pulling out a food bar. She unwraps it and takes a bite. "Mmm. Good. Much better than the slop my galley's autochef spews out."

You sigh, then tell Platt who you are. "My name's



Darrik. I'm just a bored student from the Commerce Academy. All I wanted to do was run away from home and...well, make a life for myself as a spacer."

Platt gives you a sly, sidelong glance and grins. "Cute, kid. Now what's your real name, and tell me who sent you. Major Birket at the ISB? One of Pok Nar-Ten's old buddies? Some ambitious little bureaucrat from the Bureau of Ships and Services?"

"What is this, an interrogation?" you plead.

Platt takes another bite out of your food bar. "Yup. Sounds like an interrogation to me. Let's cut the small talk, kid. I'm a smuggler. People like me tend to run on the wrong side of the law—or at least the Empire's law. I haven't gotten by this long without taking a few precautions. Trust me, kid, Imperial spies come in all shapes and sizes."

"I am *not* an Imperial spy," you declare. "I'm just tired of living on Brentaal. Everyone seems to care only about making millions of credits, scoring big trade deals, scheduling the most profitable cargo runs, and cashing in on the latest commerce trends."

Platt continues munching away at the last tidbits of your food bar. "Calm down, kid. I know how you feel," she says. "Brentaal's my homeworld, though I don't visit much. I sympathize with you—it's a boring place for someone with wanderlust in his heart."

"So will you get me out of these binders?" you plead. "I am no Imperial spy, and I don't work for any crime lord."

"Tell me something I don't know, kid," Platt says, unlocking your restraining bands. "No Imperial spy I ever met runs around with a handful of food bars and only 31 credits in his gear bag. So, kid, what do you want from me?"

You explain how you ran away from home, hoping to find your fortune as a spacer. Platt nods as you talk about flying to the Outer Rim, making risky cargo deals, running from Imperial Customs Officers, and scoring big-time with a valuable shipment.

"You're worse than I was at your age," she says with a smile. "Tell you what—I'll take you on, sort of an apprenticeship type of arrangement. I'll teach you the ropes, you do what I say. When you're ready to move on, no problem. I can spare a few credits and some gear to get you on your feet, wherever you're really going. But let's get one thing straight, kid...I'm the boss. I call the shots. I give the orders. As a captain, I'm pretty laid back. But when it counts, I can be dead serious. Do we have a deal?"

It doesn't seem like you have much choice. "Sure thing, Captain." You shake her hand to seal the agreement.

"Good," Platt says, returning your backpack (minus one food bar) and checking the command console's readouts. "We should be arriving in the Bespin system in a few hours."

"Bespin?" you ask. "Where's that?"

"It's a little out-of-the-way system with a small mining colony. They spin-seal Tibanna gas there. You know, the gas that helps actuate the laser in blasters." You look quizzically at her. In all your studies at the Commerce Academy none of your lecturers ever mentioned spin-sealed Tibanna gas powering blasters. "Don't worry, kid, it's techie stuff. Anyway, I have an old Mon Calamari buddy there. His name's Nasrabi. We met during my old days serving aboard a Sullustan starliner."

"Mon Calamari?" you ask. "Aren't they slaves of the Empire?"

"Sure, if you believe everything the Emperor says," Platt replies. "Don't tell me you believe all that Imperial propaganda. You probably think Alderaan blew up on its own, without the help of the Death Star."

"Well..." you start.

"Look, kid, the Mon Calamari are free aliens, just like you and me. We're just living under the Empire's tyranny, that's all. Some of us notice it," she says, smiling, then points to you, "And some of us don't. Just remember—the Empire isn't doing things for the good of the galaxy, it's doing things for the good of the Emperor."

"Anyway, we're going to Bespin to meet Nasrabi, my old Mon Cal friend. He was chief engineer aboard the Sullustan cruise liner I used to work on. After that he worked maintenance on one of those Tibanna gas processors in the depths of Cloud City. But Nasrabi's a clever guy—he set it up so some of the final product was siphoned off to his own little processing facility. Nasrabi made a tidy sum supplying me and other entrepreneurs with quality product. These days he keeps the processor going on the side, while running a small—but classy—casino in Cloud City."

"Your friend seems pretty resourceful," you say.

"When you're in my line of business, you have to be."

You sit in silence for a moment, thinking about that last jewel of wisdom from your new mentor. "One thing I want to know, Platt," you say. "How did you move me from my hiding place to the cockpit?"

"It's obviously your first time aboard a ship like this," she replies. "The *Last Chance's* engines are so finely tuned that she sometimes lulls you into the deepest and most relaxing sleep you can get. Me, I'm used to it. Newcomers, well, they just drop off like babies. Besides, a little tranq shot from the medkit helped, too." She smiles. "Don't worry, kid. You'll like Bespin. It's a great place. Lots of little alleys and corners where you can get into trouble. Just your kind of territory, I'm sure."

• *Congratulations! You've successfully completed this portion of the adventure. Turn to the next page to continue your exploits.*



BOUNTY POSTED

Major Birket strode through one of the dingier corridors in the bowels of Cloud City. The *tap-tap-tap* of his walking stick echoed in the dim passage. Level 159 was in Port Town, an unscrupulous and often dangerous neighborhood filled with industrial loading docks, seedy casinos, back-alley bars, and illegal businesses. It was home to an unimpressive collection of thieves, mercenaries, murderers, swindlers, smugglers, gamblers, and bounty hunters.

Major Birket was here to see the bounty hunters.

He walked down a dark, enclosed alley as if he'd been there before. The Imperial officer hadn't—but he'd done his homework. When the Imperial Security Bureau needed to know something, its agents found it out. Birket turned a corner, stepped over a sleeping street vagabond, and kept on walking. When the corridor became pitch black (someone had shot out the service lights long ago), he continued, mentally consulting the design plans he had memorized. His ISB agents had been terribly thorough researching this foray.

Birket didn't wander long in the dark. He eventually found the address he sought. The door didn't seem like it led to a dwelling—it was reinforced like a bunker blast door, and was certainly magnetically sealed. Two red service lights shone from caged sockets at the door's upper corners. Birket inspected the door and the control panel to one side. Peering over his shoulder, he noticed the wall opposite the door was pocked with blast marks—no doubt from a light repeating blaster or other such heavy personnel weapon. Ignoring the scorched wall behind him, Major Birket stood proudly in front of the door and pressed the control panel's activation plate.

Silence, then the omnipresent hum of the magnetic seal draining away. Several metal bolts within the door slid free with a *chock*, *click*, and a final *thuuung*. The corridor walls shook as the door growled open.

A burly assassin droid stood in the brightly lit passage beyond. Its massive legs supported an armored torso topped with a beast-like head. Its ears were

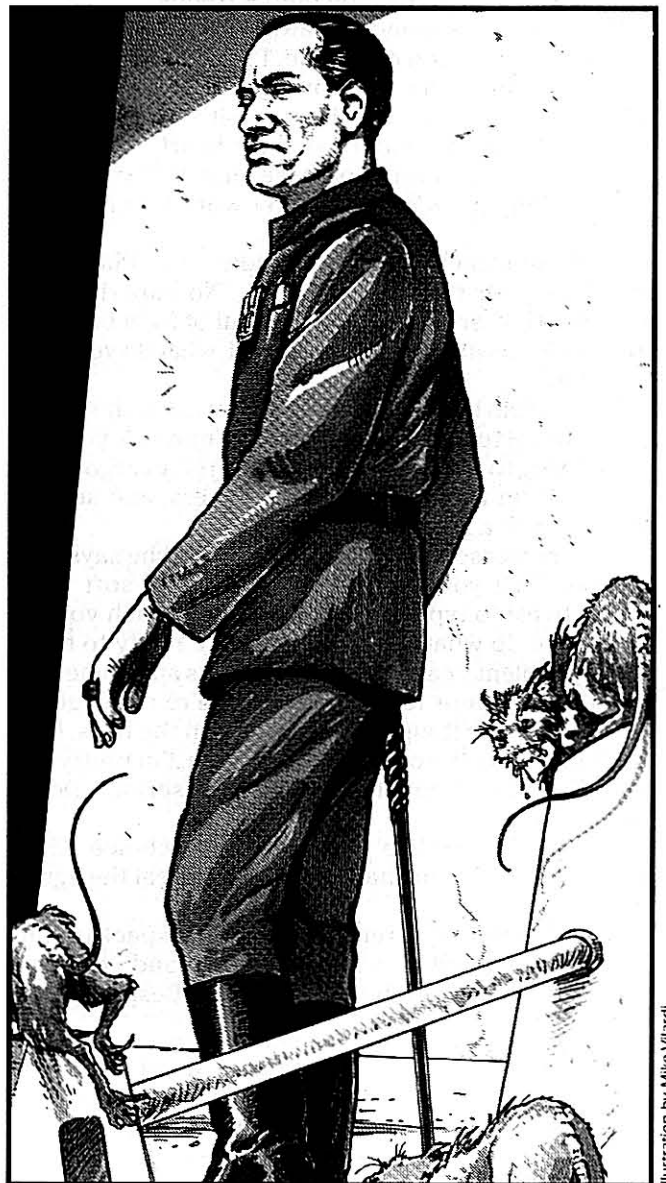


Illustration by Mike Vilardi



sensor pods, its eyes black ocular cameras. The nose was made of reinforced black-metal mesh (no doubt protecting the audio speaker) and the mouth was filled with jagged chrome fangs. Mini-missile launchers sat menacingly on each of the droid's shoulders. The upper arms were masses of hydraulic pistons, helping to support the oversized forearms that were bristling with weapons and manipulator claws.

The droid's head cocked to one side, then the other. Birket felt its visual receptors boring through him, examining every detail—and probably transmitting them back to its master.

When it spoke, the assassin droid's voice was a roar of static and deep bass. "State your business," it growled.

"I am Major Birket, from the Imperial Security Bureau," he said without flinching. "I'm here to discuss employing your master, Boddu Bocck, and several of his associates."

The assassin droid hesitated, as if thinking. It abruptly straightened up and leveled its forearm weapons at Birket. "No visitors today," it barked. "You will leave now or be destroyed."

"Assure your master I have come alone," Birket said. "I am willing to forget his little discourtesy during our last meeting for an opportunity to discuss a deal. A rather lucrative deal."

The droid hesitated, the lenses on its ocular receptors swirling and focusing. Its sensor-pod ears rose out of their sockets slightly. Birket could have sworn the droid grinned at him.

After a tense moment, the droid lowered its forearm weapons and barked, "Follow me, Major." The droid turned on its massive, armored foot and marched down the hallway like a miniature (and more blood-thirsty) All Terrain Scout Transport.

Birket carefully examined the hallway through which the droid led him. Trophy heads of a dozen exotic beasts were mounted on the walls. For a flat in Cloud City's Port Town, this apartment was fancier than many luxury suites Birket had seen. Beyond the entry corridor he found a vast living space—the long curved wall along one side was made of floor-to-ceiling transparisteel, offering a fantastic view of the clouds surrounding the city. The apartment was furnished by someone with a taste for safari. Every chair, divan, and footrest was covered in the hide of a different wild creature. Several skinned animals—a nashtah, katarn, even a Gamorrean watch-beast—adorned the floor as rugs. The heads of others were mounted on the walls between various weapons hung up for display: several antiquated slugthrowers, a long-barreled hunting blaster with bayonet, and a chemical blast staff.

The Major smiled. Boddu Bocck's dwelling certainly showed off his accomplishments. Bocck was a successful big-game hunter and bounty hunter. He used every means necessary to kill his prey, from setting traps to patiently tracking his quarry. Looking around, Birket knew the entire apartment was one big trap. Birket couldn't miss the innumerable crossbows—both powered and hand-drawn—mounted on the walls. All were loaded, cocked, pointing upward, and hinged at the

stock. At the appropriate command from Bocck, the Major knew they could all drop down, their hinged stocks leveling them across the room, and fire at different heights—a deadly crossfire worthy of one of the galaxy's most ruthless hunters.

"You may go now, Fang," a gentle voice called from the far end of the room. The massive assassin droid growled, turned and marched back to its post by the door. "Please, Major," the pleasant voice continued. "Won't you join us for a drink?"

Birket turned to his host. Boddu Bocck was seated before a massive bantha-skin rug: the beast's head and horns formed a gruesome throne. Boddu Bocck sat on the bantha's head, smiling slyly. Bocck was dressed in tan fatigues, camouflaged for hunting in desert regions. The reddish hair crowning his head was tied back in a tail, like the topknot of some honorable warrior of old. His upper lip was shaved, but his chin sported a daring beard—piratical, but with style. Bocck lifted his glass. "Come, Major," he said quietly. "We'd be honored if you'd join us."

An armored female bounty hunter stood to one side of the bizarre bantha throne, with a Rodian on the other side. Birket knew both of them. The woman, Beylyssa, was dressed in a skin-tight black bodysuit, with patches of armor in strategic locations. Two thermal detonators were clipped to the gear strap which cut diagonally across her torso. Her face was hidden by the polarized faceplate of a battle helmet. A stylized braid of hair emerged from the back—probably not her own, but a trophy or crest she wore out of pride. Beylyssa was a demolitions expert, handy with thermal detonators, but also proficient with blasters and knives. She was as ruthless and cunning as Bocck, perhaps even more so because she had an identity to conceal.

Birket knew the Rodian, Tolga, as a low-level enforcer for a now-dead crime boss. He wasn't as skilled as his two colleagues. No doubt Boddu Bocck had taken him on as an apprentice in return for having some extra firepower on his side.

Beylyssa approached bearing a glass filled with red liquid. Birket took it, nodding his appreciation. He regarded his hosts, glass in one hand, his walking stick in the other.

"Come, Major," Bocck said. "A toast. To you and the Empire. May you keep rascals like us employed for a very long time." Birket sipped his drink only after his hosts had fully drained their glasses. "Tell me, Major," Bocck continued. "What brings you to the depths of Cloud City? Surely you're not still upset about the accident we had involving your aide."

Birket grimaced. The last time he crossed Boddu Bocck's path, his assistant had been caught in an unfortunate crossfire. An arrow from one of the hunter's more powerful crossbows had pierced her heart. Bocck claimed it was an accident, though Birket strongly believed it was intentional.

"A grievous loss not easily forgotten," the Major replied. "She was quite efficient. I was very fond of her."

"In more ways than professional, I'm sure," Beylyssa said. "But you've come to us—what is your request?"



Illustration by Mike Viardi



"I have need of a team of experienced bounty hunters," Birket said. "The Empire's objectives will settle for nothing but the best."

"Don't patronize us with your Imperial bravado, Major," Beylyssa spat. "Cut to the business end. How many credits does the job pay?"

Tolga's green snout twisted. "Golakneeschovalmpay laash..."

With a flick of his wrist, Birket jerked his walking stick, then swung the tip up to the Rodian's throat. A short yet sharp blade had emerged from the end—it was now pressing painfully close to the Rodian's neck. "You will do well not to underestimate me," Major Birket warned. "Nor should you mock the vast resources at the Emperor's command."

The Rodian backed off.

"I need you to capture the smuggler Platt Okeefe and her gunrunner Twi'lek friend, Tru'eb Cholakk," Major Birket said. He withdrew his walking stick, pressing a hidden switch to allow the blade to retract. "Both have been a thorn in the Empire's side. They have aided the Rebel Alliance from time to time, and have made a mockery of Imperial Customs from one end of the galaxy to the other. And Platt has recently taken her treachery one step further—she's kidnapped a boy from an influential Brentaal trading family."

"I don't handle kids," Bocck sneered. "Too unpredictable and messy."

"Perhaps you're not as intelligent as I had previously thought," Major Birket said. "I want you to *recover* the child, not kill him. As for Platt and Tru'eb, I'd prefer them alive."

"Why don't you just use your regular ISB stooges on this one?" Beylyssa asked, leaning on one horn of the bantha throne.

"Platt and Tru'eb are clever," Birket said. "Perhaps too clever. They've eluded me before. But you, on the other hand, are all accomplished bounty hunters. I need your expertise in capturing them and rescuing the child. These two smugglers easily spot brute force and

find a way to slip past it. I need something more subtle. I need you."

"Tofar sey glinga, nee wra schovada?" Tolga asked, his suckered fingers scratching his neck.

Birket smiled. "I've taken care of that part for you. At this very moment, Platt and the boy are on their way here. The smuggler is visiting a Mon Calamari named Nasrabi. Tru'eb is heading for Tatooine. He's predictable. The Twi'lek will stop in Mos Eisley before meeting Platt at their rendezvous point. The only twist is, they'll never meet, because you're going to capture them first."

Boddu Bocck grinned. "And the Empire is offering us..."

"A lot of money," Birket cut in. "Five-thousand credits to each of you up front, 25,000 more upon delivery of Platt, Tru'eb and the boy."

The Rodian's snout twisted into a crude smile. "Zoshaf le noovada."

"No kidding," Beylyssa said. "For that amount, I'd turn my own father in."

"I thought you did that already," Bocck said.

"Enough of this banter!" Birket snarled. "Do you accept the bounty?"

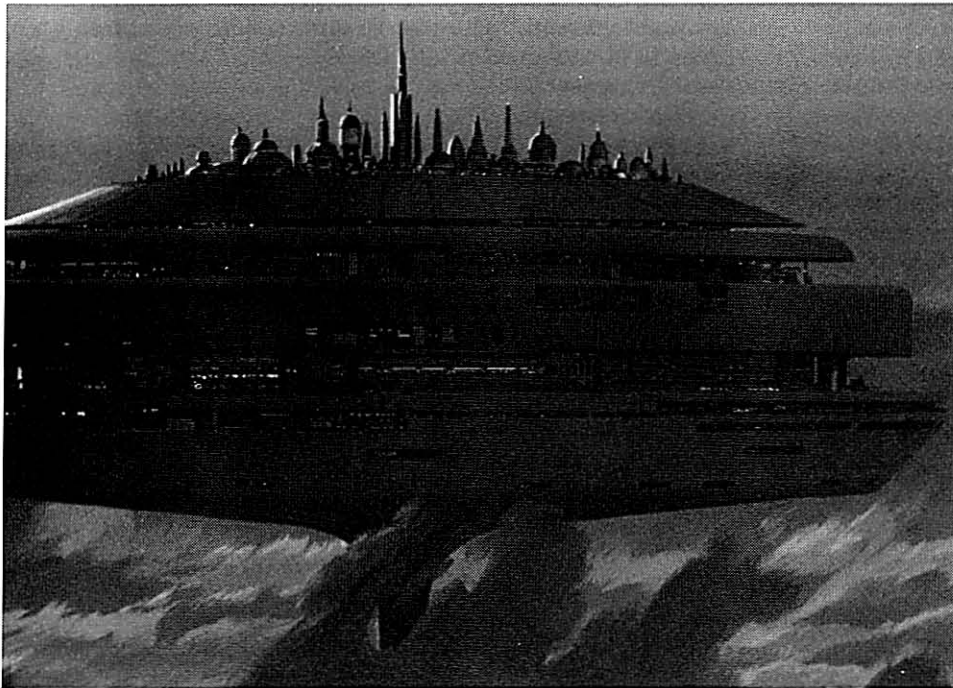
Bocck rose from his throne. "We'd be honored," he said, bowing dramatically. "Beylyssa and Tolga will handle Platt and the kid. Meanwhile, I'll head for Tatooine. I'm pretty familiar with Mos Eisley, but I want to be well-prepared. Tru'eb and I have some old scores to settle. Now, Major, if you'd be so kind as to deliver our credits, we'll begin plotting our hunt strategies."

"Of course," Major Birket said, inhaling a calming breath and straightening his white tunic. He turned to depart, keeping his ears tuned behind him. As he returned to the entrance corridor, Birket was pleased to hear the hushed sounds of hunters preparing their trap.

• *Turn to the next page to continue your exploits.*



TIBANNA PICK-UP



"Hey, kid, we're coming out of hyperspace," Platt says, her voice crackling over the ship's intercom. You were just settling into the bunk she assigned you—but you haven't yet unpacked your backpack into the storage lockers. You never know when you might need some of your gear.

On your way to the cockpit you run into Platt's stupid ASP droid, See-Vee. "Move it," you shout, "I don't want to miss anything."

"Affirmative," the droid states, shuffling out of the way with a *whrr-clunk*.

The cockpit hatch hisses open and you bound into the co-pilot's seat. The swirling lights of hyperspace shine through the transparisteel viewport. "What happened?" you ask.

"Nothing," Platt says, reaching for the hyperdrive levers. "We're just about ready to come out." She pushes the levers, and the hum of the hyperdrive motivators decreases and disappears. The light gathers into bright streaks, then tiny stars. A white-gray planet looms ahead: Bespin.

Platt manipulates the controls and veers the ship toward the gas giant. In moments, the *Last Chance* is skimming the clouds. "Why don't you make yourself useful and check the sensors for me?" Platt asks. You fumble around the control console for a moment before Platt points to a greenish monitor screen. "There. What do you see?"

Two blips are fast approaching the center of the screen. "Uh, someone's coming," you say. "I think." A beeping alarm fills the cockpit. "What's that?" you cry, pointing to the blinking blue light above you.

"Cool down, kid, you're getting way too jumpy," Platt says. She reaches over, presses the comm panel, sets the channel, then leans over her intercom microphone. "Good morning, Wing Guard Air Command," she says.

Through the cockpit viewport you see a twin-pod cloud car veering toward to the *Last Chance*. After checking the sensors monitor, you're pretty sure there's another one right on your tail. You've seen similar craft cruising the avenues between Brentaal's organically designed skyscrapers. These airspeeders look much more sleek and better armed than their civilian cousins on your homeworld.

A voice crackles over the comm-channel. "Light freighter *Last Chance*, please transmit landing permit and registration number."

"This is Platt Okeefe, license number DJS-31871-



ER93AU, starship registry LC02-133BAY-TR02. My landing permit is NAS-416.”

“One moment, please.” Looking out to the cloud car, it seems like the pilot is checking the information against computer records. You figure Platt’s been here before—she seems awfully calm.

“Permission granted to land on platform 177,” the cloud car pilot finally says. “Clear skies to you!”

You peer out the viewport and the cloud car slips ahead of you. No matter where you look, you see only swirling gasses and mist—no place to land. Platt banks the *Last Chance* around a gray cloud and you see it: a vast disk with an entire metropolis built on top of it. Cloud City. As you get closer, you can make out different levels, some with docking bays, others covered in massive pipes and machinery. Platt heads for the uppermost level, where elegant buildings rise from the main city sections. She weaves the *Last Chance* between residential towers and high-class hotels, beneath walkway bridges and enclosed service conduits. The ship approaches an empty docking pad attached to an immense city tower by a narrow causeway. At the last moment she applies the braking jets, settling the *Last Chance* onto platform 177.

Platt begins shutting the ship down. “Now where do we go?” you ask. “Where do we find your friend Nasrabi?”

“We don’t find him anywhere,” Platt replies. “I’m going to find him, pick up my cargo, and then both of us will be out of here in a few hours. Meanwhile, you’re going to stay right here.”

“But I thought you were going to teach me about smuggling?” you plead. “How am I supposed to learn anything if I can’t come along?”

“Who’s captain of this ship?” Platt snaps. “Just hang out here. Guard the ship. Talk to See-Vee.”

You flop back into the co-pilot’s chair. “Great. I get to guard the ship with the stupid droid. What am I supposed to do if someone comes around looking for you?”

Platt reaches beneath her command console and pulls out a blaster pistol. “Know how to use this?” she asks, handing it over. You nod. You’ve seen a few starport security officers use blasters in the Brentaal starport. You can figure it out. “Just be careful where you point that thing; it doesn’t have a stun setting.”

You turn away as Platt strides out the cockpit and down the boarding ramp. Through the main viewport you can see her walk across the causeway toward an open door in the city tower. Platt stops to speak with a blue-uniformed guard posted there. You heard Platt talking about these sentries earlier. They’re Wing Guards, the official security force in Cloud City. After a moment, Platt hands the guard several credit chits, then heads into the city. The guard maintains her post at the door.

This is just great. You go through all that trouble to stow away on an infamous smuggler’s freighter, and you get left behind on your first stop.

- You can sit here moping and stay aboard the *Last Chance*: go to 47.

- You can disobey Platt, leave the ship and follow her: go to 58.

41

To quietly slip around and see who it is, you’ll need to make a *sneak* roll. Luckily you’re good at prowling around—your *sneak* skill is 5D+2. Roll 5 dice and add 2 to the total.

- If you roll 17 or higher, go to 44.
- If you roll 16 or lower, go to 50.

42

You turn to dive for cover, but you’re not fast enough. The woman is a good shot. The stun blast catches you square in the back. You slump to the deck plates. Before you can move again, the Wing Guard has your hands clamped behind your back with restraining bands. Something stings your upper arm, and you drift off into unconsciousness. You’ve been captured by a bounty hunter!

- Please go to 106.

43

Your shot misses the woman. It sizzles past her and explodes against the cargo hold bulkhead. The Wing Guard smiles at you, winks, then shoots you with her own blaster. The stun blast catches you square in the chest. You slump to the deck plates. Before you can move again, the woman has your hands clamped behind your back with restraining bands. Something stings your upper arm, and you drift off into unconsciousness. You’ve been captured by a bounty hunter!

- Please go to 106.

44

You quietly slip around the back of the ship. Near the cargo bay entrance you find a service alcove you can hide in. Peering around the corner, you see a woman examining the hold. She’s wearing the blue uniform and hat of a Cloud City Wing Guard—in fact, she looks just like the sentry guarding your landing platform. The woman has her blaster pistol drawn. It’s obvious she hasn’t seen you, because she’s still looking around. “Anyone aboard?” she calls out. “This is starport customs, here to inspect the ship.”

See-Vee *whrrr-clunks* up behind the Wing Guard. Something’s awfully wrong with its head. It hangs limply to one side, as if several neck pistons are broken. See-Vee raises one of its bulky forearms, points a finger at the woman, and says, “Neg-*phrrt*-ive! Neg-*phrrt*-ive!



Neg-phrrt-ive!"

The Wing Guard doesn't even turn to look at the droid. With a fluid motion, she spins around and high kicks See-Vee's head clear off its torso! "Stupid droid," the woman mutters under her breath. "Now where did that kid go?"

- You step out into the open and reveal yourself: go to 48.
- You try sneaking off the ship to find help: go to 51.
- You raise your blaster and shoot the woman: go to 49.

45

You dive for the cargo bay hatch, rolling through it just as a blue stun bolt flashes from the woman's blaster.

- You try to run for the boarding ramp and into the city: go to 52.
- You turn, raise your blaster and shoot the woman: go to 49.

46

You dash for the open boarding ramp, but you're not fast enough. The woman chases after you and fires her weapon. The stun blast catches you square in the back. You slump to the deck plates. Before you can move again, the Wing Guard has your hands clamped behind your back with restraining bands. Something stings your upper arm, and you drift off into unconsciousness. You've been captured by a bounty hunter!

- Please go to 106.

47

Resigned to "guarding" the ship, you leave the cockpit and roam around. As you pass the open boarding ramp, you notice See-Vee standing there. The ASP droid notices your approach. "Negative," it states. You continue your "patrol," wandering through the cargo hold, then into the crew lounge. Eventually you reach your quarters and flop down on the bunk bed. You thought the life of a smuggler was exciting—this is just plain boring.

"Hello? Anybody on board?" A woman's voice echoes from the main corridor near the cockpit. It doesn't sound like Platt's voice. Besides, it's too soon for her to have returned. Plus it strikes you as odd that Platt would've left the entrance ramp unlocked.

You hear footsteps on the deckplates as the woman wanders into the hold. "Starport Customs," the voice says. "Is the captain on board? Hello?"

Taking your blaster pistol, you leave your quarters to investigate.

- You can walk out in the open and see who it is: go to 50.
- You can sneak closer, trying to find out who it is without revealing yourself: go to 41.

48

"There you are!" the woman says. She raises her blaster pistol and fires!

You've got one chance to dive for cover. Your *dodge* skill is 4D+2—to see if you can evade this woman's shot, roll 4 dice and add 2 to the total. This is a pretty important roll, so you might want to spend a Character Point or two (reducing the number on your character sheet).

- If you roll 24 or higher, go to 45.
- If you roll 23 or lower, go to 42.



49

Leveling your blaster at the Wing Guard, you pull the trigger. To shoot, roll your *blaster* skill—since it hasn't been improved, it's the same value as your *Dexterity*: 3D+2. Roll 3 dice and add 2 to the total.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 53.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 43.

50

You walk around the ship and into the cargo bay. There you find a woman looking around the hold. She's wearing the blue uniform and hat of a Cloud City Wing Guard—in fact, she looks just like the sentry guarding your landing platform. The woman has her blaster pistol drawn. You're out in plain sight and she spots you...

- Please go to 48.

51

To slip away unnoticed, you'll use your *sneak* skill again. Just roll 5 dice and add 2, like before.

- If you roll 17 or higher, go to 57.
- If you roll 16 or lower, go to 54.

52

To make a dash for the entry ramp, you'll need to roll your *Dexterity* dice of 3D+2. Roll 3 dice and add 2 to the total.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 55.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 46.

53

A bright red blast of energy slams into the Wing Guard's left arm. She spins around and staggers to the floor. Roll 4 dice to see how badly the woman is injured.

- If you rolled 22 or higher, go to 60.
- If you rolled 21 or lower, go to 56.

54

You try slipping away quietly, but you're not sneaky enough to evade the Wing Guard's notice. You're almost to the entry ramp when she catches you...

- Please go to 48.

55

You make a run for the boarding ramp. Luckily you're familiar with the ship's layout. You dodge through the crew quarters before reaching the open ramp. You can hear the woman running after you, her footsteps clanking on the deck plates. You dash down the ramp and, without looking back, run across the landing pad and the bridge to the entrance to the city tower. There's no Wing Guard on duty there for you to alert. Peering back toward the ship, you don't see any signs that the woman is following you. She probably wanted to avoid chasing you in public. Perhaps it's best that you enter the city—maybe you can find some help, or even Platt herself.

Since you managed to escape, add 1 Character Point to those you already have on your character sheet as a reward for good roleplaying.

The streets inside the city tower are all enclosed. They're brightly lit by overhead lights and broad, decorated windows which overlook the city skyline. You wander a little ways until you reach a plaza. Pedestrians meander around a central light fountain. Several arched doorways lead to other enclosed avenues. You see many humans, but there are also several groups of aliens, including short, porcine beings you heard Platt call Uгнаughts. She said her friend Nasrabi pays Uгнаughts to run his unauthorized Tibanna gas operation.

While you're looking around, you nearly run into a squad of blue-uniformed Wing Guards escorting a dashing nobleman and his cyborged assistant. If these officers are really Cloud City's security force, they might be able to help you find out what that woman was doing on the *Last Chance*. Then again, she might be working with these Wing Guards...

- You tell the Wing Guard squad that there's an intruder aboard your ship: go to 69.

- You avoid the Wing Guards and look around for Platt: go to 65.

56

It doesn't seem like you wounded the woman badly. After a moment she's up, clutching her arm and cursing loudly. Perhaps it's not such a good idea to stick



around here. She still has that blaster, and she's pretty mad. Your best bet is to head into Cloud City and look for help...or Platt.

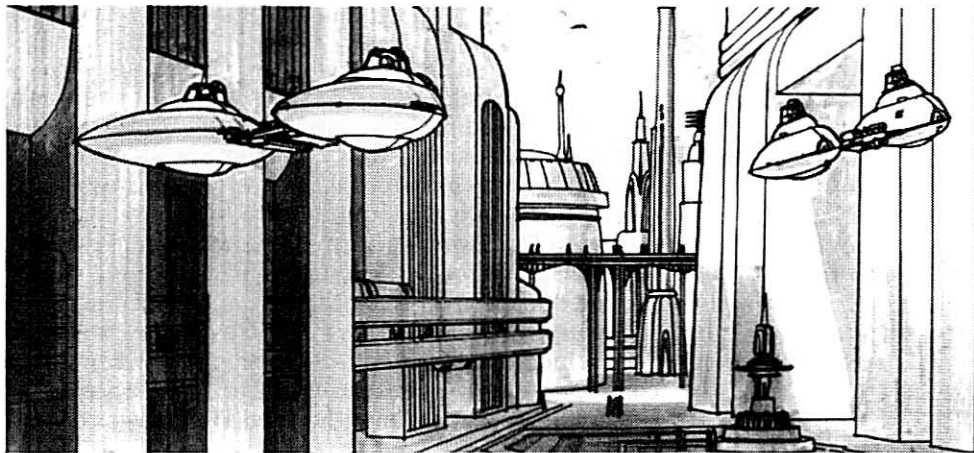
Since you managed to escape, add 1 Character Point to those you already have on your character sheet as a reward for good roleplaying.

- Please go to 57.

57

You quietly slip away, heading the other way around the ship. Looking over your shoulder, you head down the boarding ramp out onto the landing pad. No Wing Guard is watching the entrance to the tower. You walk over the bridge connecting the doorway with the docking pad and enter the city. Nobody follows you.

The streets inside the city tower are all enclosed. They're brightly lit by overhead lights and broad, decorated windows which overlook the city skyline. You wander a little ways until you reach a plaza. Pedestri-



ans meander around a central light fountain. Several arched doorways lead to other enclosed avenues. You see many humans, but there are also several groups of aliens, including short, porcine beings you heard Platt call Uгнаughts. She said her friend Nasrabi pays Uгнаughts to run his unauthorized Tibanna gas operation.

While you're looking around, you nearly run into a squad of blue-uniformed Wing Guards escorting a dashing nobleman and his cyborged assistant. If these officers are really Cloud City's security force, they might be able to help you find out what that woman was doing on the *Last Chance*. Then again, she might be working with these Wing Guards...

- You tell the Wing Guard squad that there's an intruder aboard your ship: go to 69.
- You avoid the Wing Guards and look around for Platt: go to 65.

58

You're not just going to sit around here while Platt goes out and has all the fun. You grab your backpack, stuff the blaster pistol inside, and sling the bag over your shoulder.

When you approach the boarding ramp, See-Vee steps into your path in a vain effort to keep you from leaving. "Negative," it says. You're not going to let a stupid hunk of junk stop you from following Platt. It's easy enough to slip past the droid and out the hatch.

You walk out onto the landing pad. A bridge connects it with an arched doorway leading into the city tower. The female Wing Guard Platt spoke with earlier still watches the door. Did Platt instruct her not to let you pass? You glance up at the Wing Guard as you head through the doorway. She smiles back at you and gives you a salute. "Welcome to Cloud City," the Wing Guard says.

"Thanks," you say, continuing past the sentry and through the entrance.

The streets inside the city tower are all enclosed.

They're brightly lit by overhead lights and broad, decorated windows which overlook the city skyline. You wander a little ways until you reach a plaza. Pedestrians meander around a central light fountain. Several arched doorways lead to other enclosed avenues. You see many humans, but there are also several groups of aliens, including short, porcine beings you heard Platt call Uгнаughts. She said her friend Nasrabi pays Uгнаughts to run his unauthorized Tibanna gas operation.

You peer through the crowd, trying to find any sign of Platt. To see how well you look around, roll your *search* skill of 4D+2. Roll 4 dice and add 2 to the total.

- If you roll 15 or higher, go to 61.
- If you roll 14 or lower, go to 64.

59

"Excuse me, sir," you say, trying to politely push past the squad of Wing Guards. "I know who that woman is."

One of the Wing Guards tries to intercept you, but the nobleman gestures for him to leave you alone. The cyborged assistant looks on disapprovingly. The nobleman ignores him. He stares down at you, his smile shining out from beneath a thin mustache. "Well, young man, who is she?"



"That woman's Platt Okeefe," you say. "She's an infamous smuggler."

"Hmmm. And how long is she staying here?" the nobleman asks.

"A few hours, I guess," you say. "She wasn't really sure. Platt was going to see some old Mon Calamari friend to get some Tibanna gas." The cyborg assistant gives you a suspicious glance.

"And who might you be?" the nobleman asks.

"I'm Darrik, Platt's trusty co-pilot," you proudly declare. "What's your name? And why do you want to know so much about Platt?"

A Wing Guard steps in and puts a hand on your shoulder. "Don't speak to the Baron-Administrator in that tone," he says gruffly.

The nobleman raises a hand to ward off the guard. "You might say I'm an admirer," he says with a mischievous grin. "In the meantime, take this," the nobleman says, removing a bejeweled brooch clasp from his cape. "Give it to Platt, with complements from Cloud City's Baron-Administrator."

You accept the pin and shove it into your backpack. The Baron-Administrator, his cyborg assistant and his Wing-Guard escort continue their inspection of the plaza. Write down "Received Jeweled Brooch" on your character sheet or a separate piece of paper—you'll need to remember this later. Also, add 1 Character Point to those you already have on your character sheet as a reward.

Unfortunately, you lost track of Platt during your encounter with the Baron-Administrator. You're going to have a difficult time finding her in a city this large.

- *You turn around and see if the Baron-Administrator can help you find Platt: go to 67.*
- *You continue through the doorway where you saw Platt and look for her in the streets beyond: go to 65.*

60

It looks like you gave the woman a nasty wound. After a moment she tries standing up, clutching her arm and cursing loudly. The Wing Guard pulls a comlink from her belt and talks to someone named Tolga. Perhaps it's not such a good idea to stick around here. She still has that blaster, and she's pretty mad. Your best bet is to head into Cloud City and look for help...or for Platt.

Write down "Wing Guard Defeated" on a piece of scrap paper. Later it will be important to remember this. Since you managed to escape, add 2 Character Points to those you already have on your character sheet.

- *Please go to 57.*

61

After a moment peering through the crowd, you notice Platt heading through an arched doorway. You're about ready to follow her when you notice somebody else discreetly tailing her. Hey, that's the same Wing Guard who was posted at your docking pad. She's got her blonde hair tied up in a bun that's partially tucked under her cap. You also notice her speaking to someone on a comlink. This could get interesting.

You follow the Wing Guard, still keeping Platt in sight. After a few twists and turns through gradually sloping corridors, you emerge onto a grand concourse open to the sky. Cloud cars flit among the towers, while light freighters and pleasure yachts veer around tall, gleaming white spires. Platt heads through a plaza marked by greenery and elegant statues. The Wing Guard follows at a safe distance. You trail both of them.

Platt heads for a tastefully decorated club. The windows are conveniently polarized so people can't look in, but patrons can appreciate the view out. A bright sign above the ornate balconies of the second level marks this establishment as "The Floating Fish, Mussat Nasrabi, Proprietor; Member, Cloud City Gambling Guild." An elegant arched doorway leads inside. Platt disappears within.

The female guard doesn't follow Platt inside. Instead, she saunters across the pedestrian walkway, then mills around a lightly trickling fountain near a patch of potted shrubs. After a moment, a Rodian approaches the Wing Guard, and the two have a short conversation. Unfortunately, you're too far away to hear anything clearly. A moment later the woman heads off into the concourse, while the Rodian takes up her position and watches the entrance to the Floating Fish casino.

- *You head into the casino to try to find Platt: go to 76.*
- *You stay here to keep an eye on the Rodian: go to 83.*

62

You turn from the nobleman and head after Platt. She disappears through an arched doorway, but you quickly follow.

After a few twists and turns through gradually sloping corridors, you emerge onto a grand concourse open to the sky. Cloud cars flit among the towers, while light freighters and pleasure yachts veer around tall, gleaming white spires. Platt walks through a plaza marked by greenery and elegant statues. It looks like she's heading for a tastefully decorated club. The windows are conveniently polarized so people can't look in, but patrons can appreciate the view out. A bright sign above the ornate balconies of the second level marks this establishment as "The Floating Fish, Mussat Nasrabi, Proprietor; Member, Cloud City Gambling



Guild." An elegant arched doorway leads inside. Platt disappears within.

- *You head into the casino to keep track of Platt: go to 76.*
- *You decide to wait outside and watch the entrance in case Platt leaves: go to 83.*

63

You walk up to the Ugnaughts and ask politely if they know anything about Nasrabi's casino.

All three Ugnaughts start squealing and grunting at you, gesturing with their pudgy hands. You don't understand exactly what they're saying, but all three are pointing toward one arched doorway leading away from this plaza. They're probably telling you Nasrabi's casino is in that direction. You thank the Ugnaughts for their time and head off through the archway.

- *Please go to 71.*

64

The plaza is so packed with people it's hard for you to see much of anything. While you're wandering around looking for Platt, you bump right into a blue-uniformed Wing Guard like the one guarding the ship. "Watch where you're going," he says. The guard is one of four escorting a dashing nobleman and his cyborged assistant. As you prepare to continue your search, you overhear the nobleman.

"We'll need those light panels replaced, too," he says, pointing to a corner in the plaza. The cyborg assistant looks, then nods silently. "That doorway needs some decorations, and the light fountain could use a few new filters. We can set up the refreshment table near the fountain, with the reception line near that other archway. I want everything perfect for the Security Guild conferences. Tell the maintenance crew that..." His voice trails off as he gazes across the crowd. "Well, well, what have we here?" he says.

You stop and peer through the throng to see what he's looking at. It's Platt! And she's disappearing through the archway that needed some decorations.

The dashing nobleman straightens his cape and turns to his assistant. "Find out who that alluring woman is," he orders. "See how long she's here, then arrange for a meeting. Over some refreshments. The usual table at the Ithorian Gardens."

- *You can step up and tell the nobleman you know who the woman is—but you'll lose sight of Platt: go to 59.*
- *You can ignore the nobleman and dash off after Platt: go to 62.*

65

Well, it looks like you've lost track of Platt. The Cloud City crowds didn't help. You also wasted time dawdling. Right now your keen eyesight won't help you—you must depend on your wits. You'll have to find some way of figuring out where she is if you're going to pick up her trail.

Where was Platt heading, anyway? You try to remember. She was going to meet her old Mon Calamari friend, Nasrabi. He runs a casino somewhere here, but Platt didn't say which one. From what you've seen wandering around already, there are plenty of gambling houses.

- *You ask a passer-by if he knows anybody named Nasrabi: go to 68.*
- *You check with the city's central computer through a nearby interface panel: go to 74.*

66

You head over to the two spacers and politely ask if they know how to get to Nasrabi's casino.

"Aren't you a little young to be playing sabacc, kid?" one asks.

"What, are you lost or something?" the other says.

"I think he's too young to get into the casinos," the first says. "Should we turn him into the Gambling Guild?"

"I don't know..." the other says with a grin. He peers down at you skeptically. "I don't think there's much of a reward for lost, wanna-be gamblers around here."

"Okay. So long, kid," one says, waving you away.

"But do you know how to get to Nasrabi's casino?" you plead.

"Haven't a clue."

"Never heard of it," the other replies. "Clear skies, kid." The two spacers laugh to themselves, then wander off across the plaza and disappear through an entry portal. Maybe you should ask someone else...

- *Three porcine Ugnaughts wearing dressy tunics: go to 63.*
- *A shifty Rodian who seems to be sneaking along the plaza's edge: go to 72.*
- *A slick-looking woman counting a handful of credit chits: go to 75.*

67

"Excuse me, sir?" you ask, getting the Baron-Administrator's attention. "I need to catch up with my Captain: you know, the one you were admiring. And I was wondering if you could help me."



"What can I do?" the nobleman asks.

"I think she's meeting an old friend, a Mon Calamari called Nasrabi."

"Yes, I've heard of the fellow," he says, flashing his dazzling white smile. "He runs the Floating Fish casino not far from here. Just head through that doorway and follow the corridor. It will take you to a large concourse. The Floating Fish is right there—can't miss it."

You thank him quickly and hurry along through the archway he indicated.

- Please go to 71.

68

Looking around, you see several people you might ask. You're not quite sure how well-known Nasrabi is, but any of these folks in the plaza might be able to point you in the right direction. Just choose one listed and go to the corresponding entry number:

- Three porcine Ugnaughts wearing dressy tunics: go to 63.
- A shifty Rodian who seems to be sneaking along the plaza's edge: go to 72.
- Two humans dressed in spacer gear with bags slung over their shoulders: go to 66.
- A slick-looking woman counting a handful of credit chits: go to 75.

69

You approach the squad of Wing Guards. "Help," you say. "There's an intruder on my ship." The officers seem very interested. They pull out their blasters, then ask you to lead them back to the *Last Chance*. When you arrive at the docking platform, two Wing Guards stay with you while the other two cautiously approach the freighter. They disappear up the boarding ramp. After a few minutes, the two emerge.

"Nothing," they report to the others. "The ship's empty. You sure you're telling us the truth, kid?" he asks.

"Honest," you say. "Somebody was snooping around inside the ship!"

"There's nobody on board," the other guard says. "Except for an ASP droid with its head knocked completely off its torso. Having trouble with your droid, kid?"

It doesn't look like these Wing Guards are going to help you. You wander back into the city, reaching a plaza with a fountain in the middle. The area is bustling with people—but you find no sign of Platt.

- Please go to 65.

70

To slip closer to Platt and the Mon Calamari unnoticed, you'll need to roll your *sneak* skill. Since your skill is boosted to 5D+2, roll 5 dice and add 2 to the total.

- If you get 16 or higher, go to 79.
- If you get 15 or lower, go to 84.

71

After a few twists and turns through gradually sloping corridors, you emerge onto a grand concourse open to the sky. Cloud cars flit among the towers, while light freighters and pleasure yachts veer around tall, gleaming white spires. The plaza is marked by greenery and elegant statues. Along one street you see a tastefully decorated club. The windows are conveniently polarized so people can't look in, but patrons can appreciate the view out. A bright sign above the ornate balconies of the second level marks this establishment as "The Floating Fish, Mussat Nasrabi, Proprietor; Member, Cloud City Gambling Guild." An elegant arched doorway leads inside. This must be the place.

- You head into the casino to look for Platt: go to 76.
- You decide to wait outside and watch the entrance in case Platt leaves: go to 83.

72

As you approach the Rodian, he briefly glances at you, then goes back to scanning the crowd. Suddenly he looks up at you again and stares. You ask if he knows how to get to Nasrabi's casino. The Rodian smiles broadly—quite a feat for an alien with a long green snout. "Noofa le noo gatta, ne sool sa vocha," he says, gesturing you to follow him and smiling that silly snout grin. You notice he has a heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side.

If you trust this Rodian and want to follow him to Nasrabi's casino, go to 81. Otherwise, you can try asking someone else for directions:

- Three porcine Ugnaughts wearing dressy tunics: go to 63.
- Two humans dressed in spacer gear with bags slung over their shoulders: go to 66.
- A slick-looking woman counting a handful of credit chits: go to 75.



73

You wander through the casino, watching the games, but keeping an eye out for Platt. Eventually you spot her up on the second level. She's leaning against the bar and talking to one of the many Mon Calamari you've seen wandering around the Floating Fish. By his fanciful tunic you can tell he must be pretty well-to-do. You can't hear what they're talking about, even once you get to the top of the stairs.

- *You can try sneaking closer to eavesdrop, but Platt might spot you: go to 70.*
- *You can keep wandering around the casino, keeping an eye on Platt: go to 82.*

74

You step up to the interface and check out the central computer. This is a fairly simple grid set up as an information source for visitors to Cloud City. Using it shouldn't be that difficult. To find anything about Nasrabi using the computer, you'll need to roll your *Technical* attribute of 2D+2. Roll 2 dice and add 2 to the result.

- *If you roll 5 or higher, the computer provides you with directions to Nasrabi's casino, the Floating Fish. It's not too far from this plaza. Please go to 71.*
- *If you roll 4 or lower, you find it difficult to access the information you want. It's probably better that you ask directions from one of the passers-by: please go to 68.*

75

The woman you approach is leaning against one of the fancifully decorated columns supporting an archway. Her outfit is both expensive and dashing: a low-cut tunic, slacks cut of a shimmery material, classy but practical black boots, and a short cape. She's busy counting her handful of credit chits when you walk up and ask her if she knows how to get to Nasrabi's casino.

"The Floating Fish?" she says. "The one run by that Mon Calamari? Sure, I was just about ready to head over there for an afternoon of winning at sabacc. Come on, I'll show you the way..."

The woman seems very friendly...perhaps *too* friendly. If you decide to follow her, go to 78. You can always try asking somebody else for directions:

- *Three porcine Ugnaughts wearing dressy tunics: go to 63.*
- *A shifty Rodian who seems to be sneaking along the plaza's edge: go to 72.*

- *Two humans dressed in spacer gear with bags slung over their shoulders: go to 66.*

76

As you walk through the archway into the Floating Fish casino, it seems like you're entering a whole new world. Through the smoke and dim lighting, you see a vast space filled with gaming tables of all sorts. Gamblers sit around some, each looking over a hand of cards. You can tell they're playing sabacc by the low dome in the table's center—you've heard it generates an interference field which prevents the cards from randomly changing their faces. Crowds around longer tables with high sides are playing cards, making bets, and throwing odd sticks—it must be the game of Trin sticks Platt mentioned once. Waitresses saunter around tables, their trays packed with drinks for thirsty gamblers.

The edges of the gaming area are honeycombed with dark booths where you see shadowy patrons sipping drinks and talking in hushed voices. A stairway runs to a balcony level with a small cafe and bar. Spherical globes hang from the ceiling at different levels, each filled with water illuminated by a blue light. A colorful variety of small fish swim lazily in each globe, their shadows casting an undersea glow over the entire casino. Soft music permeates everything, and seems to mute the din of gamblers winning and losing.

It's going to be hard finding Platt in this crowd. To give it a try, you'll use your *search* skill of 4D+2. Roll 4 dice and add 2 to the result.

- *If you roll 15 or higher, go to 73.*
- *If you roll 14 or lower, go to 86.*
- *If you wrote down that you have the "1,000 Credit Chit," ignore the roll and go to 80.*

77

You pull up a chair and peer across the sabacc table. The small dome in the center generates an interference field which keeps the card faces from changing. The bulb on top of that, however, randomly switches the faces of the card-chips outside the interference field.

Sitting around the table's edge are your adversaries—well, except for Neeta, who's already rattling off the rules of the game into your ear. You can see a short Sullustan with large, dark eyes, a dashing gentleman in an expensive outfit, and two Duros. Each has a pile of credits in front of them. Neeta finishes telling you the sabacc rules, though all you managed to catch was that the cards you put into the interference field need to total 23 (or come pretty close) to win. "Don't worry, kid," she assures you. "I'll help you along the way." You



Illustration by Tim Bobko

You pass a packed Trin stick game and spot Platt. She walks right past the game you're standing near, meandering through the casino tables and out the main archway. If you're going to follow her, you'd better get moving. You struggle to keep up, sometimes pushing through the crowd. When you emerge onto the main concourse, you just catch sight of Platt disappearing into an alley down the boulevard. You also notice

someone tailing her—a Rodian with a heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side. You follow the two cautiously.

• *Please go to 90.*

place your lucky 1,000-credit chit onto the table and Neeta slides it into the pile everyone else is contributing to. It looks like it's the Sullustan's turn to deal. You get two card-chips: the 6 of Staves and a face card: the Master of Coins (with a value of 14). That brings your total to 20—not a bad start. Without warning, however, the electronic face of your 6 of Staves card changes into the 2 of Flasks, for a total of only 16. You don't want the randomizer to change any of these card faces, so you slip them into the interference field in front of you.

"Seyb ballyuka, may guddya?" the Sullustan chatters at you. Neeta leans over and translates: "He wants to know if you want another card-chip."

You nod, and the Sullustan slips another card toward you. It's a special card, Demise, with a value of -13! If you keep this card, your total becomes 3! At this rate, you'll never win.

As you stare at the Demise card, its face flickers and it becomes the 7 of Coins. Adding that value to your cards in the interference field makes 23! You slip your card into the field, then whisper to Neeta that you have cards totaling 23.

"Hey, sounds like the kid has sabacc!" she cries out. The other players (especially the Sullustan dealer) look suspiciously at you. Then you reveal the three cards you have in the interference field: the 2 of Flasks, Master of Coins (14), and the 7 of Coins...23! The other gamblers throw the card-chips from their hands onto the table. Neeta scoops up your winnings and counts them: 3,000 credits!

She encourages you to play again, but that first hand was confusing enough—and you don't want to push your luck. You trade in the pile of credits for three 1,000-credit chits so it's easier to carry around. Write down that you have "Three 1,000 Credit Chits." You might need that money later. You thank Neeta for her help, then wander off to find Platt.

78

You walk alongside the woman as she strides through the archway and up a curving corridor. "My name's Neeta," she says, shaking your hand. You tell her your name, but not what you're doing here in Cloud City. "So, you're heading for the Floating Fish?" she asks. "Nice place. Nasrabi keeps it clean, runs some honest games, too. You ever play sabacc?" You shake your head—you've heard of the card game, mostly about how smugglers and pirates bet starships, slaves, assassin droids, sometimes even entire planets, but you've never played it. "You should learn," Neeta says. "I'd teach you this afternoon, but I'm on a winning streak and I just can't stop."

The two of you emerge onto a grand concourse open to the sky. Cloud cars flit among the towers, while light freighters and pleasure yachts veer around tall, gleaming white spires. The plaza is marked by greenery and elegant statues. Along one street you see a tastefully decorated club. The windows are conveniently polarized so people can't look in, but patrons can appreciate the view out. A bright sign above the ornate balconies of the second level marks this establishment as "The Floating Fish, Mussat Nasrabi, Proprietor; Member, Cloud City Gambling Guild." An arched doorway leads inside. This must be the place.

"Here we are," Neeta says, pointing up to the sign. "Are you coming inside, or are you just going to sit around and watch everyone walk by?"



You're not quite sure yet. "Look, I've got to get inside and keep up my winning streak. Here, just in case you decide to try your luck, take this. Remember me when you win with it." Neeta presses a credit chit into your hand, winks at you, then struts into the Floating Fish casino. You examine the chit—it's worth 1,000 credits! That must have been one impressive winning streak if Neeta could afford to give you so much.

Write down that you have the "1,000 Credit Chit." You might need that money later. For now, though, you must decide on a strategy for finding Platt.

- *You head into the casino to look for Platt: go to 76.*
- *You decide to wait outside and watch the entrance in case Platt leaves: go to 83.*

79

You carefully sneak closer to Platt's place at the bar. The casino patrons and waitresses wandering about help conceal your movement. Eventually you reach a place a few seats down the bar from Platt. There's a burly squid-headed alien sitting there: he's great to hide behind, and he doesn't seem to care that you're using him for cover (if he notices you at all). You listen carefully over the casino din and the soothing music to eavesdrop on Platt's conversation with the Mon Calamari.

"No problem," the Mon Cal says. "I owe you for that whole Bonadan incident last year."

"Great, Nasrabi. When can I pick up the canisters?"

"I can call down and have my workers prep everything," Nasrabi says. "They'll probably have all five loaded onto a repulsorsled before you get down there. You're still down the corner turbolift bank, Level 276?"

"You know it." Nasrabi puts his large, red fish-hand on Platt's. "You take care of yourself, you hear? I've heard there are a few bounty hunters interested in your head."

"Ah, Nasrabi, you're funny," Platt laughs. "You know me. I fly casual. Anything happens, I can manage. I'm outta here. Clear skies, friend."

Nasrabi waves as Platt gets up and heads for the casino entrance. "Clear skies, Platt."

Your captain strides right past your position without even noticing you. If you're going to keep track of her, you'd better follow.

Platt meanders through the casino tables and out the main archway. You struggle to keep up, sometimes pushing through the crowd. When you emerge onto the main concourse, you just catch sight of Platt disappearing into an alley down the boulevard. You also notice someone tailing her—a Rodian with a heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side. You follow the two cautiously.

- *Please go to 90.*

80

As you wander through the casino looking for Platt, you hear a familiar voice call out your name. "Over here, kid," Neeta says, waving for you to come over and join her at a sabacc table. Afraid that she'll draw attention to you if you don't say hello, you casually walk to her table. "I'm glad you decided to drop in," Neeta says. She gestures to the watery fish gloves hanging above. "Neat place, isn't it?"

You look around and agree with her just before she interrupts you. "Hey, grab a seat!" she urges. "I'll teach you how to play sabacc with your lucky 1,000-credit chit."

- *You can join the game and risk your 1,000-credit chit: go to 77.*
- *You can politely decline and keep your 1,000-credit chit: go to 85.*

81

The Rodian holds you by the hand and leads you down a sloping corridor. It's not as well-lit as the plaza you just left, but you believe the Rodian knows his way to Nasrabi's casino. You continue through several smaller public squares, each with fewer and fewer people. The Rodian's sucker-tipped fingers grasp your hand with their clammy grip. You turn a corner and almost bump into a blue-uniformed Wing Guard—you breath a sigh of relief knowing the woman is part of Cloud City's official security force. The Rodian stops in front of the Wing Guard, who looks down at you and smiles. "What have we here?" she says. "Looks like our little lost bounty."

Uh-oh...that doesn't sound too good. Before you can break free of the Rodian's grip and run for it, the woman raises her blaster and shoots a bright blue stun bolt at you. You slump to the ground. In less than a second, the Wing Guard has your hands clamped behind your back with restraining bands. Something stings your upper arm, and you drift off into unconsciousness. You've been captured by bounty hunters!

- *Please go to 106.*

82

You head back down the stairs and find a sabacc table surrounded by a large crowd. While you pretend to watch the game, you're really keeping an eye on Platt. After a minute, she waves good-bye to her Mon Calamari friend, leaves the bar and heads down the stairs. She walks right past the sabacc table you're standing near. Platt meanders through the casino tables



and out the main archway. If you're going to follow her, you'd better get moving. You struggle to keep up, sometimes pushing through the crowd. When you emerge onto the main concourse, you just catch sight of Platt disappearing into an alley down the boulevard. You also notice someone tailing her—a Rodian with a heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side. You follow the two cautiously.

• *Please go to 90.*

83

You look around the concourse and find a large planter filled with bushes you can stand near. Here you can remain relatively unnoticed and still have a good view of the casino entrance.

Many Cloud City residents pass by, dressed in light outfits which reflect the luxurious life they lead among the clouds. You also see quite a few visitors, a large number of spacers and merchants, and lots of aliens. A patrol of Wing Guards marches by, making sure there's nothing unusual happening on the concourse. Cloud cars fly overhead, their engines whining. Now and then you notice a light freighter, transport or star yacht approaching a landing platform nearby.

Nobody stops to speak with you—everyone seems to be minding their own business. There's that Rodian not far away, leaning against a large planter like you. He has a heavy blaster holstered at his side, and his dark, bulbous eyes never stop watching the entrance archway to the Floating Fish casino. Several well-to-do people enter, and a few saddened individuals (probably losers at the gambling tables) shuffle out.

You yawn—you've been waiting a long time (maybe an hour). Then you spot her.

Platt struts out the archway, turns left, then walks down the concourse boulevard. You're about to head off after her, when you notice the Rodian leaves his watch post and begins tailing Platt! You cautiously follow both of them toward a side alley.

• *Please go to 90.*

84

You sneak closer to Platt's place at the bar. On your way, you bump into a few irritated casino patrons, and almost cause a waitresses to drop a tray packed with drinks. Eventually you reach a place a few seats away from Platt. You hunch over the bar so she doesn't notice you. Listening carefully over the casino din and the soothing music, you eavesdrop on Platt's conversation with the Mon Calamari.

"No problem," the Mon Cal says. "I owe you for that whole Bonadan incident last year."

"Great, Nasrabi. When can I pick up the canisters?"

"I can call down and have my workers prep everything —"

Before the Mon Calamari can finish, Platt raises her hand to silence him. She turns and looks directly at you! "What are you doing here?" she hisses. "I told you to wait back on the *Last Chance*." You start searching for an excuse. She interrupts you before you can say anything. "Go back to the ship right now. I don't want you getting into any trouble. Now go. Shoo! Move it!"

You shuffle off, looking dejected and disappointed—at least until you blend back into the casino crowd. You have no intention of returning to the ship. What if Platt needs your help? Finding a packed sabacc table on the casino's lower level, you wait only a moment before your captain strides right past you. If you're going to keep track of her, you'd better follow.

Platt meanders through the casino tables and out the main archway. You struggle to keep up, sometimes pushing through the crowd. When you emerge onto the main concourse, you just catch sight of her disappearing into an alley down the boulevard. You also notice someone tailing her—a Rodian with a heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side. You follow the two cautiously.

• *Please go to 90.*

85

"Thanks, Neeta, but I think I'll pass," you say politely, declining her offer to join the sabacc game. "I might need this credit chit's luck later on."

"Hey, maybe some other time," Neeta says, turning back to her hand of cards. "With this winning streak, I might be here all night." She waves good-bye, then moves a stack of credits toward the table's center.

You wander off into the casino crowd. It's packed with many humans and aliens, some dressed in spacer attire, others wearing elegant outfits. Everywhere you hear the sound of credit chits clinking, Trin sticks clattering, and sabacc cards slapping tabletops. Still no sign of your captain.

You pass a packed sabacc game and spot Platt. She walks right past the sabacc table you're standing near. Platt meanders through the casino tables and out the main archway. If you're going to follow her, you'd better get moving. You struggle to keep up, sometimes pushing through the crowd. When you emerge onto the main concourse, you just catch sight of Platt disappearing into an alley down the boulevard. You also notice someone tailing her—a Rodian with a heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side. You follow the two cautiously.

• *Please go to 90.*



86

You peer through the casino crowds, examining every face, peeking in on every game, trying to find Platt. People keep moving around, and the flickering blue light from the watery fish-globes above doesn't help. You're fascinated by the variety of aliens here and the various fashions the patrons wear. But you still can't find Platt.

As you wander around, you suddenly bump into someone standing in your way. A Mon Calamari glares down at you with his bulbous eyes. "Hrmmm," he muses. "What's such a young scrup doing in the Floating Fish, I wonder?" His tunic is emblazoned with a stylized fish in a globe, and a blaster pistol is strapped to his leg. He's probably part of casino security...

"Uh, I was looking for a friend," you stammer. Thinking quickly, you add, "Two friends, actually. A spacer named Platt and a Mon Calamari named Nasrabi."

The bulbous eyes glare down at you once more. "You're chums with Nasrabi?" he asks. "I've never heard of any acquaintances of his who were little boys. But if you're a friend of Platt's—and you certainly don't look like a bounty hunter on her trail—then you'll find her at the bar up on the second level. She's talking to Nasrabi, whom I doubt knows you. But any companion of Platt's is a friend of Nasrabi's. Now move along, little one, and stay out of trouble."

You wander between the crowds at the sabacc tables. Looking over your shoulder, you see the Mon Calamari security man watching you from a distance.

Before you even reach the stairs to the second level, you spot Platt walking down them. She strides right past the sabacc table you're standing near. She meanders through the casino tables and out the main archway. If you're going to follow her, you'd better get moving. You struggle to keep up, sometimes pushing through the crowd. When you emerge onto the main concourse, you just catch sight of Platt disappearing into an alley down the boulevard. You also notice someone tailing her—a Rodian with a heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side. You follow the two cautiously.

- Please go to 90.

87

You follow the Rodian down the industrial passageway. Plans for getting him away from Platt flash through your head. You might be able to take him out with your blaster—or perhaps he could be swayed by a little bribe. You might have a few credits you could use.

- If you try and bribe the Rodian, go to 95.
- If you continue following until you're in a good position to blast him, go to 100.

88

You take a big breath, grasp your blaster, and dive between the droid's legs. To see how well you do, use your *dodge* skill of 4D+2: roll 4 dice and add 2 to the total. This is a very good time to spend one or two Character Points...just subtract the number you're using from the Character Point total, roll that many extra dice, and add the results to your *dodge* roll.

- If you roll 15 or higher, go to 92.
- If you roll 14 or lower, go to 97.

89

Your blaster shot slams right into the Rodian's side—he slumps to the ground, his heavy blaster pistol clattering along the deck grating. Platt turns from the door control panel and looks at the fallen Rodian. You step out of the shadows, the blaster pistol still in your hand. "I thought I told you to stay on the ship?" Platt scolds. "But in this case, I'm glad you followed me. Looks like you just bagged Tolga—he's a seedy Rodian hunter who's been giving me trouble for a while. He might have scored a sweet bounty on my head if you hadn't blasted him. Looks like I owe you one, kid."

Since you saved Platt's life, add 2 Character Points to those you already have listed on your character sheet.

- Please go to 112.

90

You follow the Rodian down the alley. It curves gently and eventually opens onto a small plaza with five large turbolift tubes. From the readouts near the lift doors, you can see that they lead up only a few levels, but delve down from this area (Level 42) all the way to Level 370! You just catch a glimpse of Platt through a closing turbolift door. The Rodian looks frustrated—rather than summoning one of the other turbolifts, he's watching the readout screen for Platt's lift. You move in a little closer to get a good view for yourself. Platt's turbolift stops on Level 285. The Rodian summons another turbolift. Not wanting to be left behind, you slip up and call one for yourself. Yours arrives first—you step in and punch up Level 285. But before the door can close, two Ugnaughts hop in and order Level 172!

While you wait pensively for the turbolift to descend, you check your backpack and make sure the blaster pistol Platt gave you is there, just in case. The lift stops at Level 172, and the two Ugnaughts hop out. As you descend farther into Cloud City, you get the feeling the Rodian might have beaten you to Platt. You



take out the blaster pistol, getting a feel for its weight and shape in your hand.

The turbolift door opens on a dimly lit corridor. Instead of the polished white synthetic stone of Cloud City's upper levels, this area is constructed of gritty pipes, rusting girders, hissing air vents, and dingy deck grating. A blue light filters in from a dirty window to your right—it overlooks a vast chasm, probably some sort of central core wind tunnel. To the left you see the other turbolift tubes. A passage lined with coolant pipes leads beyond. You can see the Rodian's silhouette walking cautiously down that corridor. Slipping along the shadows, you follow.

- If you wrote down "Wing Guard Defeated" earlier, go to 87.
- Otherwise, please go to 94.

91

You warily approach the Rodian and place all 31 credits into his hand. He peers down at the credits with his bulbous eyes, then looks up at you...and laughs. Before you can back off, he reaches out, swats the blaster pistol out of your hand, grabs your wrists, and twists them behind your back. A clammy, green-suckered hand clamps over your mouth to stifle your scream. Something stings your upper arm, and you drift off into unconsciousness. You've been captured by a Rodian bounty hunter!

- Please go to 106.

92

You dive, tuck and roll right between the droid's two massive legs. While the droid thumps and grumbles, trying to turn itself around, you dash down the corridor. It leads into a large apartment—glancing around, you notice that one wall across from the entry hall is made entirely of transparisteel, while the other is covered in exotic animal-head trophies. You hear the droid stomping down the entry corridor toward you, "Intruder!" the droid screams through its raspy speakers. "You will be destroyed."

If you don't dodge again, you're going to be the droid's next victim. You'll use your *dodge* skill of 4D+2: roll 4 dice and add 2 to the total. This is another very good time to spend one or two Character Points...just subtract the number you're using from the Character Point total, roll that many extra dice, and add the results to your *dodge* roll.

- If you roll 17 or higher, go to 98.
- If you roll 16 or lower, go to 102.

93

Your blaster shot just grazes the Rodian's gun arm! He stumbles back, clutching the wound and looking around frantically for the person who shot him. Near the door, Platt spins away from the control panel she was working on and spots the Rodian. She grabs her blaster pistol and pumps off a few bursts, finishing him off. You step out of the shadows, still holding your own blaster pistol.

"I thought I told you to stay on the ship?" Platt scolds when she sees you. "But in this case, I'm glad you followed me. If you didn't shoot, I wouldn't have noticed him. Looks like we just bagged Tolga—a seedy Rodian hunter who's been giving me trouble for a while. He might have scored a sweet bounty on my head if you hadn't blasted him. Looks like I owe you one, kid."

Since you helped save Platt's life, add 1 Character Point to those you already have on your character sheet.

- Please go to 112.

94

You follow the Rodian down the industrial passageway. It opens into a small plaza with large doors on all sides but this one. Platt is near one, fiddling with a control pad. The Rodian sneaks over to a shadowy corner near several coolant pipes, then silently pulls his heavy blaster pistol from its holster.

Just when you think the Rodian's going to fire, one of the other doors opens and a fist-sized metal object is tossed through. It *clanks* until it rolls near Platt's feet. Several lights on the metallic sphere are blinking, and it's giving off a beeping sound: *veeep...veeep...veeep*. Someone's thrown a thermal detonator at Platt!

As soon as Platt sees the bomb, she runs and dives for cover. Since she knows the thermal detonator came from the open door, she's diving back into the corridor...toward you, and even closer to the waiting Rodian! The alien bounty hunter steps out of the shadows and blasts Platt with a bright blue stun beam. She slumps into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, the thermal detonator is still beeping—it hasn't exploded yet. A woman dressed in battle armor and a helmet with a shiny, polarized faceplate emerges from the open door. She walks over to the detonator, picks it up and switches it off. She approaches the Rodian, who is already picking Platt up and slinging her over his shoulder. "Works every time," the woman bounty hunter says, tossing the thermal detonator in the air and catching it. "Just remove the trigger wedges from this baby and it becomes a rather harmless but effective decoy."

"Sootha nee glinga, Beylyssa noo vadda seema," the Rodian says, heading back toward the turbolifts. You slip into a recess in some large capacitor cylinders so they don't notice you.

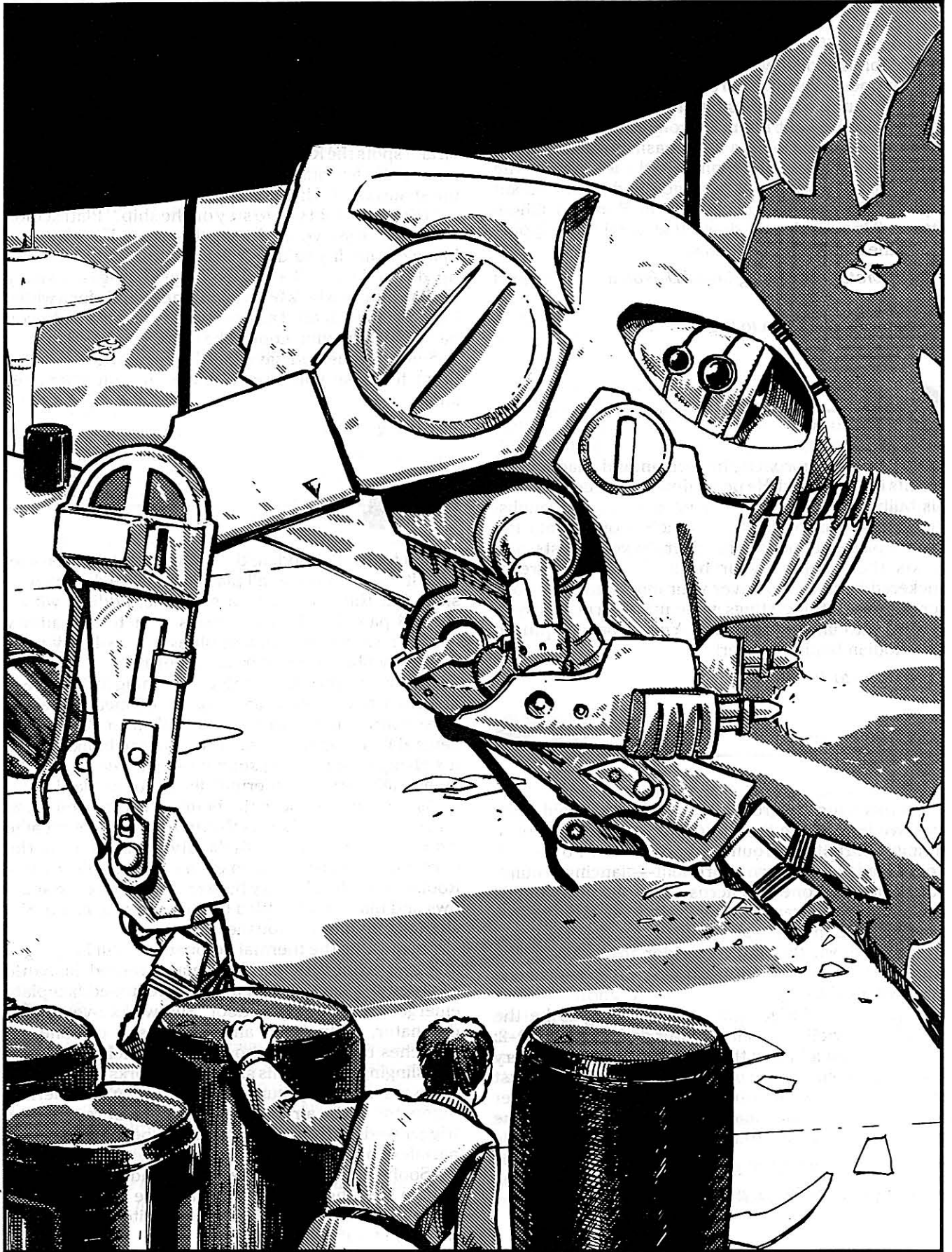
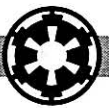


Illustration by Mike Vliard



"We'll worry about the kid later," the female hunter says, summoning a turbolift. "Right now we'll drop our pretty little smuggler off at Boddu Bocck's apartments, then you can grab that pesky little co-pilot of hers." The turbolift arrives, and the two bounty hunters disappear within, taking Platt as their captive.

You'll be stuck here on Cloud City—with bounty hunters hot on your trail—if you don't rescue Platt. Running to the turbolift controls, you see that the bounty hunters stopped on Level 159. You summon one of the other turbolifts and punch up that level when it arrives.

Level 159 is even darker and scarier than the lower industrial level where Platt was captured. The turbolift opens onto a garbage-strewn plaza with a few lights still lit (many luma-panels have been broken or shot out). You hear the two bounty hunters' voices down one dark corridor, and quietly head in that direction. Now and then you have to walk through a pile of trash, or step over a sleeping street vagabond. At one point the alley becomes pitch black, but you keep on going, using your hand against the wall to guide you. Eventually you reach a section where the lights still work. The alley continues past a heavily armored door in one wall, then turns a corner. You hear the door's locking mechanisms disengage—someone's coming out. You quickly run down the corridor to hide around the corner. The door opens, someone walks through, then the door shuts and seals again. Peering around the corner, you see the Rodian bounty hunter shuffling off the way you came. He soon disappears in the darkness.

You step up to the door and take a closer look. It's reinforced like a bunker blast door, with a small control panel to one side. Two red service lights shine from caged sockets at the door's upper corners. Looking across from the door, you see that the opposite wall is pocked with blast marks from a very powerful blaster weapon. Whatever is on the other side of this door is packing some pretty massive firepower.

This looks like a pretty well-protected bounty hunter hideout. If you're going to rescue Platt, you have to get inside. You ready your blaster pistol, step to one side of the door and press the control panel. Several metal bolts within the door slide free with a *chock, click*, and a final *thuuung*. The corridor walls shake as the door growls open.

You peer carefully into the door, grasping your blaster pistol tightly. Inside you see a burly assassin droid guarding a brightly lit passage. Its massive legs support an armored torso topped with a beast-like head. Its ears look like sensor pods, its eyes black ocular cameras. The nose is made of black-metal mesh, and the mouth is packed with jagged chrome fangs. Mini-missile launchers sit menacingly on each of the droid's shoulders. The upper arms are masses of hydraulic pistons, helping to support the oversized forearms that bristle with weapons and manipulator claws.

Now you know what created those heavy-weapon blast marks on the wall behind you.

The droid stares at you for a moment, then growls, "State your business."

Your mind is filled with plans for getting past this droid...preferably alive. You're not sure you could outsmart this droid like you could See-Vee, so you're going to need a more daring strategy.

- *You can shine your glow rod into the droid's visual receptors: go to 99.*
- *You can try to dodge between the droid's legs and run through the corridor beyond: go to 88.*
- *You can take a shot at the droid with your blaster: go to 110.*

95

You cautiously approach the Rodian, clear your throat and say, "Um, excuse me..."

The Rodian spins around, one hand flashing to the heavy blaster pistol holstered at his side. He relaxes somewhat when he sees you're just a kid. "Nee toova lo hoshak vay?" he asks.

"I get the idea that you're following my friend," you say. "You know, the woman with the platinum blonde hair?" The Rodian's snout forces a smile. "I kind of figure you're a bounty hunter of some sort. If I give you some money to, say, 'forget' you saw my partner, would you back off your little hunt?"

The Rodian extends one hand (the one that was reaching for the blaster) and shrugs. He seems to be asking how much you're offering to forget about Platt.

- *You offer all 31 credits you began with: go to 91.*
- *If you wrote down "1,000-Credit Chit" and want to offer that much, go to 101.*
- *If you wrote down "Three 1,000-Credit Chits" and want to offer them all, go to 111.*

96

It looks like you scored a hit. To see how much damage you did to the Rodian, roll 4 dice.

- *If you roll 19 or lower, go to 93.*
- *If you roll 20 or higher, go to 89.*

97

You dive between the droid's massive legs...and get snagged on one of the mechanical fittings at its knee joint! While you're trying to wriggle free, the droid reaches down with a large manipulator claw, picks you up, and throws you out the door. Your body slams into the wall. The droid moves forward, its huge legs caus-



ing the floor to shake as it walks. "Now you will be destroyed," it declares.

The numerous blaster weapons attached to its bulky forearms point directly at you. You're still too stunned from being slammed into the wall. The last thing you see is the bright flash from several heavy blasters...

Unfortunately, you didn't survive the outcome of this story. Turn back to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and try this section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there's a lot more trouble you can get into in Cloud City.

• Please return to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and begin this adventure again.

98

You dash across the floor, scrambling and rolling for cover. The droid's forearm blaster cannons open up, incinerating the floor where you were standing. It keeps firing, blasting everything nearby. The droid marches toward you...and the large floor-to-ceiling transparisteel windows. The blaster fire keeps tracking your movement, and you keep diving out of its way. The droid stops shooting for a moment—probably to get a fix on you with its visual sensors—but keeps stomping forward.

You finally get to your feet. You're several meters from the transparisteel windows, and not directly in the droid's path. It's not heading for you, but is marching toward the window nearby. You can see its frightening reflection in the transparisteel...and suddenly realize it sees your reflected image in the window! You wave at it, trying to encourage the droid to shoot the reflection.

The droid nears the window and opens up with its blasters. The transparisteel withstands only a few hits before it splinters and shatters outward. You brace yourself against the slight wind caused by pressure equalization. The droid continues firing and moving forward...right out the window. Stupid droid.

Since you defeated the droid, add 1 Character Point to those you already have on your character sheet.

• Please go to 107.

99

You pull out your glow rod, turn it on, and shine the bright beam into the droid's visual receptors. It steps back, flinches, then advances. The droid growls at you. It looks like you've angered it. Maybe this glow rod plan isn't working...

• You can keep flashing the glow rod in the droid's visual sensors: go to 103.

• You can try to dodge between the droid's legs and run through the corridor beyond: go to 88.

• You can take a shot at the droid with your blaster: go to 110.

100

You creep down the dim passageway, following the Rodian. It opens into a small plaza with large doors on all sides but this one. Platt is near one, fiddling with a control pad. The Rodian sneaks over to a shadowy corner near several coolant pipes, then silently pulls his heavy blaster pistol from its holster. If you don't shoot him now, the Rodian will blast Platt!

To shoot your blaster, roll your *blaster* skill. Since it hasn't been improved, it has the same value as your *Dexterity*: 3D+2. Roll 3 dice and add 2 to the total. This is a pretty important roll, so you might want to spend a Character Point or two (reducing the number on your character sheet).

• If you roll 15 or higher, go to 96.

• If you roll 14 or lower, go to 104.

101

You warily approach the Rodian and place your lucky 1,000-credit chit into his hand. He peers down at the chit with his bulbous eyes. His snout twists into another smile, and he slips the chit into a pouch on his gun belt. "Sofez losch gen vooda," he says, extending his hand as if to shake yours. It seems the Rodian is satisfied with the deal, so you shake his hand. He grabs your free hand, swats the blaster pistol out of the other, and then grasps your wrists and twists them behind your back. A clammy green-suckered hand clamps over your mouth to stifle your scream. Something stings your upper arm, and you drift off into unconsciousness. You've been captured by a Rodian bounty hunter!

• Please go to 106.

102

Unfortunately, you don't move fast enough. Before you can dive out of the droid's field of fire, its forearm blaster cannons open up. The floor in front of you explodes as the weapons track your movement. Then the blasts hit you, and the last thing you see are the bright flashes erupting from the droid's laser cannons...

Unfortunately, you didn't survive the outcome of this story. Turn back to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and try this



section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there's a lot more trouble you can get into in Cloud City.

- Please return to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and begin this adventure again.

103

Despite the large droid's angry response, you keep shining the glow rod into its visual receptors. The droid doesn't seem amused. It gnashes its fangs, steps forward and growls, "Now you will be destroyed."

The numerous weapons attached to its bulky forearms point directly at you. The last thing you see is the bright flash from several heavy blasters...

Unfortunately, you didn't survive the outcome of this story. Turn back to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and try this section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there's a lot more trouble you can get into in Cloud City.

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104

Your blaster shot is a little off target. Instead of shooting the Rodian, you hit a pipe running above the Rodian's head. The pipe bursts, spewing steam into the corner where the bounty hunter is hiding. The Rodian squeals out in pain and steps away from his cover.

Hearing all the commotion, Platt turns from the door control panel and spots the Rodian. In one swift motion, she pulls her heavy blaster pistol from its holster and pumps a few shots into the bounty hunter. The Rodian slumps to the ground.

You step out of the shadows, still holding your own blaster pistol. "I thought I told you to stay on the ship?" Platt scolds when she sees you. "But in this case, I'm glad you followed me. If you didn't shoot, I wouldn't have noticed him. Looks like we just bagged Tolga—a seedy Rodian hunter who's been giving me trouble for a while. He might have scored a sweet bounty on my head if you hadn't blasted him. Looks like I owe you one, kid."

Since you helped save Platt's life, add 1 Character Point to those you already have on your character sheet.

- Please go to 112.

105

You hold the blaster in front of you, pointing it at the droid's visual receptors and sensor pods. Squeezing the trigger repeatedly, you fire several deadly bursts of energy into your adversary. When the smoke clears, the droid still stands before you, blast marks covering its armor plating. Though you hid one of the sensor pods, its visual receptors are still fully functional. The droid doesn't seem amused. It gnashes its fangs, steps forward and growls, "Now you will be destroyed."

The numerous weapons attached to its bulky forearms point directly at you. The last thing you see is the bright flash from several heavy blasters...

Unfortunately, you didn't survive the outcome of this story. Turn back to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and try this section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there's a lot more trouble you can get into in Cloud City.

- Please return to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and begin this adventure again.

106

You eventually wake up... tied to some kind of ornate chair. As you blink the blurriness from your eyes, you get a better look at your surroundings. You're in some kind of apartment. One long wall is made entirely of transparisteel panels which provide a fantastic view of the clouds over which the city floats. The opposite wall is covered with the trophy heads of exotic beasts from across the galaxy. Quite a few powered hunting crossbows also hang on that wall. In the space between, the apartment is decorated with an odd collection of furniture—each piece is covered in the skins of a different creature. All of the rugs are full-sized hides of fierce beasts.

The chair you're bound to is a gruesome hunting trophy made from the skin, head and horns of a bantha. The head forms the seat, and the horns are the back and armrests. Your feet are manacled together, and each of your wrists is tied to one of the throne's armrests.

"Well, looks like you're awake." The voice is female, but it sounds like it's filtered through a comm amplifier. A woman wearing bounty hunter armor and a helmet with a shiny, polarized faceplate steps out from behind the throne. She has a heavy blaster pistol holstered to each hip, and two thermal detonators clipped to a gear strap that cuts diagonally from one shoulder to her waist. "You're rather brave for a kid," she says. "Still, not quite as brave as your smuggler friend, Platt."

You hear blaster fire around a corner somewhere. That's what probably woke you up.

"It sounds like Platt's just arriving now," the bounty hunter says.



There's more commotion coming from a short hallway which probably leads to the apartment's entrance. The smoking hulk of a well-armed assassin droid stumbles out of the hall. The arm that isn't dragging falls off completely, the head hangs to one side, and smoke pours from the torso. It collapses into a heap on the floor.

You smile when Platt steps carefully into the apartment, her blaster pistol at the ready. She doesn't relax when the female bounty hunter steps forward and extends a hand.

"Come, Platt," she says through the battle helmet. "Join us. Your friend here was just getting comfortable."

Platt points her blaster at the bounty hunter. "I'll pass, Beylyssa," she says. "I've been treated to your 'hospitality' before. Just let the kid go and we'll be on our way..."

Beylyssa steps forward, her hand still extended. You see her slowly reaching for one of those heavy blaster pistols with the other hand. If you don't do something soon, the bounty hunter just might spring some trap and catch Platt by surprise.

You vainly struggle to free your hands from their bindings. You grasp the bantha-horn armrests and try shaking them loose. No luck. You notice, however, that beneath one armrest are two cleverly concealed buttons. This ornate throne isn't meant to be a prisoner's seat—it's probably the favorite chair for the apartment's owner...a bounty hunter whose main purpose is to capture her prey.

Beylyssa is moving closer to Platt. Pressing one of those buttons might be your only way of saving your friend. "Look out, Platt!" you cry...

- *You press the first button: go to 117.*
- *You press the second button: go to 114.*

107

"Well done, young man," a woman's voice calls from the other end of the apartment. "Come, join us."

You meander through the odd collection of furniture—every piece is covered in the skins of a different exotic creature. All of the rugs are full-sized hides of fierce beasts. At the far end of the room you see a massive bantha-skin rug, with the beast's head and horns creating a gruesome throne. Platt is seated on the throne, her arms bound to the horns and her legs tied together. "Good to see you, kid," she says, smiling. "Somehow I'm glad you ignored my orders to stay on the ship."

The female bounty hunter in the battle armor and the polarized helmet is standing behind the throne, a blaster pistol in her hand. Two thermal detonators hang off a gear belt slung across her armor. You can't see her face, but her voice sounds alluring...and dangerous. "Come closer so I can see the brave co-pilot

who's come to rescue his captain."

"Say hello to Beylyssa, our captor," Platt says. "One thing, kid. Don't come any closer or you'll..."

Beylyssa puts her blaster up to Platt's head. "You've done enough talking for now," she snarls. "Let's make this reunion as painless as possible."

You approach cautiously, the blaster pistol still in your hand. Taking a deep breath, you stand a little taller and try to sound tough. "Let Platt go, Beylyssa," you order, waving the blaster at her.

"I don't think so," the bounty hunter replies.

Something doesn't seem right here. Beylyssa is too confident—and Platt tried to warn you about something. But what? You have a bad feeling about this. Something's wrong. Roll your *Perception* attribute of 3D+2 to find out: roll 3 dice and add 2 to the result. You might want to use a Character Point or two to make sure you roll high. Just cross off one or two Character Points from your sheet, roll that many extra dice and add them to your total.

- *If you roll 10 or higher, go to 109.*
- *If you roll 9 or lower, go to 113.*

108

You hold the blaster in front of you, pointing it at the droid's visual receptors and sensor pods. Squeezing the trigger repeatedly, you fire several deadly bursts of energy into your adversary. The droid barks and squeals. Through the smoke you can hear its massive feet clanking on the floor. Its blaster cannons come to life, blasting away the side of the door. You move out of the way as it advances into the corridor, shooting in random directions. Between bright flashes from its weapons, you see that you shot out its visual sensors and blew off its sensor pods. The droid continues marching blindly down the passage, leaving the entrance to the bounty hunters' lair unguarded. You step in and walk cautiously down the entry hall.

It doesn't go very far when it opens up on a luxurious apartment. The wall across from the entry hall is made entirely of transparisteel, offering a magnificent view of the Bepin clouds the city floats above. The other wall is covered in exotic animal-head trophies.

Since you defeated the droid, add 1 Character Point to those you already have on your character sheet.

- *Please go to 107.*

109

You keep your eye on Beylyssa and your finger on your blaster's trigger, just in case she tries something. Your eyes quickly glance around the bounty hunters' lair. The heads of several exotic creatures are mounted



on the walls between various weapons hung up for display, including quite a few crossbows. All the crossbows are loaded, cocked, pointing upward, and hinged at the stock. If they dropped down, they would be leveled across the room, and they'd send a deadly crossfire of arrows across the spot where you're standing...

"You've been rather troublesome to track down," the bounty hunter says. Her hand reaches down to pat Platt's arm, which is tied to the bantha-head throne armrest. "Unlike your smuggler friend here. Why don't you just give up and drop the blaster?"

"No way, Beylyssa," you reply. "I'm leaving here with Platt."

"That's what I thought you'd say." You notice Beylyssa's fingers slip beneath the bantha-horn armrest. That must be the trigger for the crossbows. You dive to the ground just as numerous *thunk-snap* sounds come from the trophy wall. A deadly hail of crossbow bolts darts overhead, but you are unhurt.

As you begin picking yourself and your blaster up, you see Beylyssa advancing toward you. "You sneaking little rascal," she says, aiming her heavy blaster pistol at you. "You can't outsmart me."

"He might not be able to outsmart you," Platt calls. "But I can..."

Without warning a trap door opens beneath Beylyssa's feet. The bounty hunter scrambles to grab the pit's edge, but slips. Her blaster fires into the air as she drops down into the unknown. When her cries of anger disappear, the trap door closes up and returns to masquerading as the apartment floor.

You dash over to Platt and untie her. "Thanks, kid. Beylyssa almost had us. And while you probably would have been returned to Brentaal, my fate would have been a bit more uncomfortable."

But there's one thing troubling your mind. "How'd you know that trap door was there?" you ask.

"I noticed Beylyssa reaching for the crossbow trigger button in the throne armrest, right near where your hand would be if you were sitting here—or tied up here," Platt explains. "When she saw the trap failed, I reached under there and found another button. I'd heard this place was rigged with traps. An old friend of mine escaped here once—except she fell through the trap door. She told me where it was...I just had to figure out how to trigger it."

"Is Beylyssa dead?"

"Hardly. The chute below leads to secret holding cells where the bounty hunters keep their captured prey. It'll take Beylyssa a little while to escape. Still, we'd better hurry. I want to pick up the Tibanna gas canisters and get out of here as soon as possible."

You head back down to the level where Platt was captured and pick up the canisters of Tibanna gas from the Ugnaughts running Nasrabi's processing station. Soon you're busy pushing a repulsorsled piled with gas canisters back to your docking platform.

• Please go to 116.

110

If your puny weapon is to have any effect on this massive, armored droid, your best bet is to just blast away at its sensors and hope you either blind or confuse it. It just might buy you enough time to dash past. To do this, use your *blaster* skill. Since it hasn't been improved, it has the same value as your *Dexterity* attribute: 3D+2. Roll 3 dice and add 2. This is a pretty important roll, so you might want to spend a Character Point or two (reducing the number on your character sheet).

- If you roll 20 or higher, go to 108.
- If you roll 19 or lower, go to 105.

111

You warily approach the Rodian and place all three of your 1,000-credit chits into his hand. He peers down at them with his bulbous eyes. His snout twists into another smile, and he slips the chits into a pouch on his gun belt. "Sofez losch gen vooda," he says, extending his clammy green-suckered hand. He gives you a salute, then heads back toward the bank of turbolifts. You back away, expecting some kind of trick, but you see him enter the lift and head for the upper levels.

You turn back down the dim industrial corridor and come to a small plaza with several doors. All are closed, and you're not certain which Platt entered.

One suddenly grinds open, and you see Platt pushing a low repulsorsled piled with Tibanna gas canisters. She pulls her blaster and points it at you!

"Hey, it's only me!" you shout. Platt sighs and holsters her weapon.

"I thought I told you to wait back at the ship?" she says. "Well, it doesn't matter now. I picked up the Tibanna gas Nasrabi owed me. Now we've got to get back to the *Last Chance*. Give me a hand with this repulsorsled."

You end up pushing the repulsorsled most of the way back to your docking platform. On the way, you tell Platt about your adventures in Cloud City, especially how you bribed the Rodian bounty hunter to give up his hunt.

- Please go to 116.

112

Platt turns back to the door control panel. After a moment, it begins grinding open. Inside you find a small Tibanna gas processing factory. Ugnaughts scamper about, manipulating controllers, hooking up nozzles and monitoring pressure read-outs. Steam spews from



grates and relief pipes, and red lights cast an eerie industrial glow over everything.

One Ugnaught waddles up to Platt jabbering and grunting in his pig-like language. He grabs her hand and leads her over to a floating repulsorsled piled with five Tibanna gas canisters. "Thanks," Platt tells the Ugnaught. "And make sure Nasrabi knows that I picked these up without too much trouble." She looks at you and smiles. "Well, kid, let's get out of here before any more bounty hunters show up." You give Platt a hand and begin pushing the sled back to your docking platform.

• Please go to 116.

113

You keep your eye on Beylyssa and your finger on your blaster's trigger, just in case she tries something.

"You've been rather troublesome to track down," the bounty hunter says. Her hand reaches down to pat Platt's arm, which is tied to the bantha-head throne armrest. "Unlike your smuggler friend here. Why don't you just give up and drop the blaster?"

"No way, Beylyssa," you reply. "I'm leaving here with Platt."

"That's what I thought you'd say." You notice Beylyssa's fingers slip beneath the bantha-horn armrest. Numerous *thunk-snap* sounds come from the trophy wall. Before you know what's going on, something stings your arm. Clutching the wound, you see a power crossbow bolt has pierced your shoulder. It must have come from the weapons mounted on the wall—hunting crossbows which were hanging have fallen, hinges on their stocks keeping them mounted to the wall, and aimed at you. The wound isn't that bad...but you feel woozy and begin to faint. The arrow must have been tipped with some kind of tranquilizer. As you drift into unconsciousness, you wonder what will happen to you and Platt...

This doesn't look like a very promising end to your story. Who knows how you and Platt will escape the bounty hunters' lair now? Turn back to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and try this section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there's a lot more trouble you can get into in Cloud City.

• Please return to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and begin this adventure again.

114

Hearing your warning, Platt drops to the floor and the bounty hunter quick-draws her blaster pistol. You press the second button. Without warning, a trap door opens beneath Beylyssa's feet. The bounty hunter scrambles to grab the pit's edge, but slips. Her blaster fires into the air as she drops down into the unknown. When her cries of anger disappear, the trap door closes up and returns to masquerading as the apartment floor.

Platt dashes over to you and unties your bonds. "Let's get out of here, kid," she says, yanking you to your feet. She drags you past the smoking droid, then out the door. "It's not too wise to wait around this place."

"Isn't Beylyssa dead?"

"Hardly. The chute below leads to secret holding cells where the bounty hunters keep their captured prey. It'll take Beylyssa a little while to escape. Still, we'd better hurry. While you were busy getting captured, I picked up my Tibanna gas canisters from Nasrabi. Once we get back to the *Last Chance*, we just have to secure them in the hold, then blast out of here before any more bounty hunters show up.

"By the way," Platt says. "Thanks, kid. Beylyssa almost had us. And while you probably would have been returned to Brentaal, my fate would have been a bit more uncomfortable."

You head back to your docking platform, Platt looking over her shoulder for anyone on your tail.

You're not too thrilled about getting captured by bounty hunters—perhaps it made your stay in Cloud City a bit short. If you'd like, turn back to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and try this section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there's a lot more trouble you can get into in Cloud City.

• To continue the story after your brief captivity, go to 116.

115

While you're heading back to the ship, you remember the brooch Cloud City's Baron-Administrator gave you when you ran into him. You promised to give it to Platt when you found her.

"Here, Platt," you say, handing over the jeweled pin. "Some Baron-Administrator guy wanted you to have this with his complements. He said something about meeting you over refreshments."

"Did you say the Baron-Administrator gave you that brooch?" she asks. "For me? Ah, Lando, that old smoothie. Always a charmer for the ladies. Maybe some other time. But for now, kid, we've got a load of Tibanna gas to deliver."

• Please go to 118.



116

Now that you're reunited with Platt, your adventures in Cloud City are almost over.

- If you wrote down "Received Jeweled Brooch," go to 115.
- Otherwise, please go to 118.

117

Hearing your warning, Platt drops to the floor and the bounty hunter quick-draws her blaster pistol. You press the first button. Numerous *thunk-snap* sounds come from the trophy wall. A deadly hail of crossbow bolts darts across the apartment where Beylyssa is standing (and Platt is ducking for cover). All the crossbows hanging on the wall were loaded, cocked, pointing upward, and hinged at the stock—now they've dropped down, their hinged stocks aiming them across the room.

One of the arrows pierces Beylyssa's arm between plates of her armor. She stumbles back, stunned.

"Press the other button, kid!" Platt cries out.

Your fingers jam the other button. Without warning a trap door opens beneath Beylyssa's feet. The bounty hunter scrambles to grab the pit's edge, but slips. Her blaster fires into the air as she drops down into the unknown. When her cries of anger disappear, the trap door closes up and returns to masquerading as the apartment floor.

Platt dashes over to you and unties your bonds. "Let's get out of here, kid," she says, yanking you to your feet. She drags you past the smoking droid, then out the door. "It's not too wise to wait around this place."

"Isn't Beylyssa dead?"

"Hardly. The arrows might hurt, but they're tipped with tranquilizer. The chute below leads to secret holding cells where the bounty hunters keep their captured prey. It'll take her a little while to escape. Still, we'd better hurry. While you were busy getting captured, I picked up my Tibanna gas canisters from Nasrabi. Once we get back to the *Last Chance*, we just have to secure them in the hold, then blast out of here before any more bounty hunters show up.

"By the way," she says. "Thanks, kid. Beylyssa almost had us. And while you probably would have been returned to Brentaal, my fate would have been a bit more uncomfortable."

You head back to your docking platform, Platt looking over her shoulder for anyone on your tail.

You're not too thrilled about getting captured by bounty hunters—perhaps it made your stay in Cloud City a bit short. If you'd like, turn back to "Tibanna Pick-Up" and try this section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there's a lot more trouble you can get into in Cloud City.

- To continue the story after your brief captivity, go to 116.

118

Before you know it you've loaded all the Tibanna gas canisters into the *Last Chance's* hold. "All set," Platt says, slipping into the pilot's seat and warming up the engines. "Now all we have to do is get this Tibanna gas to Tru'eb on Tatooine and we're all set. You'll like Tru'eb. He's one of those freed slave aliens you like so much. He's a Twi'lek—you know, the ones with the head-tails."

"How did you meet him?" you ask.

"Now that's a long story," Platt says, smiling. "Maybe I'll tell you sometime. For now just sit back and enjoy the ride." Her hands play over the control console, and the *Last Chance* gracefully rises from the docking platform. "If you like taking orders from me, you'll love hanging around Tru'eb," Platt continues. "He's all stodgy and formal. A very traditional fellow, for a gunrunner."

"Where are we meeting him?" you ask. "Are we going to a smugglers' shadowport, or a pirate stronghold, or a dangerous starport?"

"No such luck, kid." Platt works the controls, guiding the ship over Cloud City and into the upper atmosphere. "We're meeting Tru'eb in a place out in the desert: Dead Bantha Gulch."

"Cool name," you say. "Is that where banthas go to die?"

"Sorry, it's nothing that interesting. Tru'eb and I once hid out there after a little incident involving a slave lord. At the time we found a bantha skeleton there, that's all. The canyon can fit a few light freighters and keep them hidden from surface patrols. A little camo-netting and you can conceal practically anything from view. It's a good place to stay low for a while. There are a lot of caves, and the Sand People and Jawas keep clear of it. We can swap cargoes with Tru'eb in relative safety, without all the hassles of starport customs, Imperials and bounty hunters. Compared to our misadventures here on Cloud City, this should be easy."

- Congratulations! You've successfully completed this portion of the adventure. Turn to the next page to continue your exploits.



TRU'EB IN TROUBLE

Tru'eb looked over his shoulder, then resumed his stroll through the dusty Mos Eisley alley. A few twists and turns and he'd lose the long-snouted Kubaz who was tailing him.

The robed figure had been following him since he'd left the cantina...out the back door, no less. Tru'eb had meandered through a crowded marketplace, down a narrow alley, across a main thoroughfare with busy speeder traffic, and into another alley. The Kubaz was still on his trail.

Tru'eb ducked around an alley corner, then found an arched doorway he could hide in. Between the shadows and his dark robes, he'd be completely hidden. Tru'eb slipped the heavy blaster pistol from his belt and made sure it was set for stun. He disliked unnecessary confrontation, and preferred not to get his hands dirty in a brawl.

The Kubaz hurried around the corner. He peered down each of the narrow side streets, his snout twitching nervously. He brought his hand to his snout and chirped something into his comlink. The voice which responded was that of a stormtrooper. "Acknowledged. We'll make a sweep through that area. See if you can pick up his trail again."

The Kubaz buzzed an answer, slipped the comlink back into a pocket, then inadvertently turned to face Tru'eb. The Twi'lek grinned, then pumped a bright blue stun bolt into the alien's belly. The spy stumbled backward and crumpled to the ground. Slumped against the alley wall, the Kubaz looked no different than the other piles of garbage clogging the back street.

Now that he had disposed of his immediate pursuer, Tru'eb could concentrate on avoiding Imperial patrols.

Mos Eisley starport was filled with a variety of scum, most of whom were engaged in a wide assortment of illegal activities. Some took interest in their competitors' deals, while others were always looking for opportunities to make a few credits. Then there was the Empire. Ever since that Solo character had blasted out of the spaceport, the Empire had kept a few

stormtroopers on hand to enforce order. Still, there seemed to be more than Tru'eb expected would be garrisoned on a remote desert planet with little strategic value.

He glanced out the alley onto another main boulevard. Speeder traffic wandered around pedestrians scuffing up dust with every step. Four stormtroopers had stopped a Twi'lek boy, probably a servant to one of the households which abounded in this quarter of the starport. The squad seemed to be interrogating him. An open landspeeder with a spacer and a Twi'lek woman slowly cruised by. One of the stormtroopers slammed his hand on the speeder's hood, while another pointed his blaster at the driver. The others let the servant boy go while they moved in to question the spacer and the Twi'lek in the speeder.

They were looking for Tru'eb.

He walked back down the alley and tried another route. If stormtroopers were searching for him, a few squads would certainly be waiting back at his docking bay. The entry ramp to his freighter, the *Luudrian Star*, was sealed, but the Empire could always burn away the code lock. He checked the charge on his blaster pistol and flipped the selector switch to kill, just in case. Sometimes deadly force was terribly unavoidable.

Tru'eb emerged onto a side street which seemed clear of stormtroopers. He pulled himself back into the alley when he heard the high-pitched whine of a speeding repulsorcraft. Folks in Mos Eisley know better than to race their landspeeders through the avenues packed with spacers, Jawas, and other visitors. Sure enough, an Imperial patrol speeder sped down the street, right past Tru'eb. He let out a sigh, then strode down the road toward his landing bay.

Oddly enough, the closer he got to bay 77, the fewer stormtroopers he saw. One pair was marching away from him, then turned down a side street. Another patrol was busy trying to get a sleepy ronto moved out of a congested intersection. By the time he neared the docking bay itself, no stormtroopers were in sight.



Illustration by Tim Bobko

Still, Tru'eb was careful. He risked a glance around a corner at the bay's main cargo entrance. The wide door was left unguarded. To Tru'eb it didn't mean much—stormtroopers could be lurking anywhere. He walked around to the side personnel entrance: no stormtroopers. The Twi'lek didn't go in that way, either. Instead, he walked over to the docking bay office's streetfront door and slipped inside.

Voos, the Sullustan owner, wasn't in. The dusty office was a mess as usual. Datapad permits were piled high on the counter, and a colorful pastiche of spacer jumpsuits, workers coveralls, and other clothing hung from a ceiling rack like a deformed tree. A small comm unit on the counter blared transmissions from the local starport control and various vessels on approach and departure. A narrow set of windows looked out onto the street, while a wider set opposite peered into the comforting shadows of the docking bay. His modified Ghtroc freighter, the *Luudrian Star*, sat quietly in the bay. Tru'eb searched every corner and the dark places beneath his ship, but could find no Imperial presence.

Still, he didn't head through the office door into the landing bay. Tru'eb walked behind Voos' desk and popped open a large maintenance panel in the wall. The ladder led up to the top of the bay wall. Tru'eb scurried up, popped the upper maintenance hatch, and glanced around the few landing lights and a small comm array. No signs of stormtroopers.

From up here, Tru'eb had a great view of the *Luudrian Star's* topside. Voos always worried that the Twi'lek spacer landed too close to his docking bay wall—but

Tru'eb did so on purpose. One section near the cockpit was only a meter and a half from the edge, on the same level as the wall. Tru'eb gracefully stepped off the bay wall and landed on his ship. He padded across the hull plates until he reached the topside hatch. Tru'eb pressed the activation panel, and the door slid aside. He dropped inside.

His weapon at the ready, he quickly checked out the ship. If the Imperials had missed him, he'd have to blast out of here quickly and race along Tatooine's surface to hide out in Dead Bantha Gulch. He walked through the main cargo bay to make sure Platt's blasters were safe. Tru'eb hadn't made any attempt to conceal the crates. Anyone walking through the hold would notice the plastic chests marked with the Empire's crest. Tru'eb usually didn't worry much about importing cargoes to this lawless planet. If the stormtroopers found those blaster rifles, he'd not only be in big trouble with the Empire, but Platt would never forgive him for losing her cargo. All the crates were there, their forged military security seals still intact.

While he strode to the cockpit, Tru'eb found that the rest of the freighter was devoid of any Imperial personnel or devices. He slipped into the pilot's chair and began powering up the ship. The main systems were just coming on-line when he felt someone standing in the cockpit door.

"That will be enough, my friend," the voice said. "Hands off the controls, please." Tru'eb knew better than to try anything. A very powerful weapon was no doubt aimed at him. "Now turn around very slowly."



As he carefully spun around in his seat, Tru'eb heard the unpleasant clattering of stormtrooper boots on his ship's deck plates. The man aiming the powered crossbow at his chest had a devilish grin framed by his red-bearded chin. His hair was tied back in a tail, and his clothes were the rugged kind favored by big-game hunters. Or in this case, bounty hunters.

"Ah, Boddu Bocck," Tru'eb said. "I see you decided to leave your cushy lair on Cloud City to become an Imperial lackey."

"Nice to make your acquaintance, too," Bocck replied. "You know, you really should make a thorough pre-flight check of your ship before taking off. You never know what kind of nasty people might be hiding out in the ship's refresher." The stormtroopers loomed behind the bounty hunter. Tru'eb grimaced when he realized what the stormtroopers had really been doing on the Mos Eisley streets. They weren't trying to capture him, just driving him back to his ship.

"Looks like you figured out my plan," Bocck said. "You see, we knew you were in port. We knew you had some deal going on with Platt Okeefe, and that you're going to meet her at Dead Bantha Gulch. But my friends here just couldn't show up there and expect to bag Platt without making the canyon look like a New Year Fete Week parade through downtown Coruscant. They'd scare her off. So I needed your ship to provide her with some false sense of security when she arrives. Of course, I couldn't move in before you powered up your ship...and disengaged any security countermeasures against shipjackers and other unwanted intruders. Like your friend, Major Birket here..."

A proud Imperial officer strode front and center, his walking stick clacking against the deck plates as he walked through the stormtrooper crowd. "Well, Bocck," he said. "At least you've managed to capture the fearsome gunrunner Tru'eb Cholakk."

The Twi'lek glared at the Imperial Security Bureau officer. With the ISB involved, this wasn't going to be an easy situation to escape from. Tru'eb only hoped Platt would see through the Empire's trap and find some way to rescue him without getting captured herself.

"Now we must busy ourselves arranging another trap," Major Birket said, glaring at Bocck. "If your incompetent associates in Cloud City had done their jobs properly, we wouldn't have to stage this extravagant charade. You are dismissed, bounty hunter."

Bocck turned suddenly toward the Imperial officer, but the stormtroopers nearby made sure the hunter knew their blasters were trained on him, too. "You will be paid according to our agreement, though your incompetent associates will not. You may go." Bocck made a show of setting his crossbow's safety, then shuffled off through the throng of stormtroopers.

Major Birket turned back to his captive. "Now, Tru'eb, if you don't mind, one of our own pilots will fly your ship to Dead Bantha Gulch, where we will be waiting for your friend."

Tru'eb carefully rose from the pilot's seat, his hands raised into the air. "Be my guest."

• *Turn to the next page to continue your exploits.*



DEAD BANTHA GULCH

"So, kid, how do you like Tatooine so far?"

Peering out through the *Last Chance's* viewport, you haven't seen much. On approach, the planet looked like a big orange-yellow globe. Platt made a pretty steep descent, then leveled out over a vast desert. Now that you're cruising over what Platt called the Dune Sea, Tatooine seems to be nothing more than a big sandy blur.

"It's...different."

Platt flashes you a skeptical glance. "Okay, it's not much, I know," she concedes. "Mostly desert, a few rocky ravines, Jawas, Tusken Raiders, and a bunch of down-and-out moisture farmers. But this is a great place for smugglers. Mos Eisley is a bustling starport packed with deal-makers, spacers, and traders of all kinds. The Jundland Wastes can be a little dangerous, but the canyons make great hiding places. You can always get a decent deal on droids from the Jawas...maybe we'll get rid of what's left of See-Vee and buy a more practical droid, like one of those fancy R2 astromech models."

While Platt talks, you become mesmerized by the dunes rushing beneath you. The sand goes on as far as you can see, glowing with the light from Tatooine's twin suns. Ahead you notice a shimmering line following the horizon—it soon condenses into a line of cliffs bordering a rocky desolation: the Jundland Wastes.

"Where are we going to land in there?" you ask.

"Don't worry, kid," Platt assures you. "See those canyon entrances along the ridge? Those gullies lead into a network of valleys and ravines, some pretty narrow and twisted, others getting wider the farther you go into the wastes. They're all riddled with caves and tunnels, probably eroded thousands of years ago when there was water on this planet. Something like that."

"Didn't you say something about creatures living out here? Tusken Raiders or Sand People?"

"Oh, yeah," Platt says with a weak smile. "Dead Bantha Gulch isn't too far into the wastes. Just a few hundred meters inside the edge. The Sand People don't go there. Taboo or something. The place is crawling

with caves—maybe the Tusken Raiders think the caverns are haunted. Jawas don't give us much trouble, either, maybe for the same reason."

Platt eases back on the controls as the cliffs fill the viewport. The *Last Chance* gracefully rises, just clearing the cliff edge. The freighter slows down, veers toward a rough-cut gorge, and begins a slow descent. The valley opens up to a flat, wide space bordered on most sides by towering cliffs dotted with the dark openings of cave mouths.

You see another light freighter sitting at one end of the canyon. It's not a YT-1300 like Platt's ship, but a modified Ghtroc. The other ship has a centrally mounted cockpit with a large gun on each side. Engines and thrusters loom from each of the squarish craft's corners. You don't notice any signs of a pilot, nor anyone else in the canyon.

"That's Tru'eb's ship, the *Ludrian Star*," Platt says. "She's not as large as the old *Last Chance* here, but her weapons pack a considerable punch. Tru'eb likes a small, fast ship. Besides, most of his cargoes are a lot smaller than mine."

Platt engages the thrusters, and brings the *Last Chance* to a smooth landing right next to the other freighter. From the cockpit, you have a perfect view down the ravine—a few twists and turns aside, that direction leads back to the Dune Sea.

Before you can even get up, Platt is out of her seat and heading for the entry ramp. "Hey, kid," she says, pausing in the cockpit hatch. "You want to come along, check out Tru'eb's ship and meet the guy?"

Of course you do. You've finally done it—you've earned Platt's trust and proved to her that you're not just some nuisance. You grab your blaster and gear bag and follow right on Platt's heels as she heads down the *Last Chance's* boarding ramp. The ground between the two ships is strewn with small rocks and lightly covered by sand—nothing that would keep a starship from landing. Still, you're careful of your footing in case you slip on some loose rubble. Tru'eb's ship isn't far away.



Your entire path is shaded by the bulk of both ships. Even so, the heat from the twin suns is great. You're glad when you follow Platt up the *Luudrian Star's* entry ramp and into its cooler confines.

The inside is a different configuration than Platt's YT-1300, but it still has that same "lived-in" feeling. You walk through a curving corridor, past hatches leading to the crew quarters. A quick glance through a side passageway gives you a glimpse of the central lounge area. It's cluttered with the usual trappings of a smuggler's ship—exposed power conduits, customized furnishings pillaged from some wealthy Core World estate, an open maintenance panel showing a clump of wiring, and a few crates of supplies.

Platt sticks her head into the cockpit, then emerges a moment later. "Nope," she says, "Tru'eb's not in the cockpit. Let's try the cargo bay." Another passage leads to the hold. Along the way you notice a shallow niche with a ladder leading up to the topside hatch. You don't see any corridors leading to gun emplacements—Platt said Tru'eb often works alone, so any weapons are probably operated from the cockpit.

You round a corner and head into the cargo hold. Several long plastic crates are stacked along one bulkhead, each bearing the emblem of the Empire and secured with an official-looking military seal. You see a noble-looking Twi'lek—apparently Tru'eb—sitting glumly on one of the crates, his hands in plain sight.

From each side of the cargo bay entry hatch you hear the creaking of armor and the snap of blaster rifles being raised. Out of the corner of your eye you see the forms of stormtroopers. An Imperial officer emerges from a hatch opposite you, gallantly swinging a walking stick and wearing a cruel smile on his face.

"Platt Okeefe, so glad you could join us," the Major says. "Arrest her."

"It's a trap!" Platt cries. "Run for it, kid!"

You dash back the way you came as the stormtroopers close around Platt and disarm her. If you don't act fast, they'll capture you, too. First you must escape, then you have to find a way to stop the Imperials and free Platt.

- You run for the *Luudrian Star's* entry hatch to try and reach the *Last Chance*, or find shelter in the canyon caves: go to 120.
- You head for the topside hatch to escape: go to 147.
- You dash to the cockpit and see if you can power up the ship or the weapons: go to 119.
- You draw your blaster and try to pick off the stormtroopers guarding Platt: go to 130.

119

You race down the corridor, run into the cockpit and seal the hatch behind you. Settling into the lone pilot's seat, you notice that many of the controls in Tru'eb's

ship seem to be similar to those in Platt's. Through the viewport you can see stormtroopers emerging from one of the caves! One of them is pointing toward the *Luudrian Star*, and all of them seem to be running for the boarding ramp. The crowd of Imperial soldiers is joined by two other squads leaping from dark caverns in the ravine. From down the valley you can hear the mechanical *clank-stomp, clank-stomp* of an All Terrain Scout Transport walker heading up the canyon.

You'd better act fast if you're going to keep those stormtroopers off the ship.

- You look for the controls to seal the entry ramp: go to 122 (ignore this option if you've already written down "Hatch Sealed").
- You try powering up the ship's guns: go to 128.
- You power up the ship and try taking off: go to 123.

120

You run for the *Luudrian Star's* entry ramp, hoping to reach the *Last Chance* or hide in the caves which riddle Dead Bantha Gulch. You're halfway down the ramp when you see stormtroopers emerging from one of the caves!

"Stop!" one stormtrooper shouts. "Capture that child," he commands. "Set blasters for stun."

The crowd of Imperial soldiers is joined by two other squads leaping from dark caverns in the ravine. From down the valley you can hear the mechanical *clank-stomp, clank-stomp* of an All Terrain Scout Transport walker heading up the canyon.

This doesn't look like the best way out. Dashing back up the entry ramp, you find the hatch controls and seal the entrance before any troopers can follow you aboard Tru'eb's ship. Write down "Hatch Sealed": you'll need to remember this later. For now you've stopped any more stormtroopers from boarding the ship—but you still have to find some way to rescue Platt...

- You head for the topside hatch to escape: go to 147.
- You dash to the cockpit and see if you can power up the ship or the weapons: go to 119.
- You draw your blaster and try to pick off the stormtroopers guarding Platt a few at a time: go to 130.

121

Your blaster flashes, but the shot misses the stormtrooper. Both troopers stop in their tracks, searching the corridor for the blast's source. You're readying yourself for another shot, when one of the stormtroopers spots you. "There he is," he calls. "Set blasters for stun."

Maybe with just one stormtrooper looking you might



have escaped unnoticed. But with two, they were bound to find you. You squeeze off one shot, then try fleeing. You see the blue flash of a stun blast, feel it smack you square in the back, and you crumple to the deck plates unconscious.

- Please go to 155.

122

This ship's controls are somewhat similar to Platt's—besides, every ship needs some kind of hatch control in the cockpit. Still, there are so many buttons, switches, lights, and knobs up here that you never know which one does what...or if Tru'eb's customized any of them. To see if you can find the right control, you'll roll your *Mechanical* attribute of 3D. Roll 3 dice and add them up.

- If you roll 5 or higher, go to 125.
- If you roll 4 or lower, go to 131.

123

You check out the main control consoles directly in front of the pilot's chair. They *look* like flight controls. Pressing a few buttons illuminates the ship's main computer interface screen: "Main systems powering up. Auto-check sequence initiated. Repulsors on-line. Maneuver thrusters on-line." Deep within the freighter you can hear the engines cycling to life with a dim whine.

You've never flown a starship before, but you'll give it your best shot. Your hands play over the flight controls in an attempt to lift off.

To do this successfully, you'll need to roll your *Mechanical* attribute of 3D. Roll 3 dice and add them up.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 144.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 139.

124

You squeeze the trigger and a bright flash erupts from the blaster's muzzle. Unfortunately, the shot goes wide, and you miss the one stormtrooper who's left. This time he notices where the blast came from. He points his blaster at you and fires from the hip. You see the blue flash of a stun blast, feel it smack you in the belly, and you crumple to the deck plates unconscious.

- Please go to 155.

125

You find one control that looks like the right one and carefully press it. From within the ship's hull, you hear the grinding, whining sound of the boarding ramp closing. It seals with a dull *thud*. From what you can see outside, none of the stormtroopers got to the hatch in time. Jot down "Hatch Sealed": you might need to remember this later.

Now you have a chance to see what you can do with Tru'eb's ship.

- You try powering up the ship's guns: go to 128.
- You power up the ship and try taking off: go to 123.

126

Your blaster flashes—the shot hits the first stormtrooper in the chestplate, sending him sprawling back. The other trooper scans for the source of the shot...

- If you wrote down "Hatch Sealed," go to 133.
- Otherwise, go to 129.

127

While you're wondering what to do next, you hear a clanking on the deckplates. Apparently you didn't seal the entry hatch, because several stormtroopers jog down the corridor, their leader commanding, "Stop that kid!"

You reach for some of the controls that might shut the cockpit hatch, but it's too late. You see the blue flash of a stun blast reflected in the viewport, feel it smack you right in the back, and you crumple into the pilot's seat unconscious.

- Please go to 155.

128

The *Luudrian Star* is armed with a pair of old weapons, rarely used on modern ships. You've heard of mass drive cannons before: they fire explosive rounds. They're rather primitive weapons, really, and use enormous amounts of power, but they can be deadly in combat. Peering out the left and right viewports, you see one cannon port on each side of the cockpit. They're not turrets, so it looks like they can only fire directly forward.

You hear a grinding *clank-stomp, clank-stomp, clank-stomp* sound coming up the canyon. An AT-ST walker



soon comes into view...directly in front of the *Luudrian Star's* cockpit and the mass drive cannons! It stops for a moment to survey the situation, its guns and cab swiveling from side to side, seeking potential targets.

You look around for any weapon control panels in Tru'eb's cockpit. To find the right controls, you'll need to roll your *Mechanical* attribute of 3D. Roll 3 dice and add up the total.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 132.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 136.

129

You're still hiding in a shadowy corner, carefully aiming your blaster at the other remaining stormtrooper who's looking around for you in vain. Before you can squeeze off another shot, you hear voices coming from the other direction. Stormtroopers have boarded the ship and are jogging down the corridor. You see several white-armored forms march around the corner. "There he is," one calls, spotting you. "Set blasters for stun."

You fire one shot at the stormtrooper who was looking for you, then try fleeing. You see the blue flash of a stun blast, feel it smack you square in the back, and you crumple to the deck plates unconscious.

- Please go to 155.

130

You pull the blaster from your gear bag and make sure it's set for kill—you don't want to take any chances with the Imperial stormtroopers. You creep back around the corridor toward the cargo bay entrance. Two stormtroopers have holstered their blasters so they can hold each of Platt's arms with both hands. They've already clamped restraining bands around Tru'eb's wrists and shoved him into the corner. The Imperial officer turns to the other two troopers.

"Find that child," he orders. "I want him captured alive. Set your blasters to stun, and be careful. I will not tolerate failure. Go!" The two stormtroopers jog off in your direction.

From your position, you can take both stormtroopers by surprise. While you shoot one, the other will probably be confused, since he's not expecting a kid to be a good shot with a blaster. To fire at one of the troopers, roll your *blaster* skill. Since it hasn't been improved, it has the same value as your *Dexterity*: 3D+2. Roll 3 dice and add 2 to the result. This is a very good time to spend one or two Character Points...just subtract the number you're using from the Character Point total, roll that many extra dice, and add the results to your *blaster* roll.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 126.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 121.

131

You find a console which looks like it controls hatches throughout the ship. You're not sure which buttons control which hatches, so you press a few. The door to the cockpit slides open with a hissing sound, but you're still not certain if the main boarding ramp is closed. Behind you there's a clanking on the deckplates. Apparently you didn't seal the entry hatch, because several stormtroopers jog down the corridor, their leader commanding, "Stop that kid!"

You reach for some of the controls you just pressed, but it's too late. You see the blue flash of a stun blast reflected in the viewport, feel it smack you right in the back, and you crumple into the pilot's seat unconscious.

- Please go to 155.

132

You find a command console with what looks like a targeting computer and some firing controls. Once you press the main switch, you hear an ominous, throbbing hum on both sides of the cockpit. Several lights on a nearby console light up yellow—you're not quite sure what they're for, maybe power output or damage control. The main computer interface screen blinks on: "Main power core on-line. All power routed to forward guns. Charging. Warning...power coupling overload in 30 seconds."

A small screen on the weapon control console lights up. Illuminated crosshairs target the outlined shape of an AT-ST walker. The crosshairs change color from green to red and begin flashing. A big red button nearby also lights up. That must be fire control. You press it.

Something to the left side of the cockpit roars, and you see a flash in the viewport. The entire ship jolts, and you almost fall out of the pilot's seat. You look out at the AT-ST. Its main cab suddenly explodes. The metal body splinters into a thousand star-like fragments. The walker's legs wobble and fall over, and the burning cab smashes into the ground. Several stormtroopers dive for cover. Write down "AT-ST Destroyed": you might need to remember this later.

- If you wrote down "Hatch Sealed," go to 134.
- Otherwise, go to 127.

133

You'd better take a shot at the second stormtrooper before he finds you. Roll your *blaster* dice of 3D+2 again, adding a Character Point or two if you think you need to improve your roll.



Illustration by Mike Vliardi



- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 137.
- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 124.

134

Now that you've destroyed the AT-ST walker, you need to figure out how to get rid of those stormtroopers and save Platt.

- You power up the ship and try taking off: go to 123.
- You head for the topside hatch to escape: go to 147.
- You draw your blaster and try to pick off the stormtroopers guarding Platt: go to 130.

135

You squeeze the trigger, sending a bright blast at Major Birket. The shot is too high, though, and it blows open a maintenance grill behind him. The Imperial officer laughs. "Nice try, young man, but just because you can hold a blaster doesn't mean you can use it accurately."

You see a bright blue flash from Major Birket's other hand. While you were busy concentrating on blasting the arm pointing the walking-stick blade at Platt, the crafty Imperial was slowly easing his own blaster out of the holster with his free hand! The stun blast hits you square in the chest, and you slump to the deckplates unconscious...

- Please go to 155.

136

You hurry to find some kind of controls for the guns. There are just too many buttons, screens, switches, knobs and dials. By the time you find a console with what looks like a targeting computer and some firing controls, the walker is already stomping out of your guns' range. You press the main switch, and hear an ominous, throbbing hum on both sides of the cockpit. Several lights on a nearby console light up yellow—you're not quite sure what they're for, maybe power output or damage control. The main computer interface screen blinks on: "Main power core on-line. All power routed to forward guns. Charging. Warning...power coupling overload in 30 seconds."

Now that the weapons system is powered up, the AT-ST has moved well out of your sights, stomping off to the far left of the viewport. A small screen on the weapon control console lights up. Illuminated crosshairs glow green, but no target is shown. A big red button nearby lights up. That must be fire control.

- You fire the ship's guns despite the lack of a clear target: go to 142.
- You power up the ship and try taking off: go to 123.
- You head for the topside hatch to escape: go to 147.
- You draw your blaster and try to pick off the stormtroopers guarding Platt: go to 130.

137

Your shot blasts this stormtrooper, and he crumples to the deckplates. Now you must save Platt! You carefully creep around the corridor until you peer into the cargo hold. The two stormtroopers are still holding onto Platt's arms, but their weapons aren't drawn. Tru'eb is slowly struggling to his feet near some crates, his wrists still held by the restraining bands. The Imperial officer is strutting around, going on about hunting down smugglers and sending them off to prison. He suddenly stops, cocks his head, then raises his walking stick. With a flick of his wrist, the officer jerks the tip up to Platt's throat. A short yet sharp blade has emerged from the end—it's now poised to deliver a deadly slice to Platt's neck.

"Come out, young man," the officer says. "I am Major Birket, from the Imperial Security Bureau. I've been sent here to rescue you from this vagabond Captain Okeefe and return you to Brentaal. Your family is very worried about you."

"I don't want to go back," you say. "Platt's my friend. She's going to let me travel around the galaxy with her and teach me all about being a smuggler." You grasp the blaster firmly in your hand.

"That's right," Platt says. "Don't believe this lying Imperial scurrer, kid. Birket just wants to capture me so he can be promoted. Right now he's afraid you might take a pot-shot at him...ouch."

Birket presses his walking stick blade a little closer to Platt's throat. "Now, now, my friend," he says. "Just drop the blaster and we can all go home." His smile twists into an evil and confident scowl.

If you do as he says, you'll certainly be dragged back to a boring life on Brentaal—and you'll never get another chance to run off again. Platt's fate would be even worse. As the Empire's captive, she'd be sentenced to life on a prison world, forced to work in the spice mines of Kessel, or even executed.

If you're going to free Platt, you must stop Major Birket. Right now, your best bet is that blaster in your hand. You carefully raise it and take aim at Major Birket's arm—the one holding the walking stick blade to Platt's neck. The Imperial officer chuckles to himself while looking down the wrong end of your blaster.

To make this shot, you'll use your *blaster skill* of 3D+2 again. Roll 3 dice and add 2 to the total—and since this is an extremely important roll, you'll want to use one or two Character Points to add one or two extra dice to your roll.



Illustration by Tim Bobko

- If you roll 20 or higher, go to 141.
- If you roll 19 or lower, go to 135.

138

You hear clanking on the deckplates behind you, but it's only Platt and Tru'eb running to the cockpit.

"How'd you get away from the stormtroopers and the Imperial officer?" you ask.

"Those guns weren't meant to be fired while the ship was stationary," Tru'eb explains, pulling you from the pilot's chair and settling into it himself. "Without the power of ion drives behind them, the gun's boosted 'kick' shook the ship, surprising everyone and sending them tumbling to the deck. It gave us the chance to overpower the stormtroopers and capture Major Birket."

But you thought mass drive cannons weren't supposed to have recoil—even ancient guns didn't have much recoil at all.

Tru'eb reads the uncertainty on your face. "My guns aren't true mass drive cannons—they have some modifications to increase their range and effect."

"Now how are we going to get past those stormtroopers...and the AT-ST they brought along?"

Platt gives Tru'eb a mischievous look. "Ready to do some damage?"

"Anything to spoil the Emperor's day," the Twi'lek responds. He gives you a brief nod of thanks as he begins fully powering up his ship.

- Please go to 156.

139

You work the controls, and the *Ludrian Star* wobbles into the air. This is a pretty awkward ship to fly. You're constantly adjusting the maneuvering controls to keep the ship level. The entire ship rocks and you hear a sudden *crunch* on one side of the freighter. There's a clattering sound on the hull as you veer away from the canyon wall you apparently just bumped into. Your flying skills aren't terribly good.

Peering out the viewport, you see the stormtroopers below running for cover as the freighter swoops menacingly low. You didn't really mean to do that, but it's scattering the enemy. Still, it's only a matter of time before you slam the starship into another cliff. After a moment of frantically working the controls, you set the *Ludrian Star* down with a very bumpy landing.

You hear clanking on the deckplates behind you, but it's only Platt and Tru'eb running to the cockpit.

"How'd you get away from the stormtroopers and the Imperial officer?" you ask.

"Your 'maneuvers' shook the ship, surprising everyone and sending them tumbling to the deck," Tru'eb explains, pulling you from the pilot's chair, settling into it himself, and slowly guiding the ship down for a smooth landing. "It gave us the chance to overpower the stormtroopers and capture Major Birket."

"Nice flying, kid," Platt says with a smile.

"I shall have to put in for repairs somewhere," Tru'eb says regretfully. "Who knows what systems were damaged in the collision. But it is a much smaller price to pay than becoming the Empire's prisoner."

- If you wrote down "AT-ST Destroyed," go to 157.
- Otherwise, go to 143.

140

While you're wondering what to do next, you hear a clanking on the deckplates. Apparently you never sealed the entry hatch, because several stormtroopers jog down the corridor, their leader commanding, "Stop that kid!"



Your hands are already on the flight controls. Before the stormtroopers can get to you, you fire the starboard maneuver thrusters, abruptly tilting the ship to one side. The stormtroopers topple against the corridor wall, then stumble to the ground. You cut the starboard thrusters and hit the portside jets. The freighter tilts the other way, forcing the stormtroopers to tumble to the other side of the corridor.

Once you've balanced the ship, you hear blaster fire down the passageway—Platt and Tru'eb are heading up to the cockpit, finishing off the stormtroopers with stolen Imperial blasters.

"How'd you get away from the stormtroopers and the Imperial officer?" you ask.

"Your maneuvers surprised everyone and sent them tumbling to the deck," Tru'eb explains, pulling you from the pilot's chair, settling into it himself, and slowly guiding the ship down for a smooth landing. "It gave us the chance to overpower the stormtroopers and capture Major Birket."

"Nice flying, kid," Platt says with a smile.

- If you wrote down "AT-ST Destroyed," go to 157.
- Otherwise, go to 143.

141

You carefully aim the blaster, then gently squeeze the trigger. A bright blast slams into the Major's arm. He stumbles backward, dropping the deadly blade-tipped walking stick. Platt struggles with the stormtroopers holding her arms. She hooks a leg around each of the stormtroopers' and yanks, pulling their feet out from under them and sending them to the floor. Once they've fallen to the deckplates, she gives each a good kick to the helmet. Meanwhile, Tru'eb jumps up and jams his shoulder into Major Birket, crushing him into the wall and knocking him out cold.

Platt rushes over to unclamp Tru'eb's binders. "Nice work, kid," she says. "I trust you sealed the hatch so those stormtroopers outside can't get in..." You hear a distant *clanking* on the hull—probably the Empire's finest banging on the hull to get inside.

"I closed the entry ramp," you say. "But how are we going to get past those stormtroopers...and the AT-ST they brought along?"

Platt gives Tru'eb a mischievous look. "Ready to do some damage?"

"Anything to spoil the Emperor's day," the Twi'lek responds. He gracefully strides out of the cargo bay, giving you a brief nod of thanks on his way to the cockpit.

- Please go to 156.

142

You press the glowing red button on the weapon control console. Something to the left side of the cockpit roars, and you see a flash in the viewport. The entire ship jolts, and you almost fall out of the pilot's seat. The cliff across the canyon explodes, showering everything with splinters of hot rock. Several stormtroopers dive for cover, but the AT-ST walker is still out there.

- If you wrote down "Hatch Sealed," go to 138.
- Otherwise, go to 127.

143

"Now how are we going to get past those stormtroopers...and the AT-ST they brought along?"

Platt gives Tru'eb a mischievous look. "Ready to do some damage?"

"Anything to spoil the Emperor's day," the Twi'lek responds. He gives you a brief nod of thanks as he begins checking over his ship's controls.

- Please go to 156.

144

You work the controls, and the *Luudrian Star* gradually rises from the ground. It's hovering several meters above the canyon surface—through the viewport you can see stormtroopers below, pointing up and occasionally firing their blasters at the ship. Now that you've got the freighter in the air, you're beginning to wonder where you're going to go...and how to free Platt from the Imperial forces already on the ship.

- If you wrote down "Hatch Sealed," go to 148.
- Otherwise, go to 140.

145

You quickly slip down the ladder to the ventral turret and power up the belly gun. The fire control computer comes on-line, and the gunner's chair swivels as you turn the turret, looking for targets. You see a crowd of stormtroopers near the *Luudrian Star's* boarding hatch, with another squad jogging over from its position near the canyon wall. The fire control computer is processing the target, helping you aim.

To fire the guns, roll your *Mechanical* attribute of 3D, adding a bonus of 2D for the gun's targeting software. Roll a total of 5 dice and add them up.



- If you roll 15 or higher, go to 150.
- If you roll 14 or lower, go to 153.

146

The *Last Chance's* quad laser cannons open up on the AT-ST. Your aim is right on the mark. The blasts smack directly into the walker's cab, causing a massive explosion. The metal body splinters into a thousand star-like fragments. The walker's legs wobble and fall over, and the burning cab smashes into the ground. Several stormtroopers dive for cover.

You look toward the *Luudrian Star's* boarding hatch—Platt's taken cover there and is blasting away at the stormtroopers near the rocks. You turn the turret and lay down some covering fire until Platt can run from Tru'eb's ship to the *Last Chance*. Slipping the intercom headset on, you speak to her while she powers up the freighter.

"Thanks, kid, for providing a good diversion," she says. "While you were frying that AT-ST, our guards were distracted and we managed to overpower them."

"What are we going to do about all those troopers hiding in the canyon?" you ask.

"I can handle everything up here," Platt tells you. "Why don't you run down to the belly gun and mop up the rest of those stormtroopers with the quad laser cannons."

You shimmy down the ladder to the ventral turret.

As you strap yourself into the gunner's chair—pulling on the headset intercom so you can talk with Platt—you hear the *Last Chance's* engines whine to life. The ground seems to move away as the ship lifts off and hovers a few meters from the surface. From your turret, you get an upside-down view of everything. You grasp the quad laser cannon controls and start firing. Stormtroopers are flying everywhere, cut down by lucky shots and by the near-misses that send small, sharp rock fragments slicing through the air like shrapnel. As Platt banks the ship, you sometimes see Tru'eb's freighter maneuvering around the valley, the two forward-facing guns near the cockpit blasting away. After a few minutes, it's all over for the Empire.

- Please go to 158.

147

You run down the corridor and climb up the ladder to the dorsal hatch. It leads outside to the freighter's upper hull. You cross the ship, heading toward Platt's freighter. Both vessels are about the same size—since they landed on relatively level ground, they're also about the same height. Platt set the *Last Chance* down close to Tru'eb's ship. Taking a running start, you make the jump easily. You scurry over her ship's hull, hit the dorsal hatch release, and shimmy down the ladder.

You dash around the corridor leading to the gunnery-well access tube. You hesitate before climbing to one of the quad laser cannons. If you use the topline

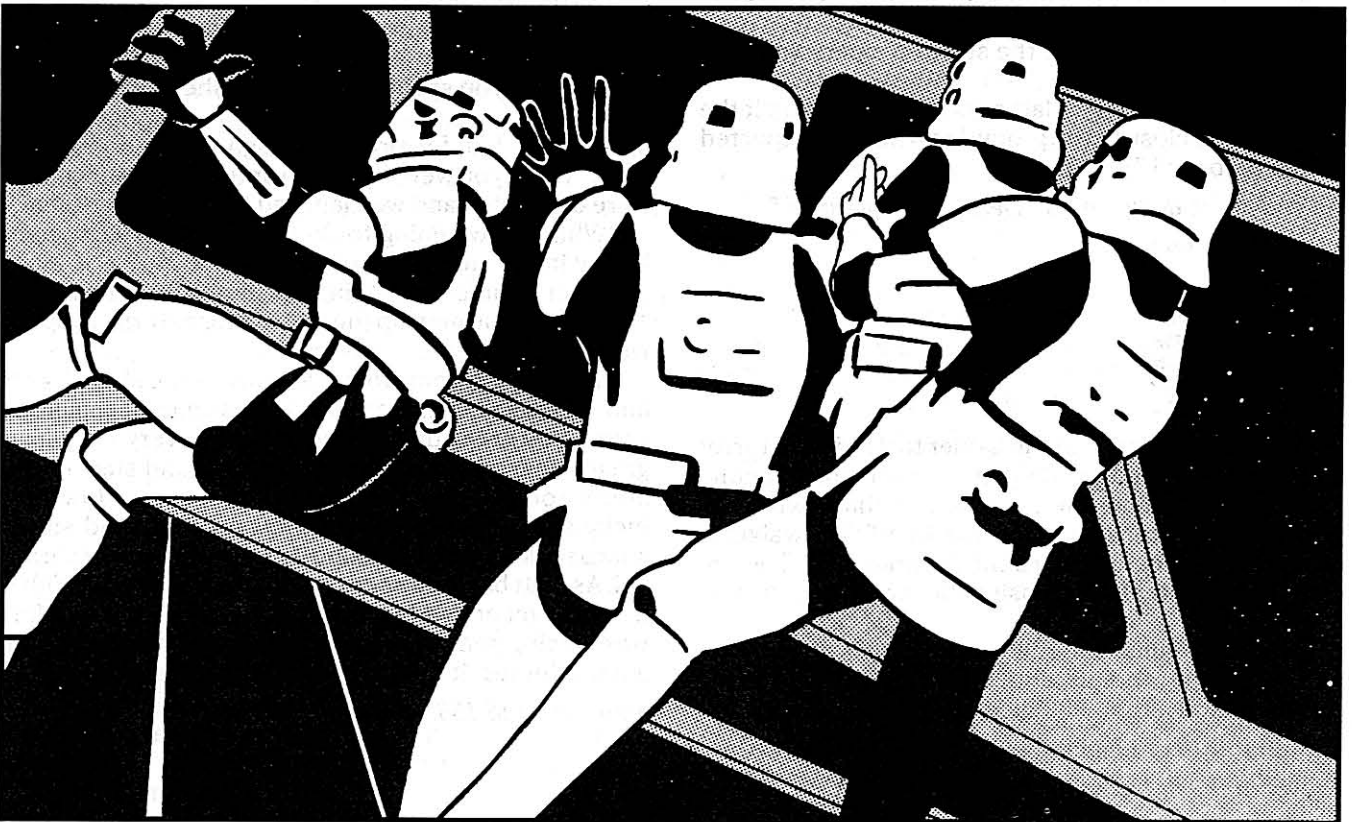


Illustration by Tim Bobko



one, you'll be limited to targets which peek above the upper hull. If you use the belly gun, you can blast the stormtroopers, but won't have a good field of fire at anything much taller than the *Last Chance*.

- If you wrote "AT-ST Destroyed," you don't need to worry about tall targets—you scurry down the gunnery-well access tube to the belly gun: go to 145.

- If you didn't destroy the AT-ST yet, you may descend to the belly gun and shoot stormtroopers (go to 145), or you may climb the ladder to the topside quad laser cannon and try taking out the walker: go to 149.

148

Platt and Tru'eb are being held at bay in the cargo hold, with four stormtroopers and an Imperial officer. To make an escape attempt, they'd need some kind of distraction. There's not much you could do from up here, except...

You've got an idea. You fire the starboard maneuver thrusters, abruptly tilting the ship to one side. After a moment, you cut the starboard thrusters and hit the portside jets. The freighter tilts the other way. Soon you stop igniting the thrusters and level the ship off.

A moment later you hear footsteps clattering on the deckplates—it's Platt and Tru'eb.

"Nice flying, kid," Platt says.

"Your maneuver surprised everyone and sent them tumbling to the deck," Tru'eb explains, pulling you from the pilot's chair, settling into it himself, and slowly guiding the ship down for a smooth landing. "It gave us the chance to overpower the stormtroopers and capture Major Birket."

"That's a neat trick," Platt says. "I'll have to try it the next time I'm close to the ground and have unexpected guests on board."

- If you wrote down "AT-ST Destroyed," go to 157.

- Otherwise, go to 143.

149

You quickly scurry up the ladder to the dorsal turret and power up the topside gun. The fire control computer comes on-line, and the gunner's chair swivels as you turn the turret, looking for the AT-ST. The walker is *clank-stomping* over toward the *Luudrian Star*. The fire control computer is processing the target, helping you aim.

To fire the guns, you roll your *Mechanical* attribute of 3D, adding a bonus of 2D for the gun's targeting software. Roll a total of 5 dice and add them up.

- If you roll 10 or higher, go to 146.

- If you roll 9 or lower, go to 152.

150

The *Last Chance*'s ventral quad laser cannons open up on the stormtrooper squad. You shoot into the middle of the crowd, sending the Empire's minions flying in every direction. Some are blown to pieces, some are cut down by shrapnel from exploding rocks you hit, and others are thrown through the air by the force of the blasts. The quad lasers continue to pulse and fire until the squad has been destroyed.

- If you wrote "AT-ST Destroyed," go to 154.

- Otherwise, go to 151.

151

You swivel the turret, looking for more targets. The few stormtroopers remaining have run for cover behind rocks or in caves along the ravine. You see the AT-ST walker's metal feet and lower legs *clank-stomp* into view. You're not going to be able to do much damage from down here in the belly gun...

Suddenly you hear a blast come from the *Luudrian Star*! Something rips through the air, and there's an explosion. Thousands of glowing metal splinters rain down around the AT-ST's legs. The walker wobbles and falls over, the burning cab smashing into the ground!

You look toward the *Luudrian Star*'s boarding hatch—Platt has taken cover there and is blasting away at the stormtroopers near the rocks. You turn the turret and lay down some covering fire until Platt can run from Tru'eb's ship to the *Last Chance*. Slipping the intercom headset on, you speak to her while she powers up the freighter.

"Thanks, kid, for providing a good diversion," she says. "While you were frying stormtroopers, our guards were distracted and we managed to overpower them."

"What are we going to do about all those troopers hiding in the canyon?" you ask.

"I can handle everything up here," Platt tells you. "Why don't you mop up the rest of those stormtroopers with the quad laser cannons."

The ground seems to move away as the ship lifts off and hovers a few meters from the surface. From your turret, you get an upside-down view of everything. You grasp the quad laser cannon controls and start firing. Stormtroopers are flying everywhere, cut down by lucky shots and by the near-misses that send small, sharp rock fragments slicing through the air like shrapnel. As Platt banks the ship, you sometimes see Tru'eb's freighter maneuvering around the valley, the two forward-facing guns near the cockpit blasting away. After a few minutes, it's all over for the Empire.

- Please go to 158.

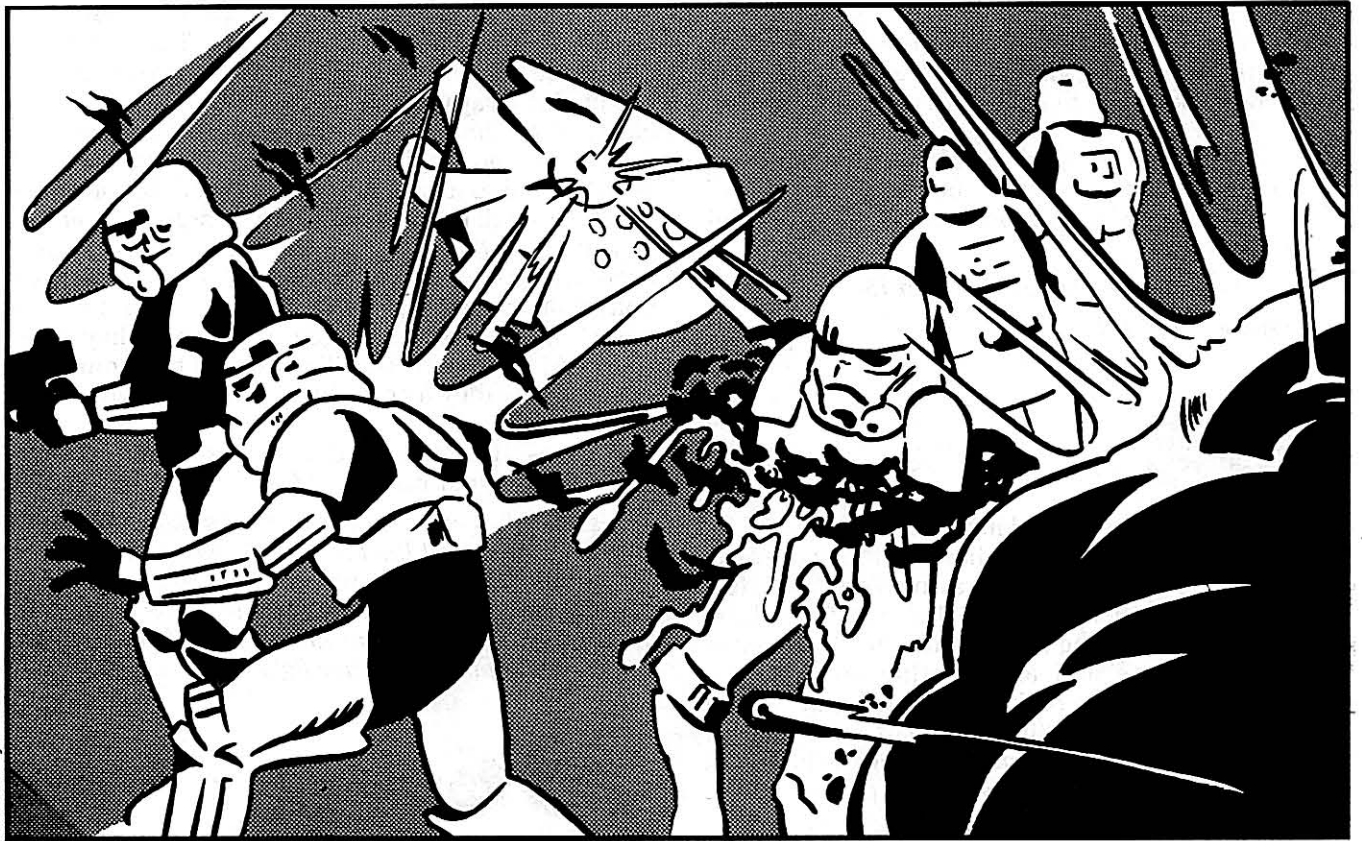


Illustration by Tim Bobko

152

The *Last Chance's* quad laser cannons open up on the AT-ST. Unfortunately, your aim is a little off. Instead of blasting the walker, the first few shots hit the *Luudrian Star's* upper hull, shaking the freighter violently! It doesn't look like you've struck anything vital, but there are a few black laser scorch marks on the hull that Tru'eb won't be too happy about.

Now the AT-ST has spotted you. It stomps forward, away from Tru'eb's ship, its cab and guns swiveling to aim at you!

Suddenly you hear a blast come from the *Luudrian Star*! Something rips through the air, and there's an explosion. The AT-ST's main cab suddenly explodes. The metal body splinters into a thousand star-like fragments. The walker's legs wobble and fall over, and the burning cab smashes into the ground. Several stormtroopers dive for cover.

You look toward the *Luudrian Star's* boarding hatch—Platt has taken cover there and is blasting away at the stormtroopers near the rocks. You turn the turret and lay down some covering fire until Platt can run from Tru'eb's ship to the *Last Chance*. Slipping the intercom headset on, you speak to her while she powers up the freighter.

"Thanks, kid, for providing a good diversion," she says. "While you were busy shooting the *Luudrian Star*, our guards were distracted and we managed to overpower them."

"What are we going to do about all those troopers hiding in the canyon?" you ask.

"I can handle everything up here," Platt tells you. "Why don't you run down to the belly gun and mop up the rest of those stormtroopers with the quad laser cannons."

You shimmy down the ladder to the ventral turret. As you strap yourself into the gunner's chair—pulling on the headset intercom so you can talk with Platt—you hear the *Last Chance's* engines whine to life. The ground seems to move away as the ship lifts off and hovers a few meters from the surface. From your turret, you get an upside-down view of everything. You grasp the quad laser cannon controls and start firing. Stormtroopers are flying everywhere, cut down by lucky shots and by the near-misses that send small, sharp rock fragments slicing through the air like shrapnel. As Platt banks the ship, you sometimes see Tru'eb's freighter maneuvering around the valley, the two forward-facing guns near the cockpit blasting away. After a few minutes, it's all over for the Empire.

• Please go to 158.

153

The *Last Chance's* ventral quad laser cannons open up on the stormtrooper squad. Unfortunately, your aim is a little off. Instead of blasting into the middle of the



troopers, the first few shots hit the *Luudrian Star*, shaking the freighter violently! It doesn't look like you've struck anything vital, but there are a few black laser scorch marks on the hull that Tru'eb won't be too happy about.

After a moment you turn the guns a little and start shooting some stormtroopers, but by then most of them have retreated to the rocks and caves which dot the ravine wall.

- If you wrote "AT-ST Destroyed," go to 154.
- Otherwise, go to 151.

154

You swivel the turret, looking for more targets. The few stormtroopers remaining have run for cover behind rocks or in caves along the ravine. They take a few shots at you, but then they turn their fire toward the *Luudrian Star's* boarding ramp. Platt and Tru'eb have taken cover there and are blasting away at the stormtroopers near the rocks. You turn the turret and lay down some covering fire until Platt can run from Tru'eb's ship to the *Last Chance*. Slipping the intercom headset on, you speak to her while she powers up the freighter.

"Thanks, kid, for providing a good diversion," she says. "While you were frying stormtroopers, our guards were distracted and we managed to overpower them."

"What are we going to do about all those troopers hiding in the canyon?" you ask.

"I can handle everything up here," Platt tells you. "Why don't you mop up the rest of those stormtroopers with the quad laser cannons."

The ground seems to move away as the ship lifts off and hovers a few meters from the surface. From your turret, you get an upside-down view of everything. You grasp the quad laser cannon controls and start firing. Stormtroopers are flying everywhere, cut down by lucky shots and by the near-misses that send small, sharp rock fragments slicing through the air like shrapnel. As Platt banks the ship, you sometimes see Tru'eb's freighter maneuvering around the valley, the two forward-facing guns near the cockpit blasting away. After a few minutes, it's all over for the Empire.

- Please go to 158.

155

You wake up aboard an Imperial transport. Although your wrists aren't clamped in restraining bands, stormtroopers sit on both sides of you—and in front of you, and in the seats behind you. The Empire isn't

taking any chances on bringing back to you to Brentaal safely. You're quite certain of your fate. The Empire will return you to your family, who'll be very upset with you for running away with a smuggler. They'll still send you back to those boring classes at the Brentaal Commerce Academy—and they'll probably send a personal bodyguard or two to make sure you don't wander off again. You'll be stuck in that hum-drum lifestyle forever.

You see no sign of Platt or Tru'eb. They're most likely on a prison ship bound for an Imperial interrogation, a prison world, or the dreaded spice mines of Kessel. Maybe they managed to escape. They're resourceful smugglers, they'll get out of this somehow. And perhaps they'll come back and rescue you someday.

For now, though, your destiny lies in a life of boredom back on your homeworld...

• *This doesn't look like a very promising end to your story. Turn back to "Dead Bantha Gulch" and try this section again. Sure, in real life, you can't go back and replay events when they don't work out, but this is a game, so that's okay. Besides, there are many different ways to defeat the Empire during this fight.*

156

"Come on, kid," Platt says, dashing for the *Luudrian Star's* dorsal hatch. "It's payback time!" You follow her up the ladder and through the hatch which leads outside to the freighter's upper hull. Platt landed the *Last Chance* close enough to Tru'eb's ship that it's an easy jump across. Out of the corner of your eye you notice the cab of an AT-ST walker looming nearby, its guns scanning the canyon for targets.

You scurry over the *Last Chance's* hull, then down the dorsal hatch. A comforting feeling washes over you as you run through the corridors of Platt's ship—despite a lot of Imperial trouble, this place seems like home. You follow Platt to the cockpit and settle into the co-pilot's seat.

"I can handle everything up here," Platt tells you. "Why don't you head down to the ventral quad laser turret—the one down the ladder in the gunnery well. I'll take out that AT-ST with a concussion missile while you mop up the stormtroopers with the quad laser cannons."

You dash out of the cockpit, run through a corridor, and shimmy down the ladder to the belly guns. As you strap yourself into the gunner's chair—pulling on the headset intercom so you can talk with Platt—you hear the *Last Chance's* engines whine to life. The ground seems to move away as the ship lifts off and hovers a few meters from the surface. From your turret, you get an upside-down view of everything: the feet of a monstrous AT-ST walker, and a few squads of stormtroopers running for cover.



Illustration by Mike Vilardi



You hear a *whirr-clunk* echo through the ship's hull. Something fires near the cockpit, then you hear an explosion outside. You watch the AT-ST's legs wobble for a moment, then crumple, sending the walker's burning cab crashing to the ground.

You grasp the quad laser cannon controls and start firing. Stormtroopers are flying everywhere, cut down by lucky shots and by the near-misses that send small, sharp rock fragments slicing through the air like shrapnel. As Platt banks the ship, you sometimes see Tru'eb's freighter maneuvering around the valley, the two forward-facing guns near the cockpit blasting away. After a few minutes, it's all over for the Empire.

• Please go to 158.

157

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• Please go to 158.

158

Platt and Tru'eb land their freighters again and begin hastily swapping cargoes—they're not sure if there are any more Imperial troops nearby or on their way. You help move the Tibanna gas canisters into Tru'eb's hold, while Platt uses a repulsorsled to transfer the crates of Imperial blasters into her cargo bay. You notice that Tru'eb has put Major Birket in his own restraining bands. The Imperial officer is wounded, but you can tell he's very alive by the idle threats of imprisonment and revenge he keeps spouting.

When everything's loaded, Platt shakes Tru'eb's hand. "Nice job," she says, looking around at the defeated stormtroopers and the AT-ST walker's smoldering remains.

"Just like the old days," Tru'eb replies. "Except this time we had some help." He looks down at you, then extends his hand. "You'll make a fine smuggler someday, my son. If it is true that one learns from one's mistakes, then you'll learn much while traveling with Platt."

Your captain gives the Twi'lek a wry grin, then taps you on the shoulder. "Let's go, kid. We'd all better get out of here before more of the Emperor's bad boys show up." She struts off toward the *Last Chance's* boarding ramp, then turns to Tru'eb. "Say, what are you going to do with our friend Major Birket?"

"I know some slavers who'd pay handsomely for an Imperial officer—they make good household administrators."

"I've got a few friends who might be able to plug him for information that might be helpful," Platt says.

"You need to take more care in dealing with these 'friends' of yours, Platt. I'd be willing to part with the good Major in exchange for merchandise of equal value."

"I'm a little short on credits right now," Platt says. "And I can't afford to part with these blasters."

"Then I shall have to settle for a favor to be named in the future." Tru'eb drags Birket out of his hold and tosses him down his ship's entry ramp. "Until we meet next time, Platt Okeefe, clear skies."

"Yeah, fly casual," Platt calls. She hauls Birket aboard her ship, ties him up to one of the cargo restraints in the hold, then meets you in the cockpit.

"Ready to get out of here, kid?"

"Sure," you reply. "I've had enough of the Empire for one trip."

"Get used to it—Imperial entanglements are an occupational hazard for folks like us," she says, powering up the engines and easing into the throttle. "And we've still got a long way to go to deliver these blasters to my Rebel friends..."

But that's another adventure...

• Congratulations! You've successfully completed this adventure..



EPILOGUE

Well, that's the exciting ending to your adventure with Platt. You've beaten the Empire and recovered the blaster rifles desperately needed by the Rebel Alliance. Your smuggling escapades with Platt Okeefe are done for now, but your adventures don't have to end here.

If you enjoyed your exploits, you can replay this game book. Try making some different choices and see how they affect your story. Did you use Character Points in some places to improve your dice rolls? Maybe you can try using Character Points for some rolls you failed, or you could save some for other dramatic moments. There are plenty of options for creating other interesting *Star Wars* stories in which you are the hero.

The rules for using skills and attributes are based on *The Star Wars Roleplaying Game*. If you enjoyed this story, you might want to try other roleplaying adventures in the exciting *Star Wars* galaxy.

WHAT IS STAR WARS ROLEPLAYING?

A roleplaying game is just a more sophisticated version of the children's game "Let's Pretend." Remember when you created your own *Star Wars* adventures using the action figures, a few vehicles, and the living room furniture? Roleplaying is something like that. It's often described as interactive storytelling. You and your friends assume the role of characters in the story, and your choices and actions affect the outcome.

You're actually roleplaying while you read *Imperial Double-Cross*. You play the role of Darrik, and you make choices for him and determine whether he succeeds or fails at certain tasks. In *The Star Wars Roleplaying Game*, you don't play the main characters from the films; you make up your own characters, who may or may not be similar to those in the films. You also don't play alone—you get together with a group of friends, each one assuming the role of a character, and one leading the story.

The Star Wars Roleplaying Game is similar to *Imperial Double-Cross*, the big difference being that you play it with several friends and not just by yourself. The rules follow a basic principle you used in this game book:

Determine a difficulty number. If the character's roll is equal or higher, he succeeds.

This book is a good tutorial to teach you and your friends this basic rule while having fun playing the hero in your very own *Star Wars* adventure.

In *The Star Wars Roleplaying Game*, one player (called a gamemaster or narrator) tells the others what their characters see and hear, and portrays any "supporting characters" who appear. Sometimes maps, game pieces, props and miniature vehicles are used to visualize the action, but most of the time the story takes place in the participants' imaginations.

Combat, chases, and other conflicts are resolved by simple rules involving the rolling of dice; the better the player rolls, the more successful his character is at a particular task. Whether the character succeeds or fails at these actions can dramatically change the story's outcome.

Any good story—in books, television, or film—has characters, a setting, and conflict. The players portray the characters. George Lucas has provided the setting in the *Star Wars* movies you've seen. The gamemaster creates the conflict. When mixed together, you get a good story.

HOW DO I CREATE MY OWN STAR WARS ROLEPLAYING STORIES?

If you've played *Imperial Double-Cross*, you're already well on your way. Next, you'll want to pick up one of the two *Star Wars Roleplaying Games*—you can find them in book stores, hobby and comic book shops, or anywhere roleplaying games, comic books, or *Star Wars* novels are sold.



STAR WARS INTRODUCTORY ADVENTURE GAME

If you like easy games or you've never tried roleplaying before, this is the game for you. *The Star Wars Introductory Adventure Game* teaches you the rules while you play. You begin learning as soon as you open the box. One game booklet shows how to create and use your own customized *Star Wars* character. Unlike *Imperial Double-Cross*, you don't have to play a character created for you by someone else. You can choose to play a character type from the *Star Wars* films: a smuggler, Wookiee, young Jedi, Mon Calamari, even a bounty hunter!

Another booklet teaches one person, the narrator, how to run players through exciting *Star Wars* scenarios. It also includes an overview of the equipment, droids, creatures, starships, weapons, and vehicles in the *Star Wars* universe.

An adventure book starts you and your friends on your very own *Star Wars* saga. You'll notice *Imperial Double-Cross* contains several sections, both story and adventure, which combine to form a much broader story. The different missions in the adventure game are also linked, creating a larger plot that pits the Rebel players against the might of the Empire.

Maps of popular locations, illustrated cards, and character stand-ups help you visualize the action and develop your own adventures.

THE STAR WARS ROLEPLAYING GAME

If you've played roleplaying games before try *The Star Wars Roleplaying Game*. It's a bit more complicated than *The Introductory Adventure Game*, but provides

players and gamemasters with more options in creating their own *Star Wars* saga.

This full-color, hardbound book is filled with expanded rules. Although the basic rules are the same as *The Star Wars Introductory Adventure Game*, they are more detailed, adding an extra dimension to gameplay. You'll find more skills and more information on how to use them. Players have more character templates to choose from, more starships, more aliens, and more equipment and weapons. You'll even find additional information on the Force and Jedi powers.

Two adventures help players and gamemasters learn the rules. You'll discover new ideas on designing your own adventures, plus tips on running large battles.

If you enjoyed roleplaying games before, you'll love adventuring in your favorite movie universe with *The Star Wars Roleplaying Game*.

AND THERE'S MORE...

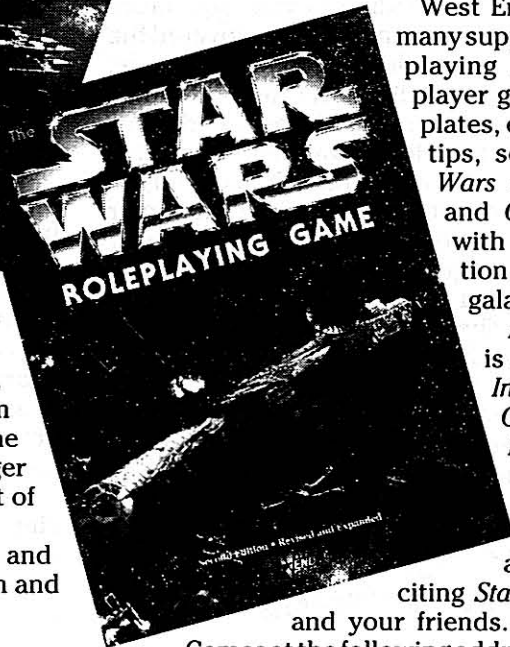
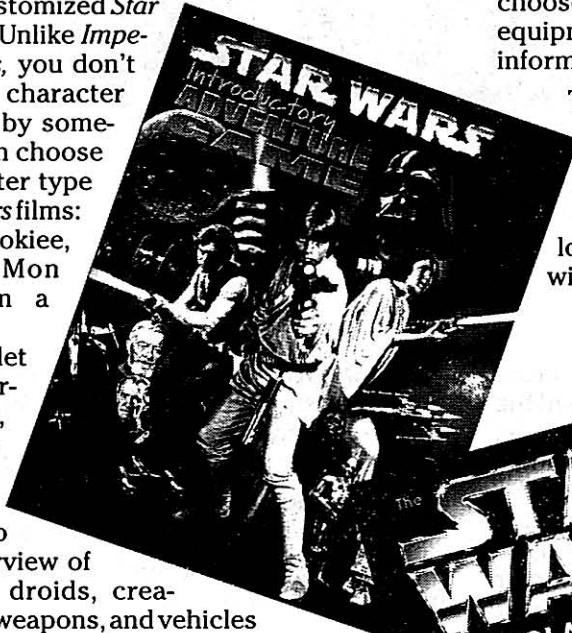
West End Games publishes many supplements for the roleplaying game—adventures, player guides with new templates, equipment and game tips, sourcebooks on *Star Wars* novels and comics, and *Galaxy Guides* filled with fascinating information about the *Star Wars* galaxy.

All you need to play is either *The Star Wars Introductory Adventure Game* or *The Star Wars Roleplaying Game*. But there's much more out there to enhance your game and continue the exciting *Star Wars* saga for you

and your friends. Write to West End Games at the following address for a free catalog:

West End Games Catalog
RR 3 Box 2345
Honesdale, PA 18431

or send e-mail to WEGSales@aol.com.



STAR WARS®

IMPERIAL DOUBLE-CROSS

By Peter Schweighofer

The turbolift door opened, and Darrik stepped out into a dimly lit corridor. Instead of the polished, white synthetic stone of Cloud City's upper levels, this area was constructed of pipes, hissing air vents, and dingy deck grating. A blue light filtered in from a dirty window to the right—it overlooked a vast chasm, probably some sort of central core wind tunnel. To the left, the boy saw the other turbolift tubes. A passage lined with coolant pipes led beyond. He watched the Rodian bounty hunter's shadowy form walking cautiously down that corridor. Darrik followed.

The passageway opened into a small plaza with large doors on all sides except this one. Platt was near one of the doors, fiddling with a control pad. The Rodian sneaked over to a darkened corner and silently pulled his blaster pistol from its holster.

What would you do?

Now you can decide. In this stand-alone roleplaying game book, you play Darrik, a young man with dreams greater than his hum-drum homeworld. Through a series of short stories and adventures, you'll run into stormtroopers, bounty hunters, and sinister Imperial agents. You make the decisions, but your success also depends on your skills and a bit of the Force.

All you need to play is a pencil, some six-sided dice, and your imagination!

You've seen the *Star Wars* movies, now live the adventure.

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