

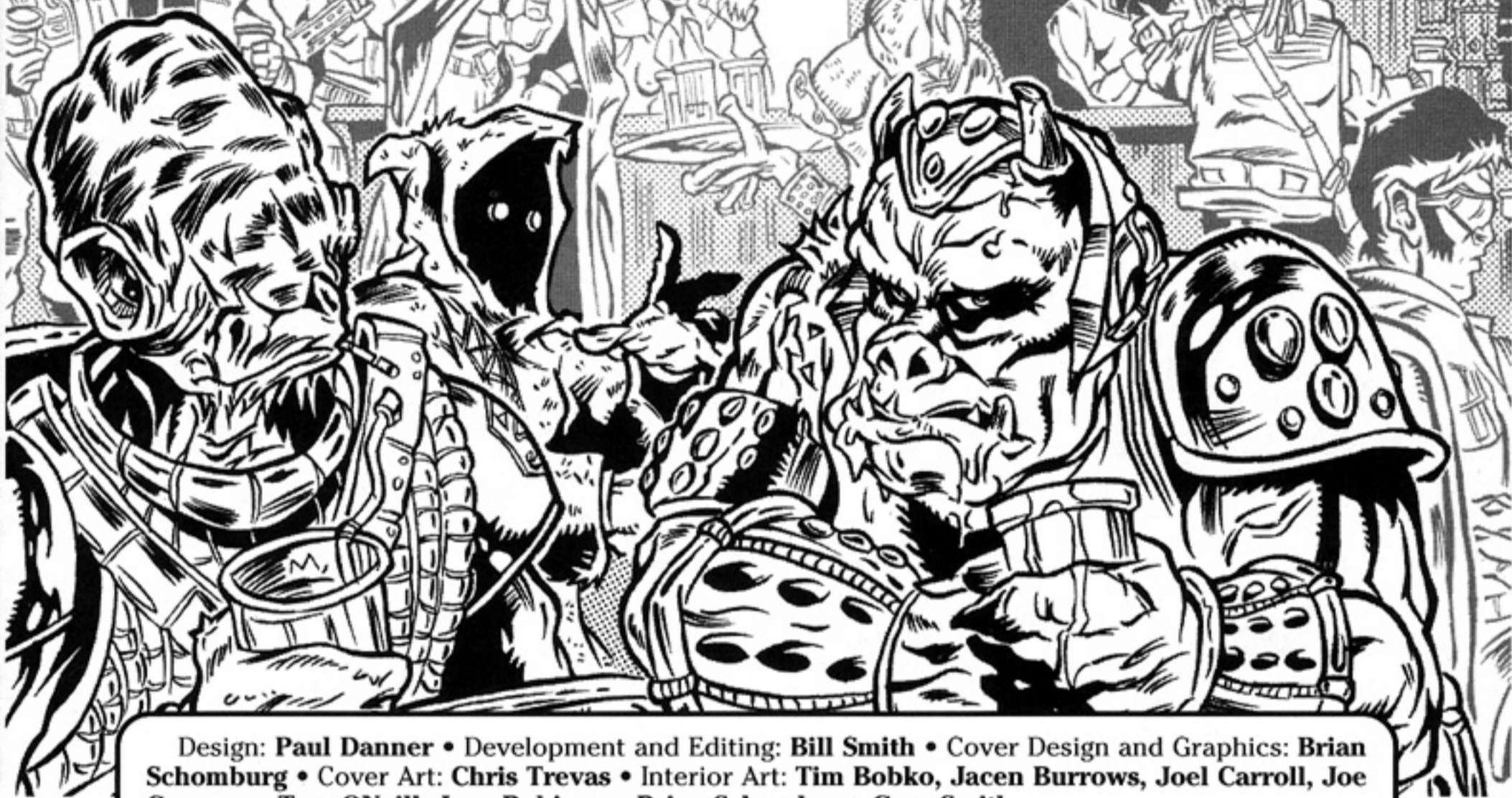
STAR WARS®

Wretched Hives OF SCUM & VILLAINY



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Introduction

A Few Words From Cohden K'Reye...

I know what you're thinking, pal....

Right now, you're saying to yourself: *Self, do I really want to lay out 20 credits for some Corellian smoothie to tell me what I already know about the most banal subject in the entire galaxy?*

For the uninitiated (and those of you who fall into this category should just put this treatise down now and go home to your mommies), the subject 'bout which I'm speaking is known by a multitude of monikers throughout the galaxy.

Club, cantina, bar, saloon, lounge, tapcafe, emporium....

They all refer to the same kinda place.

And if you ever left your desert hovel, farmboy, it's a sure bet you'd find at least one of these establishments in the big, bright city.

Now some people (and these are the know-it-all types who have their noses jugged so high in the air they're sniffing vacuum) think that every cantina is the same; that boredom hangs in the air as thick as the smoke from a Hutt's joonga pipe.

Of course, these are also the micron-minded folks who believe they've seen it all and tend to lump everybody and everything into broad categories. To them a Wookiee is a Wookiee, and hey, they make pretty good slaves, don't you think? Not that I'm comparing these folks to Imps, mind you, but if the slaver's whip fits, hold it.

So they may think a bar is a bar is a bar, but as with everything from sentient beings to droids, the differences make the difference. Sure, if every cantina you walked into was a clone of the one before, you'd have your fill pretty quickly—and I'm not sayin' there aren't plenty of those out there. However, that's where me and this little work of mine come in....

It's sort of a guide through the perilous paths of platitudinal pubs. I'll show you some of the best the galaxy has to offer; places where you can eat drink, dance, gamble, meet, flirt, deal, whisper, laugh, or just relax. Each establishment in this little piece of literature has its own unique flavor. You can sample 'em like sweet-treats, but don't gorge yourself. These babies are quite capable of givin' you a tummy-ache.

Moderation is the key. Besides, there's lots you can do at each place... Chat with a bartender in the know, find a pilot for your clandestine journey, meet new and interesting beings, buy and sell legal-impaired (meaning "black market," farmboy) goods, seek out underworld contacts, and maybe even get into a few of those grand old bar-clearing brawls.



Joey Robinson

**COHDEN
K'REYE**

These are the type of establishments where the uncommon is commonplace. So be ready for anything... That beauty who comes up and asks you to dance might just be an Imperial spy. That drink she bought you could be laced with a sleep inducer. And when you wake up at an Impie interrogation facility, her diaphanous cocktail dress has been replaced with an ISB standard issue uniform.

Don't say I didn't warn you. (And don't try to sue me, either. Didn't ya read the fine print?)

By the way, the correct answer to the question I originally posed is a big ol' Death Star-sized YES. If you're an adventurin' type, then you'll make good use of the data you hold in your grubby hands. As my Uncle Urrtie always used to say, *The 20 credits you lay out today can save you a lot of moss gathering stones in a hard place.* Come to think of it, Uncle Urrtie wasn't the sharpest vibroblade in the armory....

Well, that's about it for my little introduction, which I'll have you know I'm working on in one of my favorite hang-outs, The Binary Bar on Venaari. I find that the atmosphere gets the creative juices flowing.

Hold on a microsec, friends, I've got an ugly-looking Barabel standing in my light....

Can I help you?

Your table?

That's strange... I just checked and it doesn't seem to say "Ugly Nerfherder" anywhere on it.

I don't know, do you think it was supposed to be funny? What?

For your information, my sister's never even been to Gamorr... But since you brought up the subject of exotic locations, I think visiting a sonic shower should be tops on your travel itinerary, pal.

Pardon me?

Actually, I don't think such a thing is anatomically possible.

Hold on, pal, you're not a Jedi are you?

Why? 'Cause by the way your hand keeps moving towards that blaster, you must think you got the Force on your side or something.

Excuse me, gentlebeings, this won't take but a moment....

Using This Guide

Wretched Hives of Scum and Villainy comprehensively details eight of the wildest watering holes in the known galaxy. These eclectic establishments provide colorful source material and can easily be dropped into existing campaigns or serve as springboards to new adventures. At the back of the book, you'll find starship deckplans to scale—one inch equals two meters—so you can use the ship as a detailed location in your adventures.

Each location is detailed with diagrams, resident regulars, adventure ideas, and tips from the supplement's "tour guide"—the infamous Corellian scoundrel Cohden K'Reye.

"But don't believe everything ya' read, pal."

—Cohden



Chapter One

The Ace of Sabres

"A gambler's paradise if ever there was one. Sabacc tables stretch from wall-to-wall, but if that's not your cup of lum, take heart...Nearly every game of chance ever devised is ready and waiting to take your money. With 99 levels and 1,001 different amusements, they say you can't lose at the Ace. But I wouldn't bet on it."

A Remote Locale

The Ace of Sabres is located on the planet Kluistar, a comfortable but undistinguished world on the border of the Colonies region of space. While the world has a few small cities and a handful of starports, it is dominated by vast tracts of beautiful, unspoiled wilderness. The wondrously primeval nature of Kluistra makes it seem like some sort of mythic utopia, a paradise on the edge of civilization. In short, a world of perfection.

Perfection is rarely achieved, however, and Kluistar is unfortunately no exception. It's quite accessible from major trade routes, and so the seemingly-unending march of "development" has come to this world. In the middle of this lush woodland something disturbingly unnatural has risen. A monument to high technology—and greed—that rises above even the tallest tree.

And that masterpiece of architectural achievement is known as....

The Ace of Sabres

The Ace of Sabres is a relatively new establishment, but it has quickly become a landmark of modern entertainment. The holo-brochures claim that it takes a standard month to experience everything the Ace has to offer. That's not much of an exaggeration.

The Ace is an incredible resort that's situated on a continent that's owned and maintained by the Ace Entertainment Corporation. The resort has an exten-

sive complex of buildings, including a 99-level hotel with seven themed restaurants, hundreds of leisure activities facilities, three nightclubs, two dancehalls, and a dozen separate casinos containing over 1,000 different games of chance, luck, and skill.

There is so much to see and do that first-time visitors are often overwhelmed, so the Ace offers free vacation planning tailored to your length of stay. Boredom is a forbidden word at the Ace, and you'll most certainly run out of credits before running out of things to spend them on.

However, if the purpose of the vacation is pure relaxation, then where better to unwind than the mellow atmosphere of the abundant forests? Camping, hunting, fishing, and other sporting activities are commonplace, and the Ace provides rental equipment for a nominal fee. The tranquillity of the woods also offers a wonderful environment for meditation.

Cohden's Condensed Critique

Establishment: The Ace of Sabres
Owner: Ace Entertainment Corporation
Amenities: Food, drink, lodgings, gambling
Cover: None
Security: Dunan Par'Ell and UniGuard
Illegal Activities: Everything
Final Review: 3 supernovas



Joey Robinson

A Gambler's Paradise

While the Ace does good business as an entertainment resort, gambling is still its primary draw. The 12 gambling halls attract a wide variety of gamblers, but an exclusive thirteenth casino is for VIP clientele only. The galaxy-renowned Sabre Club has become a home away from home for the real high rollers of the stars. Royalty, Imperial nobility, and the corporate elite mingle freely, winning and losing more money than most beings see in their entire lifetime.

The stakes are always high at the Ace. At one time or another the pot has been filled with credits, jewelry, precious stones, data disks containing scientific and military information, and holodeeds to droids, starships, corporations—even entire planets.

The house is usually generous in providing funds for preferred customers down on their luck. Considering the lofty interest rate the Ace charges for such loans, borrowing from the house is comparable to trying to dig out of a hole by burrowing deeper.

The casinos offer thrilling card games. Halls with wall-to-wall felt-lined tables serve up hundreds of variations, ranging from Liar's Cut, to Double-Down and Death Star Bluff. An entire wing is dedicated to the ever-shifting game of Sabacc.

Fans of electronic chance will delight at the glittering banks of high-tech gambling machines. One can find nearly any diversion, including StarSlot Machines, Blinkodes, Warp-Top, and Spatz. The daring can take a spin on the Jubilee Wheel or the Orbiter.

Those who can't get enough of strategy can test their skills at Holo-Wing, Shockball 3, or Rancor Hunter, playing against live or computer-simulated opponents.

At the Ace, the player's comfort is very important. Adjustable dampener fields at each table screen excessive noise and provide privacy. Localized lighting can be dimmed or brightened with a simple voice command. Miniature air processors can purify even the most smoke-filled areas in nanoseconds.

For the beings who prefer ambiance with their gambling, some of the rowdier casinos abandon the creature comforts. The low murmur of conversation,

the soft clinking of credit chips, and the shuffling of cards are still part of the experience. These are the gaming halls of legend, where exotically-clad waitresses and waiters serve hard drinks to even harder gamblers amidst a smoky haze.

The crowd usually depends on the casino, but whatever the location, you can be sure professional gamblers are in attendance. Only the elite and the high-rollers frequent the higher-class casinos (including the Sabre Club). You'll find regular beings just like yourself in the median, comfort-oriented halls. The exotic locales are home to swindlers, scoundrels, con men, grifters, smugglers, and countless other rogues. So enter at your own risk....

Rules of the House

The rules of the casinos are as follows:

NO droids, datapads, or weapons.

NO personal cards or dice.

The detectors at the door are top of the line models (with a *search* skill of 10D). Attempts to smuggle any contraband inside will result in immediate removal from the premises with no refund.

The Sabre Club

Without question, the exclusive Sabre Club is the most lavish casino in the Ace. The Club's membership is limited to 999 patrons of the utmost prominence; each being pays 25,000 credits for a two-year membership, with a guaranteed option to renew provided the member is in good standing. The Club retains the right to cancel membership at any time without a refund.

The waiting list for the Sabre Club fills a dozen datapads and it's rumored that some of the more impatient beings have resorted to bribery, shady deals—and even assassinations to hear some folks tell it—in order to get ahead in line.

Security is very tight in the Club. Each member is issued a holocard containing a genetic sample, a voice print, and a retinal scan. Each card is also embossed by a unique holographic lightsaber design that is supposedly impossible to duplicate. Without the card, one does not get in, though a new one can be issued at great expense to the client.

Credit Check

The following is a partial list of prices for various goods and services at the Ace. Depending on the season, the whims of the management, or your skill at bargaining, rates may vary drastically.

Hotel Rooms

Economy room	20 credits/night
Mid-range room	40 credits/night
Room with a view	75 credits/night
Penthouse suite	100 credits/night

Meals

Special of the day	7 credits/meal
More than one course	15 credits/meal
Four star	30 credits/meal

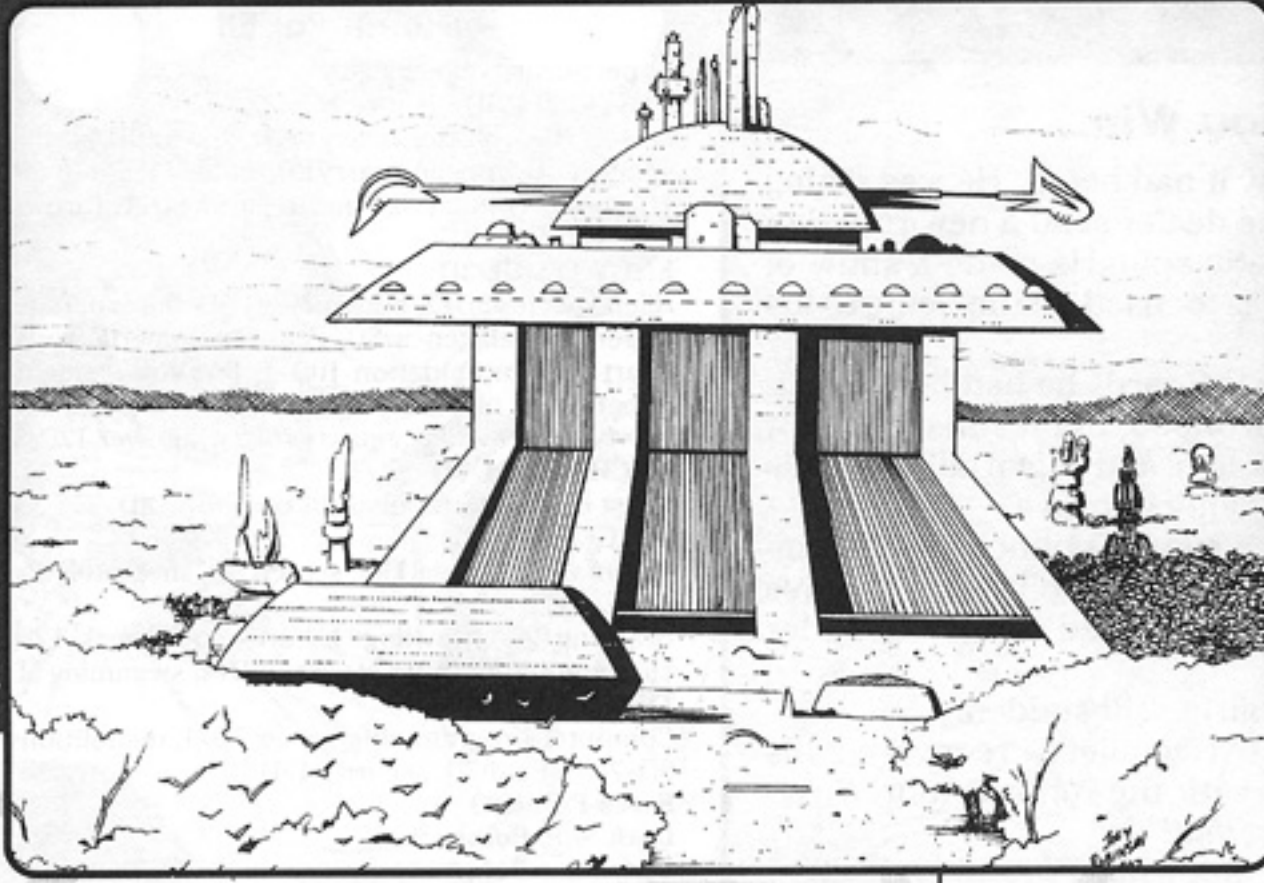
Drinks

Whatever's on tap	2 credits/glass
Has to be mixed	5 credits/glass
Vintage is important	20+ credits/glass

Recreational Equipment Rental

Full backpack and map	10 credits/person
Personal transport	20 credits/day

THE ACE OF SABRES



Joey Robinson

Once inside the triple-shielded blast doors, any and every fantasy is ripe for fulfillment. The Sabre Club has an outstanding staff of Kubaz chefs and provides its members with any food, drink, or service they could possibly desire, no matter how outrageous it may seem. All one has to do is order ahead! The Club's main sitting room is appointed with the latest conveniences, with comfort being the primary concern. There is a massive data library adjoining a noise-dampened study. The main banquet hall can seat over 500 diners, and is decorated with antiques and artifacts from thousands of worlds. In addition, there are over a dozen "private" holo-imaging rooms that can be programmed to suit the whim of the client.

The game room provides any game of chance or skill that a member would care to play, even providing opponents when requested. And the stakes—inconceivable amounts of money, priceless properties and even lives—ride on the luck of the cards. The mingling of such powerful movers and shakers is exciting to say the least. A simple whispered exchange of conversation can affect the fate of entire sectors. Sometimes the stakes are so high the bets must be approved through Gandin T'Noull, the Ace's manager.

Know When to Fold Them

All of the casino dealers are extremely talented gamblers with *gambling* skills of 4D-7D.

The Sabre Club dealers are rated at a minimum of 8D for *gambling*, and from time to time, have been known to effect certain results that directly relate to the outcome of a game.

Cohden's Two Chits: *That's just a fancy way of saying that they cheat. Keep your eyes open, people.*

Security
Considering the staggering amount of money present, the large number of rich beings concentrated in such a small area, and the presence of so many rogues, the Ace is one of the safest vacation spots around.

The reason for this can be summed up in two simple words...Dunan Par'Ell.

He's the Boba Fett of the personal protection set. Thanks to Par'Ell, the Ace has a minimal but top-quality security staff. He hand-picks the Sabre's guards. Of course, his presence alone is usually more than enough to dissuade most would-be criminals. That's a major boon for a gambling establishment like the Ace. Customers like to be secure, but don't want to feel like they're stuck in an Imperial penal colony.

**ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..
K'REYE, COHDEN**

Don't believe everything you scan through your datapad. Sure, the Ace's promo-vids are gonna say the place is safe. I mean, who in his right mind is gonna say, "Hey, come visit us, you're likely to get vaporized!"

Don't get me wrong. The Ace is perfectly safe unless certain people behind the scenes decide otherwise. Robbery, assassinations, thievery, and other dastardly doings ain't as rare as a smart Gamorrean. In fact, they happen more often than you'd probably care to hear about.

I personally know of more than a few beings who took a walk in the woods and got themselves lost. Permanently lost.

Even the most cautious of us can be distracted by the sums of money floatin' around. You can either watch your credits or you can watch your back. I guess it depends on what's worth more to you....



Joey Robinson

Sometimes You Win...

Tovric couldn't believe how easy it had been...He was sitting at the Liar's Cut table, watching the dealer send a new round of cards to each player with a dramatic spin. He made a show of checking them, but his attention was focused on the being to his left.

Ambassador Kollrin's focus was the cards he had been dealt, and from the way his thick jowls dropped, the results were not good. The rotund Sullustan let out a sigh, and began adjusting his cards, as if hoping they would suddenly improve.

Tovric grinned in amusement. Like most politicians, the Ambassador could lie as easily as breathe, but Kollrin didn't have much of a sabacc face. No wonder the big load of bantha fodder hadn't won a single hand yet....

"I guess it's just not my day," Kollrin said suddenly.

Shocked from his thoughts, Tovric quickly recovered his composure, nodding in sympathy with the Ambassador. *If you only knew how right you were about that!*

Kollrin folded his cards. "Better quit while I'm still in the light side. It's getting a bit late, anyway." The Ambassador yawned as he gathered his chips, gesturing for his private security man to escort him back to his room. The guard left his post at the entrance and began moving through the crowded casino.

Tovric had to act immediately. He slipped a hand into his pocket, withdrawing a standard stylus from his coat pocket. He tapped a small control stud, and a 30 centimeter long monomolecular blade sprung from its tip. *So much for the vaunted Ace of Sabres security staff*, he thought as he prepared to strike at the Ambassador's fleshy neck.

Kollrin saw the flash of the blade, but it was too late. The chips spilled from his hands as his eyes widened in surprise.

"This is for all those you've sentenced to death," Tovric snarled as he drove the blade forward.

Out of nowhere, a hand suddenly locked around the would-be assassin's wrist. The grip felt so much like durasteel, Tovric thought a droid had seized him.

Tovric turned around and saw that it was actually a human who had restrained him. Thin and wiry, the man was still managing to crush Tovric's wrist without much effort. He wore black armor and a scarlet cloak, but what drew Tovric's attention were the eyes. Mirrored pupils reflected Tovric's terror back at him.

The pain in his arm drove the assassin down to his knees, and the man locked his other hand around Tovric's neck.

"No one dies here unless I wish it," the man said in a voice just above a whisper and utterly devoid of emotion.

The assassin suddenly realized who he was facing.

Dunan Par'Ell.

Tovric found himself staring into those horrid eyes again...And the last thing he saw was his reflected image as he lost consciousness.

Dunan Par'Ell

Type: Security Specialist

DEXTERITY 5D

Blaster 7D+1, blaster: heavy blaster pistol 9D, blaster artillery 6D, brawling parry 8D, dodge 11D, grenade 7D, melee combat 9D, melee parry 8D+1, thrown weapons 9D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 5D+2, bureaucracy 5D, bureaucracy: Imperial Intelligence 8D, cultures: Imperial royal court 11D, intimidation 10D+1, law enforcement: Imperial 7D, planetary systems 4D, streetwise 8D, survival 9D, tactics: squads 10D, willpower 12D+1

MECHANICAL 2D

Beast riding 5D, repulsorlift operation 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 9D, hide 11D, search 9D, sneak 10D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 9D, brawling: k'Jtari martial arts 12D, climbing/jumping 7D, stamina 9D+1, swimming 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 7D+1, demolitions 8D+2, first aid 7D, security 13D

Force Points: 3

Dark Side Points: 9

Character Points: 30

Move: 12

Equipment: Comlink, fitted body armor (+2D physical and energy), hold-out blaster (3D+1), scarlet cloak, Merr-Sonn stun baton (STR+2D+2), 2 smoke grenades, SoroSuub "Renegade" heavy blaster pistol (5D+2), 5 throwing knives (STR+1D+2)

Capsule: After spending a decade in the Imperial military, Dunan Par'Ell resigned under mysterious circumstances. No one is exactly sure in what capacity he served, so the reason for his departure is equally shadowy. The rumors swirl around—perhaps he was a protégé of Darth Vader, or a member of the Royal Guard—but everyone seems to know that he's just plain dangerous.

Soon after entering civilian life, he began to hire himself out as a bodyguard and security analyst. Due to his background and experience, Par'Ell was able to charge astronomical fees. Soon after, Par'Ell started a private security firm, Universal Guardians, Inc. (UniGuard), hiring only the best of the best to work for him.

While he still owns the company, he has left daily operations to his lieutenants. Par'Ell was recently hired full-time as head of security at the Ace of Sabres, though he remains on personal retainer for a variety of elite individuals.

Par'Ell is human, though his pupils are mirror-like reflective surfaces. The result is a dramatic increase in the chilling nature of an already intense gaze. Lean, taut, and wiry, he is a coiled durspring always ready to explode. He is a master of the ancient martial art of the k'Jtari species, which has aided him mentally as well as physically. Par'Ell never loses his temper, always remaining calm even in the face of mortal danger. His soft but commanding voice rarely rises above a whisper. Most beings find themselves quieting down to listen, whether they intend to or not.



Joey Robinson

Par'Ell speaks two dozen languages, including Huttese. He wears a signature scarlet cloak over black body armor. Those who think he was a Royal Guard point to the cloak as evidence. Of course, color preference doesn't exactly qualify as irrefutable proof....

Sabre Security Guards. All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity 3D, blaster 5D+1, dodge 4D, melee combat 5D, Strength 3D, brawling 5D.* Move: 10. Customized body

**ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..
K'REYE, COHDEN**

They say those who know the Force, know all. Well, actually they don't really sat that—I just made it up—but it sounded pretty blasted convincing didn't it?

I've never been one to rely on the arcane for enlightenment. I mean, Jedi powers are all well and good if you believe all the hype, but sometimes whispers in the wind can offer their own stimulating insight.

Listen close and you might just overhear that good ol' Dunan hasn't exactly severed all ties with the Empire. The Emperor rarely lets his top agents leave with all of his secrets snug in their little heads. According to some accounts, Par'Ell once wore the ol' scarlet suit, and perhaps he still does...I hear he took his current job to keep close tabs on the rich and infamous of the galaxy who frequent the Ace.

Like I always say...Trusting an ex-Imp is a good way to join the ranks of the ex-living.



Joey Robinson

armor (+1D physical and energy), blast helmet (+2 physical and energy), heavy blaster pistol (5D), stun baton (STR+1D).

Behind the Scenes

Ace Entertainment Corporation owns the Ace of Sabres, and also holds the deed to the continent it's situated on. Not much else is known about the enigmatic company, and anyone asking too many questions usually finds his or her stay at the Ace cut abruptly short.

Day-to-day operation of the Ace is the task of Gandin T'Noull. A genius at business and economics, T'Noull

expertly manages numbers, employees, and resources. He has final say on all matters directly related to the Ace, and the corporation seems to have enough confidence in T'Noull's abilities to allow him great latitude in decision-making.

Gandin T'Noull

Type: Businessman
DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, blaster: hold-out blaster 8D, dodge 6D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Alien species 8D, business 9D, business: black market operations 11D+1, business: fencing 10D, cultures 8D, languages 6D+2, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 11D+2, value 10D, willpower 9D

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift operation 3D+2

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 9D, command 8D, con 8D+2, gambling 7D+1, sneak 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

First aid 3D

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 4

Character Points: 23

Move: 10

Equipment: Comlink, voice-locked datapad, expensive clothing, 2 customized hold-out blasters (4D), jeweled chronometer, 1,000 credits

Capsule: Gandin T'Noull is the quintessential slick dealmaker. He makes things happen quickly when he wants to—or he can stall deals like a cheap Z-95. He talks fast and often, but somehow manages not to say very much of substance.

Fittingly, the young T'Noull's first job was in a used landspeeder dealership. Rumor has it that T'Noull tricked his boss into signing the business over to him after working there for only two weeks.

A consummate professional when it comes to lying, swindling, and cheating, T'Noull never gets caught; if a deal does go sour, it seems that someone else is fingered by the Imperials. He has run countless confidence games, defrauding entire communities who are none the wiser until after he leaves town with most of the treasury in his packs. After years of working those cons, T'Noull decided to move into a more legitimate form of corruption... The business world.

He received his degree from Savvlock's School of Big Business (Cohden's advice: *just don't ask*) and plunged into the market. Soon after, he began managing various small companies, increasing business wherever he went, and skimming a bit off the top for himself, of course. Apparently, T'Noull's skills caught the attention of someone at the Ace of Sabres, and he was hired to run the place. T'Noull finally found a home.

T'Noull's one obsession is his immaculate appearance. As his philosophy goes, "People trust someone who's well-dressed and looks successful. Once you've acquired their confidence, taking anything else you want is ridiculously easy."

The Real Deal

While most patrons assume the Ace is owned by some benevolent galactic corporation—and it's nice to dream, isn't it?—the truth is much more sinister. Sure, the name on the deed may be Ace Entertainment Corporation, but pulling the strings is a vile fellow by the name of Sibarra the Hutt.

With so many rich and influential people wandering around, there's a lot of sensitive information that gets passed around. Since information means power and money, Sibarra's rigged the entire place with holocameras and hidden audio eavesdroppers. Naturally, many of the stolen secrets have contributed greatly to both his ascendancy and his coffers.

Sibarra is a cybernetic monstrosity who prefers to run things from the shadows. He keeps an eye on the most important dealings in his establishment from his concealed central control room in the underground levels of the Ace. Needless to say, most people don't even know who Sibarra is, much less that he has a fortified bunker from which to look over the shoulder of anyone who might be passing through.

Under the cover of the Ace, the Hutt runs his various criminal activities, which include black market operations, fencing, slavery, counterfeiting, bribery, trafficking in stolen information, loan sharking, slicing, data fixing, and smuggling.

Ace Entertainment Corporation often provides free getaways for high-ranking Imperials, royalty, and corporate officers. Of course, the more indebted the VIPs feel, the easier it is for Ace—and Sibarra—to get them to do "favors" in return. Many beings find themselves "on the take" before they even realize it, and by then it's much too late to get out. Of course, the disreputable Hutt isn't above more conventional bribery, either.

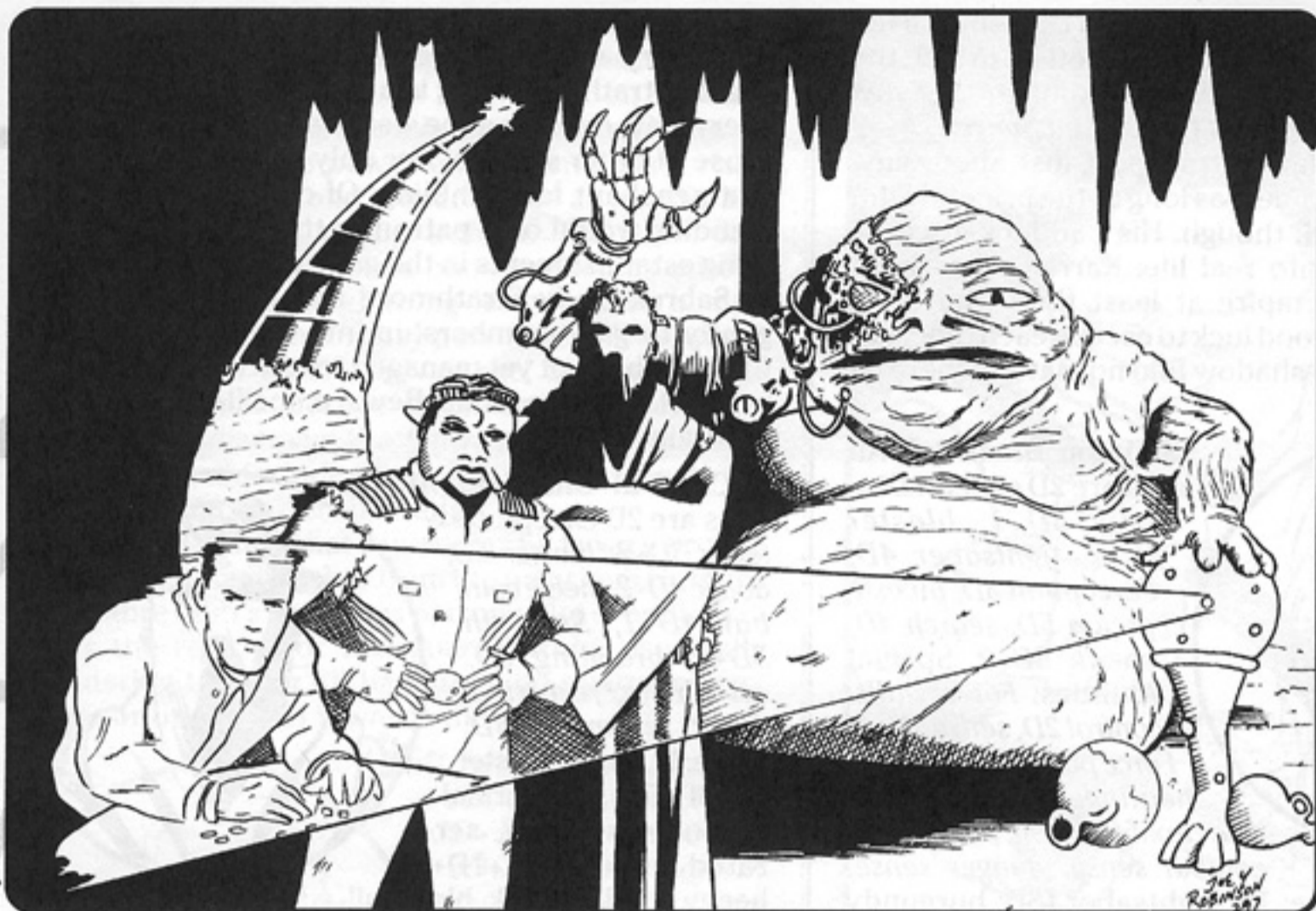
Sibarra is also a steady supplier for the slavery ring of the notorious Aubro Ahntanda. Attractive guests "win" free recreational packages into the surrounding

woods and are never seen again. Other times, patrons just suddenly "checkout" and no one is the wiser.

Between the legitimate revenue generated by the Ace and the profits from his criminal empire, Sibarra is becoming extremely wealthy and his influence is slowly spreading across the galaxy.



Joey Robinson



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Sibarra the Hutt

Type: Cybernetic Hutt Crime Lord

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 5D, blaster: hold-out 8D, dodge 6D+1

KNOWLEDGE 5D

Alien species 5D, business 12D, business: Sibarra's organization 14D, cultures 6D, intimidation 11D, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 12D, value 11D, willpower 10D

MECHANICAL 1D

Repulsorlift operation: Hutt floater 5D

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 12D, command 11D, con 9D, gambling 7D, search 9D

STRENGTH 5D

Brawling: tail spike 10D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 9D

Special Abilities:

Force Resistance: Hutts have an innate defense against Force-based mind manipulation techniques; they roll double their *Perception* dice to resist such attacks. It is believed that Hutts cannot learn Force skills.

Force Points: 4

Dark Side Points: 14

Character Points: 23

Move: 2

Equipment: Armored subdermal hide (+3D physical and +2D energy), CyTac Shock-Spike Tail (STR+5D), Neuro-Saav Cardio-Muscular Package, Neuro-Saav Sensory Package, Neuro-Saav Enhanced Eye (solid, glowing red), CyTac cyber-claw hand (STR+3D), comlink, datapad, Hutt floater

Capsule: One of the many mysteries surrounding Sibarra is how he received the wounds that forced him to reconstruct himself using cybernetic enhancements. Whatever the cause, Sibarra loves the looks of abhorrence and disgust he receives when someone



gazes upon his horrid countenance for the first time. Their terror is often palpable, and Sibarra firmly believes that fear is the only way to rule.

Sibarra is an outcast from Hutt society, though whether this happened before or after his disfigurement is unclear. What is apparent, however, is Sibarra's hatred of all other Hutts. He has been known to go out of his way to harass his competitors, actively trying to put them out of business. Such actions have placed him atop the most wanted list of nearly every Hutt clan, which is why Sibarra has wisely

hired Dunan Par'Ell to oversee his security. The fact the Sibarra still lives is a testament to Dunan's skill. Many think Sibarra is deranged, and it is widely believed that the implants have played a large part in the alteration of Sibarra's personality. He is extremely moody and subject to sudden rages in which many an innocent bystander has lost his life to the Hutt's barbed tail. Beware when Sibarra's cybernetic right eye, glowing solid red most of the time, begins to flash. It's usually the only warning one receives before his fury is unleashed at the most convenient target.

The Face of the Ace

While millions of beings visit the Ace of Sabres each year, there are a few regulars who always seem to be hanging around. Some of the colorful characters who haunt the halls of the Ace are listed below.

Karrison Lee. All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D, *blaster* 4D+1, *dodge* 5D, *Mechanical* 2D+2, *space transports* 6D, *Perception* 3D, *con* 4D, *gambling* 3D+2, *hide* 5D, *value* 5D+1. *Move:* 10. Customized YT-2000 light freighter, heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink.

Karrison Lee is a brash smuggler who enjoys nearly every game of chance, even though he's not particularly good at them. He has a lot of fun when he's gambling, although he'd be the first to admit that winning would be even better. Lee is rather personable and easygoing considering his occupation, but don't mistake this socializing for anything more than

what it is. Trust doesn't come easy to Lee—he's been sold out by so-called friends once too often. In fact, the only thing he truly depends on is his ship, the heavily-modified freighter known as the *Distant Sunrise*.

Lee is always willing to transport just about anything, anywhere, anytime—as long as the price is right, of course. Be warned, though. His bad luck at cards tends to spill over into real life: Karrison has been imprisoned by the Empire at least three times. Of course, he's had the good luck to escape each time, but his bad luck seems to shadow him no matter where he goes.



Solimon Dambrizi. All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D+1, *blaster* 4D+2, *lightsaber* 4D, *Perception* 3D, *investigation* 5D, *search* 4D, *sneak* 3D+2. Special Abilities: *Force skills: control* 2D, *sense* 1D+2. *Force powers: accelerate healing, concentration, detoxify poison, resist stun, combat sense, danger sense, life detection.* Move: 10. Lightsaber (5D; burgundy blade), hooded cloak, blaster pistol (4D+1), blast vest (+1D physical, +2 energy), Jedi lorebook.

Following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, Solimon joined the police force in Corulag's city of Adjesk. He excelled first as a patrol officer and then a detective, due in part to a mysterious "sixth sense" that kept him out of danger. During a raid on a black market warehouse, the young Dambrizi stumbled upon a Jedi lorebook lost among the junk in the back. The tome was in poor condition, but something inside Solimon told him to hold onto it. He soon learned the origin of his insight and left Corulag to study the ways of the Force. Solimon has a lot of talent, but he has obviously not progressed as quickly as his potential would allow.

He has managed to finally fashion a lightsaber and is searching for someone who can further his Jedi training. Solimon is an insightful, intelligent young man with a heroic streak that has gotten him into some trouble in the past. He tends to frequent seedier establishments to avoid Imperial investigators.



Lady Eriann Strathmore. All stats are 2D except: *Knowledge* 3D, *bureaucracy* 4D, *cultures* 5D, *languages* 3D+2, *Perception* 3D+2, *con* 4D, *gambling* 4D, *persuasion* 5D+1, *search* 4D+2. Move: 10. Hold-out blaster (3D+1), expensive clothing and jewelry, 5,000 credits.

Look up "Arrogant Noble" in the *Riccix New Galactic Dictionary* and you'll see the sneering visage of Lady Eriann Strathmore. She is a model Imperial citizen in every way, detesting the weak and inferior, especially those of other species. Her only vice (in her opinion) is a penchant for gambling. Of course, a lady of her standing would only patronize the most refined gambling establishments in the galaxy—including the Ace of Sabres. Lady Strathmore has been working diligently to gain membership into the exclusive Sabre Club but has not yet managed to crack the prestigious ranks of that elite group. Beware, she'll stop at nothing to attain her goal.

Cha-Val Sha-Vak. All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D+2, *blaster* 5D, *dodge* 4D+2, *melee combat* 4D+1, *Strength* 3D+2, *brawling* 6D, *climbing/jumping* 4D+2, *stamina* 5D. Move: 11. Heavy blaster pistol (5D), 2 thermal detonators (10D), serrated knife (STR+1D+1), heavy hooded cloak, black full-face cloth mask, medpac, stun pistol (4D stun).



Sha-Vak is an ex-bounty hunter and outlaw who is believed to have earned the death sentence in five systems. He always wears his trademark cloak and mask, so no one is really sure of his species or what he looks like. It is assumed that Sha-Vak is male due to his size and build. He remains a mysterious presence in the Ace, moving like a wraith through the shadows, observing silently but never playing any games of chance. Considering the unnerving effect he has on the Ace's patrons, it is surprising that Sha-Vak is allowed to stay. The outlaw actually lives on the premises, albeit under the vigilant mirrored gaze of Dunan Par'Ell.

The truth is that Sibarra has hired Sha-Vak to do much of the Ace's dirty work, including robberies, assassinations, extortion and debt collection. Any assignments that Par'Ell cannot undertake fall to Sha-Vak. There is no love lost between the two, and given the opportunity, Par'Ell would gladly arrange for the outlaw's departure.

Shaina Kreen. All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D+2, *blaster* 4D+2, *dodge* 5D, *Knowledge* 3D, *streetwise* 7D, *willpower* 5D, *Perception* 4D, *con* 6D, *hide* 4D+2, *investigation* 5D+1, *persuasion* 7D, *search* 5D, *sneak* 4D+1. Move: 10. Hold-out blaster (3D+2), vibroknife (STR+1D), recording rods, datapad.



Shaina Kreen seems to be a very attractive but rather naive waitress working at the exclusive Sabre Club. There's a lot more to her—she's an Alliance special operative working undercover. Eavesdropping on the secrets of the power elite clientele is a risky proposition at best (and a deadly one at worst), but Shaina is a fearless young woman. Tall, thin, and extremely attractive, Shaina once worked as a holomodel for many notable clothing designers. Her beauty and charm makes her an easy person to talk to, which she uses to her utmost advantage. She knows the danger of her masquerade—if Sibarra or his minions were to ever discover the truth, the consequences would be terrible indeed. Shaina is not one to be intimidated, no matter the odds.

It is worth noting that Dunan Par'Ell is very protective of Shaina, keeping her from the nefarious clutches of the Sabre Club's licentious patrons. Not even Sibarra knows the reason for this guardianship, especially considering that Par'Ell has made no overtures (romantic or otherwise) towards the girl.



Moff Ariss Lyjan. All stats are 2D except: *Knowledge* 3D+1, *alien species* 3D+2, *bureaucracy* 7D, *business* 6D, *cultures* 5D, *languages* 5D, *willpower* 6D+2, *Perception* 3D+2, *command* 8D, *con* 4D+2, *gambling* 6D, *investigation* 5D+2, *persuasion* 5D+1. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D+2), rank cylinders, Imperial uniform, Imperial identification, datapad (filled with gambling information—odds, strategies, and cheats for nearly every game in the galaxy), verified datachip with 25,000 credit line.

Moff Lyjan of the Nuri Sector of the Outer Rim is notorious for many things, but foremost among them is his love for gambling. This penchant can be an asset in political maneuvers and strategic situations where he prevails through gambits that most other Imperial leaders would never dare; in his private life, his love of gambling gets the Moff into his share of trouble. Luckily for Lyjan, he was one of Grand Moff Tarkin's coterie and remains in a favorable position. As such, he enjoys more than a few privileges, including membership in the Sabre Club.

Lyjan is actually an above average gambler, but he firmly believes his skill to be far better than it really is. This overconfidence can be (and often is) readily exploited by other experienced gamblers, including one Lando Calrissian who once won nearly 50,000 credits from the Moff.



Udo Broxin. All stats are 2D except: *Perception* 4D, *bargain* 5D+2, *con* 4D+1, *gambling* 6D, *Strength* 4D+2, *brawling* 7D, *stamina* 6D+2. Natural armor (Herglics have a thick layer of blubbery hide that adds +1D to resisting physical attacks). Move: 8. Finely tailored clothing, colorful robes, hold-out blaster (3D+2).

To call Udo a fixture in the Ace is something of an understatement—he's been around longer than most of the furniture. Witty, sarcastic, and outgoing, the personable Herglic enjoys nothing more than a stiff drink, an exciting game of sabacc, and maybe a good brawl as a nightcap. Udo always seems to be having a good time, no matter what he's doing, and his mood seems to be infectious. He is so loud and boisterous you can't help but be drawn to his mischief and mayhem. With a wink and a "Trust me ...," things can quickly get out of hand. Udo is one of those people who's always in on the joke, and he thoroughly enjoys watching others slowly catch on. He refers to himself as "Uncle Udo" and dispenses wise advice (at least he thinks so) to anyone who will listen. Even if they don't, he often continues to ramble on for hours.

Gandin T'Noull even allows the Herglic's massive bar tab to remain mostly unpaid (at least for now) since Udo's antics have such a positive effect on the general atmosphere of the Ace. After all, happy customers are paying customers....



Joey Robinson

Loose Threads

Missing You

The characters are sent to investigate mysterious disappearances at the Ace of Sabres. The missing being(s) have been kidnapped by the Ahntanda slaving ring. (Other hooks could include a wealthy man trying to find his vacationing daughter, the Alliance losing an operative, or an old acquaintance attempting to locate a mutual friend.)

The characters could receive help (or hindrance) from a variety of sources. If they are working for the Rebels, then Shaina could assist them and Solimon might be convinced to help out. Needless to say, Sibarra and his minions are going to do everything in their considerable power to curtail the investigation. If the characters aren't careful, they might just end up in chains....

Aubro Ahntanda

Type: Sullustan Slaver

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D, dodge 5D+1, firearms 5D+2, melee combat 5D+1, melee parry 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Alien species 6D+2, business: slaving 8D, cultures 6D, intimidation: torture 6D+1, planetary systems 6D+1, streetwise 7D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 6D, repulsorlift operation 5D+1, space transports 7D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 8D, command 8D+1, con 6D+2, search 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Special Abilities:

Enhanced Senses: +2D to search and Perception in low-light conditions.

Location Sense: Sullustans can always remember how to return to an area they have visited before. They get +1D to astrogation for systems they have visited before.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 7

Character Points: 15

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D+2), magnacuffs, magnaharness, customized stun pistol (6D stun)

Capsule: Ahntanda is cold-blooded, cruel and utterly devoid of morals. Like many slavers, his "wares" are merely merchandize with no more value than the sum of credits they can command on the black market. Ahntanda and his minions are notorious for torturing reluctant slaves.

Last Dance

After a spectacular show, the characters are approached by Jhyarra, one of the Ace's most popular entertainers. She has discovered some of the dark deeds at the Ace and is afraid she will be one of Sibarra's victims. She will pay whatever she can for transport off the planet. Jhyarra has guessed (correctly) that her snooping has been detected; both Par'Ell and Sha-Vak are aware of her exploits and are endeavoring to silence her. Luckily, the two are operating independently of each other, with Par'Ell looking to merely end her career at the Ace and Sha-Vak wanting to finish her for good.

Jhyarra

Type: Entertainer

DEXTERITY 4D+2

Blaster 5D+2, dance 10D, dodge 9D+1, pick pocket 7D+2, running 6D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 6D+1, artist 8D, business 6D, cultures 4D, languages 4D+2, streetwise 7D, value 5D, willpower 7D

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift operation 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 5D, con 7D, hide 5D, persuasion 9D, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 4D+2, climbing/jumping 6D, stamina 8D, swimming 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 5D, First Aid 4D

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Expensive wardrobe, personal jewelry, customized hold-out blaster (4D), boot knife (STR+1D), lock-picking kit, recording rod, chronometer

Capsule: Jhyarra is one of the most popular entertainers at the Ace of Sabres. She most often works the GlitterGlow Nightclub, and is one of the select few to perform at the Sabre Club. She is beautiful, intelligent, and more than ready to leave the Ace.

Jhyarra realizes that she knows too much valuable information, and is afraid that Sibarra is going to terminate her contract in a most permanent manner.

Chapter Two

Exovar's Emporium

"The cavernous Emporium boasts a staggering collection of artifacts, oddities, and trinkets gathered during the travels of its owner, ex-scout Luskin Exovar. He's a few motivators short of a working hyperdrive, but old Exie's personable enough and he's got more stories than the Empire has Star Destroyers (and most of 'em are about as long). By the way, the mounted AT-AT head on the wall is real. Now that's a great story. Ask him about it...when you've got some spare time."

Neftali

Type: Ice World
Temperature: Frigid
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Light
Terrain: Barren glaciers, vast mountain regions, extensive fjords and ice canyons, frozen oceans
Length of Day: 15 standard hours
Length of Year: 754 local days
Sapient Species: Human, Whiphid
Starport: Standard class
Population: 15,000
Planet Function: Entertainment, manufacturing/processing, natural resources (limited), foodstuffs
Government: Organized crime family
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Minerals, foodstuffs, contraband, nether ice, water, minerals
Major Imports: Foodstuffs, high-tech

Located in the remote Socorro system, Neftali is a small ice world with an exceptionally oblong orbit around Sokor, the system's red giant star.

A barren, frozen world, Neftali seems to have little to offer anyone...except, of course, privacy. And that's why people come here.

The planet's main settlement is Cordel Cove, a small spaceport town run by Memcha-Badawzi, a powerful gangster in her own right and daughter of the infamous Abdi-Badawzi, one of Socorro's most dangerous crimi-

nal leaders. The town is considered neutral ground for smugglers, bounty hunters and the like. (For more information on Neftali and Cordel Cove, see the supplement *Black Sands of Socorro*.)

Of course, Exovar likes his privacy a little more than most folks. So, several thousand kilometers away—literally on the far side of the planet—the Emporium is hidden away in a valley plagued by bone-chilling winds and surrounded by towering ice-covered mountain peaks. It is an unquestionably dangerous and unforgiving environment.

The area around the Emporium supports many predators, including ice modrols (a cold-weather breed of a dangerous beast found on many worlds) and jexxels. Both creatures feed on herds of glessylbeasts and snow q'lk that roam the icy plains.

The ecology of Neftali is similar to many ice-bound worlds. Natural geothermal forces provide heat in vast underground chambers (dubbed furnaces). Mosses and lichens abound in the thermal vents, providing food for the herbivores of the planet. These creatures can sniff out such food-rich caverns from distances up to five kilometers away, following the scent even through twisting mountain trails. The predators of Neftali, in turn, make meals of the herbivores.

Then there are the tiny terrors known as the crynoids that live and feed among some species of moss. While these creatures survive mostly on a diet of vegetation, they have been known to take a bite of living things they see as a threat. Considering the virulent toxins in their saliva, annoying a crynoid can be a fatal mistake.

Of course, there's more to Neftali than the beasts crossing its surface. Lurking underneath the hostile surface environment and its deadly fauna is a watering hole whose reputation is known across the galaxy in certain circles.



Jacen Burrows

Jexxel

Type: Predator
DEXTERITY 5D

Brawling parry 8D, dodge 9D

PERCEPTION 4D

Search 6D, sneak 8D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 7D

Special Abilities:

Claws: Do STR+1D+1 damage

Fangs: Do STR+3D damage

Night Vision: Jexxels can see in complete darkness

Move: 18-20

Size: 0.5 meters tall, 1 meter long

Capsule: Jexxels are small creatures covered by a thin coat of white hair. Their red eyes glow in the darkness, making for a terrifying sight. The front claws of these animals are serrated for tearing flesh, and they have a mouthful of razor-sharp fangs. They are fast enough to outrun many other creatures.

Vicious, tenacious predators, the jexxels are ferociously aggressive and territorial. They hunt in packs of five or more, and such groups have been known to bring down a healthy adult ice modrol. They will attack for nearly any reason—and not just out of hunger or self-preservation. There is a cunning and cruel intelligence in those eyes.

Jexxels usually take up residence in caves to protect themselves from the harsh weather, though they have been known to dig small ice burrows.

Crynoid

Type: Poisonous

arachnid

DEXTERITY 4D

PERCEPTION 1D

Sneak 5D

STRENGTH +1

Climbing/jumping

5D

Special Abilities:

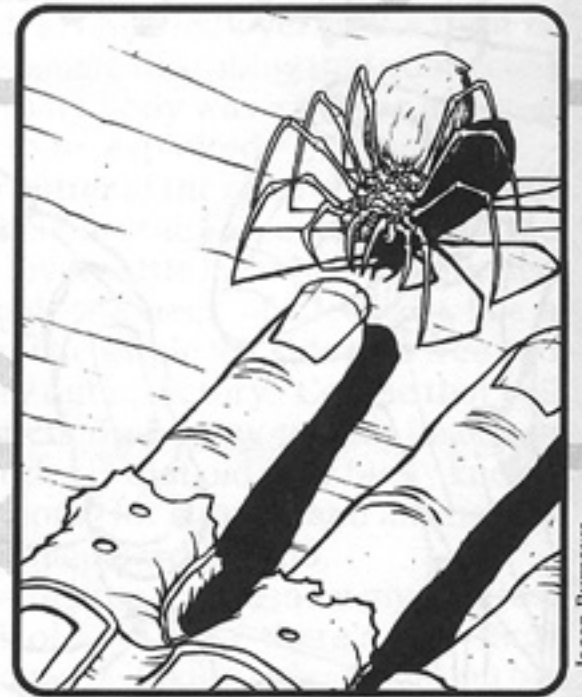
Poisonous Bite: Beings bitten by a crynoid suffer 4D damage (roll every five minutes for one hour). If the victim survives the potent venom, he or she must make a Difficult *stamina* roll to withstand the extreme pain—failing the roll means the victim suffers a -3D penalty to all actions for the next six hours. A Moderate *first aid* roll when using a medpac can neutralize the poison, but there is no remedy for the pain.

Move: 8

Size: 3 centimeters long

Capsule: Crynoids, also known as “snow spiders,” are tiny gray and white arachnids with 10 segmented legs and a very nasty bite. They aren't overly aggressive, but if pestered, they don't hesitate to bite.

Usually solitary creatures, crynoids will only be seen in pairs if recently mated. They prefer certain mosses found in Neftali's caverns, but they have been known to crawl into bedrolls. One or two have even wandered into Exovar's.



Jacen Burrows

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..

K'REYE, COHDEN

Gather round, boys and girls, gentlebeings and aliens...Ol' Uncle Cohden has got a little story for you.

Y'see, a long time ago, in a galaxy not too far away, during the last days of the Old Republic, one of the most infamous independent scouts to ever chart the spaceways decided to retire. Like any good explorer, he sensed that a dark storm was brewing on the galactic horizon and decided to seek shelter before things got too dangerous.

He sold off nearly all of his assets and withdrew his considerable fortune, which had been distributed among a multitude of banks under a number of false names. The man loaded his faithful ship with his money, everything he collected in his legendary travels, and his faithful companion droid, Spanner. And then he disappeared, never to be heard from again.

What happened between that point in time and the present is the one story that Luskin Exovar refuses to recount....

Now, as far as I know, only two other people (and I use the term loosely) know what happened: Exovar's companion droid Spanner and his weird little alien sidekick, Redeye. I can tell you this much...The droid ain't talkin' and you can't understand a word of what the fraggin' lizard says.



Joey Robinson



Luskin Exovar

Type: Former Scout

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 8D, brawling parry 6D, dodge 9D+1, melee combat 5D, pick pocket 9D, vehicle blasters 10D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 11D+2, business 10D, cultures 12D+2, languages 8D, planetary systems 13D, streetwise 10D+1, survival 11D, value 12D, willpower 11D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 8D, communications 6D, sensors 7D+2, space transports 9D, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 10D, con 12D+1, investigation 8D+2, search 13D+2, sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 7D+1, stamina 8D

TECHNICAL 4D

Blaster repair 7D, computer programming/repair 9D+1, demolitions 6D+2, droid programming 10D, droid repair 9D, space transports repair 6D+1, starship weapon repair 5D, first aid 7D, security 8D

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 30

Move: 10

Equipment: Modified hold-out blaster (3D+2)

Capsule: Luskin Exovar is a living legend—revered by scouts, envied by adventurers, and eagerly sought after by those anxious to hear the stories of his astounding escapades.

Exovar doesn't speak much of his early years, but it is known that he was born on the backwater world of Lessuris. While still in his teens, he made his way off-planet and joined the famed Scout Service of the Old Republic.

He quickly made a name for himself on the galactic frontier, charting dozens of new worlds, opening up

entire sectors, and continuously expanding the borders of the Known Galaxy. His multitude of discoveries and adventures became fodder for phenomenal tales of death-defying bravery that seemed to grow more impressive with each telling. The man is a legend of the galactic frontier...and some of what you hear is even true.

Exovar's Anecdotes

On first sight, Exovar doesn't seem like a legendary adventurer. He appears to be just an ordinary old man with weathered features and a shock of silver-white hair. He dresses simply. In fact, nothing about him seems remotely extraordinary except for his mismatched pupils—one is sky-blue, while the other is as silver as his hair.

That is, until he opens his mouth, subjecting anyone in earshot to a rapid-fire bluster of friendly inquiries, answers to unspoken questions, and tangled tales of long ago. This randomized conversation is mixed with an extremely quirky personality, and sudden bursts of seemingly chaotic unfocused activity. As a result, most beings who meet Exovar come to the conclusion that he is no longer firing on full thrusters.

However, during the rare moments of tranquillity when Exovar thinks no one else is around, a careful observer might just notice something other than disorder reflected in those colorful pupils....

A hidden clarity borne of a lifetime's experience—both hardship and joy, love and war, horror and wonder. And during that silent moment of introspection, a lucky observer might even be favored with a subtle wink.

The Story of Exovar and the AT-AT

"So, there I was, crouched in the darkwoode tree branch, twenty meters—well more like twenty-five—above the lush jungle floor. All I had was my trusty laser cutter, and let me tell you, that baby was down to half of a full charge. I'm waiting there, as quiet as can be, when all of a sudden, I hear this great, 'THUMP, THUMP' echoing all around me. Then the ground starts shaking, and in the distance I hear vegetation and trees being smashed to kindling.

"The worst part was the waiting, and I don't mind telling you, for a microsecond there I was ready to give up, turn tail, and head for greener pastures. But then I saw that metal monstrosity lumbering through the beautiful rainwoods that I had just discovered and I said to myself, 'This just ain't right. No way am I gonna roll over like a Rodian and let these ugly Imps transform my forest into some prefab garrison.'

"Fury overwhelmed the fear. Even though each impact of the leviathan's leg set my teeth chattering, I readied myself to take the offensive. When that big ol' AT-AT passed underneath, I let out a Wookiee war whoop and leapt onto its back.

"Well, I felt just like the proverbial bloodflea on the Hutt. It was armored hide far as the eye could see... With no other recourse, I lifted my laser cutter—Did I mention she was down to a quarter charge?—and jabbed it into the beast's back. Well, much to my chagrin, there wasn't so much as a mark on that durasteel surface. Things were looking bleak, to say the least.

"Then I remembered one of my granddaddy's old sayings: *Boy, he used to say to me, without a good head*

on your shoulders, you're just plain headless. Granddaddy used to nip at the lum quite a bit as I recall, but the saying sparked an idea. I hurried over to the front of the AT-AT and sure enough, the tubing that connected the monster's head to its body was a classic Imperial design flaw begging to be exploited.

"I jabbed my laser cutter at the apex of the neck and jumped off, hoping this time the Force would favor the foolish. As I fell, that lovely little laser beam continued to cut, slicing through the neck of the beast like a miniature lightsaber. The whole left side tore free and I couldn't help but cry out in victory. 'Course that yell turned a bit higher-pitched when my cutter's beam ran out of resistance. Suddenly that old sour biddy known as gravity called me home for supper, and all she was serving up was some nice hard ground.

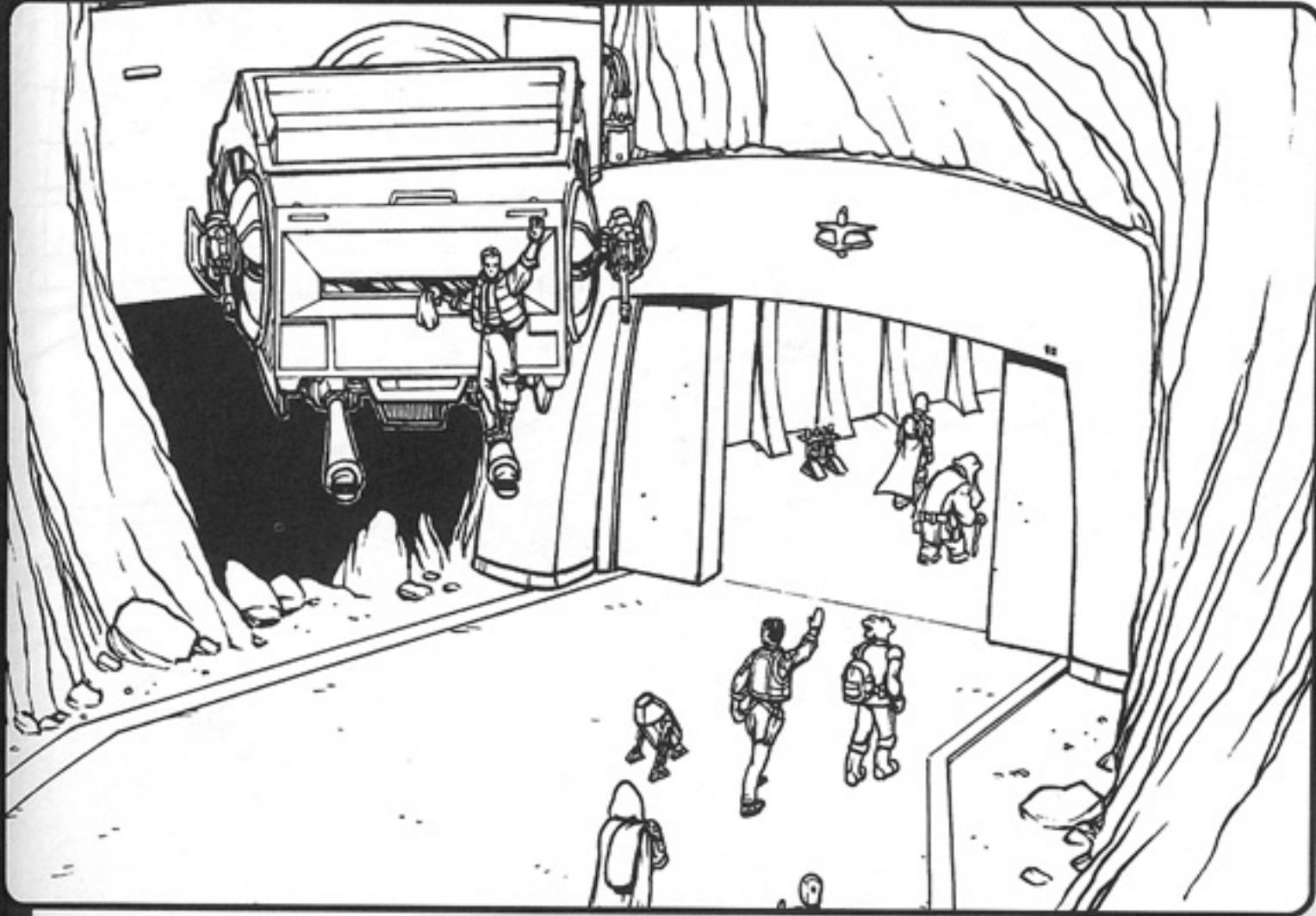
"I closed my eyes and prepared to meet my long lost ancestors, when all of a sudden there's this huge 'SPLASH,' and I find myself sinking into something big and blue. Roll me in fur and call me a Wookiee if I didn't land in the prettiest little pond you ever laid your oculars on... I guess the Force *was* with me. There I am paddling back to the surface of the water, when I'm greeted by a sight to warm a sithspawn's heart.

"That ugly ol' AT-AT's head is swinging at a perpendicular angle to the rest of the body, when 'WHAMMO,' the brute shakes hands with the biggest darkwoode tree you ever did see. There's this great screech—sounded to me like a Herglic losing his last credit on sabacc—and then that sturdy ol' Imp walker keeps on walkin', only without a head. Without anything to control it, that monstrosity of a body veered off and took a stroll off a very steep drop.

"As for the head, it was sitting there nice as you please, about ten meters away. A pair of Imps were stumbling out like they were on shore leave and just left last call at the local bar. Trying to be neighborly, I hurried on over and made sure to greet them boys. I even brought five of my closest friends along to lend a hand—well more like a fist.

"With nothing else to worry about for the time being, I examined that remaining bit of Imp technology—it was pretty sturdy to survive that fall—and commented to myself....

"Well, I guess that's one way to get ahead."



Spanner

Type: Modified Cybot Galactica E3 Companion Droid

DEXTERITY 3D

Dodge 5D, running 7D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 4D+2, survival 7D

MECHANICAL 2D

Communications 4D, sensors 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Hide 4D, search 6D+2, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 2D

Climbing/jumping 3D+2, lifting 3D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 4D

Equipped With:

- Four legs
- Heavy grasping jaw (STR+1D+1 damage)
- Video, hearing, and olfactory sensor arrays
- Movement sensor (+1D to search)
- Retractable blaster (5D, ranges 0-3/10/20)
- Infrared detectors (+2D to search in darkness)
- Vocabulator

Move: 12

Size: 1 meter tall

Cost: Not for sale

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 5

Capsule: Spanner is Exovar's loyal companion, and has been for as long as anyone can remember. If not at his master's side, Spanner is usually somewhere in the vicinity. The companion droid has been credited with saving Exovar's life on several occasions, but Exovar's also saved the machine's circuits a few times.

Anyone who would dare to insult a droid in Exovar's presence is in for a rude awakening—most beings find it difficult enough to understand Exovar's normally verbose ramblings, let alone a full-blown lecture. Couple that with Spanner attaching his heavy grasping jaw to the seat of the unlucky person's armor, and it's readily apparent why droid-haters need not stop by the Emporium.

Spanner is equipped with a vocabulator, though when he does speak, it is usually to Exovar. On some occasions, however, Spanner has been known to unsettle a visitor with a sudden shift from electronic barking to an intelligent discourse on the nuances of hyperspace travel. For a "droid pet," Spanner has a pretty good sense of humor....

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..

K'REYE, COHDEN

As its visitors quickly discover, Exovar's is one of those places that tries extremely hard to defy rational explanation. They always say it's usually best to start at the beginning, so here goes.

Don't say you weren't warned....

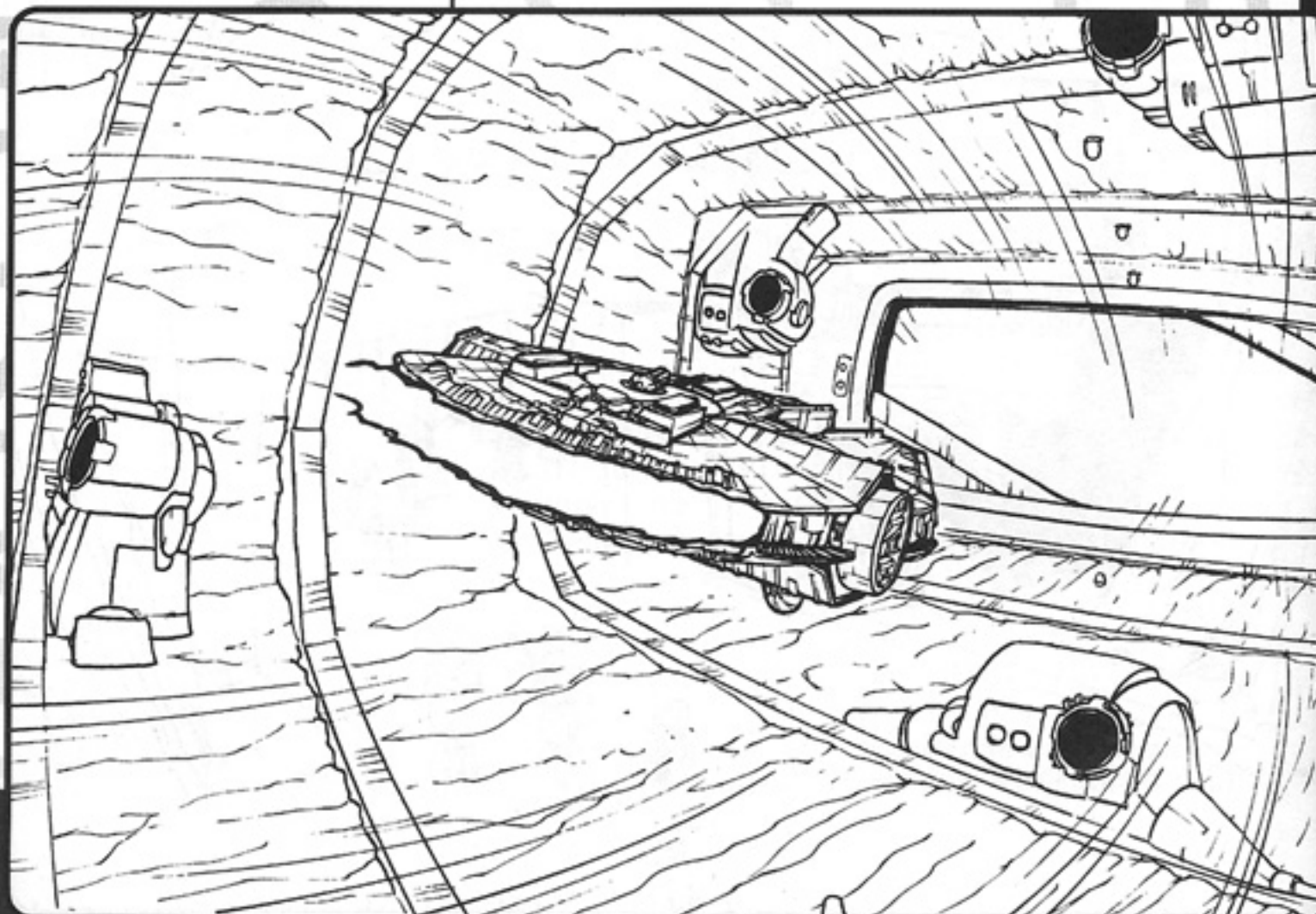


Exovar's Entrance: "Ion Alley"

The entrance to Exovar's can be found somewhere on the surface of Neftali, in a valley completely encircled by mountains. Without the exact coordinates, you may as well give up and jump back home. The location is kept a closely guarded secret to make sure unwanted visitors don't show up unexpectedly. (That would be the Impies for those of you who don't know Exovar too well.)

A holographic generator, projecting the image of ordinary snow-covered valley floor, hides an immense set of blast doors (8D body strength, starfighter scale). You'd think the power output from the hologram would be impossible to miss during a planetary scan, but the power generator is well shielded and shows up on scans as normal thermal activity inside the planet. Exovar considers the exorbitant price he paid for the system well worth it considering that he has successfully avoided detection by snoopily Imperial patrols.

Any ship requesting entry must first transmit the proper clearance code and then identify itself and its



occupants. Then, the craft must consent to a full scan before access is granted.

Once through the blast doors, visitors find themselves in a durasteel armored tunnel (approximately 90 meters in diameter) known as Ion Alley. Exactly how deep it goes is unknown. The tunnel is lined every 15 meters or so with a sensor array to keep track of approaching ships.

And then there is the defensive measure that earned the tunnel its nickname of Ion Alley: the Ion Defense Grid, or IDG. The superstructure contains an intricate network of independent ion field generators. When activated, the resulting union of single ionic pulses can generate spectacular results, completely shutting down any threatening ship that may have eluded the Emporium's primary defenses.

Ion Defense Grid

Weapon: EXVR-1 Guardian Grid
Type: Ion generation field
Scale: Capital
Skill: Blaster artillery: IDG
Crew: 1
Ammo: Unlimited (power generators)
Fire Control: 6D
Range: 0-50
Damage: 2D-16D (ionization damage; power output set can be adjusted by gunner to account for perceived threat level)

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

Just a note on Exovar and his prices....

He may be a little loopy and can generate more wind than a Tatooine sandstorm, but when it comes to important matters, Exie's the kind of guy who makes business a pleasure.

He cuts nice deals for his friends, doesn't gouge mere acquaintances, and has allowed more than a few down-on-their-luck spacers house credit for whatever they need.

As rough and tumble as Exie seems, he's got a soft spot for adventurers, explorers, scouts, and anybody else who's fallen on hard times.

A lot of shady stuff may go down in the Emporium, but no matter how deep the bantha fodder flows in there, Luskin Exovar's boots remain clean.

Cohden's Condensed Critique

Establishment: Exovar's Emporium
Owner: Luskin Exovar
Amenities: Food, drink, lodgings, supplies, entertainment
Cover: None
Security: Ion Defense Grid, Redeye, Entax & Botax
Illegal Activities: Various
Final Review: 4 supernovas

Luskin's Landing

Finally, there is a second set of imposing blast doors (8D body strength, starfighter scale) at the end of the Alley. These doors open into a cavernous hangar with over 50 docking stalls for visiting craft.

The underground starport, nicknamed "Luskin's Landing," is well equipped by interstellar standards and is fully staffed by an expert crew of NR-5 maintenance droids. Restocking and refueling services are provided at a nominal fee. Minor repairs and modifications can be purchased at discount prices.

Passenger and cargo manifests are not required, though first time visitors are always subject to a hazardous materials scan. A minimal docking fee is charged to each ship, and security is provided by a trio of K4 security droids.

An access tunnel serves as the only egress from Luskin's Landing. Lit by powerful glowlamps mounted into the walls, the welcoming walkway is immaculately clean.

The Emporium

You can't miss the entrance to the Emporium thanks to the big AT-AT head mounted on the wall above the doors. Not only is it real, it's fully functional, and can be used to defend the Emporium from would-be attackers.

Most visitors need a quick gulp of air to get past its massive weapons and unwavering stare. Any first-timer who doesn't momentarily pause before he enters receives a drink on the house. (Whether for bravery or stupidity is a subject of much debate ...)

The AT-AT head is one of Exovar's proudest possessions as well as one of his favorite stories to tell. He can often be seen hanging off the thing, personally spitting-shining the viewports. It's also the most popular spot for holo-photos in the whole Emporium.

And once you've made it past the AT-AT, many more wonders await.

AT-AT Walker Head

Scale: Walker
Length: 6 meters long
Cover: Full
Cost: Not available for sale
Body Strength: 6D

Weapons:

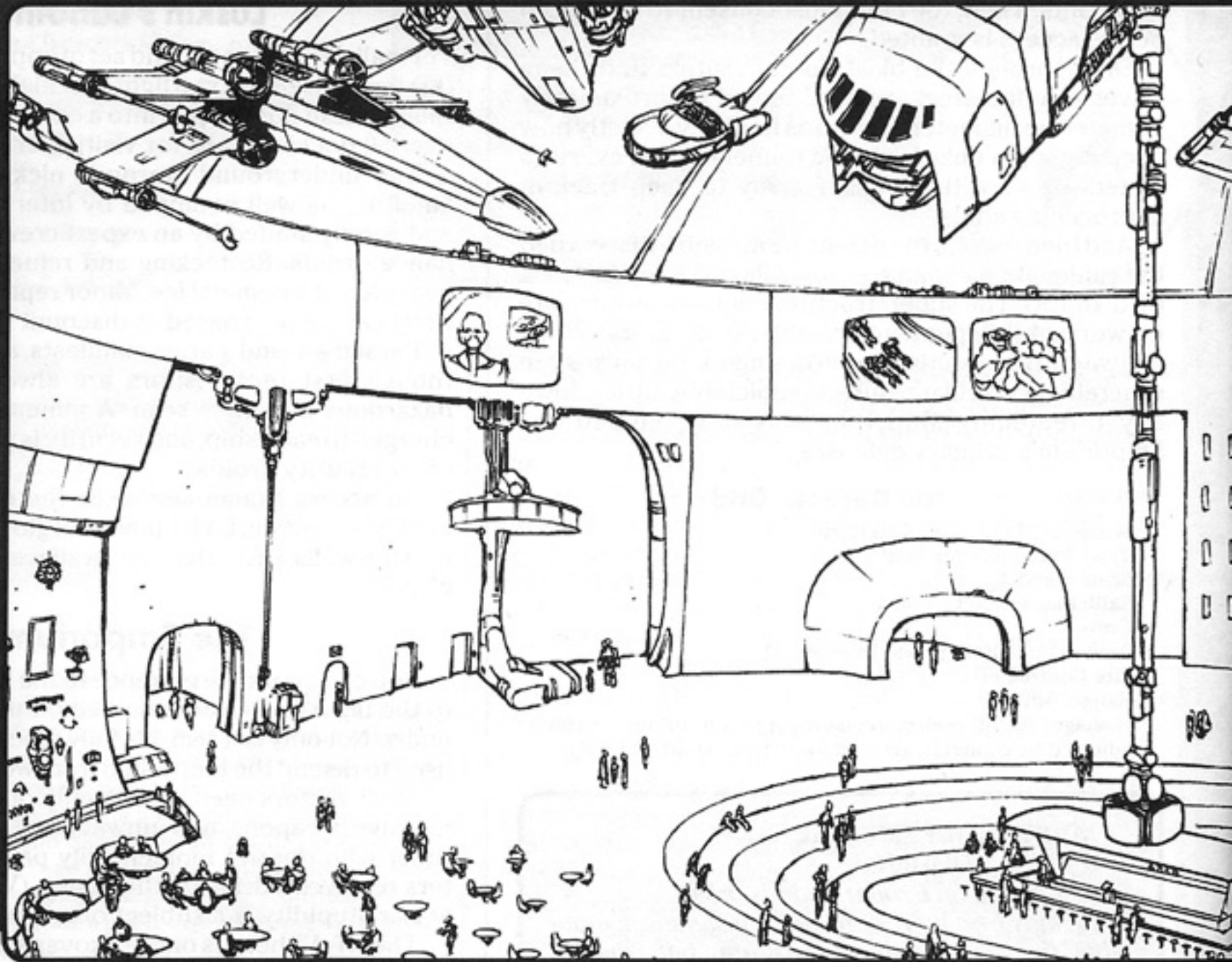
2 Heavy Laser Cannons (fire-linked)

Fire Arc: Front
Crew: 1
Skill: Vehicle Blasters
Fire Control: 2D
Range: 50-500/1.5/3 km
Damage: 6D

2 Medium Blasters (fire-linked)

Fire Arc: Front
Crew: 1
Skill: Vehicle Blasters
Fire Control: 2D
Range: 50-200/500/1 km
Damage: 3D

THE EMPORIUM



Capsule: The AT-AT head can only be entered through a secret passageway, which begins in the basement of the Emporium and continues inside the reinforced wall via ladder. A prefix code is then required to open the blast door and gain access to the head's interior.

Inside The Emporium

"Eyes can never see what the mind views as impossible...."

So states Exovar's personal credo, posted on the entrance arch for all to see. The maxim is quite befitting, especially considering the wonders about to greet visitors.

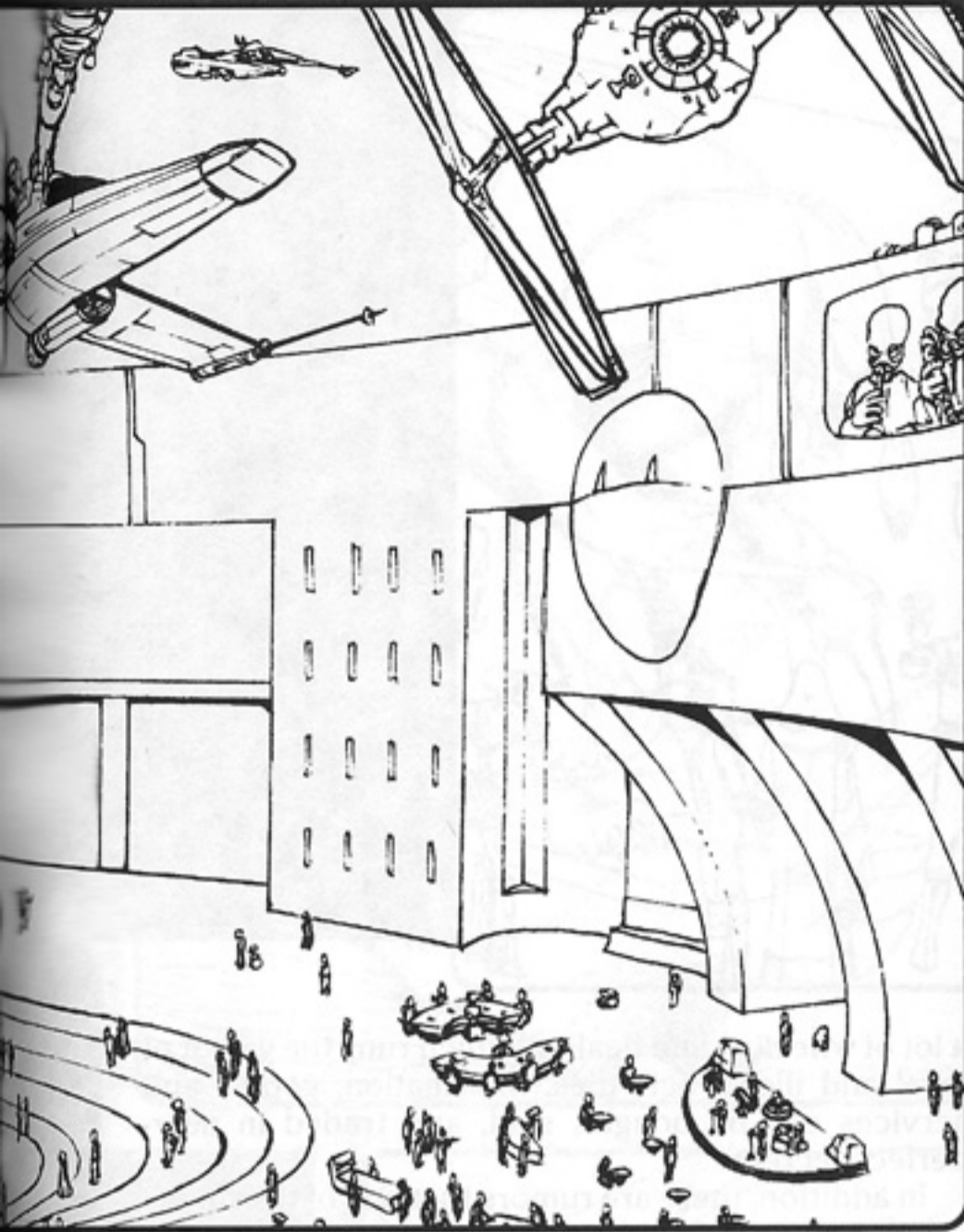
The entire Emporium is elegantly appointed, more like the manor home of an Imperial Moff than your typical rough-and-tumble space saloon. Lumalamps in the shape of thin candles provide the dimmed lighting that gives the Emporium a cozy feel despite its immense size. The actual interior of the Emporium is set in a haphazard pattern, with no recognizable rhyme or reason to the layout of the place.

The main dining area, filled with booths and tables, covers a great deal of space, and can comfortably seat up to 1,000 customers. Waiter droids provide quick and courteous service with no worrying over gratuities.

At the center of the room, a circle of unbroken steps leads down to the sunken bar, which sits roughly two meters down from the dining area. Nearly every sort of drink can be mixed and new ones are created every day. Droid bartenders can whip up whatever is needed, including not only the required beverages, but also wake-up juice, conversation, and even advice for whatever troubles one faces.

Those who stare up at the Emporium's high ceiling tend to think they might have had one too many, when in fact what they're seeing is completely real. Full-size vehicles and spacecraft hang from above, suspended by sets of reinforced, transparent duracables. The current collection includes a Z-95 Headhunter, an X-wing, a TIE fighter, a Star Cab exploration vessel, several different landspeeders, two airspeeders, and a handful of swoops and speeder bikes.

The spectacle isn't merely limited to the roof. Surrounding the dining area is Exovar's Trophy Wall, showcasing his huge private collection which he amassed during his amazing travels. Though staggering in value, only the most shameless or foolhardy thief would attempt to steal anything. (Just in case, all of the exhibits are guarded by high-intensity defensive shields—8D body strength, character-scale—with



hypersonic alarm systems.)

The display cases feature holo-photos, furniture, tools, weapons, ancient texts, statues, trinkets, masks, and other memorabilia. In all, over a thousand different worlds are represented.

Even among this extraordinary collection, there are a few standout items. For example, the full Imperial Royal Guard uniform, priceless artwork from Master Furva Keill of Alderaan, half a dozen Jedi lightsabers, and a pair of war-scarred Thyrsus Sun Guard battle helmets.

Exovar is rumored to also have a few pieces of Mandalorian armor hidden away somewhere in the Emporium, but that's never been substantiated.

All visitors are welcome to leave a token of their passing—a little bit of immortality for those who may never otherwise have the chance.

The Crowd

The Emporium's usual clientele consists of folks who aren't welcome most other places. The folks here may not like each other all that much, but they know Exovar's is a much-needed safe haven. Among the customers you'll find couriers, smugglers, gamblers, spicejackers, traders, scouts, adventurers, explorers,

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

At this point, you're probably saying to yourself, "Wait just a microsecond! With such a wide variety of dangerous and diverse folks, how could the Emporium be a safe place to visit?" While Exovar likes to say there truly is honor among the rogues of the galaxy, the fact that he employs two assassin droids as security guards introduces a nice dash of fear...you know, to reinforce the honor part.

Of course, ol' Exie is always dropping hints that his twin terrors have more than a few of their siblings locked away for safekeeping. He might be bluffing. He might not be... You gonna bet your life on it, slick?

Exovar likes to think of the Emporium as neutral ground (for everyone but the Empire, of course). While egos can never truly be checked at the door, the relaxed atmosphere keeps things cool. Anyone who acts inappropriately is immediately removed from the premises in a unique manner. The offenders are stripped of all their gear, tied up with ultracord, then dropped out in the wastelands in the middle of the night. If they're lucky, they'll freeze to death before Neftali's voracious predators show up.

As Exovar likes to put it, "I just round 'em up and let the modrols sort 'em out." Understandably, disturbances at the Emporium tend to be few and far between.

In many ways, the Emporium resembles the legendary thieves' guilds of some ancient civilizations, where even the most hardened criminals could co-exist (for a short time, at least) without killing each other.

bounty hunters, big game hunters, arms merchants, black market dealers, slicers, and information brokers.

Visitors come to see the artifacts, hear the stories, and just bask in an atmosphere tinged with danger. With no Imperial presence, the fringe of the galaxy is free to unwind, relax, cut some shady deals, gamble, and otherwise socialize.

Rendezvous Rooms

For those customers seeking privacy, secluded sitting rooms can be reached from the maze-like recesses scattered around the dining area. There are over two dozen such places, all staffed by their own attendant droids. Each room contains holo-vision, plush chairs, a sound slug system, and many other forms of entertainment.

A few of these rooms have even become home to groups of regulars who have adjusted the decor to their own tastes. (With Exovar's blessing, of course.)

There is the room known as Chasers, which is a



Jason Burrows

home away from home for bounty hunters. Holograms of bounties past and present cover the walls, and various tracking paraphernalia can be found on display.

Galactic big game hunters have The Trap, thanks to full-time Emporium staff member and renowned beast hunter, Kaori Batta. As one would imagine, trophies from the hunt are in abundance. One of Batta's prizes is a stuffed ice modrol, unquestionably this room's centerpiece.

Of course, the largest of these private rooms is the one dedicated to scouts. Momentos of the triumphs of exploration and discovery plaster the interior of The Explorer's Guild. Novice scouts can examine the audio-visual holographies detailing the greatest exploits of some of the legendary pioneers in the field.

Then, there is The Library, which is the perfect room in which to relax. Most visitors find it unusually quiet, comfortable, and soothing. There are millions of documents to read, covering nearly every subject you could imagine. (Of course, The Library is far from the prying eyes of the Emperor's censors, so there's a good bit of material here that's been declared contraband and banned on most other worlds.)

Sound screens and filters can be activated for privacy in each room. There is also a complete selection of ambient sound slugs, ranging from the current hits to the more mundane variety: the rich cacophony of life in Ithor's jungles, the soothing breaking of waves over beaches on Pantolomin, and so forth.

When things are really busy, the rooms must be booked in advance. Of course, with this privacy comes

a lot of wheeling and dealing, which runs the gamut of legal and illegal activities. Information, goods, and services can be bought, sold, and traded in near-perfect secrecy.

In addition, there are rumors that one of the rooms is being used by Rebels to pass information or just as a safe place to hide from prying Imperial eyes....

Kaori Batta

Type: Galactic Big Game Hunter

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Archaic guns 6D, blaster 10D, blaster: hunting blaster 12D, blaster artillery 9D+2, brawling parry 8D, dodge 10D+2, firearms 6D+2, melee combat 9D, melee combat: vibroblade 12D+2, running 9D, thrown weapons 7D, vehicle blasters 7D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 10D, intimidation 8D, languages 6D, planetary systems 9D, survival 12D+1, willpower 10D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 6D, beast riding 9D+2, sensors 4D, space transports 7D, starship gunnery 5D+2

PERCEPTION 4D

Con 6D+2, hide 12D, search 11D+1, search: tracking 14D, sneak 13D+2

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 7D, brawling: Jengardin martial arts 9D, climbing/jumping 11D+1, stamina 12D, swimming 6D

TECHNICAL 2D

Blaster repair 7D, computer programming/repair 7D+2, first aid 10D

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 14

Move: 14

Equipment: Jengardin double-bladed vibroblade (STR+4D+1, maximum 8D), highly modified Predator hunting blaster (7D), 2 hunting knives (STR+1D), macrobinoculars, 2 medpacs, survival gear, breather mask, modrol pelt cloak, stun dart rifle (5D+2 stun), climate-controlled body glove suit



Capsule: A native of Chandrila, Kaori was the only child of famed big game hunter Kylo Batta and a noblewoman. Kaori's heritage allowed him a great deal of freedom and he used his position to avoid military service. Serving the Emperor from the confining quarters of a starship was not to his taste. From an early age the young Batta wanted to be where he felt most at home—out in the wild.

Kaori soon struck out on his own, trying to make his name as well known as his father's. Kaori has led hunting expeditions to over a hundred different worlds and built his reputation by bringing down the most ferocious beasts throughout the galaxy, often capturing them alive to sell to zoos for outrageous sums of credits. Kaori has faced death in countless forms—including poisonous bites, crushing jaws, and wicked fangs—but he is a survivor. He knows how to stay alive no matter what he faces.

When he met Luskin Exovar, Kaori found a fellow adventurous spirit. The two men became instant friends, and the thrill of the hunt on an unforgiving world like Neftali was too much to resist. Kaori has agreed to lead modrol hunts into the frozen wastelands, and these expeditions have become very popular (and very profitable).

Kaori is a colorful character with strong opinions on nearly every subject. He has a sense of humor that borders on the caustic. However, when it comes down to the business of life and death, his intensity is almost frightening. He can remain utterly motionless for hours at a time without losing focus or concentration. Without a doubt, Kaori Batta is one of the greatest big game hunters in the galaxy.

Predator Hunting Blaster

Model: Exotac Arms EXP-7(a) Predator

Type: Precision hunting blaster rifle

Scale: Character

Skill: Blaster

Ammo: 8

Cost: 7,000, 175 (power pack)

Availability: 4, X

Fire Rate: 1

Fire Control: 2D (dual-laser targeting beams)

Range: 3-30/80/350

Damage: 7D

Game Notes: Each time this blaster is fired, the user must make a Moderate *Strength* roll to contain the recoil and be able to fire it next round.

Capsule: The Predator is an experimental weapon, with only three prototypes in existence. Two are undergoing testing at Exotac Labs, while Kaori Batta got the call to handle the field evaluation. It is a large, cumbersome weapon that must be strapped across one's back when not in use. However, its devastating damage and precision targeting system more than makes up for the added weight, especially when a huge beast is bearing down on you at full speed.



Beastie Chow

It was so brutally cold, Kaori Batta had canceled the hunting expedition. Everyone was more than happy to reschedule. Everyone, that is, except for Ghecharo. The arrogant noble demanded that the hunt go on as planned, claiming his royal itinerary could not suffer any sudden changes.

Batta wasn't in the mood to argue with the self-important blowhard, since the dispute would most likely end with Ghecharo's one percent noble blood spilled all over the Emporium's floor. And Exovar wouldn't be too happy about that.

So the hunter relented, and decided the best course of action would be to just take Ghecharo and his adjutant, Kleck, out into Neftali's fierce weather until the duo started crying to head back inside or froze like a pair of sabersicle treats. Either way, Batta was getting paid. Though the hunter generally liked to return with everyone he left with, in this case he'd be glad to make an exception.

Batta paused atop an icy bluff, staring at the sea of freshly fallen powder below. The howling winds whipped the hunter's modrol-pelt cloak around him, as he surveyed the mountainside with a pair of worn macrobinoculars.

Huffing-and-puffing, the wiry nobleman joined the hunter. The shorter and heavier Kleck, already burdened by his master's pack and weapons, was having a hard time walking through the thick carpet of snow. He seemed to sink with every step.

"Well?" Ghecharo asked, a none-too-subtle hint of irritation in his voice. "We've been out here an entire half-hour and haven't seen so much as an ice-rat."

Batta briefly wondered what the nobleman's grating voice would sound like muffled by ten meters of snow. "Patience is a hunter's greatest advantage."

The nobleman snorted, increasing the nasal quality of his voice. "Only if you intend to bore your prey to death."

Kleck's usual burst of sycophantic laughter, which sounded every time Ghecharo attempted a humorous statement, was cut mercifully short by the howling winds.

Ghecharo gestured

at the rocky cave entrance Batta was currently studying. "That looks good."

The hunter lowered the macrobinoculars and shook his head. Ghecharo immediately challenged his guide's opinion. "There's no sign of a modrol?"

"Actually, there are quite a few. Heavy claw impressions at the entrance and blood smears on the floor." Batta turned away from the sight. "That cave is definitely occupied, and it's got what amounts to a big 'Do Not Disturb' sign outside of it."

"What are you talking about? If there's a modrol in there, I want to go and kill it."

Batta favored the nobleman with an expression of pity. "What you have in that cave is an injured modrol. Big one, too, by the size of those claws. These beasties are extremely dangerous to begin with. This one is *injured*. Now, you set foot in that cave and all of a sudden he's cornered, too." The hunter gave a rueful laugh. "You get dealt a hand like that in sabacc and it's time to fold. Understand?"

"Oh, I understand exactly...I understand that the great galactic big game hunter, Kaori Batta, is nothing but a great big coward." Ghecharo extended his gloved hand. "Kleck, hand me my weapon."

Obediently, Kleck removed the heavy sporting blaster from his backpack and handed it to the nobleman.

Ghecharo raised the weapon. "No animal in the galaxy can outsmart me."

Kleck grinned widely at his master's bravado.

"Come, Kleck...Today we claim a new trophy for my wall."



Kleck's smile abruptly vanished.

Ghecharo stalked down towards his target. "On to victory."

Reluctantly, Kleck hefted his burden, stumbling after the nobleman.

Batta watched the display in silence, deciding that Ghecharo's military career must have been honorary in nature.

The hunter shrugged, unbuckled his own satchel, and let it slip to the ground. He unslung the Predator from his back. The huge hunting blaster felt reassuring in his hands.

As Ghecharo and Kleck reached the mouth of the cave, Batta began to field-strip his weapon. The hunter paused only to see if the Imperials were going to be stupid enough to activate a light source before entering the darkened cavern.

Kleck pulled a lumalamp from his immense pack, holding it up like a signal beacon.

Batta allowed himself a single, long-suffering sigh as he calmly proceeded down the mountainside, putting his rifle back together as he went.

The two men disappeared inside the cave, and at the same moment, the wind died down, as if trying to hear what would happen next.

Batta had fully reassembled the Predator and was closing in on the mouth of the cave when the first shrill screams echoed from inside. The shrieks were accompanied by horrible sounds of tearing, wrenching, and wet things impacting on the ground.

The hunter removed a fresh power pack from a pocket on his temperature-controlled body glove. The thick, black material was similar to what stormtroopers wore under their armor.

He had just slapped the pack into the handle of his rifle when he heard the sound of someone running through the cave and gasping for air. It was quickly followed by a bone-chilling roar of fury.

Batta calmly held the Predator in his hands, hefting its familiar weight.

Seconds later, Kleck burst out of the cave, as pale as the icy tundra surrounding him. All that remained of the large backpack were the shoulder-straps and a ragged piece of cloth. His eyes were glazed as he ran past Batta and crashed into the snow, utterly out of breath. Unable to move, Kleck covered his eyes and

started whimpering. "It's coming!"

Batta swung the rifle up to his shoulder and dropped to one knee. The hunter took a long, deep breath and ceased all movement. A casual observer would think he had been carved out of ice.

At that moment, the modrol emerged. Easily five meters tall, the creature's white fur was marked with fresh claw wounds—the creature must have recently had a dispute with another of its kind. Bellowing in rage, the beast locked onto Batta and charged, baring its fangs as it reached out with razor-like claws.

The modrol closed to five meters....

Batta didn't flinch, his only movement to elevate the tip of the rifle.

Four meters....

"Shoot it!" screamed Kleck.

Three meters....

The hunter's right eye snapped shut, his left eye focusing on the charging target with machine-like precision. His finger curled itself around the trigger.

Two....

Batta's nose wrinkled at the fetid smell of the creature's breath.

One....

The predator roared to life, the blast echoing through the entire valley.

The modrol took one more step, then fell, landing at Batta's feet.

And everything was silent.

Batta stood up and shouldered the big rifle.

Kleck was still flat on his stomach in the snow. He stared up in complete awe as the hunter walked past him. "That was incredible!"

"No, that was just my job" Batta started up the snowy ridge. "I hope you learned something from this little excursion, Mr. Kleck. Out here in the wild, there's a real thin line between hunter and beastie chow."

The Guest Quarters

The Emporium's guest quarters consists of 100 moderate-sized rooms. There aren't many frills, and certainly no penthouse suites, but at the very least you're guaranteed a comfy bed. Each room also has a small bathroom and living area.

To a man like Exovar, who has lived most of his life in either a ship's sleeping compartment or an all-enviro tent, even that much is a luxury.

Attendant droids maintain the rooms with daily cleanings, although there isn't much in the way of room service.

Credit Check

The following is a partial list of prices at the Emporium. Depending on Exovar, the patron, or extenuating circumstances, the actual amount of credits can vary wildly.

Room At the Guest Quarters

Daily	15 credits/night
Weekly	12 credits/night
Monthly	10 credits/night

Food

Special of the day	5 credits/meal
Regular fare	10 credits/meal
More than one course	15 credits/meal

Drink

Whatever's on tap	1 credits/glass
Typical mix	3 credits/glass
Socorran raava	5 credits/mug
Something new	7 credits/glass

Recreation

Modrol hunt	250 credits/person
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The Underground

Underneath the Emporium is a secret group of five rooms, all of them off-limits to visitors. Information about the area is sparse since Exovar, Batta, Redeye, and the droids are the only ones allowed inside.

1. Droid Maintenance/Repair Facility. To keep the mechanical employees in top working order.

2. Private Quarters. Kaori Batta, Exovar, and Redeye each have personal rooms.

3. Emporium Defense Control Center (EDCC). From here, Redeye operates the Ion Defense Grid. Entax and Botax can usually be found here as well, monitoring the hidden video remotes that cover the entire Emporium.

4. Accessway to the AT-AT Head. The secret passage to man the guns.

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

If you haven't noticed by now (and if not, maybe it's time you considered one of them cyborg brain boxes that boost the wattage upstairs), Exovar loves droids. He loves building them, and he loves fixing them.

I mean, they make up 99% of his staff. See, during Exie's exploring days out in Wild Space, that's all he had to count on. Unlike people, his mechanical chums never let him down. He never forgot that. That's why Exovar welcomes droids of every make and model. Sometimes Exie even treats them better than the real live customers. You'll even see him sit down and have a drink with them. (I dunno what they drink...motivator fluid, maybe?)

Now, I've been around awhile and I've seen some strange things in my time, but I figured the odds of me getting chummy with a droid were about the same as a Jawa giving me a fair shake on an ore processing unit.

Then I meet Botax, one of Exie's two peacekeeper droids. Turns out they used to be assassin-types until Exovar personally customized them. Now, he and Entax make sure things stay pleasant around the Emporium.

Well, before I knew it, me and Bot were getting along like old friends. Lemme tell you, that changed my anti-droid attitude pretty quick. Now, when I see some slagchucker mistreating his R2 unit, I spend a coupla' minutes educating the sap. Droids are really just like you and me. A bit shinier, maybe, but you get the idea.

Lately, I even stop by Exovar's to see how the big bucket o' bolts is doing. Hmmm. If I don't get out of this blasted place soon, I might even start to like the little lizard....

5. Emergency Escape Tunnel. Leading to a hidden exit tunnel that extends over a kilometers and then empties into a mountain cavern on the surface of Neftali.



Security

Of course, the biggest surprise in all of the Emporium's exotic defenses is who's in charge of them....

Redeye

Type: Turazza Security Chief

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 7D+2, blaster artillery 8D, blaster artillery: Ion Defense Grid 12D, dodge 7D, grenade 5D, melee combat 5D, melee combat: stun baton 7D+2, vehicle blasters 8D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 5D, intimidation 4D+2, survival 6D+1, willpower 7D

MECHANICAL 2D

Beast riding 5D

PERCEPTION 4D+2

Hide 7D, search 8D+2, sneak 7D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 5D, climbing/jumping 6D+1, stamina 8D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D+1, first aid 5D, security 8D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 7

Move: 9

Equipment: Equipment harness, blaster pistol (4D+1), stun baton (STR+2D stun)

Capsule: Whenever someone asks how Exovar wound up with a Turazza (of all things) as his head of security, the ex-scout always points to Redeye and says, "I don't know...Go ask him." Most reasonably intelligent beings decline that offer, unless they speak fluent Turazza—which is a hodgepodge of short, savage squeaks, heeps, and meeps. Suffice it to say, the true story is still unknown.

The fact is, Redeye is very good at his job. Security problems at the Emporium are few and far between. (The private rooms are a different matter altogether, however.) There are always those who will scoff at the idea of hardened galactic ruffians being put in their place by a little reptilian creature barely over a meter tall. But after witnessing Redeye do something like single-handedly eject a pair of unruly Gamorreans from the premises with only a stun baton and sheer force of will, more than one skeptic has become a believer.

Not only can the Turazza scrap with the best of them, he can often sniff out trouble before it happens. And when



Jacen Burrows

things get really ugly, his natural affinity for sharpshooting often saves the day.

The mottled green Turazza earned the nickname of Redeye due to the patch of crimson coloration that encircles his left eye. His true Turazza name is known only to Exovar.

Redeye's marksman skills have earned him the grudging respect of many warriors (including Kaori Batta) and a second moniker....

Deadeye.

And if he's not enough to scare away troublemakers, the Turazza can call on his formidable mechanical deputies, Entax and Botax. Pick a fight at your own risk.

Entax (NT-X2) & Botax (BT-X2)

Type: Modified Terminax Model TX-1118 Assassin Droids

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 9D+2, brawling parry 5D+2, dodge 6D, melee combat 5D, melee parry 4D+1, missile weapons 8D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 3D, intimidation 9D, languages 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

Communications 6D, sensors 8D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Investigation 8D, search 8D+1, sneak 5D

STRENGTH 6D

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

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D+2, droid programming 5D, droid repair 6D, security 8D+1

Equipped with:

- Humanoid body (two arms, two legs, head)
- Broad-band antenna receiver (for monitoring comlink channels)
- Two visual sensor recorders

- Infrared detector (+1D to search in darkness)

- High-sensitivity audio receptors

- Armored body (+2D physical and energy)

- Omnidirectional motion detector (+1D to search)

- Built-in comlink

- Heavy blaster cannon (arm-mount, 0-50/150/300, 6D)

- Concussion missile launcher (arm-mount, 0-25/75/150, ammo: 3, 8D)

- Retractable vibroblade (STR+2D)

Move: 11

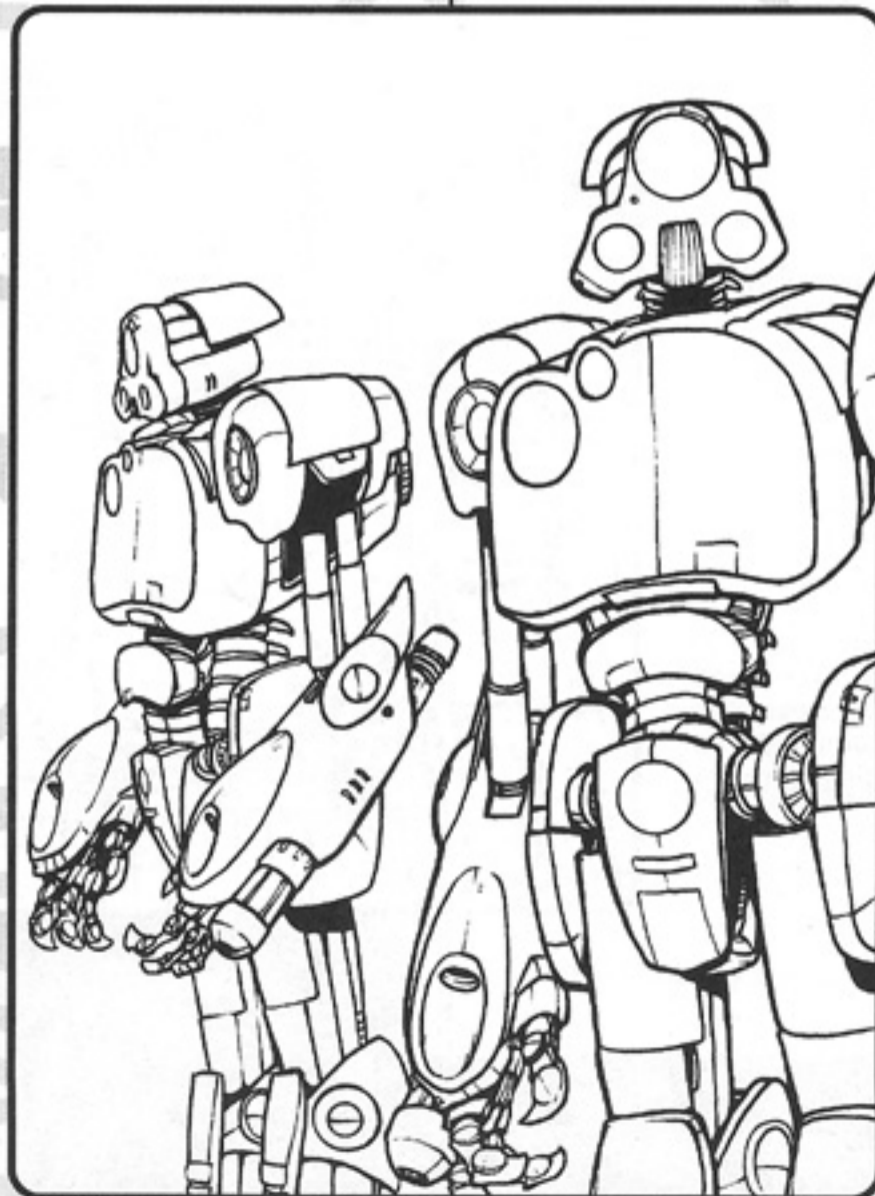
Size: 2.4 meters tall

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 10

Capsule: Both Entax and Botax were built to kill...Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your point of view), these two top-of-the-line Imperial assassin droids never made it out of the cargo container in which they were stored.

They were stolen off a transport ship before they reached their destination, and the shipjacker happened to owe Exovar some credits. Entax and Botax were used to pay off the debt.



Jacen Burrows

Exovar tinkered with their programming, and discovered the droid duo made an excellent security team. He found that most troublemakers found it hard to cause further aggravation with a pair of concussion missile launchers pointed in their direction.

Of the two, Entax is the philosopher—quiet, more reserved, and preferring to spend his downtime reading a good holostory. As he likes to say, “The visual organs are the pathway to the subprocessor.”

Botax is just the opposite. A droid of action, he is brash, loud, and enjoys a good fight. His threats are colorful; his favorite is, “Watch your vocabulator, or I’ll perform a nonessential vivisection of your cranial unit.”

Loose Threads

Uneven Exchange

Thasca Knarr, an enterprising merchant, has set up semi-permanent shop in one of the Emporium’s private rooms. What Exovar doesn’t know is that Knarr is using The Exchange not only to make money, but as a staging ground from which he intends to try and take over the entire Emporium! The Snivvian would love to use it as a base of operations for piracy, smuggling and perhaps a few trades that wouldn’t go over too well down on Socorro, namely bounty hunting and slaving.

Knarr is quietly bringing in mercenaries to act as muscle for his plot, which is nearing completion. With help from Redeye, the droids, and Exovar, the characters must uncover the shadowy plot before it’s too late.

Thasca Knarr

Type: Snivvian Merchant

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 5D, dodge 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 8D, business 8D+2, cultures 5D, planetary systems 5D, streetwise 8D, value 9D+1

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D, space transports 4D+2

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 8D, command 6D, con 8D+2, hide 6D, persuasion 5D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Computer programming/repair 4D+2

Special Abilities:

Adaptive Skin: Snivvians can survive in temperature extremes between -30 to +45 degrees standard without harm or protective clothing. Snivvian skin gives a +1D armor bonus against physical damage.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 4

Character Points: 10

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D+1), secured comlink, datapad, expensive clothing

Capsule: Unlike most Snivvians, Knarr doesn’t have an artistic bent, unless you count ruthless money-making endeavors an art. If so, Knarr has raised it to a masterful level. Oily, sneaky, and resourceful, the Snivvian merchant has only one goal in life—constant accumulation of credits.

Any being who stands between Knarr and his financial plans is merely an obstruction to be eliminated as cost-effectively as possible.

Imperial Entanglements

The characters are sent to meet with Alliance operatives in one of the Emporium’s private rooms and take possession of a datafile with vital information. Unfortunately, an Imperial mole is already in place, and ready to make his move. If the Imperial makes it off Neftali (with or without the datafile), the Empire will learn of the Emporium’s existence and will certainly send ships to destroy it. The characters should work together with Exovar and his friends to prevent both the loss of the datafile and the Emporium.



Jacek Burrows

Chapter Three

The Broken Tusk

"In my opinion, the Broken Tusk is the sole reason the word vile was invented. Pay attention, gentlebeings. This is not the place to take the family. If, for some unknown reason, you do manage to find yourself at the Tusk's dirty doorstep, here's some advice. Secure your credit chits, keep your blaster within easy reach, hope the Force is with you, and don't even think about setting a limb in the Tusk's 'Dool Arena,' unless you don't mind parting with it. If you've ever used the word 'squeamish' to describe yourself, stay away from the Tusk...."

Reuss VIII

Type: Industrial nightmare
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type III (breath mask required)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban
Length of Day: 20 standard hours
Length of Year: 210 local days
Sapient Species: Humans, Reussi (N; near-humans)
Starport: Stellar class
Population: 25 billion
Planet Function: Manufacturing
Government: Organized crime (Torel Vorne)
Tech Level: Information
Major Exports: Mid tech
Major Imports: Breath masks, food, water

Reuss VIII was once a dream world, but it has evolved into a nightmare. Located in the Portmoak sector of the Outer Rim Territories, Reuss used to be a lush, forested planet and a prime food producer for several colony worlds. That is, until large industrial corporations began buying up the land out from under the natives, a near-human race known as the Reussi. Their world was slowly turned into an industrial powerhouse, with great automated factories churning night and day. Reuss VIII soon became a victim of its own success.

The planet's atmosphere is now loaded with toxins,

while the rain is highly acidic. The noxious downpour never truly stops, but merely slackens off into a mist that is no less dangerous to inhale. On low contamination days, exposure causes 2D damage every six hours. Two weeks of exposure will result in irreversible damage to the lungs. When there is a high amount of contamination present, the effect is 2D+2 damage *per round of exposure*. (On these days, people need to wear breath masks just to stay alive.)

The people are mostly poor and not much more than slaves of the Reuss Corporation. Nearly all of the land is covered with factories, refining plants, waste incinerators, and crumbling skyscrapers. Residential neighborhoods are sparse at best, with most of the population living and working in corporate-owned tenement buildings.

As if things weren't bleak enough, Reuss VIII is quickly becoming a major conduit for illegal goods being smuggled into the Core Worlds. The mastermind behind this recent increase of black market dealings is native Reussi crime lord, Torel Vorne. (For more information, see *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*, pages 33–35.)

Double Trouble

Some beings are of the opinion that if you've seen one Gamorrean, you've pretty much seen them all. And while every alien population has distinct traits among its kind, there are always exceptions to the rule. In this case, Gorge and Greel.

Gorge

Type: Gamorrean Bouncer
DEXTERITY 4D
 Blaster 9D, dodge 6D, melee combat 6D+2, melee combat: vibromallet 10D+2, vehicle blasters 5D
KNOWLEDGE 1D+1
 Intimidation 9D, streetwise 5D+1, willpower 7D



ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

No one seems exactly sure when the Tusk sprung up, but its legend was born soon after it was built. Now, like most turbolaser-sized tales, this one has changed a few times in the telling. Consider yourself warned....

As the story goes, many years ago, two Gamorrean brothers by the name of Gorge and Greel were slaves of Var'Rotha Fin'Rotha, a particularly nasty Tolanese bounty hunter. Things looked bleak indeed for our heroes, who were bound and constrained most of the time, until the hunter needed some physical labor performed.

Fin'Rotha had just dropped off a bounty at Coruscant, and was en route to the Outer Rim. He was anxious to spend some of his newly earned fortune on illegal modifications to his ship, Tolan's Tusk. The thorn-shaped craft was the bounty hunter's pride and joy.

The brothers, unusually bright specimens for their species, concocted a plan of escape during their long journey from the Core Worlds. Fin'Rotha decided to make the best of the time and let Greel (being the smaller and more docile of the brothers) out of his cage to clean the ship's interior. As the bounty hunter caught up on the latest holovids, Greel (also the mechanically-minded one) busted the ship's hyperdrive, forcing the Tusk into regular space.

As expected, the Tolanese hunter quickly shoved the supposedly hapless Gamorrean away from the

delicate machinery to see what had gone wrong. In the confusion, Greel freed his brother from captivity. Gorge (the mangling-minded one) politely offered their former master a choice between two methods of egress...escape pod or airlock.

Fin'Rotha took the former and was never heard from again. As for the brothers, well, they were overjoyed. They had a space-faring ship to call their own and were free to travel anywhere in the galaxy. That is, until the ship exhausted its supply of fuel cells and crash-landed on Reuss VIII. (Remember, I said they were unusually bright, for Gamorreans...but they weren't geniuses.)

Upon impact, Tolan's Tusk broke into two halves. The needle-like nose of the craft disintegrated. The thick rear section of the ship remained intact, however, and neatly impaled itself right through the heart of an abandoned factory complex, its stern defiantly facing skyward.

After stumbling from the wreckage, Greel took one look at the result and was struck with an idea. (Hey, the Force works in mysterious ways.) He envisioned setting up shop inside the husk of the craft, and opening that little cantina he and Gorge had always dreamed about owning.

When his brother finally emerged, Greel quickly explained his idea. Gorge grinned excitedly, baring the shattered remains of his right front tusk. Greel took one look at his brother's mouth, then gazed back at the ship and rechristened it...Greel's Good Place to Have Drink and Eat and then Get Into Fights.

But Gorge got lost somewhere between "drink" and "fights," so Greel settled on *The Broken Tusk* instead.

MECHANICAL 1D

Repulsorlift operation 3D+2

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Search 5D

STRENGTH 5D

Brawling 10D+2, stamina 12D

TECHNICAL 1D

Security 5D

Special Abilities:

Voice Box: Gamorreans cannot speak Basic.

Stamina: Can automatically make a second *stamina* check if a first one is failed.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 22

Move: 9

Equipment: 2 BlasTech DL-44 heavy blaster pistols (5D), two-handed vibromallet (STR+3D+2), light body armor (+1D+2 physical, +2 energy)

Capsule: He stands well over two meters tall and his thick frame is wrapped in solid muscle that puts his weight at over 150 kilos. Gorge cuts an imposing figure, which is why he easily slipped into the role of bouncer at the Tusk. The battle-scarred Gamorrean has made more than one would-be troublemaker think twice with a simple, echoing growl.

Despite his appearance, Gorge isn't a mindless machine of destruction. He picks his fights carefully and would rather avoid a confrontation than seek one out. Though he regularly fought in the infamous Dool Arena in the early days, he almost never enters the ring anymore.

He tends to be quiet unless provoked, allowing his brother to do most of the talking. Rather, Gorge can usually be found moving through the shadows, stepping out at just the right moment to discourage a disturbance before it becomes a problem.

Of course, Gorge is most famous for his right front tusk, the tip of which was broken off in the crash-landing that brought the brothers to Reuss VIII.

Cohden's Condensed Critique

Establishment: The Broken Tusk

Owner: Gorge and Greel

Amenities: Food, drink, entertainment

Cover: Depends on the entertainment (see Credit Check)

Security: Gorge

Illegal Activities: Various

Final Review: 2 supernovas

Greel

Type: Gamorrean Entrepreneur

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D, dodge 7D, melee combat 4D+2, pick pocket 6D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 7D, business 9D, cultures 6D+2, languages 6D, streetwise 9D, value 6D

MECHANICAL 1D+2

Repulsorlift operation 6D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 7D

STRENGTH 4D+2

Brawling 5D+1

TECHNICAL 1D+2

Computer programming/repair 6D, first aid 4D

Special Abilities:

Voice Box: Gamorreans cannot speak Basic. Greel has a SoroSuub Synthax-7 voice synthesizer.

Stamina: Can automatically make a second *stamina* check if a first one is failed.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 5

Character Points: 17

Move: 8

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (3D+1), vibroknife (STR+1D), expensive clothing, SoroSuub Synthax-7 voice synthesizer, datapad

Capsule: If Gorge is a bit unusual for a Gamorrean, then Greel is utterly extraordinary. The most obvious example of this oddity is his appearance. Whereas Gorge is abnormally large, Greel is quite undersized, in both height and weight. Compared to most other Gamorreans, Greel could conceivably be called svelte.

Now, if that weren't difference enough, Greel much prefers the fine clothing of top galactic designers to the standard garb of fur and leather armor favored by others of his species. Greel certainly enjoys the finer things in life, and it is never more apparent than in his extravagant, sometimes gaudy, wardrobe.

Greel is quite intelligent and has the kind of businessbeing's instincts that cannot be taught. He just seems to know what will sell and what will sit on the shelf gathering dust. He and his brother turn a tidy profit at the Tusk, and Greel intends to keep it that way no matter the cost. At times, his dealings can be cold and ruthless, but he will always do what has to be done to ensure the Tusk stays successful, if only to keep himself in luxury.

Most people who meet Greel are struck by two things immediately (other than the oddity of his outward bearing). First of all, he is a slick fast-talker, and secondly, the fact that he can talk at all. Like his fellow Gamorreans, he is unable to speak Basic. However, with his sharp mind and the help of some advanced technology, namely a SoroSuub Synthax-7 voice synthesizing cybernetic implant, Greel can hold a conversation with anyone—and usually get the better end of the deal.



The Tusk at Dusk

If you stop by the Broken Tusk during the daytime, you'll find its immense blast-shielded double doors magnalocked and sealed.

Once the sun has set however, the Tusk's doors swing open. A sizable crowd is usually already lined up and waiting, eager to relax and unwind after a hard day's work. They're ready for a drink, a good fight, and some fresh air. (The Tusk's powerful atmospheric processing units make breath masks unnecessary.)

The Broken Tusk

"Welcome to the Tusk. The specials of the day include fried Mon Cal seasquid, boiled babasta beast, and the loser of the next fight...."

From the moment you step through the high arch of the vaulted entryway, and into the atmospheric dim-lighting that strategically places shadows where you'd least want them, you quickly realize that the Tusk is a different

kind of bar than you're used to.

Many visitors find themselves amazed at the juxtaposition of technology and something more....

Primal.

There's a unique atmosphere that permeates the place. More than just the usual hint of danger you'd expect to find in a rough-and-tumble establishment like the Tusk. It's something else. Something so obviously present, yet so discreetly concealed, that it assaults the sensory organs without the merest hint of warning.

You'll discover traces of it in the bitter taste of the stale air, the tangy scent of sweat and alcohol, the sounds of savagery, the calloused feel of the repliwood tables, and the sight of two beings battling each other...skill against skill, relentless speed versus unyielding strength, the jolting clash of a power staff against a force pike.

All of this emanates from the large, plasteel-reinforced combat pit dug into the heart of the Tusk, the deadly combat pit affectionately known by the Gamorrean brothers as the "Dool Arena."

**ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..
K'REYE, COHDEN**

I know what you're thinking right now....

Why would I possibly want to visit this place?

Well, let's face it...Nobody comes to the Tusk thinking it's a classy five super-nova eatery with fine-dining ambiance and some Kubaz chef in a big puffy hat serving up Jawa-sized portions of experimental cuisine.

The food is lousy, the drinks are worse. (Watered down isn't even the word for it. "Flooded" is more appropriate.) The waiters are rude and are just as likely to spit in your eye as your Frampemmi soup if you tick them off.

Then again, the whole reason most people set foot in this dungeon is for their twisted idea of entertainment, so they don't much care about anything else except getting their money's worth watching a couple of good brawls.

And believe me, as far as that goes, the Tusk does not disappoint.

Now, I know there are some of you out there who crave excitement... You want to be living the adventure, instead of sitting back and watching somebody else have all the fun. Then the Tusk is the perfect place to visit because you can always step into the ring and prove whether you're a contender or a pretender. You've always said you were tough, so go ahead and wager a few hard-earned credits on your battle.

Think your pals will bet on you with the odds you're gonna get against somebody like Zomil?

Right. Guess again, farmboy.



Joey Robinson

Art of the Dool

It's no secret that the Broken Tusk's main attraction is the personal combat arena built into the floor of the establishment. The sunken battlefield is enclosed by five-meter tall plasteel walls to keep the combatants contained. Two reinforced doors sit flush with the wall, offering each contestant his or her own entrance from the staging area. The only other entrance is to jump in (not smart) or jump out (not easy).

The Tusk's concentric layers and the location of the Dool Arena at the bottom of the multi-tier construction offers every seat in the house a good view of the battle.

The Broken Tusk has become quite well-known, with contestants traveling from many sectors away to participate in the battles. The winners earn both prestige and credits, and the best of the best are hired on to become regular contenders. The Tusk also sponsors amateur nights, where ordinary citizens can try to earn fame and a tidy sum.

Every four standard months, 100 of the top-ranked fighters duel in single-elimination contests until one challenger proves himself worthy to face the reigning champion of the arena.

Despite the often brutal nature of the combat, matches end when one warrior signals surrender. The management actually favors that outcome since the crowds will return again and again to cheer on their heroes and jeer the villains. The Dool Arena is as much spectacle and theater as combat.

Wagering on matches is the single largest portion of the Tusk's revenue, and while the management claims to have never rigged a bout, unbelievable upsets have earned the house staggering amounts of credits.

The winners enjoy the glory, exulting in the praise of the crowd and receiving a large credit purse. Losers get free restorative treatment from Remedy, the Tusk's resident Emdee-five medical droid.

The Dool Rool

There's only one rule in the Dool Arena.

No ranged weapons.

Absolutely everything else is legal. Fighters can utilize whatever weapons they wish, though a surprising amount refuse to rely on anything other than their own bodies. Nothing is considered dirty, and cheap shots are not uncommon.

The crowd's attitude can have quite an influence on how a battle is fought, so no two fights are ever quite alike even if the same two warriors are involved. Most of the combatants enjoy playing to the crowd, but hecklers should take note: Objects with pointy edges have been known to "accidentally" fly out of the Arena.

The Reigning Champ

Whenever the reigning champion of the Dool Arena steps into the spotlights, the entire place erupts into thunderous chants of "Tull! Tull! Tull!"

The echoing dirge seems to shake the entire structure, sometimes sending drink glasses crashing to the floor.

There is no question that—at least for the moment—the Barabel shockboxer known as Tull Raine has won the hearts (and bets) of the vast majority of the Tusk's patrons.

The raw power and unarguable talent of this towering Barabel inspires awe in his fans and terror in his opponents. This fact is never more apparent than when Tull performs his signature pre-fight flourish, where he powers up his shockboxing gloves to maximum and breaks into a frighteningly quick display of shadowboxing. The flurry of punches sends blue bolts of electrical energy arcing through the air, where they dance until Tull brings both fists together with thunderous results, scattering the energy in an azure explosion.

Tull Raine

Type: Barabel Shockboxer

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 7D+2, brawling parry 9D, dodge 11D, melee combat 10D+2, melee parry 9D, running 7D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 4D+1, business 6D, intimidation 12D, planetary systems 3D, streetwise 9D+1, willpower 12D

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift operation 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 6D

STRENGTH 5D

Brawling 8D+1, brawling: shockboxing 13D+2, climbing/jumping 8D, lifting 7D, stamina 12D

TECHNICAL 2D

Armor repair 6D, first aid 4D

Special Abilities:

Natural Body Armor: +2D against physical attacks and +1D against energy attacks

Radiation resistance: +2D against radiation

Vision: Barabels can see in the infrared spectrum

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 8

Character Points: 12

Move: 12

Equipment: Customized shockboxing gloves (variable setting STR+1D-STR+3D stun), custom shockboxing armor (+2D physical)

Capsule: Tull Raine exemplifies raw power. He is the equivalent of a force of nature; a primal storm that directs unbridled fury on whatever stands in his way. Of all the regular fighters, Tull holds the ominous distinction of killing the greatest number of opponents.

Tull's personality is a reflection of his fighting style: blunt, aggressive, and punishing. He prefers to let his fists do his talking, and as his opponents quickly realize, they are quite a pair of conversationalists.

The Contenders!

There are many pretenders to the crown of Dool Champion, though few can seriously pose a threat to Tull's record year-long reign. Fewer still could actually manage to depose the Barabel from his throne.

Three of the current top 10 ranked warriors are regulars who have managed to defeat Tull in the past, though never in a championship bout.

Norrin Vaxx

Type: Failed Jedi

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 5D, dodge 7D, lightsaber 6D+1, melee combat 5D+2, melee parry 5D



Tim Bobko

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Intimidation 5D, streetwise 6D+1, willpower 7D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, sensors 5D+2, space transports 6D, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Gambling 8D, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 6D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

First aid 5D+2, security 5D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 1D+2, sense 1D+2

Control: Accelerate healing, detoxify poison, hibernation trance

Sense: Danger sense, life sense

Control and sense: lightsaber combat

This character is Force-sensitive.



Force Points: 3
Dark Side Points: 7
Character Points: 25
Move: 10

Equipment: Lightsaber (5D), 2 serrated vibroknives (STR+1D), BlasTech DL-18 blaster pistol (4D), 1,500 credits

Capsule: A native of Coruscant, Norrin Vaxx was born with some natural ability in the Force but his skills are meager at best. He has turned his attention to other skills to help him get by, namely gambling and fighting. In the process, he has been slowly consumed by the dark side of the Force, although he is so insignificant that the Empire hasn't seen fit to send anyone to hunt him down.

Vaxx's fighting style is similar to his gambling philosophy. He will take chances to win if the rewards outweigh the danger. He wields his lightsaber in arena combat, and while his skills are not tremendous, he knows how to use the weapon effectively. Of course, there is also the intimidation factor when his opponents first see the energy blade.

Vaxx is an average-looking human with sparkling green eyes and silvery hair. He is one of the oldest contenders, but his skills have not diminished with age.





Yrrcanna

Type: Wookiee Warrior

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D, bowcaster 8D, brawling parry 10D+2, dodge 9D, melee combat 5D, melee parry 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Alien species 7D, intimidation 11D, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 8D, willpower 8D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Astrogation 6D+2, repulsorlift operation 7D

PERCEPTION 2D+1

Search 7D

STRENGTH 4D+2

Brawling 12D, climbing/jumping 11D, lifting 10D, stamina 10D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Blaster repair 5D, bowcaster repair 6D+2, computer programming/repair 7D, first aid 5D

Special Abilities:

Berserker Rage: If a Wookiee becomes enraged, he receives a +2D bonus to *Strength* for *brawling* damage. The Wookiee also suffers a -2D penalty to all non-

Strength attribute and skill checks. To calm down, the character must make a Moderate *Perception* roll (at only -1D).

Climbing Claws: +2D to *climbing* rolls, but cannot be used honorably in hand-to-hand combat.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 3

Character Points: 20

Move: 11

Equipment: Bowcaster (4D), ammo bandolier, blaster pistol (4D)

Capsule: Yrrcanna was once an Imperial slave. While he has been free for many years, he retains a moody and violent personality. While his aggressive impulses caused him no end of trouble wherever he went, they were an asset when he stumbled upon the Dool Arena.

The large, black-furred Wookiee is a crowd favorite. He normally wears gold glow-paint on his fur, recreating ancient clan markings both to pay homage to his feral ancestry and to intimidate his opponents with the horrific designs. (As if facing a Wookiee in personal combat wasn't scary enough...)

Zomil

Type: Defel Assassin

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 8D, blind fighting 9D, dodge 9D, melee combat 8D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 6D, intimidation 7D, streetwise 8D+1, survival 9D

MECHANICAL 3D

Beast riding 6D, repulsorlift operation 5D+2

PERCEPTION 2D

Con 9D+1, hide 12D+1, search 7D, search: tracking 9D+2, sneak 11D

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 9D, climbing/jumping 10D

TECHNICAL 3D

Blaster repair 6D, demolition 6D+2, security 7D

Special Abilities:

Invisibility: Adds +3D to *sneak*

Claws: Adds +2D to damage when *brawling*

Light Blind: Defel can only detect ultraviolet light, and the presence of any other light effectively blinds the Defel. Defel must wear special sight visors to screen out all other forms of light. If a Defel loses his visor, any skill-based checks have their difficulty increased by one level.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 9

Character Points: 18

Move: 12

Equipment: Sight visor, double-edged vibroknife (STR+2D), Rodian cryogen whip (STR+1D, 4D stun, Moderate difficulty)

Capsule: Zomil is one nasty customer, even for a Defel. He was previously employed as an assassin-for-hire, but his methods often left behind a nasty and easily traced mess. Of course, his underworld contacts brought him to all manner of shady locations, including Reuss VIII. With the credits being offered to combatants, Zomil decided to take up life in the Arena.

Zomil has dark azure fur and solid violet eyes. His face and body are marked with a variety of battle scars. The Defel keeps his large white fangs and yellow claws sharpened to razor-keen points.



The New Challenger

A new contender at the Tusk has already made a lasting impression by going undefeated in 30 bouts. This amazing record has caught the attention of the fans, the other top contenders, and the management. The strange alien is unbelievably fast, fighting with finesse and consummate skill.

He has yet to defeat any of the top 10 ranked fighters, but rumors are already circulating that Lusubrin T'shkali actually has a chance to do what no one else has been able to—defeat Tull Raine.

Lusubrin "Brin" T'shkali

Type: Nagai Warrior

DEXTERITY 5D+2

Blaster 8D, brawling parry 12D+2, dodge 11D, grenade 7D, melee combat 9D, melee combat: Tehk'la blades 13D, melee parry 10D, running 11D, thrown weapons 9D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 7D, cultures 6D+2, intimidation 9D+1, languages 5D, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 7D+1, willpower 11D

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift operation 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 5D+1, investigation 9D, persuasion 9D+2, search 7D, sneak 8D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 6D, swimming 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 6D+2, first aid 5D, security 8D

Special Abilities:

Soothing Voice: The relaxing tones of a Nagai's voice can lull others to a more passive state. Adds +2D to *bargain*, *command*, *con* and *persuasion* rolls.

Force Points: 3

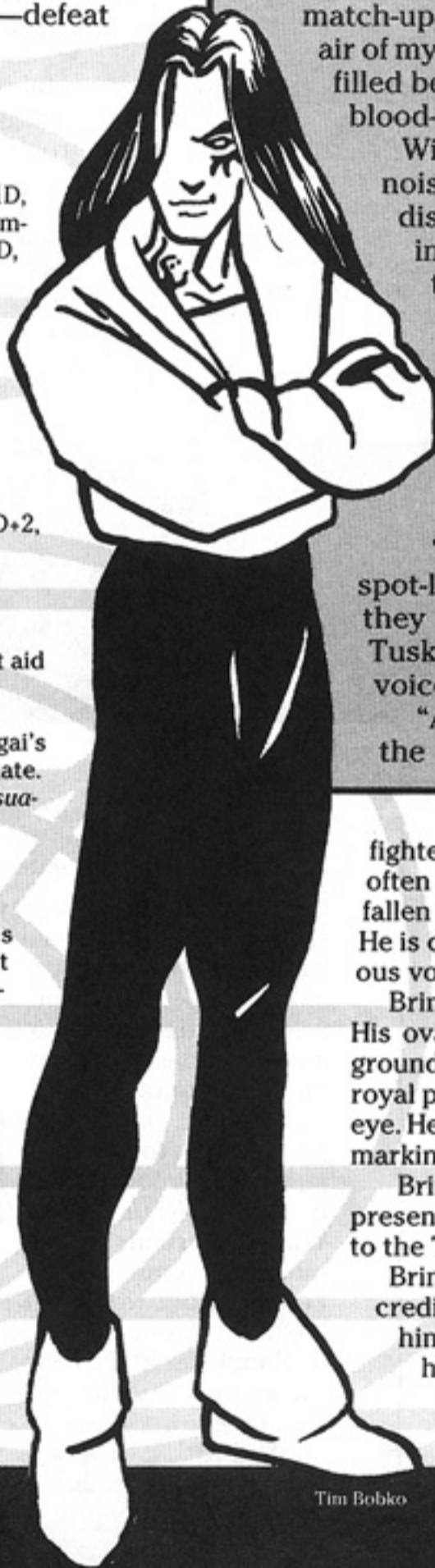
Character Points: 25

Move: 14

Equipment: 2 Nagai Tehk'la blades (STR+1D+2, Moderate difficulty), light electromesh armor (+1D physical and energy), SoroSuub QuickSnap 36T blaster carbine (5D), temperature-control body glove

Capsule: Lusubrin T'shkali—"Brin" for short—is a mysterious being who appeared unannounced one amateur night and quickly proved his incredible skills in the arena.

While no one knows where he is from—or even what species he is, for that matter—it is readily apparent that Brin is an extremely accomplished warrior. He is an honorable



Tim Bobko

And In This Corner...

Norrin Vaxx stepped into the spot-lumas, narrowing his eyes to protect them from the blinding lights. As Greel enthusiastically announced the Jedi's name, the crowd exploded into hearty cheers. The applause was loud, but he'd certainly heard louder.

Vaxx swept an errant lock of silver hair from his eyes and wondered who his opponent would be this night. Lately, Greel had refused to announce the evening's prime match-ups in hopes of attracting more customers. The air of mystery was apparently working—the Tusk was filled beyond capacity. Vaxx had to give the porcine blood-sucker credit: he knew how to put on a show.

With a chuckle lost in the sea of background noise, Vaxx extended both arms over his head, displaying the familiar silvery handle. The shining yellow blade of energy erupted with a distinctive *snap-hiss* that silenced the entire building. The thrumming vibrations always relaxed him for the fight. He swung the blade down through a series of arcing cuts, then returned to a ready position. Bowing low at the waist to thundering applause, he presented the lightsaber as if for a military inspection, then awaited his opponent.

The blast door across the way slid open and spot-lumas immediately left Vaxx in the darkness as they swung over to shine on the entry arch. The Tusk was silent once more as Greel's mechanical voice echoed across the Arena.

"And now, the Broken Tusk is proud to present the first top 10 ranked bout of our newest and

fighter who refuses to resort to the "cheaper" tactics often employed by other fighters. He will not strike at a fallen opponent and has yet to kill anyone in the Arena. He is quiet both in the ring and out, with a soft, mellifluous voice that seems to have a soothing effect.

Brin has pale, almost chalky skin, and long ebony hair. His oval pupils are electric blue against a black background. A silvery sigil weaves around his neck, while a royal purple symbol is tattooed above and below his left eye. He refuses to discuss the significance of either set of markings.

Brin enjoys a growing fan base, and his handsome presence is attracting more and more female customers to the Tusk (much to the management's delight).

Brin refuses to speak of his past or his motives; the credits he earns seem to be of minimal importance to him. Unknown to all around him, Brin is a Nagai, a humanoid warrior race from a remote star cluster beyond the borders of the Empire.

most exciting challenger to grace the Arena in a long time....”

Thanks a lot, Vaxx thought.

“Ladies and gentlebeings, a new and very mysterious favorite. The one, the only, the spectacular...Brin T'shkali!”

The resulting roar of the crowd was deafening and this time punctuated by squeals from the ever-growing contingent of female spectators.

Vaxx shook his head. *No respect at all tonight.*

The Jedi had heard all about this new contender, and claimed to be singularly unimpressed by the growing mystique. Yet like everyone else in the Tusk, he found himself staring at the dark doorway, awaiting Brin's entrance.

A sudden burst of white exploded from the shadows, spinning out and up into the air, nearly three meters off the floor of the arena. The pale ball remained suspended like a child's orbit ball in the air for what seemed like an eternity, then unraveled into the long, sleek form of the warrior.

Brin landed gracefully in front of the Jedi and suddenly, Vaxx couldn't hear himself think over the din of the exulting crowd.

Vaxx stared at his taller opponent, who returned the gaze evenly, those electric blue eyes unblinking. The Jedi felt a sudden tingling in the Force and he found himself a bit concerned.

Brin exploded into a frenzy of activity, startling Vaxx, who uncon-

sciously took a step back. The Nagai slipped two strange-looking knives from the holsters strapped to his forearms. Each weapon had a serrated blade, a handle with a large hole in the center and then a matching blade emerging from the other end. Brin slid his long forefingers into the holes, spinning the blades around like propellers from archaic heli-vehicles.

It was an impressive display as he twisted his arms around and around in dizzying fashion, the twin blades performing their mesmerizing spin-dance the entire time.

Finally, all of Brin's movement ceased, and except for the circling blades, the Nagai was as still as a statue. And he was staring back at Vaxx with a challenging gaze.

After the resulting applause and cheers had finally died down, Brin cocked his head slightly. “Do you wish to surrender, old one?”

The Jedi was struck speechless, and for a moment he thought he had another ego-void like Tull Raine on his hands. Then, Vaxx saw the small grin tickling the corners of the Nagai's delicate mouth.

Vaxx swung his lightsaber forward into a ready position and laughed. “I hope the Force really is with you, punk. 'Cause you're gonna need all the help you can get....”

**ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..
K'REYE, COHDEN**

All things considered, the Tusk is a surprisingly safe place to visit. (Unless you step into the Dool Arena, of course.) Gorge makes for a very effective deterrent, and in a pinch the Tusk's contenders can quickly become its defenders. There aren't many civilians who would want to go (or could survive) a few rounds with Tull Raine.

If that wasn't reason enough to avoid being an annoyance, there are rumors that crime lord Torel Vorne is an investor in the Tusk. No one in his right mind would want to cross Vorne, at least not if they enjoy breathing. (And compared to the alternative, even the toxic air of Reuss VIII seems nice...)



Tim Bobko

Current Events

In order to attract even larger crowds, Greel has begun staging duels involving gladiator droids. The Tusk will soon sponsor a contest to promote this type of combat. Anyone is free to register (for a nominal entry fee) his or her droid for a single elimination tournament. Large prizes will be offered for the winner and first two runners-up.

Gimmicks of this type are important when trying to draw in jaded audiences who think they've seen it all. The Tusk must also compete with rival battle arenas, such as the ones on Nar Shaddaa and at The Wheel: The business sides of these enterprises are often as brutal as the combats that take place within their walls.

After Hours

On some days, during the daylight hours when the

Broken Tusk is supposedly closed, something dark and sinister is going on behind those forboding doors. Something unknown to the general populace, the regular crowd of the Tusk, or even the contenders themselves—except for Tull Raine.

From dawn until dusk on these days, the Broken Tusk serves a specific clientele, namely the Empire. Top Imperials and their support staff come to the Tusk with prisoners—some who have refused to talk, others due for execution, and a few who the Imperials simply wish to see suffer. These captives are flung into the Dool Arena with a variety of ferocious creature from around the galaxy. (The Arena can even be filled with water to support aquatic predators.)

Certain prisoners receive special opposition in the form of the ruthless Tull Raine. Some of these doomed fighters are given weapons (in various states of operation), but most must make do with only their speed and cunning.

Captives are forced to fight for their lives, to the delight of the Imperials. Often there are only two ways out—reveal their information or win the combat (to date, the latter has never happened). Those that reveal their information are removed from the pit, though they are often never heard from again.

The Imperials enjoy the spectacle of Survival Day



Tim Bobko

Credit Check

The following is a list of prices at the Broken Tusk.

Cover Charge

Amateur night	5 credits
Regular night	7 credits
Ranked fight night	10 credits
Top ten ranked night	25 credits
Championship night	100 credits (or higher)

Food

Kill of the day	2 credits/meal
Regular fare	4 credits/meal

Drink

Whatever's on tap	1 credits/glass
Typical mix	5 credits/glass
Something new	10 credits/glass

and pay handsomely for the use of the Tusk. Besides the large amount of credits he earns from such special catering, the eager-to-please Greel finds himself the beneficiary of gifts, bribes, and favors from high-ranking officials in the Empire.

Loose Threads

Games Most Dangerous

The insidious Imperial torture sessions are occurring with ever-increasing frequency at the Broken Tusk. The Alliance has started hearing rumors of these atrocious games and have decided to send in the characters to investigate.

The characters have many options to get inside: they can go undercover as established contenders, participate in an amateur night event and make an impressive showing, or even disguise themselves as Imperials.

The characters may spot past informants, compatriots, or loved ones among the beings scheduled to participate in the deadly fights of Survival Day.

Survival Day

The characters have been captured by Imperials and are about to become unwilling participants in Survival Day. Obviously they are in for the fight of their lives.

Their chances of living through the ordeal will greatly increase if they can come up with a plan of escape, convince other prisoners to help, or somehow send for help.

Even if they do escape, however, the Imperials will not rest until the characters are dead or returned to the Arena. Of course, Greel will be more than happy to send some of his more dangerous contenders after them, including Tull and Zomil.

The Wrath of Ratha

The characters are at the Broken Tusk on a night packed with customers. Everything is going just fine until a certain masked Tolanese bounty hunter shows up with a large squad of hired goons, intent on killing everyone in the place.

Fin'Rotha has finally found the wreckage of his ship. Naturally, he wants to have a word or two with the Gamorrean brothers that cut short his career as a bounty hunter and

nearly ended his life. He doesn't exactly care who dies in the process. Unlikely alliances will have to be formed for anyone to survive as the Broken Tusk turns into a war zone.

Var'Rotha Fin'Rotha

Type: Ex-Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 9D+2, brawling parry 6D, dodge 10D, grenade 6D, melee combat 7D+1, melee parry 6D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 5D, intimidation 8D, willpower 7D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 4D+2,

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 6D, hide 7D, persuasion 6D, search 10D, sneak 10D

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 10D+1, stamina 8D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 8D, security 6D+2

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 14

Move: 10

Equipment:

Sonomax 100 sound rifle (5D stun), 5 stun grenades (7D stun), 3 thermal detonators (10D), Merr-Sonn MSD-36 heavy disrupter pistol (6D), binders, restraints, blast armor and helmet (+1D energy, +2D physical), hooded cloak

Capsule: Once a handsome, smooth-talking bounty hunter who excelled at tracking prey—both bounties and rich women—Fin'Rotha has fallen on hard times. The resourceful hunter somehow survived the crash of his escape, even though the heat shields failed, the capsule was badly burned, and the impact shattered the craft into pieces. However, Fin'Rotha paid a steep price for his survival: while he has

recovered from near-terminal injuries, he is hideously disfigured.

After many years, he has finally resurfaced. He carries a virtual arsenal, while his battle armor includes a mirrored, raptor-like mask to cover his horrific countenance. Now calling himself Var'Rotha Fin'Rotha, he fully intends to reclaim his reputation as a feared bounty hunter. Of course, that will have to wait until after he takes his revenge by killing Gorge and Greel (and anyone who stands in his way).



Tim Bobko

Chapter Four

Fathoms

"This completely self-contained, submerged aquatic entertainment complex is one of the strangest places you'll ever visit, but it's worth a look even for the most hardened landlubbers. Huge transparisteel viewports display the breathtaking vistas of underwater life on the planet Calamari. Lots of folks find it quite relaxing to watch the sea life swim idly by. The accommodations are plush and the food is exquisite, not to mention extremely fresh. Fathoms' motto is 'Come drown your sorrows,' but don't fear. No one's taken the 'final plunge' there. Not yet...."

Mon Calamari

Type: Terrestrial Ocean Planet
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Saturated
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Ocean, reefs, floating island cities, underwater cities
Length of Day: 21 standard hours
Length of Year: 398 local days
Sapient Species: Mon Calamari (N), Quarren (N)
Starport: Imperial
Population: 11 billion Mon Calamari, 16.5 billion Quarren
Planet Function: Homeworld
Government: Representative Council
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: High tech, warships, weaponry
Major Imports: Foodstuffs, medicine, high tech, low tech

The watery world of Mon Calamari is located in the farthest reaches of the Outer Rim. The planet's two sapient species share the same homeworld but little else. One of the fundamental disagreements is in regards to general outlook on life—the Quarren are pragmatic and conservative, while the Mon Calamari tend to be more open and accepting.

Fortunately, the myriad differences have not precluded cooperation between the species. Some of the most spectacular results of this symbiosis are repre-

sented by the great floating complexes that dot the surfaces of the world's endless oceans, such as Foamwander City, Reef Home City, and Coral Depths.

The Mon Calamari have developed a highly civilized culture that reveres art, music, science, and literature. Prior to the arrival of the Empire, there were virtually no offensive weapons; war was unknown. The sheer brutality of the Empire and the ensuing enslavement of the Mon Calamari forced the peaceful people into action. The Mon Cal won their freedom and turned their energy to support the Rebel Alliance. While



several Star Cruisers already serve in the Rebel Alliance's fleet, Calamari's sprawling orbiting dockyards continue to turn out warships at a feverish pace.

Foam Sweet Home

A dizzying number of artificial cities peek up through the waves of Calamari's oceans, constructed over thousands of years, evolving from merely functional architecture to ever-changing works of art. The rich heritage of the Mon Calamari and Quarren people is ever-present in these structures, commemorating all of the important (if sometimes unpleasant) moments in their history.

The cities' underwater levels offer stunning views of life beneath the waves, as divers flit around the submerged towers amidst a thick tangle of mooring lines, nettings, transport tubes, and submersible vehicles. Many guests swear they feel like they're actually in the water, and the effect can be quite disorienting for land-dwellers.

At the lowest levels of the cities, the actual seabed is nearly visible. The dull orange glow and bubble streams hint at the Quarren deep-sea mining operations far below.

Welcome to Wildwater

In many ways, Wildwater City is a typical Calamarian floating metropolis. True to its name, however, Wildwater is a more adventurous, less refined community.

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

Y'know, I find it remarkable that somebody as reportedly all-knowing and intelligent as the Emperor still hasn't learned a simple lesson... Push somebody hard enough, and no matter how peaceful they are, they will ultimately fight back.

Take the most domesticated nerf you can find—if you cause it enough grief and suffering, you can bet your last credit the beastie will turn around and take a big hunk from the seat of your pants. And deservedly so.

Well, that's exactly what happened on Calamari, and a thousand other worlds that found themselves on the wrong end of an Imperial turbolaser battery. It's the whole reason the Rebellion exists.

I guess you could say the Alliance is a bunch of irate nerfs who got kicked in the teeth one too many times. Well, you could... But I wouldn't suggest it. At least, not if you prefer the seat of your pants to remain attached.



Joey Robinson

This could be due in part to its relative infancy; Wildwater was constructed less than a century ago. It has a young—some would say reckless—population.

While many traditional Mon Calamari tend to have a dim view of Wildwater, its residents thrive in this community due to its acceptance of eccentric lifestyles. The city has attracted many Calamarian artists, musi-



Joel Carroll

cians, and writers eager to explore the limits of their creativity in an open environment. It's this spirited, nonconforming nature that makes Wildwater the perfect home for an establishment like Fathoms.

Occupying eight full levels of Glitter Cay tower, Fathoms has become more than just a local favorite—tourists have begun to discover its wonders. Under the keen business savvy of the lovely Odanni, Fathoms has evolved from a small restaurant into a first-rate entertainment complex with a great deal to offer guests from around the galaxy.

Fathoms is actually four distinct and unique establishments, each one offering something new and different for its visitors: Fathoms is an elegant restaurant with fine dining, The HyperDive Cantina is an unruly cantina full of hard-drinking patrons, Wave Works is a wondrously watery gift shop, and The Seabed Lodge is a hotel with a full slate of leisure activities.

Fathoms Restaurant

The original that started it all, Fathoms was opened by a lone Mon Calamari female who dreamed of success when others scoffed at the idea. Odanni has tirelessly guided Fathoms from a tiny hole in the wall eatery into one of the finest restaurants on the planet.

Now, those who laughed find themselves at the very bottom of the long waiting list for reservations.



Drown your sorrows at the HyperDive Cantina

Odanni

Type: Mon Calamari Entrepreneur

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 6D, dodge 8D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 8D, business 9D, business administration 10D, economics 7D, intimidation 6D, survival: aquatic 8D, willpower 6D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Repulsorlift operation 5D, repulsorlift operation: submarine 6D+2, sensors 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 8D, investigation 6D, search 5D+2, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 2D

Stamina 5D, swimming 10D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 6D, security 7D

Special Abilities:

Moist Environments: Mon Calamari receive +1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception*, and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

Dry Environments: When confined to a dry environment, Mon Calamari suffer -1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception*, and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

Aquatic: Mon Calamari can breathe both air and water and can withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 3

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Elegant clothing, undersea jewelry, custom palm blaster (3D), pocket computer



Joel Carroll



Dining in the Depths

Capsule: Odanni is not your typical Mon Cal female. She's very strong-willed, opinionated, and stubborn. She tends to be a perfectionist, especially in all matters related to her business. She is a tough boss to work for, unrelenting at times and unforgiving of foolish mistakes.

While outwardly Odanni is tolerant and kind to her customers, she feels that she is better than them and resents serving them at all. In fact, she has such a high opinion of herself that she looks down on nearly every other species—as well as most of her fellow Mon Cals.

Odanni respects few things besides money and power, and she will usually let nothing get in the way of increasing her share of those two precious commodities. And commodities is how she views everything in life, including people—nothing more than resources to be used and then discarded.

Considering how much venom and anger is bubbling under her rust-colored skin, Odanni does an amazing job of keeping her composure. And even when other beings would fly into blind rages, she remains frighteningly calm. Her translucent pupils never seem to grow hot, always remaining as cool as her outward demeanor.

From the moment you set foot into Fathoms restaurant, you are immersed in a unique environment. The entranceway is simulated wood, with a large archaic ship's wheel mounted above the doorway. The glittergold letters that spell out "FATHOMS" are stenciled in elegant script, flowing like liquid across the portal arch.

The interior is reminiscent of the Quarren levels of the city, with the faceted glowlamps that radiate with soft azure light. The color scheme features soothing shades of blue and green punctuated by shells, coral, and mother-of-pearl. In the background, lilting music and the relaxing sounds of the sea mingle and filter through the restaurant. The atmosphere is a bit cool, and the air is amazingly fresh due to a sophisticated atmosphere processing system.

The tables and chairs are constructed of heavy repliwood with cushions of gel-foam—guests literally sink into their seats. The restaurant affords every patron a splendid view through the huge transparisteel ports that surround a full three-quarters of wall space. The magnificent ocean panorama has an almost hypnotic effect, and many visitors have a hard time taking their eyes off the astounding variety of sea creatures that swim or float idly past. (Those who are a bit slow sometimes end up inside on a plate.)

As you can imagine, the seafood is extremely fresh, the selection staggering, and each dish is always exquisitely prepared to taste. Fathoms offers a variety of fine wines and other spirits to accompany the aquatic fare.

The HyperDive Cantina

"Come Drown Your Sorrows"

Fine dining isn't exactly on the menu at the HyperDive, so those looking for a refined culinary experience should try Fathoms Restaurant. Of course, if you just want to cozy up to a bottle of Geillian ale, listen to some easy conversation, try your hand at a quick game of sabacc, and maybe watch the latest sporting events from the Core, then you've come to the right place, friend.

But what, you may ask, makes it any different from a hundred thousand other bars across the galaxy?

Well, for one thing it's underwater. A full meter of water, to be exact.

Welcome to the HyperDive, where there's no need to worry if you happen to spill your drink on the floor. A sign at the large double blast doors warns patrons that they are in for a moist experience and wetsuits or bathing gear is highly recommended. The entrance to the HyperDive is unmistakable. You enter through a large black tunnel that descends into the cantina proper. The dark tube is decorated with motion-lighting that simulates the starlines of a hyperspace jump. The effect activates automatically when the sensor pads detect customers entering.

The tunnel leads down to the cantina proper, depositing guests right into the watery environment. The water is constantly filtrated, purified, and heated for customer comfort. Lumalamps sit flush in the floor, illuminating the water from below and giving it a bluish tint.

The plastech tables have extra long stems to stretch out of the water for guests to place their drinks. The circular bar is similarly raised. Like the other furniture, the stools are anchored and cannot be moved around. The saying "bellying up to the bar" takes on a whole different meaning here, as customers can actually float over on their backs and order a drink.

In the dimly lit corner of the cantina, gaming tables are set up, offering about a dozen games of chance as well as larger tables for sabacc and card games. Over two dozen holoscreens are mounted high on the walls, so you won't miss a moment of the shockball championships.

The waitresses and bartenders are mostly young Mon Cals, though there are some Quarren. They enjoy working in water, and the tips are usually pretty good. The only non-native alien is Lliegis'Nevz, a mysterious Kian'thar who enjoys tending bar. People find him a

wonderful listener, with a penchant for giving extremely insightful words of advice.

The HyperDive is owned by a slick human gambler by the name of Baydo Chasdy. He rents the space from Odanni relatively cheaply (and gives her a small cut of the profits). Chasdy is seldom around—he's usually off trying to swindle or cheat somebody. As a result, Lliegis is left to run the place, a task he performs with a great deal more skill than Chasdy.

Lliegis'Nevz

Type: Kian'thar Bartender

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D+2, dodge 7D, melee combat 8D+2, melee combat: Kin'tya blade 11D, melee parry 6D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 8D+1, business 7D, cultures 7D, languages 6D, planetary systems 9D, streetwise 9D+1, survival: aquatic 6D, willpower 8D

MECHANICAL 1D+2

Astrogation 4D

PERCEPTION 4D+1

Hide 7D+1, persuasion 8D, search 9D, sneak 8D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 6D+1, climbing/jumping 5D, swimming 9D

TECHNICAL 2D

First aid 4D

Special Abilities:

Emotion Sense 6D: Kian'thar use this ability to sense the intentions and emotions of others. The base difficulty is Easy, with an additional +3 to the difficulty for every meter away the target is. Characters can resist this ability by making *Perception* or *control* rolls: for every four points they get on their roll (round down), add +1 to the Kian'thar's difficulty number.

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 20

Move: 10

Equipment: Kin'tya blade (STR+2D), blaster pistol (4D+1), bartender's rag, medallion with family crest

Capsule: Like most Kian'thar, Nevz has large, deep-set watery eyes, though his seem to be infinite pools of wisdom whose depths are endless. Many patrons find themselves mesmerized by his penetrating gaze.

Lliegis'Nevz is just one of those rare beings with a gift for listening. People find him utterly easy to confide their problems to, and his simple answers always seem to lead to the answers they knew were right all along.

The Kian'thar bartender has an elegantly soft voice that demands attention. Patient, kind, and comforting are all words that have been used to describe Nevz. Most beings cannot recall ever hearing him raise his voice in anger, much less lose his temper. In typical enigmatic fashion, he merely attributes his poise to being "well-centered."

Nevz is very perceptive, and that fact combined with the natural Kian'thar ability to detect the emotions of others, has led some to believe he can read their thoughts.



Baydo Chasdy

Type: Gambler

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 5D, brawling parry 4D+2, dodge 6D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Intimidation 6D, languages 5D, streetwise 7D+1, value 7D

MECHANICAL 3D

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

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 8D+2, forgery 6D, gambling 9D, hide 6D, persuasion 7D+1, search 7D+2, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 6D+1, swimming 3D+2

TECHNICAL 4D

Security 7D

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 15

Move: 10

Equipment: Falsified papers, fake IDs, datapad, changes of clothing, chronometer, recording rod, hold-out blaster (3D), blaster pistol (4D)

Capsule: Over the course of his life, Baydo Chasdy ("Bay" to his friends) has been described as a swindler, liar, cheat, grifter, and con man. And while Chasdy cheerfully admits to each of these occupations, he has really only been successful at two things: gambling and attracting women.

Odanni likes to say that, "It seems as though Chasdy was born without the ability to make an honest living." Chasdy disputes that, claiming that owning a bar is a legitimate business enterprise.

While Chasdy may be the owner, he certainly isn't around much. Considering how little the man actually knows about the operation of a business, that isn't really a bad thing. So it's left to the Kian'thar bartender, Nevz, to run the place. Without him, the HyperDive would have gone bankrupt a long time ago.

Deep-Sea Cover

Most people think Chasdy is a harmless incompetent, a con man without any real ability who just happens to get lucky. And that's exactly what he wants them to keep believing. It's the perfect cover for one of the most dangerous jobs in the Alliance. You see, Baydo Chasdy is actually a Rebel Special Ops Foster Agent. It's his job to collect "orphans" (Special Ops slang for agents stranded in the field or who have had their cover blown) and safely return them to the Alliance.

His sudden disappearances are often a result of these covert activities. Rebel agents in need of help filter into the HyperDive, and he transports them back to the Alliance on his ship, the *Chaser*.

No one is sure if Lliegis'Nevz knows what's going on behind the scenes at the HyperDive, but if he does he's not telling. Of course, considering Nevz's legendary powers of perception... Well, you figure it out.

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

When bragging about his HyperDive, Chasdy likes to say, "We're the only dive-in cantina in the galaxy."

Well, ever wonder why that is?

Let me paint a holo-pic for ya....

Imagine your typical community pool, full of beings you don't know, splashing and cavorting and doing the Force knows what else in the water. Got it? Okay, now imagine what those beings secrete, ooze, or otherwise sweat out of their respective bodies. Water seems a little different now, doesn't it?

Now personally, I think that explains why the man's never around. Okay, okay, I know there are purifier filters present, but still...I'll be over in another bar where the only liquid around is in the glass.



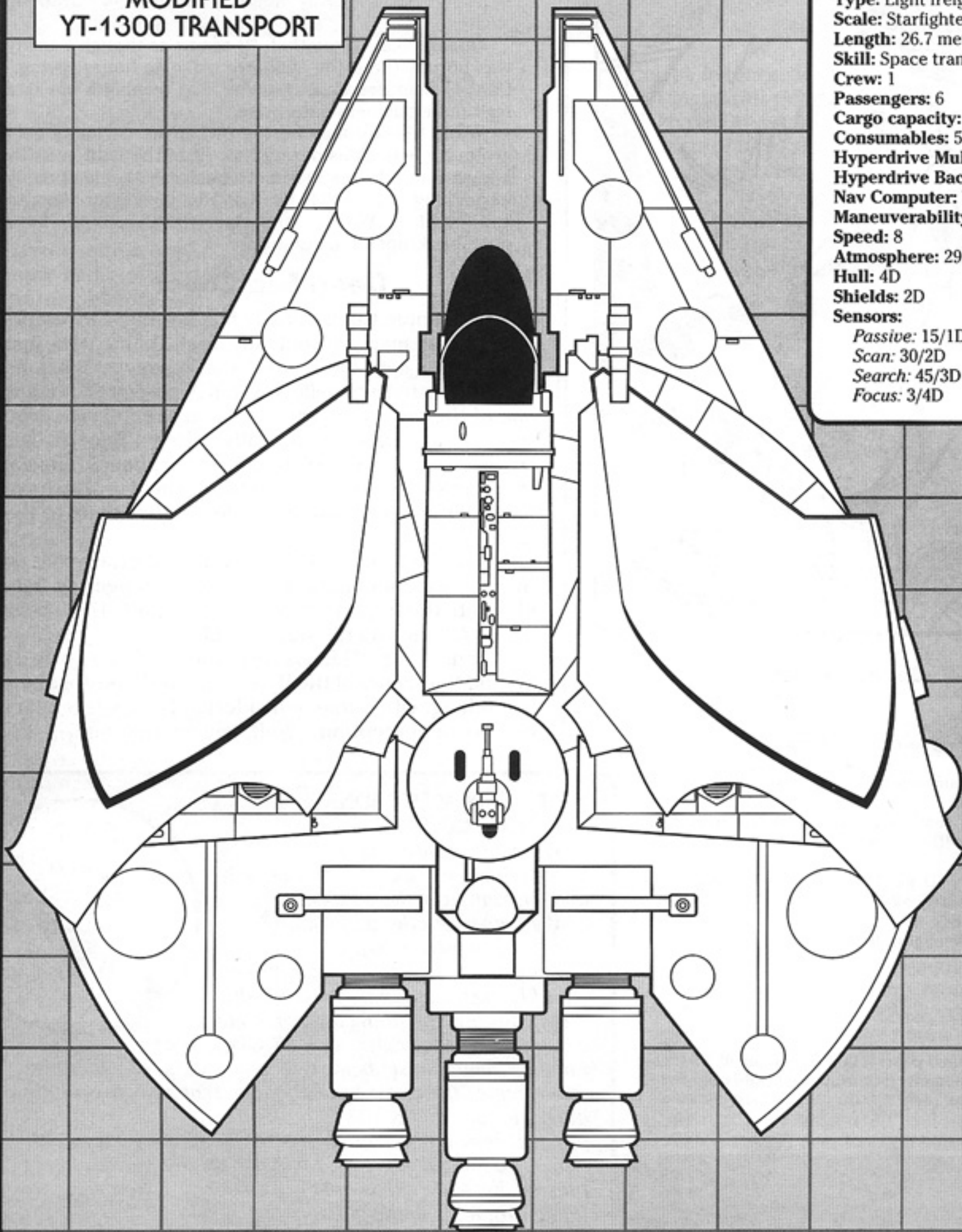
Joey Robinson

CORELLIAN
ENGINEERING CORPORATION

MODIFIED
YT-1300 TRANSPORT

Chaser

Craft: Modified Corellian YT-1300 transport
Type: Light freighter
Scale: Starfighter
Length: 26.7 meters
Skill: Space transports: YT-1300
Crew: 1
Passengers: 6
Cargo capacity: 40 metric tons
Consumables: 5 weeks
Hyperdrive Multiplier: x1/2
Hyperdrive Backup: x10
Nav Computer: Yes
Maneuverability: 3D
Speed: 8
Atmosphere: 295; 850 kmh
Hull: 4D
Shields: 2D
Sensors:
Passive: 15/1D
Scan: 30/2D
Search: 45/3D
Focus: 3/4D



STAR WARS Chaser

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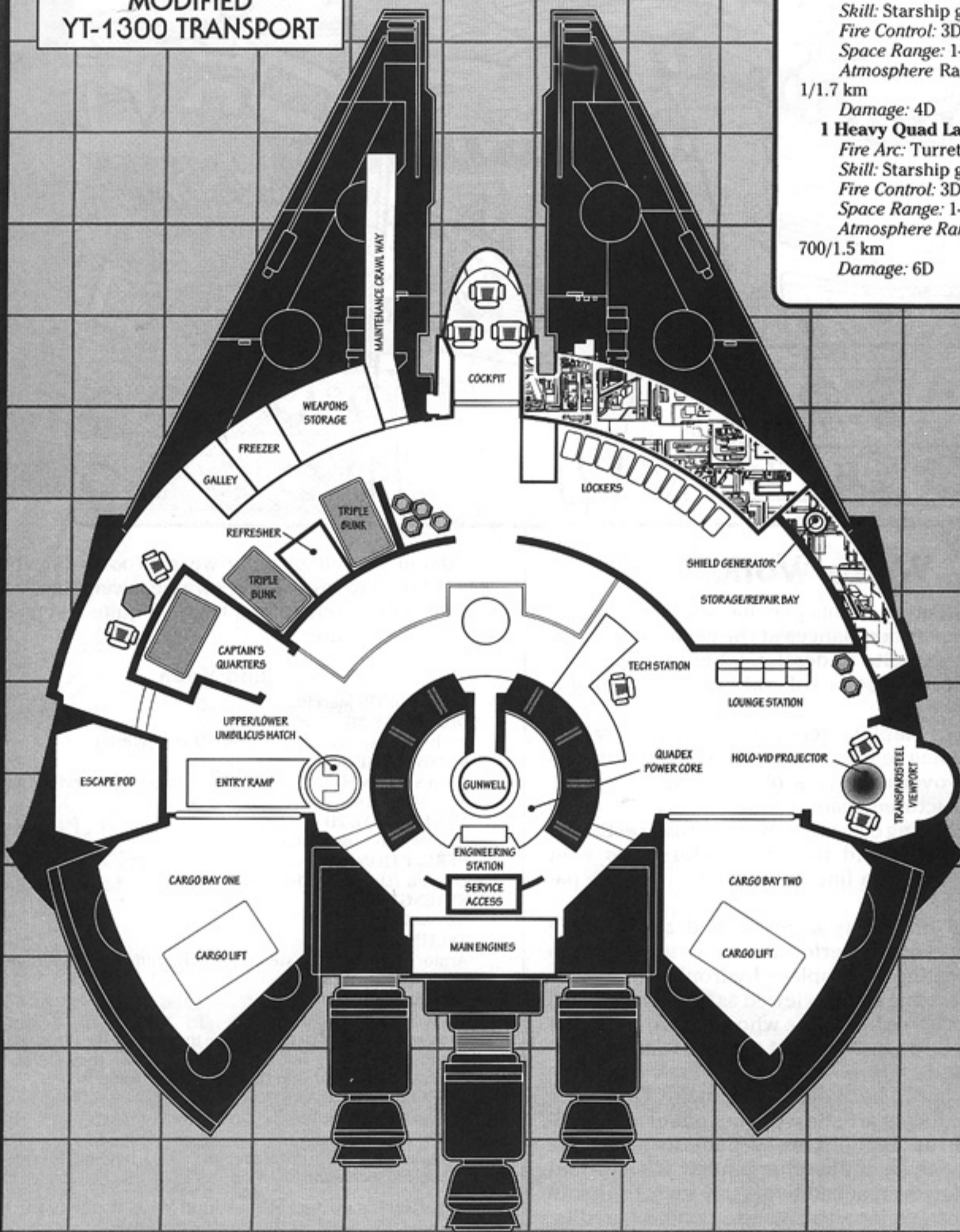
CORELLIAN
ENGINEERING CORPORATION

MODIFIED
YT-1300 TRANSPORT

Chaser

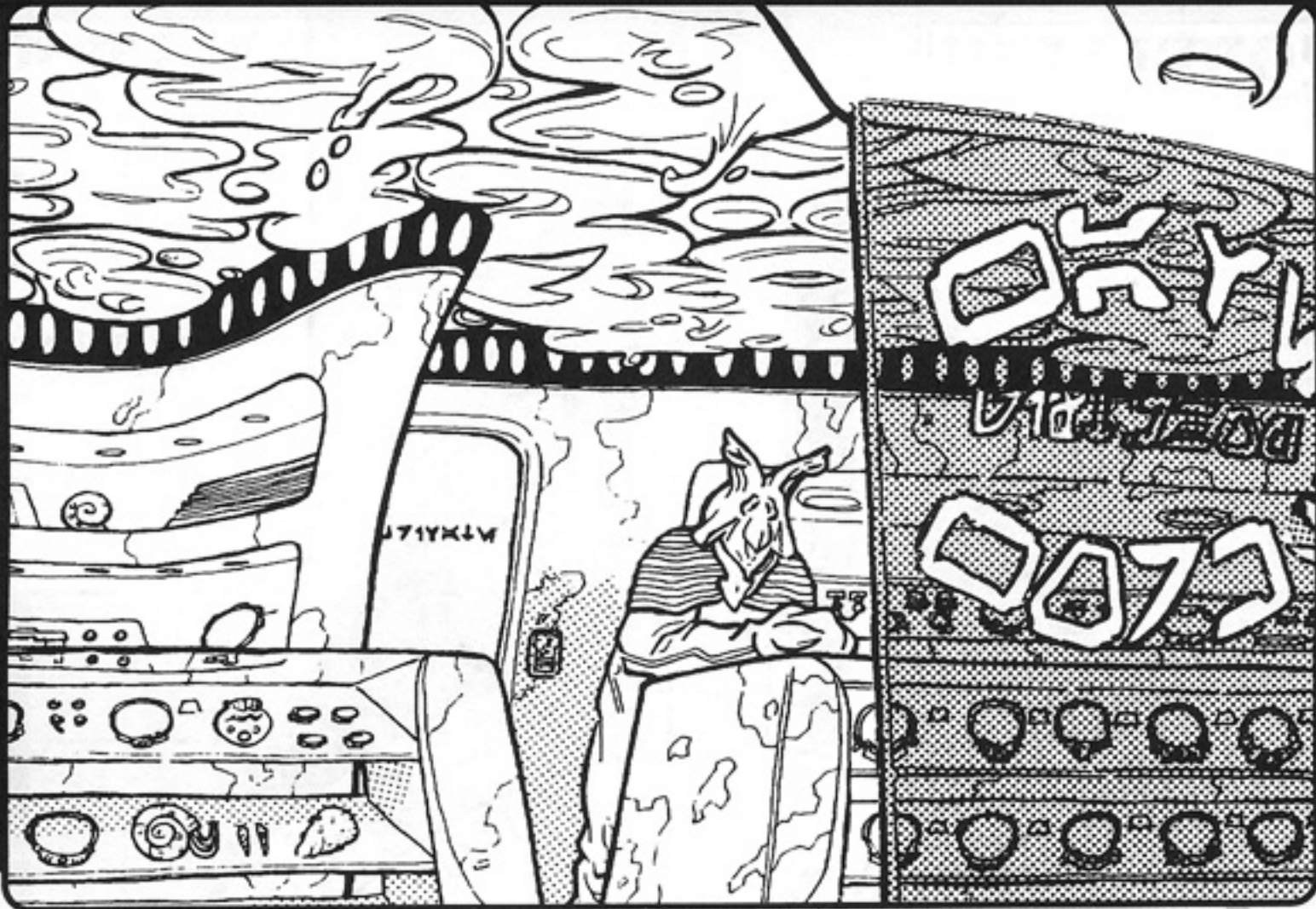
Weapons:

- 2 Laser Cannons** (fire-linked)
 - Fire Arc:* Turret
 - Skill:* Starship gunnery
 - Fire Control:* 3D
 - Space Range:* 1-5/10/17
 - Atmosphere Range:* 100-500/1/1.7 km
 - Damage:* 4D
- 1 Heavy Quad Laser Cannon**
 - Fire Arc:* Turret
 - Skill:* Starship gunnery
 - Fire Control:* 3D
 - Space Range:* 1-3/7/15
 - Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/700/1.5 km
 - Damage:* 6D



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Wave Works

First-time visitors to this peculiar shop have a tendency to cast nervous glances at the ceiling every few seconds. That's quite understandable, though, considering the roof has (as Odanni puts it) "sprung a leak."

Wave Works employs repulsorlift technology and particle shielding to create a wondrously artistic liquid tapestry overhead. Jets of water spout wildly, dancing in structured chaos, criss-crossing the ceiling as if they were living creatures. Waves crash restlessly against the walls, and miniature whirlpools spin unendingly, sending a fine cooling mist over the patrons.

The visual display is accompanied by soothing music, and the aquatic performers move in relation to the song, creating a complete hydrophonic experience. The spectacle can be viewed as long as the store is open, and it's free to anyone who wants to see it. (Of course, once lured inside, most visitors wind up buying something.)

The store is run by Jund Voon, an Ishi Tib with a talent for producing artistic wonders out of any available material. His creations are available for sale in the store, along with all of the other aquatic trinkets and mementos. However, depending on the item, the handmade crafts can go for an amazing amount of credits.

Voon's specialty is exotic jewelry forged from the riches of the oceans. Coral, undersea gems, shells, and pearls are carefully combined and polished into beautiful trinkets. They are far from cheap.

Odanni herself proudly wears Voon's finest creations for all to see. In fact, owning jewelry crafted by the Ishi Tib merchant has become quite a symbol of status in Wildwater.

Jund Voon

Type: Ishi Tib Merchant

DEXTERITY 3D

Archaic weapons 6D+2, blaster 5D, dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Alien species 6D, business 9D, languages 6D, survival: aquatic 5D, value 10D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift operation 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 7D+1, con 6D+2, search 6D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Swimming 8D

TECHNICAL 4D

Armor repair 7D, blaster repair 6D, computer programming/repair 7D+2, first aid 5D

Special Abilities:

Beak: STR+2D damage

Immersion: Ishi Tib must immerse themselves for 10 rounds after spending 30 hours out of water. Otherwise they suffer 1D of damage every hour that they stay out of water.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 12

Move: 9

Equipment: Ishi Tib coral scepter (3D+1), hold-out blaster (3D), blue coral medallion

Capsule: It's no secret that Jund Voon is one of the most respected aliens in Wildwater City. What isn't quite so emphasized is that he's also one of the richest. And as far as influence goes, he may be second only to Odanni, a fact which she thoroughly resents.

Voon appears to be a being of simple means. He never

wears fine clothing; his only jewelry is one medallion of rarest blue coral. He gladly bargains with customers and sometimes gives children free painted shells.

The Ishi Tib isn't much of a talker, and usually lets his wares do the selling for him. He can usually be found sitting behind the counter, watching silently. Most people forget he's even present until they go to pay for their purchases.

However, many get an eerie feeling around Voon, as if behind that serene, blank stare of his something sinister is going on.



Joel Carroll

Dark Waters

There are levels of intricacy to this seemingly simple Ishi Tib merchant. For one thing, art and trinkets aren't the only thing for sale at Wave Works. Voon has a complete supply of black market items: weapons, stimulants, and other forbidden delicacies. If it's illegal, Voon has it, or at the very least can probably get his fins on it. He also serves as a fence for stolen goods, taking a generous profit from each item moved.

The dark truth is that the kindly old Ishi Tib who makes beautiful art is actually a greedy, self-centered miser who doesn't even have a creative bone in his body. The real force behind those aquatic wonders that have become so highly prized is actually a Qwohog female that he keeps as a slave. The Wavedancer Kei No Kay is imprisoned in an artificial tidepool tank and forced to turn out the watery wonders that Voon takes all the credit for.



Joel Carroll

Kei No Kay

Type: Qwohog Artist

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 7D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Artist: sculpting 10D+2, artist: music 12D, survival: aquatic 11D, willpower 6D

MECHANICAL 3D

Beast riding 5D

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Hide 6D, search 5D+1, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 2D

Climbing/jumping 5D, swimming 7D

TECHNICAL 3D

Musical instrument repair 8D, first aid 5D

Special Abilities:

Amphibious: Qwohog are freshwater amphibians and breathe equally well in and out of water. Retractable webbing on their hands and feet adds to their swimming rate. They gain an additional +1D to the following skills while underwater: *brawling, brawling parry, dodge, survival, and search.*

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 17

Move: 9 (land), 16 (swimming)

Equipment: Simple tools, hydroharp, coral dagger (STR+1D)

Capsule: Kei No Kay is a typical "Wavedancer"—lithe, small and exceptionally adept at swimming. Her skill at turning bits of the sea into exotic creations has made her extremely valuable to Jund Voon and he intends to keep Kei as his slave.

Besides having an affinity for art, Kei loves music, playing her hydroharp whenever Voon isn't forcing her to

create trinkets for him. The melodies remind her of home.

Though imprisoned, she is well-treated unless she refuses to work. Kei longs to escape, though, and has been constructing a knife out of coral. If need be, she will use it to free herself as soon as she has a chance.

The Seabed Lodge

Visitors to Wildwater City are encouraged to make use of its Seabed Lodge hotel. The promotional literature suggests that the Seabed's accommodations allow guests to spend more time (and credits) enjoying "the complete Fathoms experience."

The rooms are, as you might expect, aquatically-themed with decor similar to the tasteful elegance of Fathoms Restaurant. Each "cabin" has large transparisteel portholes that offer splendid views of Calamari's amazing oceans.

In-room dining is offered, and the food is prepared in the Fathoms Restaurant. Cuisine from the HyperDive is also available for those customers looking to save a few credits on meals.

The Main Concourse of the Seabed offers a variety of recreational activities. There's a large artificial lagoon, complete with tide pools and wave generators. For a nominal fee, guests can also rent equipment for underwater excursions, ranging from an organic gill to a Mon Calamari exploratory sub. Most would-be explorers don the flat-black dive suits provided by Fathoms (at a minor additional charge). The conforming fabric automatically contours to one's body and

Credit Check

The following is a list of prices at Fathoms, though the cost of food can increase depending on what's in season.

Seabed Lodge Cabins

Economy room	30 credits/night
Regular room	50 credits/night
Suite	80 credits/night
Luxury suite	200 credits/night

Meals

Basic meal	10 credits/meal
Catch of the day	15 credits/meal
Seven-course dinner	25 credits/meal

Drinks

Sea water	1 credits/glass
Has to be mixed	3 credits/glass
Vintage is important	20+ credits/glass

Recreational Equipment Rental

Organic gill	20 credits/person
Submersible vehicle	50 credits/hour
Contour wetsuit	10 credits/person
Microphone and earpiece	5 credits/person

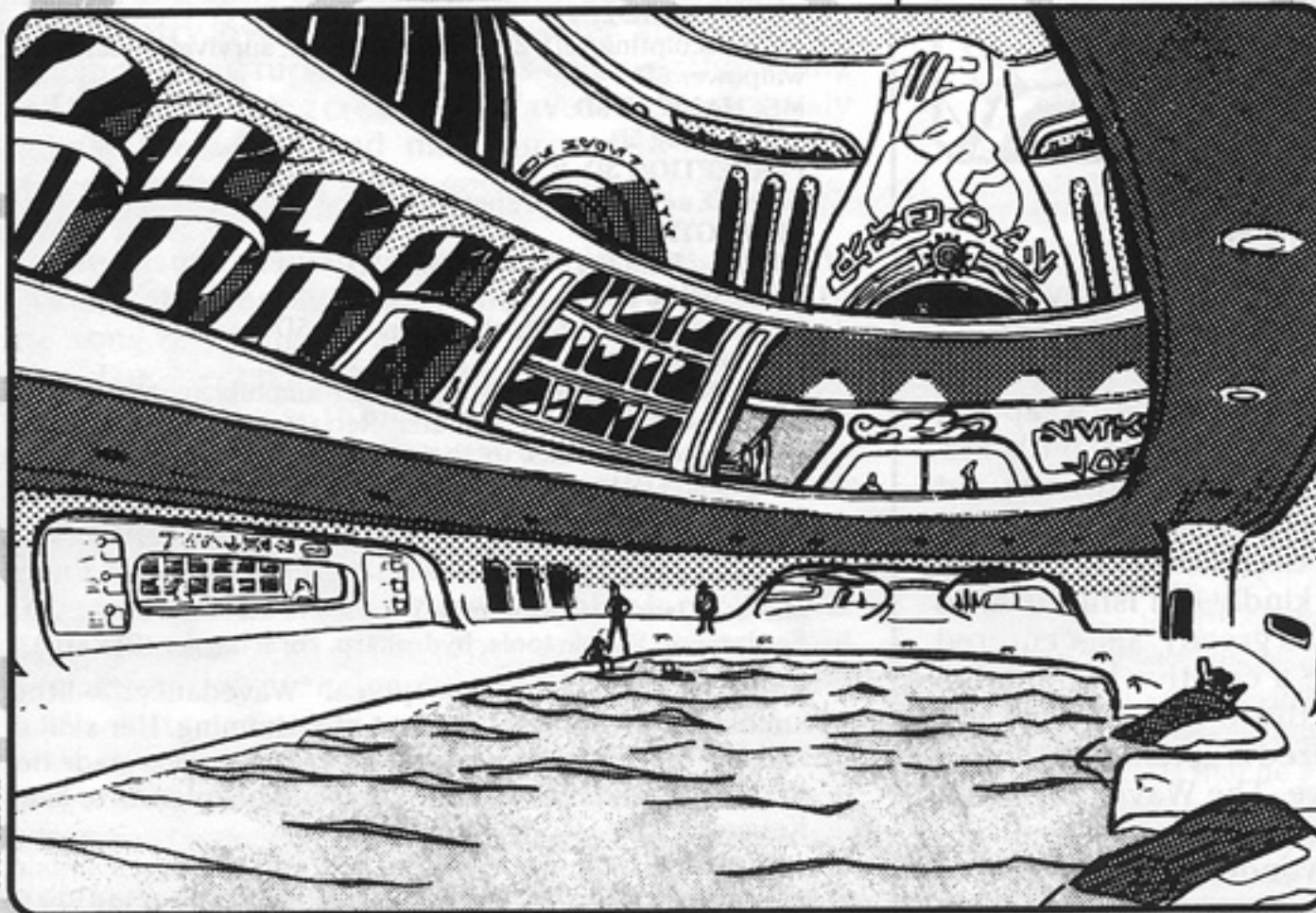
the strange, scaly material keeps the diver warm in those cold depths.

The Concourse's dive chamber contains magnetic fields that hold the ocean back. Divers need only pass through the faint static energy curtains to venture outside.

Tiny microphone and earpiece units can be attached to the organic gill, allowing a diver to easily communicate with friends or family.

The oceans around the cities are usually safe, as the deep sea predators tend to shy away from all the light and activity, instead favoring the murky depths as hunting grounds. Guests are fond of playing with the more docile forms of sea life and exploring the amazing array of vegetation that lines the ocean floor.

For those visitors who prefer to do their exploring on solid ground, there's another option. The Seabed Lodge is serviced by small repulsorlift tram lines that wander through the entire city, providing transportation to nearly every level.



Joel Carroll



Organic Gill

Model: Mon Calamari
Type: Synthetic organic gill
Cost: 200 credits
Availability: 3
Game Notes: While wearing an organic gill, a diver may breathe underwater.

Mon Calamari Submersible Explorer

Craft: Urukabb Typhoon-2 Submersible Vehicle
Type: Compact Exploratory Submarine
Scale: Speeder
Length: 10 meters
Skill: Repulsorlift operation: submarine
Crew: 1
Passengers: 4
Cargo Capacity: 15 kilograms
Cover: Full
Cost: 22,000 (new), 8,000 (used)
Maneuverability: 1D+2
Move: 70; 200 kmh
Body Strength: 1D
Sensors:
Passive: 5/0D
Scan: 10/1D
Search: 15/2D
Focus: 2/3D

Dangers of the Deep

Fathoms has its dark side hiding in the shadows of all that light and glitter and Odanni is the central vortex of a veritable criminal whirlpool. Outwardly a kind and courteous owner, she is a ruthless crime lord with a penchant for vindictiveness. She has carefully cultivated Fathoms' image as a respectable establishment and will stop at nothing to protect her invest-

ments. She is served by her Quarren accomplice, the nefarious Nollo Kanx.

Nollo Kanx

Type: Quarren Enforcer
DEXTERITY 4D+1
 Blaster 7D, dodge 6D+2, melee combat 5D
KNOWLEDGE 2D
 Biochemistry: exotic poisons 8D, streetwise 5D, survival: aquatic 9D
MECHANICAL 2D
 Repulsorlift operation 6D+1, repulsorlift operation: submarine 8D, space transports 5D+1
PERCEPTION 2D
 Command 6D, gambling 4D+2, sneak 6D+1
STRENGTH 2D+2
 Brawling 5D
TECHNICAL 5D
 Computer programming/repair 7D, demolition 7D, repulsorlift repair 8D, security 9D+2, space transports repair 6D
Special Abilities:
Aquatic: Quarren can breathe both air and water and can withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.
Force Points: 1
Dark Side Points: 7
Character Points: 19
Move: 12
Equipment: Chemical vials, hypodermic injectors, exotic poisons, injector (disguised as a coral ring), hooded cloak, hold-out blaster (3D), 2 vibroknives (STR+1D+2)

Capsule: Nollo Kanx is one of the most feared inhabitants of Wildwater. No good ever comes of his presence, and usually when he appears someone else vanishes.

Kanx began his criminal career as an enforcer, eventually coming to the attention of Odanni. He specializes in assassinations with exotic poisons.

The Quarren enjoys his job and his reputation. When he walks the halls of Wildwater, his dark cloak rustling

around him, a large path is cleared. He's something of an urban legend to residents—no one knows who he works for, but he's widely suspected of being an assassin.

Kanx has been testing new poisons derived from Calamari's flora and fauna, hoping to design even more hideous concoctions to inject into potential victims.

Business Lunch...

"Nice try, Odanni," Geffa said between steaming mouthfuls of fried khasva-fish. "But you aren't getting the merchandise, no matter how well you feed me." He paused long enough to take a breath and gesture at the plate. "Although, I have to say, this is spectacular."

Odanni stared at the Rodian, her large eyes narrow and focused. Her bowl of seaspice soup sat untouched. "You don't have to tell me how good the food is, Geffa. I own the place, remember?"

Geffa speared another chunk of khasva and grinned. "A misguided attempt at legitimate business. I'm surprised Fathoms is still in business considering how little you know about honesty."

Odanni wasn't about to let him needle her. She smiled gracefully, and said, "I'm not the one trying to alter the deal at the last microsecond."

"Nonsense. I'm just adding a, shall we say, 'slight emergency mark-up.' These things happen."

"Small' isn't what I'd call a 10 percent increase in your cut. The words I'd use to describe the situation aren't particularly fit for a family restaurant."

"I know you don't like it, Odanni. But it's not like you have a choice in the matter." Geffa leered around a mouthful of fish. "You know I'm the only spice dealer big enough to fill your order."

"So that's it? I pay your ridiculous mark-up or you cut me off?"

"I guess they're right. You *are* a bright girl."

Odanni held up a small vial filled with blue liquid. "Pity," she said, spilling its contents onto the floor.

Geffa's interest was piqued. "What was that?"

"Nothing, really. Just the antidote to the poisoned food you just shoveled down your double-crossing gullet."

The Rodian seemed to grow even greener. His fork tumbled from his fingers as he stared down at his food. "You're lying!"

"I guess they're right. You *are* an idiot." She abruptly stood. "I'd like to say it's been nice doing business with you. But it really hasn't."

Geffa tried to stand, reaching for his blaster.

He accomplished neither.

Suddenly, his body went rigid. A pitiful gurgling sound escaped his throat, and his body slowly slumped forward into the plate of food.

Odanni spun around, walking towards the door. Nollo Kanx stood in the shadows of the entranceway, leaning against the wall. She passed him with a quick nod. As Kanx turned to follow, he muttered, "Must have been something he ate."

Look Out Below

Illegal activities are present to some extent in every facet of the Fathoms operation, including the restaurant itself. Odanni often caters to other crime lords, providing discounts and private dining rooms (which are wired for complete surveillance, of course). Enemies are fed lethal types of fish, incorrectly cooked, resulting in painful ends. Credits from other criminal endeavors are constantly laundered through the restaurant.

The other three elements of Fathoms are similarly suspect, and needless to say, Odanni receives a cut of all profits.

The HyperDive is an ideal meeting place for shady deals. And of course, there are the endless scams and cons run by Chasdy. The incredible interior of Wave Works hides Jund Voon's fencing and black market operation. The Seabed Lodge's facilities are used for the clandestine entry of stolen goods, merchandise, and people into Fathoms, as well as the disposal of enemies.

Nollo Kanx, Odanni's vicious right-hand Quarren, thoroughly enjoys taking the doomed out for one last submersible ride. The destination is usually Rako's Rift, a deep sea trench that serves as home to one of the most feared predators on Calamari—the terrifying beast known as the krakana.

Krakana

Type: Deep-sea Predator

DEXTERITY 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Sneak 7D

STRENGTH 6D

Special Abilities:

Tentacles: Each tentacle does 4D+1 damage. If more than three tentacles hit a diver, the diver is caught fast in the tentacles, and will be drawn into the mouth on the following turn.

Teeth: The crushing jaws of the krakana do STR+2D damage

Move: 24 (swimming)

Size: 14.5-26 meters

Scale: Speeder

Undersea Action

When fights or any other action occur underwater, keep the following tactics and tips in mind:

- Lightsabers don't work well underwater. They boil up the ocean and spin around, requiring a Moderate *Dexterity* roll to hold onto or pick up.
- Characters use their *swimming* codes for movement and *dodges*.
- When a grenade goes off underwater, it does 4D damage to everyone within its entire range. Victims at close range can be wounded, but all others take stun damage only. This is because water is a tremendous conductor of concussion waves.



- Blasters are not as effective underwater. The difficulty of any blaster shot is increased by one level of difficulty, and the blaster does -2D damage.

Loose Threads

Shelter Under the Sea

The characters are Rebel agents whose cover has been blown or are otherwise being pursued by an Imperial threat. They have to get to safety. The nearest Foster Agent is Baydo Chasdy. But even if the characters make it to Wildwater City, their problems aren't over.

Their pursuers can track the characters down or be tipped off by one of the city's sinister citizens. Of course, Odanni may find a way to turn a profit from capturing the characters herself....

Emancipation Operation

The characters have been hired to find Kei No Kay by her brother Koll (who is a medical technician for the Rebel Alliance). The characters discover enough information to track her to Wildwater City, but then they're on their own.

Jund Voon is not about to give up his Wavedancer slave without a fight! He might even go so far as to offer Odanni an expensive trinket to borrow the services of Nollo Kanx, who would be more than happy to feed the nosy characters to the krakana.

The characters may find allies in Chasdy and Lliegis'Nevz, if they can be convinced of what's going on behind the scenes at Wave Works.

Chapter Five

Bantha Traxx

"This desert motif club is a real hot spot. The place is always jumping like a gundark on a thermal vent. The drink of choice is the Tatooine Sunburn. The house band is BoSS Code, though other star-spanning groups regularly play here, including Proton Overload and Dengar and the Destroyers. If you want to save some credits, the same effect can be attained by driving a vibro-ax through your skull. One word of caution, though: Making fun of the dancing, neon bantha on the holo-sign is grounds for immediate removal.

Lianna

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban, plains
Length of Day: 22 Standard Hours
Length of Year: 370 Local Days
Sapient Species: Humans (N)
Starport: Imperial class
Population: 5.6 billion
Planet Function: Manufacturing/Processing
Government: Corporate-sponsored democracy
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Starships, starship components
Major Imports: Foodstuffs, consumer goods

Lianna is an urban, industrial world in the heart of the Allied Tion sector. The world is actually so overdeveloped that very little native wildlife remains and the inhabitants must import nearly all of their food and consumer goods.

The parent company of Sienar Fleet Systems (manufacturer of the infamous TIE-series starfighters), Santhe/Sienar Technologies maintains its corporate headquarters on the world.

The largest starport is Lola Curich, located in the city of the same name. Located just outside Lianna, the

capital city of the planet, Lola Curich can service over 2,000 ships at a time. The skies over the starport always seem to be thick with space traffic.

Lianna architecture emphasizes decoration. Colors are bright and vibrant, with healthy doses of gold and silver. Favored ornamentation includes potted shrubs, bush walls, towering trees, live animals, stone floors, lush gardens, and atriums. These adornments are often used in tandem with one of Lianna's most common architectural designs, the floorpit. It is basically a central sunken area that serves as the focal point of the room.

Note: A much more detailed look at this world is offered in the *Star Wars* adventure *Mission to Lianna*.

Don't Shoot!

Visitors to Lianna should take note: All weapons are illegal, so they should be kept aboard starships during your visit. (Or hidden very well on your person.)

- Possession of an energy weapon carries a mandatory fine of 200,000 credits and two standard years hard labor.

Cohden's Condensed Critique

Establishment: Bantha Traxx
Owner: Yin Vocta
Amenities: Food, drink, dancing
Cover: 10 credits
Security: Jik'Tal and the Enforcers
VIP Room: Sandstorm Club
Illegal Activities: Information brokering, espionage, assassinations
Final Review: 4 supernovas





Brian Schomburg

- Possession of a non-energy weapon results in a fine of 50,000 credits and six months hard labor.

Guests should keep in mind that the aforementioned are the penalties for *possession*. The actual *use* of a weapon carries a much stiffer punishment.

This is not to say the planet is a peaceful paradise. Many people are apt to carry weapons—they just keep them concealed.

Bantha Traxx

"*Make Traxx to the Bantha!*" scream the holo-ads for the newest and trendiest club on Lianna. Located in the upper class section of metropolitan Lianna, Traxx has quickly gained a wealthy, influential, and powerful clientele. The large three-story building previously housed Club Vortex, though its owners somehow fell out of favor with the Santhe/Sienar corporation. An unofficial boycott by Santhe/Sienar employees quickly resulted in the demise of the business.

The facility stood empty for over a year until it was recently purchased by Vector Technologies (Vec-Tech), owned by the Anomid entrepreneur, Yin Vocta. The club was completely refurbished, inside and out, incorporating elements of traditional Liann architecture into the design.

Rumors flared (and still persist) of some sort of shadowy deal between Vocta and Lady Valles Santhe (owner of Santhe/Sienar). Accusations of corporate espionage have been whispered, though none too loudly.

Whatever the case, Bantha Traxx was a smash right

from the start. An invitation-only preview night drew a capacity crowd of Lianna's major movers-and-shakers and was declared a success by its distinguished guests—a list that included prominent Liann socialites Terri Karl and Kashan Santhe.

Bantha Traxx has since become a haven for the young social, political, and scientific elite who represent the future of Lianna. It is a place where they can relax, mingle, and exchange ideas. In fact, Traxx has since turned the third floor into The Sandstorm, a club-within-a-club for VIP guests only.

The club does not just cater to high society; the two lower floors are nearly always standing room only, with beings from all social classes mingling to eat, drink, and just have a good time.

Yin Vocta

Type: Anomid Businessman

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Dodge 8D, melee combat 6D, missile weapons 8D+2, missile weapons: vac blade 10D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 9D, bureaucracy: Alliance 10D, bureaucracy: Imperial 12D, business 9D, cultures 9D+1, intimidation 11D, languages 9D, languages: Anomid sign language 12D, planetary systems 9D+2, streetwise 11D+2, value 10D, willpower 11D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Repulsorlift operation 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 9D, command 11D, con 10D+2, persuasion 10D, persuasion: charm 12D+1, search 6D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Climbing/jumping 6D

TECHNICAL 4D

Computer programming/repair 9D, droid programming 8D, droid



Brian Schomburg



Joey Robinson

repair 7D, first aid 8D, (A) medicine 9D, (A) medicine: cyborging 11D, security 7D

Force Points: 2

Dark Side Points: 7

Character Points: 21

Move: 10

Equipment: Dendrite robes, custom vocalizer mask, datapad, wrist vac blades (5D combined), concealed vibro-knife (STR+1D+2)

Capsule: The enigmatic Anomid known as Yin Vocta is a very dangerous being. He seemingly has no loyalty to either the Alliance or the Empire, and will gladly sell his information to anyone with enough credits to pay for it. His vast spy network has an uncanny knack for finding the darkest secrets of many powerful individuals.

Vocta is extremely wealthy, collecting revenue from both his legal and illegal dealings. His lawful businesses, including Vector Technologies and Bantha Traxx, have been more profitable than the Anomid ever dreamed. Then there are his other business endeavors, namely information brokering, industrial espionage, and assassination.

Like most Anomids, Vocta detests violence. He carries weapons only for self-defense, hiding a pair of wrist vac blades under the sleeves of his robes. He despises blasters and would never pick one up unless his life truly depended on it. Vocta isn't too concerned about personal safety, however, considering his lethal bodyguards. R'Kayza and Haelon Tice (who also double as his assassination team) provide excellent protection.

Yin Vocta is extremely intelligent, graduating at the top of his class from the prestigious Lunis-Medix Medical

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

Yin Vocta.

Let's see...How could I possibly describe him? The only word that immediately springs to mind is "unique."

I've met the Anomid a few times in the course of my travels and though it's difficult for me to admit—considering some of the dark deeds he deals in—I actually like the guy.

It's hard to explain unless you've met him, but I'll do my best.

First of all, he's mysterious without being intimidating. (Unless of course, he's accompanied by his goons, Tice and R'Kayza.) Vocta is polite, charming, and downright funny. He has a talent for making people feel completely at ease—to the point where you can find yourself letting down your guard without even realizing it. The crime lord seems to know exactly what to say, whether he's trying to defuse a potentially dangerous situation, make a point crystal clear, or just get a laugh out of someone.

I'm still not sure how someone who orders a being's death without blinking an eye can just as easily deliver a side-splitting impression of Jabba the Hutt, but Vocta is quite capable of both.

Vocta's organization is rare among criminal circles: he doesn't rule through fear or bribery. His employees like and respect him, acting out of loyalty. Vocta treats them fairly, pays them well, and goes out of his way to help when they need assistance.

As kind as he is to his friends, Vocta is doubly unmerciful with his enemies. Those who stand against him are utterly destroyed.

Academy on Dzass IV. He has performed countless cyborg enhancements for Haelon Tice, making the assassin even more dangerous. Vocta spent many years on Tatooine, although he's never been directly linked to Jabba the Hutt's organization.

The Anomid crime lord is extremely personable, charming, and well-mannered. He has a well-developed sense of humor and can effortlessly deliver biting sarcasm. In fact, Vocta is the most dangerous type of enemy...A friendly one.

Ever See A Bantha Dance?

Well, you will if you visit Bantha Traxx. Under the stylized silver lettering and glowing footprints (bantha tracks...Get it?) on the club's holo-sign is a large motion-neon fixture in the shape of a bantha. The animated creature moves in time with the pounding melodies that emanate from within the club. The sign is big, bright, and sure isn't going to win any good-taste awards, but people seem to like watching the grinning beastie dance to the beat.

Once guests peel their visual organs away from the gaudy display, the next thing they notice is the pair of massive doors that open into the club itself. The Vec-Tech plasteel is rumored to be strong enough to withstand a direct impact from a thermal detonator, yet it's so light-weight that the doors swing as easily as if they were constructed of polythin.

Into the Desert

Most residents of Lianna have never set foot into a desert before, so the first visit to Bantha Traxx is quite a shock for most locals.

The desert motif, styled after Yin Vocta's beloved Tatooine, is startlingly authentic. The color scheme features varying shades of brown, yellow, orange, and red. Spot-lumas blast through the crowd like miniature suns, while thermal vents radiate blasts of cool, dry air without a trace of humidity. Holographic images of desert wastelands play on the walls, making the interior of Traxx seem to stretch into the barren endlessness of the far horizons. If you look closely at the images (actually recorded on Tatooine), you'll see roaming bantha herds, a few dewbacks, and maybe even a krayt dragon.

The entire arid atmosphere of a desert planet is recreated with enough authenticity to feel realistic, yet without giving guests heatstroke.

You can really work up a sweat dancing in the desert, so a trio of Cooling Stations offer icy refreshments to parched visitors who need a refreshing break from the unforgiving environs. The favored drink is the Tatooine Sunburn, with the Desert Bloom and Jawa Juice finishing a close second and third respectively. Another popular item at the Stations is the Bantha Bottle, especially among those who mainly come to dance. The small canteen, with a hands-free neck strap, contains icy vitawater and includes free refills. Emblazoned with the stylized "bantha track" paw print, it also makes a wonderful souvenir.

Other momentos are available at the Bantha Boutique gift shop on the second floor of the club. The boutique offers clothing, toys, and other sundries stamped with the Bantha Traxx logo. Children of all species seem to love the plush bantha dolls. (They're also good for target practice.)

Bantha and the Beat

If all that wasn't enough to attract people to Bantha Traxx, Vocta has created another reason to visit his establishment.

He actively seeks out the best and brightest bands in the galaxy to provide music at Traxx, and even keeps BoSS Code ("*Signal Your Surrender*") on retainer. Other star-spanning bands

that regularly play the club include Proton Overload ("*Shoot First*") and Dengar and the Destroyers ("*Where Did All the Killiks Go?*").

Up-and-coming groups aspire to perform at Bantha Traxx's annual Gathering of the Herd musical gala, which has become one of the hottest tickets in the galaxy for both guests and bands. With talent scouts from major labels in the audience searching for the next wave of musical genius, playing on Herd night could truly result in the legendary "big break."

No matter what music is blasting from the massive sound system, there are always people on the dance floor. Though in the case of Traxx, it would be more accurate to say "in" the dance floor. Keeping with traditional Liann architectural style, a large floorpit occupies the center of the building and that's where patrons go to shake their limbs. The desert motif is also continued, since the floor is actually covered with replicated sand.

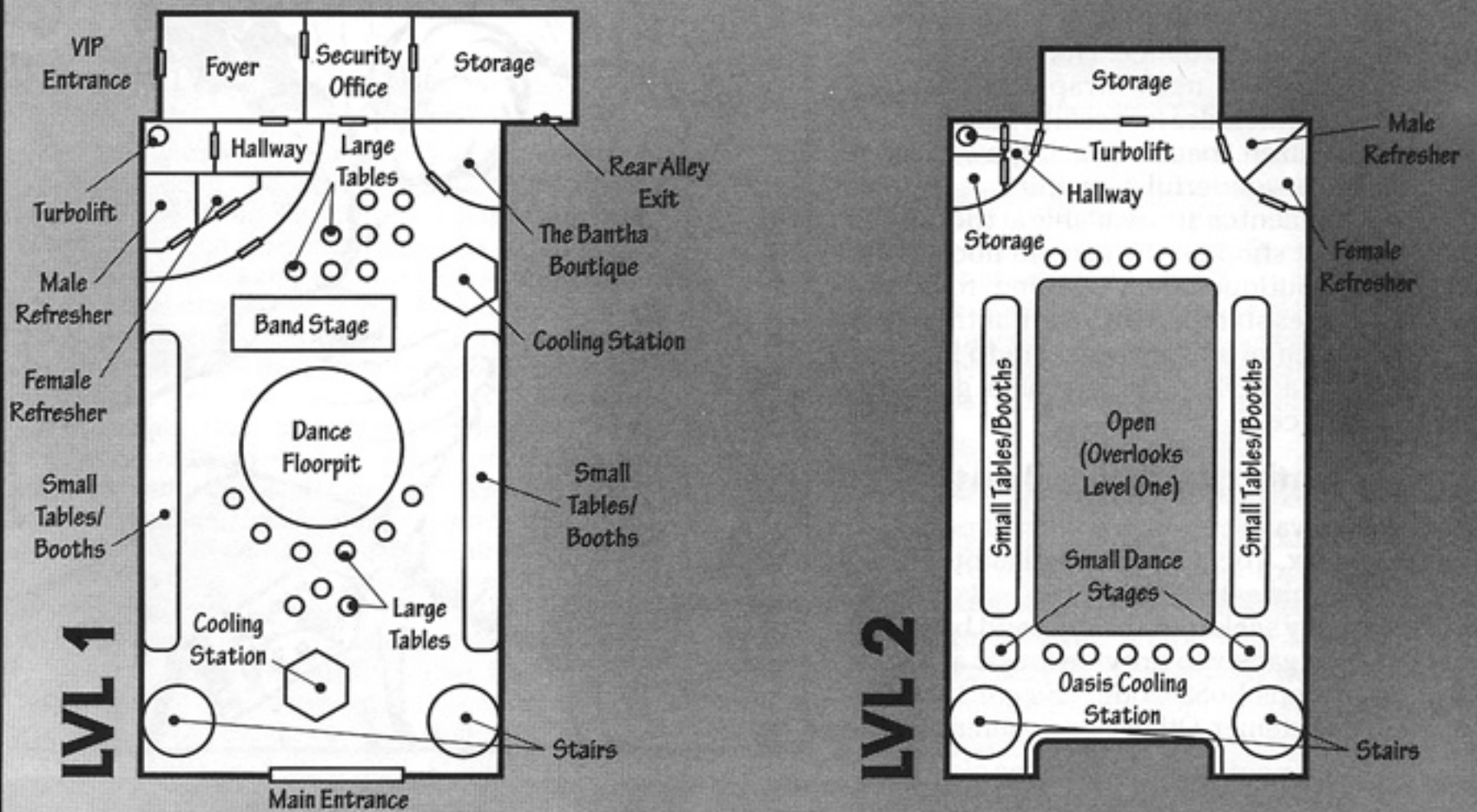


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Bantha Traxx





Oasis

Of the three Cooling Stations, the most popular seems to be Oasis, located on the second floor of Traxx. The bar is usually tended by a mysterious woman known only as Sha'Dria. Even Yin Vocta has been known to stop by for a chat with her and a cold drink.

Very little is known about her, other than her name and the fact that she conceals her face with a beautiful mask. Vocta probably has some information on the woman, though that's one secret he's not selling.

Incidentally, Tice and R'Kayza protested hiring this mysterious woman, but Vocta was obviously too intrigued at the challenge of unlocking the rest of her secrets to let Sha'Dria slip through his fingers.

Sha'Dria

Type: Bartender
DEXTERITY 3D+2
 Blaster 6D+2, dodge 7D+2, melee combat 8D, melee parry 8D, thrown weapons: throwing knife 7D+2
KNOWLEDGE 3D

Languages 4D, survival 5D+2, survival: desert 7D+1, willpower 4D+1

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Beast riding 6D+1, space transports 3D+1, repulsorlift operation 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 6D+2, hide 4D+2, search 6D, sneak 8D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 8D, stamina 6D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

First aid 6D+1, security 7D+1

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 30

Move: 10

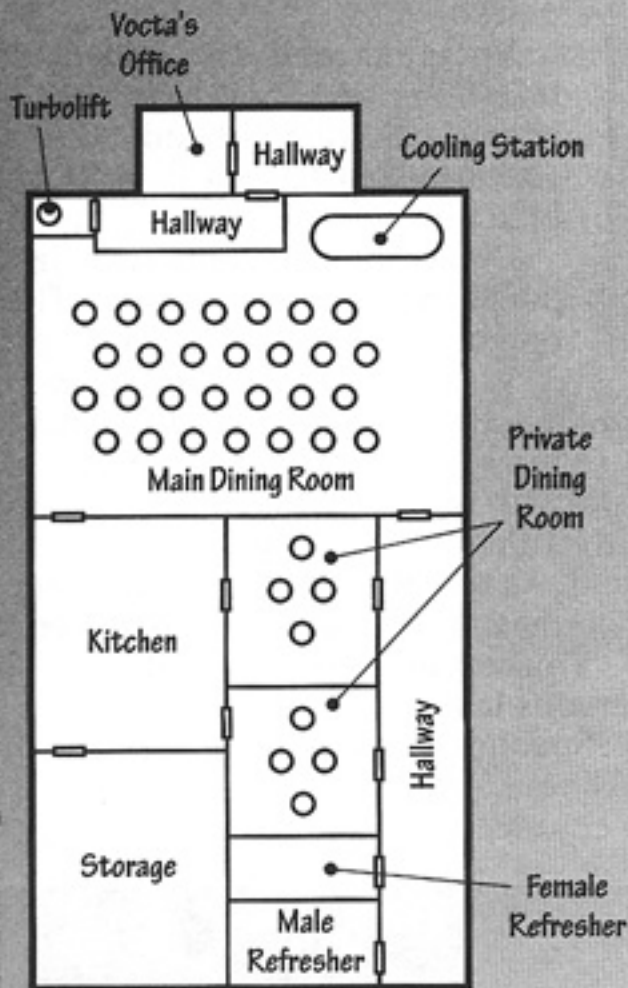
Equipment: Gnarled walking staff, Czerka 411 hold-out blaster (3D+1), N'Noch mask, hooded cloak

Capsule: Only three facts are widely known about this woman. First, her name is Sha'Dria. Secondly, she hides her face with an intricately designed mask she refers to as a "N'Noch." And finally, she refers to every other being as one of "The Unmasked."

Other than that, it's obvious she is a good listener, physically attractive, and can drink most beings under the proverbial table. She is full of good advice and freely dispenses a little wisdom with each drink.

She can also handle herself in a fight, as Haelon Tice discovered one night while attempting a few less-than-friendly overtures. The next day, he had a brand new cybernetic hand. What happened to the real one is known only to Sha'Dria, Tice, and perhaps Vocta.

LVL 3



SHA'DRIA



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**ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..
K'REYE, COHDEN**

Some think she's a Jedi, others think she's a Rebel or Imperial spy. She claims to be just a bartender. The only known fact is that she keeps everyone guessing.

I can attest that Sha'Dria has taken an abnormal, and some would argue dangerous, interest in Yin Vocta and his illegal operations.

For his part, the Anomid has intimated that he knows more about his bartender than she thinks. Whether that's true or not, it's still quite obvious that Sha'Dria has piqued Vocta's curiosity. How things will play out remains to be seen.

Valuable Commodities

Divv cast a nervous glance into the dark alcove. The flickering pulses of a dozen tiny lights betrayed the presence of one of Vocta's two premiere bodyguards. So much of Haelon Tice was cybernetic that the man gave off a distinct energy signature. The assassin thrummed like any other machine.

And if Tice was present, then R'Kayza could not be too far away. Just the thought of the Gand Findsman peering at him from the shadows sent a chill down

Divv's spine. He swallowed audibly and tried to focus on the being behind the elegant black marble desk.

Unfortunately, the sight of Yin Vocta wasn't particularly reassuring. The Anomid crime lord was cloaked in the dark robes favored by his species. The robe's voluminous hood kept Vocta's face concealed, though his large silver eyes seemed to glow in the dim lumalight.

"You have the information I require?" Vocta's voice was surprisingly soft and fluid considering it was synthesized mechanically through a vocalizer mask.

"Of course, Lord Vocta."

The Anomid held up a six-fingered hand, encased in a supple leather glove. "Please, Divv...No formalities. My self-image is not so sickly that I need support it with pretentious ceremonial titles."

Divv nodded quickly.

"Speaking of which, how is Jabba doing, anyway?" Vocta began to chuckle. "The Great Bloated One, Terror of Tatooine...May he fall victim to an exotic and excruciatingly painful ailment." The Anomid paused, adding in a hopeful tone, "He hasn't, has he?"

"No," Divv managed through pursed lips. "But in an odd coincidence, one of his food tasters has recently contracted something similar to what you've just described. Jabba, however, is doing quite well."

Vocta snorted dismissively. "The dark side take him and his ugly, little monkey-lizard." He extended a gloved hand. "But until that day, I suppose that I'll just have to be satisfied with inflicting minor wounds upon his person."

Divv smiled, removing a datacard from his pocket and handing it over. "The name of every one of his spies on Lianna. As promised."

Vocta casually handed the card over his shoulder. "Kill them all for me, won't you?"

Divv swore he saw nothing move, but suddenly the datacard vanished into the shadows. R'Kayza, he thought and the feeling of anxiety returned for a moment. As the two killers exited the room to carry out their master's bidding, Divv regained his composure.

"You certainly don't waste time..." Divv said with a nervous laugh.

"Squandering valuable commodities isn't good for business," Vocta said, then added with a wink, "Unless of course, they belong to someone else."

Too Many Secrets

Is there something you just have to know?

Maybe you require some hard facts on that mysterious, masked bounty hunter with a poor attitude and good aim who happens to be on your tail for no apparent reason, because hey, you don't have any enemies.

Or perhaps you're interested in when the next Imperial supply ship is going to visit Geska Prime so you can have a welcoming party there to greet it.

Then again, it could be that you are in desperate need of a certain entry code for a supposedly abandoned warehouse bristling with the latest in security technology.

Well, where in the galaxy do you go to find this type of information?

Yin Vocta can probably provide it for you. For a nominal fee, of course. The Anomid accepts credits, as well as merchandise. Vocta also trades secrets for secrets, determining their relative value. He will deal with the Empire, the Alliance, and everyone else in-between who can afford his specialized service. Make sure to come in person, though, because Vocta only deals information face-to-face.

The Deadly Double

The other specialty of the house is assassination. Vocta offers various contracts at prices that won't blow your budget. Corporate, political, and social contracts are all viable. Costs are determined on a case-by-case basis.

Haelon Tice

Type: Cyborged Assassin

DEXTERITY 5D

Blaster 10D+2, dodge 9D, firearms 7D+2, grenade 8D, melee combat 9D+1, missile weapons 8D, running 8D+2, vehicle blasters 8D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 7D, intimidation 12D, law enforcement 9D, planetary systems 6D, survival 7D+1, willpower 10D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D, sensors 6D, space transports 7D, starship gunnery 7D+2, starship shields 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Gambling 7D, hide 6D, search 11D+2, sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 6D

Brawling 12D+2, climbing/jumping 10D+1, lifting 9D+2, stamina 12D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 10D+1, first aid 7D, security 9D

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 15

Character Points: 12



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Move: 14

Equipment: Biotech Borg Construct Aj^6, 'Geneering RiMPack, Neuro-Saav cardio-muscular package, Neuro-Saav Hifold sensory package, Neuro-Saav Hi-Sense enhanced eyes, upgraded galven BlasTech integrated (left arm) A280 Blaster Rifle (7D), Vec-tech integrated (right arm) concussion missile launcher (9D)

Capsule: There is absolutely no information on this cyborged human's history. It is widely believed that Vocta wiped out all records of his existence.

In person, however, a few things become readily apparent about Haelon Tice. He is a brutal, remorseless, physical force who would rather go through a wall than around it. He will stop at nothing to annihilate his prey. In the past, he has been known to engage in firefights with space transports, speeders, even light armored vehicles...and win.

He is an almost perfect physical specimen, with a muscular build that is a maze of flesh and plasteel. His cyborged eye glows bright violet, while the other pupil is dark. He is ill-

mannered, violent, and cruel.

Tice is the complete antithesis of his partner, R'Kayza. While the Gand is quiet, stealthy, and cunning, Tice is loud, obvious, and not overly bright despite his enhancements.

Perhaps that's why they work so well together. In just under a decade of partnership, the two have an astonishing success record.



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R'Kayza

Type: Gand Assassin

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 7D, dodge 7D+2, melee combat 6D, running 5D, thrown weapons 8D, vehicle blasters 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 6D, intimidation 7D, languages 5D, planetary systems 8D, streetwise 5D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 4D, sensors 4D, space transports 5D+1, starship gunnery 5D

PERCEPTION 5D

Hide 7D, search 9D, search: tracking 10D, sneak 8D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 6D, climbing/jumping 6D+1, stamina 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

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

Special Abilities:

Findsman Ceremonies: Gand Findsmen use elaborate and arcane rituals to find their prey. They draw omens from these rituals. Whenever R'Kayza uses a ritual (which takes at least three standard hours), he gains +2D to track a target.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 5

Character Points: 18

Move: 10

Equipment: 5 Rodian throwing razors (STR+1D+2), 2 hunting knives (STR+1D), sound-suppressed hold-out blaster (2D+2), breathing device, protective armor (+1D physical and energy)

Capsule: R'Kayza is a legendary Gand Findsman who originally worked as a bounty hunter but soon grew tired of the difficulties involved in bringing back a live bounty. More often than not he returned with corpses.

The Gand found his calling as an assassin. R'Kayza's infamous exploits as a hired killer attracted the attention of Yin Vocta. Partnered with Haelon Tice, the assassin tandem has become very effective, not to mention profitable.

R'Kayza employs ancient ceremonies and rituals to bring him good fortune. The Gand's hunting style is one of stealth and caution. He is swift, silent, and deadly. Many say that talking to the Gand is like talking to a glacier. R'Kayza is cold and aloof, except with his partner Tice. Even then, the Gand doesn't speak more words than are necessary.

He wears dark clothing and armor to blend into the shadows, and his skin is a deep, mottled gray with traces of black. The Gand's reputation for surprise attacks has made him one of the most feared killers to ever stalk the spaceways.

A Little Security

Bantha Traxx is relatively safe, especially compared with similar establishments, but whenever there's a mixture of revelers, spirits, and species, disaster is never too far away. Always the careful sort, Vocta is ready for anything.

Since Haelon Tice and R'Kayza—a pretty good deterrent to troublemakers—aren't always around, the Anomid has hired a rather unique private security team that fits right in with the motif of the club.

Jawas. That's right. *Jawas*. And believe it or not, they actually get the job done.

They are garbed in black leather robes that are neatly folded and sharply creased. Each one is licensed to carry a stun pistol and stun baton, though most have a vibroknife or two tucked away somewhere. They are intelligent and ferocious little fighters

who can quickly maneuver through crowds and swarm larger opponents.

Bantha Traxx currently employs eight of these tiny terrors, including their leader, Jik'Tal. The Enforcers are not to be trifled with. They were trained and drilled by famed Rodian mercenary Ne'Chak, who owed Vocta a favor.

Credit Check

The following is a partial list of prices at Bantha Traxx. The management reserves the right to affect changes at any time.

Food

Bantha stew 5 credits/meal
The Desert Delight 10 credits/meal

Drink

Jawa Juice 5 credits/glass
Tatooine Sunburn 7 credits/glass
Desert Bloom 9 credits/glass
Bantha Bottle 10 credits

Gift Shop

Plush Bantha Doll 15 credits

Jik'Tal

Type: Jawa Merc

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, dodge 6D, melee combat 6D, melee parry 6D, pick pocket 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Intimidation 5D, languages 4D, streetwise 6D, survival: desert 9D, value 8D

MECHANICAL 4D

Ground vehicle operation 5D, repulsorlift operation 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 6D, hide 5D, search 5D, sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 6D+1, climbing/jumping 7D

TECHNICAL 4D

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid programming 7D, droid repair 7D, repulsorlift repair 6D, security 8D

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 1

Character Points: 15

Move: 8

Equipment: Comlink, stun pistol (3D stun), black leather robes, 2 vibroknives (STR+1D), 3 mini-grenades (5D stun)

Capsule: Jik'Tal is not your average Jawa. He craved adventure since childhood, and spent many nights on the roof of the sandcrawler, staring up at the vast blanket of stars and wondering what wonders awaited on distant worlds.

He puts his ambitions into motion when an enraged farmer confronted his clan. The droid the farmer had purchased had exploded, causing damage to one of his vaporators. When the Jawas refused to compensate him, the farmer attacked; Jik'Tal saved his clan by dispatching the irate man.

Ostracized from his clan for violating the Jawa way of non-violence (even though he had saved them), Jik'Tal took his few possessions and left the planet, vowing never to return. Seven younger Jawas—who both admired and feared Jik'Tal—accompanied him.

The Jawa retains his quick temper and is often described as “ornery.” Any disparaging comments made about his size are enough to incite a full-scale melee. Meanwhile, Vocta enjoys the simple pleasure of watching his seemingly outmatched Jawas thrash an arrogant opponent.

Jawa Enforcer Security Guards. All attributes are 2D except: *Dexterity 3D, blaster 5D+1, brawling parry 6D, dodge 4D+2, melee combat 5D+2, melee parry 5D, Mechanical 3D, Strength 2D+1, brawling 4D, Technical 3D, security 6D.* Move: 8. Comlink, stun pistol (3D stun), stun baton (STR+1D, 5D/Stun), black leather robes, vibroknife (STR+1D).



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Loose Threads

Cloak and Dagger

The characters are sent to uncover the secrets behind the dealings of Lady Santhe and Yin Vocta. Rumors abound of some secret pact between their respective corporations, Santhe/Sienar and Vector Technologies.

Some months ago, there was talk that Santhe/Sienar was working on a cloaking device prototype for the Empire. Perhaps with Vec-Tech's assistance, there have been further developments. Of course, trying to uncover the truth is always a dangerous proposition, especially when Vocta doesn't want the information known.

Bantha Fodder

An Alliance deep cover agent working at Bantha Traxx has sent a distress code. Apparently, Sha'Dria has uncovered some vital information and is ready to make her escape. Unfortunately, Vocta suspects something and his goons have been alerted.

The characters must find a way to assist her departure. However, the characters are all too likely to find themselves walking into a dangerous trap.

The Bodyguard

The characters have been hired (or ordered) to protect someone who has been targeted for assassination. Unfortunately, the assassins are Haelon Tice and R'Kayza. The target's best hope for survival lies in traveling to Bantha Traxx and somehow nullifying the contract. Perhaps the characters know some secret valuable enough to Vocta for him to call off his killers.

Chapter Six

The Pits

"The Pits is aptly named. Not only is it a swoop racer bar, but it's dirty, dark, and sunk into the ground. If you can't tell a landspeeder from a Star Destroyer, this isn't your kind of place. The crowd is obnoxious, dangerous, and fearless. While most disagreements are settled on the Pits' race course, fights do have a tendency to flare up with a startling fury. Minor arguments can quickly escalate into massive brawls, especially between rival gangs. If you don't believe me, just take a quick count of all the blast marks in the wall!"

Stend VI

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban, mountains, plains
Length of Day: 23 standard hours
Length of Year: 230 local days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starport: Imperial class
Population: 2.2 billion
Planet Function: Manufacturing/Processing
Government: Representative democracy (Imperial-allied)
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Consumer goods
Major Imports: Foodstuffs

Stend VI is, in many ways, a typical world: just another cog in the wheel of the Galactic Empire, turning in its place without much variation. There are no steaming crater seas, no winters that freeze the breath inside a being's lungs, and no predatory creatures that circle the

populace looking for a victim. Stend VI seems ordinary, peaceful, and ultimately *dull*, especially to that segment of the population that desperately craves excitement and adventure.

And that can mean only one thing. One of quintessential natural laws of the galaxy is that nothing breeds trouble like boredom. That's why Stend VI has earned the infamous distinction of being home to some of the most despicable swoop gangs in the galaxy.

If you have to ask what a swoop gang is, then consider yourself lucky. As those who know from first-hand experience can attest, most swoop gangs have a wanton disregard for life, property, and laws in general. Swoops are among the most hazardous vehicles available to civilians—and that's before they're modified, jury-rigged, and otherwise enhanced. Heavy weaponry, acceleration boosters, and black market engine juicers have become nearly standard equipment on the gangs' swoops. Anyone with a "factory" swoop is looked down upon as an "ant (civilian) with wings."

In recent years, this new breed of airborne pirate has become quite a thorn in the side of the Empire, especially on Stend VI. Local law enforcement agencies

simply do not have the trained pilots or vehicles to combat the swift-moving swoop criminals. Even Imperial measures designed specifically to target the gangs—such as repulsorlift sled patrols—have a hard time keeping up with the souped-up swoops.

Damage to property and loss of life is out of control. Local officials are desperately seeking other solutions to eliminate this mounting threat.

Cohden's Condensed Critique

Establishment: The Pits
Owner: Blizz Pinnix
Amenities: Food, drink, lodging, vehicle repair, vehicle parts, new and used vehicles
Cover: None
Security: Chugg
Illegal Activities: Stolen vehicles and parts, slavery
Final Review: Normal folks—2 supernovas, swoop racers—4 supernovas



Joey Robinson

The Inside Scoop

Cohden's Two Chits. *There are two distinct ways to enter The Pits:*

- 1) Fly in (via the Hive)
- 2) Walk in (via the door)

The choice you make will have a definite effect on how you are viewed by the clientele—and management, too!

- 1) Deserving of at least a modicum of respect
- 2) Bantha droppings

Get the holo-picture? Good.

The Hive

"Why walk when you can fly?"

The motto of swoop-lovers everywhere was taken to heart when The Pits was built. The main entrance to the cantina is actually on the roof of the building. A huge multi-level, honey-comb construction extends up into the sky, high above the bar. This circular tower is dotted with hundreds of cubicles, or "stalls" as they're more commonly called, to accommodate the air traffic.

Every stall is particle- and ray-shielded, so approaching vehicles must be cleared for docking by Hive Traffic Control (HTC). Once landing is permitted, the biker slides his vehicle into his or her assigned cubicle. All cubes are equipped with refueling units (activated at an additional cost, of course), a few cleaning supplies to bring that hyperpaint job to a shine, and a holoboard that informs guests of notices, vehicles for sale, and other miscellaneous information. A small door exits into the central part of the Hive, which is serviced by a bank of three turbolifts (one of which is always out of service).

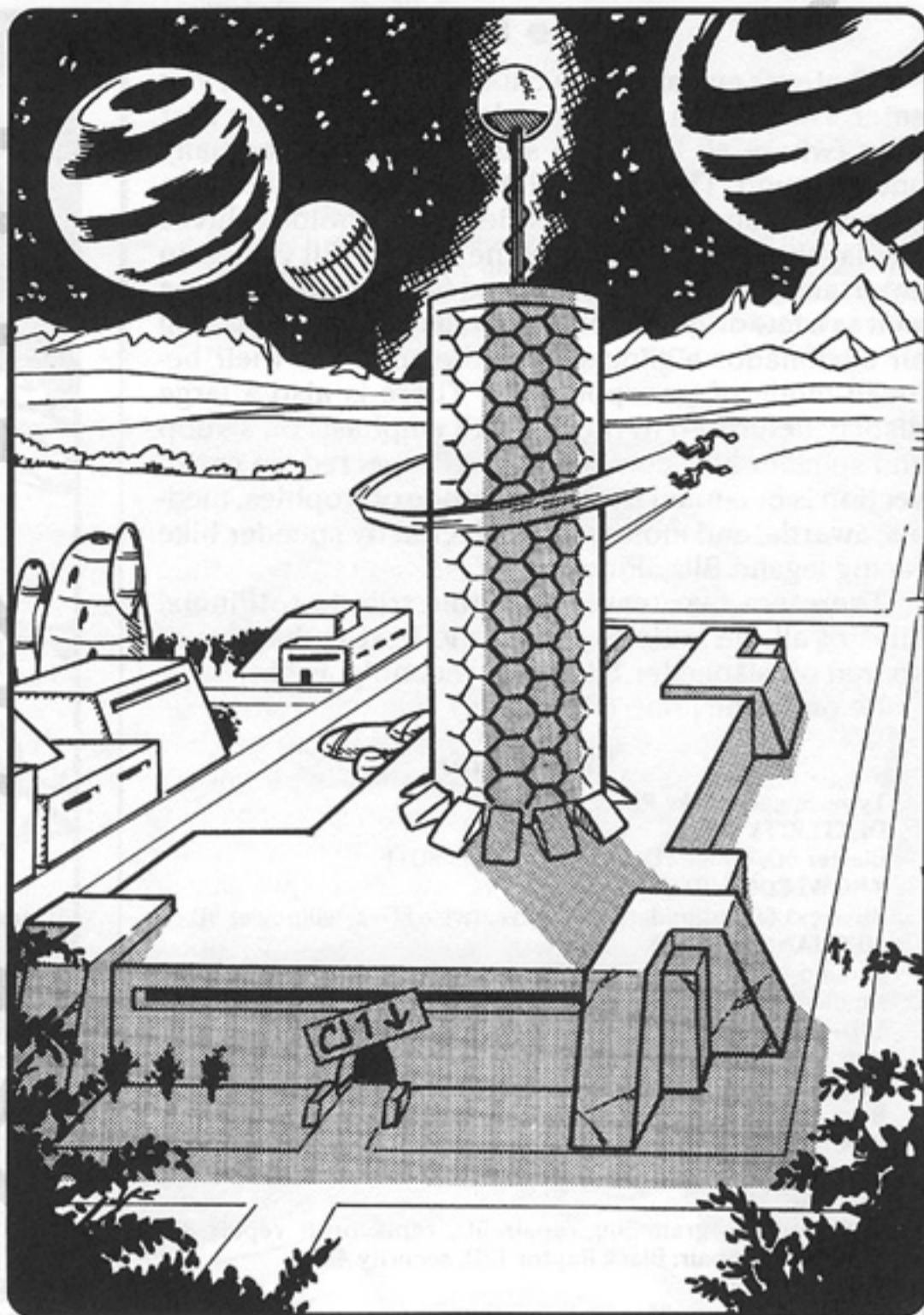
Each cubicle door is blast-proof (walls and door have a body strength of 8D) and guests key in a private code to the security unit which automatically erases after they leave. (There is a master code to override every door, though only Pinnix knows it.)

Most visitors consider this the only way to arrive at The Pits. While there is a ground level entrance, any biker worth his repulsors wouldn't be caught dead using it. Swoopers and speeders often joke that the land-based portal is there for the "Ants to crawl in."

The Hive Traffic Control

Hive Traffic Control is located at the very top of the Hive landing structure, extending skyward on a thin antenna-like support beam.

The multi-faceted structure is constructed almost entirely of transparisteel to allow an unobstructed view of all air traffic in the vicinity. Only the floor is



Greg Smith

solid, to keep the controllers who work inside from becoming too disoriented. The job is extremely unsettling and stressful, as evidenced by the high turnover rate.

No Droids!

This Means You, Goldenrod!

The most commonly asked question in regard to the Hive Traffic Control is, "Why don't they just use droid controllers instead?"

Simple.

Droids aren't allowed *anywhere* in The Pits. They're not welcome, not wanted, and those who wander in aren't likely to make it back out again. No one knows what happens to the droids that actually find a way inside, but rumors of a massive spare parts storeroom are enough to send most droids screaming for The Maker.

In The Pits

Whatever entrance you choose to make use of, you enter The Pits on the upper level. You see, the first floor (where all the good stuff happens) is actually underground. The top level of The Pits is more like a museum than a bar. Stasis fields and holo-archives display the storied history of the repulsorlift vehicle in entertaining fashion. Models and full-scale replicas, as well as a few originals, line the walls and ceiling, giving air aficionados a glimpse into the annals of their beloved mode of transportation. There is also a large display dedicated to racing, with emphasis on swoop and speeder bike competition. As expected, an entire section is occupied by the multitude of trophies, medals, awards, and mementos collected by speeder bike racing legend Blizz Pinnix.

There are two reasons for this tribute to Pinnix. First of all, he truly is one of the best to have ever soared on a speeder bike. And secondly, well...

He owns the joint. (Go figure.)

Blizz Pinnix

Type: Speeder Bike Racer (Retired)

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D, dodge 7D, vehicle blasters 8D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Business 6D, intimidation 9D, streetwise 8D+2, willpower 9D

MECHANICAL 4D+2

Ground vehicle operation 7D, hover vehicle operation 9D+1, repulsorlift operation 11D, repulsorlift operation: speeder bike 13D+2, repulsorlift operation: Black Raptor 14D+2, swoop operation 10D

PERCEPTION 2D

Bargain 5D, con 7D, gambling 6D, search 4D, sneak 5D

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 5D+1, climbing/jumping 6D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D, repulsorlift repair 8D, repulsorlift repair: Black Raptor 12D, security 4D+1

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 25

Move: 10

Equipment: Black and violet tinted crash helmet (+1D+2 physical), light-mesh racing suit (+2 physical), BlasTech DL-44 heavy blaster pistol (5D), concealed serrated vibroknife (STR+1D+2), mini-tool kit, the "Black Raptor" (customized speeder bike)

Capsule: Blizz Pinnix cuts an impressive figure. Well, he would if anyone really knew what he looked like. As it is now, he's more of an imposing silhouette.

Though Pinnix has been racing for over 40 years, no one has ever seen his face and a debate still rages over what species he is. Most people agree that he is probably male, though it has never been proven.

Pinnix has never, ever been seen without his signature racing helmet. In holo-photos, souvenirs, and everywhere else his image has been captured, the helmet covers his face. This is why, even though he owns The Pits, no one is exactly sure when he is personally in attendance. He could be sitting at the bar and no one would know it.

Pinnix has only made his presence known a handful of times. Once in a rare while, the intensity of the races at The Pits' private course leads to the arrival of a new competitor—a rider dressed in solid black, riding the infamous ebony swoop known as the "Black Raptor." And



any respectable racer knows that this means the stakes have gone supernova, because Blizz Pinnix has entered the race.

Bird of Prey

A glistening coat of ebony hyperpaint with violet racing stripes slashes across the sides. A swooping black bird of prey screams across the length of the bike, trimmed in silver with a burning violet eye trailing fire behind it.

There is certainly no mistaking the Black Raptor.

Ikas-Adno built the prototype to see just how far they could push the limits of speeder bike design. From an engineering standpoint, the project was a success. The bike was so fast it could outrun even the most souped-up swoop. Even with the flared wind-shielding design of the "cockpit," most would-be pilots could not endure the terrible g-forces. And few beings have the lightning reflexes a bike of this caliber and speed demands.

Plans for mass production were quickly scrapped, but the prototype was purchased for an exorbitant sum by a mysterious bidder, who turned out to be Blizz Pinnix. The price included all plans, designs, and specifications, giving all rights over to Pinnix and insuring that his vehicle of choice remained unique.

The Black Raptor

Craft: Ikas-Adno XP-2000
Type: Speeder bike
Scale: Speeder
Length: 4 meters
Skill: Repulsorlift operation: speeder bike
Crew: 1
Cargo Capacity: 2 kilograms
Cover: 1/2
Altitude Range: Ground level—50 meters
Cost: Unique; not available for sale
Maneuverability: 5D+2
Move: 450; 1,300 kmh

Body Strength: 2D+1

Weapons:

2 Blaster Pulse Cannons (fire-linked)

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Vehicle blasters

Fire Control: 3D+2

Range: 50-100/250/500

Damage: 6D

Note: Active sound dampers dramatically reduce noise. Sensor bafflers add +3D to the difficulty to detect the Black Raptor by *sensor*, *Perception*, or *search* rolls. The Raptor is also equipped with a Bith vehicle voice lock, an advanced theft deterrent that requires a voice command code to power up the vehicle.



ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

I've only seen Blizz Pinnix and his remarkable Raptor in action once. And let me tell you, I don't think my stomach has ever fully recovered. What Blizz can do on that speeder bike is so utterly amazing that words cannot do it justice. If the

Force isn't with Pinnix, then something else surely is. Whether it's fate, luck, or just unbelievable talent is for others to debate.

The Raptor is the fastest thing I've seen without sublight engines, and Pinnix pushes that bike to its limits. Try and understand. As I heard it, during the trial runs of the Raptor, Ikas-Adno could not keep a pilot on the thing for more than 20 seconds; most lasted less than three or four. Nine out of 10 racers blacked out before the bike even reached 40% of its performance capabilities.

It boggles the brain box, y'know?

That is one scary bike. It's not just the fancy paint, either. Opponents

have said there's something eerie about the Raptor's blazing eye. Some whisper that the bike is actually sentient. Others say Blizz has a borg implant and is linked to the bike. Some even say the Raptor holds the spirit of a dead dark Jedi. Whatever the case, the unavoidable truth is that Raptor rules the repulsorlanes.

Now, there are always nay-sayers and disbelievers out there, and I was one of them until I saw the truth with my own peepers. I'm a believer now.

Let me give some free advice to all you swoopers and racers out there who think you might be good enough to race the master on his machine.

Just hand over the credits you were thinking about betting and walk away. Save yourself the embarrassment. Blizz has never been beaten on the Black Raptor. And in my humble opinion, he never will. In fact, the only way I'd think anyone would have the remotest chance of victory would be if ol' Blizz passed out cold, and you know what?

I'd still bet on Raptor.



Greg Smith



Pit Stops

The bottom floor of The Pits, built into the ground, is where most of the excitement is. Housing the cantina proper, a holo-arcade, and some private meeting rooms, the underground floor is definitely the place to be.

The bar serves up good drinks (rarely watered down), loud music, and constant conversation. The Pits is not a quiet, loner bar where patrons come to drown their sorrows. The place is vibrant, exciting, and welcoming.

The decor matches the mood of the place, with strong colors, bright lighting, and very few shadows. Mementos line the walls, including traffic control signs, holo-photos, and speeder parts.

The holo-arcade is equipped with all the latest games, and most are devoted to virtual racing environments. Group simulators allow up to three dozen players to race each other.

All swoopers and bikers are welcome, no matter their gang or affiliation, whether they're amateurs or pros. Stories are exchanged, past glories are revisited, and tips are traded. This is a crowd that fervently loves their swoops, bikes, and sleds, and the sport of racing them.

Some of the best competitors in the galaxy hang out at The Pits, and while it's in bad form to ask for an autograph, most pros will sign a holo-picture or two.

Members of several swoop gangs are almost always in attendance, though within the bar their interaction

is usually peaceful. Confrontations tend to be limited to prideful boasting and minor insults.

Things do get out of hand once in awhile. If at all possible, however, disagreements are taken out to Raptor Run....

Kuda's Compound

Adjoining The Pits is a large multi-leveled building known as Kuda's Compound. Owned by Herglic businessman Kaylo NaKuda, the facility offers a wide range of goods and services. Kuda's Compound is a garage (featuring repairs and pricey modifications) and vehicle dealership combined into one operation.

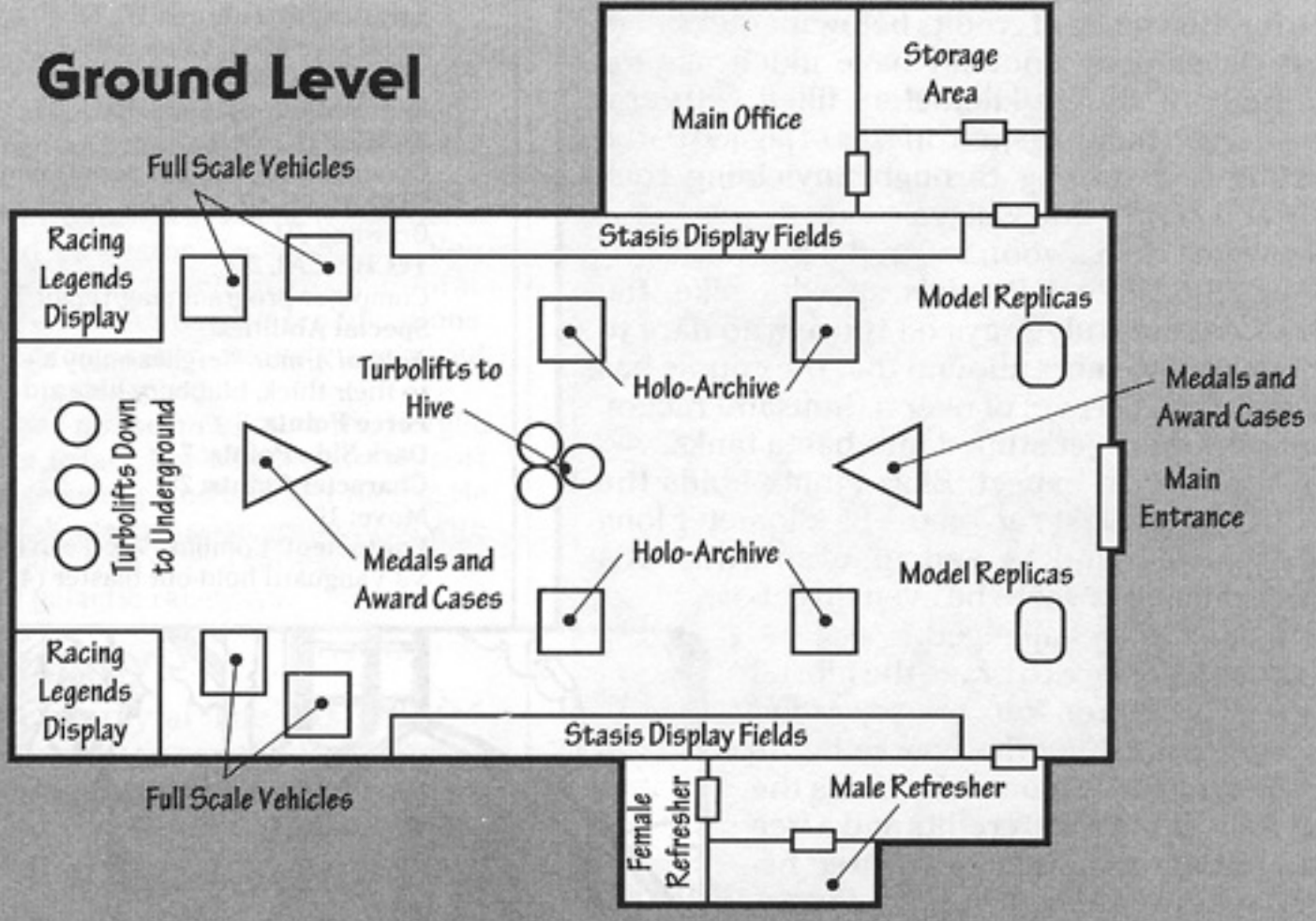
You can have your favorite swoop, landspeeder, or speeder bike repaired, modified, or completely overhauled. You can also purchase new and used vehicles, as well as new and refurbished vehicle parts.

Prices are competitive and bargains aren't hard to find for someone with a good eye and a talent for haggling. A full staff of expert mechanics are retained by the Compound, and all service and labor is guaranteed. If you're looking for the newest hyperpaint or flashiest racing stripes, a small equipment shop offers a full line of accessories for nearly every make, model, and budget.

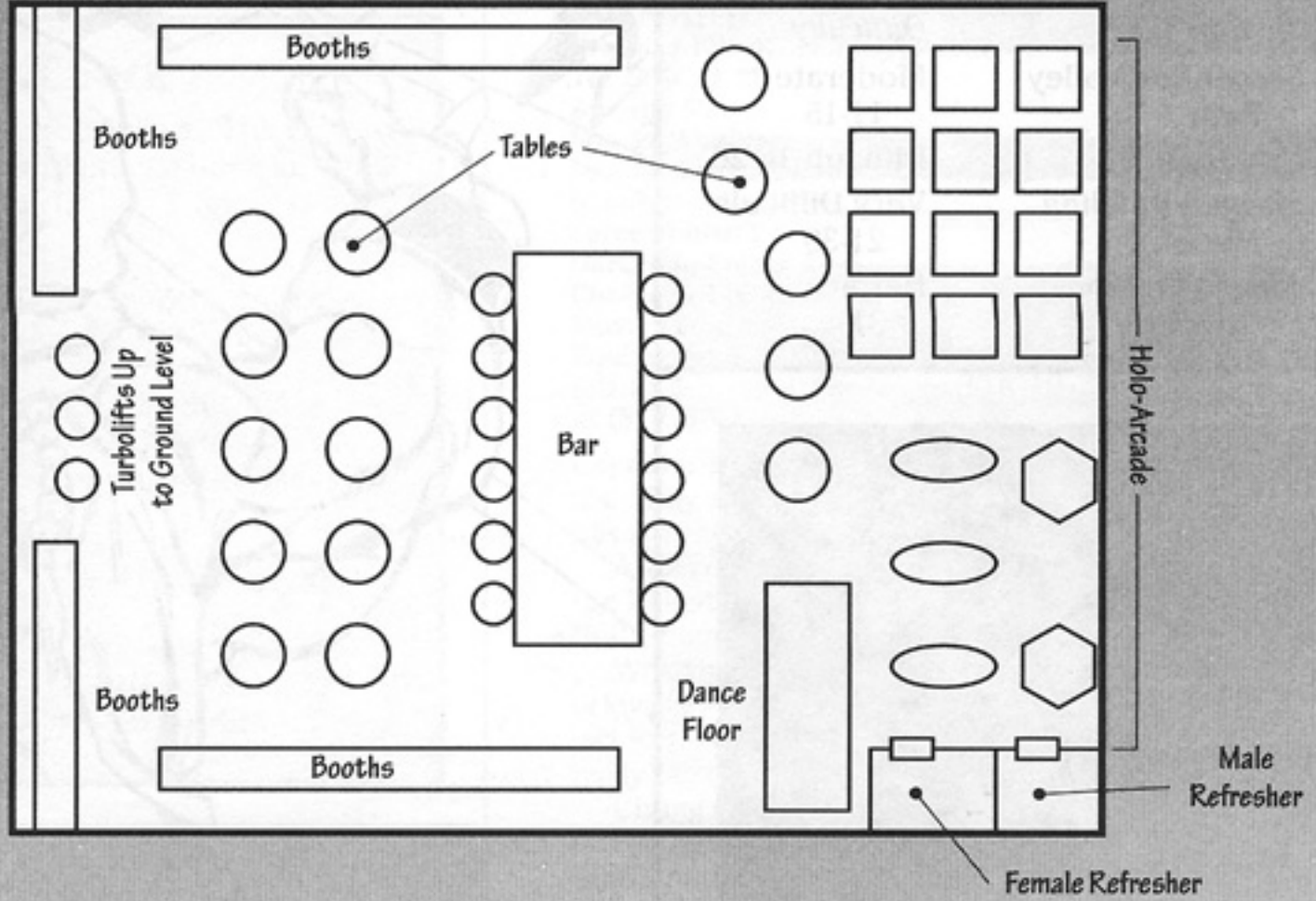
Kuda's Compound is open the same hours as The Pits, and can attend to all your repulsorlift needs.

The Pits

Ground Level



Underground Level



Raptor Run

This winding, twisting, life-threatening race course used to be an Imperial ODTA (Ordinance Detonation Test Area). Pinnix was able to buy the land for thousands of credits below market value. Most developers wouldn't have much use for hundreds of square kilometers filled with craters, slagged buildings, and mazes of jagged paths twisting and turning through unyielding rock cliffs and serpentine valleys.

However, to a swoop racer, it's paradise!

Aptly named for Pinnix's speeder bike, the deadly course truly preys on those who dare to challenge it. Rumors abound that the course has cut short the careers of over a thousand racers. The lucky ones get stuffed into bacta tanks.

As you might expect, Blizz Pinnix holds the record for quickest run on the 85 kilometer long course: five minutes and nine seconds! His achievement has yet to be even threatened, must less challenged.

Those who dare to brave the mortal hazards of Raptor Run are rewarded for merely finishing the course in under 20 minutes. Anyone who beats the time limit earns 1,000 credits and a free drink. Beware, though: only three beings have ever claimed the prize. Pinnix, accomplished stunt racer Lev Xestra, and some punk kid from Tatooine.

Raptor Run—Terrain Difficulties

Terrain Type	Difficulty
Serpentine Valley Path	Moderate 11-15
Crater Fields	Difficult 16-20
Slagged Building Maze	Very Difficult 21-30
Jagged Canyon Course	Heroic 31+

Kaylo NaKuda

Type: Herglic Crime Lord

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 5D, dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy 6D, business 8D, business administration 9D, cultures 7D, languages 5D, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 8D+1, value 6D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift operation 4D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Command 7D, con 6D, persuasion 5D+1

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 7D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 7D, repulsorlift repair 11D+2

Special Abilities:

Natural Armor: Herglics enjoy a +1D against physical attacks due to their thick, blubbery hide

Force Points: 2

Dark Side Points: 7

Character Points: 20

Move: 10

Equipment: Comlink, Vec-Tech Keeper SCS, datapad, Vec-Tech V3 Vanguard hold-out blaster (4D)



Capsule: To call Kaylo NaKuda a shrewd businessman is a bit of an understatement. He provides what the customers need (or think they need thanks to excellent sales personnel!) at very good prices and keeps them coming back for more. No one is really sure how he can afford to do this and still turn a healthy profit, but that's why the Herglic is so good at what he does.

Besides overseeing his own operations at the Compound, NaKuda has been entrusted with The Pits as well, overseeing day-to-day operations. His personal bodyguard, the Reigat known as Chugg, also serves as the bouncer for the bar.

NaKuda is a long-time friend of Yin Vocta, the owner of Bantha Traxx and head of Vector Technologies (Vec-Tech). As a result, NaKuda has a penchant for incorporating exotic Vec-Tech devices in speeder modifications. NaKuda loves strange gadgets and actively seeks out unique items to add to his collection.

Oddly enough, he does not seem to have the Herglic obsession with gambling. In fact, NaKuda detests any sort of wagering not related to swoop and speeder racing. He once sponsored Team NaKuda, but soon grew bored with it and disbanded the group even after a series of successful outings at the major galactic raceways.

Security

Ego is never in short supply at The Pits, and the crowd is a competitive bunch, to say the least. Fights have been known to erupt during any sort of contest, whether it's a race at Raptor Run, a boasting match, or a holo-game. Most of the arguments are settled with good old fashioned brawls, and blasters are seldom drawn. Things seldom get out of hand, as most customers don't want to be banned from the premises.

Of course, there's also another really good reason not to cause trouble in the bar.

Chugg.

Credit Check

The following is a list of prices at The Pits. As always, your ability to bargain can have an effect on the costs (good or bad).

Food

Basic meal 2 credits/meal

Drink

Whatever's on tap 1 credit/glass
 Mix it up 3 credits/glass
 Senseless stupor 5 credits/glass

Games

Holo-game tokens 4 chips/credit

Kuda's Compound Services

Standard maintenance 10 credits
 Maintenance overhaul 50 credits



Chugg

Type: Reigat Bouncer

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 7D, brawling parry 10D, dodge 7D, grenade 6D, melee combat 8D, thrown weapons 7D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Intimidation 9D, streetwise 5D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Search 6D

STRENGTH 6D

Brawling 12D+1, climbing/jumping 8D+1, stamina 9D

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 5D

Special Abilities:

Intimidation: Reigats are frightening to many beings and get a +1D bonus to *intimidation*.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 1

Character Points: 10

Move: 11

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink, hold-out blaster (3D+2), 2 serrated vibroknives (STR+1D+2), triple-headed vibro-ax (STR+3D+1)

Capsule: The Reigat are a species of loners and individuals. They are very large and imposing humanoids. Chugg has gray mottled skin and dark blue lips, eyelids, and hair.

A speeder racer for Team NaKuda in his younger days, the Reigat suffered a bad crash that, as NaKuda puts it, "left Chugg a few gems short of a working lightsaber."

What the Reigat has retained, however, is an extreme sense of loyalty to NaKuda, who nursed him back to health after the incident. Chugg would not think twice (possibly because he really can't) about laying down his life for his employer.

Chugg can usually be found skulking in the shadows of The Pits (keeping an eye on things), or else in Kuda's Compound watching with rapt attention as the mechanics work on vehicles.

The Need For Speed

Ever since the advent of the swoop gang, the skies over Stend VI have become quite crowded. A multitude of factions have developed and many groups have a vested interest in the outcome of this small-scale war for aerial dominance.

The most important players in this lofty game of skill and chance are listed below....

The Gangs

They started it all, so what better place to begin? The first real gang was the terrifying group of scum

known as the Skulls. They stole, robbed, terrorized innocents, and did whatever else they wanted as long as it was illegal and their idea of fun. Luckily for the residents of Stend VI, the Skulls moved on to the Hook Nebula.

A relatively new group known as the Razers has since emerged as the dominant gang. They are carrying on the reign of terror begun by the Skulls, and specialize in stealing vehicles and parts.

Dedicated to the ideals of the Jedi, the swoop gang known as the Knights have opposed the Skulls from the beginning and are now taking aim at eradicating the Razers. However, the local police and the Empire don't particularly care about the group's altruistic tendencies. As far as they're concerned, the Knights are just one more pest that needs to be eliminated.

Typical Razer Swoop. Modified Mobquet Flare-S Swoop, speeder-scale, maneuverability 4D+2, move 225; 650 kmh, body strength 1D+2, altitude range: ground level—350 meters. Weapons: light blaster cannon (fire control 1D, 30-50/100/200, damage 4D+1).

The Local Police

The Stend VI Security Forces have long been outmatched and outflown by the opposition, but that doesn't stop them from trying. The police forces fly mostly Ikas-Adno speeder bikes, favoring the Starhawk and Nightfalcon.

Ikas-Adno 22-B Nightfalcon. Speeder bike, speeder-scale, maneuverability 3D+1, move 160; 460 kmh, body strength 1D+2, altitude range: ground level—20 meters. Weapons: laser cannon (fire control 2D, 30-50/100/200, damage 4D).

Ikas-Adno Starhawk. Speeder-scale, maneuverability 3D, move 140; 400 kmh, body strength 1D, altitude range: ground level—10 meters. Weapons: laser cannon (fire control 2D, 30-50/100/200, damage 4D).

The Empire

In response to the requests for assistance, the Empire had sent in a detachment of forces including a repulsorlift sled wing. The heavily-armed vehicles seemed to be making an impact at first, but they were soon overwhelmed by the sheer number of active gangs.

Disappointed by the results (and the loss of many sleds), the Imperial commanders on Stend VI received sanction to form a new military unit specifically designed to eliminate the swoop gang threat once and for all.

The result of their efforts is the Dark Riders. Commanded by famed speeder bike scout Lieutenant Iryln Resk, the unit consists of a squad of elite Imperial



Greg Smith



Greg Smith

Storm Commandos mounted on heavily modified Ikas-Adno XR-10 Shadowhawk bikes. This fearsome unit is believed to be more than a match for the swoop gangs, but only time will tell.

Lieutenant Resk

Type: Dark Rider Commander

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 7D+1, dodge 5D, melee combat 6D, vehicle blasters 9D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 5D+2, intimidation 6D, streetwise 7D+1, survival 8D, willpower 6D

MECHANICAL 4D

Repulsorlift operation 9D+1, swoop operation 8D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 7D, hide 5D, investigation 8D, search 6D+2, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D+1, climbing/jumping 7D

TECHNICAL 3D

Armor repair 5D, blaster repair 4D+2, demolitions 5D, first aid 5D, repulsorlift repair 6D+2, security 7D

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 3

Character Points: 15

Move: 10

Equipment: Storm Commando armor (+1D physical, energy; +3D to *search* and *Perception* in darkness; +1D to *sneak* due to sound absorbency; +1D to *sneak* and *hide* checks if not being actively sought by opponents), blaster carbine (5D+2), blaster pistol (4D), standard utility belt, survival kit

Capsule: Lt. Resk is in most respects, a typical Imperial officer. He hates aliens, believes in the ideals of the Emperor, and is little more than a cruel thug.

He also has his own agenda. He's honored to be the first leader of the Dark Rider unit and intends to make a good showing by eliminating the swoop gangs once and for all. Of course, he'd love to somehow link Blizz Pinnix or The Pits to the swoop gangs. If he can pull this off, Resk can confiscate anything he wants. And what he wants most of all is to have Black Raptor for himself.

Typical Dark Rider. All stats are 2D except: *Dexterity* 3D, *blaster* 7D, *brawling parry* 5D+2, *dodge* 6D, *grenade* 5D, *melee combat* 5D+2, *melee parry* 5D+2, *Knowledge* 2D+2, *survival* 6D, *Mechanical* 3D+1, *repulsorlift operation* 7D, *Perception* 3D, *hide* 6D+2, *search* 6D+2, *sneak* 7D, *Strength* 3D, *brawling* 5D, *Technical* 3D, *armor repair* 5D, *blaster repair* 5D, *first aid* 4D, *demolitions* 4D+2, *security* 3D+2. **Move:** 10. Blaster carbine (5D+2 damage), blaster pistol (4D damage), Storm Commando armor (+1D physical, energy; +3D to *search* and *Perception* in darkness; +1D to *sneak* due to sound absorbency; +1D to *sneak* and *hide* checks if not being actively sought by opponents), standard utility belt, survival kit

Typical Dark Rider Speeder Bike. Modified Ikas-Adno XR-10 Shadowhawk, speeder-scale, maneuverability 4D, move 260; 750 kmh, body strength 2D, altitude range: ground level—50 meters. Weapons: dual laser cannon (fire-linked, fire control 2D, 30-50/100/200, damage 4D). **Note:** Passive sound dampers dramatically reduce noise, and sensor bafflers add +1D to the difficulty to detect the speeder bikes with sensors.

Repulsorlift Sled. Aratech 64-Y Swift 3 Repulsorlift Sled, speeder-scale, maneuverability 1D+2, move 280; 800 kmh, body strength 1D+2, altitude range: ground level—25 meters. Weapons: medium blaster cannon (fire control 2D, 50-100/250/500, damage 3D), drop net (fire control 1D, 0-1/3/5 horizontal, 0-10/20/30 vertical, 6D ionization damage).

The Alliance

The Rebels are also interested in the events on Stend VI, and are trying to actively recruit the Knights. Of course, intelligence on the Empire's new elite squad of Dark Riders wouldn't hurt either.

There are only a handful of Rebel operatives currently working on the planet, because the Alliance doesn't want to add any additional fuel to the fire raging daily in the skies over Stend VI.

Typical Rebel Speeder Bike. Mobquet "Overracer," speeder-scale, maneuverability 3D+2, move 185; 430 kmh, body strength 1D+2, altitude range: ground level—20 meters. Weapons: light blaster cannon (fire control 1D, 50-300/500/1 km, damage 3D).



Secrets of the Swift

So, by now you're starting to think that The Pits doesn't seem like such a bad place, right?

Wrong.

Behind the scenes, something sinister is well hidden. And it all begins with Kaylo NaKuda. The Herglic is making a killing at the Compound for two very illegal reasons.

First of all, nearly all the parts and vehicles for sale at the Compound have been stolen from somewhere on the planet or imported by smugglers. In fact, NaKuda keeps the Razer swoop gang on permanent retainer, which is why they spend so much time thieving vehicles and parts. Since he pays so little for the items, he can afford to sell them at prices a legal business could never afford.

Secondly, the "friendly mechanics" that deal with the customers are nothing more than actors. The underground garages of the facility, hidden from public view, are attended by slave labor. The slaves are the ones who fix and modify the vehicles, and they are paid by being kept alive.

A female Twi'lek named Sil is probably one of the greatest techno-whizzes in a few sectors, but the only reward for her talents is bread and water. Each of the dozen or so slaves have been outfitted with a

horrible device known as the "Keeper," which was created by NaKuda's pal, Yin Vocta. With no need to pay these workers, the Herglic pockets a fortune.

Sil Vaturha

Type: Twi'lek Slave

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, dodge 5D, pick pocket 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Languages 3D+2, streetwise 6D, survival 4D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Communications 4D, space transports 5D, starship gunnery 4D, starship shields 5D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Hide 6D, sneak 5D

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 4D

Computer programming/repair 6D, ground vehicle repair 6D+1, hover vehicle repair 5D+2, repulsorlift repair 9D, space transports repair 8D+1, starfighter repair 7D+2, swoop repair 8D+2, walker repair 5D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Work coveralls, diagnostic scanner, repair kit, fu-

Loose Threads

Flown the Coop

The Black Raptor has disappeared! Blizz Pinnix puts out a staggeringly high reward for its return, triggering a massive influx of would-be finders, bounty hunters, and mercenaries. The suspects are many—the swoop gangs, Kaylo NaKuda, and Lt. Resk of the Dark Riders—but the clues are few.

If the characters are successful in tracking down the bike, they will be quite rich, at least until the swoop gangs get through with them....

sion cutter (3D-6D, variable damage), beam drill, laser welder, vehicle repair kit, hydrospanners, Keeper (Vec-Tech subdermal tracking unit)

Capsule: Sil was orphaned at a young age and left to fend for herself on the mean streets of Corellia. The young girl soon found herself sold into slavery and was eventually purchased by Kaylo NaKuda. For the last year Sil has served as the top mechanic in the Herglic's garage.

Sil is a quiet, introspective soul who loves working and tinkering with machines. Over the years, she has developed her natural talent into real proficiency. She enjoys the company of machines and droids more than living beings, who have often treated her cruelly.

"Keeper" Vec-Tech Subdermal Control System (SCS)

Model: Vector Technologies AA-2 Keeper

Availability: 4, X

Range: 25 kilometers

Cost: 5,000

Game Notes: A beacon is surgically implanted under the victim's skin. It can only be removed by the being in possession of the tracker unit, who must first enter a password. Any other attempt to extract the beacon results in the release of an exotic neurotoxin that kills instantly (8D damage). The tracker can tell the range, direction, and speed of the target, up to a range of 25 kilometers. There's no need to worry about the target after that, because if he or she moves beyond that range, the beacon releases the neurotoxin automatically.

Slaves to the Machine

The characters can either stumble onto the slave ring of the Compound, or be actively sought out by NaKuda. (The Herglic will be very interested if one of the characters has a good *Technical* aptitude, especially in any *repair* skills.) Either way, the whole group is captured and put to work in the garage, where they meet Sil and the other slaves.

They must find a way to escape, uncover the dark truth behind Kuda's Compound, and defeat the Herglic and his henchmen. Help can be found in the form of Miraj, the Knights, and possibly even Blizz Pinnix himself.

Note: Blizz Pinnix has no idea of the corruption NaKuda has wrought in The Pits, and if presented with enough evidence (if you can find him), he will gladly assist the characters in stopping the Herglic.

Now You See Me...

There is more to the racer called Miraj than anyone suspects....Her real name is Narra Mesyne, and she is actually a Sector Rangers Special Enforcement Officer (SEO). Empowered to pursue criminals using whatever means necessary to apprehend the lawbreakers, SEOs are the best of the best, with broad powers of arrest and detention. Her current quarry is Kaylo NaKuda, and she is using her cover as Miraj to discover enough evidence against the Herglic to finally bring him to justice.

The characters can be sent to assist her in her efforts to take down NaKuda and his illegal empire of slavery and stolen goods. Alternately, the characters could be hired by NaKuda to find out what dastardly villain is spying on him, hindering Miraj's efforts or even going so far as to capture her.

Miraj

Type: Speeder Bike Racer

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 8D+1, dodge 7D, grenade 6D, melee combat 7D+1, running 6D, vehicle blasters 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 7D, cultures 5D, languages, intimidation 12D, law enforcement 9D, planetary systems 5D, streetwise 8D, willpower 6D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, repulsorlift operation 6D+2, sensors 4D+2, space transports 6D, starfighter piloting 7D+2, starship shields 5D, swoop operation 6D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 6D, command 7D, hide 6D, investigation 9D, search 8D+2, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 5D+1, climbing/jumping 6D, stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Blaster repair 4D, computer programming/repair 5D+1, first aid 4D+2, security 6D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Tinted racing helmet (+1D physical, +2 energy), blaster pistol (4D), camo armor suit (+1D physical, +2 energy, *camo field*: +1D to difficulty of *search* or *Perception* rolls for those trying to spot wearer if wearer remains motionless)

Capsule: Most opponents just beaten by the up-and-coming racer known only as Miraj are quite shocked when the helmet comes off and they are greeted by the face of a beautiful woman. She uses the blatant sexism that thrives in the swoop racer community to her advantage.

This combination of shrewdness and skill has earned Miraj a reputation as a racer to beat. She is rapidly becoming famous at The Pits and intends to try to beat the time limit posted at the Raptor Run. She rides a white and silver bike which she calls Wraith. Her favorite tactic is to allow her opponents to think victory is theirs and at the last moment slide past like the spirit her bike is named for.



Wraith. Modified Aratech 74-Z military speeder bike, speeder-scale, maneuverability 3D+2, move 260; 750 kmh, body strength: 2D, altitude range: ground level—25 meters. Weapons: laser cannon (fire control 2D, 30-50/100/200, damage 3D).

Chapter Seven

Glow Dome

"Boasting over a million separate lights, glowing drinks, illuminated dancers, and mood-altering SenseLights, the dome is just what it promises to be—'The Bright Center to the Galaxy.' Automatic polarized lenses are a must for any alien with visual receptors. Oh, and don't worry about finding the place. You can see it five kilometers away.

"Anything inside the Dome could be holographic (and often is). One of the few 'realities' is its lovely co-owner, Corinna A'Daasha. She's got a wicked sense of humor, though, so be careful. The last guy that got Corinna upset left with a beautiful near-human that turned out to be a Gamorrean when they stepped outside. Of course, the last guy that upset her partner and twin sister Kandria was never heard from again...."

Adarlon

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Mountain
Length of Day: 21 standard hours
Length of Year: 381 local days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starport: Imperial class
Population: 20 million
Planet Function: Entertainment
Government: Democracy
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Entertainment acts, holos
Major Imports: Food, drugs, luxury goods, household devices, raw materials

Adarlon means fun.

That's what all the travelogues claim, and their appraisal is not far off the mark. The inhabitants of the planet Adarlon are literally obsessed with pleasure. Home to some of the galaxy's best entertainers, Adarlon's great distance from the Imperial Core—the

place is in the Minos Cluster, after all—has allowed the good times to continue, mostly unfettered by the strangling chains of Imperial censorship.

The lifeblood of Adarlon is the holo-production industry. The star-spanning enterprise consists mostly of legalized pro-Empire pieces, though lately there has been a resurgence of the more illicit holos. These underground works often celebrate the Jedi, shed light on the Empire's villainy, and glamorize anything to do with the Rebellion.

Another popular form of entertainment on the planet comes in the form of grandiose theme parks. Dozens of these elaborate attractions dot the world, providing guests with total immersion experiences in which they carry out elaborate plots and adventures in live-action roleplaying. They interact with actors, droids, and even holograms over the course of their visits. Many different genres are available—one park offers mysteries for guests to solve, one is dedicated to simulating atmospheric and space dogfights, and another simulates a commando raid on a dangerous crime lord's citadel.

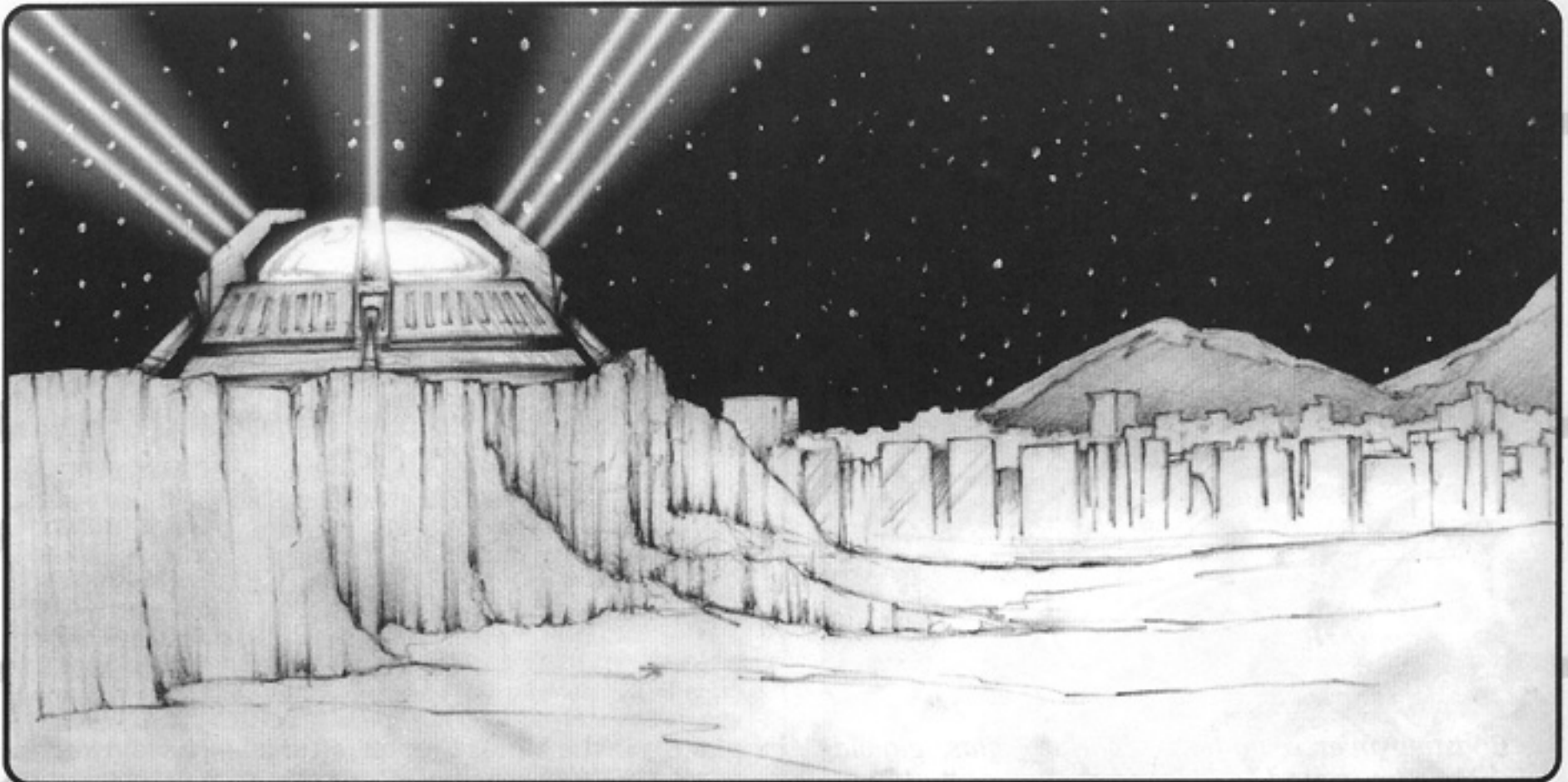
As the saying goes, *If you can't find something fun to do on Adarlon, you're either dead or an Imperial.*

(For more on Adarlon, see pages 49–51 of *Galaxy Guide 6: Tramp Freighters*.)

Cohden's Condensed Critique

Establishment: Glow Dome
Owner: Corinna and Kandria A'Daasha
Amenities: Drinks
Cover: 25 credits
Security: Lux
Illegal Activities: Prohibited holos
Final Review: 5 supernovas





Tom O'Neill

Did a Star Explode Over There or is That Just the Glow Dome?

When off-world visitors ask for directions to the Glow Dome, the jaded natives often just laugh and walk away. It's not that they're rude or unfriendly (well, some of them *are*)—it's just that Glow Dome is not too hard to find if you're within about five kilometers of the place. Why, you may ask?

Because it is *bright*. Very, very bright.

Nearly a hundred spot-lumas swing and sway in the sky over the place, performing an almost hypnotic dance to the pounding beat emanating from inside. They swirl, they pulse, they change colors at least three times every second. The beams lengthen, shorten, widen, and shrink in synchronization with the thunderous music.

If that wasn't enough to guide you to the place, the entire dome roof (hence the name *Glow Dome*, and not, say *Glow Pit*) is constructed of photovoltaic light panels. That means they absorb sunlight all day, then release the stored energy at night. As a result, the entire dome is lit up like a white star going supernova. In other words, it's impossible to miss.

Glow Dome

Glow Dome isn't the kind of bar where you walk in and your visual receptors have to adjust to the low lighting. More like, as you enter your eyes let out a cry of pain. It is very bright in the Dome, so species with sensitive ocular organs should protect themselves with glowshades. (The management bears no responsibility for the foolhardy, as per Adarlon Universal Ordinance 071.873, sub-section 111.841)

As you can imagine, the lighting is no less than spectacular. Over 10,000 robotically controlled spot-luma projectors, varying wildly in size and shape—from nearly molecularly-thin target beams to mammoth flash beams—provide an impressive array of illumination. They alternate, pulse, strobe, flash, twinkle, or just glow depending on their current programming.

Then there are the mood-altering SenseLights, which were developed by the Dome's resident genius, Dr. Lytos Urtell. These amazing units are programmed to display a series of intricate color patterns flashed at such a high rate of speed that they are perceptible only to the subconscious mind. In theory, they send out relaxing messages that calm brain activity, enhance the senses, and stimulate pleasure centers. The result is a euphoric feeling.

The massive amount of energy produced by the lighting tends to heat up the place. Frigidly cool filtered air is constantly pumped into the Dome to counteract the extreme temperatures generated by all the lights—without these cold-air refreshers, the atmosphere would quickly become unbearably warm for most people.

Besides the lights, a wide variety of other projection units are in use at the Dome, including 500 independent holoprojectors, bubble makers, and confetti and streamer hurlers. The holoproj system is one of the most advanced in the galaxy, thanks again to Dr. Urtell. Of course, being a holophysicist, it's also his area of expertise. From a special control booth, the holoprojectors can alter the appearance of almost anything in the club, from the entire interior, to particular sections, to even specific individuals. And with every meter covered by a projector, the illusion can be

maintained anywhere inside.

The industrial strength sound system, dubbed "The Matrix" is so sophisticated that it requires a live operator and four droid brains. Over 1,000 separate speakers are strategically placed throughout the club to offer maximum auditory experience. The Matrix can accommodate sound slugs, audio discs, and even live music. When a guest band plays on the stage, they can easily interface their equipment into The Matrix. The lighting and sound combine so effectively that watching your favorite group play the Dome is like being at a professional concert. Some would argue, it's even better.

The light and sound systems alone are rumored to have cost nearly a million credits. Of course, all the flash and crash in the galaxy is wasted unless you have a place to let it envelop you, and the Dome's Turntable is that place. This centrally-located dance floor actually moves, spinning slowly enough to get on and off safely, but with just enough juice to send you tumbling if you're not paying attention. The Turntable gives the phrase "taking a spin on the dance floor" a whole new meaning.

Both on the Turntable, and on smaller stages throughout the club, professional dancers gyrate in special reflec bodysuits that absorb, reflect, and enhance ambient lighting. The dancers' clothing swirls, shines, and glows in wild and often hypnotic patterns that move independently of their own exotic physical moves. Many patrons just stare up in awe at these dancers (and not just because of their skimpy clothing!)

As you may have noticed, most everything in the Dome glows to some extent, and the drinks are no exception. A wide variety of refreshing beverages are offered, and nearly every selection has some sort of luminescence. Special additives are added to some, others just gleam naturally or reflect existing light, and then there are those (like the Sith Scorcher) that are set on fire before being served.

The main bar is staffed by bartenders who have small portions of their uniforms made of the same reflec material as the dancers, and these princes of potables can whip up whatever concoction you can think of. Corinna, no slouch at slinging drinks herself, has been known to do some tending, though often she has a holoproj altering her appearance to fool the customers.

Corinna A'Daasha

Type: Businesswoman

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 5D+1, dodge 6D, grenade 4D, running 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 5D, business 8D, languages 6D+1, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 9D, value 7D, willpower 5D+1

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Sensors 5D+1, space transports 6D

PERCEPTION 4D+1

Bargain 9D, con 10D, gambling 9D, hide 7D, persuasion 9D+1, search 8D, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 2D

Climbing/jumping 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D+2, first aid 6D, security 5D

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 20

Move: 10

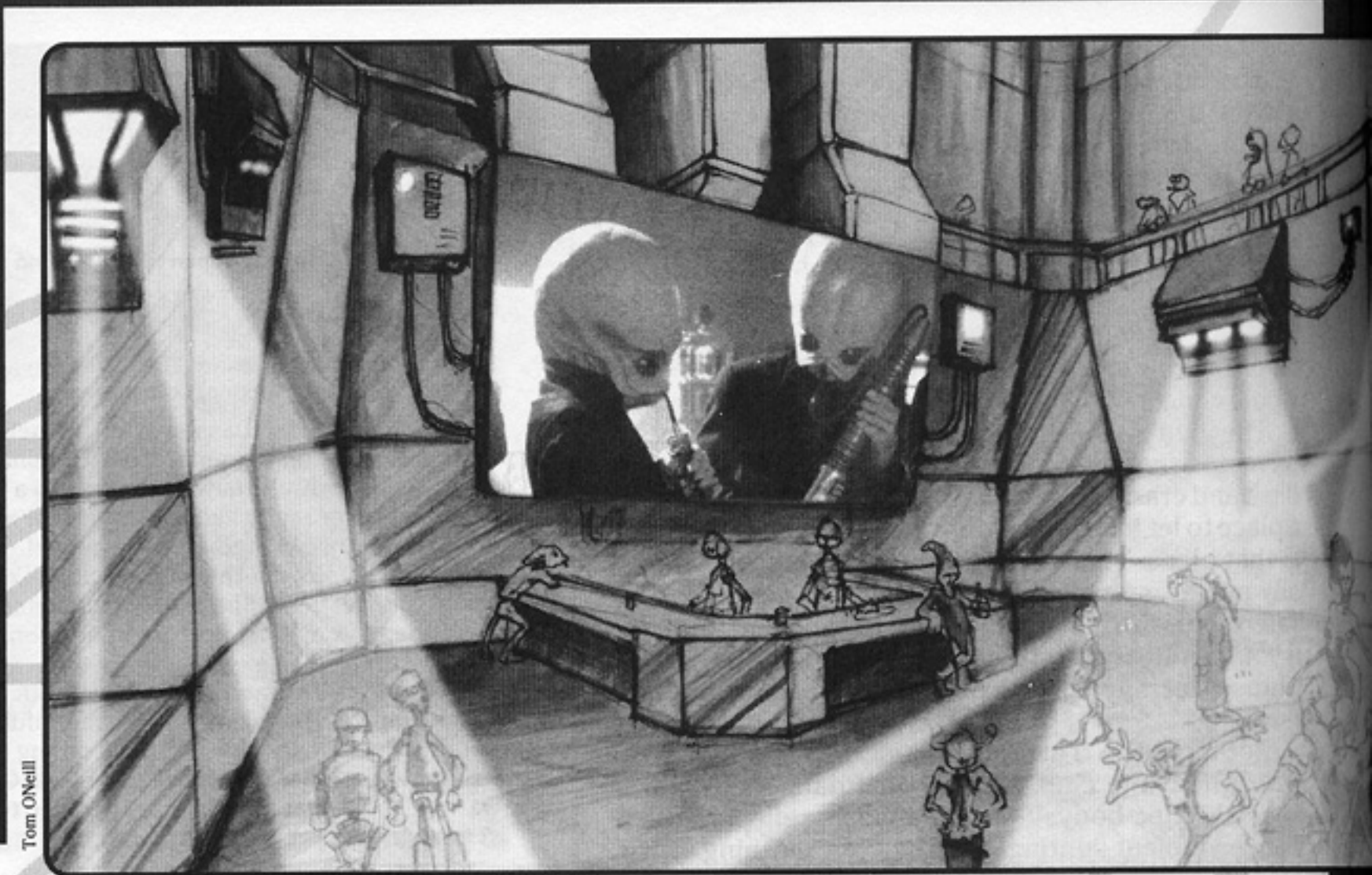
Equipment: Hold-out blaster (3D+2), vibroknife (STR+1D), flight jumpsuit, datapad, personal holo player

Capsule: Corinna A'Daasha (Cori to her friends) is an enterprising young woman from Corellia. Corinna and her twin sister Kandria were born into a wealthy family and have never really had to struggle for anything. Whatever the twins wanted, they received. While Kandria thoroughly enjoyed this upbringing, Corinna became bored and restless. She wanted excitement and adventure; she took a small portion of her considerable bank account and left to explore the galaxy.

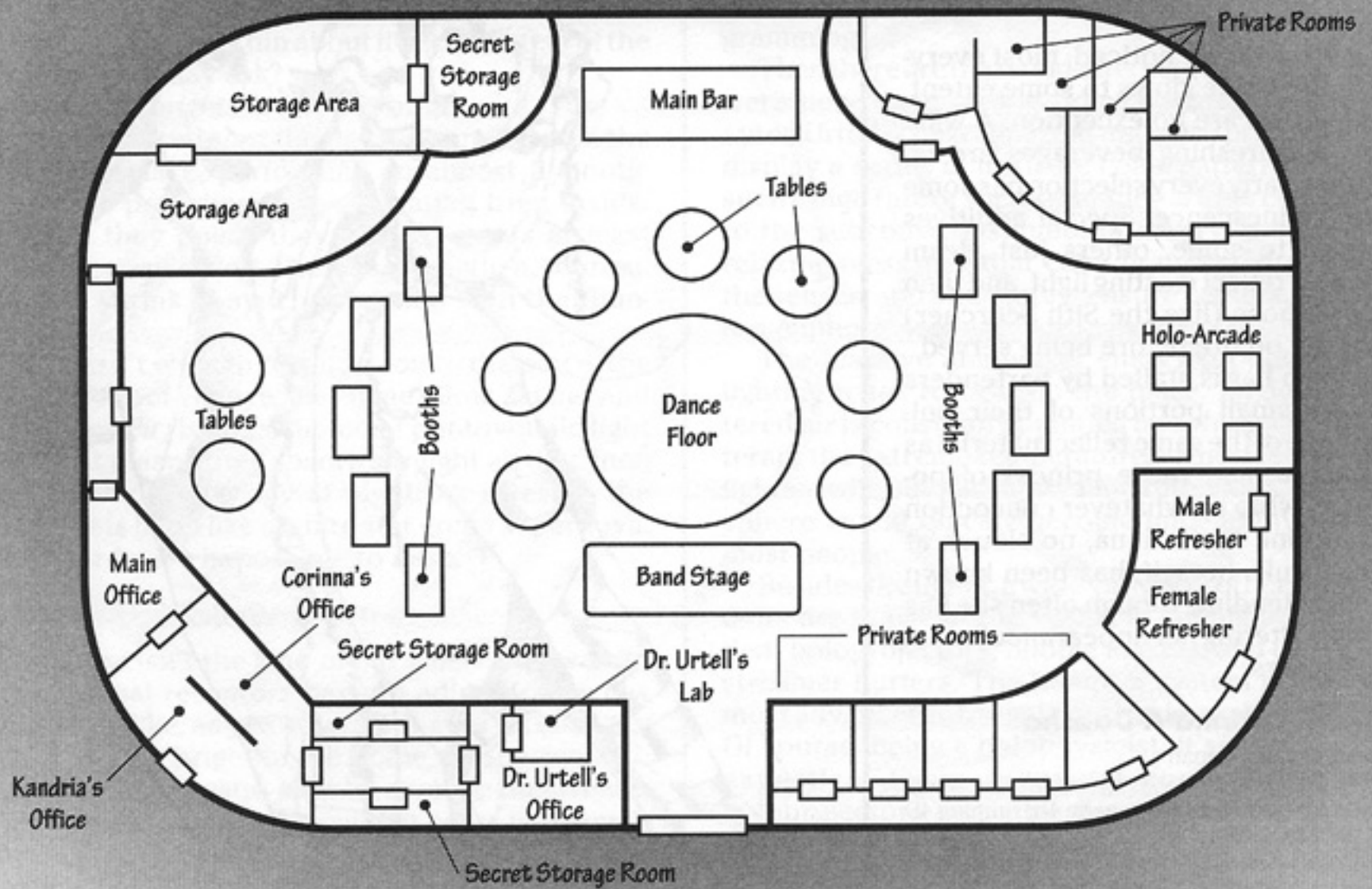
Neither sister was the same without the other; the separation of the twins ended mercifully soon when Kandria decided to join Corinna. Coming to the pleasure world of Adarlon was Kandria's idea, but Corinna quickly warmed to the place and the duo decided to try their hand at a business.

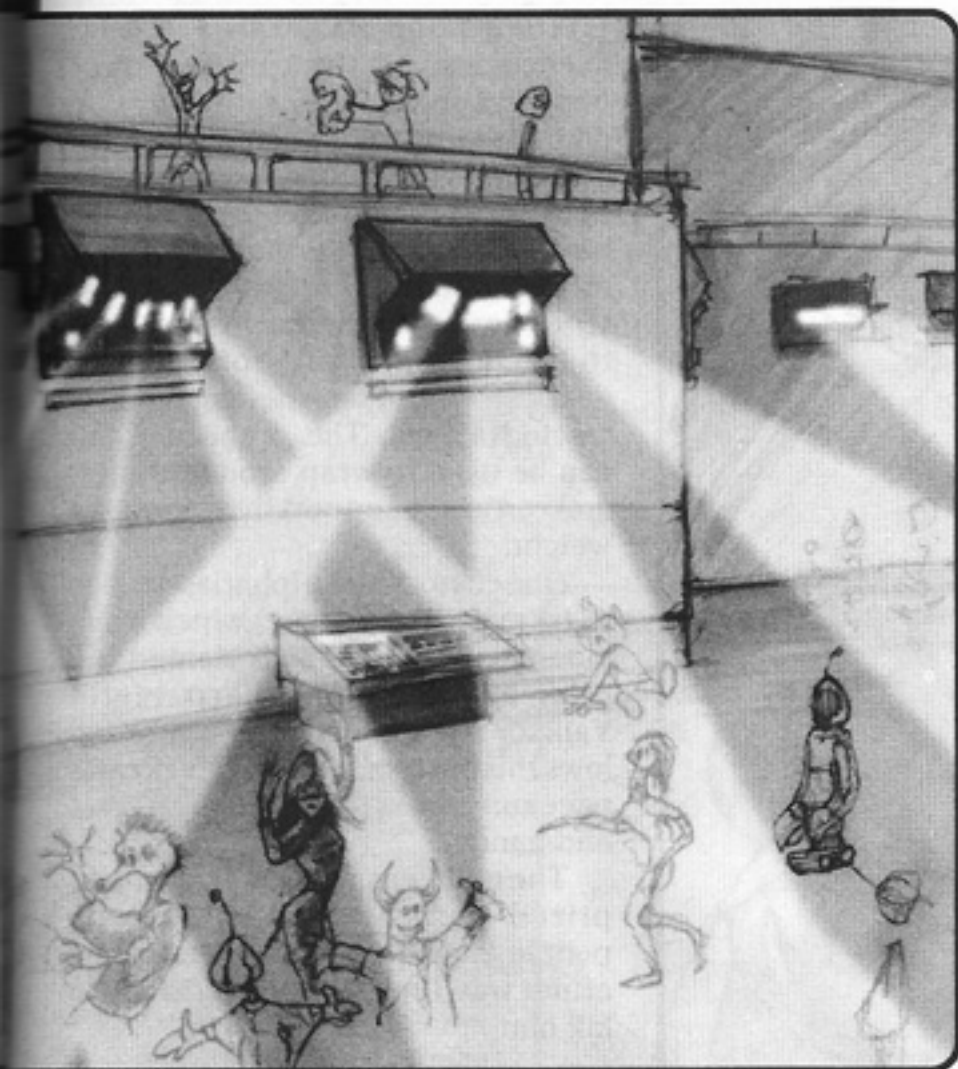


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Glow Dome





The result was Glow Dome, which has become an extremely successful enterprise for the twins. While Kandria was more than satisfied, Corinna still felt something was missing. One day, she met a member of the underground group "No-Holds-Barred," who introduced Corinna to the banned holos of the Rebel Alliance and the Jedi.

Utterly intrigued, Corinna soon found herself drawn to the Rebellion. Although she hasn't officially joined the Alliance, she is at least a sympathizer willing to offer aid. She has allowed "No-Holds-Barred" underground holos to be sold through her establishment. On a few occasions, she has even let the Dome be used as a safehouse for Rebel operatives. This newfound relationship with the Alliance, and her friendships with its operatives, have begun to fill the void in her life.

Corinna is a very attractive human with sparkling eyes full of mischief. She enjoys practical jokes, tight-fitting clothes and detests boorish, obnoxious, and mean-spirited people. Such beings she most enjoys subjecting to her pranks....

Bright Lights, Dark Hearts

Amid all the beauty of the Dome, there is beastly danger lurking, and it's all the more deadly because it's so well camouflaged. Three of the evils are outlined below, but there are many more lurking about—hiding where one would least expect.

As the great Mon Cal philosopher, Kamar Th'Marn, often says, *Nothing is more dangerous than that which does not seem to be so....*

The Hunter's Gambit

Vallikor En-Vahdi, one of the most dangerous bounty hunters in the sector, lives on Adarlon and often frequents Glow Dome. He is constantly looking for members of underground holo companies, especially "No-Holds-Barred." The Imperials are paying quite nicely for them.

However, as of late, Vallikor is more intent on capturing *something* rather than someone. He has heard rumors that Dr. Urtell has developed a prototype for a personal holographic projector. If such a thing exists, Vallikor would do anything to possess it.

Vallikor En-Vahdi

Type: Bounty Hunter
DEXTERITY 4D
 Blaster 9D, brawling parry 6D, dodge 10D+1, firearms 12D+1, grenade 8D, melee combat 8D+2
KNOWLEDGE 2D
 Intimidation 7D+1, interrogation 8D, interrogation: torture 10D, willpower 8D
MECHANICAL 3D
 Repulsorlift operation 6D+2, space transports 8D
PERCEPTION 3D
 Con 6D, hide 10D, search 9D+1, sneak 11D+2
STRENGTH 4D
 Brawling 11D, lifting 6D
TECHNICAL 2D
 Computer programming/repair 5D, demolition 6D, first aid 5D, security 10D

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL .. K'REYE, COHDEN

Absolutely nothing is what it seems.

That's the one thing you better keep in mind at all times while inside Glow Dome. Take my advice and be very careful what you say, what you do, and who you talk to. The place may be

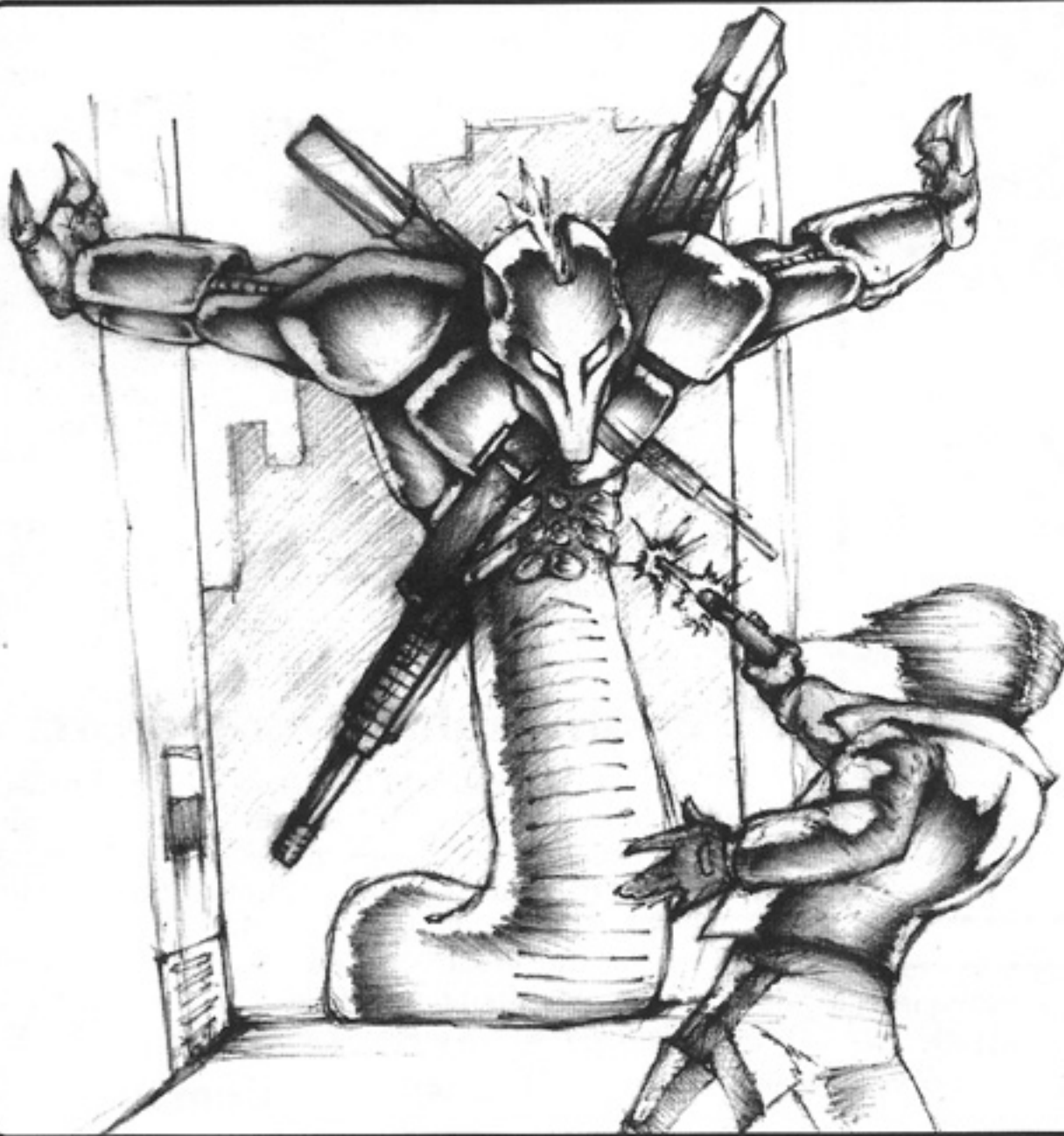


pretty blasted bright, but that just makes the shadows run deep.

Corinna herself, while a bit of a troublemaker, is mostly harmless. Her twin sister, Kandria, on the other hand...she's one to be careful around. That girl has a bit of the dark side pulsing through that beautiful body.

Now, I'm not really sure what game Urtell's playing, but you can be sure that with all the holographic power at his fingertips, the doc's starting to think of himself as some kinda deity by now. The power of creation, even if its limited to creating illusion, is tempting...too tempting for some people.

And at the Dome, giving in to it could cost you more than you're willing to spend....



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Special Abilities:

Tail Spike: Ipharian-Da'Lor have a retractable tail spike that inflicts STR+3D damage

Natural Camouflage: The grayish skin of an Ipharian-Da'Lor takes on the color of its surroundings, making the creature very hard to spot when remaining still—+2D to the difficulty of *search* or *Perception* rolls for those trying to spot a motionless Ipharian-Da'Lor

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 9

Character Points: 30

Move: 14

Equipment: Comlink, slugthrower assault rifle (5D+1), slugthrower pistol (3D+2), slugthrower ammo packs, hold-out blaster (3D), bandolier with several throwing knives (STR+1D+1), surgical kit, 2 medpacks, nullifier armor (see below)

Capsule: Often described as cold-blooded, twisted, and cruel, Vallikor is indeed all those things and more. The bounty hunter enjoys dealing out pain. Sometimes it's to extract information, but mostly it's just for his own amusement. Vallikor would have made a wonderful Imperial Inquisitor.

The Ipharian-Da'Lor are a serpent-like species, with the truncated lower body of a snake. They slither around on their tails, using them for propulsion. Though they stand slightly taller than three meters, stretched out from head to tail, they measure over four meters in length. A spiny ridge extends down from the back of the head to the tip of the tail, from which a nasty spike can be extended and retracted at will. The prehensile tail can be used to wrap around things, and can easily support the creature's weight.

One custom of the Ipharian-Da'Lor is to mask their faces, which have elongated snouts, large slanted pupils, and rows of sharp teeth. Vallikor's unique nullifier armor follows this custom, since the thick carapace suit covers his face, upper torso, and hands.

The nullifier suit is Vallikor's most prized possession. If the wrong people knew just how powerful the armor was, they'd be getting in line to kill him.

"Nullifier" Energy Diffusion Armor

Model: Unknown

Type: Energy Diffusion Armor

Availability: X (Item is believed to be unique)

Cost: Not available for sale

Game Notes: This ancient suit of powered armor consists of black, carapace-like plates, full-cover helmet, and tactile gloves. When activated, the armor emits a powerful force field (5D to resist energy attacks; acts as cover) which is capable of nullifying nearly all energy attacks.

The nullifier armor is extremely powerful—it's a good thing it's a one-of-a-kind artifact. Blaster bolts are absorbed when they strike the outer shell. Lightsabers are also affected—the blades merely "bounce" off!

Though the armor may seem amazingly powerful at first, there are major drawbacks. The force field makes it impossible to fire any sort of energy weapon from inside the shell. The bolts going out are absorbed just like the ones coming in. En-Vahdi has solved this problem by using projectile weapons.

The energy field literally hums and crackles with energy—it's impossible to miss, and thus makes an outstanding target.

Imperial Interests

The Empire is not too happy with the resurgence of the underground holo industry and the resulting increase in Rebel activity. Imperial officials are preparing to crack down on the illegal businesses, with the despised Babel Torsh once again doing the honors. Glow Dome has been implicated as one of the possible distribution sources for the holos, so Torsh has dispatched one of his right-hand henchmen to covertly check into the situation. That man is the nefarious ISB Investigative Specialist Cha Raas.

Cha Raas

Type: ISB Investigations Specialist

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 7D+1, brawling parry 6D, dodge 5D, melee combat 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 4D, bureaucracy 6D, bureaucracy: Imperial 7D, intimidation 8D, planetary systems 4D+2, streetwise 6D+1, willpower 7D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 4D, repulsorlift operation 3D+2, space transports 5D, starship gunnery 4D

PERCEPTION 4D+1

Command 6D, con 8D, disguise 9D+2, investigation 8D+2, search 6D, sneak 7D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 6D, demolitions 4D, first aid 5D, security 5D

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 5

Character Points: 9

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D+2), comlink, datapad, ISB uniform, Imperial ISB identification, rank cylinders, disguise kit and plainclothes (for undercover surveillance missions)

Capsule: Specialist Cha Raas, apprentice of Babel Torsh and all around scumball, is one of the nastiest Imperials in the Minos Cluster.

Cha Raas hates almost *everyone*, be they Rebel or Imperial, including his boss, Babel Torsh. He is antisocial, rude, and is prejudiced against anyone who isn't human. Considering this outlook, he believes it is a testament to his formidable skill, intelligence, and ability that he can operate so successfully among those he hates so much.

Raas is a master of disguise, a social chameleon who can fit into nearly any role he desires. He can be charming, polite, and witty when necessary, and thereby wins the confidence and trust of others. Charged with gathering information on illegal holo activity in Glow Dome, he has donned a variety of "personas."

No one knows what Cha Raas really looks like, but it is believed that he is an average-looking man of medium height, build, and weight in his early thirties. He's the type who blends in perfectly in any crowd.



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Who Goes There?

Something evil stalks the Glow Dome, feeding on the minds of its victims. No one is safe from its hunger. This mysterious devourer could be hiding inside anyone. Including an ally....

Derriphan (a term derived from the Sith word for "devourer") are nightmarish creatures born of the dark side of the Force. They are parasitic beings whose natural forms are crackling spheres of ebony energy. They derive sustenance from devouring the thoughts and experiences (the very essences) of a being. When they are done feeding, they leave the empty shell of a being behind as they search for a new host to sate their hunger. Derriphan are solitary beings, always remaining separate from others of their kind.

Very few people in the galaxy have ever heard of these creatures. The Derriphan are believed to be ancient evils who once served the Sith. It is unknown how many of these creatures still exist, but they are *extremely rare*.

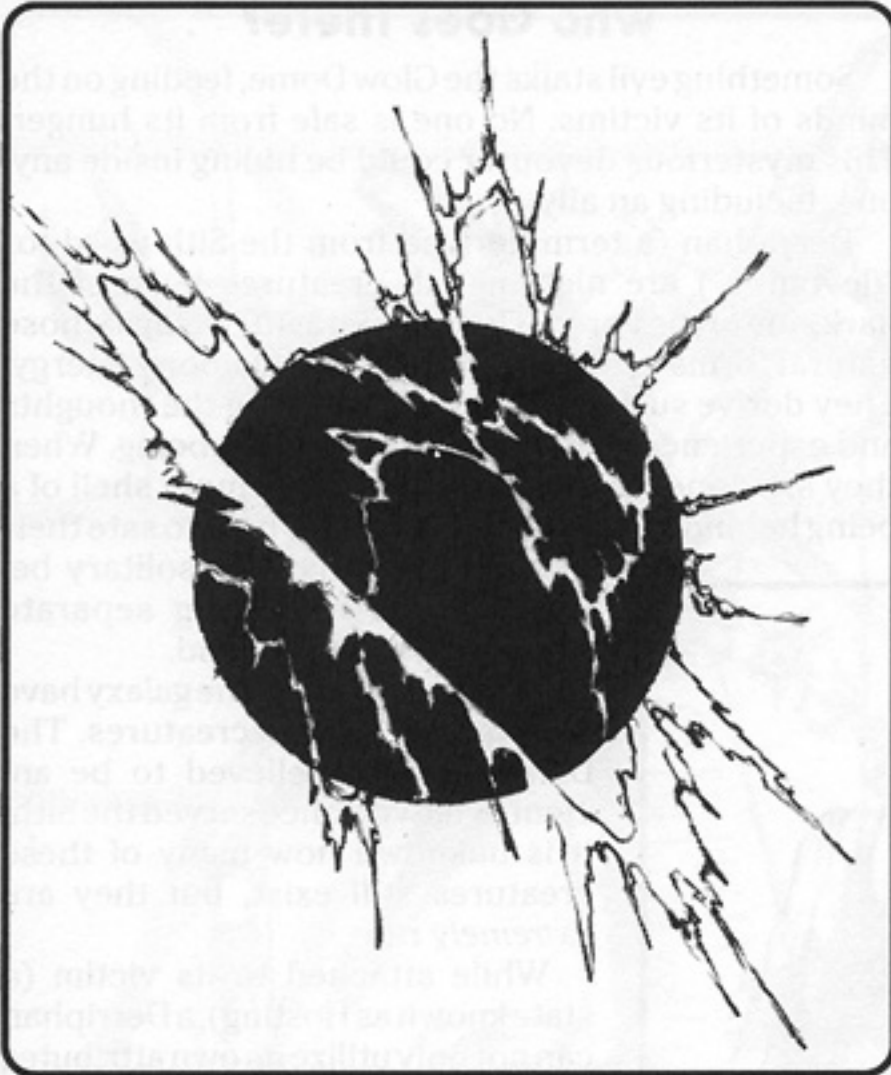
While attached to its victim (a state known as *Hosting*), a Derriphan can not only utilize its own attributes and skills, but those of its current victim. (In the case of a skill duplication, the higher die code is always used.) A Derriphan may not drain skills from a host that it makes use of. For instance, a Derriphan looking to get to a certain world, could take control of a smuggler, and drain him of everything during the journey except his *astrogation* and *piloting* skills. Of course, once the destination is reached, the Derriphan would then have no qualms about

absorbing those skills.

Derriphan can be sensed by Jedi (but interestingly enough, not by Dark Jedi), in a manner similar to Luke sensing the dark side nexus in the cave on Dagobah—a cold and empty feeling that something is just wrong. The Host cannot be pinpointed, but the Jedi will know that "a source of great evil" is within about 10 meters.

The process of a Derriphan draining its victim is known as the *Devouring*, and it is a three step process—*Probing*, *Hosting*, and *Feeding*. While they can Devour any sentient creature, Derriphan most enjoy (and gain the most benefit from) feeding on characters who are Force-sensitive or have Force skills. They do not discriminate between Jedi, Dark Jedi, or any other Force-users: Derriphan are equal opportunity eaters.

Probing: Before it can feed, a Derriphan must enter its intended victim. Accomplishing the *Probing* requires the Derriphan to make a *sense* roll; the difficulty is the target's *Perception* or *control* roll. If the *Probing*



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is successful, the Derriphan enters the target and attempts to gain control. For obvious reasons, Derriphan prefer to conduct the Probing in privacy, often using its previous host to help entrap a new one.

Hosting: Once the Probing is complete, the Derriphan attempts to suppress the target's consciousness and take full control. This requires an Easy *control* roll by the Derriphan; the target can resist the hosting with a *Perception* or *control* roll at -1D penalty. If the Derriphan rolls higher, then the Hosting has begun. On the second day of Hosting, the victim is entitled to a *Perception* or *control* roll at -2D, the third day a -3D, the fourth day a -4D, and so on until the victim is no longer even able to resist. However, if the victim rolls higher, the Derriphan is cast out and is at -2D to all skills and attributes for one month. (The Derriphan can voluntarily leave a hosted victim at no penalty.)

Feeding: Once Hosted, the Derriphan can now draw sustenance from its victim. The Derriphan drains items in order of preference as listed on the Devouring Chart. Only one feeding can be performed per day; each listed item is equal to one feeding. When the victim's *Knowledge*, *Perception*, *Mechanical*, and *Technical* attributes reach 0D, the Derriphan detaches itself to search for a new host, leaving behind only a shattered, catatonic husk.

Except in the case of Force skills (which it adds to its own skills), a Derriphan converts what it drains into Dark Side Points. These points are a Derriphan's literal lifeblood and must constantly be replenished. In order to survive, a Derriphan must expend one Dark Side

Point per day. If the creature runs out of Dark Side Points, then it loses the evil (hate, rage, and fear) that sustains it, effectively dispersing harmlessly.

Ziakas

Type: Derriphan

DEXTERITY 5D

Dodge 10D

KNOWLEDGE 6D

Alien species 11D, cultures 10D, languages 8D+1, planetary systems 9D, streetwise 11D

PERCEPTION 7D

Bargain 8D+2, command 9D, con 12D+1, persuasion 8D, search 9D, sneak 11D

Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 9D, sense 8D+1, alter 7D

Note: Derriphan have access to nine innate Force Powers (they don't need to know the listed required powers in order to perform them. See the *Tales of the Jedi Companion* for descriptions of these powers.)

Control: Absorb/dissipate energy

Sense: Sense Force potential

Sense and alter: Lesser force shield

Alter: Telekinesis

Control and alter: Aura of uneasiness, Force lightning

Control, sense, and alter: Control mind, telekinetic kill, memory wipe

Force Points: 9

Dark Side Points: 40

Character Points: 35

Move: 18 (flying)

Capsule: In many ways, Ziakas is a typical Derriphan. It lives only to feed and become more powerful. Derriphan are very intelligent creatures, but Ziakas tends to be more emotional than the rest of its kind. The creature is easily angered. It especially does not like Jedi because it was almost destroyed by one earlier in its "life." Secretly it is a bit fearful of their power, though it would never admit to that.

It prefers to feed on females of a species, and seems to enjoy feeding on humanoids more than aliens. Ziakas is not one to attract attention and would rather perform its Hosting behind closed doors and away from prying eyes. Ziakas also tends to keep its presence secret even from its Host, seldom exerting its control. It uses the Force power *memory wipe* to make the victim forget he or she has been controlled.

Gamemastering Derriphan

If your players are laughing at legions of stormtroopers, demolishing your dark Jedi, and basically becoming too big for their blasters, then a Derriphan may just be the solution you are looking for.

Be forewarned, however, the Derriphan as presented here are extremely powerful and should be used very carefully. A single Derriphan of average power (like Ziakas) is capable of absolutely destroying an unwary group of characters. When used effectively by a gamemaster, just the merest hint of a Derriphan lurking about should be enough to send a shiver down the spine of most players.

Characters will not know what's going on when they are first being Hosted; by the time they figure out what's going on, it's often too late. Many Derriphan use a sinister combination of the *control mind* and *memory*

Derriphan Devouring Table

The following table displays information on Derriphan feeding habits.

The "Feeding On" section lists the items in order of Derriphan preference, with its favored "food" listed at the top.

The "Victim Loses" section refers to how much of an item a Derriphan can feed on in one day and what the victim loses as a result.

The "Derriphan Gains" section refers to what the Derriphan gains as a result of the feeding.

<i>Feeding On</i>	<i>Victim Loses</i>	<i>Derriphan Gains</i>
Force Skills	Loses 1D from one Force skill	Gains 1D to same Force skill
Force Points	Loses 1 Force Point	Gains 3 Dark Side Points
Dark Side Points	Loses 1 Dark Side Point	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
Character Points	Loses 3 Character Points	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
<i>Knowledge</i> skills	Loses 1 entire skill (skill drops to attribute value)	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
<i>Perception</i> skills	Loses 1 entire skill (skill drops to attribute value)	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
<i>Technical</i> skills	Loses 1 entire skill (skill drops to attribute value)	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
<i>Knowledge</i> attribute	Loses 1D from an attribute	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
<i>Perception</i> attribute	Loses 1D from an attribute	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
<i>Mechanical</i> attribute	Loses 1D from an attribute	Gains 1 Dark Side Point
<i>Technical</i> attribute	Loses 1D from an attribute	Gains 1 Dark Side Point

wipe powers to keep the Host in the dark or make them do evil to gain more Dark Side Points; while the Derriphan benefits, the Host will not even recall the incident. Of course, local law enforcement agents want the character for his or her evil acts.

Dealing with Derriphan

There are precious few known means of destroying a Derriphan besides cutting off its food supply.

If a Jedi uses the *transfer Force* power on a victim currently Hosted by a Derriphan, the sudden influx of light side energy has the following effect. The victim gets a *Perception* or *control* roll to end the Hosting (at full original value), modified by the Jedi's Force Point.

Whether it is removed or not, the Derriphan loses a number of Dark Side Points equal to the Jedi's *control* dice plus one. (For example, a Jedi with *control 8D* would remove 9 Dark Side Points.) If the Derriphan has no Dark Side Points remaining, it is destroyed.

Finding a Jedi who knows *transfer Force* isn't a simple task, but it makes a great quest for the characters.

A group of Jedi using of *transfer Force* in combination with *Force harmony* could destroy even a relatively powerful Derriphan.

Another option would be to try and lure the Derriphan into a host it can't pass up, especially if the current host is in mortal danger. With luck, the new would-be host can resist the probing, leaving the Derriphan too weakened to escape.

Other solutions for dealing with Derriphan may be discovered in ancient Jedi texts and lorebooks—the search for these texts is another good quest for characters.

The Derriphan's Prey

The current Host that Ziakas is occupying happens to be Kandria A'Daasha. She has no idea that she is being fed upon, and blames the fatigue caused by her drainings to lack of sleep and too much partying. Kandria suffers from blackouts brought about by memory wipes from Ziakas.

Since the Hosting took place rather recently, she has not lost too many of her skills or attributes. Yet.

Kandria A'Daasha

Type: Entertainer

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 6D, dance 5D, dodge 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 5D, artist 5D, streetwise 5D+2, value 7D

MECHANICAL 2D

Repulsorlift operation 6D

PERCEPTION 4D

Con 7D, gambling 5D, hide 5D+2, persuasion 7D+2, search 4D, sneak 6D+1

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 5D+1

TECHNICAL 3D+2

Computer programming/repair 7D, first aid 4D, security 6D+2

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 18

Move: 10

Equipment: 2 Quickfire-4 hold-out blasters (4D), bright azure cloak, expensive clothing and jewelry

Capsule: Though they are twins, Kandria tends to be the antithesis of her sister in many ways. Kandria is more of a free spirit who does not like to be tied down by responsibility, which is why, although the twins share owner-

ship of the bar, it most often falls to Corinna to tend to the day-to-day operations.

From an early age, Kandria liked to perform and she was given lessons for musical instruments, singing and dancing. She excelled at nearly all of them and still enjoys performing, most often doing so in Glow Dome. She is even contemplating trying her hand at acting in holovids, and Adarlon is the right place to do it.

Like her sister, Kandria favors revealing, tight-fitting clothing, though she prefers to dress a little more revealing and risqué than Corinna. Her trademark second-skin black jumpsuit is accented by an azure cloak that matches the exact shade of her eyes. Her long, curly blonde hair is always elegantly styled, for Kandria is extremely fashion-conscious.

Kandria does have an impish streak and often gets herself into bad situations, forcing Corinna to come to the rescue. Kandria can be cruel at times, and tends to go through boyfriends like she goes through the latest fashion trends...Very quickly.

Secrets of the Dome

Besides the more obvious evils in the Dome, there are other nefarious dealings going on behind closed doors. Many of Dr. Urtell's experiments have a hidden edge to them. For instance, his SenseLights are actually experiments in subtle mind control. He often programs hidden subliminal messages into them to see if people will be affected by the suggestions he implants.

Another project of Urtell's is spying. In addition to the thousands of other various projectors in the Dome, the not-so-good doctor has placed several holo-recording snoopers that document conversations and meetings within the club. What, if anything, he intends to do with them is anybody's guess.

Of course, there's also the illegal holo distribution going on with Corinna's approval. Interested parties can purchase nearly any holo they want from "No-Holds-Barred." As a result of the club's increasing Rebel-friendly status, more and more members of the Alliance are beginning to frequent the Dome.

Security

Things are usually calm at the Dome, especially with the SenseLights in effect. However, like most bars, things can get out of hand once in awhile—which is where Lux comes in.

The seeker droid was purchased second-hand by Corinna and refurbished by Dr. Urtell. Lux was origi-

nally programmed to locate and track down criminals, but a few minor alterations have turned him into a one-droid security force. And best of all, he blends into the scenery very well: most customers think he's just another one of the Dome's floating projectors.

Lux

Type: Modified Seeker

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 7D, dodge 7D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Languages 5D+1, law enforcement 8D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 4D+2

Search 8D, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 1D

TECHNICAL 3D

Security 8D

Equipped with:

- Spherical body
- Visual and auditory sensor recorders—Human range
- Vocabulator speech/sound system
- AA-1 Verbo-brain
- TranLang I-A Communications module with over 50,000 languages
- Repulsorlift stabilizers. Altitude: ground level—50 meters
- Built-in comlink
- Merr-Sonn MSD-32 disruptor (5D+2, 0-3/5/10, retractable)

- BlasTech Persuader heavy stun gun (6D stun, 5-20/40/60, retractable)

- SunnGunn B-3 SpotLuma (industrial-strength searchlight)

Special Abilities:

Perfect Memory: Lux keeps a permanent record of all visual and auditory experiences for replay or hard copy reproduction.

Genetic Tracer/Tracking Module: Lux is programmed to home-in on matching genetic traces detected in its environment, giving it +3D to search when tracking a target.

Threat Evaluation Mode: If the subject being tracked is located, a series of on-board threat analysis programs determines whether an immediate attempt to disarm/detain should be attempted or requests for general assistance invoked.

Move: 16

Size: 0.35 meters diameter

Cost: Not Available For Sale

Capsule: Lux still retains his tough-talking "police officer"

programming, which makes for quite an interesting dichotomy. This little floating sphere—which seems essentially harmless—is actually a rough-and-tumble veteran of the streets who doesn't tolerate any back-talk.

Lux's strong will and talent for detecting criminal activity has Dr. Urtell a bit worried that the machine will stumble across his extracurricular activities. He is trying to find a reason for a maintenance overhaul of the seeker droid, but Lux doesn't trust the doctor (and tells Corinna that all the time): the droid isn't about to let Urtell near him. Considering the amount of firepower Lux carries, he isn't going to get an argument from most rational beings.

Credit Check

The following is a partial list of prices at Glow Dome. As always, your ability to bargain can have an effect on the costs (good or bad).

Keep in mind, everything on Adarlon is expensive, and the Dome is no exception.

Drinks

Whatever's glowing	5 credit/glass
Bright lights	10 credits/glass
Spot-luma lum	15 credits/glass

Holo-Arcade

Games	3-9 credits/game
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Illegal Holos

Birth of the Alliance	5,000 credits and up
Rebel Heroes	10,000 credits and up
Tales of the Jedi	50,000 credits and up



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Loose Threads

It's All An Illusion

Dr. Urtell has developed a prototype for a personal holographic projector. The projector is a small device that can completely alter the owner's appearance.

Many parties would be very interested in possessing it, including the Empire, the Alliance, and a variety of third-party groups, including Vakkilor and Cha Rass. However, Dr. Urtell is not going to want to part with it without a payoff of several million credits.

Dr. Lytos Urtell

Type: Sullustan Holophysicist

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 9D, cultures 6D+1, languages 5D+2, planetary systems 8D, (A) science: holophysics 12D, value 5D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 4D

PERCEPTION 4D

Hide 6D, persuasion 7D, search 5D+2, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 1D+1

TECHNICAL 4D+2

Computer programming/repair 11D+1, droid programming 10D+2, droid repair 9D, (A) machinery engineering 10D+2, machinery repair 9D, security 6D

Special Abilities:

Enhanced Senses: Sullustans have advanced hearing and vision. Whenever they make a *Perception* or *search* check involving vision, low-light conditions, or hearing, they receive a +2D bonus.

Location Sense: Once a Sullustan has visited a place, he always remembers how to get back there and he cannot get lost in a place he has visited before. When using *astrogation* to jump to a place where he has been before, he receives a +1D to the die roll.

Force Points: 1

Dark Side Points: 2

Character Points: 12

Move: 9

Equipment: Datapad, diagnostic scanner, tools, repair kits, lab equipment, blaster pistol (4D)

Capsule: Dr. Urtell is a very odd and enigmatic individual, even for a Sullustan. He once was employed in a high-level position at the SoroSuub Corporation, but his records are sealed and cannot be accessed without high company security clearance.

Why he was let go from SoroSuub remains unknown, but he was out of work until Corinna hired him to design the Dome's holoproj system. Given a private office and lab from which to conduct his work, Urtell is very content. Fiercely private, quiet, and unassuming, the doctor prefers to be left alone and is obviously uncomfortable in social situations. He has a high degree of curiosity and tends to view everything and everyone as a potential subject for experimentation.

Hungry Eyes

The characters are visiting Adarlon and make a stop at the Glow Dome. Unfortunately the resident Derriphan, Ziakas, is currently looking for a new Host, and one of the characters is on the menu.

Once the target is separated from the rest of the group, Ziakas will attempt a Hosting without the character even realizing it. Once Hosted, Ziakas takes control of the character and uses him or her for its dark deeds, killing off patrons of the club and other residents of Adarlon, and then memory-wiping the character. The authorities and the Empire act quickly, and the finger of blame is pointed at the character (who is actually guilty, although he or she doesn't know it).

Chapter Eight

The Falling Star Saloon

"The Falling Star Saloon is located on Gateway Space Station, which orbits the lifeless planetoid of Tshindral III. In its glory days, the station served as a bustling Imperial Transfer Post—a 'gateway' to the Outer Rim and beyond.

"After the Imperials withdrew and abandoned the station, Gateway became a haven for aliens, smugglers, privateers, pirates, and other castoffs of the 'perfect' Imperial society. In recent years, under the direction of slick businessman Talandro Starlyte (who rents the station from the Empire), Gateway has evolved into Starlyte Station—a profitable free-trading post. At the heart of the station is The Falling Star Saloon, where beings from every species imaginable can escape from the bustle for a few hours. But don't get the wrong idea. It's still business before pleasure...And as Talandro always says, 'He who hesitates, disintegrates.'"

Tshindral III

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Cool
Atmosphere: Type IV (Environment Suit Required)
Hydrosphere: Arid
Gravity: Light
Terrain: Mountains, Crater Fields
Length of Day: 25 standard hours
Length of Year: 300 local days
Sapient Species: None
Starport: None
Population: 0
Planet Function: Disaster
Government: None
Tech Level: None
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Points of Interest: Starlyte Space Station

Nearly everyone has an opinion as to why Tshindral III is a lifeless, poisonous world with an extremely toxic atmosphere. However, no matter how many beings you ask, you're not apt to hear the same answer twice.

In fact, what was once just idle speculation has turned into something of a game of one-upmanship among the inhabitants of Starlyte Station. People will waste away hours in The Falling Star conjuring up whimsical and fantastic scenarios for the downfall of Tshindral III. The amazing yarns have become so much fun that no one cares about the truth. (Which would probably pale in comparison to many of the stories, anyway....)

Whatever the cause, the planetoid is devoid of life and the atmosphere is so poisonous that death occurs in the span of an eye-blink. The corrosive effects of the atmosphere can consume the hull of a YT-1300 space transport in less than 24 hours.

So, why the Empire would choose to construct a Transfer Station in orbit around such a vicious world? That's a subject of much debate. Some people claim that the world was lush and teeming with life before the station was built—and that some sort of Imperial experiment gone awry transformed the atmosphere.

After the Empire left Gateway, the station fell into a state of disrepair. As most ruins tend to do, Gateway began attracting the dregs of the galaxy, and soon became a popular meeting and trading place for some of the less savory individuals flying the spaceways.

When the Empire sent a small team to clear out Gateway, one of the more wealthy and influential dregs, Talandro Starlyte, offered a compromise. He would rent the station from the Empire for a modest fee, and use it as a trading post. Talandro rechristened the place "Starlyte Station" and opened the centerpiece of the operation, an interstellar cantina known as The Falling Star Saloon. As part of the agreement, the Empire was to receive a small percentage of the bar's profits on top of the rental fee.

The Empire agreed on the condition that it assign an Imperial Liaison Officer to insure nothing illegal or untoward occurred within its walls.



Joe Corroney

Cohden's Two Chits: *Right. And if you believe that one, I've also got this slightly used Death Star superlaser to sell you....*

Gateway To The Stars

Once a jewel of the spacelanes, Starlyte Station is not the pristine military facility it once was. Decades of neglect and abuse have left the space station in such a state of disrepair it's a wonder the place still functions at all. Since Starlyte Station doesn't have much in the way of a technical support staff, when something breaks down it tends to stay that way unless it's an absolutely essential system. And even when things actually do get fixed, it's usually a result of some creative jury-rigging rather than a thorough repair. Replacement parts are hard to come by because of the station's age and remote location.

Compared to the interior of the station, however, the exterior is in relatively good shape. Built to withstand most attacks, the heavily armored hull has stood up well over time. When the Imperials pulled out, they took most of the weapons systems with them

and disabled what was left. Of course, there are still a few surprises remaining, so the station is not completely defenseless. (While they aren't advertised—for obvious reasons—a bank of five turreted turbolaser batteries have been fire-linked to the command center, though they can be operated individually when independently crewed.)

Starlyte Station was constructed on a spherical frame, vaguely resembling the classic Imperial torpedo sphere design. The outer docking ring encircles the equator of the station, with well over 250 available berths to dock ships ranging in size from starfighters to heavy cruisers. Refueling services are available for about 20% more than the standard fee at most Imperial class starports. Of course, with the next refueling point usually a long jump away, most beings pay the inflated prices rather than take the chance of being stranded between systems.

The interior of the station stands in various states of disrepair. Obviously, the more traveled areas, such as The Falling Star Saloon, the Docking Ring, and the Trading Post are in good shape. The condition of the rest of the station pales in comparison, especially in its farthest corners. Guests are advised to steer clear of

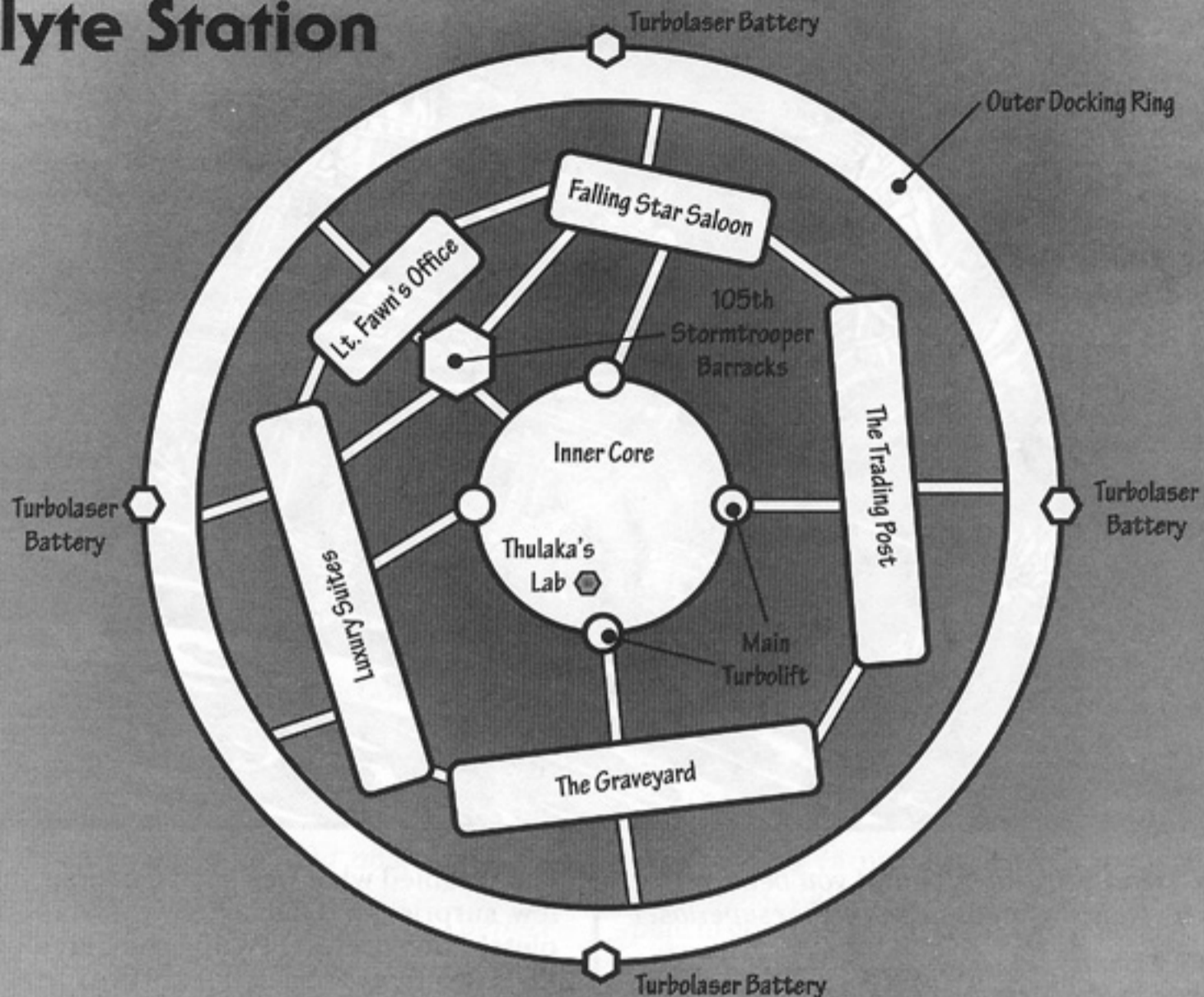
Cohden's Condensed Critique

Establishment: The Falling Star Saloon
Owner: Talandro Starlyte
Amenities: Food, drink, lodging, supplies, trading post
Cover: None (Docking Fees)
Security: Cmdr. Brezzic Marr and the 105th Stormtrooper Platoon
Illegal Activities: Everything (most notably fencing, black marketeering, and slavery)
Final Review: 3 supernovas



Joey Robinson

Starlyte Station



those maze-like dark corridors, for some who visit the recesses of the station often fail to return. (As you would expect, there are a hundred different opinions as to what happens to those unfortunate people, too.)

Starlyte Space Station

Starport Type: Standard Class

Traffic: Light to Moderate

Control: Controller

Landing: Beacon

Docking Areas: Outer Ring docking berths

Docking Fee: 20 credits per day

Customs: None

Scale: Capital

Length: 500 meters (diameter)

Hull: 8D

Shields: 2D (Roll 1D to see if area is still protected, 1-2 result means shields are no longer functioning, 3-6 result means shields are functioning)

Weapons:

5 Turbolaser Batteries (fire-linked)

Fire Arc: Turret

Crew: 1

Skill: Capital ship gunnery

Fire Control: 3D

Space Range: 3-15/35/75

Atmosphere Range: 6-30/70/150 km

Damage: 9D

Who's In Charge Here?

That particular question is one of the few subjects never debated at Starlyte Station. Talandro Starlyte runs the show, and everyone knows it. Granted, he is merely leasing the place from the Imperials, and technically the Empire, through its appointed liaison, has the final say in all matters related to its interests. However, fact and reality are not one in the same.

The balance of power at the station works something like this: Talandro runs the place and has final say in all matters. His Imperial liaison, Lieutenant Arissa Fawn, is free to offer her advice or counsel at anytime. Lt. Fawn and her stormtroopers provide for security and defense, taking whatever measures they see fit to protect the visitors to the station.

The lieutenant and her platoon have their Imperial paycheck vastly augmented by a generous "stipend of gratuity" from Talandro's own pocket, which makes interaction between the groups go smoothly most of the time. That isn't to imply that Talandro's bonuses have "bought" the loyalty of the Imperials. There is a respect, however begrudging, on both sides and they do work together very well to solve problems that arise on the station. With the practical arrangement they have in place, it's in their mutual benefit to do so.



Talandro Starlyte

Type: Black Marketeer

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D, blaster: hold-out 8D+2, dodge 6D, pick pocket 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 7D, business 8D+2, business: black market operations 10D+1, languages 5D, planetary systems 7D+1, streetwise 8D, value 11D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, repulsorlift operation 6D, space transports 6D+2, starfighter piloting 4D+2, starship gunnery 6D

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 10D+2, con 12D, gambling 7D+1, hide 8D+2, search 6D, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 7D, climbing/jumping 6D+1

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 5D+2, security 5D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 15

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D+2), hold-out blaster (3D+2), vibroknife (STR+1D), voice-locked datapad, expensive clothing and jewelry, custom chronometer, black jumpsuit, hooded gray cloak, spit-shined boots

Capsule: Many words have been used to describe Talandro Starlyte, and while most of them aren't fit for replication in family periodicals, the one that applies best is "rogue." Like many of his shady contemporaries, Talandro sits on the fringe of the galaxy, vacillating in the gray between good and evil.

Talandro is known mostly for his work in the black market: he's one of the premiere fences in the Outer Rim Territories. If you need to move merchandise or are in the market for a rare item, then he is the man to see. Starlyte is very up front and honest in his transactions: he doesn't deal in junk, and while his prices are inflated, they're fair compared to those charged by his price-gouging competitors.

Not much is known about his history (and most suspect his name is a pseudonym, anyway), but he claims to hail from Coruscant. He has their typical distaste for Corellians, though that alone doesn't necessarily prove anything. Rumors abound that he has some sort of influential connections within the Imperial hierarchy, which would explain why the Empire would do business with this known scoundrel. It is a fact that Talandro spent some time on Cloud City in Bespin, which is where he met his right-hand Ugnaught (and Starlyte Station's resident techno-whiz), Scizzic. There are reports of him having some dealings with Baron-Administrator Lando Calrissian.

Talandro is a handsome human with rugged features, piercing light-blue eyes, and a mane of straight, black hair tied back into a ponytail. He is well-built and stands nearly as tall as most Wookiees. Talandro strives to maintain a meticulous appearance, and rarely has even a single hair out of place. He has a taste for expensive clothing, Savareen brandy, and fascinating women. He's a shrewd businessman, a charming rogue, always quick with a smile, and a scrapper who is relentless when pursuing something he wants.

ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..

K'REYE, COHDEN

Talandro Starlyte... Let's see. How about a sithspawn in nerfherder's clothing?

What? You think my viewport's a built tilted just 'cause he's a Coruscantly-brained resident and I'm a native of grand ol' Corellia? Okay, that might be a possibility.

But, the rumors persist about Talandro's dirty dealings. As my dear old ma's recipe for a rumor was always "a lot of lie and a dash of truth," draw your own conclusions.

Now, when I mention Talandro's shady business, I'm not just talking about that black market stuff. Everybody knows how the man turns a credit. I'm referring to all those beings that disappear in the corridors of Starlyte Station. See, a lot of bodies pass through that orbiting garbage scow and a surprisingly high percentage of them are never heard from again. Not that you'll ever hear him speak about those numbers. And it's a sure bet that his Imperial lapdogs ain't gonna lose out on their bonuses by blabbing, either.

Well, I have it on relatively reliable authority that the body count (actually, lack thereof) is unnaturally high, and when that many beings vanish into thin atmosphere, you can bet the Force that something nasty is going on. And more often than not, the "s" word is going to be dropped.

That's "s" as in "slavery."

What makes me so suspicious? Well, in the little bitty print on the form that all visitors sign upon docking at the station, there's a sub-sub-clause stating that after a one month period without payment, the ships and all possessions therewith become property of Talandro Starlyte.

Hmmm. This reminds me of something... What's the word for it? Oh, yeah. I remember....

SCAM.

Imperial Interests

While Gateway may have once been an important Imperial facility, it's clear that the Empire couldn't care less what happens there now.

Why else would they lease the place to somebody like Talandro Starlyte? Then there's the fact that their liaison is a low-ranking human. Can you say, "Dead End Posting?" Her peacekeeping force consists of a single platoon of stormtroopers who, as Starlyte likes to put it, "aren't operating on full blaster packs."

Lt. Arissa Fawn

Type: Imperial Liaison

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 6D+2, dodge 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy 4D, languages 5D+2

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Repulsorlift operation 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Command 4D+1, con 6D, persuasion 5D, search 4D, sneak 4D+1

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 5D+2, climbing/jumping 7D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 6D+1, first aid 4D+1, security 5D

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 10

Move: 10

Equipment: Imperial uniform, protective vest (+2 energy and physical), blaster pistol (4D+1), datapad, regular clothing and jewelry

Capsule: Once as idealistic as the next member of SAGroup, Arissa Fawn has begun to face the harsh realities of the Empire, and they aren't anything like she ever dreamed about.

For one thing, she knows she has gone just about as far as she can in the Imperial Army with regard to rank and respect. The fact that she worked her whole life for a goal—only to discover that it could never be reached because of a small-minded philosophy—infuriates Arissa. That's enough to make her question the other ideals of the Emperor.

Without adrenaline fueled by Imperial propaganda coursing through her veins, she finally recognized what the Empire really stood for—not peace and law, but terror and evil. Arissa wants to leave the Empire, and possibly even look into joining the Alliance, but she is still having some doubts. For one thing, she is well-paid by both the Empire and Talandro, and has what amounts to a cushy job far-removed from the front lines. Then there's the fact that she is a bit afraid of her second-in-command, Brezzic Marr. Arissa believes that he is already suspicious of her wavering loyalties, and worries what he will do if she tries to defect. If that weren't enough, she also has Talandro to worry about. She respects his abilities, but suspects there is something sinister behind his smile.

The Imperial 105th: "The Emperor's Irregulars"

The Imperial 105th Stormtrooper Platoon is rather unique, to say the least. The 105th is composed of individuals who have been described at various times with words like *loopy*, *shell-shocked*, and *blaster-brained*. They aren't the best, they certainly aren't the brightest, but they do possess one thing which has kept them from being demoted to cooks: blind, unswerving loyalty. They are tough and resourceful, with the tenacity of Luudrian lockjaws.

Even though they are far removed from front-line duty, their commander, Brezzic Marr, is not lax about discipline. In fact, he is a firm believer in drill and command. The 105th can often be seen marching down the corridors of Starlyte Station, moving in eerily flawless precision as Marr strides alongside the razor-sharp lines calling out his rhythmic (and often entertaining) cadences. It's quite a sight once you take into account the obvious oddity of the 105th.

While most commanding officers emphasize the cohesiveness of the group, Marr is a believer in individuality existing within the framework of the team. To that end, he allows his men to personalize their stormtrooper armor with markings. However, all the troopers proudly display the stylized emblem of the 105th on their shoulder: the Imperial symbol emblazoned with arcing lightning.



Joe Corroney

While a bit unconventional, these stormtroopers are no less dangerous than their more traditional counterparts. They fight to the death, gladly take as many opponents as they can with them at the end, and never, ever retreat.

Commander Brezzic Marr

Type: Veteran Imperial Stormtrooper

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 9D+1, brawling parry 8D, dodge 10D, grenade 7D+1, melee combat 8D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy: Imperial 6D, intimidation 8D, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 7D+1, streetwise: Starlyte Station 10D, tactics 9D, tactics: squads 11D, willpower 10D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 6D+1, capital ship gunnery 8D+1, repulsorlift operation 5D+2, space transports 4D, starship gunnery 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 9D, investigation 5D+2, search 7D, sneak 8D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 8D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Computer programming/repair 5D, demolitions 6D, first aid 4D, security 8D

Force Points: 2

Dark Side Points: 3

Character Points: 18

Move: 10

Equipment: BlasTech T-6 "Thunderer" heavy blaster pistol (6D+1), modified stormtrooper armor (+2D+2 physical, +2D+1 energy, -1D *Dexterity* and related skills), hold-out blaster (3D+2), 2 serrated vibroknives (STR+1D+2), bandolier of 5 stun grenades (5D stun), comlink (built into helmet)

Capsule: Not much is known of the past exploits of Brezzic Marr in the Empire previous to his assignment as the leader of the 105th. Ugly rumors have circulated that he is mentally unbalanced to the point of being a liability. However his tactical mind is so sound that his strategies have resulted in more than a few revisions to the Imperial tactics manuals. Marr's personality is extremely intense, borderline fanatical, and slightly sadistic. He often gets a faraway look in his steely eyes that's unnerving to others.

Considering the fervent loyalty of Marr and the 105th in general, it might seem a bit surprising to some that they so readily accept bribes from Talandro Starlyte. Actually, Marr sees nothing wrong with it, as long as Starlyte understands that no amount of money will ever be enough to put his personal wishes ahead of loyal service to the Empire.

The Emperor's Irregulars

Type: Veteran Stormtrooper

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 5D, dodge 6D, melee combat 7D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Streetwise 5D, streetwise: Starlyte Station 8D

MECHANICAL 3D

Capital ship gunnery 7D, repulsorlift operation 5D starship gunnery 6D+1

PERCEPTION 3D

Investigation 6D+2, search 5D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 6D+1

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Computer programming/repair 4D, demolitions 5D, first aid 6D, security 7D

Force Points: 1



Character Points: 10

Move: 10

Equipment: SoroSuub Stormtrooper-Two blaster carbine (6D+2), modified stormtrooper armor (+2D physical, +2D energy, -1D *Dexterity* and related skills), vibroknife (STR+1D), hold-out blaster (3D+2), comlink (built into helmet)

The Falling Star Saloon

"Rustic" tends to be the first word that comes to mind when a patron first sets his visual organs upon the Falling Star Saloon. Everything seems to be just a few steps above mid-tech, which isn't too surprising considering the age of the station.

The entrance arch is lined with glowpanels, none of which seem to offer light at the exact same level of brightness. A few fizzle, crackle, or just plain don't work at all. The welcoming sign suffers from a similar condition; the fluorescent lighting tubes that make up the letters of the bar's name flicker, go out, and blink irregularly.

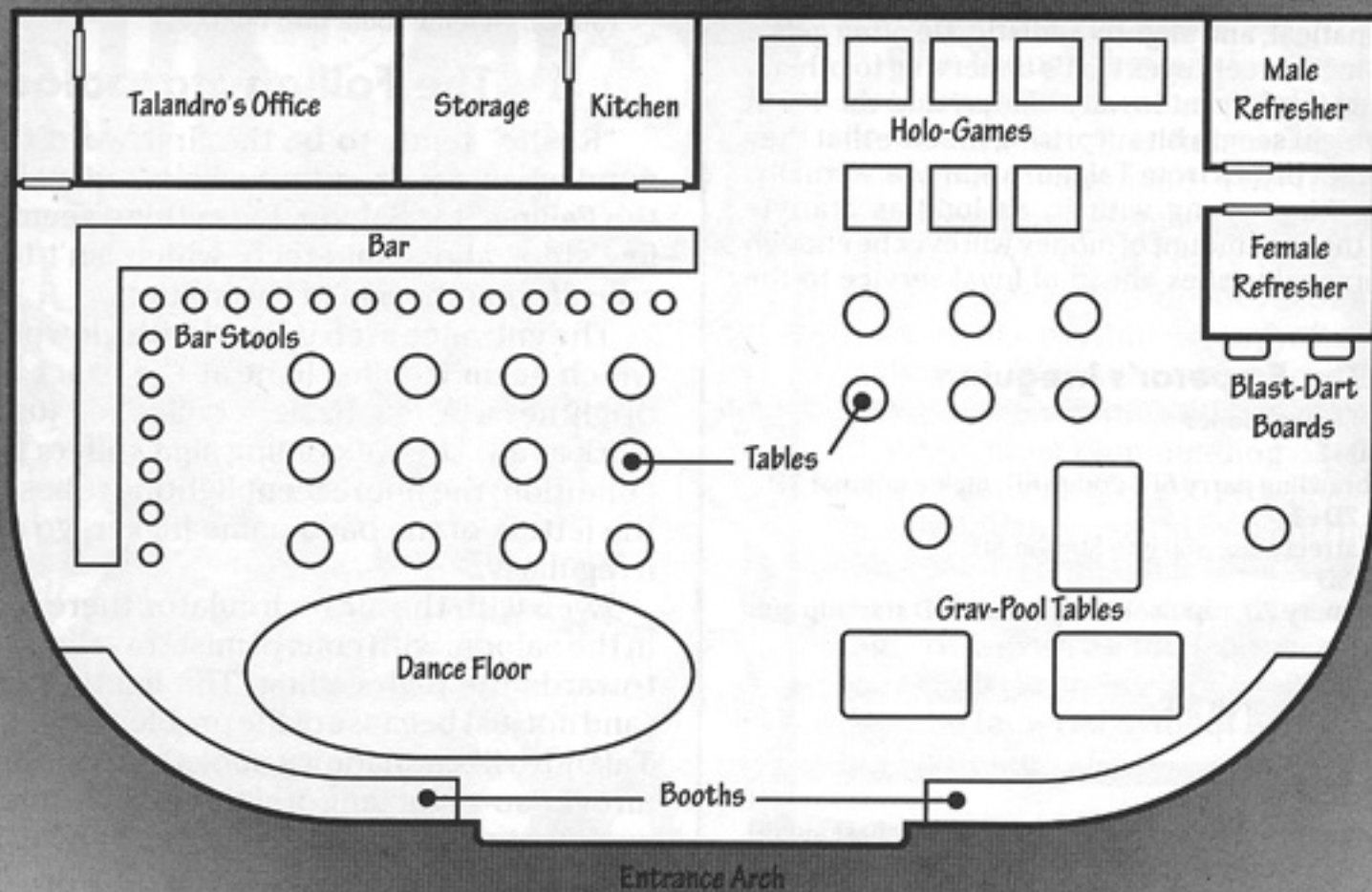
Even with the air recirculator there is a slight haze in the Saloon, with coils of mist traveling in a lazy spiral towards the high ceiling. The lighting is usually dim (and not just because of the problematic light sources—Talandro likes shadowy nooks) and the air is cool with an ever-so-slight tang of staleness. The table and chairs are constructed of fine repliwood, giving the furniture a solid feel. The booths are lined with very comfortable leather, which is replaced often enough to result

THE FALLING STAR SALOON

Joe Corroney



The Falling Star Saloon



in only a few holes and worn spots here and there.

The main bar, a long, heavy, repliwood marvel, stretches along one side of the saloon, with ornate beryllius underpinnings and brass alloy fixtures. A bank of old-style holo-games are propped up in one corner, and one or two actually still function. Nearby, three large grav-pool tables and two blast-dart boards hung up on the wall are almost constantly in use. The rest of the decor is relatively understated, except for a few older holo-paintings hung around the room.

The old-fashioned ambiance extends to the hired help as well. Talandro eschews the use of serving droids and uses human and alien waitresses (young and attractive, of course) and slick bartenders who can perform enough prestidigitation to turn the simple act of mixing up a drink into a crowd-pleasing show.

Usually bustling with an astonishing mix of species, the Saloon has an altogether welcoming feeling, the kind of place you'd like to sit down, have a drink, and just relax for a long while. The Saloon does have its share of shady characters, but most of the clientele are hard-working free-traders, smugglers, tramp freighter captains, and adventurers. Dashing rogues and strong-willed women—just the kind of people Talandro feels most comfortable around....

Talandro's Trading Post

Of course, the whole reason for the saloon's existence and the station's continued prosperity is the infamous trading post. Located in three huge bays that once housed row after row of

gleaming Imperial TIE fighters, the chambers have been converted into something resembling a massive open-air market. Tables, displays, and booths stretch from one end of the cavernous bays to the other, with barely enough space to walk between the maze of wares and products.

Nearly everything you can imagine is for sale or trade in the Post, including illegal and black market items. These aren't on display of course, but they are always available to those who know what questions to ask and how much credits to spread around to "grease the servos."

Many traders actually live on the station, either full-time or only parts of the year, while others simply fly in with their latest cargo and set up shop. Renting a table costs a flat 10 credit fee per day, with discounts for long-term commitments. There is no charge for lodgings on the station, which is more of a process of finding empty quarters and claiming them as your own. This arrangement works surprisingly well. It's always first come, first serve, with the 105th stormtroopers around to settle any disputes.

The occupants nearly always do their own fixing up of their rooms, and Talandro quite enterprisingly views the repairs as paying for the rental fee. Considering the size of the station, there is little chance of running out of accommodations, but all the good rooms are usually already taken. And sometimes they're taken by force....

TALANDRO'S TRADING POST





Joe Corroney

Lynnori

Type: Tramp Freighter Captain

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 5D, blaster: hold-out blaster 6D, dodge 4D+2, grenade 3D, melee combat 3D, pick pocket 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Business 6D+1, languages 4D, streetwise 4D+2, value 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

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

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Bargain 5D, con 4D, gambling 4D+1, hide 4D, search 5D+1, sneak 4D

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Computer programming/repair 4D+2, first aid 5D, security 4D+1, space transports repair 6D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 20

Move: 10

Equipment: BlasTech DL-44 heavy blaster pistol (5D), Czerka 411 hold-out blaster (3D+1), vibroknife (STR+1D+2)

Capsule: Lynnori is typical of the visitors to Starlyte Station. She is a tramp freighter captain who deals in a bit of everything, including passengers, cargo, and free-trading. (And sometimes some smuggling if the price is right.) Of course, she is currently linked romantically to Talandro Starlyte. As such, she is something of a fixture at the station when she isn't off making a living.

Talandro has apparently tried to convince her to quit her wandering ways and stay at the station full time, but

being an independent spirit, Lynnori keeps him at arm's length. Talandro purchased a new ship for her and had Scizzic make some modifications. The result was a well-armed craft that made them both happy. Lynnori loved it and Talandro felt she was significantly safer than she was in her previous hunk of junk.

Lynnori is a near-human with pronounced feline characteristics. She is extremely attractive and knows it. She is very physical, independent, and loves to flirt—a fact which often grates on Talandro's nerves. (Making it even more fun for her ...)

The Starbound Misfit

Craft: Modified Corellian YT-1930 transport

Type: Light freighter

Scale: Starfighter

Length: 35 meters

Skill: Space transports: YT-1930

Crew: 2

Passengers: 6

Cargo capacity: 200 metric tons

Consumables: 4 months

Hyperdrive Multiplier: x1/2

Hyperdrive Backup: x10

Nav Computer: Yes

Maneuverability: 2D

Speed: 6

Atmosphere: 330; 950 kmh

Hull: 5D

Shields: 2D

Sensors:

Passive: 10/0D

Scan: 25/1D

Search: 40/2D

Focus: 2/3D

Weapons:

Twin Heavy Laser Cannons (fire-linked)

Fire Arc: Turret

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere Range: 100-300/1.2/2.5 km

Damage: 4D

Concussion Missile Launcher

Fire Arc: Front

Skill: Starship gunnery

Fire Control: 1D

Space Range: 1/3/7

Atmosphere Range: 50-100/300/700

Damage: 8D

The Graveyard

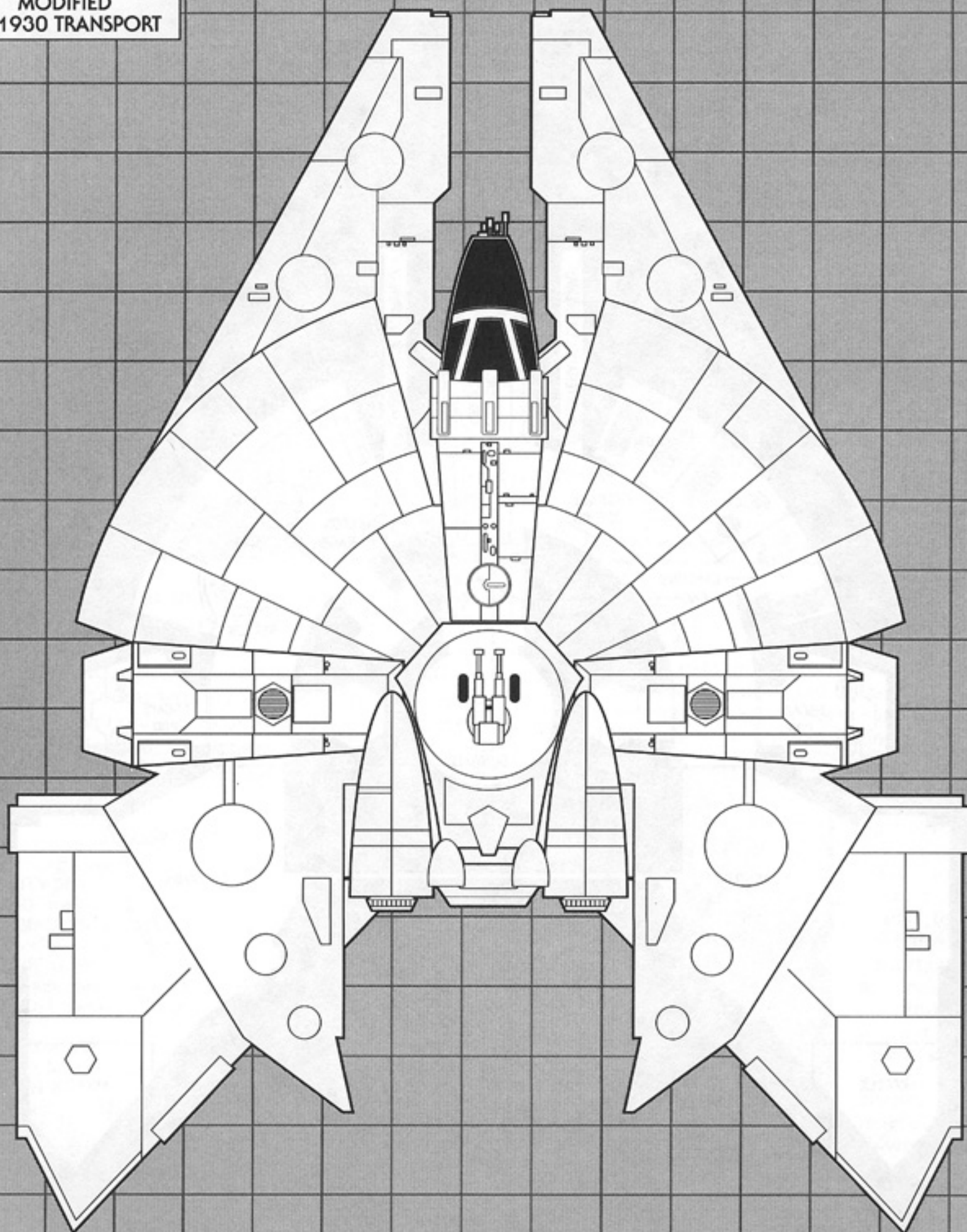
This colorful nickname has been placed on the main hangar bay of the station, which is quite literally a resting place for a staggering number of ships and ship parts. Hulks of an amazing variety of starfighters and small transports line the walls, and debris piles dot the concourse.

This is the home and workplace of Talandro's right-hand Ugnought tech-whiz, Scizzic. The little alien is a genius at fixing, tinkering with, and adding nasty surprises to any type of ship. His services are significantly more expensive than many techs, but the results are worth the price and often incredibly reliable. Scizzic handles all of the work personally, with some assistance from a few older repair droids.

Scizzic uses the abandoned ships and spare parts

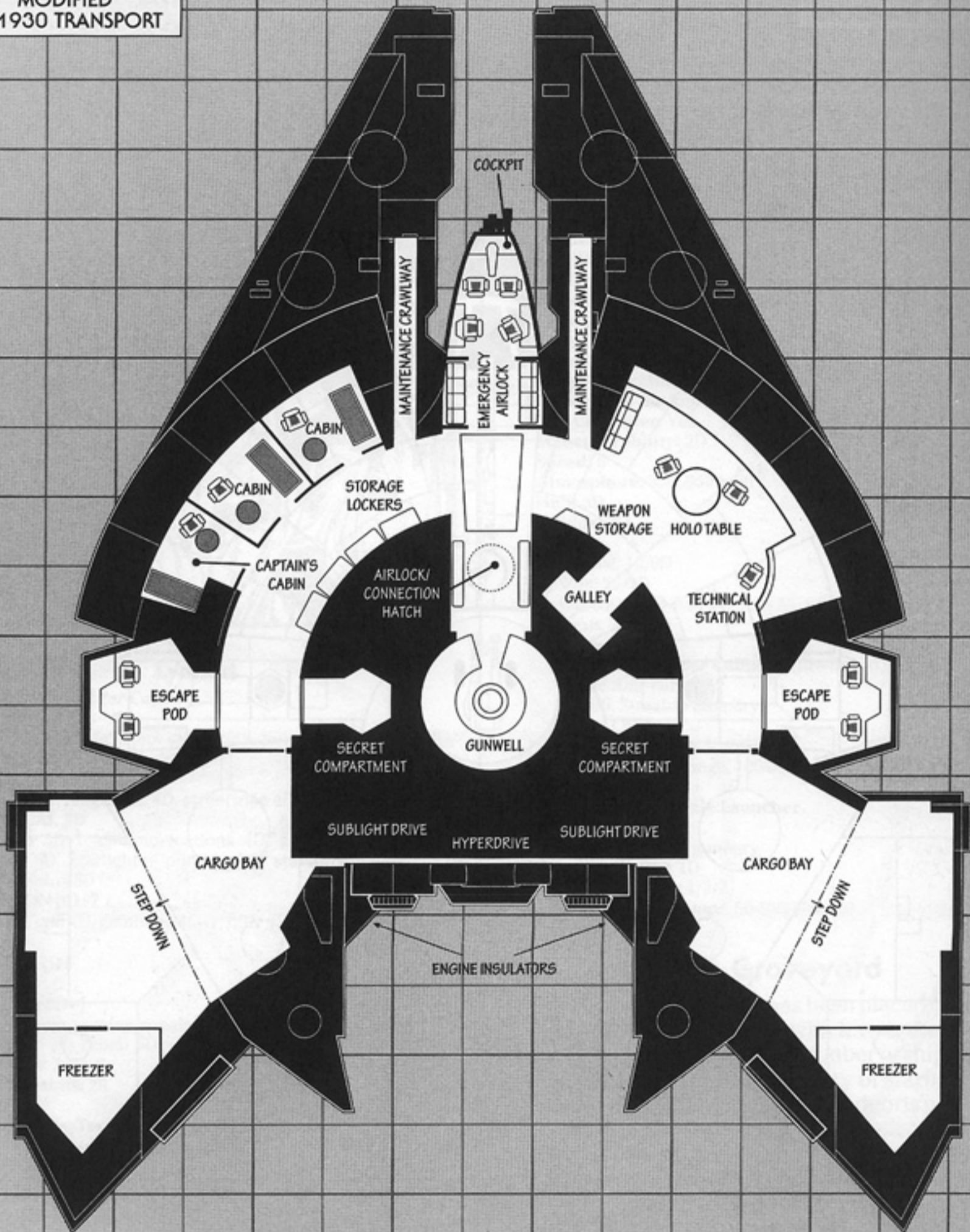
CORELLIAN
ENGINEERING CORPORATION

MODIFIED
YT-1930 TRANSPORT



STAR WARS The Starbound Misfit

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YT-1930 TRANSPORT



STAR WARS The Starbound Misfit



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that clutter the hangar in his designs, cannibalizing what he needs for his work. He also purchases vehicles to add to his inventory.

Scizzic runs such a profitable operation he is wealthy many times over. Some wonder why he bothers to stay in the dirty, dank confines of an out of the way place like Starlyte Station, but the Ugnaught is happy here and to him, that's all that really counts.

Scizzic

Type: Ugnaught Tech

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 4D, dodge 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Streetwise 5D, value 8D

MECHANICAL 3D

Hover vehicle operation 4D+1, repulsorlift operation 5D+1, sensors 5D, starship gunnery 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 5D, hide 4D, search 4D+2, sneak 5D

STRENGTH 2D

Climbing/jumping 3D+2

TECHNICAL 4D

Computer programming/repair 10D+2, droid programming 9D, droid repair 7D, (A) machinery engineering 7D, repulsorlift repair 7D, space transports repair 9D, starfighter repair 8D, starship weapon repair 6D+2

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 12

Move: 8

Equipment: Work coveralls, diagnostic scanner, datapad, various repair kits, laser cutter, plasma welder, hydrospanners, hold-out blaster (3D)

Capsule: Scizzic is your typical Ugnaught in many ways, but he never quite cared for the mining life of his brethren. Even from an early age, he loved machines and was more interested in the mining tools and equipment than in rooting around in dirty, old caves.

It is believed that Scizzic spent some time on Bespin's Cloud City, where he first met Talandro Starlyte. Recognizing,

the Ugnaught's skill, Talandro quickly offered him a job fixing up the old space station he was trying to lease from the Empire. Scizzic agreed and thanks to his genius, Talandro had all the important systems up and running in a miraculously short amount of time. While Scizzic still does some minor work around the station, he now spends most of his time in the Graveyard working on ships.

The Ugnaught is a bit shy and reserved, though he is prone to excitement, especially while working on a ship. His chattering reaches a manic level when he makes a big discovery, such as by



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coming up with a more efficient configuration for the power couplings. Scizzic isn't much of a conversationalist unless the subject is his specialty, in which case it's hard to get him to shut up. The only thing Scizzic likes better than fixing a ship is talking about it....

Secrets of the Station

Besides the business (both legal and illegal) occurring at the Trading Post, Talandro operates his own private fencing operation. A master of the black market, he has more connections in the underworld than the Empire has Star Destroyers. Viewing himself as an equal opportunity businessman, Talandro maintains contacts with nearly every major criminal organization in the galaxy. He has ties to Jabba the Hutt, Ploovo Two-For-One, and the Sabrin Ring.

His personal clientele of suppliers is an equally impressive list of master thieves, swindlers, grifters, and con artists (reportedly including such notables as Deggs Thurmont, Gebbo Fewgive, and Cryle Cavv). Only the most rare and unique items pique Talandro's interest. Talandro is careful about who he does business with: he has a reputation to uphold, and he isn't about to allow any Imperial or Alliance agents to try and pull a fast one on him.

Of course, Talandro has secrets he'd much prefer to keep hidden. Deep in the bowels of the station, where beings seldom ever visit, resides the Twi'lek, Dahz Thulaka. The thoroughly malevolent being makes his home in these abandoned corridors, maintaining living quarters and a laboratory where he conducts his dark experiments. The subjects of the shadowy research are obtained by Thulaka from the dwellers of

the station. The Twi'lek prowls the halls, capturing unsuspecting visitors, or sometimes evening breaking into rooms to snatch his prey.

Talandro is fully aware of Thulaka and his activities, and often assists him by providing lists of those current occupants who are traveling alone or might not be missed.

The unfortunate souls who Thulaka can no longer use are sold into slavery, most often to the Karazak Slaver's Guild. Of course, Talandro receives a cut from each slave sold. As if that weren't enough, after a period of one month has passed since the victim's last docking fee payment, the ships and all possessions aboard then become his property.

Dahz Thulaka

Type: Twi'lek

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D, dodge 8D, lightsaber 5D+2, pick pocket 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Alien species 5D, languages 4D+2, intimidation 8D+1, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 6D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D, repulsorlift operation 4D, space transports 6D+1, starship gunnery 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 5D, con 5D+2, hide 8D, search 6D+1, sneak 7D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 6D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 7D, first aid 6D, (A) medicine 8D, (A) medicine: genetic manipulation 6D, security 5D

Special Abilities:

Head-tails: Twi'leks can use their tentacles to communicate in secret with each other, even in a room full of individuals.

This character is Force-sensitive



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Force Points: 4

Dark Side Points: 9

Character Points: 18

Move: 10

Equipment: Lightsaber (5D, indigo blade), BlasTech DL-22 (4D+1), double-bladed T'kyja knife (STR+2D), hooded cloak

Capsule: Dahz Thulaka was not always evil, though he had a malicious streak even at an early age. He was enrolled at a renowned school of medicine, when he first realized he might be sensitive to the nature of the Force. He soon gained the attention of a Jedi who was hiding from the Empire.

Thulaka learned as much about the Force as the Jedi could teach him, but he had much trouble developing the patience needed to stay calm and at peace. He craved power, especially since, as a child, the small, scrawny Twi'lek had suffered at the hands of those who were larger and stronger than him.

It was no surprise that when the dark side softly called to him, Thulaka answered. The Twi'lek quickly reached the level of his master and promptly arranged for the Empire to discover the man's hiding place. After that, Thulaka traveled the galaxy, with too much pride to believe he needed any other teacher but the dark side. To that end, he began his dark experiments on innocent people, using his medical skill and his twisted ideas to create horrible creatures. He has become quite adept at genetic slicing and his terrible genetic experimentations have given birth to monstrous creatures who stalk the darkened halls of Starlyte Station searching for prey.

More often than not, however, his efforts result in long and painful deaths for his poor, twisted creations. Though unhappy with his failures, Thulaka isn't too worried—there will always be fresh bodies to work on and one day he believes he'll finally succeed....

Thulaka is a short, thin Twi'lek who seems physically weak, but there is just something utterly powerful and evil in his blood red eyes. His skin is dark gray and slightly mottled, and his head-tails are long and thin. He prefers dressing in dark colors, favoring a black and indigo hooded cloak.



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Credit Check

The following is a list of prices at Starlyte Station. Be warned: Bargaining is only allowed in the Trading Post.

Drinks

On tap	2 credits/glass
Mix it up	5 credits/glass

Food

Snack	4 credits
Light meal	9 credits
Full course	15 credits

Games

Holo-game	1 credit/1 play
Grav-pool	3 credits/hour
Blast-darts	2 credits/game

Ships

Docking fee	20 credits/day
Ship repairs/upgrades	add 20% to standard cost
Refueling	add 20% to standard cost

Trading Post Table

Table	10 credits/day
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Loose Threads

Missing In Action

The characters are sent to Starlyte Station to investigate the disappearance of a friend. While there, they meet up with Denell Kel'Vannon, a private sector investigator who's also looking for someone who vanished. Of course, the subjects were kidnapped by Thulaka.

No matter what the scenario, Talandro and Thulaka will do their best to insure that the truth remains safely hidden. Talandro would prefer to kill any interlopers or even let Thulaka have them for his experiments, but if nothing else works, he has no problem with framing the characters and letting the Imperials arrest and expel them from the station. The characters could have an ally in Kel'Vannon and possibly even Lieutenant Fawn depending on how they handle themselves and the manner in which they conduct their investigation.

Denell Kel'Vannon

Type: Private Investigator

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D, brawling parry 3D+1, dodge 3D+2, melee combat 3D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Alien species 3D, languages 2D+2, streetwise 3D

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift operation 3D+1, space transports 4D, starship gunnery 3D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Bargain 7D, con 7D, hide 4D, investigation 7D+2, search 5D+2, sneak 6D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, first aid 3D+2, security 5D

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink, black trenchcoat, datapad, blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy)

Capsule: Calm and laid back, Denell Kel'Vannon is an expert investigator who once served in the Corellian Security Forces. He is cool under fire, and seldom loses

his temper. He prefers to let others get emotional and hot-headed so they make mistakes he can exploit.

Kel'Vannon truly enjoys his job, and makes a pretty good living. His main office is on Corellia, but he will travel just about anywhere in the galaxy for a well-paying job. He specializes in missing persons cases, but will take any case that sounds like a challenge. Kel'Vannon maintains a code of honor, refusing to take morally questionable jobs or work for certain disreputable parties.

Kel'Vannon is a man who doesn't stand out in a crowd, though he has a charming personality and is quick with a joke or a smile. As you would expect, his interpersonal skills are outstanding, and as he says, "95% of this job is talking to people, the other 5% is shooting at them...."



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**ADDENDUM/PERSONAL ..
K'REYE, COHDEN**

So, now you've gotten the grand tour and I'm sure you've found a place or two that's just your style. Remember, when you show up to tell 'em that I sent you.

Once you all make this little travelogue of mine a big success, I'm sure they'll be lots of copycat guides spouting the same cliches, covering the same two or three boring spots. When you see that other guide that bears more than a passing resemblance to this little tome of wisdom, before you give away your hard-earned credits, I gotta ask, "Who are you gonna trust?"

Some busy-body know it all social scientest who wouldn't know a good time if it came up and bought him a drink —

—or ME!

I thought so. See you next time, folks. And if you see me in just such a place during one of your journeys, be a friend and buy me a cold one!

Appendix

Cantina

Creation

Reading through the preceding chapters has probably sparked some ideas for the creation of your own entertaining establishment. To that end, this Appendix provides guidelines, hints, and suggestions to help turn that formulating concept into an actual gaming locale.

The following guide details 10 steps to fleshing out your ideas. It deals with some of the more important elements necessary to create a believable bar, suggesting tips for how to make it unique and interesting.

Also included is a "Cantina Encounter Table," which can get an adventure started faster than you can say, "*I have a bad feeling about this.*"

The 10-Step Guide to Cantina Creation

1. Locale

The most obvious place to start is, of course, the location of your cantina.

Where in the galaxy is it located? You need to decide the planet, and probably even a town, city or neighborhood for the establishment. A bar in the middle of a cosmopolitan, Core Worlds metropolis is going to be quite different from the local watering hole the nerfherders hang out in after a hard day's work. Established locales (Nar Shaddaa, Coruscant, Sullust) are good starting points because they have a lot of background information already developed and the players should have an easier time visualizing the location.

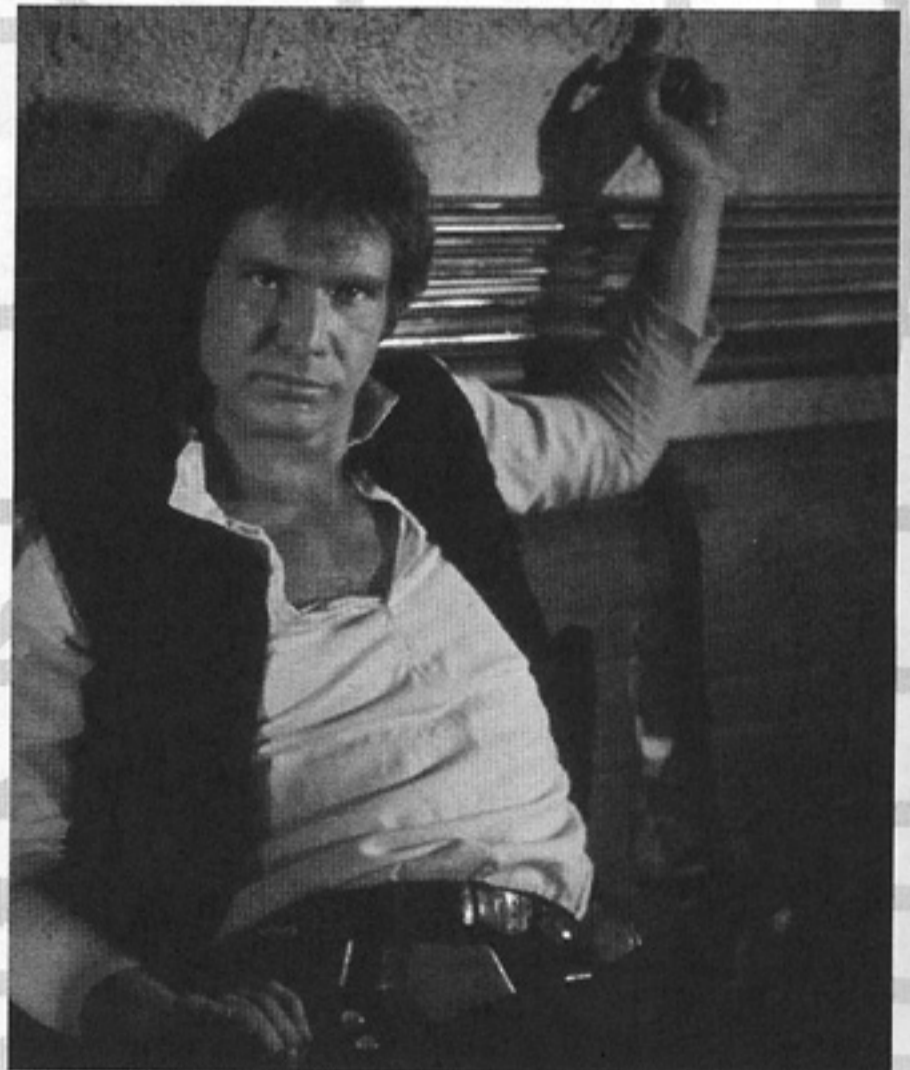
Creating a locale specifically for the cantina works if you just can't seem to find the right spot. Sometimes you have to make your own niche. Often, your adventure starts on a predecided world and you must create a new cantina to reflect that world.

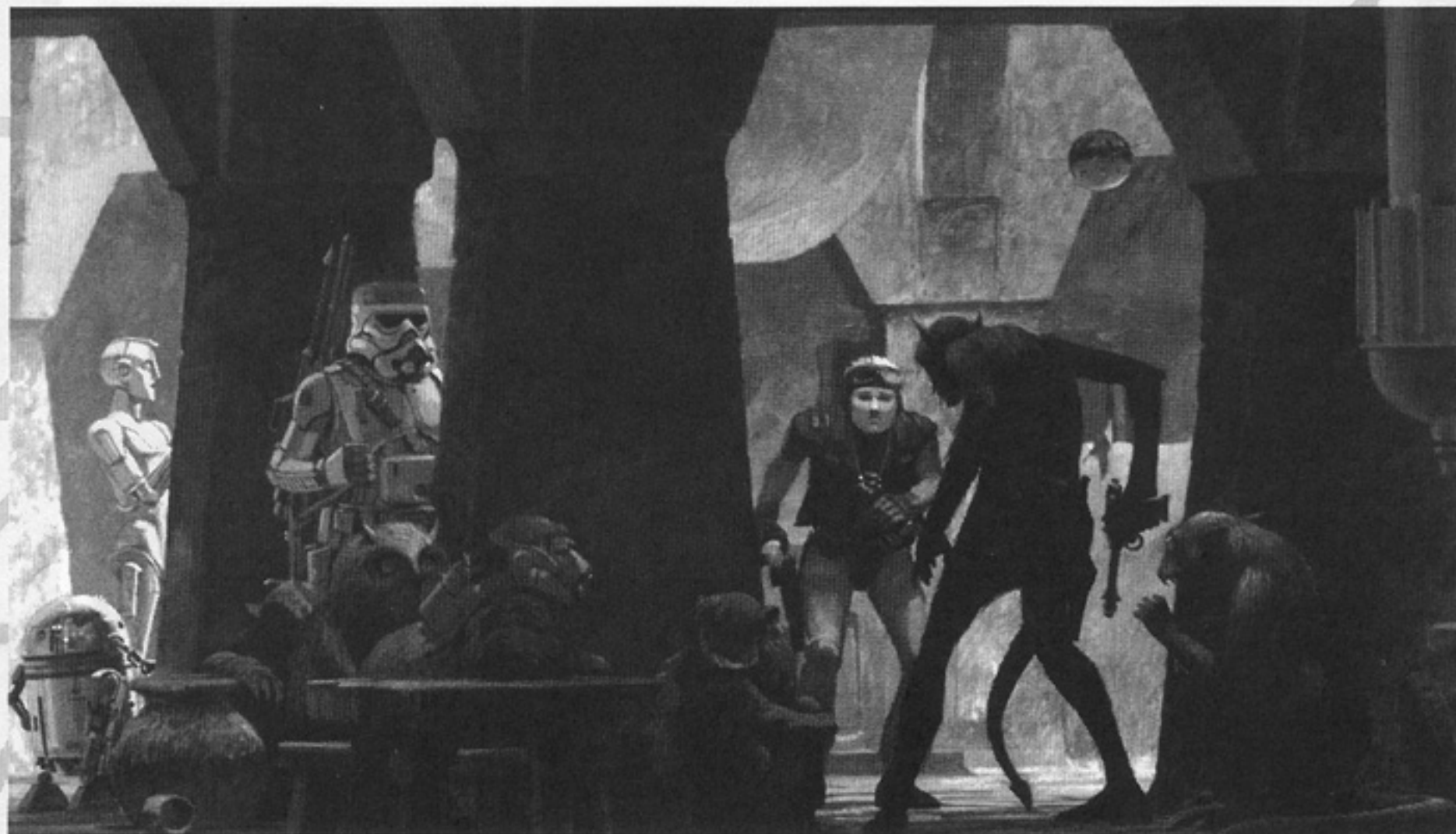
Whatever route you choose, just remember that your cantina will be most effective if it reflects the nature of its locale.

2. Structure

Now that the setting has been established, you can move on to the actual bar itself.

What category does it fall under? Is it going to be a raucous spaceport cantina (like Mos Eisley), an exclusive and pricey club for the movers and shakers of the





sector, a nightclub catering to a specific kind of customer (students, laborers, or high-tech engineers, for example), or a two-bit dive in the bowels of an urban sprawl world? Just knowing who's likely to be in this place is going to help you get a feel for its character and tone.

How many floors will it have? Is it built underground, at the top of a tower in a skyscraper, or somewhere in between? Is it a monument of high technology, or a throwback to the past? In the players' minds, anything that's more elaborate than a square room with a bar and tables is an improvement over most of the locations they stumble into. Coming up with an intricate and unusual layout can help the players enjoy this business during the adventure.

3. Owner

Whose blood, sweat, and tears goes into running the place?

Who is the owner? A criminal, a businessman who counts the place as just one of many investments, or a typical, hard-working and mostly honest being who loves what he does? The place should reflect the personality of the owner (or at least the manager if the owner is an absentee).

Why does this person own the bar? Did he inherit it, build it, recently buy it, steal it, or win it in a sabacc game? Does he count on the revenue to support the family, or is the place just one of dozens of other businesses? Or is it run for the sheer fun of it, with no regard for profits and losses?

How does he run it? Is he involved in every minute detail or does a trusted employee run the place in his absence? What are the employees like: are they friendly, discourteous or simply too busy to worry about every little detail? If the owner fixates on the little details, the place will have a fundamentally different feel than if the owner is more concerned with keeping his smuggling ring going than getting the floors swept.

4. Theme

Nearly all restaurants and bars—at least the memorable ones—have some sort of theme. This gimmick gets customers to enter in the first place and then keeps them coming back. The chosen theme affects many things, including the decor, the atmosphere, and the crowd.

What is it that your cantina offers that makes it stand out from every other hole in the wall? Does it offer some kind of nightly sporting event, is it a haven for gambling and games of chance, or is it a place for the rich to mingle and socialize? Other places may be dedicated to famous landmarks, particular alien cultures (so what would a bar featuring Twi'lek culture be like?), or time periods and eras. Cantinas are trying to sell glamour, romance, entertainment and adventure.

5. Amenities

What does your cantina offer? Does it serve food as well as drinks? How good is the food? Does it provide lodgings for people? Are there docking bays or parking for ships or vehicles? Are supplies readily available, or is it a tourist trap with overpriced souvenirs?



6. Prices

How much do things cost? Are the prices greater on average than most places because the bar caters to a high-class clientele, or is everything discounted to attract more business? Is there a cover fee to get in, a minimum number of drinks to be purchased, or docking fees for ships and personal vehicles?

7. Security

What kind of security, if any, does your establishment provide? The mixture of so many different beings and various stimulants and beverages can make for rowdy patrons. Does the cantina employ bouncers, hired muscle, or bodyguards—or does the owner figure that his customers are big boys, girls, and droids who know how to take care of themselves? Are the guards big alien goons or deadly droids? Are they trustworthy or are they stealing from the owner? Are they spies for somebody else?

8. Crowd

Who makes up the majority of your patrons? What kind of social, financial, or political class do they fall into? Are they young and wild, middle-aged and even-tempered, or older and more genteel? Are certain beings, such as droids, not allowed inside? If not, then why? Is it a written rule or just something that's understood? Are there a lot of fights in the cantina, or are things usually calm and laid-back?

9. Famous Faces

Is there anyone famous at the cantina? Are they regular customers or employees? What are they famous for? Are they sports legends, holovid stars, or political figures? Are they known throughout the sector or just local celebrities? Can you always find an infamous bounty hunter at his favorite table? Does the Moff enjoy your club and spill secrets after a few too many Tatooine Sunburns?

10. Illegal Activities

And last but not least, nearly every good bar—at least for gaming purposes—has something shady going on behind the scenes, whether it's illegal spice dealing, fencing stolen goods, black marketeering, slavery, slicing, data fixing, or loan sharking.

Does your establishment bend laws or outright break them? Is a Rebel cell operating inside? Is the bar just a cover for the criminal operation, is it a credit laundering business for a Hutt crime boss, or is the illegal activity just in place to supplement the bar's dwindling income? Does the owner, employees, security, and/or crowd know what's really going on? Does anyone suspect something is amiss?

What about the local law enforcement officials, or the Empire's agents? Have they set up surveillance equipment or sent undercover operatives in to discover the truth?

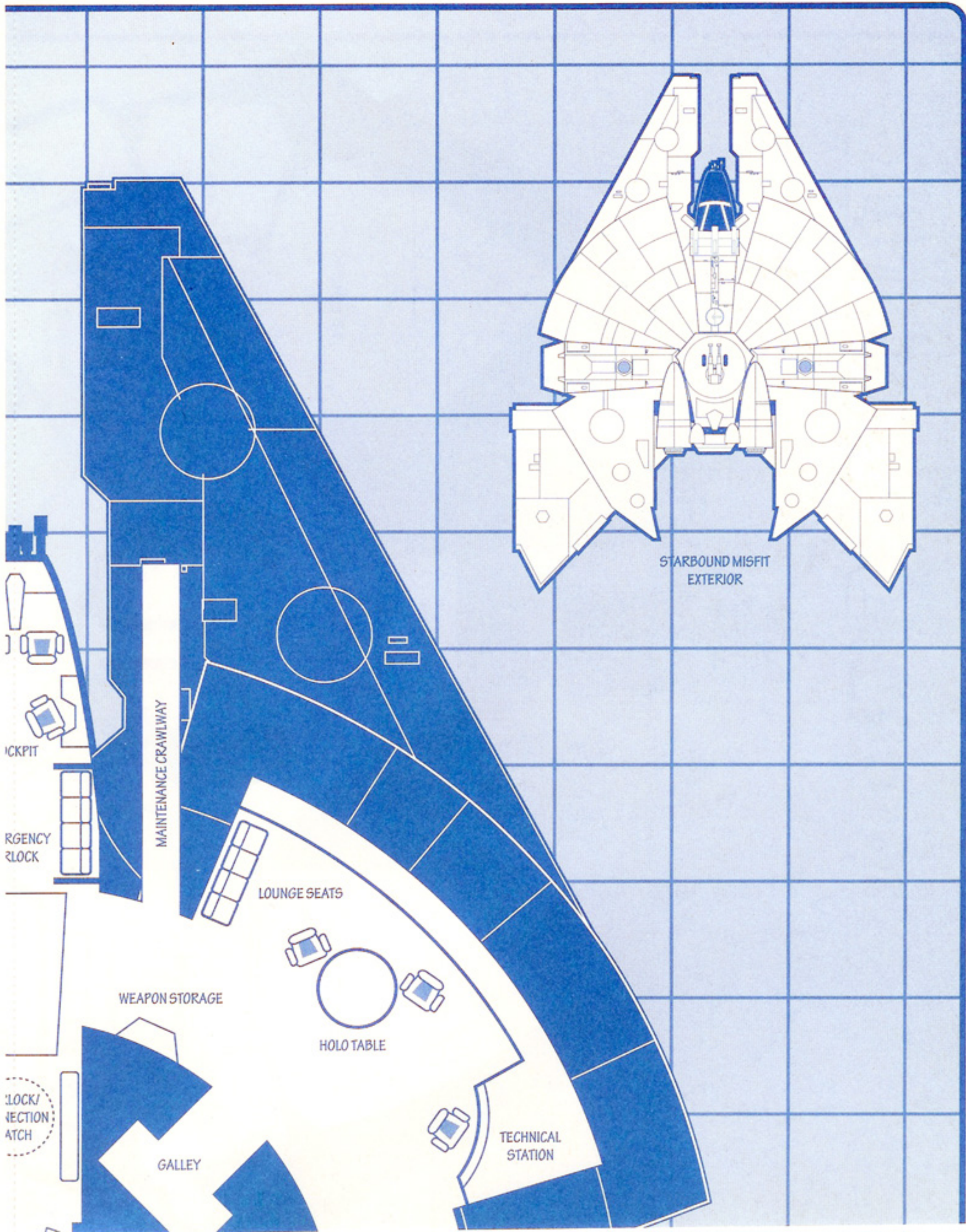
Cantina Encounter Table

Now that the characters have set down for a fold cold ones, *something* has to interrupt them. These encounters can be incidentals to keep the characters occupied for a few minutes or may be springboards to an entire adventure. Of course, any of these can be elaborated upon in many ways to provide a unique and memorable encounter.

To select an encounter, roll two six-sided dice. Don't add the total. Instead, read one die as the "tens" die and the other as the "ones" die. (For example, rolling a four and a two would mean a result of 42: "Nasty looking alien continually stares at the character.")

11. Shadowy figure selling a datacard with secret information.
12. Barroom brawl suddenly breaks out.
13. Stormtroopers burst into the bar, chasing a woman.
14. Drunken starfighter pilots brag about their exploits.
15. Two old rivals see each other and draw their blasters.
16. An attractive member of the opposite sex buys character a drink.
21. Group of rowdy off-duty Imperials antagonize patrons.
22. Severely wounded man stumbles through the door.
23. Vendor selling exotic (and illegal) goods.
24. Mysterious woman nervously keeping an eye on the front door.
25. Someone looking to buy passage on a starship.
26. Gamblers involved in a high stakes game of sabacc.
31. Bounty hunter asks bartender questions about a character.
32. Two beings argue loudly at the next table.
33. Security guards conduct a visual search of the patrons.
34. Lost child wanders inside, looking for parents.
35. Pick-pocket tries to steal from one of the characters.
36. Famous individual is present.
41. Sudden explosion in the bar.
42. Nasty-looking alien continually stares at a character.
43. Someone drops a cred stick on their way out.
44. Character notices man slip something into someone's drink.
45. Blaster fire suddenly erupts from two rival swoop gangs.
46. Passing alien points his blaster at a character and laughs.
51. Heavily-armed terrorists take hostages.
52. A patron keels over dead; authorities question the crowd.
53. Man suddenly stands up and arms two thermal detonators.
54. A private investigator tails the characters outside.
55. Two mercs looking for work as bodyguards.
56. Serving droid goes wild and starts attacking patrons.
61. Staff goes on strike; bar is forced to shut down.
62. Disgruntled bar owner hands deed to character and walks out.
63. Out of control airspeeder crashes into cantina.
64. Stranger pleads with characters for help getting off planet.
65. Police tactical team bursts into bar to arrest characters.
66. Alliance spy meeting characters is actually an Imperial agent.





PILOT'S COCKPIT

EMERGENCY EGRESS LOCK

MAINTENANCE CRAWLWAY

LOUNGE SEATS

WEAPON STORAGE

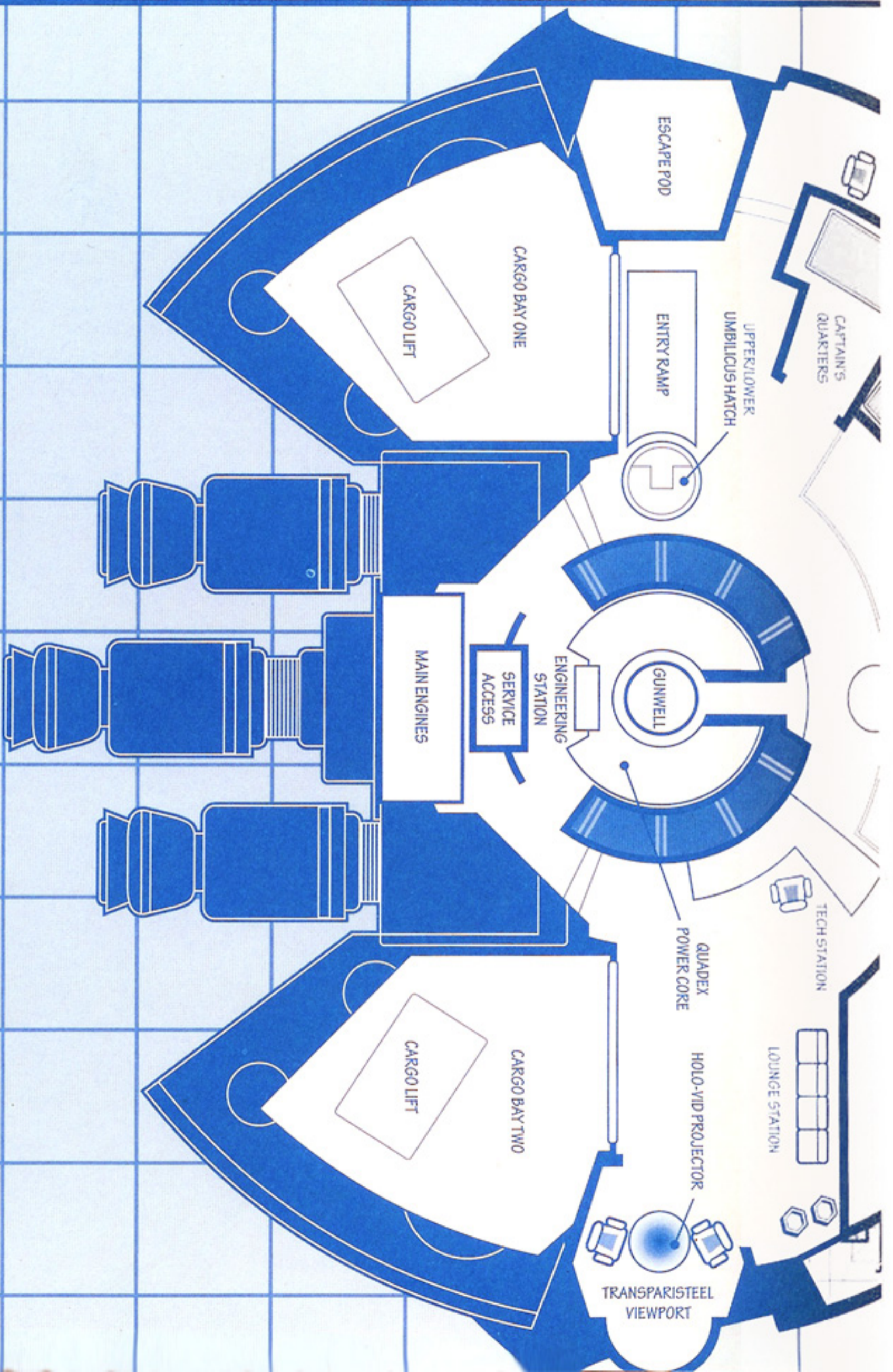
HOLO TABLE

LOCK/SECTION HATCH

GALLEY

TECHNICAL STATION

STARBOUND MISFIT EXTERIOR



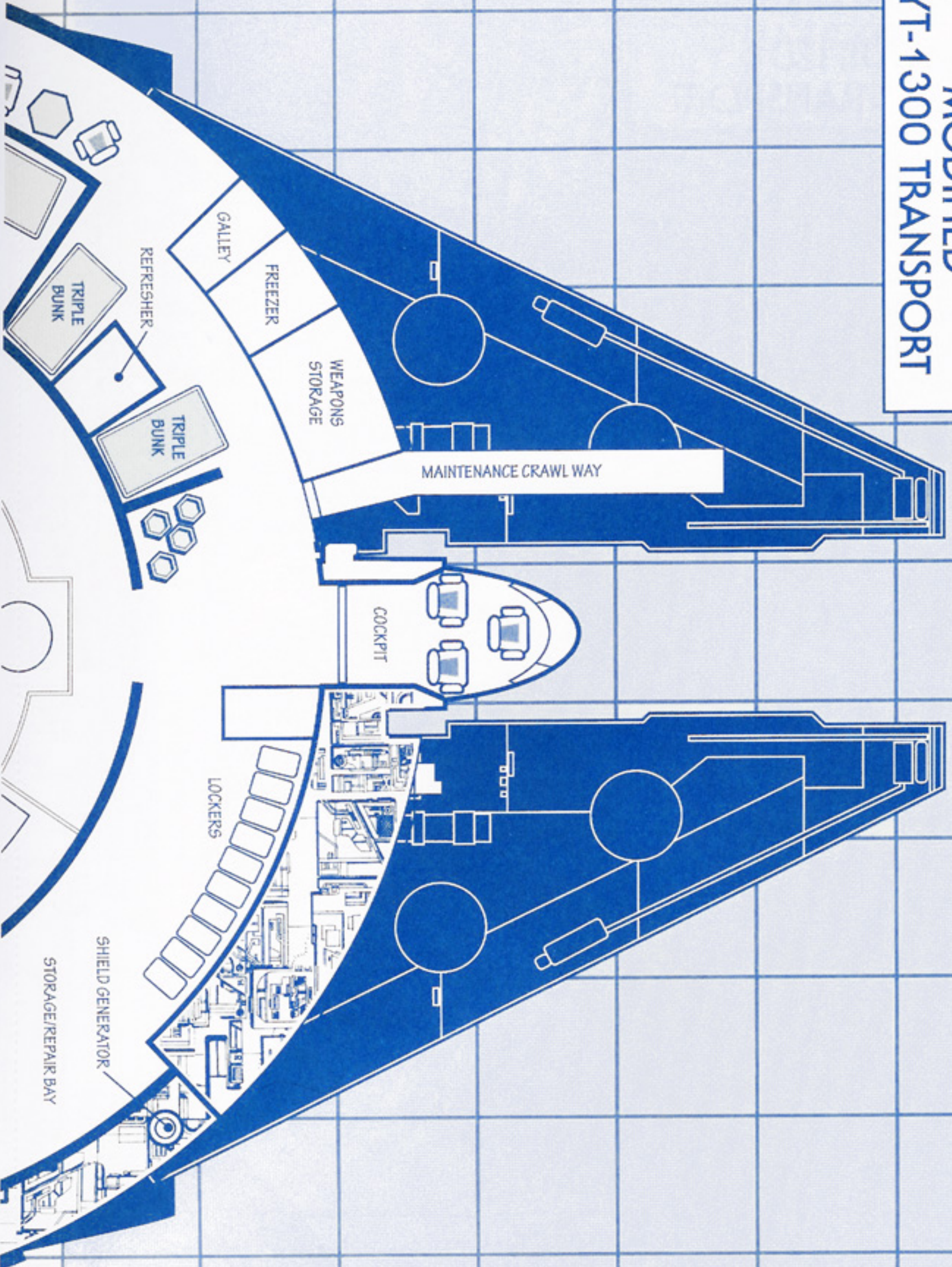
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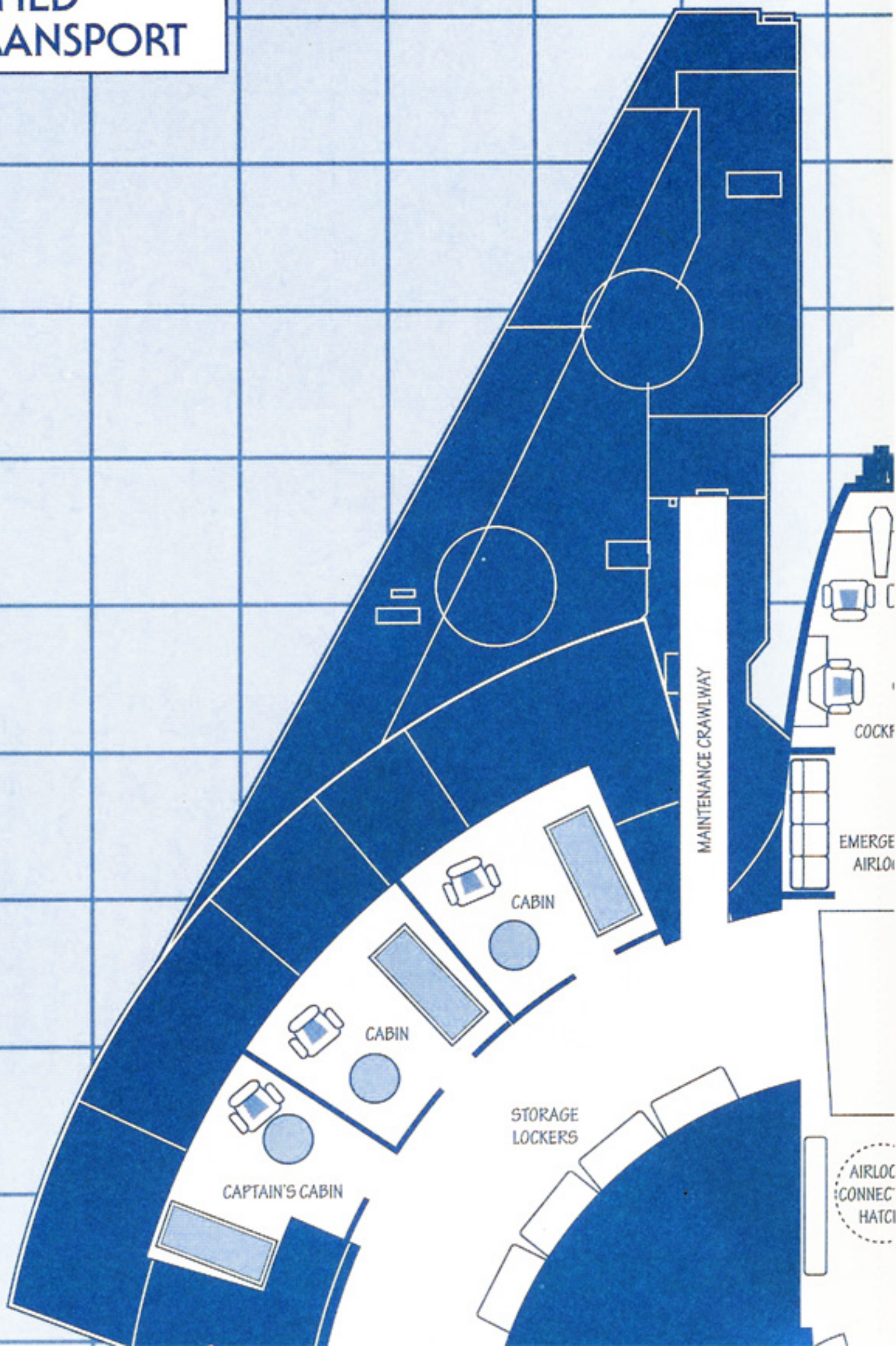
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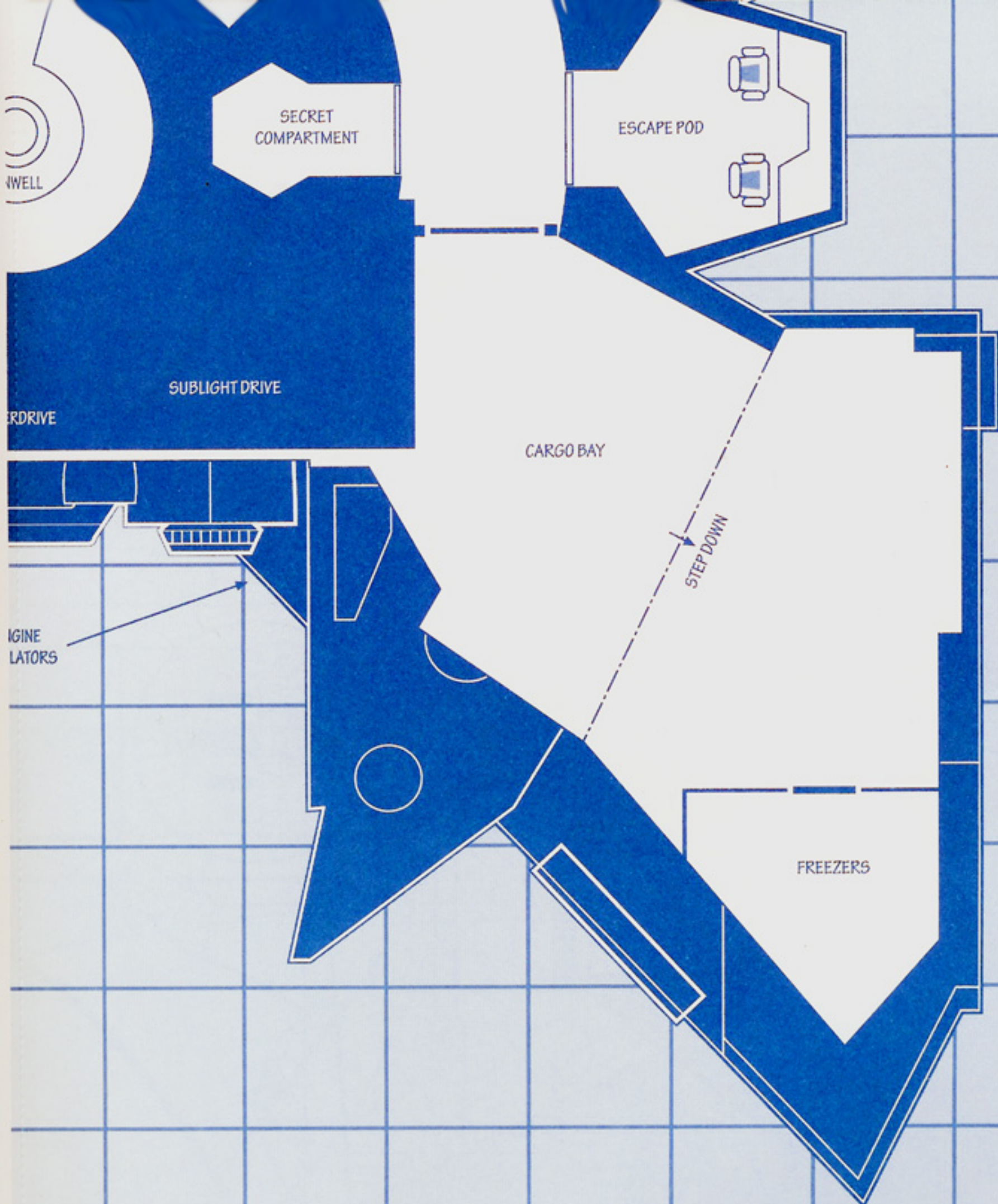


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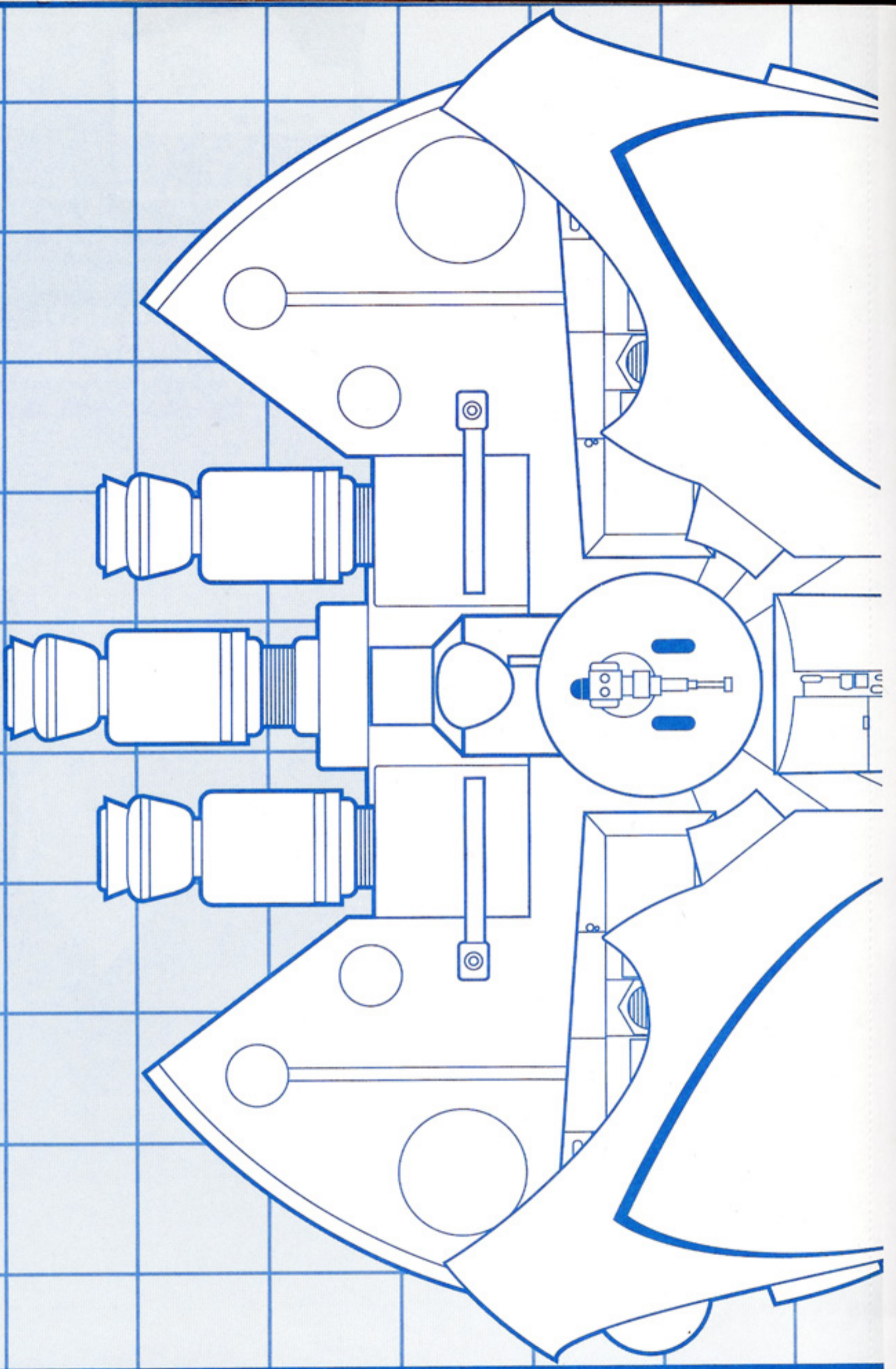
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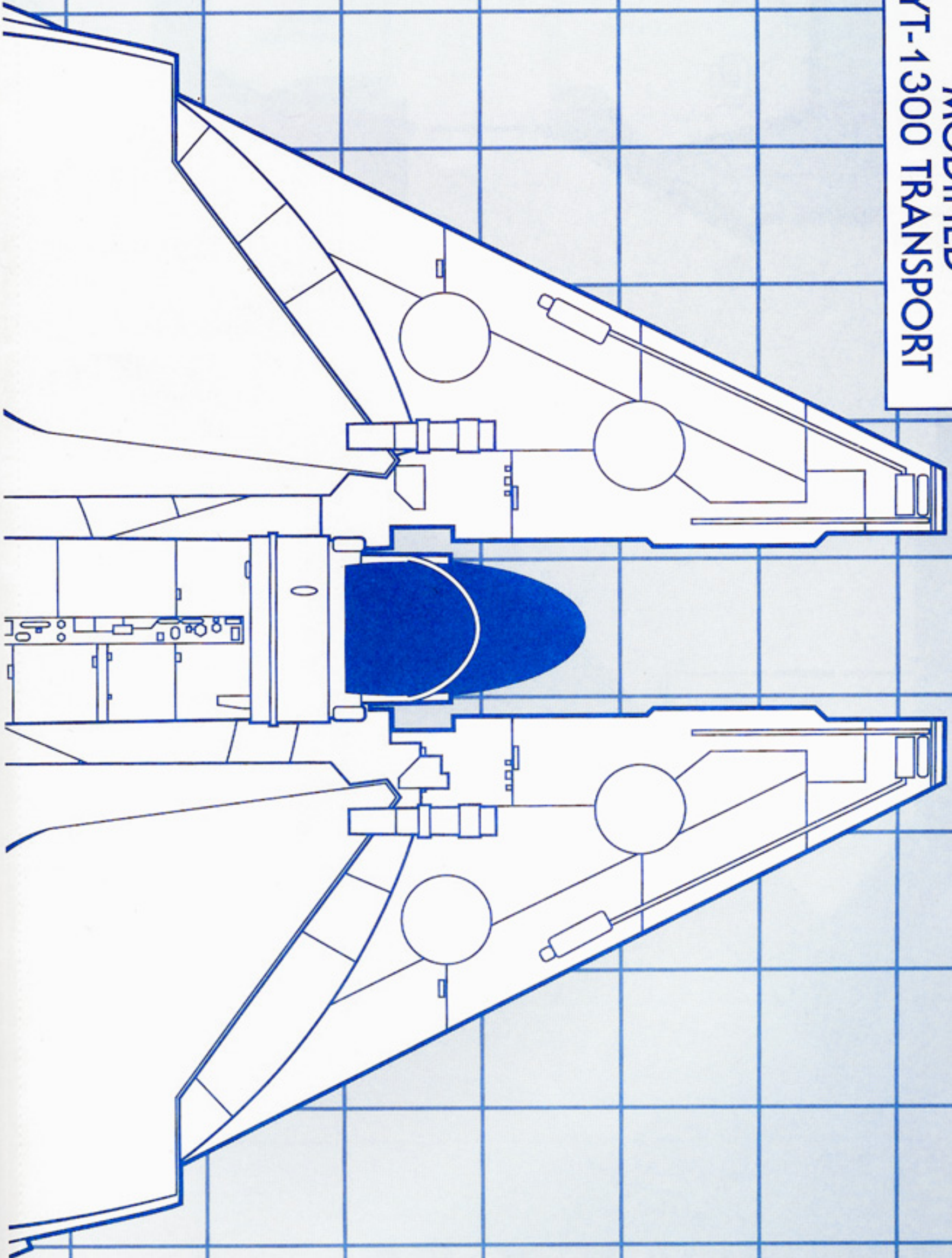
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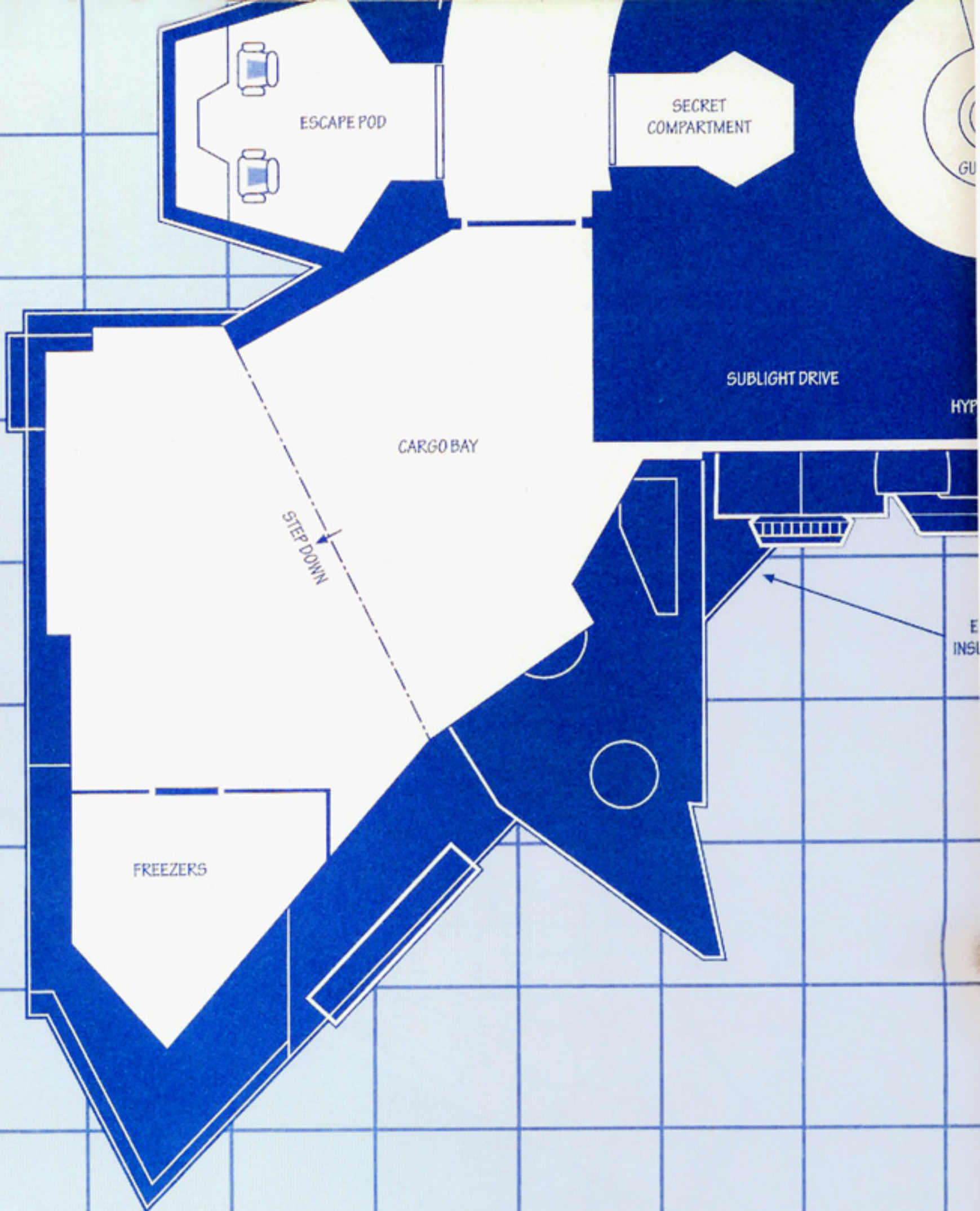
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STAR WARS®

Wretched Hives OF SCUM & VILLAINY

by Paul Danner

"Most of the best freighter pilots can be found here. Only watch your step. This place can be a little rough."

"I'm ready for anything."



You might think that when you walk inside, but five minutes later, when you're hiding in a corner and some big alien thug is about to pound the stuffing out of you, you might be beginning to wonder if it was such a good idea to come here.

So, how do you find a pilot when you're on a strange planet, with stormtroopers hot on your trail?

Well, pal, you're in luck! This piece of fine literature is your *indispensable* guide to the places they don't tell you about in the tourist brochures, where you can find those little necessities, from black-market blasters to shrewd smugglers.

Join me, Cohden K'Reye, as I guide you through eight of the galaxy's wildest watering holes, including:

The Ace of Sabres. A luxurious vacation resort with a dozen of the galaxy's finest casinos...and enough seedy dealings to make Jabba the Hutt proud!

Exovar's Emporium. It's neutral ground for smugglers, scouts, bounty hunters—and a long way from the prying eyes of the Empire.

The Broken Tusk. With a horrific dueling arena as its centerpiece, the Tusk isn't a place for the kiddies.

The Pits. It's paradise for swoop riders and only the best riders need apply.

Falling Star Saloon. Located on the remote Starlyte Station, the Falling Star is the kind of place where you can disappear for a while. It's getting out alive that's the hard part.



For ages 12 and up.

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