

STAR WARS

ROLEPLAYING GAME



More Aliens!

An Alien Anthology Web Enhancement

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Based on the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* by Andy Collins, Bill Slavicsek, and JD Wiker, utilizing mechanics developed for the new DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game by Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Richard Baker, and Peter Adkison.

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WEB ENHANCEMENT
MORE ALIENS!

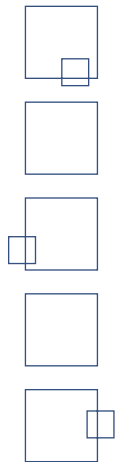
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On the shelves of any well-stocked game store, you'll find the *Alien Anthology*, a major supplement to the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game*. The book features more than 100 new aliens and creatures. With this web enhancement, you can make that "more than 103"!

The following new creatures, alien species, and extra adventure hooks are designed to be used with the *Alien Anthology*; they follow the format of the entries in the book. This bonus material is exclusive to the Wizards of the Coast website: www.wizards.com/starwars.

Garral

Garrals are genetically engineered guard animals created by the Empire to supplement Human security troops. They are the result of work by Luthos Garral—an Imperial garrison commander—and bear his name. Commander Garral was well aware that troopers, no matter how extensively trained, could not remain alert at all times. To overcome this limitation, Garral genetically combined Mantessian panthacs with several less vicious predators and a few domesticated creatures. The resulting animal eventually was perfected as a loyal, alert, easily-handled animal common in many Imperial outposts in the fringe worlds. Closer to the Core Worlds, Imperial reliance on technology makes garrals less common.

In appearance, garrals look almost identical to Mantessian panthacs, but larger. They have a speckled coat of gray fur along their backs, thick manes around their necks and shoulders, and long, tufted tails. Garrals are territorial pack hunters, generally assigned to a single Imperial outpost for their entire lives. They often treat their handlers as pack leaders, following and protecting them even when not directed to do so. (Lower all Handle Animal DCs by 5 when training a garral.)

Garrals have litters of 2d4 cubs and are very protective of their young. Only a trusted and experienced handler can get near a garral mother. Garrals grow to their full length of 2 meters in three years and have a life span of 30 years.

Large fangs and powerful claws make garrals dangerous in combat. They normally attack creatures of Medium-size or less with a grapple check. (Garrals may also use their improved grab ability on smaller opponents.) If a garral succeeds in its grapple check, it has forced its opponent to the ground. It may then make a bite attack in addition to its claw damage. This is the only instance in which a garral will inflict both bite and claw damage.

Garral: Predator 3; Init +4; Defense 22 (+8 natural, +4 Dex); Spd 16 m; VP/WP 19/14; Atk +7 melee (1d6+4, 2 claws), +5 melee (1d8+4, bite) or +7 ranged; SQ Acute repulsor sensitivity, improved grab, keen senses, scent; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2; SZ M; Rep 1; Str 19, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 9; Challenge Code: C.

Skills: Climb +6, Jump +6, Listen +10, Spot +10.

Feats: Multiattack, Power Attack, Track.

Special Qualities: Keen Senses—Incredibly sharp hearing grants a +5 species bonus on all of a garral's Listen and Spot checks.

Acute Repulsor Sensitivity—Garral ears are particularly sensitive to the sounds of repulsorlift machinery. (The base DC for a garral to hear a repulsorlift is only 5, and it can



ERA NOTES

Garrals are a product of Imperial genetic engineering, and thus they don't exist during the Rise of the Empire era. If you need guard animals for a game set before the rise of the Empire, try using nek battle dogs or veermoks. After the fall of the Empire, garrals become less common, but certainly still exist. By the time of The New Jedi Order, scavengers, mercenaries, crime lords, and even the New Republic occasionally use them. :~:

hear one from hundreds of meters away.) This sound agitates them greatly. If fighting near a repulsorlift, a garral goes into a killing frenzy, attacking any living or moving thing it doesn't recognize. Because of this tendency, garrals are not used in outposts equipped with repulsorlift vehicles.

Sand Tick

The sand tick is a nasty parasite found on numerous worlds. It is approximately the size of a Human's fist, with a round yellow or brown carapace. It has no eyes or ears, but can sense vibrations and wind currents through tiny hairs on its 12 legs. The sand tick can move with considerable speed despite its minute size. It has three small mouths on its underbelly; these are used to attach to a larger creature while feeding.

Sand ticks can feed off any number of animals. Most often, they are found on banthas and are considered a serious problem by bantha ranchers. The ticks prefer animals with thick coats of hair, allowing them to remain hidden while sucking fluids from their host. Among sentient races, Wookiees and Ewoks are their favorite victims. Infestations are most likely to occur during particularly hot, dry weather.

The creatures are capable of surviving for up to a year without blood. When deprived of sustenance, sand ticks curl up and enter a state of hibernation until new hosts present themselves. More than one explorer has been bitten while examining one he thought was dead.

A Huge creature, such as a bantha, can support two or three ticks for many months, but will die within days if it hosts a dozen. Sand ticks dislike reptilian creatures (such as dewbacks) and will not feed on them. It is possible to create sand tick repellent from certain compounds in a dewback's hide, but the repellent smells extremely foul.

Sand Tick: Desert parasite 1, Init +8; Defense 23 (+1 natural, +4 size, +8 Dex); Spd 6 m, 6 m climb; VP/WP 1/1; Atk +12 melee (1d4–5, bite) or +12 ranged; SQ Disease, numbing bite; SV Fort –1, Ref +8, Will –1; SZ D; Rep 1; Str 1, Dex 26, Con 4, Int 1, Wis 9, Cha 2; Challenge Code: A.

Skills: Climb +7, Hide +8, Listen +2, Move Silently +8, Spot +2, Survival +3.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite).

Special Qualities: Disease—The most serious threat posed by sand ticks is disease. A sand tick bite exposes its victim to crazed bantha fever. (Injury, DC 15, incubation 1d4 days, initial damage 1 Int and 1 Wis; Secondary damage 1d3 Int

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and 1d3 Wis. See Disease on page 111 of the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game*.) A target bitten several times in a single encounter needs to make only one save against the disease, but if bitten in a different encounter, the target must make a new save attempt.

Numbing Bite—Sand ticks numb a potential host with secretions from their saliva before attaching themselves; feeling their bite requires a Wisdom check (DC 20). An attached sand tick deals 1 point of damage each day.

Defel

The Defel are a curious mammalian species who, under most lighting conditions, appear to be mysterious bipedal shadows with reddish eyes and long white fangs. Under ultraviolet light, however, it becomes clear that Defel are stocky beings covered in fur that ranges in color from brilliant yellow to dazzling azure. They have long fingers that end in vicious yellow claws and protruding lime-green snouts. They stand between 1 and 1.7 meters in height and average 1.2 meters at the shoulders.

The Defel originate on Af'El, a large, high-gravity planet orbiting the super-giant Ka'Dedus. Due to the unusual chemical composition of Af'El's upper atmosphere, only ultraviolet light passes freely to the surface of the planet, while longer wavelengths of light are completely deflected. Because of this phenomenon, all life forms on Af'El, including the Defel, are blind to the non-ultraviolet spectrum.

Defel fur also absorbs other light wavelengths. It is speculated that this quality was an evolutionary response to a now-extinct predator that projected lights on different wavelengths to locate prey. Regardless, this feature now makes the Defel highly regarded as bodyguards, assassins, and commandos. In darkness, a Defel is all but invisible—even to beings able to see in the dark. Their unnerving, shadowy appearance in the light makes even unskilled Defel useful as bodyguards, as few beings are aware of the source of this strange effect; many incorrectly attribute the Defel appearance to an ability to become insubstantial. The Defel, naturally, do nothing to dispel such rumors.

On Af'El, the Defel live in large, well-maintained underground cities considered among the marvels of the galaxy. While they never developed space travel or even flight—the violent storms that continuously ravage the surface of Af'El discouraged the Defel from looking to the sky—they had developed metal alloys and atmosphere recyclers more advanced than even those the Republic was using in spaceships when scouts first visited the Ka'Dedus system. So, while Defel society has almost all the technological hallmarks of galactic culture, as a species they have little or no interest in space travel.

Defel who travel the galaxy are proud and independent to the point of stubbornness. Some leave their homeworld in search of adventure, but most leave to work for other beings on specific contract jobs. Many Defel trade on their unique physical characteristics and the legends that surround their kind. However, most work for starship manufacturers and smelting plants that produce durasteel and other alloys requiring a carefully balanced mix of ores. The Defel have produced some of the galaxy's best metallurgists

and are valued as much for their knowledge in this field as for their talent at more violent pursuits.

Defel professionals are experts or thugs. Adventurers are scouts, scoundrels, or soldiers. In order to function away from their homeworld, Defel must wear special visors that allow them to “see” light wavelengths other than ultraviolet. A Defel who goes without such a visor is effectively blind in normal light. Defel can easily speak Basic, and their language similarly is within the grasp of most beings in the galaxy that choose to learn it.

Defel Commoner: Init -1; Def 9 (-1 Dex); Spd 6 m; VP/WP -/8; Atk +0 melee (1d2, punch) or -1 ranged; SQ Invisibility, limited vision; SV Fort -1, Ref -1, Will +1; SZ S; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep 0; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 8, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Equipment: Variety of personal belongings.

Skills: Craft (varies) +2 or Profession (varies) +2, Knowledge (metallurgy) +2, Read/Write Defel, Speak Basic, Speak Defel.

Special Qualities: Invisibility—Because of a genetic adaptation to a long-forgotten predator on their homeworld, Defels absorb all light wavelengths except ultraviolet. In effect, they appear as patches of darkness, much like shadows; in areas of low light, they are effectively invisible. Unless the creature is under direct normal sunlight (or the artificial equivalent, such as a brightly-lit medcenter), the Defel gains a +2 circumstance bonus to attacks, and its target loses all Dexterity bonuses to Defense. At the same time, attacks against a Defel in these circumstances confer a 50% miss chance. Under especially low-light conditions (such as a dimly-lit cantina) the attacker must guess where the Defel actually is (see the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game*, page 143) as well.

Limited Vision—Defel can see only by light in the ultraviolet range. When away from their homeworld, they must wear special visors. Without them, they are considered blind as defined in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* core rulebook.

Species Features: -2 Dex, -2 Con, +2 Wis, +2 Cha.

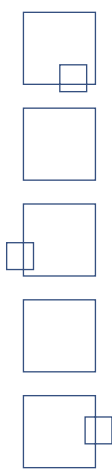
Automatic Languages: Defel and Basic.

Adventure Hooks

The following story seeds revolve around aliens and creatures presented in *Alien Anthology* or in this web enhancement. They are here to help fuel the creation of your own *Star Wars* adventures and campaigns. Have fun! —S. M.

Beware the Bantha

The heroes are protecting isolated moisture farms (either on Tatooine, or another water-poor world such as Kirdo III) from bandit attacks. After repulsing one such assault, they find a clue to the bandits' hideout. While traveling through a narrow canyon en route, they must avoid being trampled by a bantha stampede: 128 of the massive beasts come raging down the pass. While this could look like a trap staged by the bandits, the heroes soon find the hideout demolished by banthas—and the few survivors swear they had nothing to do with the stampede. “The beasts have gone crazy,” the bandits claim. Worse,



reports begin to emerge that bantha herds have begun to attack farms and even small villages.

A crazed hermit claims the banthas have finally tired of servitude and are rising to destroy all sentient beings on the world. Can this be true? Or is the real explanation related to those mysterious *Lambda*-class shuttles seen only on moonless nights? Maybe those strange, unidentifiable trace chemicals that have turned up in the water harvested by the local moisture farms have something to do with it....

The Scent of Credits

A Human hero (most likely a noble or scoundrel) is approached by a representative of a cosmetic company who was referred by a mutual acquaintance. The GM character wants to give the hero a supply of perfume that reportedly acts as a mild aphrodisiac on many species. The hero (and anyone else interested in testing the product) is required to write short reports on how the perfume seemed to affect other beings. A fee of 100 credits will be paid for each report the representative finds acceptable.

Under most circumstances, the perfume grants the character wearing it +2 Charisma and an additional +2 circumstance bonus to Bluff and Diplomacy checks. Each phial of perfume has 30 doses, and each application lasts 15 hours or until washed off. However, there is a 5% chance that an alien species exposed to the compound will have an unforeseen reaction. GMs should check for this response whenever the character wearing the perfume interacts with a new species. If the percentile roll indicates the alien is adversely affected, roll on the following table to see the results.

Random Perfume Effects

1d6	Effect
1	Alien is extremely attracted to the character (grants +10 to Charisma when interacting with that alien).
2	Alien immediately falls in love with character (+15 to Charisma when interacting with that alien).
3	Alien takes a strong dislike to the character (-5 to Charisma when interacting with that alien).
4	Alien takes a violent dislike to the character (Alien must make a Will save [DC 15]—on failure, the alien attacks the character).
5	Alien attacks character in a sudden homicidal rage 1d4 rounds after exposure.
6	Alien collapses and will die of respiratory failure in 1d6+4 minutes unless given medical care (Treat Injury check [DC 18, DC 20 if the character wearing the perfume is still present]).

How did the cosmetic company miss that this creation could have such an adverse effect upon non-Humans? Five percent is high enough a percentage that even the simplest of lab tests should have revealed it—the product was clearly not ready to be released in any public areas. Was this just another example of corporate greed or incompetence? Or were more sinister forces behind this product, such as the intent to harm aliens and create animosity between aliens and Humans? On the other hand, perhaps the representative for the cosmetic company was actually working for an enemy of the heroes and merely wanted to make their lives difficult....

Masks

The heroes are approached by a wealthy merchant who wants them to find his runaway teenaged daughter and bring her home. He claims they had a fight, but says he can see now that she was right and wishes to apologize. He will pay almost anything to see his daughter again.

The party traces the young woman to an Ubese enclave on an isolated island. Informants tell them that she and one of the Ubese have fallen in love and that she is living among them, dressed as they are, in armor and a breath mask when in public. The informant can point the party to a particular tenement, but is unsure which of the 100 residents is the girl they seek.

Once the party manages to locate the girl and avoid bringing the wrath of the entire Ubese enclave down on their heads, she tells them that she ran away from home because she discovered her father is engaged in a wide range of criminal activities. Just then, heavily armed thugs attack, having followed the heroes covertly as they searched for the girl. Can the party manage to convince the paranoid Ubese that they had nothing to do with this assault and avoid being attacked from two sides? Can they protect the love of a young Human and Ubese? Can they get revenge on the merchant for using them as patsies? And on the topic of the merchant—is he really as bad as the daughter thinks? Maybe he was somehow being forced into the criminal activity she spoke of, and there's a much larger situation here than first met the eye.

The Squib Who Knew Nothing

A data storage device containing the only existing copy of a super-codebreaking computer program was stolen some months ago from a research lab. Now it has turned up in the hands of a wandering Squib who has offered it for sale. Agents of every military and quasi-military organization in the galaxy, minions of every crime lord and smuggling ring, and representatives of every self-centered, ambitious politician race to be the first ones to either meet the Squib's price or take the program by force. Of course, the heroes are involved, either on their own or at someone else's behest.

After eliminating some of the competition, forging alliances with others (and then having to deal with the betrayal of that alliance), the heroes and perhaps one or two other groups finally confront the Squib. The good-natured alien doesn't even know the value of this program. He will let it go to the highest bidder—and a scavenger hunt ensues as all the interested parties scramble to find obscure items that could have value only to a Squib.

Target: Garral

Alliance agents get word of a project headed by geneticist-turned-New Order-military officer Luthos Garral. Rumor has it the project is directed at creating a new breed of warbeast. The heroes are charged with a mission to infiltrate a *Carrack*-class cruiser that will be carrying Garral and the first mated pair of his creatures to a meeting with a group of moffs and an Imperial Advisor. The party is to kidnap Garral and secure—or eradicate—his creation. (Alliance officials know they can't destroy Garral's research, but they hope to force him to explain everything he did and possibly help in creating a counter.)

Anything but the most poorly-devised plans should allow the heroes to infiltrate the ship carrying Garral and his creatures. As they begin to enact the next stage of their plan, however, an accident occurs: Garral's creatures escape their cages. Not two, but 12 of the deadly creatures go on a rampage through the ship. The captain orders the compartment with the loose creatures sealed ... and, as fate has it, the heroes and Garral are in that section as well. They now have to fight for their lives alongside the Imperials.

About the Authors

Steve Miller joined the staff of TSR in 1994, contributing heavily to the development of the RAVENLOFT® and DRAGONLANCE® game settings. In 1997, he made the move to

Wizards of the Coast, where he continued to write for the D&D® worlds until he joined the design team for the new *Star Wars* roleplaying game. His recent work for this line includes the *Secrets of Naboo* campaign pack. Steve lives in a cluttered apartment with his cats, Archie and Edith.

Owen K.C. Stephens was born in 1970 in Norman, Oklahoma, and attended the University of Oklahoma. He enrolled in creative writing courses (taught by FORGOTTEN REALMS® novelist Mel Odom) and in 1997 attended the TSR Writer's Workshop at the Wizards of the Coast Game Center. Owen's first work in the adventure game field was an article on elven names in issue 250 of *DRAGON*® magazine. He moved with his wife to the Seattle area in 2000 after joining Wizards as part of the *Star Wars* design team.

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