

STAR WARS

050420

# ADVENTURER'S JOURNAL

ISSUE FIVE



Mercenaries & Miscreants

CELEBRATING OVER 30 YEARS OF *STAR WARS THE ROLEPLAYING GAME*

**"Your friend is quite a mercenary. I wonder if he really cares about anything... or anybody."  
–Princess Leia Organa**



# BANTHA FODDER



**Star Wars: The Role Playing Game** by West End Games [WEG] or Life, the Universe and Everything. In the summer of 1977 I was introduced to George Lucas' universe, at that time simply called *Star Wars*. The first time Han Solo takes the Millennium Falcon and the entire theater audience, into hyperspace, with that now iconic Star Field Blur, I felt myself actually get pushed back into my seat. Life, as I knew it, had been changed ... forever!

Sure, there was *Star Trek*, *Space 1999*, *Battlestar Galactica*, & *Buck Rogers*, but somehow *Star Wars* made the largest impact. It took LucasFilms years before releasing the next episode, *The Empire Strikes* and in 1983 everything ended with *Return of the Jedi*. Well, it was a fantastic ride, while it lasted but, it was over ... or, so I thought. I was on an overseas assignment when I was introduced to my first Sci-fi RPG, WEG's *Star Wars*.

It was 1996/97 and instead of the standard D20 system, that I had cut my milk teeth on and played for years, this game was a D6 system and I only needed a handful of Six Sided Dice. Six sided dice came in standard white and you could get them anywhere, for cheap. We used permanent markers to create our "Wild Dice", it was that easy and when someone rolled a "6" on that, Wild Things Happened!

I really never went back to Fantasy RPG after that; sure a few games here and there, but the SciFi RPG world was for me. *d6 System* was easy to understand, easy to explain, and everyone had seen at least one movie, or were told not to come back to the gaming table until they had!

There was new exciting material like the *Star Wars Adventure Journal* with new; PC templates, Short Stories, Adventures and Equipment, etc. available. Fresh Material, Reasonable Priced and being Published ... often!

From 1994 to 1997, the first 15 issues of this journal were printed and released. Always converted, but never enough. Some needed more! A small group has formed and in the spirit of that original journal, hope to continue adventure by bring the dream "stuffs" that all *Star Wars* RPG need for a game that so many love.

This **Star Wars Adventurer's Journal** is focused on the one thing a GM might never have enough of: Non-Player Characters (NPC). With *Mercenaries & Miscreants* any GM should have enough NPCs with "Questionable Allegiances" & "Dubious Morals" ... at best. NPCs that make the group wonder if they made the right choice, that have their own agenda and your game's PCs are just Chess Pieces to be used toward an NPC's Bigger Pay Check, Glory & Fame.

These **Mercenaries & Miscreants** should not be 'Scum & Villainy' by default but, if your PCs don't do their Due Diligence and Cover Their 6, they might get stranded somewhere ..... or worse. Or, they make a good contact to be called upon later.

Enjoy Your Gaming, Flynn O'Dinson



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# STAR WARS Timelines

## CANON

These articles take place within the canon *Star Wars* universe, any characters that are owned by Lucasfilms Ltd., cannot be used as the focal or Point of View characters in any submissions and may only be used as background NPCs. They can be mentioned very briefly, perhaps a line or two, and are never directly interacted with.

## LEGENDS / INFINITIES

Formerly known as the Expanded Universe (abbreviated EU), encompasses every one of the officially licensed, fictional background stories of the *Star Wars* universe, outside of the original six *Star Wars* films produced by George Lucas and certain other material such as *Star Wars The Clone Wars*, created before April 25, 2014. These characters may be used in a limited capacity.

*i.e. Gen. Reiken meets with the characters in the article to give them a mission, and they will report to him HOWEVER these missions can not have a direct impact on the canon characters or canon events.*

Within the Legends continuity timeline are the Infinities stories. Written as parodies or presenting "what-if" circumstances, these stories are considered non-canonical within the officially licensed Legends continuity.

## ADVENTURER'S

This is where we adventure into charted territory and established events and alter the landscape. Anything goes (as approved by the editors). Canon characters fully interact with those created by the contributor. Events can change and take a new direction. The story or article becomes part of the *Adventurer's Journal* in magazine universe and may or may not feature the persons, places, planets, and things that were first introduced in the journal.

Unless otherwise noted, all entries are considered to take place within the Adventurer's Timeline.

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# ALLIES, ASSETS, & OBSTACLES

by Flynn O'Dinson

Allies, Assets, & Obstacles is an article for Game Masters [GM(s)], to help flesh out their Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Table Top Game. I believe that there is a place for PreFab Adventure Modules, especially for new[er] GMs, however, I also think that creating your own universe, that is tailored to both you, the GM, and your Player Characters [PC(s)], can be enormously fun. And, since General Airen Cracken has gone silent, maybe I can help until he reemerges.

There is a vast choice of PreGenerated [PreGen] PC templates and even a few "Bad Guys" that fall under the category of Scum & Villainy. Usually the latter can be found in those Adventure Modules, yet where does one go to get good, "higher level", Non Player Characters [NPC(s)] when creating your own Star Wars RPG universe? NPCs that aren't for low level adventures? Villains that might hand your game's PCs their over-confident butts on a silver platter, if they don't understand what a Total Party Kill [TPK] is, or they don't think it can happen to them [you know who I'm talking about].

What about that reoccurring villain, for those RPG groups that actually have months / years of play time [please tell me where I can find this group]?

How about that one NPC that isn't quite an ally but "Owes Them a Favor" and your PCs are calling in that Marker now?

Or even: your PCs owe an NPC a favor and *that* Marker is getting called in?

For GM references, the NPC "42" existed before the now popular TV series *The Mandalorian*. You may see some similarities and crossovers between "42" and the show; this is because both are based on George Lucas's approved, actual historical information from the 'Extended Universe' novels, games like KOTOR, and the comic books.

The Mandalorian is known simply as Four-Two or, since some refuse to pay attention, he will answer to Forty-Two; this is an indicator that these are not his Allies, just someone he has been paid to interact with. Unlike other Mandalorians, 42 does not wish anyone to know who he actually is. Why? Ancestral reputation carries a lot of

weight in Mandalorian Culture so, 42 either has no important family, or a very infamous family name [which can be detrimental to business] or, lastly, he has a very famous family heritage which brings its own baggage and expectations. 42 wants to sink, or swim, on his own merit.

42 is technically a Mercenary, a paid professional. While on a contract, 42's personality and views might sound familiar to, and he would absolutely approve of, Liam Neeson's character Brian Mills from "Taken", both his words and behavior. "...what I do have are a very particular set of skills. Skills I have acquired over a very long career. ..." and for those few that have double-crossed him or reneged on a contract, "Skills that make me a nightmare for people like you. If you [pay me] now that'll be the end of it. I will not look for you, I will not pursue you. But if you don't, I will look for you, I will find you, and I will kill you."- Brian Mills, "Taken".

If 42 ever saw this HoloVid he would respond, "This Is The Way."

And speaking of contracts, he is a stickler for contractual wording. 42 will follow, to the letter, any contract he agrees to, 'To! The! Letter!'

This keeps him from getting trapped into agreements that can turn unpleasant at some point.

\*Think about how the Fae in Fables and Myths make agreements: there is nothing that is implied, everything is literal from a certain point of view.

42 does not fight other people's battles. He gets paid to train their armies and elite units, so those people can fight for themselves. No amount of money is worth someone else's cause, to him. That is their problem, he's just here to collect payment for the knowledge, training and services he can provide.

He does not have a bounty hunter's license, and he will never claim to be a bounty hunter, it's just that sometimes it pays well to "find & return sentients". These sentients will always be very evil, or they double crossed him on a contract. Be honest, you get honest; be loyal, you get loyal; lie, double cross or renege on an agreement, you get death; "This is the Way". There is one exception to this rule, that I'll cover later in this article.

42 has a few personality quirks that a GM can use for story hooks. 42 has seen all facets of life and living. He has lived with the wealthy [under long-term contracts] with their palaces, starships, polished dinner ware, food, wines, art, music, etc, and he also saw just how rotten, two-faced and toxically entitled most of them are. He has lived with the 'salt of the earth'-farmers, factory workers, and so on-and has seen their lives of struggles and triumphs, traditions and

superstitions. So, 42 has developed an eye for 'authentic quality' [both things & organics] and this point of view sometimes tints his perspective. As an example a YT-1300, right or left cockpit, is a turn-off, "Asymmetrical is ugly and thus a poor choice" but, a center cockpit is "ok". There is never a reason to look shabby and unkempt, this shows laziness and poor attitude. "It is better to be late than show up looking like something a womp-rat has been chewing on"; also, it gives the impression that you are stupid, ignorant and gullible. Of course 'Form Should Follow Function', yet 'why can't you try a little harder to make it look good too'.

Another point of view that has imprinted itself on 42 is waste of resources. He really hates wasting useful things, or sentients. People throw away 'things' all of the time, not seeing any alternate value of the 'thing'. Often-times 42 will add an Item or Service into his contracts to suit his view of this.

Example: A royal needs his troops trained. 42 would give the client a choice of payment: "These are my services for this amount of compensation. Either pay 'X', or pay 'x' and add that droid over there.", "Pay 'X', or pay 'x' and upgrade my starship's weapons.", etc. Often-times the second option is less cost overall to the client but, makes life so much easier or cheaper for 42's life & expenses.

Favors are also a commodity that 42 deals in. Favors can be sometimes be priceless, so he does not have any problems with adding " ...a service amounting to not less than 'x' nor more than 'X', to be named at a later date." These tend to be used more often with those 'salt of the earth' folks [or poor PCs in a bind]. You never know when you'll need some medical attention, or a place to hide for a while.

When Lives Matter & Seconds Count,  
We Have The Medical Droids  
That Will Get You Back Alive!



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generations

Don't Gamble on Anything less!

The movies make it look like Bounty Hunters just ride around in their little hunting ships & never have a base of operations.

This is far from the truth; everyone has someplace they call 'Home' to Rest, Recuperate, Repair and Reload.

42 does have a base that is 'off the map grid', on a near Earth-sized planet called *Home*. *Home* was uninhabited, 85% water covered, has many natural resources, is mostly a tropical archipelago, but has all of the weather zones [not a Tatooine, nor a Hoth]. The planet is well off the familiar hyper-lanes. So, very difficult to find, even if you are looking for it.

Lastly, his view on the Bounties on the non-evil marks. Occasionally a government, or big corporation, will post a bounty, usually on someone that 'stole' something or escaped from 'Protective Custody'. 42 will listen to the clients story about the 'mark', then he will make his own investigation. If it sounds like the client is lying about the reason for the bounty . . . 42 takes the job under the condition of "Dead or Alive' which means *dead*, with proof, but not necessarily *all* of the remains. I have a pet that needs fresh meat from time to time. You'll get your 'proof.'" Those bounties have all been found, captured, given an ultimatum, "A new face, new life, a place to live and continue your work [for me], maybe get your family out too-but no double cross, or I'll deliver you alive to a real predator. That's the deal, take it or leave it." The deal will also include going to a 'holomovie set' being 'eaten by a horror' of some type, having just enough blood, bone chips, muscle biopsies or other body fluids removed, and digested to animal 'poodoo'. The holovideo and 'poodoo' sample are brought back to the client for 'Proof of the Kill'. It will pass any testing used to authenticate.

"But, that's lying!" you might say; yes, but no. The client lied about the bounty before 42 took the contract so, "lie to me, get lied to and I get to keep what I want." He follows the contract To . The . Letter.

Return the stolen property? Sure, but I'll make a copy. We'll know if you copy it, so don't. Fine, I'll still have the Mark on *my* payroll, etc.

42 already has a number of sentients 'living off of the grid', at a location the PCs will never be able to find without him and will never know how to get back to after they leave. If he does bring a living thing in his ship, say a live bounty, they are placed in a early Clone Wars Era Cryo-Sleep chamber/tube. Unless you're another Mandalorian, or a paying client, no one rides in the *Black Manta* awake.

There is No Name, It's Just 4 - 2.



42

"Yes, he has a name; no, you can't know it."

Human Mercenary / Fixer

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 7D+2, Blaster Artillery 4D, [S\*] Brawling Parry 6D, Dodge 5D, Melee Combat & Parry 5D+2, Missile Weapons 4D, Vehicle Blasters 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 3D**

Alien Species 3D, Intimidation 4D+1, Streetwise 5D, Survival 5D+2, Tactics 7D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Ground Vehicle 3D, Jet Pack Operation 5D, Repulsorlift Operation 3D, Space Transport 3D [S] Nova Drive 3-Z [Black Manta] 7D, Starship Gunnery 6D+2, Swoop Ops 4D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Bargain 4D, Command 7D, Con 5D+1, Hide 5D+2, Search 6D, Sneak 5D+1

**STRENGTH 3D**

[\*] Brawling 6D+1, Climbing/Jumping 4D+2, Lifting 4D, Stamina 5D+2, Swimming 3D+2

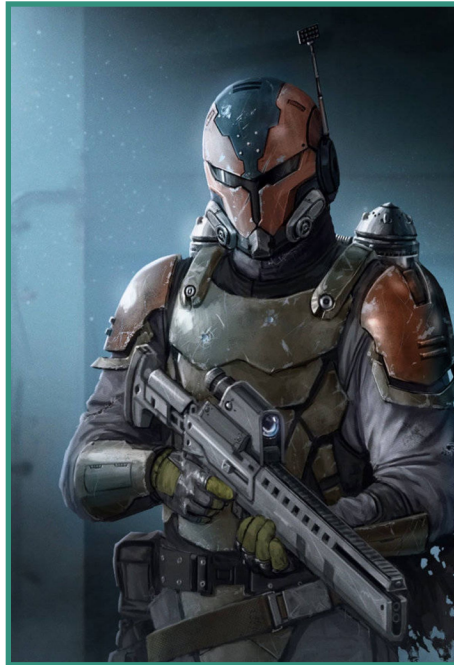
**TECHNICAL 3D**

Armour Repair 3D+2, Blaster Repair 3D+2, Computer Prog/Repair 3D, Space Transport Repair 3D, Demolitions 4D, First Aid 5D, Security 6D+1

**Move:** 10

**Size:** 1.9 Meters tall

**Force Sensitive:** No



**Equipment:**

Mandalorian Armour [with 'bells & whistles'] (+3D Physical, +2D Energy), 2 x DC-17 Blaster Pistols (5D), Merr-Sonn Deck Sweeper Blaster Rifle with 3 magazines (6D Stun)

**Special Equipment**

- Merr-Sonn C-14A Stun Grenades x 3 (6D Stun)

**Transportation**

- Heavily modified Nova Drive 3-Z, aka *Black Manta*
- Modified CEC 57-C 3 seat swoop

**Companions:**

- "Avy" [AV-01] Modified Commando Droid (Similar Stats to a BX-Series)

**Capsule:** 42 is a Mandalorian in the prime of his career. His armour looks 'old fashioned' by Mandalorian standards, yet it is state of the art. 42's armour shows impeccable aesthetic maintenance; he uses this as part of his persona. He's been known to wear a full hooded cloak/cap, whether *Tatooine Ragged* or *Coruscant Elite*, when discretion, intimidation, or reputation are appropriate. His weapons look, and are, spotlessly maintained and are cutting-edge tech.



Star Wars 1313 - Concept Art

## GM Tips for using 42 in your Game

Unlike other Mandalorians, 42 does not wish anyone to know who he actually is. Why? Ancestral reputation carries a lot of weight in Mandalorian culture so 42 either has no important family, or a very infamous family name—which can be detrimental to business—or lastly, he has a very famous family heritage which brings its own baggage and expectations. 42 wants to sink or swim on his own merit.

When it comes to work, unlike so many Mandalorian 'Hunters', he prefers a different niche—Mercenary and “Fix It” work. He also is a stickler for contractual wording. 42 will follow any contract he agrees to 'To. The. Letter'. This keeps him from getting trapped into agreements that can turn . . . unpleasant . . . at some point.

**Think about how the Fae make agreements, there is nothing that is implied, everything is literal 'from a certain point of view'**

Examples:

A certain criminal boss says he wants a target silenced, permanently. This leaves open a very large loop-hole for 42 to work with. If the target is actual scum, 42 might bury him on an asteroid somewhere. 'Permanently Silenced'.

On the other hand, if the target is a crime lord's bookie that has been 'skimming off the top', 42 might set the stage and evidence to make it look like the bookie died by his hand, but he keeps him alive and per contractual agreement the bookie has an operation to remove his/her tongue or voicebox. 'Permanently Silencing' them. Now, this bookie becomes a great source on information that 42 can use to his benefit.

- Mercenary - Easy enough to understand yet, he doesn't fight other peoples wars. Like some of his 'family', he will train their people to fight their own wars.
- Fix-It work - This looks a lot like Bounty Hunting and sometimes is, yet a lot of the time these targets can offer something of benefit that 42 can use later. 42 hates to see good talent go to waste.

The movies make it look like Bounty Hunters just ride around in their tiny little hunting ships and never have a base of operation. This is far from the truth; everyone has some place they call 'Home' to Rest, Recuperate, Repair and Reload. 42 does

has a base that is 'off the map grid', on a near Earth-sized planet called *Home*, in the outer rim. *Home* was uninhabited, 85% water covered, has many natural resources, is mostly a tropical archipelago, but has all of the weather zones [it's not a Tatooine, nor a Hoth]. The planet is tucked up in a Nebula Gas Cloud with spacial anomalies and gravitational obstacles. This makes it very difficult to find, even if you are looking for it. Think: Hapes Consortium—hard to locate and harder to get to.

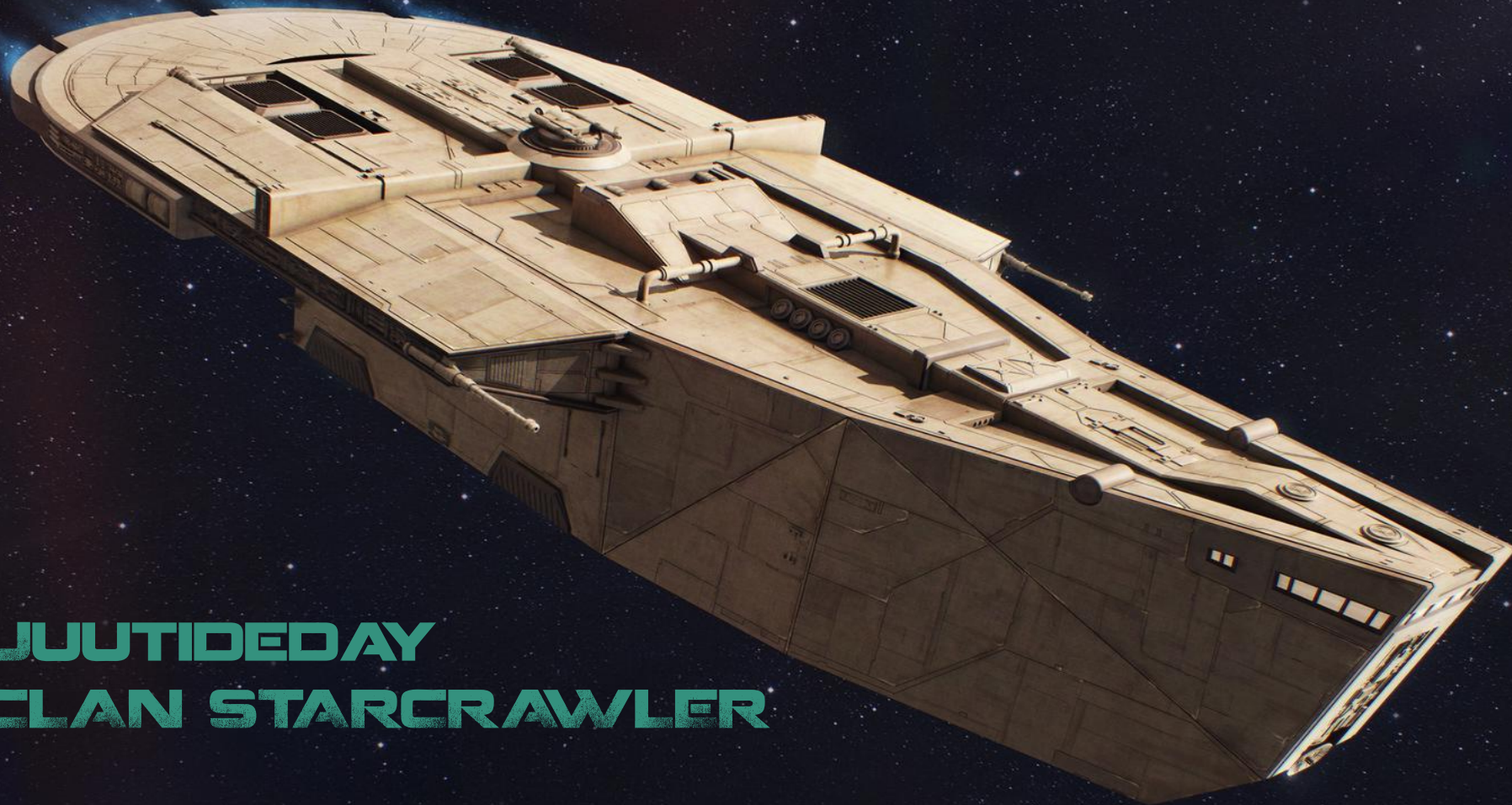
This base of operation is where 42 has brought many of his thankful 'targets' who like breathing. Scientists and engineers that were 'targeted' in corporate politics, 'white collar' criminals, computer slicers, professors and other educators that were 'targeted' for opposing political views, etc. There are not hundreds of sentients but there are many, and most of the human, near human, and humanoid types can be found here.

42's ship, the *Black Manta*, is a heavy modified Nova Drive 3-Z. The nice thing about the Nova Drive ships is that they are completely compatible with all CEC components [see history of Nova Drive 3-Z].

Later Adventurer's Journals will have complete information, pictures and statistics on 42's *Black Manta*, T.H.A.C.O. [*Black Manta's* A.I.] and 'Avy' [AV-01] the BX-series Commando Droid that assists 42 with his work.

42 will very rarely take money from people like the PCs. He will, however, accept favors. As the GM, if your PCs are in trouble 42 might be in the area. 42 might be paying off a favor to someone else to rescue the PCs, but he might not tell them that. He might obtain a favor from them, to be called in later as an adventure hook. 42 can be used—sparingly—as an NPC in any Star Wars Era.





# UUUTIDEDAY CLAN STARCRAWLER

## DATA FILE

- > **MANUFACTURER** Corellia Mining Corporation
- > **MODEL** Digger Crawler
- > **CLASS** Freighter
- > **LENGTH:** 44.3 meters
- > **CREW:** 13, 3 gunners; skeleton: 6/+20
- > **WEAPONS** 1 x Light Ion Blaster, 1 x Dual Blaster Cannons, 1 x Dual Laser Cannons
- > **AFFILIATION:** Uutidudendaydi (clan leader)

The origins of the Uuutideday Clan and how they ended up on a toxic hellhole such as Raxus Prime is a mystery, even to the current clan leader, although it is surmised that the irresistible lure of planet full of abandoned Galactic technology was the catalyst. Starfaring seems to have been coded in the clan's lifeblood, whether or not it was purposeful or haphazard in intent. But what might have jump-started their exodus from the industrial soup of Raxus was the surprise appearance of one of the Empire's own Jedi hunters. Some Jawa clans took it upon themselves to defend that encroachment of their territory from that being, at the cost of many lives. Uutidudendaydi, the eldest Jawa of Uuutideday, viewed the aftermath as an omen: it was time to leave.

Fortune seemed to favor them, as the clan stumbled upon not only an ancient mining crawler within the wreckage of their home world, but a myriad of components necessary to transform that hulk into a space-worthy vessel (at least by Jawa standards). Within a couple of local years, they had managed to piece together a hyperspace-capable ship, and the great pilgrimage had begun.

For at least the past ten standard years or so, the Uuutideday Clan has been plying the spacelanes, only making planet-fall whenever food, drink, or repair materials run short. Desperate times have sometimes forced them to make less than ideal choices, but the vision that Uuutidedaydi has for them seems to drive them onward.

What is it that they seek? A new home? A verdant paradise brimming with spare parts and scrap? For the time being, the clan seems to be content traveling aboard their Starcrawler, eager to see what each new destination has to offer.

It is unknown just how an ancient Digger Crawler of Tatooine had made its way from across the Outer Rim Territories to one of the many heaps of scrap on Raxus Prime, but one theory suggests that it was surplus from that particular failed mining venture, and dumped off when the company finally went under. Despite the passage of a few hundred years in a highly-corrosive, caustic environment, the crawler remained largely intact, compared to the thousands of hulks that surrounded it.

Following various blueprints and schematics of older ships, Uuutidedaydi and his clan cobbled together a vessel using thousands of used starship parts and components. They chopped off the enormous track system, replacing it with crude but stable landing gear. A jury-rigged series of seventeen repulsorlift engines (each of them different models scavenged from abandoned airspeeders) help propel the cumbersome bulk into the sky, albeit rather clumsily. The section housing the ship's bank of sublight engines was in fact the entire aft section of a long-discontinued Corellian freighter of which the Jawas had carved off and haphazardly attached to the Digger Crawler's hull. Hundreds of conduits, pipes, wire harnesses, and tubing interconnect in such a bewildering arrangement that it would make the hardiest engineer weep openly. Dozens of gaps in the hull have either been spot-welded over or patched with PuttyCrete, no doubt contributing to the massive strain on the ship's already inefficient

life support system.

The Starcrawler, while functional, isn't pretty. Steam spouts out of overheated components at random intervals, coolant drips incessantly from oxidized pipes, various sections of the ship grow unexpectedly hot or cold, console lighting either dims or brightens whenever a system is activated. To almost any other sentient species this would be a starship on its last legs, if one were confident in categorizing it as one at all. To the Jawas of the Uuutideday Clan, it is the pinnacle of their efforts; the crown jewel of the clan's achievements, and the ladder to their salvation.

Around ninety Jawas, the entirety of the Uuutideday Clan, call the Starcrawler home, along with a contingent of thirteen droids that had been "acquired" from several remote settlements from a handful of Outer Rim worlds. The cargo hold is typically kept full of spare parts and supplies, most of which is consumed within a couple of weeks due to various breakdowns and subsystem failures. Much of the remaining interior space has been converted into living quarters, workshops, and amenities, more than enough to support a small clan like Uuutideday.



Sideshow Collectibles Jawa Two Pack - Star Wars Sixth Scale Action Figure



## Corellia Mining Digger Crawler

**Dilapidated & severely modified one-of-a-kind freighter**

**Cost:** Not available for sale

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 44.3 meters

**Skill:** Space transports: Starcrawler

**Crew:** 13, 3 gunners; skeleton: 6/+20

**Crew Skill:** Space transports 2D, Starship gunnery 2D, Sensors 2D+2

**Passengers:** 24\*; 50 droids

**Cargo Capacity:** 10 metric tons

**Consumables:** 2 months

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x 6

**Hyperdrive Backup:** None

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 0D

**Space:** 3

**Hull:** 2D

**Shields:** 0D

\* This value is for humans; can support many more Jawas.

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 5/0D

*Scan:* 10/1D

**Weapons:**

**1 Light Ion Blaster**

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Crew:* 1 gunner

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 0D

*Space Range:* 2-8/15/30

*Atmosphere Range:* 4-16/30/60 km

*Damage:* 3D ionization

**Dual Blaster Cannon**

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 0D

*Space Range:* 2-10/24/50

*Atmosphere Range:* 4-20/48/100 km

*Damage:* 4D

**Dual Laser Cannon**

*Fire Arc:* Turret

*Crew:* 2

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 1D

*Space Range:* 3-15/35/75

*Atmosphere Range:* 6-30/70/150 km

*Damage:* 3D+2

**Special rules:**

**“You came in THAT thing?”:** The Starcrawler was never intended for interstellar travel, let alone space flight. When making Space Transport Repair attempts, three rolls must be made, at a Very Difficult skill. If all three rolls are successful, nothing is required. If two out of three are successful, a random component must be replaced, at the GM’s discretion. If only one out of three attempts are successful, further damage is inflicted upon the ship, requiring a repair at twice the regular cost. If zero out of three attempts are successful, a vital component of the ship fails, requiring the crew (ala PCs) to seek it out, and reattempt the repair (at the GM’s discretion).

**“What a piece of junk!”:** On its best flights, the Starcrawler behaves like a drunken bantha, lurching its way across space. For every trip that the vessel makes (including a short jaunt on its repulsorlifts), roll the wild die. On a 1-4, the Starcrawler flies as usual, with no mishaps. On a 5, a non-vital subsystem performs sub-par (the life support system grows uncomfortably cold or hot, steam fills up the living quarters or the engineering section, the lighting dims or brightens uncomfortably), and the PCs must roll a moderate Willpower roll; a failure results in the PCs taking a -1D penalty to the Perception attribute and any related skills for the duration of the trip. On a 6, roll on the Starship Light Damage chart once to determine the result.



**Interior view of the Starcrawler**

## Uuutidudendaydi

### Jawa Clan Leader

#### DEXTERITY 2D

*Blaster 3D, blaster: ion blaster 4D, dodge 3D+1, running 3D+1, vehicle blasters 4D*

#### Knowledge 3D

*Planetary systems 3D+2, survival 4D, survival: Raxus Prime 5D, value 4D, value: starship components 4D+2, willpower 4D*

#### Mechanical 3D+2

*Astrogration 4D, repulsorlift operation 5D, space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D, sensors 4D+1*

**Strength 2D** *Climbing 3D, lifting 3D+2, stamina 3D*

#### Perception 3D

*Bargain 4D, command: Uuutideday Clan 5D, con 4D, hide 4D, persuasion 4D, search 4D+2, sneak 4D*

#### Technical 4D+1

*Blaster repair: ion blaster 4D+2, computer programming/repair 4D+2, demolitions 4D+2, droid repair 5D, security 5D, space transports repair 6D, starship weapons repair 4D+2*

#### Special Abilities:

-Technical Aptitude: At the time of character creation only, Jawa characters receive 2D for every 1D they place in repair-oriented Technical skills.

#### Story Factors:

*Trade Language:* Jawas have developed a very flexible trade language which is virtually unintelligible to other species – when Jawas want it to be unintelligible.





**Force points:** 1

**Character points:** 6

**Move:** 8

**Equipment:** Ion blaster (4D ionization damage), antiquated datapad (full of older ship schematics), "standard" Jawa repair kit (bent hydrospanner, half-spent fusion torch, crowbar, sack of miscellaneous hardware, off-handed toolset), Trade Federation battle droid head

**Capsule:** Uutidudendaydi (or simply, Uuti to the other seniors of his clan), is not your conventional Jawa. Growing up on the toxic world of Raxus Prime during the height of the Clone Wars, Uuti cut his teeth on scavenging the hulks of Republic and Separatist warships alike for his clan whilst dodging security from either faction. Life was tolerable in the best of circumstances, but the ascension of the Empire spelled absolute doom for those living on a former Separatist world, even for a species treated as lowly as were the Jawas. Uuti's experience around gutting starships would result in not only the emancipation of himself and his peers from that wretched planet, but also ignite the spark of hope that Jawas, too, could forge their own destiny among the stars.

**Average Uutideday Jawa**

**Dexterity 2D Blaster:** ion blaster 3D

**Knowledge 1D Survival:** industrial wasteland 3D, value 3D, value: salvage 3D+2

**Mechanical 2D Space transports** 3D+2

**Strength 2D Lifting** 3D

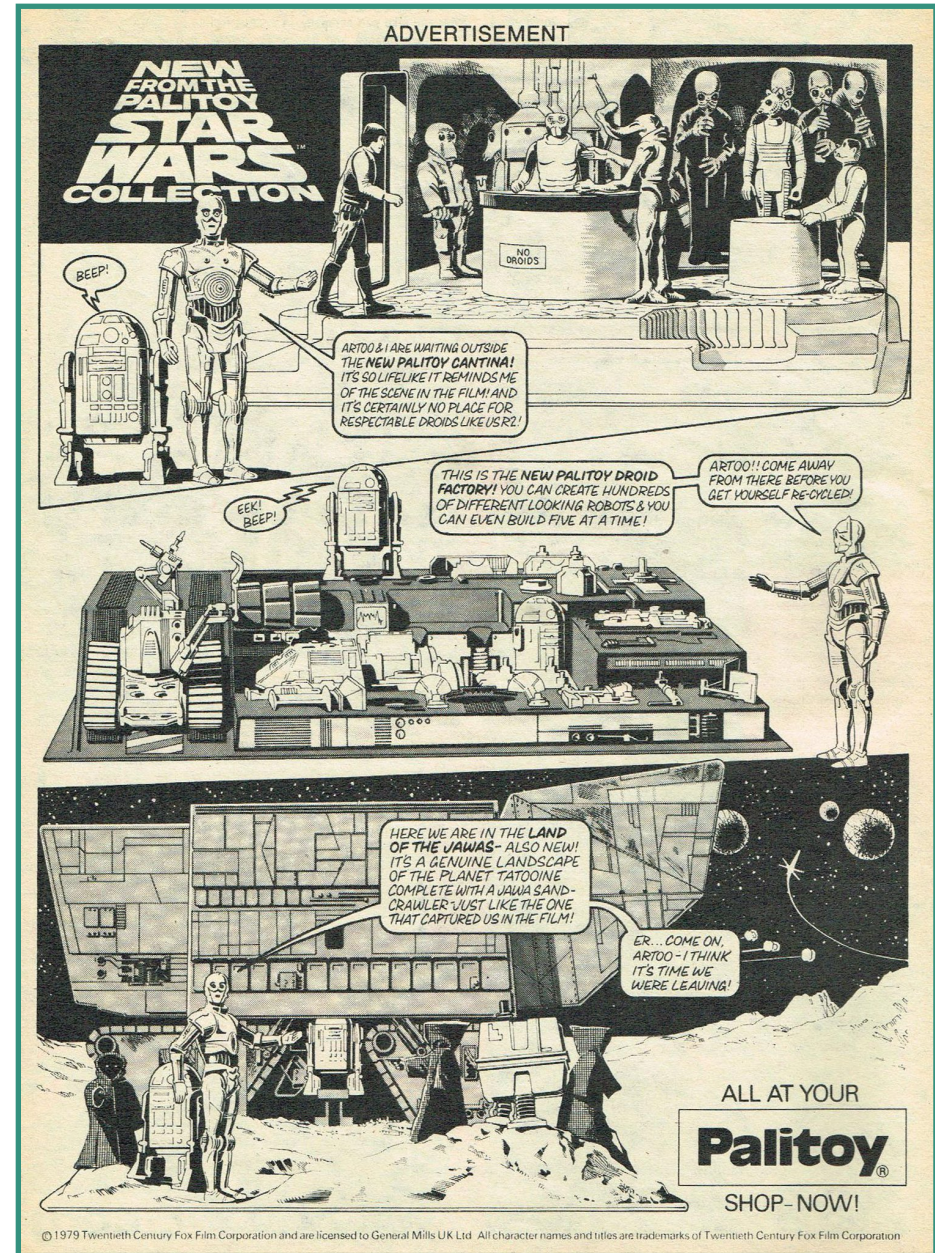
**Perception 2D Bargain** 3D+1, search 3D+2

**Technical 3D Demolitions** 3D+2, droid repair 3D+2, space transports repair 4D

**Character points:** 2

**Equipment:** Ion blaster (4D ionization damage), assorted used tools

**Capsule:** Differentiating somewhat from the average Jawa from Tatooine, those of Raxus Prime have adapted to a life of exposure to various wastes, eking out an existence scavenging from the hulks of starships that made that world their final resting place.





## Jawa Clan Raids Local Starship Component Shop

A regular business trip into Transix City Spaceport turned foul for one particular local business owner over the weekend as, following the return to his shop, he discovered that over half of his starship parts stock had been stolen. The sum of losses incurred by Outer Rim Maximized Mechanisms Megashop, one of the largest dealers of starship components in the sector (and perhaps across this slice of the Territories), exceeded twenty-five million credits in assets. One piece in question, a J528 Nubian hyperdrive core, was worth over one point two million credits alone, and was the sole available item of its kind in the entire Outer Rim.

Security holocams scattered throughout the warehouse revealed that the entirety of the emboldened thieves consisted of a wayward clan of Jawas, a species previously thought to be confined to the desert planet of Tatooine in the Arkanis Sector. Far from being a random incident, the raid on the shop was an organized effort comprised of nearly thirty individuals of said clan, hauling off several hundred uncommon and valuable parts in a matter of mere hours. Willyr Owk, the owner of the Megashop, albeit taken back by this revelation, was determined to bring the robbers to justice.

“Mark my words... I’m going to get them,” the angry yet resolved Mr. Owk remarked on the whole incident. “Those pint-sized rats can run as far as they like... but they can’t hide. I *will* find them and, by the deep wells of the Maw, I’m going to make them pay.”

It remains unclear as to how the thieves managed to flee off-world in such a short span of time. But an eyewitness account from a transient at the spaceport claimed to observe a heavily-modified mining crawler take-off from the outskirts of the Megashop’s premises. The Transix City Spaceport Control Authority issued an official statement regarding this claim, dismissing it outright as “baseless hearsay.” No further comment was provided.

# STAR WARS ADVENTURER'S JOURNAL

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## Random Attribute Generation

You start with a base value of 1D+2 in each attribute for average NPCs or 2D+2 for those on par with player characters.

Then, roll six dice, using the table below to determine which attribute each result refers to. Each time a given attribute is rolled, increase it by one pip (+1).

For example, with an average NPC if you rolled a 1, two 2s, a 3,, a 5, and a 6, that would give you Dexterity 2D, Knowledge 2D+1, Mechanical 2D Perception 1D+2 and Strength 2D and Technical 2D.

If you have a specific species in mind for your NPC and a roll would take an attribute over its species maximum, instead increase the next attribute down your list which is below the species maximum.

My associate, Ferris Hol, meets all sorts of people in her line of work as a professional investigator. Some are rather rough, or even just violent thugs. The latter she has encountered when she has started uncovering things those with influence don't want her to.

Some rough types are just those who have not had the best of lives and only ever managed to achieve anything through violence. A small few were perhaps dark to begin with.

For most of us there is a choice made somewhere along the line whether to listen to the Dark side or the Light and, whatever our decision and our actions, we usually manage some kind of justification.

– Zerun Zartan, Rebel Alliance Jedi

RANDOM ATTRIBUTE VALUES	
D6	Attribute
1	Dexterity
2	Knowledge
3	Mechanical
4	Perception
5	Strength
6	Technical





## Random Skill Generation

Roll on the Random Skills table seven times, or more or less if you want.

Each time a skill group is rolled you get the first one in the category at +1D to the attribute it is based on. Skill groups rolled twice increase the first to +2D and any further results are treated as referring to the next skill along in that group that is not at +2D, and after that the next group down.

If you rolled a 1, 4, two 5s, and three 6s, that would give you 1D in Blaster, 1D in Repulsorlift Operation, 2D in Search, 2D in Brawling, and 1D in Climbing/Jumping.

RANDOM SKILLS	
D6	Skills
1-2	Blaster. Dodge. Brawling Parry. Melee Combat. Melee Parry. Vehicle Blasters
3	Intimidation. Streetwise. Con. Bargain. Gambling
4	Repulsorlift Operation. Swoop Operation. Space Transports. Astrogation. Starship Gunnery. Starship Shields
5	Search, Sneak, Hide, Forgery
5	Brawling. Climbing/Jumping. Security. First Aid. Computer Prog/Repair. Space Transport Repair. Space Transports

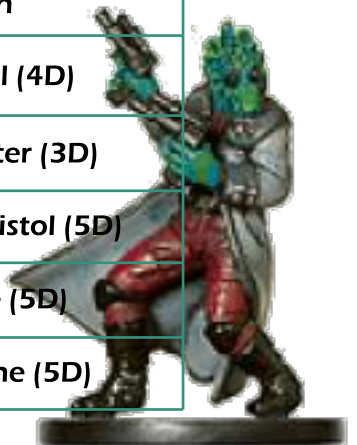


You have the option of rolling once or twice for the character's appearance. Alter as appropriate for non-humans.

RANDOM APPEARANCE	
D6	Appearance
1	Bald
2	Big / Tall
3	Cyborg Body Part
4	Hairy
5	Scarred
6	Tattooed

Generally it is assumed most thugs are armed with normal blaster pistols and if you want to arm them with something else, you will know what that will be. If you cannot decide though, roll on the table below. If the character has melee skills, they are assumed to also have a knife or vibro-blade.

RANDOM BLASTER	
D6	Weapon
1-2	Blaster Pistol (4D)
3	Hold-out Blaster (3D)
4	Heavy Blaster Pistol (5D)
5	Blaster Rifle (5D)
6	Blaster Carbine (5D)



# TRUE BLUE: A STAR WARS STORY

## PART FOUR

by Dustin Hawk

<Bridge of the NRS Thunderhead, edge of the Koornacht Cluster, Deep Core region, 12 years after the Battle of Endor>

The incandescent bulge of the galactic center burned through the backdrop of the dense wisps of interstellar gases that enveloped the Thunderhead and her taskforce. The aquatically-adapted, turquoise eyes of Rear Admiral Kalam Dessalla consumed the visage that was laid before him, unconsciously calculating the sheer distance between the vessel he stood aboard and that dense inferno that no doubt shrouded an object millions of times the mass of any star. He knew that it held an entire galaxy and its momentum within its unparalleled gravitational influence, and yet was just subtle enough that every starship in service routinely escaped it.

Impressive as the scenery was, it was none of his concern. The Quarren admiral had been swiftly reassigned to the vessel that he had once commanded so many years ago, to assist in the New Republic's military response to recent Yevethan aggression here in the Koornacht Cluster. A xenophobic purge was under way, as revealed by a rookie Grannan pilot who barely managed to escape with his life and testimony of the horrible events he had witnessed.

"Status report?" the Admiral inquired, turning to face his Starfighter Operations Officer.

"We are ready to launch the patrol," the grey-skinned Mon Calamari replied, glancing at his tactical console. "Azure Squadron has reported back, greened-up and nominal."

"Copy that," the Admiral acknowledged, sitting down and tapping his comm-link. "Azure Lead?" The holographic bust of Tann Danzel popped up on the right arm-rest of the Admiral's chair.



"Yes, sir?" the blonde-haired human responded, gazing across his fighter's control panels and switches for pre-flight checks.

"Be as thorough as you can, given the time allotted for this patrol. Plot every possible entrance and escape vector leading to and from Doornik-319. It's crucial to mine and Captain Ssiew's efforts to coordinate our reinforcements there. We don't want any surprises."

"Understood, sir," Tann said, his ethereal holographic representation looking up at the Admiral.

*Let's hope they don't find any...* he prayed.

"I'm certain you won't let us down, Colonel. You are cleared to launch," Admiral Dessalla remarked, before switching from private comm-link to the taskforce-wide secure channel. "Taskforce Esk, this is the Admiral. Posture yourselves to Condition Yellow, Weapons Hold; launch alert fighters and be prepared for anything that emerges from hyperspace." The warning lighting on the bridge switched from all-clear white to pulsating yellow.

The multi-species bridge crew readied themselves, buckling into their chairs and re-configuring their all-purpose displays. In years past, non-Mon Calamari crew members would require the use of special ocular devices in order to read and interface with the viewscreens that were configured specifically to the Mon Cal species; the Thunderhead was one of the first of her type of vessel from that era to be refitted with the multi-species consoles, alleviating that particular headache.

The Admiral gazed out the forward viewport once more, watching the small stream of blue-trimmed A-Wings race out in front of the gargantuan warship.

“The Force be with each of you,” the older Quarren muttered. *May it be with us in all of our endeavors.*

\*\*\*

The unique, blue paint and adorned A-Wing of Azure Lead accelerated out of the capacious main hangar of the MC80B star cruiser, making a sharp quarter-circle bank towards the bow and trailed by the other snubships of its unit. Tann glanced back at the smooth-contoured, aesthetic arrowhead that made up the command ship, picking out the shapes that made up the small fleet of New Class vessels it was leading.

Each of them was an end product of the New Republic Defense Force’s recent reorganization efforts. A couple of Corona-class frigates flanked the mighty Mon Cal cruiser, while several Sacheen escort ships intermingled with four equally-new Warrior-class gunships. Turning back towards his frontal view, Tann and Flight One passed half a dozen beefy K-Wing assault bombers, paired up with another squadron of the far more nimble Series III E-Wings. These craft reminded him that the early-New Republic era was being gradually replaced by its modern counterpart, an encroaching reality that now left him feeling like he belonged in a museum.

“Flight One, this is Azure Lead,” he said over the squadron’s secured frequency. “We are fast approaching Doornik-319, Entrance Vector Lambda 0-9-5. Engage your navi-computers and prepare to enter hyperspace, on my mark.”

One distant star shone faintly through a nebulous cloud of dust and gas directly ahead, calculated to be their destination. Colonel Danzel could hear the hyperdrive of his craft spooling up gradually as the hyperspace route was plotted.

“3... 2... 1... mark!”

**Tann hated running operations with only two fighters per sortie, but he was in no position to argue, yet alone cease them.**

\*\*\*

**<Bridge of the NRS Thunderhead, Tanthiel high orbit; two years after Endor>**

“Sir, I’m detecting hyperwave signatures emerging from hyperspace!”

“Hmph... now what?!” Captain Dessalla grumbled at the sensor operator’s sudden discovery, turning away from the main viewport and his gaze of the cold world below. “They yanked us all away from the Inner Rim campaigns for this hunk of ice and snow... Now what are we expecting? An entire Imp battlegroup out of nowhere?”

“I’m not certain, Si...”

“No matter. Lieutenant Briggs! Order the alert fighters to launch and intercept!”

“Hold on sir,” the operator interrupted. “They are broadcasting friendly IFF codes. Looks like two A-Wings from an aft vector at one-nine-one.”

“Comm, open a secure channel,” the Quarren officer commanded. “This is the NRS Thunderhead, Captain Dessalla commanding. Identify yourselves immediately.”

“Thunderhead, this is Azure Flight One,” a modulated voice replied. “We have just completed a reconnaissance operation, returning to base.”

“Mendool?” The Captain asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Who is commanding?” he continued to interrogate.

“Major Tann Danzel.” Captain Dessalla paused briefly.

“Lieutenant... stand down the alert fighters. Major Danzel, we need to meet A S A P.”

“Understood sir, however... we have vital data for our intel folks to analyze. Can you meet me on the surface?” The Captain’s turquoise eyes closed for a moment, his demeanor appearing somewhat slighted.

“Very well.”



## &lt;Mendool Base Hangar, Tanthiel&gt;

The “*Event Horizon*” sublight engines of his A-Wing shut down with a dragged-out whine as Tann popped open the canopy and climbed out, data-module clasped in one hand.

For two weeks, even though the remainder of the unit still hadn’t arrived, Azure had been running recon missions around the clock into nearby systems, along with those lining the inner border between the Colonies and the Core. A second A-Wing also went down for engine maintenance, leaving them with only six craft. Tann hated running operations with only two fighters per sortie, but he was in no position to argue, yet alone cease them.

They had come up with nothing, with minimal fighters and personnel available, and only empty promises from StarCom to fulfill their needs, all while Tann expected the Imperial hammer to fall.

Until today. Today, they found the door that didn’t require a key; a distinct lack of ion engine emissions and hyperlight signatures that led to an undiscovered (and more importantly, unguarded) hyperspace route into the Core Worlds. This was it. And even better, reinforcements had just arrived. Tann couldn’t help but grin at their good fortune.

Lieutenant Swiftdancer walked briskly towards him from her own fighter, her own data in hand. Despite her fatigue and sweat, she too was all smiles.

“Great job, Ansa!” the Major congratulated. “I’m not sure the rest of us would’ve ever noticed that anomaly.”

“Well, sir, you’d have to thank all of the old heads I grew up with first,” she explained giddily. “I was schooled by the best.”

“If I ever find myself on Norval II, I’ll gladly buy them a few rounds.” A steadily growing, then blaring, engine blast accompanied with an abrupt rush of cold air marked the arrival of a shuttle craft behind them. A Lambda-class, embroidered with the New Republic emblem prominently on its tall vertical stabilator, sat down onto the transient spot with a hiss, the engines shutting down as its boarding ramp lowered. Alongside the craft’s craned nose was lettering in aurabesh: Thunderhead.

Tann immediately knew what this was about. He pivoted towards Ansa, handing her his data-module.

“Take this to Ops and debrief to Brunn and Pavin. I’ll head over there shortly.”

The raven-haired pilot nodded, and stepped away as Tann faced the Lambda, observing a silhouette walking down the ramp. The tentacled-face of a Quarren emerged from the midst of the cloud that had glided before him, illuminated by the landing lights. His rank badge gave him away as a Navy captain, leaving little doubt that was whom he had spoken to in orbit. Tann motioned over a few dozen meters before going to attention at the base of the ramp, saluting the Quarren officer.

“Major Danzel?” the Captain inquired.

“Yes sir?”

“Care to explain what couldn’t be briefed in orbit, on my ship?” Tann stifled a sigh.

*One of these guys.*

“Sir, I apologize for my rudeness,” Tann said, feigning an apology. “But the timing here...”

**Chin up, Sergeant,” Bruun said encouragingly. “Remember: all of us are counting on you. Pass that on to your knuckle-busters.”**

“Timing pulled my ship away from an important staging point in the Inner Rim, timing dragged me off my bridge down onto this iceball. The very least you can do is entertain a justifiable reason...”

“We have it, sir.” Tann blurted.

“What?”

“The way into the Core. The Imps haven’t found it yet.” The Quarren captain stood, eyes moving upward as he contemplated what he had just heard.

“Ah,” he remarked after a brief moment. “Well... I suppose we can now proceed.” Tann was puzzled, lacking key details to what led to that conclusion.

“Sir, I was told to bed down my unit down, establish a foothold here, conduct reconnaissance operations into the Core, find an unexplored and undefended entrance route, and wait for reinforcements and ramp-up,” he said, running down his assigned directives. “Surely we are at the reinforcement stage. I mean, we were nearly discovered here two weeks ago, and...”

“And...?” the Captain repeated, noticing that Tann was reaching for more.

“... Is this it?”

The Quarren’s aqua-blue eyes flecked, stared into the human’s ones. “All I have is the Thunderhead,” Captain Dessalla answered. “And eight starfighter squadrons, plus the remaining A-Wings and pilots to fully compliment your squadron. We *are* the reinforcements.”

Tann thought his jaw dropped, though he was shaking his head in pure disbelief. One Mon Cal Cruiser, nine fighter squadrons, to encroach the Imperial-held Core?! But he just stood there, eyes blanked out. But then he thought he saw the Captain’s expression change. He couldn’t quite read the cephalopod-descendant’s facial gesture, but he believed him to be... amused. Or was it confidence?

“But don’t worry Major. Trust me when I say, this is all we’ll need.”

\*\*\*

Within a day of Azure’s debrief with Ops and Captain Dessalla, the real estate of Mendool Base had gotten a lot more crowded. Shuttles and small transports poured in from the Thunderhead, hauling in tons of additional supplies, munitions, personal weapons, and personnel. Two other fighter units streamed in as well: Thunderbolt Squadron, a Y-Wing-equipped unit, who was accompanied by Mirage Squadron, which fielded X-Wings.

The hangar, once relatively sparse of spacecraft, became a hive of congested, barely-contained chaos. Every available parking spot now had a fighter on it, and even new ones were painted up ad hoc to make more room. The mostly empty barracks found themselves overflowing with additional pilots, technicians, crew chiefs, support staff, and SpecForces. Literally anyone and everyone necessary to run a full fighter wing. A previously sparse, quiet space became an orchestra: clicks, bangs, clangs, shouts, curses, beeps; any sound that one could imagine.

Mendool wasn’t originally designed for such a mission, even in the peak days of the Rebellion. So naturally, tensions and tempers were beginning to flare up.

Sergeant Teeyla was up to her arms in servicing and maintenance, prepping Azure Squadron’s A-Wings for their next

scheduled sorties. With her repulsor-tug hooked up to one of the birds, she was in the process of towing it to one of the alert pads... until another tug pulling a Y-Wing abruptly cut her off. She hit the brake pedal immediately, coming to a halt a mere meter away.

“Watch where you’re going!” the angry Zabrak crew chief exclaimed. “You almost hit me!”

“Why don’t you?!” an olive-skinned Mirialan retorted, standing up from his seat. “We’ve got priority here!”

“Is your bird on alert, blaster brain?!”

“And what are you going to do with that dainty little thing?” he taunted. “Flick some skitter-flies? Move along and let the **real** squadrons get to work.”

“Come again?” a gravelly voice interjected, the silhouette of a Barabel walking towards the two tug vehicles. “Thunderbolt Squadron isn’t scheduled to fly until tomorrow. Unless you’ve been told something I’m unaware of...” One look at his Captain’s lapel (and his species) seemed to dissuade the driver as he shrank back into the seat of his tug.

“Uhhh, no sir... go right ahead.”

Captain Bruun nodded and motioned for the Sergeant to proceed. She brought the repulsor-tug around the front of her heckler, giving plenty of clearance for her A-Wing before straighten it out. He climbed in the passenger’s seat before she resumed her tow.

Teeyla let out a sigh of relief, accompanied by a head shake of frustration.

“I owe you one, sir,” she remarked thankfully. “Why doesn’t anyone realize we all have a job to do here?” Captain Bruun looked back at the Y-Wing tow crew, who was now arguing with a few of his fellow crew-chiefs about what to do.

“Don’t take it too personally,” he explained. “Everyone’s eager to join the fight; it just happened that we were the first ones in. Regardless of how we feel at the moment, we’re going to need them just as much as they’ll need us.”

The Sergeant looked at the Barabel officer briefly, his advice sinking in as she continued her tow, arriving at the primary alert spot with the nimble craft. As she stopped the tug, he stood up and made his exit.

“Chin up, Sergeant,” Bruun said encouragingly. “Remember: all of us are counting on you. Pass that on to your knuckle-busters.”

Teeyla nodded, returning a chipper grin with a confident thumbs-up.

“Always, sir.”

\*\*\*

Grumbling as she rubbed a towel against her matted dark hair, Ansa stepped into her shared quarters, wrapped in a grey synthcloth robe. Ell stood across from her bunk facing a mirror, donning her dark green flight-suit.

“Sith-spit, it took me over an hour to find an empty shower,” Ansa complained, tying the towel over the top of her tresses. “And I still want to get a holo-message recorded before they lock down the comms again.”

“Best of luck with that,” Lieutenant Zandas replied, zipping up the front of the flight-suit before throwing the life support vest over top of it. “That line was at least thirty people long I last checked.” Ansa groaned in defeat, plopping down onto her bunk.

“Never mind. I’m sure the old guys are fine anyway. How about your folks?” Ell glanced down for a moment, before looking back up in the mirror, fastening the vest and adjusting the life support fittings.

“My mom’s okay. Getting by, at least as well as anyone else on Socorro.”

“And your father?” Ell’s expression frowned slightly out of discomfort, looking away from Ansa’s eyes reflected in the mirror.

“I’d... rather not talk about that right now.”

Ansa paused briefly, taking in Ell’s answer. She concluded that now wasn’t the time to pry.

“Well... let me know whenever you’re ready to. I’m always willing to lend an ear.”

Ell nodded, grabbing her flight equipment bag and striding out of the quarters.

*Must be hard...* Ansa mused on the bunk, a bustle of other pilots passing down the pre-fabricated corridor. *Never really knowing whether or not your loved one is missing... or dead. I hope for Ell’s sake, it’s the former.*

\*\*\*

“I just got your message yesterday, big bro. The truth is... none of us have heard anything new. Uncle Jav said the whole sector’s locked down tight. No one seems to go in or out of Bormea without proper clearance. He’s not sure exactly what has happened, just that it reminded him of the days when Ralltiir was blockaded... and the plague wiped out Dentaal.”

Pavin stared at the shimmering blue duplicate of his sister, watching her close her eyes as the image wavered slightly.

“I hope you’re alright, Pavin. I understand why you’re doing this, even if the others don’t. We just want you to come back to us alive. We all love you, big bro...”

A series of beeps from the holographic projector station blurted out, signaling to Pavin that his allocated time was up. He switched it off and pulled the holodisk out, pocketing it as he stood up and walked out of the tiny booth. A violet-skinned Rodian pilot that was next in queue quickly moved past him to replace him, sliding in a disk of her own as the projector was reactivated. The line to the morale booth, made up of various species, had shrank somewhat as the time until general comm-silence drew nearer. His crew bag was slung over his shoulder as he made his way towards the base briefing room.

His thoughts drifted back to his sister’s message. He knew their parents took an awful risk getting them out of Corulag, and that the likelihood of their efforts being discovered by the ISB was considerable. It was the ideological heart of the Empire after all, and the retribution for treason would be swift and brutal.

Part of him wished they hadn’t. Although it would’ve been tough, they would’ve all been together. Or so he believed anyway.

But then again, the whole hierarchy of the Core Worlds was rapidly disintegrating. The Empire had already broken apart into different factions, warring on each other just as frequently as they did with the Republic’s forces. That conflict was eventually going to reach the Core, and when it did... no one would be safe. Not Corulag. Not even Coruscant.

Pavin did all of this because maybe, if he was lucky, he would get there first. Find his parents, evacuate them, and do whatever he had to in the aftermath. His hope, that hope, was what kept him going.



“Pavin!” a female voice called from behind. He turned to see the hazel eyes, and eager smile, of Ell Zandas meeting his vision.

“Hey Ell!”

“We’ve got to hurry! Briefing’s in less than five mic! You ready for this?” the golden-blonde-haired Core Worlder nodded positively as each of them picked up the pace, feet plunking against the durasteel plates of the floor. The entrance to the briefing room came into view, dozens of personnel flowing inside. Both of them squeezed in with the crowd, the air within grew warm and stuffy. The place was now packed, and they had to make use of whatever standing room was left in the very back.

Down in the very front of the room, behind the tactical holo-projector, was Major Danzel, along with the Mendool Base commander, Major Rannathan. They flanked a Quarren naval officer, the captain of the NRS Thunderhead.

“Gentlebeings,” the Captain Dessalla began. “Let me be the first to inform you of your overall objective from this point forward. You are all now part of Operation: Core Spear...”

The real fight had now begun...



## Captain Bruun

### Brash Pilot (Azure Five)

#### DEXTERITY 3D+2

*Blaster 4D, blaster: blaster rifle 5D, dodge 5D, melee combat 4D+2, melee parry 4D, missile weapons 4D, running 5D, vehicle blasters 5D+1*

#### KNOWLEDGE 2D

*Planetary systems 4D, survival 5D, survival: desert 5D+2, value 3D, willpower 4D*

#### MECHANICAL 3D

*Astrogation 3D+2, beast riding 4D, starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship gunnery: concussion missiles 6D, starship shields 5D*

#### PERCEPTION 3D+1

*Command 4D, gambling 4D, intimidation 5D*

#### STRENGTH 4D

*Brawling 6D, brawling parry 5D+1, climbing/jumping 5D, stamina 5D*

#### TECHNICAL 2D

*Blaster repair 3D+2, computer programming/repair 3D, droid repair 4D, security 3D+2, starfighter repair 3D*

#### Special abilities:

**Natural Body Armor:** The black scales of the Barabel act as armor, providing a +2D bonus against physical attacks, and a +1D bonus against energy attacks.

**Radiation Resistance:** Because of the proximity of their homeworld to its sun, the Barabel have evolved a natural resistance to most forms of radiation. They receive a +2D bonus when defending against the effects of radiation.





**Vision:** Barabels can see infrared radiation, giving them the ability to see in complete darkness, provided there are heat differentials in the environment.

**Story factors:**

**Jedi Respect:** Barabels have a deep respect for Jedi Knights, even though they have little aptitude for sensing the Force. They will almost always yield to the commands of a Jedi Knight (or a being that represents itself believably as a Jedi). Naturally, they are enemies of the enemies of the Jedi (or those who impersonate Jedi).

**Reputation:** Barabels are reputed to be fierce warriors and great hunters, and they are often feared. Those who know of them almost always steer clear of them.

**Force points:** 1

**Character points:** 6

**Move:** 11

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), small clay clan totem, datapad, sealed flight-suit

**Capsule:** Bruun is a veteran of the Rebel Alliance, but wasn't always sitting behind the controls of a starfighter. After witnessing the gunning down of siblings of his clutch in the crackdown of a miner's revolt, by stormtroopers dispatched by the Imperial Mining Guild no less, Bruun fled off-world and sought Rebel contacts elsewhere in the Mid Rim. He enlisted into the Alliance's SpecForces Pathfinders, serving in numerous battles with various cells across the galaxy.

One particular battle went horribly wrong, forcing Bruun to either continue the fight in an abandoned A-Wing to help the retreat of his comrades, or watch them meet the same fate that claimed his fellow clutchlings years ago. The Barabel stuffed himself into the cramped cockpit, and blasted away at the encroaching Imperial forces. While the battle was ultimately lost, his efforts minimized the casualties of those retreating, earning him a commendation with valor... and an invitation to become commissioned and serve in the Starfighter Corps. While his stubborn and temperamental personality often put him at odds with the other pilots, none of them could doubt his resolve or loyalty to his unit whenever the chips were down.

After the death of the Emperor, Captain Bruun continued his service with the recently-established New Republic. After being reassigned to the newly-established Azure Squadron and sent to their forward operating base on Tanthiel, Bruun has already clashed with some of the other new faces, particularly one human who's Core World idiosyncrasies rub on him the wrong way.

## Lieutenant Ell Zandas

### New Republic Starfighter Pilot (Azure Nine)

#### DEXTERITY 3D

*Blaster 4D, dodge 5D, running 4D, vehicle blasters 5D+2*

#### KNOWLEDGE 3D

*Alien species 3D+1, cultures 5D, languages 3D+2, planetary systems 4D, scholar: dance 5D, streetwise 5D, survival 4D, value 5D*

#### MECHANICAL 3D

*Astrogation 3D+1, starfighter piloting 4D, starfighter piloting: A-Wing 5D+1, starship gunnery 6D+1, starship shields 3D+1*

#### PERCEPTION 3D

*Bargain 4D, con 5D, gambling 6D, hide 5D, persuasion 5D, sneak 4D+2*

#### STRENGTH 3D

*Dancing 6D, stamina 5D*

#### TECHNICAL 3D

*Computer programming/repair 3D+1, Droid repair 3D+1, starfighter repair 3D+2*

**Force points:** 1

**Character points:** 6

**Move:** 10



**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D damage), comlink, dance garb and trinkets, sealed flight-suit

**Capsule:** Ell is a native of Socorro, born to a long family line of merchants and entertainers, raised in the roots of Old Corellian heritage and traditions. Her mother was a talented dancer of local renown, while her father plied the space-lines, hauling cargo from system to system while running a side hustle of smuggling on the side. In the days of the Old Republic, his cargo of choice was spice, whether it was ryll or of the andris variety; after its fall, supplies and weaponry to those who rose arms against the Empire that replaced it. Both scores earned a hefty amount of credits for his family... and as Ell learned from her mother, it was best not to ask how food was put on the table.

But luck would run out for the Zandas family, as Ell's father was caught during a run to supply the Rebels in the Atrivis Sector. He was arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Spice Mines of Kessel, and Ell's mother was forced to uproot her remaining family from Socorro and flee from persecution. Ell spent much of her childhood and teenage years relocating from world to world, under different identities, helping her mother make ends meet, ever fearful that someone would discover who they actually were and turn them in.

The defeat of the Empire at Endor would be the turning point for Ell: no more running, and no more hiding. Determined to one day locate and free her father, she decided the best way to accomplish this was to join the fight. And what faster way than to strap into the cockpit while chasing the Empire out of the galaxy herself?

# The Rancor Pit

The rules supplements can tell you how to build a sentient, Force-using rancor. Your friends at the Rancor Pit can tell you why it's not a good idea.



## www.rancorpit.com

A forum dedicated to Star Wars D6 discussion



# 2 BBY.

Rotgut Station is a waystation inside an asteroid on the Outer Rim. Getting in is impossibly easy. Getting out undetected is an adventure.

Mark Dawson's  
**ESCAPE FROM ROTGUT-STATION**



## Character Creation Rules

There are 6 main attributes: Dexterity, Knowledge, Mechanical, Perception, Strength and Technical, which start off at 2D. An extra 6D is allocated over the 6 attributes with no more than 2D being added to any single attribute, creating a possible maximum of 4D.

Regardless of how you determine your attributes, you then have fifteen dice to assign to skills. The skills there is an opportunity to use in this adventure are Blaster, Dodge, Pick Pocket, Running, Intimidation, Languages, Law Enforcement, Tactics, REpulatorlift Operation, Space Transports, Bargain, Hide, Sneak, Brawling, Climbing /Jumping and Security.

**No more than two dice can be put into a skill.**

If you put one dice in Dodge that would give you Dodge 4D+2. If you put two dice in, it would give you Dodge 5D+2.

## Combat Rules

As there is no narrated combat in this solo adventure, you have the choice of using the full rules from the *Star Wars The Role Playing Game* or these simpler and faster rules detailed below.

At the start of combat, roll the dice in your Perception attribute (or Sense skill if higher) and then the dice in the Perception attribute of your enemy with the **highest** Perception. If your roll is equal or higher than theirs you attack first. If it is lower, they attack first.

To make an attack, roll one less than the dice in your attack skill, be it Blaster, Lightsaber or some other skill. If you roll equal or higher than the value in brackets next to your opponent's Dodge value then you have beaten them. If not, then they shoot back at you.

To defend, roll one less than the dice in your Dodge skill, or if using a lightsaber, one less than the dice in your Sense skill if you have it higher than your Dodge. If you roll equal or higher than the value in brackets next to your opponent's Blaster skill value then they have failed to hit you and you can attack back. Note that if you are up against two opponents you make just one roll against their "combined fire" number.

If you are hit you can either spend Character Points to make your roll a success if you have any left, otherwise make a Strength roll. On a Strength roll total of 13 or less you are either dead or sufficiently wounded that your enemies can quickly finish you off.

On 14 to 17 you are Stunned and at a -1D penalty to all your skills on both your next attack and defence rolls. On an 18+ the blaster burn is light enough for you to ignore.

**For this adventure you have the option of playing the Mercenary or the Miscreant.**

**Background and character sheets for these new templates can be found on page 50 and 53 respectively.**

**Once you have assigned your skill dice, make sure you've checked all the exits, your blaster is charged, and turn to page 54**

**GOOD LUCK AND  
MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.**



## Mercenary

Are you a Veteran who still wears the uniform from years of service in a planetary defense force like the Alderaan Marines? You continue to wear it as a **poke in the eye** to the Empire, to let them know that though you were destroyed, you were NOT defeated. Clinging to your uniform, you'll most likely have half an eye out for similar citizen soldiers, uniforms, banners, flags and property. You might be trying to (re)build your own unit or, just share a drink, for those not coming back and sing a song or two from your shared culture of origin. Are you looking for payback until you die or, a virgin **copycat** planet that you can call all of your fellow refugees to, for the "big rebuild"?

You may come from a "Mercenary" family tradition like the Echani, Iridonian, or a Mandalorian Clan. If it's in your blood, and truly are a day to day Merc, **contracts and credits** are the **order of the day**, and other peoples "*causes*" mean nothing. You will be loyal to whomever you're fighting with, but "Lost Causes", "Hail Mary's" and "Suicide" missions are a Hard NO!

Perhaps you're an Ex-Empire "trooper" or even a "Retired Clone Trooper" that finally saw through the propaganda and jumped ship for a more noble/honest career. Having turned your back on the Empire, you can expect a lot of **sideways glances**. Sure, there are a lot of disgruntled Troopers out there, but there are also a lot of deserters that were on their way to a brig, or prison, for dishonorable behavior. You're going to have to prove yourself before people lose the "*You used to be the enemy, why should we trust you, or even expect you to not quit on us?*" mindset. Just get used to this type of reception or, better yet, **keep your mouth shut about your past**.

Every Mercenary has an "Exit Strategy", when it's time to call it quits. Maybe you're looking to kill that commander that started all of this or, maybe you have "Too Much Red in your Account" and you're looking to "*Balance the Account*" before you can rest. You'll never say "*One Last Mission*", that is a fools bet, "*I now have enough for ....*", or "*It's time to return and teach the next generation what I have learned.*" etc.

Regardless of your mercenaries' history, this will be something that your GM and you should talk about.

## STAR WARS ADVENTURER'S SHEET



Character Name	_____	
Player Name	_____	
Template	Mercenary	
Species / Gender	_____	
Height / Weight / Age	_____	
Physical Description	_____	
Movement	10	Force Sensitive? _____
Character Pts	5	Light / Dark Pts 1 / _____

DEXTERITY	3D	PERCEPTION	3D
Blaster	Brawling & Parry	Bargain	Command
Dodge	Melee & Parry	Con	Hide
Thrown Wpns	Veh Blasters	Search	Sneak
KNOWLEDGE	3D	STRENGTH	3D
Alien Species	Intimidation	Brawling	Climb/Jump
Streetwise	Survival	Lifting	Stamina
Tactics	_____	Swimming	_____
MECHANICAL	3D+1	TECHNICAL	2D+1
Ground Vehicle	Jet Pack	Computer Programming	_____
Repulsorlift	Space Trnsprts	Security	_____
Starship Gunnery	Swoop Ops	_____	_____

GEAR - TECH - WEAPONS	WOUND STATUS
B;aster Rifle (5D) Melee of Choice	<input type="checkbox"/> STUNNED
Comm Link , Backpack,	<input type="checkbox"/> WOUNDED
Helmet/Blast Vest (+1D P/1D Energy)	<input type="checkbox"/> WOUNDED
2000 Credits	<input type="checkbox"/> INCAPACITATED
	<input type="checkbox"/> MORTALLY WOUNDED

"Alderaan Forever!" "For the Honour of the Clan" or "HIS is the Way", Tell Admiral "Bag-O-Domuts" [Whatever name you choose] mine will be the last face he sees!"

A very likable "I'm not getting shot at right now" type. vs. Short preise sentences, short directed bursts from your blaster, leave no enemy [or comrade] behind me, type. You might have an almost compartmentalized personality. There is "Off Duty" and "On Duty" you.

## Miscreant

The chipper, friendly, youthful kid character. He or she is optimistic, always ready to team up with the heroes to fight the villains, and even if they're troubled they're, under it all, a good, wholesome kid.

**The Miscreant is not that type of kid character.**

The Miscreant is a troubled kid, often one who has lived a rough life on their own, often on the street or homeless. They know how to survive, at any cost. They often aren't particularly nice or thoughtful, though sometimes their rough, prickly exterior can hide a heart of gold. Or maybe not. Maybe they're just rotten and mean through and through.

Miscreants have been raised by the cruel streets of the Star Wars galaxy. They don't know the safety of a comfortable home, but they know the streets, and they know how to survive. They often have an almost preternatural sense for danger, not due to any particular sensitivity with the Force, but because they've seen it all so many times, even from a young age. They know when a parlay between gangs can turn into a hit; they know when the constabulary might show up; they know when a crime lord's amusement will turn cruel and violent. And, most importantly, they know how to think on their feet, to survive whatever they might encounter.

These kids have been surrounded by crime and vice their whole lives. They can read the street and the people in it the way a pilot reads a dogfight, or a diplomat reads a debate. But it can be a tossup if they'll use this hard-won knowledge to make the galaxy a better place... or just take what they can at the expense of the others around them.

In terms of skills, the Miscreant is an expert on the street. They will typically be knowledgeable in Streetwise, as well as in several Perception skills such as Hide, Con, and Sneak. In combat, a Miscreant does not fight for honor; they fight to win. They will use whatever dirty tricks they can to defeat their opponent, and they see no shame in escaping to survive and fight another day. In the end, survival is everything to a Miscreant child. As part of a team, they'll work with whoever can help them best achieve their goals, but trust is hard won with a Miscreant, and they will often cut and run the moment the going gets tough.

# STAR WARS ADVENTURER'S SHEET



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

Template Miscreant

Species / Gender \_\_\_\_\_

Height / Weight / Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

Movement 10 Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Character Pts 5 Light / Dark Pts 1 / \_\_\_\_\_

"Who you callin' 'kid'? I know more about this station than half the law enforcement here."

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

KNOWLEDGE 2D

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

MECHANICAL 3D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_ Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

STRENGTH 2D+2

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

GEAR - TECH - WEAPONS

Electro-slingshot (4D+2 Stun)

a few stinkbombs, a few doses of spice

WOUND STATUS

STUNNED

WOUNDED

WOUNDED

INCAPACITATED

MORTALLY WOUNDED



## The Adventure

Constructed inside an asteroid, Rotgut Station is a place on the Outer Rim, near Hutt Space. It is here in the main square of level four of the Main Platform where the Empire has finally caught up with you. Through the crowds of people, you see two white-armoured Stormtrooper heading towards you from the direction of the turbolift in the left side of the red tower of the Super 8 Motel in that direction. You just know it is you they are after.

If you are a Miscreant, **go to 3**.

If you are a Mercenary, **go to 4**.

If you are first and foremost a member of the Rebel Alliance, regardless of whether you are a Mercenary or Miscreant, **go to 5**.

**2** You enter a storeroom. To your left are various containers and a filing cabinet. Facing you at the far end is a doorway.

Through the doorway you find yourself out on a landing platform, occupied by a dark grey Firespray space transport. There is no way off the platform except back the way you have come, or perhaps by attempting to climb on top of the space transport and from there jumping upon to the landing platform above, which is on top of the storeroom. To try and get up to the next landing platform, **go to 23**. To try and steal the ship, **go to 35**. To try hiding beneath the ship, **go to 7**. To return through the storeroom and to the stairs, **go to 57**.

**3** *What is it with the Empire objecting to you trying to make a living?* you curse. It is so very unfair. Okay, so much of your work is illegal but stealing, forgery and cons just happens to be what you are good at. To go into an honest line of work would just be a waste of your talents. **Go to 6**.

**4** *What is it with the Empire objecting to you trying to make a living?* you curse. Being a mercenary is an honest and respected profession. It is just unfortunate that you have been employed by someone whose interests conflict with those of the Empire, and through carrying out your mission you have, um, destroyed some rather important Imperial assets. If the Empire does not want you taking on assignments from those who work against them, they should offer you a generous contract to work for them. **Go to 6**.

**5** Being a member of the Rebel Alliance does mean you have a number of exciting anti-establishment hobbies, like stealing from Imperial facilities, blowing up Imperial facilities, teaching local dissidents to blow up Imperial facilities, and using Imperial personnel for target practice. Perhaps they feel a little victimised by you. **Go to 6**.

**6** Anyway, you better do something. If you wish to quickly tactically evaluate the situation, **go to 27**. If you wish to open fire at the Stormtroopers closing on you, **go to 11**.

If you wish to run to either the building to your left with the sign above it, saying “The Blue Waffle”, or up the steps to the next level to one side of the Blue Waffle or to the passageway behind you, to your right, **go to 15**.

If you wish to try and hide among the various aliens and humans around you, **go to 21**.

**7** From behind you, as you roll under the spaceship, you hear the door being opened, followed by Stormtrooper-armoured footsteps heading towards you. Roll the dice in your *Hides* kill.

On a result of 12 or more, **go to 50**. On less than this, **go to 34**.

**8** Going through the doorway past a Med Centre, you enter a chamber with steps leading down straight ahead and three public computer consoles against the wall to your right. To your far left you can also see the area opens out onto a small spaceship landing platform.

To go down the steps, **go to 28**. To go back the way you have come, **go to 58**.

**9** Unfortunately you do not get far. **go to 11**.

**10** You enter the Blue Waffle. Inside it is illuminated with blue lighting, which presumably gives the bar its name. To your left you see a stage, where a band of four Weequay musicians are playing pan pipes, flutes and string instruments. To your right is the bar. To the left of the bar are the steps to upstairs.

To go up them, **go to 71**. To go past them, **go to 18**.

To leave the Blue Waffle, **go to 31**.



**11** The Stormtroopers spot you a moment before there are few enough people between you and them to avoid any collateral damage and you open fire. They have all stats 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (13 against both or 10 when just one is left), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D+1D for cover (11). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat them, **go to 16**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**12** You hit the Stormtrooper and he falls to the floor, dead.

To go around the corner past the stairs behind you, **go to 18**.

To leave the Blue Waffle by past the bar to your left and the band, which is playing to your right, **go to 31**.

To return up the stairs, **go to 71**.

**13** Up the steps you reach a brown walkway with shops along it to your left. Past the doors of a seafood restaurant with a mottled green wall, you see a small orange brown shop with a green sign above its arched doorway, saying "Electronic Repair". Continuing along the walkway, you pass a number of shops. The walkway then curves to the right and you pass a shop with a sign above it, saying "drug mart" in red letters. After it there is a pawn shop and then a liquor store. Finding nothing of interest, you eventually turn around and return the way you came. **Go to 38**.

**14** Roll the dice in your *Law Enforcement* skill. On a total of 10 or more, **go to 24**. On less than this, **go to 19**.

**15** Roll the number of dice you have in your *Running* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 22**. On less than this, **go to 9**.

**16** As the last Stormtrooper falls to the ground, two more step out of the turbolift in the left side of the Super 8 Motel and you realise it has become decidedly unhealthy to remain here.

If you run to the Blue Waffle, **go to 10**.

If you run to the stairs to the side of the Blue Waffle and up to the next level, **go to 76**.

If you run to the passageway behind you to your right, **go to 64**.

**17** You manage to hit the Stormtrooper and he falls to the ground, dead. If you wish to try and get up to the next landing platform, **go to 23**. To go back the way you have come, **go to 57**.

**18** Past the bottom of the stairs in the Blue Waffle you see on the wall facing you in that direction a sign saying "Mel's Diner" with an arrow pointing to a doorway to the left of it. Through the doorway you leave the blue lighting of the bar behind you and enter a white walled diner, featuring a long counter to your right with two droids working behind it.

Unfortunately, there is no exit this direction. Re-entering the Blue Waffle, you pass between the stairs to the upper level and the bar to your left. Ahead of you, at the far end of the Blue Waffle, you see the white-armoured figure of a Stormtrooper enter the establishment. Fortunately, he has not seen you yet. To go upstairs, **go to 71**.

**19** You do not know anything about law enforcement on Rotgut Station which might help you to decide what to do in this situation. **Go to 20**.

**20** To break into the Law Keeper Office through the door facing you, which is locked, **go to 25**.

To go through the door behind you, **go to 2**.

To go up the stairs to your right, **go to 57**.

**21** Roll the number of dice you have in your *Hide* skill.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 26**. On less than this, **go to 11**.

**22** With a burst of energy you manage to reach your destination before the Stormtroopers spot you. If your chosen destination was the Blue Waffle, **go to 10**.

If it was to the stairs to the side of the Blue Waffle and up to the next level, **go to 76**.

If it was to the passageway behind you to your right, **go to 64**.

**23** As you attempt to scramble on top of the space transport then leap upwards to grab the edge of the landing platform, roll the dice in your *Climbing/Jumping* skill.

On a result of 10 or more, **go to 49**. On less than this, **go to 43**.

**24** You have heard law enforcement in Rotgut Station falls to just one sheriff and his three deputies. With that in mind they are bound to be very busy and are not likely to be able to afford the manpower to have someone in the office on a regular basis, so the place has a very good chance of being empty right now. The

Stormtroopers, who have nothing better to do than unfairly harass you, operate from the Imperial Garrison between Wall Sectors Two and Three. You suppose it is possible they might have requisitioned the office while they are after you. **Go to 20.**

**25** With the tools you have you work on overriding the Law Keeper Office's door's lock. Roll the dice in your *Security* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 67**. On less than this, **go to 30**.

**26** Amongst all the people the Stormtroopers do not seem to have spotted you, but they will do if you remain here. If you run to the Blue Waffle, **go to 10**.

If you run to the stairs to the side of the Blue Waffle and up to the next level, **go to 76**.

If you run to the passageway behind you to your right, **go to 64**.

**27** Roll the number of dice you have in your *Tactics* skill or *Law Enforcement* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 41**. On less than this, **go to 32**.

**28** At the bottom of the stairs you see a door to your left and another one to your right. The door to your right is marked, "Law Keeper Office". It would probably be best to avoid that place but then it would be the last place they would expect you to go.

To consider breaking into the Law Keeper Office, **go to 14**.

To go through the door to your left, **go to 2**.

To go back up the stairs and out into the street above, **go to 58**.

**29** Through the door you enter a set of corridors with printed advertisements on the walls and holo-displays of local events and the images of the Empire's most wanted—which includes you! Picking a corridor leading to one of the docking bays, you set off down it. In places along it you can see the rough bare rock of the asteroid which Rotgut Station is constructed inside.

Shortly you reach the door into the docking bay and through it see the one hundred and fifty-foot-long shape of a Correlian Corvette.

"Passage to Rishi, our next port of call, is six hundred credits for which you get a small private room," the crewman on guard outside the ship tells you.

If you have this many credits and wish to pay it, **go to 135**.

If not, you have no choice but to return the way you have come and **go to 39**.

**30** Unfortunately you are unable to get the door unlocked.

To go through the door behind you, **go to 2**.

To go up the stairs to your right, **go to 57**.

**31** You step out into a square with buildings towering around you, covered in advertisements, and the road before you busy with aliens and the occasional speeder.

Unfortunately, you find two white-armoured Stormtroopers waiting for you with their blaster rifles aimed roughly your direction.

They have all stats 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (13 against both or 10 when just one is left), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D +1D for cover (11). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat them, **go to 61**.

If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**32** You have no flashes of insight about this situation.  
**Go to 33.**

**33** If you wish to open fire at the Stormtroopers closing on you, **go to 11**.

If you wish to run for either the building to your left with the sign above it, saying "The Blue Waffle", or up the steps to the next level to one side of the Blue Waffle or to the passageway behind you, to your right, **go to 15**.

If you wish to try and hide among the various aliens and humans around you, **go to 21**.

**34** You see the white-armoured legs of a Stormtrooper come to a stop then he crouches down and seeing you beneath the spaceship, begins levelling his blaster rifle at you. He has all stats 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (10), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D (7). Blaster Damage 5D (17). You have a +4 bonus to your *Dodge* skill due to the cover of the spaceship.

If you defeat him, **go to 52**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.



**35** At what appears to be the rear of the Firespray you scramble up the boarding ramp built into the shape of its hull and to the door into the ship. There you begin work hot-wiring the locking mechanism to get the door open. Blasting it would probably only set off other security measures. Roll the dice in your *Security* skill.

On a result of 18 or more, **go to 62**. On less than this, **go to 45**.

**36** Minutes later you bring the air vehicle down on a wide green walkway, stretching to your left and right. There you see a grey door in front of you with the holo-images of four women above it and to the right of them, a vertical row of three red Xs. Three doors to your left, just before a place to stay called the Econo Lodge, is the metal pressure door to the outer docking bays and external docking ports.

To go through it, **go to 29**. At the end of the walkway in that direction is the door into the Econo Lodge, where you gather there is a lift down to Gutter Town.

To enter it to reach Gutter Town, **go to 46**.

To your right is a brown wall with a doorway in and steps up to the next level beside it.

To go through the doorway, **go to 77**.

To go up the steps, **go to 13**.



**37** Returning past the food stalls to your right, you reach a brown wall with a doorway in it. Through the doorway the walkway continues, although now green in colour. There is a grey door to your right with the holo-images of four women above it and to the right of them, a vertical row of three red Xs. Three doors further along, just before a place to stay called the Econo Lodge, is the metal pressure door to the outer docking bays and external docking ports. To go through it, **go to 29**.

At the end of the walkway is the door into the Econo Lodge, where you gather there is a lift down to Gutter Town.

To enter it to reach Gutter Town, **go to 46**.

To instead catch an air-taxi to somewhere else, **go to 82**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 77**.

To the left of the doorway behind you, and the wall it is in, are steps going up. To climb up them, **go to 13**.

**38** As you descend the steps down from the walkway, you see ahead of you a high relatively small sign saying, "THE LUSTY LADY". Stepping down the last step, you see a grey door to your right with the holo-images of four women above it and below the Lusty Lady sign, and to the right of them, a vertical row of three red Xs. Three doors further along, just before a place to stay called the Econo Lodge, is the metal pressure door to the outer docking bays and external docking ports.

To go through it, **go to 29**.

At the end of the walkway is the door into the Econo Lodge, where you gather there is a lift down to Gutter Town. To enter it to reach Gutter Town, **go to 46**.

Behind you, to the right of the steps, is a brown wall with a doorway in it. To go through it, **go to 77**.

To go back up the steps, **go to 13**.

To instead catch an air-taxi to somewhere else, **go to 82**.

**39** Some moments later you are back on Wall Sector Two's wide green walkway, looking out over the cavern forming the interior of the asteroid you are inside. Some distance away across the cavern floor, you can make out the towering structure of the Main Platform. To your left is a brown wall with a doorway in and steps up to the next level beside it.

To go through the doorway, **go to 77**.

To go up the steps, **go to 13**.

To your right, at the end of the walkway is the door into the Econo Lodge, where you gather there is a lift down to Gutter Town.

To enter it to reach Gutter Town, **go to 46**.

To go back through the door behind you, **go to 29**.

**40** With the Wall Sector Two Commercial District towering over you, you enter the large doorway into a grey room with the doors of a turbolift facing you. Entering the turbolift, you see the first two levels up require keys to get the lift to take you to them, while the third level just requires you to press a button, which you do. The doors close and you feel the turbolift going up before the doors open. You see beyond a grey room with a doorway in the left wall.

Stepping through the doorway, you see stretching ahead of you a green walkway with the fronts of buildings along the left side and to the right a drop to the cavern below, where you can see Gutter Town and the Main Platform. The first door to your left is the metal pressure door to the outer docking bays and external docking ports. To go through it, **go to 29**.

The walkway ends in a brown wall with a doorway in it.

To go through the doorway, **go to 77**.

To the side to the right of the wall is a set of steps up. To climb up them, **go to 13**.

To instead catch an air-taxi to somewhere else, **go to 82**.

To return through the doorway behind you, **go to 46**.

**41** You realize that the Stormtroopers will have more following so if you shoot these ones, they will probably just be replaced by more, who will have heard your blaster fire. Running or hiding is probably the best bet. **Go to 33**.

**42** You return down the stairs to see to your left a white-armoured Stormtrooper making his way towards you. The other patrons quickly get out of the way, as he raises his blaster rifle to open fire at you.

He has all stats 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (10), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D+1D for cover (11). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat him, **go to 12**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**43** Somewhere in the process of scrambling up you lose your grip and tumble to the ground. **Go to 44**.

**44** Before you can do anything else, a white-armoured Stormtrooper appears in the doorway you came through and opens fire at you with his blaster rifle.

He has all stats 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (10), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D +1D for cover (11). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat him, **go to 17**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**45** The locking mechanism responds to nothing you do.

**Go to 44**.

**46** Through the door you enter a stark gray room with the doors of a lift in the wall to your right. You hit a button on the right side of the lift and the doors open, allowing you to step inside. Keys are needed for the lift to take you to the level above or the next two levels below, suggesting these are rooms. On those levels the lowest level, however, just has a button to press to select, which you do so. The doors close and you feel the lift descend for a few seconds before they open again, revealing this time a room with a large open doorway facing you.

Through it you can see the hovels of Gutter Town spread out across the cavern floor. There is also a faint smell of sewage. Towering over these small metal buildings, many with gas bottles on the sides of them, is the large structure of the Main Platform.

To make your way over to it, **go to 99**.



To return to the Level Two Commercial District, **go to 40**.

**47** After a hairy few seconds you manage to get the hang of how to fly the speeder. If you wish to fly to the Wall Sector Two Commercial District, which is straight ahead of you and where you can reach Rotgut Station's outer docking bays and external docking ports for the larger ships, **go to 36**.

To instead fly up to the Main Platform landing pads, where you know there will be a ship which might get you away from the station, **go to 55**.

**48** At the last moment you manage to get the law enforcement speeder back under control and save yourself, leveling your flight off. **Go to 47**.

**49** You manage to climb on top of the ship then leaping towards the landing platform above you, grab the edge of it and haul yourself upon to it. Dashing across the landing platform, you see a public computer console to your right and three more against the wall ahead of you. Past the first console is a doorway to your right.

To dive through it, **go to 58**. To run past it, **go to 117**.

**50** You hear the footsteps for a few more moments before the Stormtrooper gives up and leaves.

To pull yourself out from under the ship and going back through the storeroom, return to the stairs, **go to 68**.

To instead wait here for the owner of the ship, with the intention of ambushing them and forcing them to get you off Rotgut Station on their ship, **go to 94**.

**51** You have no problem skillfully lifting a wallet from the Gran and several other unsuspecting victims, before you dive into the cover of the nearby newspaper store. Examining what you have stolen, you see it comes out to four hundred credits. **Go to 108**.

**52** You successfully manage to hit the Stormtrooper, taking him down. Leaving the landing platform, you return through the storeroom and back to the stairs outside it. **Go to 57**.

**53** Going back inside, you see the railing facing you where you can see the lower floor of the Blue Waffle. To your right are tables

where patrons are seated. At the end of the walkway to your far-right are the stairs down to the lower level. Up the stairs a white-armoured Stormtrooper steps up into view and swings his blaster rifle around to fire at you.

He has all stats 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (10), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D+1D for cover (11). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat him, **go to 70**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**54** You hit a wrong switch, or are too heavy handed with a control, and send the speeder into an out-of-control dive. Struggling to get the speeder back under control, roll the dice in your *Repulsorlift Operation* skill.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 48**. On less than this, **go to 130**.

**55** Ahead you see on a landing pad some variant of a YT-1300 Transport. You land the law enforcement speeder on a smaller landing platform overlooking the one with the YT-1300 on. Opening the cockpit canopy, you climb out.

The boarding ramp of the YT-1300 is down but the cut-off cone-shaped cockpit looks to be occupied. Nearby another member of the ship's crew appears to be conducting maintenance or repairs to the underside of the ship.

To descend the steps to the space transport and attempt to stowaway on board, **go to 118**.

To openly approach the crewman concerning passage aboard the light stock freighter, **go to 103**.

To force them to give you a lift off the station, **go to 95**.

Behind you, to your right, across a small blue bridge, you can see a yellow Taco food stall, featuring two stools facing the counter and service window.

To go across the bridge to the stall, **go to 123**. Behind you to your left is a red lift. To enter it, **go to 110**.

To return to the law enforcement speeder and fly instead to the Wall Sector Two Commercial District, **go to 36**.

**56** You see the wall of a white building about a metre away. To your right you can see out from the Main Platform the metal hovels of Gutter Town below. Beyond Gutter Town you can just

make out the fungus and creature farm against the far wall. To your left you can see a street busy with alien pedestrians and air taxis, which you step out into. There, to your right, you can see a building with a large sign above door level, saying in blue letters against a yellow background, "THE BLUE WAFFLE". Slightly further along is the doorway into the bar with advertisement signs above it. To enter this establishment, **go to 10**.

Further along to your right are some steps up to the next level. To go up them, **go to 76**.

To your left, past the red tower of the Super 8 Motel, from which the lift you used came out of, you can see the dirty white building of the Med Centre.

Finally, past the Med Centre and facing you, is the passageway towards the Law Keeper Office.

To go that way, **go to 8**. To return to the lift, **go to 110**.

**57** You reach the bottom of the stairs outside the Law Keeper Office and adjacent storeroom and are just starting up them when at the top of them, two white-armoured Stormtroopers step into view. Seeing you, they open fire with their blaster rifles.

They have all stats at 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (13 against both or 10 when just one is left), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D (7). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat them, **go to 69**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**58** Passing through the doorway, you see to your right the dirty white building of the Med Centre. To your left you see above the grey structure of Space-port Control with its long window. Beneath it is an open square with the stall of a creepy Moodooian Monk merchant in the far-left corner.

Past the Med Centre is the red tower structure of the Super 8 Motel with a circular window at each level and advertisement boards covering its exterior. To enter the lift in the side of the Super 8 Motel, **go to 110**.

Ahead and directly facing you is a building with a large sign above door level, saying in blue letters against a yellow background, "THE BLUE WAFFLE". Further left along it is the doorway into the bar with advertisement signs for beverages and cigars above it. To enter this establishment, **go to 10**.

Further along to your left are some steps up to the next level. To

go up them, **go to 76**. To go back the way you have come, **go to 8**. Past the Moodooian Monk's stall is a tall narrow doorway. To go through it, **go to 64**.

**59** To your satisfaction, you manage to unlock the speeder's canopy and it slides back, allowing you to climb in and sit down on the flight seat before the vehicle's controls. Having noticed the lovingly polished pristine paintwork, you consider whether stealing what is probably the law enforcement officers' pride and joy is a bit mean. *Nah*, you decide. *If they did not want it stolen they should have kept it more secure than just having two locked doors and the vehicle's own security to get past.*

Closing the canopy, you start the beast of a vehicle up and hear the powerful whine of the repulsorlift engines behind and below you. The speeder lifts into the air. Before you the hanger doors open. As you fly the speeder through them, you see the slums of Gutter Town spread across the cavern floor below and further ahead the various levels of the fronts of buildings making up the Wall Sector Two Commercial District.

The law enforcement speeder does not handle like anything you are familiar with and you are finding you do not have an instant feel for how to fly it. Roll the dice in your *Repulsorlift Operation* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 47**. On less than this, **go to 54**.

**60** You hit the last Stormtrooper and his armoured body tumbles backwards down the stairs behind him. Turning back to the steps, you finish climbing them and head over to the air-taxi on the small landing platform. **Go to 82**.

**61** You hit the last Stormtrooper and he falls to the ground, dead. Looking around the square, you see directly facing you a large grey-brown pillar, covered in advertisement boards, and along with a further away pillar, supporting the space port control and a large landing pad above it.

From a tall narrow doorway to the right of the pillar, rush two more Stormtroopers. To your left, at the end of the street, is the red tower structure of the Super 8 Motel with a circular window at each level and advertisement boards covering its exterior.

To enter the lift in the side of the Super 8 Motel and escape in it, **go to 110**. To the far left, past the Super 8 Motel, is a dirty white building with a space transport parked on top of it and an oval



doorway, that you identify as the Med Centre.

Facing you in the far-left corner is the passageway to the Law Keeper Office. To go that way, **go to 8**.

Behind you, to your left is the doorway into the Blue Waffle. To enter it, **go to 10**.

Behind you to your right are steps up to the next level. To go up them, **go to 76**.

**62** After a bit of fiddling from you the door of the Firespray slides open. Entering the short narrow passageway beyond, you head over to the ladder in front of you, which looks like it leads up to the cockpit. It is there you hear a mechanical “gonk” noise and see to your left a very abused looking box shaped power droid. On the display screen on its body the words appear, “Help me. I have been stolen from my rightful owner by the horrid human woman who owns this ship. She stole me because she could and had a use for a power droid but she treats me bad and I miss my former master.”

“Don’t worry,” you tell the droid, “You will never see her again, just as she will never see this ship again, and I’m sure we will be great friends, regardless of whether we manage to reunite you with your real owner.”

Climbing up the ladder, you reach the pilot seat, which is facing in the direction of the door you entered by and sit yourself in it before a control console surrounding you.

With a flick of a switch you shut the door behind you below then flick the switches to power up the engines. A smooth hum-whine comes from the engines. To your left, through the cockpit canopy, you see the walls of the Main Platform begin to fall away.

The ship around you rotates ninety degrees so that the bottom of the ship is now the rear, while your flight seat and the control console remain the same way up. Roll the dice in your *Space Transports* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 136**. On less than this, **go to 79**.

**63** Through the door you see steps going up to your left and a door facing you.

To climb up the steps, **go to 68**.



To go through the door facing you, **go to 2**.

**64** Through the tall narrow doorway you enter a dark short passageway, which comes out onto a walkway. To your right, where there is a sheer drop, you can see at the other side of the cavern from the Main Platform, the sheer cliff face of apartments making up Wall Sector One, Kowloon City. To your left you pass the arched entrance of the Community Council Chamber. It is a short distance after this you hear the sound of armoured boots behind you. You turn around just as two white-armoured Stormtroopers dash out of the tall narrow doorway of the passageway back the way you have come and open fire at you with their blaster rifles.

They have all stats at 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (13 against both or 10 when just one is left), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D (7). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat them, **go to 81**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**65** You are halfway up the steps to the small landing platform, when you hear armoured boots behind you and turn to see two white-armoured Stormtroopers climbing up the steps from the street level below them.

They open fire at you with their blaster rifles and have all stats at 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (13 against both or 10 when just one is left), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D+1D for cover (11). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat them, **go to 60**. If they defeat you, **go to 120**.

**66** You are unable to get the speeder's canopy open to get inside it and have no choice but to give up and return through the door behind you. **Go to 78**.

**67** With a bleep from your lock breaker and a click from the door you get it unlocked and put away your tools. **Go to 74**.

**68** Up the steps outside the Law Keeper Office and the adjacent storeroom you enter a room with a doorway ahead of you and three public computer consoles along the wall to your left. Behind you to your right it opens out onto a small spaceship landing pad.

To go through the doorway ahead of you, **go to 58**.

To instead go left, **go to 117**.

**69** The armoured body of the last Stormtrooper topples down the steps. The room the steps lead up into has a doorway ahead of you and three public computer consoles. To your right it opens out onto a small spaceship landing pad.

To go through the doorway ahead of you, **go to 58**.

To instead go left, **go to 117**.

To return down the stairs behind you, **go to 28**.

**70** You succeed in hitting the Stormtrooper and his body topples down the stairs behind him. To go down the stairs, **go to 42**. To return through the archway behind you, **go to 87**.

**71** Up the steps you find yourself on a walkway, which to your right, where there is a railing, overlooks the floor below. Further along, to your right, the upper level continues, where there are patrons sat at tables. Towards the end of this level is an arched doorway, through which you can hear the sound of speeders in the street outside the Blue Waffle. Presumably the doorway leads out onto a balcony.

To go through the archway, **go to 87**.

To return down the stairs, **go to 42**.

**72** The middle force-field projector on the left side of the force-field appears to be not fully functioning as it should. It looks like you are in luck, for if all the projectors had been operating fine there would have been nothing you could do to escape. From one of the two beds you manage to break off a strip of metal to use as an improvised tool. This you jab into the gap between the dome shaped projector and the wall behind it, doing your best to ignore the electric shocks you receive from it. To your satisfaction, the force field sparks and goes out and you step out into the office on the other side of it.

To your right is a desk with a computer terminal on it and a chair behind it. On the wall facing you are a couple of cabinets. In one of these you find your weapons and equipment and quickly reclaim them.

There is a door to your left and another one to your right. Both are locked but no hindrance to someone of your skill.

To go through the left door, **go to 63**.



To go through the right one, **go to 92**.

**73** Pulling out your tools, you work on getting the canopy open. Roll the dice in your *Security* skill. On a total of 14 or more, **go to 59**. On less than this, **go to 66**.

**74** Through the door into the Law Keeper Office you see at the far end facing you, to the left of a desk, a door. To your right is the alcove of the Law Keepers' holding cell, which is empty with its force field off.

To go through the door facing you, **go to 92**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 63**.

**75** There is a faint smell of sewage in the air. Looking around, you see that you are in an alcove in the side of the base of the Main Platform. Ahead of you is a large collection of small metal buildings, many with large gas bottles on the side of them.

To walk over to the Wall Sector Two Commercial District, which you can see to your right, **go to 80**. To return to the lift, **go to 110**.

**76** As you are climbing up the set of stairs, twisting to your right, the Stormtroopers in the street behind you below, see you and open fire at you. With red laser bolts flashing through the air around you, roll the dice in your *Dodge* skill.



On a total of 16 or more, **go to 126**. On 15 or less, **go to 120**.

*Feel free to spend Character Points or Force Points to improve a roll of less than 16.*

**77** Through the doorway the walkway continues, although now a dirty white in colour, and with food stalls along the wall to your left. Coming from the chop shop below the walkway you can hear the sounds of welding and the voices of mechanics working.

At the far end of the walkway is a doorway guarded by a stocky green-skinned and heavy-jawed Gamorrean with small horns on his head and a pig-like snout. He is armed with a vibro-axe. Through there you suspect are the chambers of the Hutt crime lord, Endo Fash. You can hear music coming from within.

If you tell the Gamorrean you wish to seek an audience with Endo Fash, **go to 85**.

To go back the way you have come, **go to 37**.

**78** Through the door into the Law Keeper Office you see at the far end facing you, a door. To your left is the alcove of the holding cell with its force field off.

To go through the door, **go to 63**.

To return through the door behind you, **go to 92**.

**79** As you are guiding the Firespray up, the side of it crashes into the top of the red tower structure of the Super 8 Motel, knocking the spaceship out of control. Struggling to pull the ship up, roll the dice in your *Space Transports* skill. On a total of 15 or more, **go to 114**. On less than this, **go to 131**.

**80** You get the distinct feeling Gutter Town is not the safest place, as you make your way past its buildings, while getting a sense of being watched. With the last Gutter Town hovel behind you, you see towering above you the building fronts of the four levels of the Wall Sector Two Commercial District. At the bottom of it is a large doorway. To enter it, **go to 40**.

**81** You hit the last Stormtrooper and his white-armoured body falls off the sheer drop at the side of the walkway to your right and impacts against the cavern floor below.

Turning back the way you were going, you see further along the walkway turns left then left again into a chamber with three public computer consoles along the wall behind you and another against

the wall to your left. Just before the last computer console there is a doorway to your left and steps leading down to your right.

To go through the doorway, **go to 58**.

To go down the steps, **go to 28**.

To turn around and return the way you have come, **go to 117**.

**82** You climb into the seat at the front of the air-taxi, which is effectively a box with an engine mounted on your left and right sides and an astromech droid pilot in a droid socket behind you. The droid produces a series of whistles and bleeps and a small screen in front of you displays a written translation of the droid asking you where you wish to go.

You tell the droid your destination and with a whine of repulsorlifts the air-taxi takes off.

If your destination is the Wall Sector Two Commercial District, **go to 36**.

If it is back to the Main Platform, **go to 122**.

**83** After a few moments a short snout-faced Snivvian, armed with a force pike, steps into view. In reasonably perfect Basic he says, "His Excellency, the magnificent Endo Fash, will see you now." You step through the doorway and follow him. He escorts you into the presence of the giant slug-like Hutt, Endo Fash, laid upon his animal-skin-covered stone slab of a throne and surrounded by various minions.

Playing music to the right of the throne there is a band, consisting of a Rodian, a Shawda Ubb and a Bith playing flutes, a Pa'lowick singer, and an Ortolan organist.

"What brings you before my awesome presence?" rumbles Endo Fash in his deep voice.

You explain your need to get off Rotgut Station and offer your professional services in return for him helping you. Roll the dice in your *Bargain* skill.

On a total of 12 or more, **go to 100**. On less than this, **go to 91**.

**84** If you wish to steal the law enforcement air speeder, **go to 73**. To return through the door behind you, **go to 78**.

**85** As you approach the doorway, the Gamorrean grunts something at you in its language. Roll the dice in your *Languages* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 97**. On less than this, **go to 90**.

**86** Ever since your first joyride in a stolen vehicle, you have wanted to drive one of these heavy-duty law enforcement air speeders. They always seemed better than anything you could get behind the controls of. **Go to 84**.

**87** Through the arched doorway you do indeed find yourself on a large balcony, overlooking the street below. In the wall behind you to the right are grooves which you could use to climb up to the next platform. To attempt this, **go to 98**.

To return through the archway behind you, **go to 53**.

**88** You manage a good hit on the Stormtrooper, and he falls to the ground, dead.

To climb up the wall to your left up to the next level, **go to 124**. To return back through the door further to your left, **go to 53**.

**89** A stun bolt hits you and, overwhelmed by dizziness and nausea, you fall to the ground and pass out.

When you come around, you find yourself laid on the floor of a cell, which to your right is separated from what looks like an empty law enforcement office by a crackling forcefield. To your left, against a pale green wall, is a box like seat. Behind your head is a set of bunkbeds and in the direction of your feet is a toilet.

Having no intention of staying here to face more secure incarceration or worse, you turn your attention back to the force field. Force fields are not common technology in prisons. At the edge of your cell you notice the dome shaped projectors of the force field; three on the floor, three more each on the walls to either side of you and a final three attached to the ceiling.

Roll the dice in your *Security* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 72**. On less than this, **go to 138**.

**90** Unfortunately, you cannot work out what the guard is saying, and neither can the Gamorrean understand you. In fact, he appears to be getting quite annoyed and aggressive to the degree that if you wish to persist in seeking an audience with Endo Fash, you are going to have to fight the guard.



To fight the Gamorrean guard, **go to 101**.

To give up and leave, **go to 37**.

**91** “I see little profit in this for me,” Endo Fash tells you, “And the sensible and pragmatic Endo Fash does not do charity. We resent having our precious time wasted.” The Hutt Crime Lord then turns to two of his Gamorrean guards and tells them,

“Throw this wretch back out onto the street and if it ever returns here again, you may kill it.”

The two Gamorreans escort you out of Endo Fash’s chambers, as instructed and outside you begin to walk away. **Go to 37**.

**92** Through the door, which had been locked before you dealt with it, you enter a hanger containing the dark blue smooth rounded shape of an armed heavy-duty law enforcement air speeder.

If your character is a Miscreant, **go to 86**.

If not, **go to 84**.

**93** The Gamorrean falls to the ground, dead. If you wish to still proceed with your intention to speak with Endo Fash, **go to 83**.

If you wish to quickly leave, **go to 37**.

**94** After lying in wait beneath the ship for the best part of an hour, a human male in armour walks through the door out of the storeroom and onto the landing platform, towards the Firespray transport and you. Rolling out from under the ship and onto your feet, while drawing your blaster in the same motion, you spring towards him. **Go to 96**.

**95** Descending down the steps to the larger platform, you approach the crewman then draw your blaster on him. **Go to 96**.

**96** “You are giving me a lift out of here, if you wish to remain breathing,” you tell the man, pressing your blaster into his chest. Roll the dice in your *Intimidation* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 116**. On less than this, **go to 109**.

**97** The Gamorrean issues several loud grunts through the doorway behind him, which you understand as, “Visitor for the Mighty Endo Fash. Ask boss if I can kill it or if I should let it

through?” **Go to 83**.

**98** Hearing the Stormtroopers coming up the stairs through the doorway behind you, you head over to the grooves in the wall and attempt to scale them.

Roll the dice in your *Climbing/Jumping* skill.

On a result of 7 or more, **go to 124**. On less than this, **go to 106**.

**99** You get the distinct feeling Gutter Town is not the safest place, as you make your way past its buildings, while getting a sense of being watched. With the last Gutter Town hovel behind you, you see towering above you the structure of the Main Platform and find an alcove with the doors of a lift in the left wall of it.

To enter the lift, **go to 110**.

To return to the Wall Sector Two Commercial District, **go to 80**.

**100** “I am feeling generous, young one,” Endo Fash tells you. “What I’m going to do is employ you for a job. Bravery and skill such as yours are valuable traits. I dislike anything valuable going to waste and the traits would go to waste if I had you disposed of, or if you were captured and imprisoned indefinitely.

There is work off Rotgut Station I need you to do and I will pay you well. I am very wise and know the value of establishing myself as the first choice of a benefactor and employer.”

If you take him up on his offer, **go to 134**.

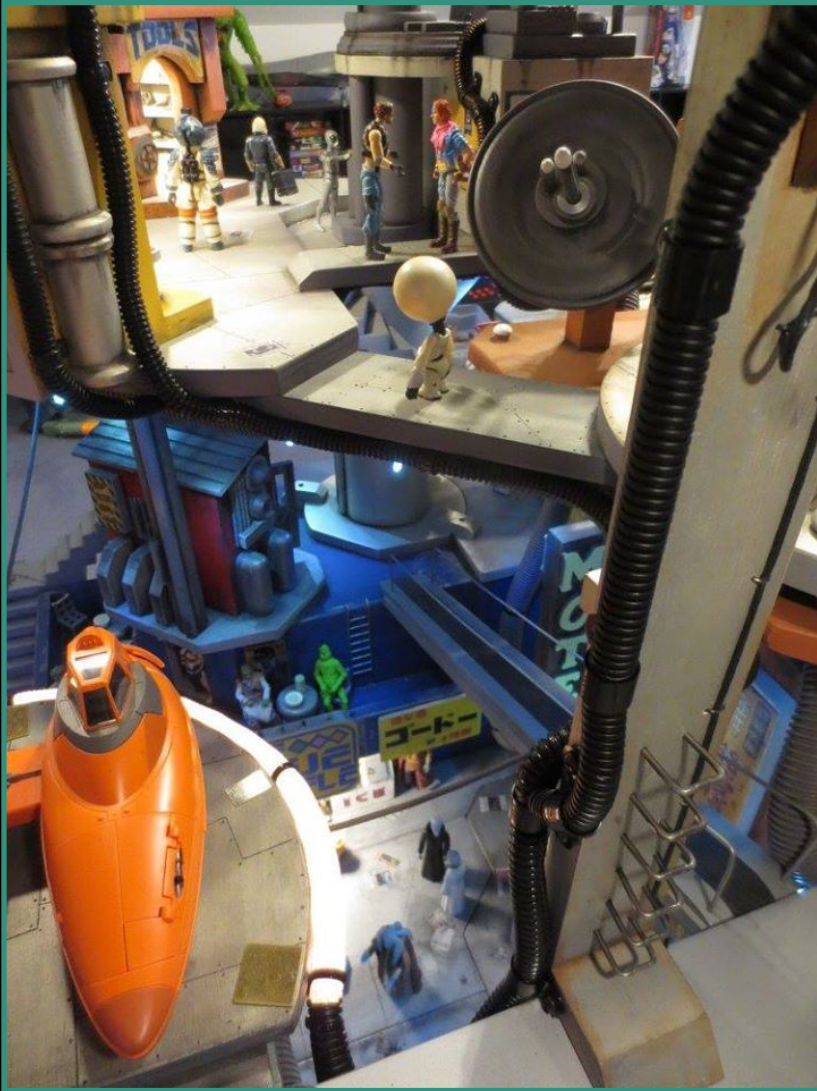
If not, you thank him but courteously turn him down, and leaving Endo Fash’s chambers, **go to 37**.

**101** Seeing you draw a weapon, the Gamorrean charges towards you. If shooting at it, you do get a shot before it closes on you.

It has all stats at 1D except: Dexterity 3D, Dodge/Parry 3D (7), Melee Combat 4D+2! (13), Perception 2D, Strength 4D. Vibro-axe Damage 7D+1 (25).

If you win, **go to 93**. If you lose, **go to 132**.

**102** With it being crowded you have no difficulty “accidentally” bumping into a reasonably well off looking three-eyed Gran and slipping your hand into his pocket.



Roll the dice in your *Pick Pocket* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 51**. On less than this, **go to 107**.

**103** Descending down the steps to the larger landing platform, you approach the crewman and ask,

“How much for passage to Rishi?”

The two of you then begin negotiating over the price.

Roll the dice in your *Bargain* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 119**. On less than this, **go to 112**.

**104** “I was just giving your ship a look over before deciding whether to inquire about passage with you to Rishi,” you tell the crewman, “But if that is your attitude...”

“Fine, it is something we can discuss but I am not sure we want a passenger getting in the way on this trip.” The two of you then begin negotiating over the price of passage.

Roll the dice in your *Bargain* skill.

On a total of 10 or more, **go to 119**. On less than this, **go to 112**.

**105** You climb down the stairs to the right of the Gun Shop, which twists to the left, where you can see the upper level of the Blue Waffle bar. There a bald man with a silver beard and a dark jacket and a woman with black hair are sat out on the balcony. The steps bring you down into a street stretching to your left. **Go to 31**.

**106** In your rush to climb up the wall, your foot slips, which slows you down too much. Hearing a Stormtrooper coming through the door with the top of the wall being too far to reach in time, you are forced to drop down to face him, as he swings his blaster rifle around.

He has all stats at 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (10). Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D+1D cover from the doorway (11). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat him, **go to 88**. If you are defeated, **go to 120**.

**107** No sooner than you have stepped away with your prize of several credits than the Gran’s three eye stalks twist your direction and he shouts, “Thief!” You are already running for it.



When for a brief moment you are out of sight, you dive into the cover of the nearby newspaper store. Examining what you have stolen, you see it only comes out to thirty credits. **Go to 108.**

**108** As you pretend to browse, to allow some time to pass, you take in your surroundings. Along the wall to your left is the counter. Visible behind the counter are three shelves of drinks and snacks. Behind you is the door you entered by and ahead of you is another exit. You leave by the latter, stepping out into the street and turning left twice. Reaching a spiral staircase down to the next level, you descend it. **Go to 133.**

**109** The crewman plays along with you, letting you prod him towards the boarding ramp, then just when you are thinking he is not going to be a problem and you have let your guard down, he attacks and tries to grab your hand holding the blaster and push it away from him.

Roll the dice in your *Brawling* skill.

On a total of 15 or more, **go to 115.** On less than this, **go to 140.**

**110** You walk over to the turbolift and entering it, press the button for the level you wish to reach. The doors close and it begins moving. The turbolift comes to a stop and the doors slide open, allowing you to step out.

If your destination is Gutter Town, **go to 75.**

If it is to the fourth level of the Main Platform, **go to 56.**

If it is the top level of the Main Platform, **go to 128.**

**111** As you reach the last step, the crewman glances away from his work and spots you.

“Hey, what are you doing skulking around here?” he demands.

“Clear off!” If you do as he says, **go to 129.** To express an interest in passage aboard the ship to wherever they are going, **go to 104.**

**112** The crewman in the end says, “No, actually, we don’t have room for you as a passenger.” To turn away and heading back the way you have come, begin climbing back up the steps behind you, **go to 129.** To instead draw a blaster on him and force

him to give you passage for free, **go to 96.**

**113** You are about halfway up the steps when, with a glance behind you, you see two Stormtroopers step up onto the level below you and raise their blaster rifles to open fire at you.

They have all stats at 2D except Blaster 3D, Blaster Rifle 3D+2 (13 against both or 10 when just one is left), Brawling Parry 3D (7), Dodge 3D (7). Blaster Damage 5D (17).

If you defeat them, **go to 127.** If you are defeated, **go to 120.**

**114** Despite whatever damage you have done to the ship, you manage to get it back under control. **Go to 136.**

**115** Breaking free of his grasp, you knock him to the ground and point your blaster at him. “That was very foolish,” you tell him. “If I even think you are considering doing anything like that again, I won’t hesitate to kill you. Now get up, slowly, with your back to me.” He obeys. **Go to 116.**

**116** While you keep your blaster levelled on him, you prod the crewman up the boarding ramp and into the ship. From there you have him lead you to the cockpit, where you see a stern faced human woman in expensive clothes.

“I’m sorry. I had no choice,” the crewman apologizes to the woman.

“That’s right,” you assert, gesturing with your blaster. “You have no choice. Now both of you, get into those flight seats and take us up. I’ll leave you in peace once you get me to Rishi.” The two of them obey and sitting down, start punching buttons. You hear the hydraulics of the door to outside closing then the whine of the repulsorlift engines, as the ship lifts off.

Through the cockpit canopy you make out, up in the cavern ceiling above you, the tens of metres wide exit tunnel out of the asteroid interior and out into space. The two shipmates carefully pilot the space transport through it. There the star specked blackness of space greets you, as you leave behind the asteroid which contains Rotgut Station.

A minute later you are far enough away from the asteroid’s gravity for them to pull back the hyperdrive lever and the stars expand into star lines, as you escape into hyperspace.

**The End**

**117** Turning left at the three public computer consoles, you pass them and reach a walkway around the corner to your right. Continuing along the walkway, you can see to your left, at the other side of the cavern from the Main Platform, the sheer cliff face of apartments making up Wall Sector One, Kowloon City. To your right you pass the arched entrance of the Community Council Chamber. Ahead you reach a tall narrow entrance into a short dark passageway.

Through the passageway you come out into an area with the stall of the creepy robed Mondoolian Monk merchant near you to your right. Bridging over the area you are in is some building above you, which might be space port control.

Further right the place opens out into a main street with the dirty white building of a Med Centre directly to your right. Further along and next to the Med Centre is the red tower structure of the Super 8 Motel with a circular window at each level and advertisement boards covering its exterior. To cross over to the Super 8 Motel and enter the lift in the left side of it, **go to 110**.

Past the wide support column in front of you, you can see a



building with a large sign above door level, saying in blue letters against a yellow background “THE BLUE WAFFLE”. Further along the building is the doorway into the bar. To head over to this establishment and enter it, **go to 10**.

To the left of the Blue Waffle are some steps up to the next level. To go up them, **go to 76**.

To go back the way you have come, **go to 64**.

**118** Quietly as you can, you start down the steps toward the landing platform with the YT-1300 space transport on, trying to avoid being noticed by any of the ship’s crew.

Roll the dice in your *Sneak* skill.

On a total of 11 or more, **go to 137**. On less than this, **go to 111**.

**119** Finally the crewman agrees to provide you passage to Rishi but for a fare of six hundred and fifty credits, which he will not budge on. If you agree to this, **go to 135**. If it is too much for you, to leave and look for another way off Rotgut Station, **go to 129**.

To instead draw a blaster on him and force him to give you passage for free, **go to 96**.

**120** If this is your first time being defeated, **go to 89**. If it is your second time, **go to 139**.

**121** Reaching the Taco stall, you see there is a blue bridge to your left to a small landing platform. On the left side of the landing platform is a lift.

To cross the bridge to the landing platform, **go to 128**.

To go down the spiral staircase behind you, **go to 133**.

**122** You watch as the Main Platform grows in size over the next few minutes before the droid sets the air-taxi down on a small landing pad. Disembarking and paying the droid, you descend the steps at the side of the landing platform. Near you to your left you see a metallic support column with a spiral staircase twisting clockwise up it.

To climb up it, **go to 113**. Further along is the red and grey building of the gun store and next to it, ahead of you, are the steps down to the next level. To descend down them, **go to 105**.



**123** Crossing the blue bridge, you reach the Taco food stall. With it next to you to your left you can see facing you, past crowds of people, a white building with an arched doorway, called “The Toy Barn”. Further right there is a spiral staircase, going down. To go down it, **go to 133**.

On the other side of the spiral staircase you can see a small red building with “TOOLS” written above its doorway. If you are of the Miscreant template and wish to see if you can steal some credits by picking pockets and have not already tried this, **go to 102**.

To return to the landing platform over the bridge, **go to 128**.

**124** Clambering up the grooves, you pull yourself up onto the platform above. **Go to 125**.

**125** Straight ahead you see a metallic support column with from its left side, a spiral staircase twisting around it up to the level above. To climb up it, **go to 113**.

To your right, you see a small red building with grey doors and above the doors in large blue letters against a yellow background, the word “Guns”. Within you see blaster rifles displayed inside the counter the owner is stood behind. Past the support column, to the left of a lime-coloured building with an oval door and the words, “Robo Mart” in pale blue on it, you see steps going up to a landing pad with an air-taxi on top of it. To climb up the steps to the air taxi on the landing pad and pay to be flown over to the Wall Sector Two Commercial District, **go to 65**.

To go down the stairs behind you, **go to 105**.

**126** Ducking out of the way just in time, as red blaster bolts flash over your head, you scramble up to the next level. **Go to 125**.

**127** The last of the Stormtroopers falls to the ground and, turning back around, you finish climbing up the spiral staircase up onto a level, crowded with people. You can see a red tools shop to your left and a white newspaper store to your right with two public computer consoles outside it. Stepping up off the last step and turning around, you see in the other direction the yellow stall of a Wang’s Tacos food outlet facing you with two stools outside it next to the counter and service window. To your right there is also a place called 'he Toy Barn.

To go over to the Taco stall, **go to 121**.

If you are the Miscreant and wish to see if you can steal some credits by picking pockets and have not already tried this, **go to 102**.

To return down the spiral staircase, **go to 133**.

**128** You find yourself on a small landing platform, overlooking another platform ahead of you with a YT-1300 Space Transport on it. The boarding ramp is down but the cut-off cone-shaped cockpit looks to be occupied. Nearby another member of the ship’s crew appears to be conducting maintenance or repairs to the underside of the YT-1300.

To descend the steps to the space transport and attempt to stowaway on board, **go to 118**.

To openly approach the crewman concerning passage aboard the light stock freighter, **go to 103**.

To force them to give you a lift off the station, **go to 95**. Behind you, to your right, across a small blue bridge, you can see a yellow Taco food stall, featuring two stools facing the counter and service window.

To go across the bridge to the stall, **go to 123**. Behind you to your left is a red lift. To enter it, **go to 110**.

**129** Returning to the smaller landing platform, you see to your left, across a small blue bridge, a yellow Taco food stall, featuring two stools facing the counter and service window. To go across the bridge to the stall, **go to 123**. To your right is a red lift. To enter it, **go to 110**.

**130** Unable to get the law enforcement speeder back under control, you die as it crashes into the cavern floor and explodes.

**The End**

**131** The damage to the ship from crashing into the building is too much and you are unable to get the Firespray to respond adequately before you crash into the buildings of Wall Sector One and die in a fiery explosion. At least you went out with a big bang!

**The End**

**132** Triumphantly the Gamorrean cleaves his vibro-axe into your chest and you fall to the floor, dead.

### The End

**133** The spiral staircase twists around a wide metal support column to your left. As you descend down the steps and onto the next level, you see to your left a small red building with grey doors and above the doors in large blue letters against a yellow background, the word “Guns”. Inside you see blaster rifles displayed inside the counter the owner is stood behind.

To your right you see steps going up to a landing pad. Further right, beneath the landing pad, is a lime-coloured building with an oval door and partially obscured from view by the support column, the words “ROBO MART” in pale blue. There are also some steps up to a landing pad on top of the Robo Mart.

On the landing pad is an air taxi. To go up the steps to the air taxi on the landing pad and pay to be flown over to the Wall Sector Two Commercial District, **go to 65**.

Ahead you can see some distance away Cowloon City or Wall Sector One, which is effectively a vertical wall of apartments, one on top of the other, some with balconies. In that direction, but much closer, there are also steps going down. To descend them, **go to 105**. To return up the spiral staircase behind you, **go to 113**.

**134** “Splendid!” Endo Fash rumbles. “And I’m sure it suits us both best that you leave immediately.” **Go to 135**.

**135** Twenty minutes later you are in your own small but private cabin on a ship leaving Rotgut Station. Well done. You have escaped Rotgut Station and won!

### The End

**136** Up in the cavern ceiling above you make out the tens of metres wide exit tunnel out of the asteroid interior and out into space and carefully pilot the Firespray through it. There the star specked blackness of space greets you, as you leave behind the asteroid which contains Rotgut Station.

A minute later you are far enough away from the asteroid’s gravity for you to pull back the hyperdrive lever. The stars expand into star lines, as you escape into hyperspace.

### The End

**137** Without being seen or heard you clear the last step down to the landing platform, then sneak over to the open boarding

ramp of the YT-1300 space transport, hoping your luck will hold and the crewman will not look your direction in these last few moments. He does not and you quickly sneak up the boarding ramp and into the spaceship. Entering a corridor with curved dull metallic walls, you follow it left into the cargo bay and there find a place among the crates to hide.

Some hours later you hear and feel the ship take off. Several hours later the ship lands on some planet, where you sneak off.

### The End

**138** You are unable to find any way to escape. Later one of the law keeper deputies arrives with several Stormtroopers, who transfer you to an even more secure cell in the Imperial Garrison. If you have no known Rebel Alliance connections, you will probably be just locked away and forgotten about. If this is not the case, you will certainly be subjected to a painful interrogation, where you will either betray everything you know about the Rebel Alliance or die first. Fortunately, if you are affiliated with the Rebel Alliance, you will have a “lullaby” suicide pill, which it might be a very good idea to take...

### The End

**139** Blaster shots hit you in the head and chest, killing you instantly.

### The End

**140** The crewman manages to pull your own blaster out of your hand and shoot you with it. Feeling the searing pain, you fall to the ground, wounded, then from the boarding ramp the crewman’s shipmate also shoots you, finishing you off.

### The End



### Dramatic Rise in Use of Mercenary Units Draws Emperor's Ruling Circle's Ire


Grand Vizier Sate Pestage, backed by the other advisors of the Emperor's Ruling Circle, issued a statement of condemnation today to all forces loyal to the Empire on the growing use of mercenaries and irregular groups in both offensive and defensive efforts against Rebel forces. This came in response to a formal report submitted by Imperial Naval Command earlier last week, noting the sharp rise of expenditures that directly corresponded to the hiring of private military contractors in recent months.

"Our long-standing tradition of utilizing our pool of loyal citizens, both volunteer and conscripted, is undermined with every request for use of irregular troops to wage our battles on our behalf," Grand Vizier Pestage stated in his press release. "Commanding officers should improve their coordination with local and regional governors, along with our fine service academies, to resolve issues of recruitment and end-strength manpower. The option of hiring mercenaries should remain that of a last resort, and not a recurring factor in our operations."

As former Imperial forces, namely those of Warlords Zsinj, Harrsk, and Teradoc have broken ties with the ERC and established their own rogue states, the amount of available troops to both the Imperial Army and Navy have suffered significant declines, while loyal worlds have struggled to supply adequate replacements, and in some cases, have had to shorten the number of recruits provided to the academies. There is growing concern among commanders that such drastic measures exacted by the Ruling Circle may, in fact, exacerbate the overall manning issue and hamper the war effort. The Emperor's Ruling Circle has declined to comment on this matter.

Imperial Defense Daily





# THE MERCENARY LOTUS



Lynea Larens was once a Field Agent for the Imperial Security Bureau. A singularly capable and efficient individual, she showed a particular talent for memorizing obscure details that made her ideal for cover operations and sabotage.

In spite of unresolved differences between COMPNOR and ISB, Lynea occasionally found herself lent out to COMPNOR for vital operations. In the era following the Death Star, an agent like Lynea was the more subtle foil to operations like Inferno Squad - Necessary to identify seditious elements, sabotage Rebel supply lines or erode popular support for the Rebel cause.

Lynea's success within the ISB made her notable. Accepting her accolades with a quiet professionalism, her own conscience was a bit more disquieted with each operation. This fostered a crisis of conscience on her last mission. A critical supply ship for the Rebellion had been sabotaged resulting in cascading failures and the deaths of the entire crew. Lynea's superiors considered this an incredible boon, replaying the Rebel ship's mayday calls while commending her efforts. She used the resulting good will to buy an early retirement.

Having never known a home, she adopted the name Lynea Larens and moved to Coruscant to attend University. Becoming a medical doctor, she plied her skills in the Undercity. Blood, sweat and tears turned an undercity hovel into an Emergency Room - supporting one of the most underserved populations on Coruscant. While this proved highly profitable, Dr. Larens turned her windfall to a low-cost Clinic. Her efforts single-handedly raised the standard of living within several neighborhoods in the Undercity, while still providing care to those farther afield.

While the Undercity handily rejected and resisted gentrification on its own, some of the gangs did not see Dr. Larens' efforts as particularly complimentary to their own efforts. Seeing a healthier and less pliable population, local gangs saw fit to once more make clear who was in charge. Using force and other less legitimate means, the gangs asserted their control over the region of the Undercity that Dr. Larens' clinic and ER supported. There was an incredible spike in ER cases, and the Clinic started to see less of the local population. Lynea's patients were being threatened.

The Mercenary Lotus was born.



While a scant few law officers served the Undercity, those that did were able to seek care at one of Dr. Larens' facilities. It was easy enough to cut a deal with the local police in order to protect the ER. She moved the Clinic to a salvaged spaceship from Ord Mantell, providing a mobile base for her medical operations. The Gangs, she would take care of herself.

The identity of the 'Mercenary Lotus' was created nearly overnight. The Lotus took contracts that enabled her to target Gang Lieutenants and Leaders. Though they stopped giving her contracts whenever they could identify her, and took out contracts on the Lotus herself – they found themselves unable to find her in order to retaliate. The Mercenary Lotus became a sort of boogeyman for the areas of the Undercity around Dr. Larens' Emergency Room. The message received was clear: the Medical District was off limits.

The Lotus continued to take contracts, moving outside of the Undercity. Her pattern of taking contracts to hit specific targets or that allowed her proximity to targets continued. The Lotus efforts were focused on criminals who used their enterprise to enrich themselves while hurting others. Her reputation as a sort of underworld boogeyman continued, and the Lotus flower became her calling card.



## Lynea Larens AKA The Mercenary Lotus (Secret Identity)

### Human Doctor / Mercenary Assassin

#### DEXTERITY 3D+1

*Blaster 4D+2, Dodge 6D, Melee parry 4D, Melee Weapons 4D, Firearm 5D: Magnalest 6D,*

#### PERCEPTION 4D+2

*Command 5D, Con 8D, Hide 9D, Investigation 8D, Persuasion 7D, Search 8D, Sneak 8D*

#### KNOWLEDGE 4D

*Alien Species: 8D, Subterfuge: 9D+2, Bureaucracy 6D: Imperial 7D Business 4D, Interrogation 7D, Intimidation 6D+2, Planetary Systems 5D+2, Streetwise 7D+2, Survival 6D, Tactics 5D, Willpower 7D*

#### STRENGTH 2D

*Brawling 5D*

#### MECHANICAL 2D+2

*Starship Gunnery 4D, Piloting 4D, Shields 3D, Repulsorlift Operation: 5D*

#### TECHNICAL 4D

*Security 6D, First Aid 6D, Adv Medicine/Surgery 2D*

**Move:**10

**Size:** 1.67 meters **Weight:** 63 Kgs **Age:**38

**Force Sensitive:** Yes

**Force Points:** 4

**Character Points:** 12

**Darkside Points:** 1

#### Equipment:

Ablative Carapace Armor (+1D Physical, +2D Energy, 2 hours of atmosphere), Comlink, Magnalest, Slugthrower Carbine (Silenced) 4D Dmg, Synthrope, Medpac, Vibroblade,

Modified Nen-Carvon R-19 Paraglider

## Tools of the Trade

### Magnalest

#### Magnetic Projectile Weapon

A curious play on magnetic weapons like the Gauss Rifle and the venerable crossbow, the origins of the Mercenary Lotus signature weapon are unknown. The weapon does use bolts like a crossbow, but the magnetic architecture adds efficiency and power to the silenced weapon.

The Lotus uses the telltale bolts as a calling card, the proximity required to use the weapon a warning in and of itself. The Magnalest is capable of firing without activating the magnetic rail, and can fire a variety of non-standard ammunition like DEMP bolts, tracker bolts, and even poison bolts.

#### Magnetic Projectile Weapon

**Scale:** Character

**Skill:** Firearm

**Ammo:** 12

**Availability:** ?

**Fire Rate:** 1

**Range:** 3-10/30/50

**Damage:** 5D (3D if fired manually, without magnets)

### Modified Nen-Carvon R-19 Combat ParaGlider 'Dragonfly'

**Scale:** Character

**Length** 3.5 Meters

**Skill:** Repulsorlift Operation

**Altitude Range:** Ground-5000 meters

**Cost:** Custom Build

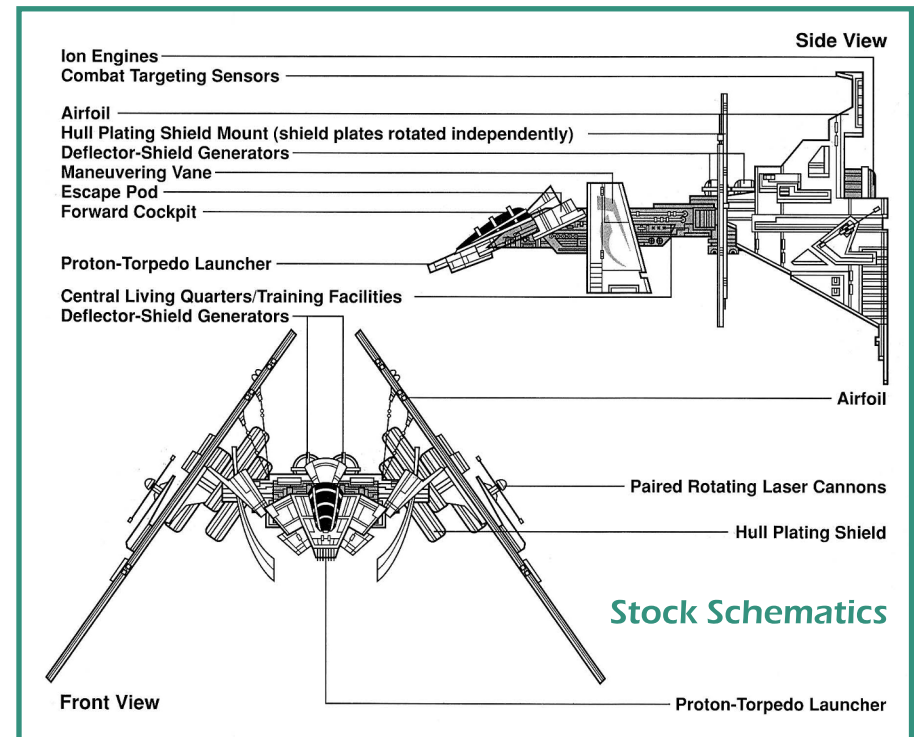
**Availability:** (Materials) 2, X

**Maneuverability:** 3D

**Move:** 90; 260 kmh

### Body Strength 2D

**Notes:** Reflec body panels increase the difficulty of Sensor checks to detect the glider by one difficulty level. Night Vision HUD aids vision allowing sight with no penalty within 45 degrees in front of pilot up to 50 meters. Terrain-following mode (+1D Sensors to follow terrain). The Custom model also has reduced wingspan and can collapse into a backpack rig as well as expand during descent. Takes one full round to deploy, but may start deployment while still on the ground.





## Resolute Dawn

Dr. Lynea Lares uses a Hoersch-Kessel Drives 'Delaya-Class Courier.' This unique ship is immediately noticeable for it's white paint job and the bright red medical insignia located on its aft wings. The Courier was selected for its age, with deckplans for the Class lost long ago.

The Dawn is a singularly noticeable starship, and a number of modifications make this modernized vessel all the more unique. The central space has been overhauled entirely to introduce a field hospital, including two Operating Rooms. A 2-1B and several other Medical Droids are supervised by Dr. Lares and assist her efforts in running the ship as a mobile Clinic.

Perhaps the most significant change however is a hidden computer server located just aft of the bridge of the ship. In this space, an R3 Droidbrain is mounted and manages the ship's flight and security – allowing Dr. Lares to operate in the Field Hospital while the ship essentially 'flies itself.' The R3 droid's software was custom-developed by Industrial Automaton to operate the Resolute Dawn, and usually answers to 'Dawn.'

Other hidden spaces within the Dawn also hold the Mercenary Lotus' gear.

**Era:** Rebellion (Refitted Old Republic Era vessel)

**Type:** Modified Freighter

**Cost:** Not available for sale

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 70 meters

**Skill:** Space Transports: Delaya Courier

**Crew:** 1, Skeleton 0

**Crew Skill:** (R3 'Dawn') Space Transports 5D, Astrogation 5D, Starship Repair 6D, Starship Gunnery 5D, Starship Weapon Repair 6D, Computer Program/Repair 5D, Security 6D

**Passengers:** 8 (Patients), 8

**Consumables:** 2 Months

**Cargo Capacity:** 10 Metric tons

**Cost:** Unavailable

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x7

**Maneuverability:**

4D

**Space:** 8

**Atmosphere:**

325; 950 kmph

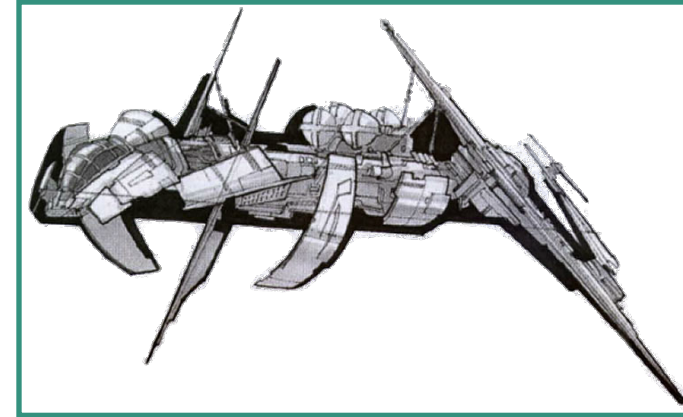
**Hull:** 4D

**Shields:** 4D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 10/0D

*Scan:* 15/1D



**Weapons:**

**Proton Torpedo Launcher**

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Skill:* Starship Gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-2/20/20

*Atmosphere Range:* 50-100/250/400

*Damage:* 4D

**Twin Laser Cannon (x2)**

*Fire Arc:* Turret

*Crew:* 1 (or R3)

*Skill:* Starship Gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

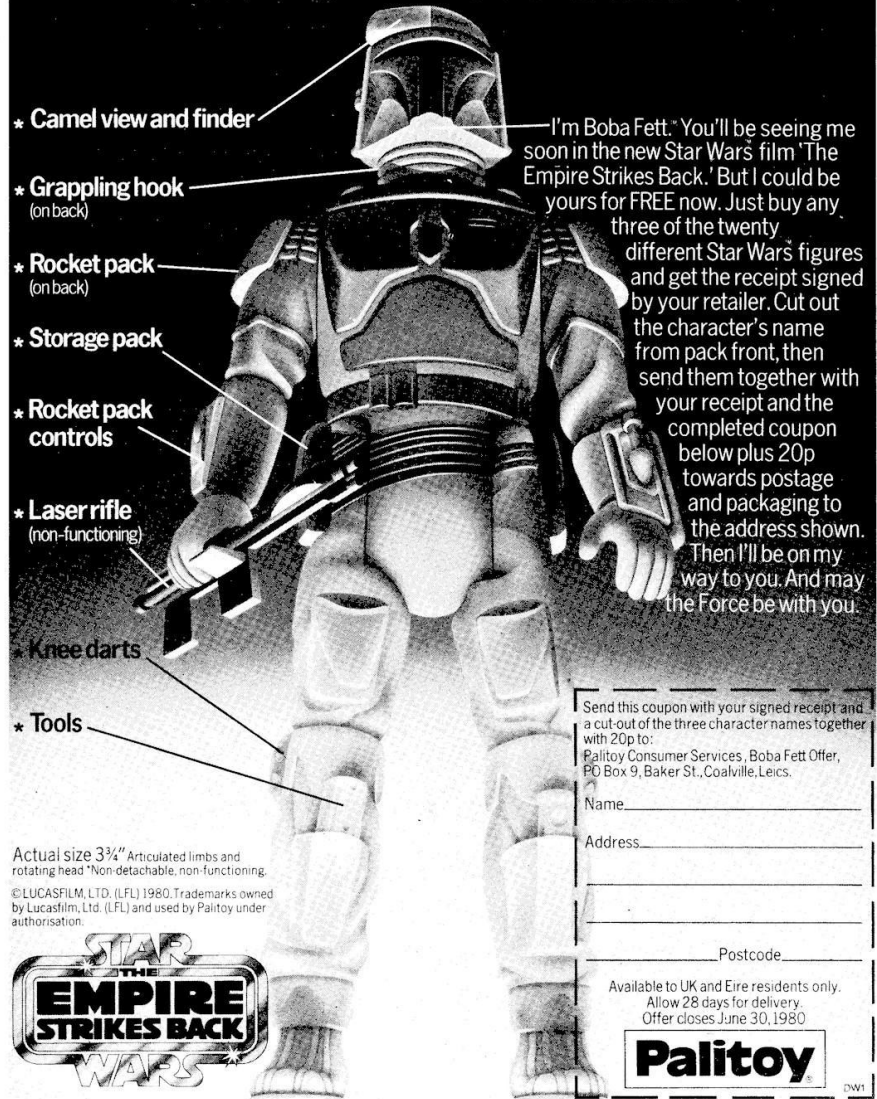
*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25

*Atmosphere Range:* 100-300m/1.2km/2.5km

*Damage:* 5D



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DW1



# DURANCE VILE

INMATES ABOARD THE DURANCE VILE SERVE AS A CONSCRIPT ARMY. ONCE WARSHIPS OF THE IMPERIAL STARFLEET HAVE DISABLED A SHIP OR STATION BELONGING TO REBEL OR PIRATE FORCES, THE DURANCE VILE IS BROUGHT IN TO DOCK FOR A BOARDING ACTION, AND THE PRISONERS ARE DEPLOYED TO ELIMINATE ANY REMAINING RESISTANCE. PRISONER OBEDIENCE IS ENFORCED BY IMPLANTED EXPLOSIVES THAT ARE CONTROLLED BY HUBDROIDS, WARDEN ROBOTS THAT DISPENSE FOOD AND ASSIGN WEAPONS FOR BOARDING ACTIONS.

:A MOBILE PRISON SHIP OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE:

The concept of a spacefaring Imperial prison whose prisoners are forced to attack disabled Rebel and pirate ships and stations originated with *Accresker Jail*, created by Simon Spurrier in the Dr. Aphra comic series. In the comics, *Accresker Jail* is a mobile wreck of defunct starships, held together by a tractor node, and hauled through space by an *Arquitens*-class cruiser. The *Durance Vile* is a simpler implementation of the same idea, using a bulk cruiser converted into a dungeon ship.

## DATA FILE

> <b>MANUFACTURER:</b> Rendili StarDrive
> <b>MODEL:</b> Assault Penitentiary
> <b>CLASS:</b> Bulk Cruiser
> <b>LENGTH:</b> 600 meters
> <b>CREW:</b> 302, 50 gunners
> <b>WEAPONS:</b> 4 Quad Turboslaers, 6 Ion Cannons
> <b>AFFILIATION:</b> Imperial Navy

It is presented here as an adventure setting. Characters that get captured by the Empire might be sentenced to serve on the *Durance Vile*. Rebel or fringe characters might take on the difficult job of making contact with an inmate on the ship, or the even more difficult job of breaking someone out.

This article covers the physical layout and day-to-day operations of the *Durance Vile*, how the ship and its inmates are deployed during boarding actions, and some ideas on how you might use the *Durance Vile* in your campaign.

## BACKGROUND: IMPERIAL PENAL LEGIONS

After the formation of the Galactic Empire, an early idea spun out of the Tarkin Initiative was to use political and military prisoners as penal military units: expendable troops that could be deployed against enemies of the Empire. This would have the dual benefits of conserving the nascent Stormtrooper corps as the new Empire consolidated its power in the galaxy, and of ridding the Imperial prison system of troublesome inmates without the necessity for politically controversial executions. Imperial propaganda depicted service in penal legions as a rehabilitative path for the wayward souls of the galaxy to prove their worth, by pacifying lawless sectors and spreading the peace and prosperity of the glorious Empire.

That was a lie, of course. Life in a penal military unit was usually nasty, brutish, and short. During boarding actions and planetary assaults, prisoners were sent in with little organization and inferior weapons, against heavily-armed and sometimes highly-trained enemies. In between combat operations, prisoners were kept contained on dungeon ships, given marginal food and water, and otherwise left mostly to their own devices. Brutal hierarchies based on strength and cruelty developed among the convict population of most dungeons ships. “Let the scum kill each other so we don’t have to” was the unofficial but widespread Imperial policy regarding prisoners in penal legions, both on ship and in ‘combat scenarios’ against Rebels, pirates, and hostile aliens.

## A METEORIC FALL FROM GRACE

The *Durance Vile* started life as the *Meteoric*, a Rendili StarDrive *Neutron Star*-class Bulk Cruiser, hauling military cargoes to the Republic’s Outer Rim sieges during the Clone Wars. After the war it was remodeled and designated as an assault penitentiary, home of the 1st Mobile Penal Infantry. For about six months, conditions on board the ship were comparable to a well-maintained minimum-security prison on a temperate world. After the first few triumphant broadcasts of reasonably happy, well-fed prison legionnaires putting down spice-runners and ‘alien terrorists’, the civilian media got bored. Once the embedded reporters and holorecorders went elsewhere, the *Meteoric* slowly eased into its intended role: as an engine of terror and despair.

By 6 BBY the *Meteoric* was no longer the pride of the Imperial prison fleet. Years of combat had taken their toll, the weaknesses of the Bulk Cruiser as a platform were becoming apparent, and newer and better-equipped ships and platforms were coming online. Matters came to a head with the Dahrro Uprising, a complete revolt of the *Meteoric*’s convict population. The uprising was put down with typical Imperial ruthlessness and finality: the ship’s command crew simply switched off the acceleration compensators in the prisoner section and jumped to lightspeed. At the next port, a new cohort of convicts was brought in to hose out what was left of the last batch. Somehow, word of the brutal solution made it into civilian circles, and certain ‘activist’ Imperial senators demanded an investigation. To mitigate the scandal, the Starfleet announced that the *Meteoric* would finally be retired.

That was also a lie. As its capabilities declined over years of service, the *Meteoric* had acquired a new reputation. Once the pride of the Imperial convict military, it gradually became known as one of the most dismal and barbaric prisons in the Empire. To Imperial high command, the ship’s reputation was not a shameful secret to be hidden (except from the Senate, of course), but a tool of intimidation and deterrence to be maintained and further honed. “*Durance Vile*” started out as a nickname, spread across the galactic underworld by the handful of prisoners that survived to complete their sentences. It became the ship’s official name when it became politically expedient for the *Meteoric* to disappear from civilian eyes.

## DURANCE VILE

## Rendili StarDrive Assault Penitentiary

Converted Bulk Cruiser

**Scale:** Capital Ship

**Length:** 600 meters

**Crew:** 320, gunners: 50

**Troops:** 20 Imperial Navy troopers, 75 hubdroids, 4 Zero-G stormtroopers

**Prisoners:** up to 1500 (20 per hubdroid)

**Cargo Capacity:** 5000 metric tons

**Consumables:** 2 years

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x2

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x10

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Maneuverability:** 1D

**Sublight Speed/Space:** 2D/4

**Atmosphere:** 280; 800 kmh

**Hull:** 4D+1

**Shields:** 1D

**Sensors:**

*Passive: 0D*

*Scan: 1D*

**Weapons:**

**4 Quad Turbolasers**

*Fire arc:* turret, 2 front, 1 left, 1 right

*Scale:* Capital

*Crew:* 4

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Damage:* 4D

**6 Ion Cannons**

*Fire arc:* turret, 2 front, 2 left, 2 right

*Scale:* Capital

*Crew:* 6

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 3D

*Damage:* 3D

**4 Grappling Harpoons**

*Fire arc:* front

*Scale:* Capital

*Crew:* 4

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 3D

*Damage:* 2D





## WELCOME TO THE DURANCE VILE

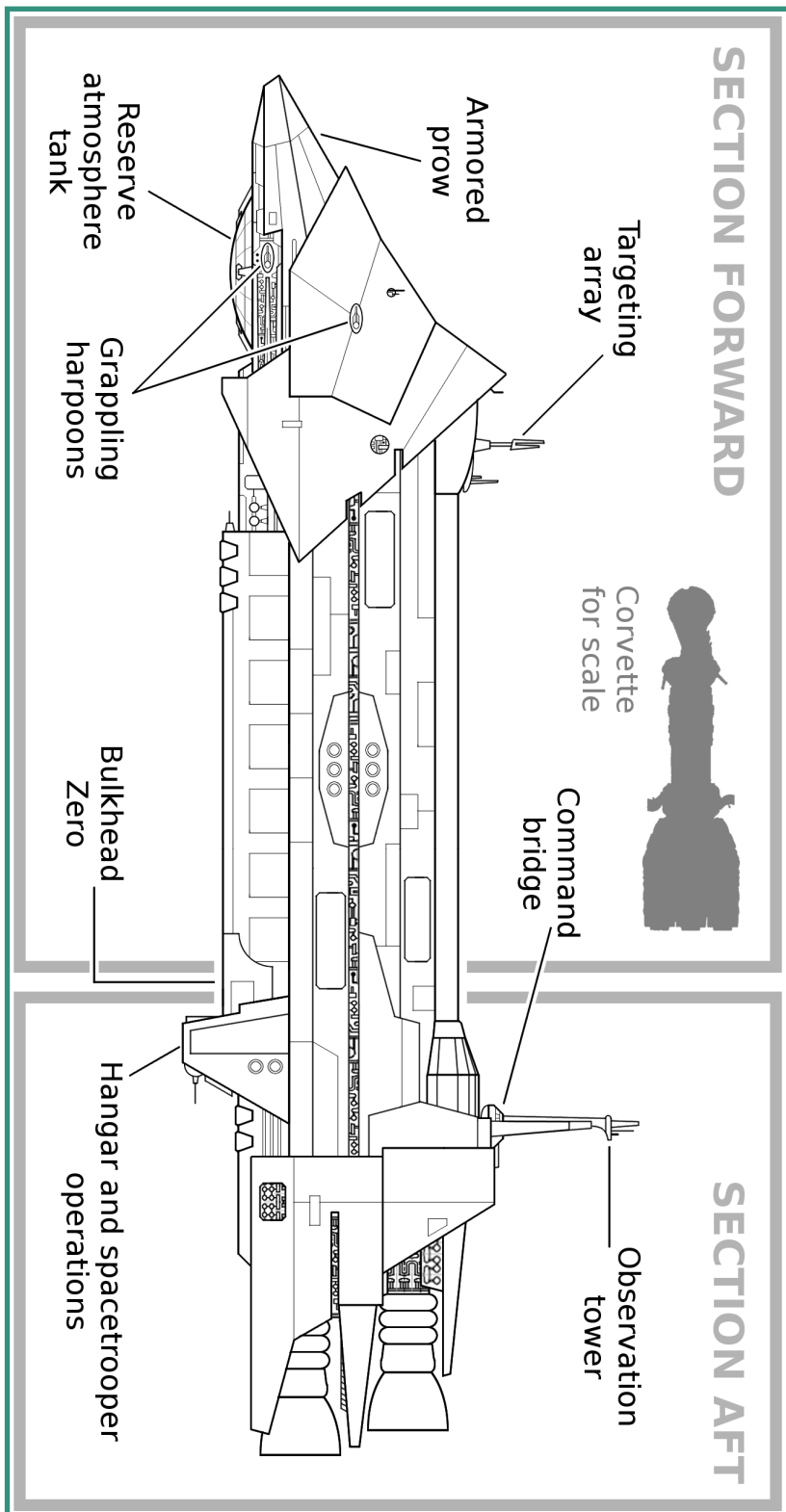
The *Meteoric* was extensively overhauled when it was converted into an assault penitentiary. Starfleet engineers moved all essential ship systems to the aft third of the ship, behind a massive internal wall called Bulkhead Zero. Section Aft contained the relocated bridge, command decks, crew quarters, reactors, engines, gravity generators, acceleration compensators, atmosphere processors, water recyclers, food stores, docking ports, and escape pods. On the other side of Bulkhead Zero were the prisoner areas, officially designated Section Forward. Originally these included dormitories, cafeterias, and exercise and recreation facilities, all of which were, if not lavish, at least clean and functional...for a few months, at least.

By the time of the Galactic Civil War, the *Durance Vile* has basically become an engine pod pushing a million cubic meters of durasteel slums. Most days, the only things that move between Section Aft and Section Forward are the hubdroids, which patrol Section Forward dispensing ration packets and keeping violence among the prisoners “within acceptable limits”—in other words, not *quite* demoralizing or lethal enough to compromise the penal legion’s ability to fight.

What passes for order on the *Durance Vile* is maintained by three mechanisms:

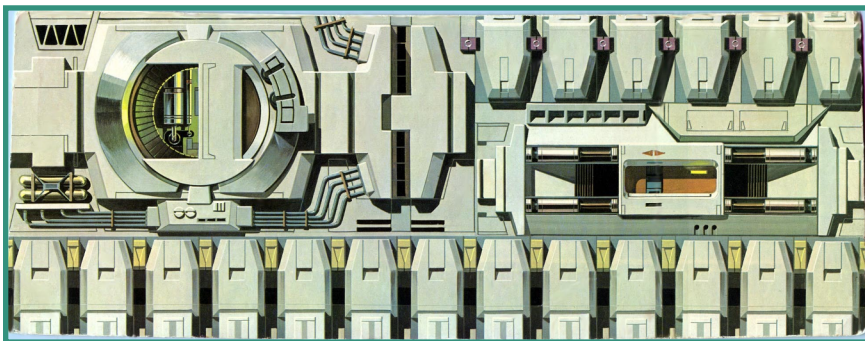
Individual convicts are assigned in batches of 20 to a hubdroid, which is responsible for providing them with rations and with weapons during boarding actions. Each prisoner has an explosive device implanted at the base of the skull (or cephalon, or anterior sensor cluster, depending on the species), which is controlled by their assigned hubdroid. Depending on the level of punishment desired, an implant can deliver anything from a mild electrical shock, to an internal stun blast, to explosive (and fatal) “early parole”.

Collectively, the prisoner population is dissuaded from uprisings by the fact that all of the food, water, light, heat, breathable air, and gravity is supplied from Section Aft and can be dialed down or turned off at any time. If two factions within the prison population start a gang war that threatens to escalate “beyond acceptable limits,” the warden-commandant may respond with an “orbital run”, gradually decreasing the supply of



light, heat, air, and gravity until the combatants are too cold and oxygen deprived to fight.

On a day-to-day basis, prisoners control each other through emergent hierarchies. Various factions have their own internal pecking orders, and the factions jockey between themselves for status. There's not a lot to fight over since all of Section Forward is basically a metal dungeon, rations are dropped off by the hubdroids, and almost everything else is piped in from Section Aft. Still, some areas of the ship are marginally nicer than others. Fleet engineers have little interest in making the *Durance Vile* comfortable, so climate control is dodgy. Areas close to the surface of the ship experience the wildest temperature swings, from sweltering when the ship is near a star or traversing a hot molecular cloud, to freezing when the ship is in deep space, so high-status prisoners tend to claim space near the center of the ship. Prisoners also fight over the spoils from boarding actions. Energy weapons, communication devices, and luxury items are seized by the hubdroids at the conclusion of an action, but most other loot is permitted, including armor and edged weapons as long as they are not exotic or powered. The subjugation of some prisoners by others is not only tolerated but encouraged, since it means less work for the guards. Powerful and influential prisoners hate suffering through "orbitals", so they tend to be pretty strict about the level of overt violence their subordinates are allowed to employ.



## BOARDING ACTIONS

Boarding actions occur in the following sequence:

1. Imperial warships and fighters disable a 'hostile' ship or space station (or, much more rarely, a ground base). Note that 'hostile' here might mean anything from an Alliance Mon Cal cruiser to a refugee liner with a higher than average number of Imperial dissidents. At least one warship then remains on station during the boarding action, to defend both the target and the *Durance Vile* from counterattacks, and to prevent survivors or prisoners from escaping.

2. Meanwhile, the crew and penal legion prepare for combat. Hubdroids marshal their platoons and dispense blasters. Each hubdroid has 20 prisoners assigned as its platoon. Blasters are armed and disarmed remotely by the hubdroids.

3. The *Durance Vile* moves in, fires grappling harpoons, and rams the target with its armored prow. Force field projectors around the front end of the ship maintain a cylinder of breathable atmosphere around the docking point, even after the target's hull is breached.

4. Once the target's hull is breached, the boarding ramps are lowered and hubdroids activate blasters and lead their platoons into the target ship or station. From the moment the blasters are passed out to prisoners, any prisoner that strays more than 10 meters from its assigned hubdroid will be killed by having its implanted explosive go off. The hubdroid programming is "advance until all resistance is crushed".

5. Hubdroids tend to fan out as they lead their platoons into the target ship or station, and they rarely backtrack to come to the aid of another hubdroid's platoon. If a hubdroid is destroyed, all of its platoon's explosives switch over to a 30-second timer before they detonate, so prisoners are highly motivated to keep their hubdroids intact. Prisoners who have lost their hubdroid, known as "orphans", have just those 30 seconds to get found and "adopted" by another hubdroid before their implants go off—but because hubdroids disperse and operate independently, such rescues are rare. Prisoners who hang back, hide behind their assigned hubdroid, or try to avoid combat are usually beaten up or shot by their fellow prisoners for compromising the safety of

the platoon. The prisoner motto is “everyone fights”. Prisoners who have survived prior boarding actions put away any shipboard animosities and cooperate with a grim sort of *esprit de corps* while they are in combat.

6. If more than two hubdroids are destroyed attacking a given pocket of resistance, or if the defenders manage to seal themselves behind armored doors that the hubdroids can't hack, the *Durance Vile* carries four Zero-G Stormtroopers that may be assigned to assist. The Zero-G Stormtroopers in their powered armor are massive, nearly unstoppable, and pretty much immune to collateral damage. It doesn't pay to be a prisoner caught between a Zero-G Stormtrooper and its target.

7. When the last resistance on board the target has been eliminated, the hubdroids head back to the *Durance Vile*. Hubdroids do not slow down for the wounded; anyone who can't keep up is regarded as too compromised to fight, and therefore expendable. On the way out as on the way in, anyone who falls more than 10 meters behind their assigned hubdroid suffers “early parole”. Hubdroids do not prevent prisoners from assisting each other during the withdrawal, however.

8. Looting of targets by the prisoners is allowed and even encouraged, but no extra time is allotted for it. During a boarding action a hubdroid is either advancing, pausing to let its platoon overcome a given objective, or retreating after the action is over.

9. Before the prisoners are allowed back on the *Durance Vile*, their hubdroids remotely deactivate and collect their assigned blasters, and confiscate any explosives, energy weapons, vibroblades, or communications gear that the prisoners may have picked up during the boarding action.

Boarding actions are highly lethal situations and many aspects of how they are conducted make them more dangerous, not less, for the prisoners in the penal legion: prisoners are assigned basic blasters (4D damage) that are often inferior to the weapons they'll be facing on board the target; hubdroids tend to advance relentlessly, not slowing down for the injured; and destruction of a hubdroid usually results in the deaths of its entire platoon. All of these factors are regarded as features, not bugs, by the people who designed the system. The penal legion is engineered to get rid of troublesome prisoners, not reform them.

Because the blasters assigned to the prisoners for boarding actions are so underwhelming, a major goal for most prisoners in combat is to quickly acquire a better weapon. Even after a prisoner has acquired a “thumper”—a superior weapon taken from a vanquished foe—they are expected to carry along their assigned blaster, or “tickler”, to turn back in to their hubdroid at the end of the combat operation. Prisoners that lose their assigned blasters may be punished by being put into solitary confinement, restricted to half rations, losing all of their accumulated gear, or any combination of the above.

Note that everything described so far applies to standard, run-of-the-mill boarding actions. Occasionally the prisoners may be given other objectives, such as to capture certain individuals alive, or to stun as many adversaries as possible (particularly if the Empire has some massive construction project underway and needs slave labor, which is often). In special circumstances, certain prisoners may be issued DEMP guns or flamethrowers, which are recollected after the action as usual.

Following are random loot tables for Rebel and Pirate targets. These are things the prisoners might find in addition to whatever regular weapons and armor their adversaries might be carrying. As with everything in this article, you should hack them as needed to fit your campaign. The *Durance Vile* is your hellhole now.





Note: items with asterisks will be confiscated by huddroids

RANDOM LOOT - REBEL	
1	Backpack
2	Boot knife
3	Synthrope
4	Force Pike *
5	Glowrod
6	Hydrospanner
7	Cheap bottle of wine
8	Breath Mask
9	Commlink - Military Grade*
10	Medpack
11	Tube of Ultraglue (molecular bonding agent)
12	Pocket Water Purifier
13	Slingshot & Ball-bearings
14	Leather gloves
15	Flare Gun (50% chance of confiscation)
16	Camouflage Cloak (full length)
17	Pocket Translator
18	Night Vision Goggles
19	Mouse Droid*
20	Fighter Pilot Helmet

RANDOM LOOT - PIRATE	
1	Bandoleer
2	Throwing Knife
3	Synthrope
4	Electro-whip*
5	Binder Cuffs
6	Handheld Laser Welder*
7	Fancy bottle of wine
8	Magnetic Boots
9	Droid Popper EMP Grenade*
10	Wrist Mounted Rope Shooter (Boba Fett style)
11	Squirt Bottle of Universal Solvent
12	Ring or Medallion with secret compartment
13	Holoprojector Watch (no comms)
14	Electronic Lockpick Kit (50% chance of confiscation)
15	Black Cloak (full length)
16	Bounty Hunters Guild License
17	Armored Gauntlets (+1D Physical)
18	10,000 Counterfeit Credits (Very Difficult to identify as such)
19	Small Alien Pet
20	Treasure Map into Wild Space

Note: items with asterisks will be confiscated by huddroids

## GETTING ON AND OFF THE DURANCE VILE

The most obvious way for the PCs to get on board the *Durance Vile* is for them to be sentenced there. That was my original motivation in writing this up: to have an already prepped ‘setting in a can’ where I could drop the PCs from my campaign if they get captured by the Empire.

Sentencing in the 1st Mobile Penal Infantry is unusual. Prisoners are sentenced not for a set amount of time, but for a predetermined number of boarding actions. A typical ‘light’ sentence, one which a prisoner might have even odds of surviving, is 10 boarding actions. A strict sentence is 20 boarding actions. Anything higher is not expected to be survivable, but sentences of 50 or even 100 boarding actions are still assigned. It’s rare for prisoners to be sentenced to the *Durance Vile* for life—Imperial high command has found that prisoners fight better if they can cling to a strand of hope, no matter how slender. As stated above, parole is not an option; prisoners either complete their sentences or die trying.

The only other ways to get on board the *Durance Vile* would be to sneak on during a boarding action, in which case the PCs will need to figure out how to get past the guardian hubdroids, or to perform an incursion during an armed attack on the ship. Either of those would be exceedingly difficult and should require a whole adventure (at least) to plan and execute.

Getting off the ship is even harder. If the PCs want to escape during a boarding action, they’ll need to find ways to (1) hack their hubdroid or shut down their explosive implants, (2) steal a fighter, shuttle, or escape pod from the target ship or station, and (3) somehow get past the picket line of Imperial warships that disabled the target in the first place. It’s not impossible, but it should require a lot of planning and build-up and no small amount of luck (or help from the Force).

Another opportunity for escape would be if the *Durance Vile* was attacked by an outside entity. Rebels or pirates might attack the ship to try to rescue someone (not necessarily the PCs), or to assassinate a high-value target. In the chaos, the PCs might have the opportunity to get away with the attackers, but they’d still need to deal with their implants before they get beyond the broadcast range of their hubdroids.

## PEOPLE AND FACTIONS

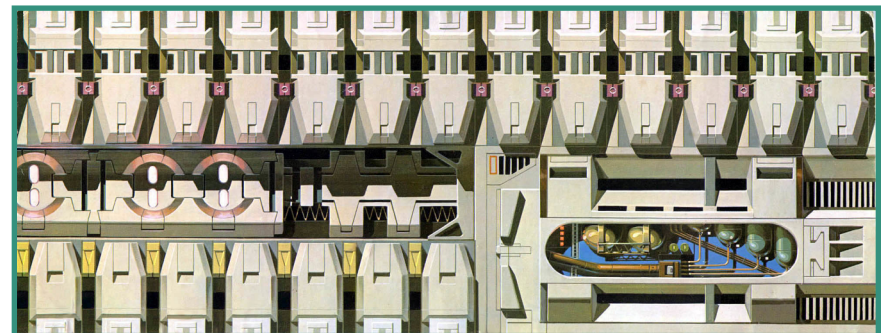
## Captain and Crew

As a prison ship—or, in the language of the Imperial Navy, an “assault penitentiary”—the *Durance Vile* has an unusual command structure. The highest-ranking officer, in overall command of the entire mobile facility, is the Warden-Commandant. Below the Warden-Commandant are two parallel chains of command: the captain and crew, who are responsible for the operation of the starship, and the security force, which consists of a handful of actual guards, a sizable maintenance crew for the hubdroids, and the four Zero-G Stormtroopers.

In its long history the *Durance Vile* has had a succession of Warden-Commandants of varying temperament and quality. Most Warden-Commandants have come from higher-ranking stations: disgraced Moff, political scions who need to be kept away from important work, and Imperial Navy commanders who had the questionable luck of not going down with their ships. The current Warden-Commandant, Esker Skrone, was the Imperial governor of the remote desert planet Ariton VII. He was forced to flee in disgrace when that world fell to the Rebel Alliance.

Skrone is selfish and venal, and he chafes at his role on the *Durance Vile*, mostly because Bulkhead Zero keeps him from being able to tap the prisoners for his illegal schemes. Still, rumors abound that prisoners have found ways of communicating with Section Aft by having packages collected by hubdroids after boarding actions, and that Skrone can communicate with certain prisoners by hiding messages and even credit chits in their ration packets.

Whether there is any truth to these rumors is up to you.



## Warden-Commandant Esker Skrone

## DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 4D, Dodge 5D

## KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Bureaucracy 5D, Law enforcement 4D, Streetwise 7D

## MECHANICAL 2D

Starship piloting 2D+2, Repulsorlift op 3D

## PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 5D, Command 5D+1, Con 7D, Gambling 6D,  
Hide/Sneak 5D+2, Search 5D

## STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+2

## TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 4D, Demolition 3D+2, Security 6D

## PRISONERS

The three main factions among the prisoners are the Syndicates, the Rebels, and the Imperials. The Syndicate faction is made up of members of Black Sun, employees of the Hutts or the Pikes, and so on, who squabble amongst themselves as much as they do with the other factions. The Rebels are on average the most despondent faction, given that they are regularly called on to fight other Rebels during boarding actions, at penalty of death. But they are also the most creative when it comes to smuggling items on and off ship and between Section Forward and Section Aft, and they're the best at working with members of other factions. The Imperials, made up of disgraced Imperial officers and bureaucrats, are the smallest but most lethal faction. They hope that by ruthlessly suppressing their fellow prisoners and racking up kills during boarding actions, they can somehow earn their way back into the good graces of the Emperor.

This rarely works in practice, but it is a useful fiction for the Empire, so the belief is encouraged by the Warden-Commandant and the security force.

Who, specifically, is on board the *Durance Vile* at any given time? Whoever you want! Every hostile the NPC your PCs ever faced, every baddie you can swipe from sourcebooks, supplements, and

adventures, and every anti-hero character you made up but never got to play. I'm particularly fond of bringing back NPCs from previous adventures. Just when your characters thought they were finally out of the grasp of that Imperial tax collector or Black Sun assassin—surprise, now they're bunking in the same hold. As if being sentenced to the *Durance Vile* wasn't bad enough.

If you need to generate a rogue's gallery quickly, the supplements *Wanted by Cracken* and *Cracken's Rebel Operatives* should give you plenty to work with.

## 1st MOBILE PENAL INFANTRY SLANG

**Admiral** – a prisoner who has survived a long sentence. Based solely on seniority, contrast with “Moff”.

**Astromech** – a prisoner who is good at building or fixing things.

**B1** – a wimp, someone fragile. Named for the B1 battle droids used by the Separatists.

**Bunk Swap** – the reshuffling of individual and faction standing among the prisoners following a high-casualty deployment. See also “Retirement Party”.

**C.D.** – Captain's Diary, insider information that is actually accurate. Contrast with “the Force”.

**The Competition** – slavers. Black humor since the Empire also engages in slavery.

**Clothes Shopping** – deployment of the penal legion against pirates. Often an opportunity for convicts to upgrade their wardrobes through looting.

**Culture Tour** – deployment of the penal legion against a group of aliens. Often used to describe actions against Rebel Alliance ships or stations.

**Early Parole** – to have one's head blown off by the implanted explosive. Black humor because there is no parole from penal legions.

**The Force** – deeply ironic and derogatory term for the shipboard rumor mill. “They say we're getting a new batch of rations in this week, but you'd have to be crazy to trust the Force on that.” Contrast with “C.D.”.

**Hot Lunch** – a living creature kept as a pet by a prisoner. Usually



only viewed as edible by other prisoners, not its master. Usually.

**Hyper Out** – to successfully escape from a penal legion. Legendarily difficult.

**I.G.** – a prisoner that is skilled in combat, in reference to the IG-series assassin droids. A term of respect.

**L.A.** – stands for ‘liquid assets’, or loot carried back from a deployment.

**Love Boat** – Star Destroyer (ironic). “We don’t hit a target until the love boats have knocked out its big guns and the engines.”

**Meat Droid** – a convict in a penal legion. Any prisoner on board the *Durance Vile*.

**Minesweeper** – a prisoner that gets ahead of their hubdroid during a boarding action. Generally, a careless or reckless person.

**Moff** – a powerful, well-connected prisoner, typically the head of a faction.

**Mother or Mom** – a prisoner’s assigned hubdroid.

**Mynock** – derogatory term for a prisoner that tries to hide behind a hubdroid during a boarding action. More broadly, a coward.

**Nature Hike** – deployment of the penal legion to a planetary target instead of a ship or space station.

**N.E.** – Newly Enlisted, a prisoner newly assigned to the ship. Pronounced “ennie”.

**Orbital or Orbital Run** – when the crew of the ship turn down the light, heat, oxygen, and gravity to the prisoner section of the ship, usually to quell an uprising or gang war.

**Orphan** – a prisoner whose hubdroid gets destroyed. Usually a fatal condition.

**Podded Out** – crazy, mentally unhinged. Derived from the idea that the person’s brain left in an escape pod.

**Probe Droid** – a prisoner who serves as an informant against other convicts; a rat.

**Protocol Droid** – a political prisoner, usually well-educated and with little street smarts or combat experience.

**Promoted** – to be let off the ship by completing one’s sentence. A rare event, contrast with “retirement”.

**Retirement** – to die during a boarding action.

**Retirement Party** – a difficult boarding action, with many deaths among the prisoners.

**Scab** – a piece of scavenged armor worn by a prisoner.

**Skin** – fitted armor worn by a professional soldier. “I swear, I’m going to trade in all my scabs for a skin, if I ever find one that fits.”

**Sleepy** – dead.

**Squawk Box** – an illicit transmitter stolen or built by a prisoner.

**Stitch** – nickname for the single medical droids assigned to the *Durance Vile*, or medical droids in general.

**Tag** – can refer either to a prisoner’s explosive implant, or to a small scar on the back of the neck from when it was put in. “He was trying to get his tag out, but he got early parole instead.”

**Taking the Vow** – when a prisoner gets stunned by a hubdroid or knocked out during a shipboard fight. Inevitably, other prisoners will strip them of all their belongings while they are unconscious, hence they are said to have taken a vow of poverty. “I got this chrono off Emos after he got salty with his Mom and took the vow.”

**Thumper** – any weapon, especially a heavy weapon, that does more damage than the standard-issue blasters issued by hubdroids.

**Tickler** – derogatory term for the blasters issued to prisoners by hubdroids during boarding actions. “Listen here, Ennie. You wanna survive, as soon as we get over there you find a sleepy pirate, sling that tickler, and grab a thumper.”

**Volunteer** – to be sentenced to a penal legion (ironic). “They say she volunteered just by frowning in Vader’s presence.”

**Wampa** – a Zero-G sStormtrooper, sometimes assigned to fight alongside prisoners during difficult operations. “The last drop was turning into a retirement party before they sent in the wampas.”

**Yacht** – ironic, an assault penitentiary like *Accresker Jail* or the *Durance Vile*.

**Hubdroid**

**Industrial Automaton Assault Warden Droid**

**DEXTERITY 3D**

*Blaster 5D, Dodge 4D*

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

*Law enforcement 6D*

**MECHANICAL 1D**

**PERCEPTION 3D**

*Hide/Sneak 4D, Search 7D*

**STRENGTH 4D**

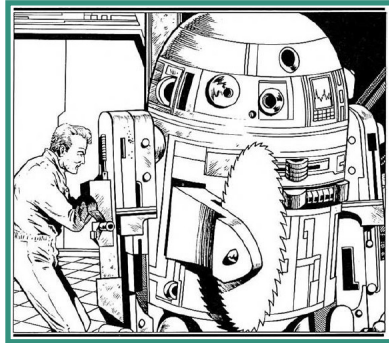
*Brawling 6D, Lifting 5D*

**TECHNICAL 3D**

*Computer programming/repair 5D, Demolition 6D, Droid programming/repair 6D, Security 7D*

**Equipped with:**

- composite armor cladding (+3D physical and energy)
- 2 heavy grasper arms
- internal heavy blaster cannon (6D damage)
- plasma cutter (7D damage, 2 meter range)
- heavy circular saw (8D damage, 1 meter range)
- full-spectrum sensor array
- internal cargo bay (1 cubic meter) for dispensing ration packs and blasters



**Zero-G Assault Stormtrooper (Spacetrooper).** *Dexterity 3D, blaster 4D, brawling parry 5D, dodge 4D, grenade 5D, missile weapons 5D. Knowledge 2D, survival 5D+1, Mechanical 3D, astrogation 4D+2. power suit operation: spacetrooper armor 6D, repulsorlift operation 5D+2, space transports SD 12, starship gunnery 4D, starship gunnery:proton torpedo launcher 5D+2, Perception 2D+2, search 5D+2. Strength 2D, brawling 3D, stamina 4D. Technical 2D, demolitions 3D+1, security 4D+1, power suit repair 4D+1. Move: 11. Spacetrooper armor: +4D physical, +3D energy, -1 Dexterity. Space I. Move 8, grenade launcher (missile weapons skill, 5-50/100/200 [in space: 0/1/2]), concussion grenades (ammo:30, 5D/4D/3D/2D, blast radius 0-2/4/6/10). gas/stun grenades (ammo:30. 5D/1D/3D/2D [stun]. blast radius 0-2/4/6/8), mini-protontorpedo launcher (starship gunnery skill, 6D, ammo 6, 25-100/:100/700,1/3/7 [space]). blaster cannon (6D, 10-50/100;150). laser cutters (3D starfighter-scale).*

**Zero-G Stormtrooper "Spacetrooper"**

**Mark I**

**Mark II**

1. Forward lights.
2. Grenade launcher (extended).
3. Laser cutter.
4. Blaster cannon.
5. Primary magnetic couplers.
6. Main sensor unit.
7. Main sensor array.
8. Extended range comlink.
9. Miniature proton torpedo hurler.
10. Main repulsorlift propulsion unit (RPU).
11. Mini proton torpedo backpack.

# AREV PRAXX & LE-S

by Julian Smith



The Conglomerate flourished, drawing many disenchanted and disenfranchised Smugglers to its ranks. The fleet of ships had grown immeasurably. The Conglomerate took a small percentage of each of the Smuggler's takings, but the majority went to each of them.

In 21BBY The Battle of Geonosis took place, beginning the Clone Wars. Arev Praxx tried to remain neutral throughout, but a large number of his members deserted him.

He fought to keep his dream going while his wife was heavily pregnant again. That same year, his daughter Lulli was born. Marish only had a few moments with her daughter, as she died in childbirth due to complications. Arev was shattered, heartbroken. He threw himself into his Conglomerate, remaining neutral, but trying to do good in memory of his late love.

He also lavished love on his children, teaching his son all he knew so he could succeed him when he was old enough.

The Clone Wars ended, and the Galactic Empire emerged to take total control of the galaxy.

Eventually the Empire invaded the Zromillian system, primarily for the shipyards and natural resources. They cracked down hard, and Lulli started speaking her mind. She didn't like that her Father was neutral in the war, that he wasn't helping more.

They argued constantly, with his son Croff only just managing to smooth things over. Then one night, Lulli, who had just turned 16 and was an accomplished pilot; stole a ship and left.

She left a tearful message for her Father, saying that she was joining the Rebel Alliance to do something to help, and also for her Mother. She said that Mother wouldn't have liked what Arev had become.

Once again, Arev was heartbroken. But he knew she was right. Being neutral was not the way.

Arev retired from the running of the Conglomerate, giving control to Croff. But he didn't retire completely. Using every favour he had accrued over the years, and reaching out to his family, he started a secret network to supply the Rebel Alliance with ships, equipment, supplies.



The Conglomerate's base planet, Crassus Fegg, was busy once again, repairing ships, stocking deliveries and sending them out to Rebel cells.

However, he missed Lulli desperately.

In the year of the Battle of Yavin, he saw her again. She had grown incredibly since she had left, both physically and mentally; and they had a tearful reunion. They promised to keep in touch with each other more.

## Arev Praxx

### Corellian Smuggler (Retired)

#### DEXTERITY 3D+1

*Blaster 6D+1, Blaster: Heavy Blaster Pistol 10D, Blaster: Blaster Rifle 5D+1, Brawling Parry 7D, Dodge 7D, Grenade 5D, Melee Combat 6D, Melee Parry 6D, Pick Pocket 8D, Running 3D+2, Vehicle Blasters 6D*

#### KNOWLEDGE 2D

*Alien Species 6D+2, Bureaucracy 6D, Business 6D, Business: Praxx Conglomerate 9D, Cultures 5D+2, Intimidation 6D+2, Languages 5D+2, Planetary Systems 7D+2, Streetwise 7D, Streetwise: Zromillian Underworld 8D, Survival 6D, Value 5D, Willpower 3D*

#### MECHANICAL 3D+2

*Astrogation 8D, Beast Riding 5D+2, Ground Vehicle Operation 4D, Repulsorlift Operation 6D, Sensors 5D, Space Transports 8D, Space Transports:YT-1300 10D+2, Starfighter Piloting 5D, Starship Gunnery 8D, Starship Shields 6D*

#### PERCEPTION 3D

*Bargain 9D, Command 8D, Con 8D, Forgery 5D+2, Gambling 8D, Hide 7D, Persuasion 5D, Search 5D+1, Sneak 5D*

#### STRENGTH 3D

*Brawling 7D, Climbing/Jumping 5D+1, Lifting 5D, Stamina 6D+1, Swimming 4D*

#### TECHNICAL 2D+2

*Blaster Repair, Computer Programming/Repair, Demolition, Droid Programming, Droid Repair, Ground Vehicle Repair 3D+1, Repulsorlift Repair 6D, Security 7D, Space Transports Repair 6D, Space Transports Repair: YT-1300 10D, Starship Weapons Repair 4D*

**Move:** 10

**Size:** 1.73 meters

**Force Sensitive:** No

**Force Points:** 3 **Character Points:** 25

#### Equipment:

Modified Heavy Blaster Pistol (5D+1), comlink

#### Companions:

- Industrial Automation R2 Astromech Droid LE-5

**Physical Description:** Tall, craggy faced with unkempt straggly grey hair. He wears clean, old clothes, including a very ragged waistcoat.

**Capsule:** Arev Praxx is part of a Smuggling dynasty, joining the family business at a young age. His Father, Lomm, gave him a YT1300 freighter and a very limited edition R2 unit. Arev promptly left Corellia and went to the Outer Rim where he based himself on Zromillia, doing jobs for a number of underworld figures there.

An event during his time there changed his view of his profession. He docked with a ship and discovered a number of people being taken to a planet to be sold into servitude. Horrified by what he saw, he broke his contract and saved the people.

Taking them to Corellia, he contacted his Father to ask him to help. Grudgingly his Father agreed.

Arev took time to reconnect with his Father. He had also fallen in love with one of the prisoners he saved, a girl called Marish. They married very quickly, then returned to the Outer Rim where they discovered that they were going to have a child.

That changed his whole view. He would smuggle, but he would never undertake the tracking of people.

They welcomed a son, named Croff. And with money saved and from his Father, Arev Praxx found a planet called Crassus Fegg where he would create a cooperative for like minded Smugglers. A base and safe haven where they could hide from the underworld gangs from Zromillia.

## LE-5

### Industrial Automation R2 Astromech Droid

#### DEXTERITY 2D

*Dodge 4D, Electroshock prod 4D+1*

#### KNOWLEDGE 2D

*Planetary Systems 8D+2, Streetwise 6D+2, Survival 6D+2, Value 6D+2*

#### MECHANICAL 4D

*Astrogation 10D+2, Communications 6D, Sensors 8D, Starfighter Piloting 6D+1, Space Transports Piloting 8D+1, Starship Gunnery 4D+1, Starship Shields 4D+1*

#### PERCEPTION 3D

*Con 3D+2, Gambling 6D, Search 4D, Sneak 4D*

#### STRENGTH 3D *Lifting 4D*

#### TECHNICAL 4D

*Computer Programming/Repair 8D+2, Demolitions 6D+1, Droid Programming 6D+1, Droid Repair 6D+2, Starfighter Repair 6D+1, Space Transport Repair 7D+2*

#### Equipped with:

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Retractable heavy grasper arm (+1D to lifting)
- Retractable fine-work grasper arm
- Extendable .3 meter long video sensor (360 degree rotation)
- Small electric arc welder (3D damage, 0.3-metre range)
- Small circular saw (4D damage, 0.3-meter range)
- Video display screen
- Holographic projector/recorder (one-meter range)
- Fire extinguisher
- Small internal “cargo” area ( 20cm by 8cm)
- High-pitch acoustic signaller
- One long-range sensing array; includes radar, radiation counter, life form sensor,
- infra-red receptors, electromagnetic field receptor (+3D to *search* at range of up to 100 meters)
- Broad-band antenna receiver (can monitor all broadcast and communication frequencies)
- Information storage/retrieval jack for computer link-up

- One compressed air launcher (for flares and other items)
- Interference Generator
- Survival Kit (+1D to Droid Master’s survival rolls)

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 18

Move: 5

Size: 0.96 meters tall

Cost: Not for sale.

A limited edition R2 Astromech that was built and released around the time of the Battle of Naboo. Only 5 of these were released.

Limited Edition 5 found its way to Arev Praxx on his wedding day along with a YT-1300 Freighter from his father.

LE-5 became a faithful companion that he took care of; and modified extensively, adding new skills and equipment.

Praxx decided early on not to wipe it’s memory, so LE-5 developed a very interesting personality. It became cheeky, sometimes rude but very loyal.

Later on, after Praxx had set up his Smuggler’s Cell; LE-5 took on a major administrative and communications role.

"I can bring you in tepid... or I can bring you in frosty."

# ACQUIRING THE ASSET

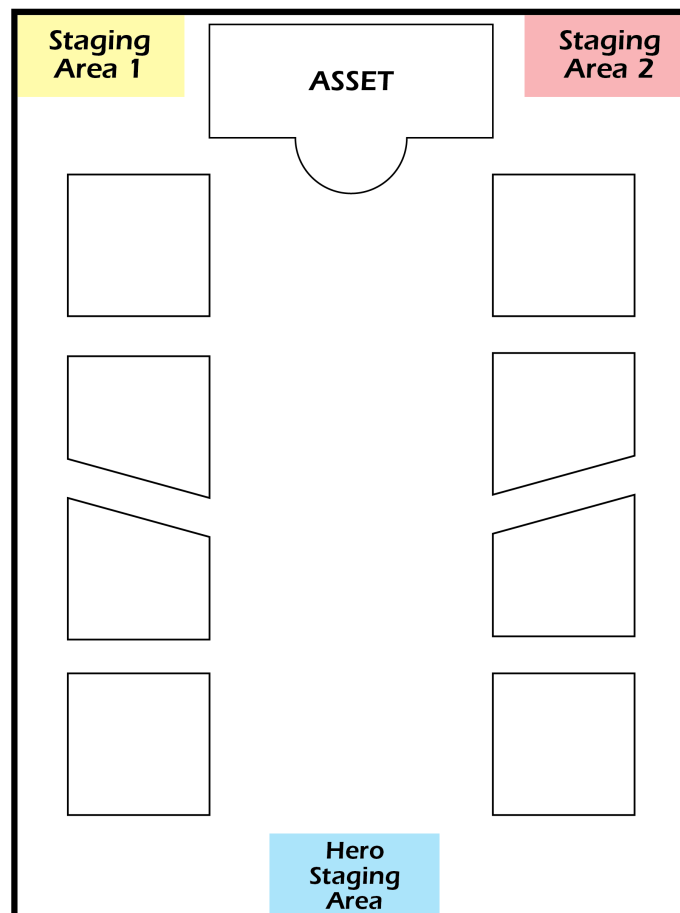
A scenario for Star Wars Miniatures Battles  
by David O. Little

## The Set-up

Create a central path to a main build on one edge of the table, leaving several alleyways with at least 1" on space for figures to pass through. Crates, rubble, barriers, etc. should also be spread evenly throughout the table.

The separate factions are set on the board according to the map. The Hunters set their figures in the "Hero Staging Area." Have the Mercenary and Stormtrooper players perform a command roll to determine their squad's placement. Winner determines their placement and the opposing party's placement in either "Staging Area 1" or "Staging Area 2".

### 3' x 4' Table





## The Factions

### The Mercenaries

**ORDERS:** Aboga and Kahla have been hired by a “benevolent benefactor” to keep the area around this outpost clear of riff-raff.

It’s been a pretty prime spot for loot so the rewards have been doubled for them. The problem is the local garrison of Imperials who like to think they still run things on this planet. They showed up just on the other side of the street when showed up with some “friends” to do a little “search and rescue” of the goodies stashed in the buildings around town. And wouldn’t you know it, another ship plops down at the end of the street and a couple of bounty hunters saunter in like they own the place.

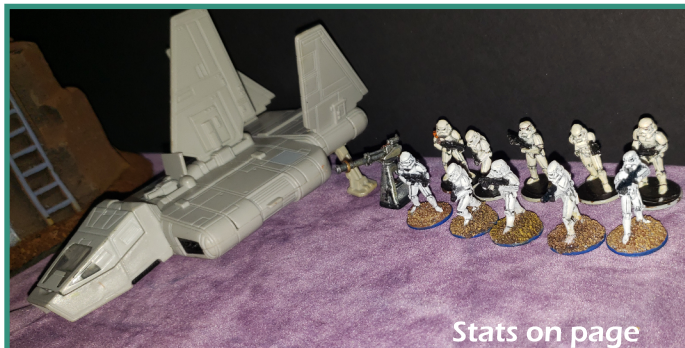
If they get in the way of our fun, they can join the Impies in the dead pile.



### The Stormtroopers

**ORDERS:** The usual merc rabble are breaking into and looting some of our hidden caches we placed at the outpost. Our forces are may be spread thin but we are still the ruling force on this planet. Teach them a lesson by wiping them out.

And if you get a chance, check out that ship that landed on the outskirts.



### The Hunters

**ORDERS:** Acquire the asset in the main building. Remove anyone or anything that gets in the way.

### The Mandalorian

- **The Modified AMBAN Rifle.** Treat any “Wound” as an automatic “Incapacitation.”
- **Whistling Birds.** The hero may declare which individuals in a squad are targeted. The hero may also target individuals in a squad outside of their LOS for a +1 Difficulty.
- **Wrist Flamethrower.** May be fired at separately at any squads the hero’s LOS. Uses the “Flamethrower” template.
- **Whipchord.** Upon a successful “grapple,” target loses -4 to their DEX during the next round. During the next round of movement, hero may only move and “drag” their capture for 4 inches. The captured soldier may try to escape during the Movement Phase with an opposed DEX check or until the hero releases them.

### IG-11

Although humanoid, the droid torso is considered a turret and may fire up to 2 weapons per turn at any squad in it’s LOS.

The Targeting Sensor’s effect is already reflected in the “Blaster” stat.



## Victory Conditions

Any force wins if any of their squads are able to complete their assigned mission. For the purposes of campaign points, 3 points are awarded for completing primary mission, 2 points if you capture any enemy squads, 1 point if a single squad incapacitates an entire other squad, and 1 point each is awarded to any 2 or more squads from opposing teams who incapacitate the same squad whether cooperation was intended or not.



## Gamemaster Notes

The following special rules and situations (except those for Capturing the Cargo) are optional.

### SWRPG Converted Heroes

If you have players who play the RPG and want to convert their PCs into heroes for the purpose of playing this SWMB scenario, remove any one of the squads and allow them to take the place of that squad. If necessary to even out the SGPs, add on another squad of Imperials and/or mercenaries. Use the Victory Conditions as Character Points to award to your players.

The Mandalorian stats and weapons were inspired from the RPG stats of “Din Djarin/The Mandalorian” created by “FreddyB” of [rpggamer.org](http://rpggamer.org)

### Note from the author:

I'll leave you to tidy up the 'woulds and shoulds, wills and shalls, thats and whichs', etc.

SQUAD NAME Aboga's Gang  
TROOP TYPE Mercenaries  
TROOP QUALITY Elite [20]

Move: 10  
DEX: 3  
Trng( ) Blaster 5 [2]  
Spec ( ) Blaster Artillery       
Grenade       
Melee Combat 5 [2]

KNO:       
Trng( ) Survival       
Spec ( )     

MEC: 3  
Trng( ) Beast Riding       
Spec ( )     

PER: 3  
Trng( ) Command 4 [1]  
Spec ( ) Search       
Sneak     

STR: 3  
Trng( ) Brawling 4 [1]  
Spec ( ) Swimming     

TEC: 2  
Trng( ) Demolition       
Spec ( ) First Aid     

Skills point cost: [50]

Walk Rate 8 Run Rate 13 Command Skill 5 Number in squad 5

**MOVEMENT RATES**

Skills point cost (from first column): [50]

Weapon(s) Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long	
Blaster Rifle	5	15	50	150	15
Vibroblade	STR+4				3

Armor: STR/DEC mod.: /

Point cost per coldier: [68]  
Number in squad: x 5  
**BASE SQUAD COST: [340]**

ID:      COMMANDER: Command 5 [1]  
ID:      SPECIALIST:     

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long

ID:      SPECIALIST:     

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long

Other costs:     

Morale Level 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 [341] SQUAD COST  
Steady E V A Shaken Dem Broken

SQUAD NAME SR-22  
TROOP TYPE Stormtrooper  
TROOP QUALITY Veteran [10]

Move: 10  
DEX: 1(2)  
Trng( ) Blaster 3(4) [2]  
Spec ( ) Blaster Artillery       
Grenade       
Melee Combat 3(4) [2]

KNO:       
Trng( ) Survival       
Spec ( )     

MEC: 2  
Trng( ) Beast Riding       
Spec ( )     

PER: 2  
Trng( ) Command 4 [2]  
Spec ( ) Search       
Sneak     

STR: 3  
Trng( ) Brawling 4 [1]  
Spec ( ) Swimming     

TEC: 2  
Trng( ) Demolition       
Spec ( ) First Aid     

Skills point cost: [38]

Walk Rate 7 Run Rate 12 Command Skill 5 Number in squad 5

**MOVEMENT RATES**

Skills point cost (from first column): [38]

Weapon(s) Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long	
Blaster Rifle	5	15	50	150	15
Grenade	oooo	4	4	10	5

Armor: Stormtrooper STR/DEC mod.: /

Point cost per coldier: [68]  
Number in squad: x 5  
**BASE SQUAD COST: [340]**

ID:      COMMANDER: Command 5 [1]  
ID:      SPECIALIST:     

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long

ID:      SPECIALIST:     

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long

Other costs:     

Morale Level 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 [341] SQUAD COST  
Steady E V A Shaken Dem Broken

SQUAD NAME Kahla's Gang  
TROOP TYPE Mercenaries  
TROOP QUALITY Elite [20]

Move: 10  
DEX: 3  
Trng( ) Blaster 5 [2]  
Spec ( ) Blaster Artillery       
Grenade       
Melee Combat 5 [2]

KNO:       
Trng( ) Survival       
Spec ( )     

MEC: 3  
Trng( ) Beast Riding       
Spec ( )     

PER: 3  
Trng( ) Command 4 [1]  
Spec ( ) Search       
Sneak     

STR: 3  
Trng( ) Brawling 4 [1]  
Spec ( ) Swimming     

TEC: 2  
Trng( ) Demolition       
Spec ( ) First Aid     

Skills point cost: [50]

Walk Rate 8 Run Rate 13 Command Skill 5 Number in squad 5

**MOVEMENT RATES**

Skills point cost (from first column): [50]

Weapon(s) Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long	
Blaster Rifle	5	15	50	150	15
Vibroblade	STR+4				3

Armor: STR/DEC mod.: /

Point cost per coldier: [68]  
Number in squad: x 5  
**BASE SQUAD COST: [340]**

ID:      COMMANDER: Command 5 [1]  
ID:      SPECIALIST: 5 [1]

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long	
Heavy Repeating Blaster	8	38	100	250	15

ID:      SPECIALIST:     

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long

Other costs:     

Morale Level 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 [357] SQUAD COST  
Steady E V A Shaken Dem Broken

SQUAD NAME SR-22  
TROOP TYPE Stormtrooper  
TROOP QUALITY Veteran [10]

Move: 10  
DEX: 1(2)  
Trng( ) Blaster 3(4) [2]  
Spec ( ) Blaster Artillery       
Grenade       
Melee Combat 3(4) [2]

KNO:       
Trng( ) Survival       
Spec ( )     

MEC: 2  
Trng( ) Beast Riding       
Spec ( )     

PER: 2  
Trng( ) Command 4 [2]  
Spec ( ) Search       
Sneak     

STR: 3  
Trng( ) Brawling 4 [1]  
Spec ( ) Swimming     

TEC: 2  
Trng( ) Demolition       
Spec ( ) First Aid     

Skills point cost: [38]

Walk Rate 7 Run Rate 12 Command Skill 5 Number in squad 5

**MOVEMENT RATES**

Skills point cost (from first column): [38]

Weapon(s) Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long	
Blaster Rifle	5	15	50	150	15
Grenade	oooo	4	4	10	5

Armor: Stormtrooper STR/DEC mod.: /

Point cost per coldier: [68]  
Number in squad: x 5  
**BASE SQUAD COST: [340]**

ID:      COMMANDER: Command 5 [1]  
ID:      SPECIALIST: 5 [2]

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long	
Heavy Repeating Blaster	8	38	100	250	15

ID:      SPECIALIST:     

Weapon Carried	Dam.	Short	Med.	Long

Other costs:     

Morale Level 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 [358] SQUAD COST  
Steady E V A Shaken Dem Broken





# About the Authors...

**Brian L. Bird** was born and raised in the Finger Lakes of NY where he began playing role playing at the age of 10. A U.S. Air Force Veteran, he currently puts his 20 years of Logistics Management experience to work as a Procurement Specialist with the University of Texas at San Antonio. Brian studied Art Education and Psychology at Our Lady of the Lake University. He enjoys reading, writing, designing and playing tabletop games, making found object art, and spending time with his wife Juanita and their children Johan, Elihu and Yahaira; and their granddaughter Arianna at their home in San Antonio, Texas.

**Mark Dowson** is from North Yorkshire in England. He has been interested in science fiction, Space and Star Wars since his early days at school, which later resulted in an interest in science as well. He has enjoyed creative writing since his mid-teens and over the last several years has had solo roleplay adventures published in *Knights of the Dinner Table Magazine*. Other interests include participating in long distance running, trekking holidays in other countries, jiving, mysticism, psychology and history.

**Jason Dray** started playing roleplaying games in 1980 at the age of eight. Wanting a life of adventure, he has been a Cavalry Scout, a Military Police Officer, and is now a Federal Agent. Jason Dray has served in Iraq (twice), Cairo, and now Istanbul, and has worked in over 30 countries, most of them "real garden spots." Using Skype, he has played Star Wars in 7 countries over the past four years.

**Dustin Hawk** hails from the high desert (and thus, unheard of) region of the Pacific Northwest. With a passion of all things military aircraft-related, he enlisted into the United States Air Force right out of high school, becoming an aircraft fuel systems repair specialist, traveling to a wide array of places both exotic and mundane to stop JP-8 from leaking out of areas where they shouldn't. A science fiction fan since he was a child, that interest also expanded into an avid love of gaming, particularly tabletop roleplaying, along with creative writing. He currently resides in Okinawa, Japan with his wife and daughter.

**Paul May** has been a gamer for a number of moons, starting with AD&D2 and *Traveller*. falling in love with the structures of *Traveller*, especially the lack of levels and classes, he went on to pick up GURPS and *Star Wars D6*.

He's been playing in the one *Star Wars* game for about a decade, although not all on the same character, and has a foolproof method of persuading the GM not to kill his present debonair chemist/shootist-his replacement character is an Ewok shaman/sneak thief with a stunner-tipped spear.

His present job involves poking software to see if it falls over or squeaks, for one of which (involving protecting the country) he received a national award.

**Ray Napoli** A Geek at heart, Ray has always been fascinated by all things Science Fiction, but always comes home to a Galaxy Far Far Away.

An 18+ year veteran of Tabletop Roleplaying, his introduction to RPGs was the WEG classic version of Star Wars. Journeys around the stars and back in this galaxy and so many others has taken him through video games, MMOs and miniature wargaming scenes as well. A particular focus on Science Fictions own brand of magic always seems to captivate in the various ways technology is used.

Ray has staffed and GMed many tabletop games as well as several MUDs and MUSHes such as *Star Wars: Age of Alliances*, running both long-running plot arcs as well as one-off adventure.

He always brings with him a colorful cast of characters with his work focusing on strong, unique women and curious Droids. His work is coloured by a streak of independence, compassion and vitality belonging to the women within his own family. A preoccupation with the intersection of technical means and the human condition represented in AI and robotics similarly guides his interest in all manner of Star Wars' curious contraptions.

**Flynn O'Dinson** hails from From Grand Rapids, MI. His military career spans 20 years, with Air Force 77 and then serving as an Army Helicopter Pilot until 2004. He has been teaching teaching [both military and civilian] since 1985, Has two Labradors, his name is "What", her name is "Who".



**Julian Smith**, 49, from the U.K. As I enter my fifth decade, Star Wars has always been part of my life; from going to see the first film on its second day of release all the way through to the final chapter of the Skywalker Saga. And I'm looking forward to seeing The Mandalorian, to see where things are going. The characters I have created for this issue are two peripheral parts of the wider galaxy that was created back in the late 1980's when I started playing this game with my friends. I've added lots of things over the years; planets, ships, aliens. Arev Praxx and LE5 however are only going to be available here, a taster for a bigger sourcebook that I'm slowly compiling. I hope you enjoy them.

**Mathew Wedel** was introduced to *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* in high school, by his younger brother. He's been playing ever since, including a holiday campaign with his brothers that has been running since 1998. His daytime life is split between teaching human gross anatomy at a medical school and doing research and fieldwork in paleontology. By night he is an amateur astronomer, and he writes the monthly "Binocular Highlight" column for *Sky & Telescope* magazine. Matt lives in southern California with his wife Vicki, son London, cat Moe, and box turtle Easty. His contribution in this issue is his first published game writing, and he couldn't be happier.

## ...the Artists...

**Aleksandra Boshevska** is a digital illustrator born and currently living in Macedonia. *"I work in my own private studio where I create artworks inspired mostly by history, mythology but also by medieval fantasy and science-fiction. Aside from making illustrations, concept art and character designs in Photoshop, I use 3D software to further improve my artistic skills and sculpt my own creature and character creations which I hope will one day be implemented in a video game. You can find out more about my work on my Instagram page: Nidhogge\_art"*

**Bartłomiej Fedyczak**, is a freelance illustrator artist hailing from Warsaw/Zielona Gora, Poland. You can find a portfolio of his work at <https://www.artstation.com/fedyczak>

**John Gendall** is a professional illustrator working in the U.K. A Star Wars fan since the age of five, when he watched it in his local cinema way back in 1977. He's been an avid Roleplayer since the mid 80s, and spent far too much time painting miniatures from various games over the years. He bought the first edition of the d6 when it first came out, and at some point has played/G.M. every version of the game, returning to the d6 about 2 years ago, as out of all of them it's the version he loves best. Mostly doing book covers, and commissioned portraits, he has designed some miniatures for the game *Broken Contract* and some publicity for East Street Games, a zombie Father Christmas. He jumped at the chance to work for the *Adventurers Journal*, after all it's Star Wars!

**Adam Kopala** is from Stalowa Wola City in Southern Poland *"I'm a big fan of virtually all sci-fi works and universes. I am mostly inspired by Star Wars and Star Trek art, since they were the foundation of my childhood television and cinema memories.*

*I learned to appreciate the timeless designs that were created by all the amazing artists and I decided to go my own way while creating new stuff. I love all of the classics but I prefer to do things my own way, giving my creations their own unique looks and feel, to which I can relate more easily.*

*I am also a huge car design fan and just as I do with the starships, I don't try to recreate things that we are all familiar with. I love to discover prototypes and unreleased concept cars, rebuilding them in 3D afterwards."* You can see a portfolio of his art at <https://www.deviantart.com/adamkop>

**Mylene Olavere** hails from the Philippines, you can see more of her art at <https://www.deviantart.com/mikurei26>

**Chris Shaylor** has been an avid Sci-Fi toy collector since the mid 70's. He rarely actually played many table top games but voraciously collected and read the sourcebooks and companion issues for the WEG *Star Wars* series since they were first released in the late 80's. Using much of that expanded material and artwork as inspiration for his own custom creations for 1:18 toy lines.

Eventually building the city-sized spaceport Rotgut Station, which acts as a truck stop nexus for all sci-fi universes, he shared what he created with the world to show that toys don't have to just sit on shelves. After word spread and requests came pouring in, he was able to turn his hobby of creating wood & plastic playsets into a successful full time toy business of Empire Toy Works.



"I now wake up and eat and breathe toys all day everyday, and I wouldn't have it any other way."

Chris lives with his wife and two sons in Virginia.

## ...this Journal.

The *Adventurer's Journal* is an unofficial fan generated magazine for use with *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition, Revised and Expanded*. We humbly acknowledge the individual authors and artists and their respective works which have inspired the content herein.

*Some of the work within is copyrighted. We have performed our due diligence to contact each artist for permission to use his or her respective works. Some of the art has been previously used in previous publications by West End Games, online article, gallery, or wiki like Wookieepedia. By placing it in the Adventurer's Journal, we assert that this qualifies as fair use of the material under United States Copyright Law.*

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# Afterword.

Uncertain times, social distancing, and face masks have become the normal day to day of our society. Its a serious issue, and its important to recognize whether or not we're living in the Rebellion Era and if we've all become Darth Vader.

With all of the sheltering in place, the isolation, and the staying inside it can feel a bit like Echo Base on Hoth. Cold and desolate.

Now is the time for us to truly reach out to each other through technology. Instead of it providing barriers let's reconnect with families, friends, and throw some dice. There are more than enough video conferencing platforms like *Zoom*, *Teams*, *Skype*, hell even *Facebook Messenger* (which maxes out at 50 people). For gaming there's all of these, *Twitch*, *Discord*, *Roll20*, and more.

Whatever your platform, make it one that raises up family and friends. Put the spotlight on rediscovering traditions, making new memories and creating epic moments.

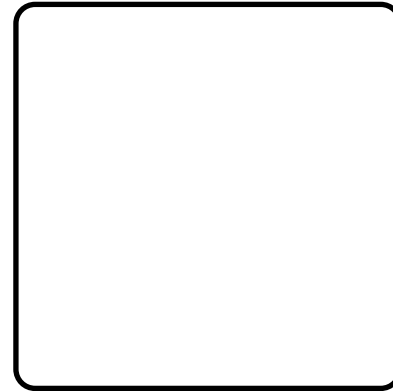
I truly hope that this issue finds you all safe, healthy, and preparing your next game.

Lets make May the 4th have the true power of *Star Wars* this year, a glimpse into that galaxy far, far away that takes us away from our current calamity.

May the Force be with you, now more than ever.

- Brian

## STAR WARS ADVENTURER'S SHEET



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Player Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Template \_\_\_\_\_  
Species / Gender \_\_\_\_\_  
Height / Weight / Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_  
Movement \_\_\_\_\_ Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_  
Character Pts \_\_\_\_\_ Light / Dark Pts \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_

DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_

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KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_

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MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_

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PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_

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STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_

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TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_

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GEAR - TECH - WEAPONS

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WOUND STATUS

- STUNNED
- WOUNDED
- WOUNDED
- INCAPACITATED
- MORTALLY WOUNDED

**STAR WARS**  
**ADVENTURER'S SHEET**

CONTROL \_\_\_\_\_

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SENSE \_\_\_\_\_

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ALTER \_\_\_\_\_

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SPECIAL ABILITIES

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# ADVENTURER'S JOURNAL

ISSUE FIVE

## Mercenaries & Miscreants!

Mercenaries were once Miscreants,  
Miscreants in turn were once Young Kids.

No matter the starting point, their lives all began with wide eyed wonder, an enchanted vision that slowly blurred into a misspent youth—only to be brought into sharp focus by survival.

Join us as we explore the randomness, the obstacles, and the freedom offered by the life of a paid mercenary.

### Features in this issue include:

- *Escape From Rotgut Station*, a solo adventure featuring an updated Mercenary template and introduces the new template: The Miscreant
- GM tips for dealing with Allies, Assets, & Obstacles
- The continuing adventures of Azure Squadron in *True Blue: A Star Wars Story*
- The wondrously incomprehensible Jawa Starcrawler
- A Random Thug Generator
- Retired Smuggler Arev Praxx and his astromech LE-5
- A look inside an Imperial prison ship, the *Durance Vile*.



AJ-050420