

STAR WARS



The Ultimate Planets Collection

Compiled by James F Keck

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ABREGADO-RAE (NEW REPUBLIC ERA)

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Hills
Length of Day:	23 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	349 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Gados, Humans
Starport:	Standard Class
Population:	40 million
Planet Function:	Manufacturing, trade
Government:	Repressive Bureaucracy (New Republic Allied)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	High tech, mid tech
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs, high tech, medicinal goods, mid tech
Source:	Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Abregado system sits along the Republic side of the Borderland Regions. A complicated manufacturing infrastructure links the entire system. This manufacturing center is of paramount importance to the New Republic.

The Gados maintain a number of space ports, including the one at Abregado-rae. During the height of the Empire, Abregado-rae Spaceport had a terrible reputation for a facility in the Core, and was often compared to primitive facilities in the Outer Rim Territory ports like Tatooine's Mos Eisley. Today, smugglers from the old days would hardly recognize the place, for civilization has come to Abregado.

Abregado-rae, for instance, has a bright, painfully clean cityscape rising over the landing pits of its spaceport. But no amount of cleanliness or polished metal can eliminate the wild air which hangs over every spaceport. It is the air of mixed cultures and species coming together in one place before moving back into the stars.

For all its new look Abregado-rae still has a number of its old smuggler stomping grounds. The LoBue is one such establishment. A small, windowless building snuggled between two older structures, only a single wooden plank with the word "LoBue" written upon it in Basic announces the place to potential customers. Its clientele usually comes from the fringe groups, who come for companionship, drink and gambling on the sabacc tables.

Currently, smugglers have been bringing food and medicine to a clan of people living in the hills beyond the spaceport. They have refused to join the system's new government, stating they only want to be left alone to continue their way of life.

The government, anxious to solidify its hold on the system, decided to make an example of the clan. It has cut off trade with the hill people, including trade of such necessary items as food and medical supplies, until they agree to fall into line.

Among the smugglers providing relief to the clan is Talon Karrde and his organization. On a recent trip to the planet Karrde's associate Fynn Torve had his ship, the Etherway, impounded for suspected smuggling (he had, fortunately, already delivered his cargo). Han Solo has agreed to use his New Republic connections to get the ship released as soon as possible.

ADARI

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountainous, volcanic
Length of Day:	24 standard hours
Length of Year:	409 local days
Sapient Species:	Adarians
Starport:	Stellar Class
Population:	22.5 Million
Government:	Corporation (by caste system)
Planet Function:	Homeworld
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Metals, minerals, starships, high-tech
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs, medicines
System:	Adari
Star:	Adari
Source:	Compiled from information found in GG12: Aliens – Enemies and Allies

World Summary

Adari is a volcanic, mountainous world rich in minerals and ores. The Adarians developed industry early in their history and expanded out into their system thousands of years ago. They long ago harvested most of the asteroids in their home system and have expanded out into other systems through out their home sector.

According to archaeological records, the oldest Adarian settlements were located in a single geographical area of Adari. The region is filled with broken hills and freshwater lakes, making it one of the most habitable areas on the planet. Much of Adari is covered with towering mountains that are buried in snow for nearly two-thirds of the local year.

Its considered likely that the Adarians are not native to the planet since their original settlements were concentrated in just this one area. The Adarians spread out from this small region, retaining a single homogeneous culture.

These facts - combined with the lack of any fossil record indicating an evolutionary ancestor for the Adarians - seem to support the theory bandied about by archaeologists that

Adarians are not native to Adari, but instead arrived from another star system man millennia ago.

The fact that all Adarians shared a similar culture gave them an edge when it came to developing the planet's rich resources. Material and labor were not squandered on warfare but instead were channeled into the development of technologies. The Adarians created a single planet-wide "corporation" that serves as both government and resource manager. This entity is run along the lines of a traditional corporation, but for the profit of the species as a whole. It currently controls the resources and labor force of the entire planet.

ADARLON

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountain
Length of Day:	21 standard hours
Length of Year:	381 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans
Starport:	Imperial class
Population:	20 million
Planet Function:	Entertainment
Government:	Democracy
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Entertainment arts, holos
Major Imports:	Food, drugs, luxury goods, household devices, raw materials
Source:	GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

Adarlon itself is rugged, mountainous world. Its three major cities are located along the west coast of the northern continent on a narrow plateau between the mountains and the sea.

Adarlon has a generally pleasant climate though it does vary considerably by region. The forested regions between the mountains and the seas where most of the population lives are temperate and quite wet. In the cities however it rains only in the early mornings (climate control) and it is sunny the rest of the time.

The Human inhabitants of this planet are obsessed with pleasure and fun; they play when they work and they work at play. Throughout recent galactic history, Adarlon has traditionally been the home of most of the galaxy's best entertainers, and even today many aspiring actors, singers, and producers travel to the planet to get their "big break." (The newest "trendy act" is a rather awful band called "Boba Fett and the Assassin Droids" and a shrewd trader could make some real money ferrying concertgoers to Adarlon or by scalping auditorium passes for a "Fett" concert.)

Today, however, its predominance is somewhat reduced from its golden years during the Republic. The tastes of the

Empire run to entertainments that are more violent than the traditional, sophisticated Adarlon acts ("Boba Fett and the Assassin Droids" notwithstanding). On the other hand, because Adarlon is so distant from the Imperial Core it is out of the reach of the more draconian censorship of the Empire and its underground holds which depict the Empire unfavorably are becoming increasingly popular. These black market holos appear to be the beginning of a new era of cinematic creativity and vigor, and are bringing Adarlon to the forefront of the entertainment world once again.

ALPHERIDIES

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Cool
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Hills, mountains, plains
Length of Day:	21 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	450 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Miraluka
Starport:	Limited Services
Population:	1 million
Planet Function:	Agricultural homeworld
Government:	Oligarchy
Tech Level:	Industrial (Information in population centers)
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	None
System:	Abron
Star:	Aber
Source:	Tales of the Jedi Companion
Sourcebook	

World Summary

At one time Alpheridies bore no sentient species upon its surface. The world's flora and fauna existed in the normal state of slowly changing equilibrium for more than two-dozen millennia. The system's red dwarf star, Aber, casts little in the way of visible light upon the planet, instead emitting infrared radiation that kept the atmosphere within a habitable range. Most creatures do not possess visual sense organs, relying instead on other methods of perceiving their environment (sound, smell feel infrared reception, and so forth).

Several thousand years ago, Miralukan scouts arrived to Alpheridies in their search for a new homeworld. The Miralukans' planet had begun to experience terrible geophysical and geochemical instability, and the peaceful species launched an intensive search for a new planet upon which to settle. Though not a perfect choice, Alpheridies possessed most of the criteria spelled out by the Miralukan leaders.

Soon after, the entire Miraluka population migrated to Alpheridies, leaving behind their crowded cities and most of their larger industrial technology. The 23 council members had unanimously agreed that this new world would not be abused as their previous home had been (which they believe

contributed to the recent changes in the planet's structure). Only a few population centers would be constructed where corporations could produce necessary commodities including small computers, repulsorlift parts, and farming equipment.

The remainder of the Miraluka would concentrate on agricultural activities. Over time, the Miraluka gradually lost the use of their eyes, as the minimal amount of visible light on their new home planet did not provide enough illumination to rely on for sensory perception. At the same time however, a long-recessed gene gradually reemerged, allowing the Miraluka to sense the vibrations in the Force emitted by all objects.

Though the Miraluka claim not to have found it, several rumors purport that an ancient Sith warlord chose Alpheridies as his base of operations in what at the time was considered a part of the Unknown Regions. A hidden citadel containing various dark-side "magicks" - artifacts, texts and other such items - supposedly lies hidden in some subterranean cavern deep within the planet's crust.

ALDERAAN

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Plains, mountains, seas, forests
Length of Day:	24 standard hours
Length of Year:	364 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans
Starport:	Imperial Class
Population:	2 billion
Planet Function:	Academic, homeworld

Government:	Democratic monarchy
Tech Level:	Space
Major exports:	Luxury goods
Major imports:	Foodstuffs
Source:	Various sources

World Summary

Considered a "Shining Star" of the Core Worlds, wild grasslands and old mountain ranges dominated the planet's surface. Ice-rimmed polar seas were the only large bodies of water, though thousands of fresh- and salt-water lakes provided habitats for a large variety of flora and fauna. The planet was also the homeworld of some of the galaxy's most famous animals, such as the nerf and the thrantas. Cities of Alderaan were often built with great care taken to protect nature. One city was built on the walls of a canyon, nearly invisible from above. Other cities were built on stilts along the shoreline or under the polar ice. The capital, Aldera, known for its university, was built on a small island in the center of a caldera.

The Alderaanian people highly valued education, arts, architecture, poetry, the performing arts, and peaceful resolutions to conflicts. They placed high value in their participation in the Galactic (and then) the Imperial Senate.

Though largely a democratic society, Alderaan was headed by a hereditary constitutional monarchy, with the Royal House of Organa presiding over the High Court and legislative High Council of Alderaan. Its monarchs have variously borne the titles "Prince", "First Chairman", and "Viceroy". Traditionally, the heir of the Alderaan throne also serves in the legislative High Council of Alderaan and a term as Senator of Alderaan. Bail Organa was the leader of Alderaan and was on the planet when it was destroyed, while his heir and (secretly adopted) daughter Princess Leia



served as Senator of Alderaan in the Imperial Senate.

After the horrors of the Clone Wars, Alderaan's massive war machine was dismantled and the weapons were placed aboard an armory warship called *Another Chance*. The ship was programmed to continually jump through hyperspace until called home by the Alderaanian Council.

Alderaan was destroyed by the Death Star at Grand Moff Tarkin's order as a demonstration of its power to Princess Leia. Approximately 60,000 natives survived because they were off world, and many of them relocated to the planet of New Alderaan, hoping to recreate the beauty that had been Alderaan.

Nearly all survivors of Alderaan became the most dedicated soldiers of the Alliance, vowing never to let the Empire destroy another world. A tiny handful of Alderaanians become the most fanatical supporters of the Empire, blaming Bail Organa for opposing the Emperor and thereby destroying everything they loved.

Survivors of Alderaan and their descendants practiced a ritual of "returning" to the Alderaan system. Those returning would fill memorial capsules with gifts for departed relatives and friends and jettison them into the asteroid field (known as the Graveyard), which was all that remained of the planet after its destruction.

With Alderaan destroyed, Princess Leia led her people to New Alderaan, which was founded after the Galactic Civil War died down somewhat. The Royal House of Alderaan, in the person of Leia Organa-Solo and her children, continue to hold sovereignty of both New Alderaan and the Alderaan system. The government on New Alderaan administers both systems.

AMBRIA

Type:	Barren terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Rocky plains, desert
Length of Day:	32 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	176 Local Days
Sapient Races:	None
Starport:	None
Population:	1-4
Planet Function:	Master Thon's Jedi Training compound
Government:	None
Tech Level:	Stone
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	None
System:	Ambria
Star:	Amber
Source:	Tales of the Jedi Companion Sourcebook

Orbital Bodies

<u>Name</u>	<u>Planet Type</u>
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Deeb	Moon
Mev	Moon
Toprel	Moon
Voth	Moon

World Summary

The ringed planet of Ambria lies within the borders of the area designated by the Republic Survey Team as the Stenness Node (or the Stenness Systems, depending on which team's report you read - the controversy over the correct name has raged as far as the Senate floor at times). At one time in its history, Ambria boasted a plentiful biosphere, complete with several indigenous sentient species.

Gradually, however, the world's resources were depleted by a Sith disciple driven mad by the power of the dark side. She enslaved the sentient species and used many of the native fauna as beasts of burden concentrating all of her efforts on the creation of an enormous dark-side obelisk that rose into the sky like a black spike wedged into the planet's surface. Over hundreds of years the construction continued the Sith sorceress's obsession as strong as ever.

As far as Jedi scholars have been able to determine, she attempted a complex Sith ritual that called on more power than any individual had asked of the dark side before. For some unknown reason, the rite failed, and the sorceress unleashed a wave of Force power that destroyed every living thing on the planet and infused the remaining elements with deep dark-side stains.

Jedi Master Thon, guided by the Force eventually sought out Ambria and drove the darkness that had reigned upon the planet for millennia into an immense body of water he dubbed Natth, which means "cage" in his native tongue.

The world is dominated by a vast desert called the Ambrian Wastes, within which Master Thon set his training compound. With the help of Thon and time - and the eradication of the dark side with - the planet's biosphere has begun to return but Lake Natth remains as foul as ever seething and churning constantly, as if the dark side forces grow more restless with each passing night.

ANDASALA

Type:	Forested, terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Forests, mountains
Length of Day:	25 standard hours
Length of Year:	370 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Hutts
Starports:	3 standard class
Population:	1.5 million
Planet Function:	Criminal haven, mining
Government:	Organized Crime. Provisional government supported by criminal syndicate headed by

Tech Level: crime lord Valis Lorn.
 Major Exports: Space
 Major Imports: Tungsten, copper, chromium
 Major Imports: Mid technology, unofficial imports include all manner of illegal goods and weapons technology
 Source: GG11: Criminal Organizations

World Summary

Originally founded by a subsidiary of Gesenix Mining. Andasala started out as a promising community, with natural resources and a favorable position for servicing numerous nearby systems. Lying not far from the shipping center at Svivren, Andasala quickly expanded its population and economy. With the coming of the New Republic, however, Andasala's location quickly became a handicap. Both Imperial and New Republic forces have used the system as a corridor through which other targets could be attacked. This in turn, has led to numerous battles for Andasala.

The latest clash saw the Empire reclaim Andasala after all by eliminating the New Republic garrison in a massive orbital bombardment. Recent events in the Imperial Civil War left Andasala without a planetary governor. Into this power vacuum has come a local strong man, Valis Lorn. For lack of competent rivals, Lorn established political control over the planet, using his criminal henchmen to secure his election as Provisional Governor. This appointment is likely to remain for some time, at least until the military of either the Empire or the New Republic can more firmly wrest control of the space around Andasala.

ANTIQUITY

System: Antiquity
 Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Most
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Mudflats, low seas, mountains
 Length of Day: 23 Standard Hours
 Length of Year: 372 Local Days
 Sapient Species: Human
 Starport: Landing Field
 Population: 92,000
 Government: Loose confederation of townships
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Imports: Foodstuffs, low tech, mid tech, high tech
 Major Exports: Teggi fungal roots
 Source: The Politics of Contraband

World Summary

The city of Lis'an is a "dead spot" on this world, which is a pretty amazing concept. This planet is even more lifeless than Tatooine. It's a quiet spaceport town on the edge of the huge South Mudflats, which extend for hundreds of kilometers. The town's whole economy is based upon the

growth of teggi fungal roots, one of the main ingredients of bantha fodder.

The city has about 5,000 permanent residents, mostly farmers and spaceport hired help. The only tavern is a disgusting hovel that reeks with last week's garbage and the characters would rather spend their time aboard their ship (where they're when the adventure begins). Most of the buildings are temporary plasticrete shelters which are secured to the mudflats with magnigrapple poles.

The rest of Antiquity is remarkably similar to the conditions found in Lis'an - virtually the whole planet is either mudflats, shallow seas or sheer rock mountains. While there are several other cities, all of them are just larger, more grandiose collections of plasticrete shelters.

Karren

The spaceport is very unimpressive - a large stretch of mudflat with only one building; three transports, all decrepit and clearly held together with little more than molecular instant Adhesive, are haphazardly placed around the control building. The control building is hexagonal and about 30 meters across, with a 10-meter tall navigation beacon.

The city of Karren is a bigger version of Lis'an - mud everywhere, temporary buildings, and a perpetually overcast and dreary sky. Aside from the residences, the characters will notice that there are about three dozen larger buildings - they are also temporary structures, but they might be stores or other businesses.

This "city" has about 35,000 people and is the nominal capital of the planet.

The Twin scales

The Twin Scales is a run-down tavern only a few minutes walk from the spaceport. In addition to slow bar and several tables, it has four sabacc tables, one of which has been warped by water which constantly drips from the ceiling.

There are about twenty patrons currently in the bar. About half of them are dressed as farm hands or spaceport workers and the rest are simply spacers or travelers on their way to somewhere else - anywhere else.

If the characters wish to gamble, have them make gambling rolls: if they make a Moderate total, therein 5 credits, a Difficult total gets them 10 credits and a Very Difficult total gets them 25 credits.

If the characters win one hand there will be some obvious grumbling and several openly hostile glares. If the characters win two hands in a row, the locals will mention how rude it is of strangers to come in and take their money. If the characters win more than 50 credits or win more than two hands in a row, one of the locals will get upset and heave a chair in the character's general direction. Give the upset local the same stats as the goons in Episode One, but he has no weapons, instead having to rely on chairs at

damage STR+1D) and ceramic mugs (damage STR+2) for weapons.

After two rounds of combat, the other locals will break up the fight, sending the local home and advising the characters that they should stick to the bar.

ARGOVIA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Wetlands
Length of Day:	28 standard hours
Length of Year:	345 local days
Sapient Species:	Human
Starport:	Standard class
Population:	600,000
Planet Function:	Mining
Government:	Imperial prefect
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Mineral ores
Major Imports:	Everything (Argovia is not a self-sufficient world)
Source:	Star Wars Instant Adventures

World Summary

Argovia is a humid world with gloomy, overcast skies and ever-present drizzle. Despite its less-than-pleasant environment, Argovia is a world rich in ores, and several companies have bought the rights to mine here. In the last half-year, the Empire has established a sensor net processing complex near the spaceport built to service the ore companies. The population of Argovia is sparse; perhaps more people would live here but the mining companies and Empire restrict immigration to company and Imperial employees.

Nightlife

Most of the buildings in town are prefabs offloaded from cargo ships and bolted together. A few are newer and actually built from the ground up. The whole place has the feel of a frontier town, and not just by the architecture - its inhabitants are equally rough and wild.

From the look of things, it must be payday for the miners, because the streets are filled with carousers of all sorts. Fights tumble out into the street from the insides of bars while the mining company police calmly stroll their beats.

Tanza's, a well-known landmark, is not difficult to locate. It is a three-story transparisteel building, filled with flashing lights, gaudy chrome statues, and throngs of people. Inside, the air is filled with the sounds of a gambling casino gone mad. Shriill whistles pierce the air, loud bells clang, and everywhere is the clatter of brass hitting wood and plastic as hundreds of miners shoot brass balls into the tacky sanchango gambling machines. (Sanchango is played by tossing a metal ball into the upright machine in the hopes of

dislodging other balls inside; each ball is worth a credit.)

ARKANIA

Type:	Tundra world
Temperature:	Cool to frigid (at the poles)
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Tundra, canyons
Length of Day:	18 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	277 Local Days
Sapient Races:	None
Starport:	Limited Services
Population:	100
Planet Function:	Mining colony, Jedi training center
Government:	None
Tech Level:	Stone
Major Exports:	Precious gems
Major Imports:	None
System:	Perave
Star:	Olim
Source:	Tales of the Jedi Companion Sourcebook

Orbital Bodies:

Name	Planet Type
Arkania	Hyperspace Terminal Spaceport
Perave	System Starport Spaceport
Kaezeb	Mining Operations Center Spaceport

World Summary

Before the fall of the Sith Empire, Arkania served both as one of the few Imperial records halls and as a repository for Sith lore. A great library covered more than five square kilometers, and bore down into the planet's surface for countless levels. In sealed chambers Sith sorcerers conducted dark-side experiments and transcribed Sith rituals for their own use. For several thousand years the library grew in both knowledge and physical size eventually becoming too large for even the most experienced Sith lords to easily locate the information they sought.

After the Fall, hundreds of Jedi Masters descended upon Veeshas Tuwan (the Sith name for the hall-and-library complex) and destroyed the entire structure. Not a single resource was saved, for the Jedi feared any remaining dark-side knowledge might allow the Sith to return to power at some point in the future. After the annihilation of Veeshas Tuwan, the world was left uninhabited for millennia.

When Jedi Masters on Ossus heard rumors of a reemerging Sith brotherhood, the assembled Force scholars and teachers decided to place guardians at sites that had once held great dark-side power. The Jedi Masters would bring their students with them so that the training of new Jedi Knights would not cease.

Master Arca Jeth set up his training compound on Arkania, discovering upon his arrival that the planet had become a mining colony. Geologists had found that the planet's core held pure diamonds the size of Ryloth melon-fruits plus

dozens of other types of gems.

Within months, Arca and his students had erected rudimentary living quarters and training areas. During that time he had also surveyed the remainder of the planet, searching for the presence of the dark side no matter how slight. While he sensed no sentient beings with a dark-side nature, he did feel a general aura of Sith magic, though he has still not been able to discover its source. Once he settles events on Onderon - the system of which he is the Jedi watchman - he plans to return to the search.

BAKURA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard (1.05 standard)
Terrain:	Forest plains mountains, some urban centers
Length of Day:	22.9 standard hours
Length of Year:	302 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans Kurtzen (N)
Starports:	1 stellar-class (Salts D'aar)
Population:	68 million
Planet Function:	Manufacturing/processing
Government:	Imperial Governor (prior to Bakura Incident); Bakuran Senate and Prime Minister (representative democracy, reinstated after Imperial defeat at Bakura)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Repulsorlift coils namana candy, namana nectar
Major Imports:	Medicine, technology
Source:	Truce at Bakura Sourcebook

World Summary

Bakura is the third planet from its sun and the major settlement in its system. It has two moons. Bakura has three major continents: Braad, Prytis, and Kishh'daar. Most Bakurans live on Prytis, the northern continent. The capital city of Salis D'aar is located on Prytis as well.

The planet's climate tends to be mild, with an abundance of cloud cover, high levels of rainfall, and a preponderance of green mountains forests and plains. Two broad parallel rivers cut the northern continent's coastal range, joining about 15 kilometers inland and winding down to a verdant delta. An outcrop of virtually pure quartz, roughly three kilometers wide and 50 kilometers long-and plainly visible from space marks the junction of the rivers and is the site of Salis D'aar. Prytis possesses an abundance of arable land and extensive agricultural regions, including many namana plantations in the southernmost regions. Braad also has many namana plantations. Prytis' northern mountain ranges are riddled with mines and quarries.

Salis D'aar

Salis D'aar is the capital city of Bakura and has a population of nearly seven million. It is located atop the immense quartz deposit that cuts between the East and West rivers. Salis D'aar has a roughly circular design, with ground routes laid out in concentric circles. These circles denote sections of the city, with each district identified by a different color of street lighting. Illumination on these streets is provided by pairs of artificial lights attached to repulsorlift units allowing the lights to hover in midair. The colored lights are based on star-color.

The white stone favored by Bakurans for building construction reflects light, so each building seems to be colored to match any nearby street lights. The inner circle of Salis D'aar is denoted by blue-white lighting, with pale yellow denoting the middle district, and deep red signifying the city's outer district.

Airspeeder routes above the city are directed by a Traffic Control bureau located at Salis D'aar Spaceport. Airspeeder traffic in the Downtown region of Salis D'aar is controlled from the Bakur complex: the towering buildings, groundcar ramps and heavy traffic make congestion a persistent problem, requiring automated direction of vehicles.

Bakura's Economy

Bakura's prime industry is the manufacture of repulsorlift coils for use in vehicles. A secondary industry is manufacturing tools and furniture using these coils; virtually everything on Bakura is equipped with a repulsorlift generator.

A secondary but nonetheless important industry is refining raw metals and minerals mined from the planet's two moons. (Much of the mines' output was diverted to the Death Star project at Endor, thus allowing Nereus to know about the top secret battle station.)

Until Imperial annexation, Bakura's important trading partners were limited to a handful of nearby settled worlds', export of goods to the rest of the galaxy was minimal. Annexation by the Empire allowed Bakura to send more of its goods into the Outer Rim Territories and other regions, greatly improving Bakura's already favorable economy.

The native namana tree has helped the planet develop a significant agricultural sector. These tropical trees are a beautiful pale yellow in color, with delicate blossoms dotting the gracefully drooping branches. The nectar from namana trees can be made into exotic liquors beverages and candies. Although still generally unfamiliar to Core Worlders namana products are increasingly in popularity because the nectar stimulates the pleasure centers of the human brain; namana-derived products are mildly habit-forming.



The Kurtzen

While humans are not native to Bakura, there is an indigenous species known as the Kurtzen; they currently make up 5% of Bakura's population (about 4.3 million) and that percentage is slowly increasing. Kurtzen tend to be soft-spoken, peaceful and calm. They were a nomadic species with stone-level technology when they were first encountered by the Bakur Corporation's representatives.

This humanoid species was slowly dying out when the original colonists arrived. Before the Bakur Corporation settled the planet the Kurtzen were a people ravaged by disease and malnutrition. For several generations, the Kurtzen had suffered a decline in population, due largely to a genetic disorder caused by their extremely small population base.

The Kurtzen gratefully accepted the Bakur Corporation's

assistance, trading land and mining rights for medical and technological assistance. Since the human colonization of Bakura, the Kurtzen have seen a slight rise in their population, as advanced medicines have helped correct some of their genetic disorders. The Kurtzen consider themselves fortunate to be the recipients of such advanced medical and technological aid.

With the Imperial occupation of Bakura three years ago, aid increased in part due to the fact that the Imperial annexation of Bakura greatly lowered the cost of importing goods.

The Kishh district of the continent of Braad is the home of the Kurtzen. The Kurtzen have limited control of this region, though they are subject to Bakuran and Imperial laws. Under Imperial rule they possessed two seats in the Imperial Bakuran Senate but were ineligible to vote on "matters of Imperial concern." With Bakura's change to a pro-Alliance government it is very likely that the Kurtzen representatives will be given full voting rights.

Kishh'daar, Bakura's eastern continent, has been reserved for Kurtzen habitation as their population increases, although it is currently unpopulated.

Kurtzen are a white-skinned humanoid species, with corrugated leather scalps instead of hair. Kurtzen prefer to dress in neutral-colored sleeveless robes. These robes are belted at the waist with broad hide belts that hold a number of pouches. These pouches are used to carry small religious and tribal totems.

Kurtzen

Attribute Dice: 10D

DEXTERITY 1D+2/4D KNOWLEDGE 1D/3D+2

MECHANICAL 1D/2D+2 PERCEPTION 1D/3D

STRENGTH 2D/4D TECHNICAL 1D/2D+2

Story Factors:

Genetic Disease: Recent generations of Kurtzen have suffered from a degenerative genetic disorder limiting population growth. While the Bakurans have provided medicine to help overcome some of these disorders, it is unusual for more than two children in a family to live to adulthood.

Loyalty: Kurtzen tend to be fiercely loyal to the humans who have provided them with medical assistance.

Tribal Culture: The Kurtzen are struggling to preserve their traditional tribal culture. Younger Kurtzen no longer remember the days when nomadic tribes roamed Bakura's forests. Elder Kurtzen are attempting to school their children in the traditions of the species, but many are abandoning these teachings in favor of Core World philosophies.

Primitive Culture: Older Kurtzen are still uncomfortable with advanced technology, preferring a more spartan existence. Kurtzen over the age of 60 suffer a -1D penalty on all skill checks that involve atomic, information or space-level technology.

Move: 9/12
Size: 1.2-1.7 meters tall



BARAB I

Planet Type:	Irradiated terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Rocky badlands, caves
Length of Day:	60 standard hours
Length of Year:	146 local days
Sapient Species:	Barabel
Starports:	1 Standard class
Population:	1.4 billion
Planet Function:	Homeworld
Government:	Independent clans
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Exotic wildlife, mercenaries
Major Imports:	Weapons, metal and plasteel Goods

System/Star: Barab
Source: Converted from WotC website

Orbital Bodies

Planets	Type	Moons
Barab I	Irradiated terrestrial	0
Barab II	Frozen rock	0
Barab III	Gas giant	34

World Summary

Barab I is a dark, damp world that orbits very close to its red dwarf sun. Thick clouds engulf the planet, blocking most of the light from Barab. Despite this, the high atmosphere is thin, allowing heat and radiation to penetrate to the surface. These atmospheric conditions make the planet an irradiated greenhouse with extremely active water cycles.

Life on Barab I is dictated by day-night cycles. Daytime outdoor survival is nearly impossible without protective gear; nearly all animal activity is nocturnal. The daytime temperature on the planet's surface varies between 45 and 55 degrees centigrade throughout the year. Almost all surface water evaporates quickly when the sun rises, leaving the planet encased in steamy fog.

Hard radiation from the sun conspires with the heat to drive all animal life underground, leaving the surface sparsely vegetated and practically barren. Even Barabel cannot survive a full day's exposure without protection, although they fare better than visitors do over short periods. The radiation level during daylight is always at least mild, but during the middle 10 hours, it increases to strong and becomes even more powerful in direct sunlight or above 4,000 km in altitude.

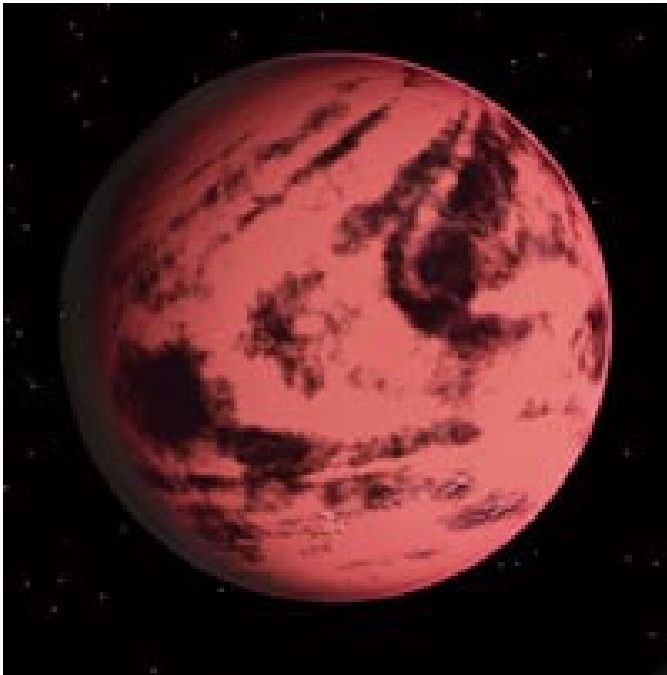
During the night, water condenses, drenching the planet's surface in heavy rains. Temperatures drop to a relatively cool 30 degrees centigrade, and animals creep out of their underground hiding places. Nearly everything hunts during the night, making this time just as dangerous as day, for completely different reasons.

Barab I would likely rank with Kashyyyk in dangerous fauna if it were better known. The food chain is complex, but always vividly violent. Even herbivores and small prey animals are capable of killing larger creatures.

A few plants survive in this environment, extremely adapted to exist in the dim light and harsh radiation. Plants are sessile -- short, broad affairs that bloom across the ground. Their increased surface area allows them a greater chance for water to condense or remain trapped in their leaves. Some wrap themselves in cocoons with metallic sheens to reflect radiation during the day.

History

Barabel began writing down their history only about 400 years before the Battle of Yavin. As far as historians can tell, life before that time was not remarkably different from life after. Clans and communities lived much as they do



now, warring in underground caves and hunting on the surface in the night.

However, one incident has resonated through the history of the species. The story is that sometime in the distant past, a Jedi -- sometimes a band of Jedi, and sometimes a single Jedi with companions -- visited Barab I. Two large clans were on the verge of war over hunting ground rights. Fortunately, the Jedi mediated a peace between the clans, preventing a war that would have encompassed the known world at the time.

This mediation had a dramatic effect on the Barabel. First, because of the Jedi's wisdom and decisiveness, the Barabel never again fought over hunting territory. In accordance with the Jedi's decree, clans must always share hunting grounds, and a clan's largest kill of the night must be given to the head of another clan. Second, and more importantly in the larger galaxy, Barabel forever after revered Jedi and accepted whatever judgment a Jedi passed.

This reverence was irrelevant in the short term, since the Jedi left after the mediation and never reported Barab I's existence to the Council. Barab I remained unknown to the galaxy until it was rediscovered during Palpatine's reign.

The ancient Jedi stories told of ships "from beyond the clouds." When ships arrived again during the Rebellion era, the Barabel believed the Jedi had returned and greeted them openly, listening to whatever they had to say.

Sadly, the first arrivals were not Jedi, but wildcat planetary scouts from a corporation known as Planetary Safaris. The Barabel met the new visitors with open arms. They were repaid with exploitation. News of the plethora of dangerous, killable wildlife (including the Barabel themselves) spread,

making Barab I an open secret among the elite hunters of the galaxy.

The marketable ferocity of the Barabel was not lost on the various business people and criminals who visited, either. Many Barabel were "exported" as bounty hunters, mercenaries, and shockboxers. Some were sent off in indentured servitude, though most either escaped or killed their "masters" when pushed too hard and became independent operators. Finally, Barab I's proximity to Hutt Space made it the perfect place for Hutts to "disappear" certain people.

The Empire controlled the planet and provided some protection to the Barabel during the Rebellion, but the protection was inconsistent, and the Barabel usually had to fend for themselves. They learned to distrust outsiders, even as they filtered into the galaxy and lived among them. When the New Republic formed, they allowed Barab I to join but found the natives' viciousness and distrust difficult to absorb.

Just four years after the Battle of Endor, the entire planet was ready to go to war against the Verpine when the shipbuilders defaulted on a contract for the planetary rulers. The Barabel were so committed to the war that they had arranged to sell the freeze-dried remains of their opponents to the insectivore Kubaz. War was averted through careful diplomacy, but Barab I remains one of the more difficult members of the New Republic.

People

The Barabel are a vicious reptilian species with a hunting culture. On average, they stand 2 meters tall and weigh 130 kilograms. Jagged, overlapping, black keratin scales cover their bodies, and the Barabel are said to be able to shed their tails when necessary. They tend to be nocturnal, although they also engage in some daytime activity in their cave homes.

Barabel are famously mean-spirited. This normally manifests itself in direct physical confrontation, but Barabel have no qualms with property destruction, traps, indirect fire, or even crueler tactics. Outsiders sometimes confuse Barabel viciousness with stupidity. Though technologically primitive, Barabel are socially and economically adaptable. A Barabel trader will attempt to harm business rivals with rough negotiations in the conference room as zealously as she would rake with her claws in a fistfight.

Barabel live in cave complexes that honeycomb the planet's mantle. Their homes are not complex, or even all that comfortable to non-Barabel. They live in rock homes decorated with skins, bones, shells, and various artifacts from a lifetime of hunts. They organize themselves by clans, and several clans form communities that occupy entire cave complexes. Leadership is generally determined by combat, but clan elders can mitigate a leader's influence, both formally and informally.

The largest communities have as many as 10,000 people, but most number in the hundreds. Individuals rarely travel farther than a hundred kilometers from their home in their lives. However, nearly every community has or knows of a Barabel who has left the planet to work as a mercenary or bounty hunter.

Communities remain in contact by hunting in overlapping regions and compete with each other by bringing back kills after each night's hunt. A community gives its biggest kill to the leader of another community who shares the hunting ground. The rival community might suffer the indignity of having to accept a greater kill, tacitly admitting the first community's greater power and prowess.

These nightly exchanges form a loose worldwide community in which prestige is gained through giving away the largest, most dangerous creatures found on any given night. No overt planetary government exists, but the largest clans have representatives in Alater-ka who have learned to negotiate with barbed rhetoric rather than pure combat.

Despite their reputation, the Barabel have learned from visiting Jedi and display impressive unity for such a vicious species. Hatchmates are closer than most Human families, and entire clans will declare war for a slight against one member. This unity was most impressively demonstrated by the few Barabel who studied at the Jedi Academy; their minds melded with an ease that astonished the Jedi Masters. Of course, murderous fights still break out between individuals and whole clans, but the Barabel have generally learned to save their savagery for hunts or off-worlders.



Even years later, outsiders are still distrusted. Within Barabel memory, off-worlders have either hunted them or competed for good hunting. Non-Barabel are generally safe in Alater-ka, but traveling to another community or taking part in a hunt is an excellent way to get "accidentally" assaulted. Jedi who prove their station are treated

deferentially, however, and can smooth over problems with a calm word and the flash of a lightsaber.

Locations

Most Barabel communities are small, relatively primitive cave dwellings. Caves closer to Alater-ka show signs of increased technological sophistication; powered appliances and vibro weapons are not uncommon there.

Alater-ka

The only city ever built on Barab I, Alater-ka was constructed by Captain Osted Alater to facilitate the Empire's needs on the planet and (surprisingly) to help the Empire protect the Barabel from exploitation at the hands of hunters.

Alater-ka is primarily a spaceport. The "city" aspect consists of the usual commercial and residential hangers-on that follow wherever a spaceport crops up, in addition to some Barab I-specific businesses such as shockboxer recruitment centers, mercenary agents, and hunting expedition travel agencies.

By the time the Empire left, enough off-worlders had established themselves in private business to keep the spaceport active, though a little run down. A few Barabel have caught on to the advantages of interstellar commerce and own businesses catering to off-worlders, but most work in low-paying service jobs such as cleaning and dock work. A visitor could spend all his time in Alater-ka and encounter more off-worlders than natives.

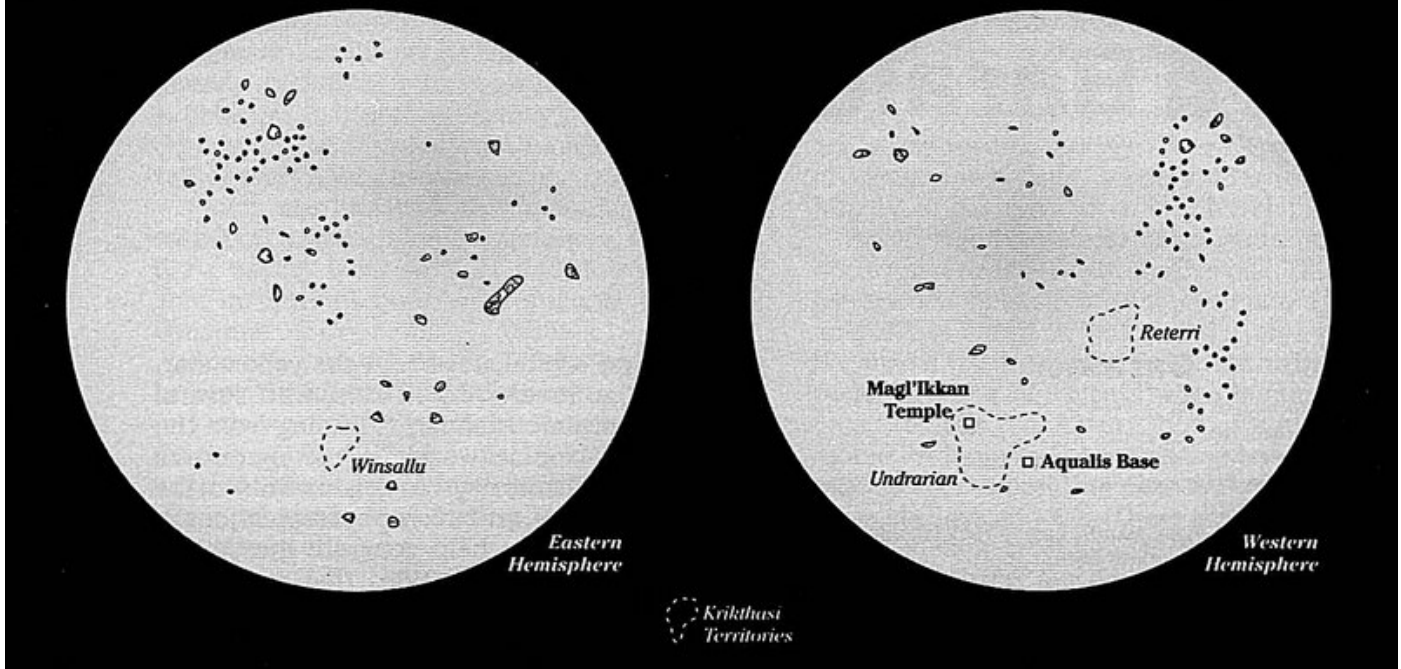
Neutral Jedi Zone

This high-ceilinged cave is hundreds of meters long and wide. It serves as a world court where Barabel solve disputes that rise above local concern. Common methods of arbitration include one-on-one combat, small-scale skirmishes, hunting contests, and mean-spirited debates where Barabel "diplomats" argue their points by making wicked personal attacks on their opponents. Visiting Jedi and their companions are offered luxury accommodations in the Neutral Jedi Zone, and in return are usually asked to arbitrate disputes between clans or powerful individuals.

BARALOU

Type:	Tropical ocean
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Saturated
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Ocean, jungle islands, barren rock islands
Length of Day:	22 standards hours
Length of Year:	295 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Krikthasi (N), Multopos (N)
Starport:	1 limited services (Aqualis Base)
Population:	500,000 (surface) 5 million (aquatic)

World Map of Baralou



Planet Function:	Homeworld, algae harvesting and processing
Government:	Solitary tribes (Multopos), feudal and solitary tribes (Krikthasi)
Tech Level:	Stone
Major Exports:	Foodstuffs (bestrum algae, fish), luxury goods (tropical fish, Krikthasi crafts, gemstones)
System:	Baralou
Star:	Baralou (yellow)
Source:	Planets of the Galaxy – Planets Collection

violent storms and tremendous tides that constantly sweep the world.

The Multopos, one of two intelligent species native to Baralou are found throughout the islands. These creatures are currently engaged in a fierce battle for survival with the marine Krikthasi. Both species have developed stone level technology. Trade with the Multopos and Krikthasi is by barter only.

This world is visited by many independent traders, and is also the location for an important Alliance algae processing complex.

Orbital Bodies:

Name	Planet Type	Moons
Baralou	Tropical ocean	4
Alou Belt	Asteroid belt	0
Masalou	Barren rock	0
Yaralou	Saturated terrestrial	0
Tanalou	Frozen rock	0

World Summary

The water-rich Baralou system offers mineral wealth abundant natural resources and vast trade potential for those who happen upon it. The most remarkable planet Baralou occupies the first orbital slot about the yellow star.

The world is covered by oceans, with several chains of volcanic islands protruding from the waters. It is a tropical world, with temperatures ranging from 20 to 40 degrees Celsius. Most of the islands, now stable, are covered by tropical jungle. The orbiting moons help generate the

System Summary

The Baralou system has much to offer yet it is still a backwater world due to its distance from major trade routes. There is no permanent Imperial presence in the system. A few free traders have profited handsomely from their visits to this world. The Alliance views the Baralou system as an important source of food because of the large algae harvesting and processing facility, Aqualis Base.

Baralou's four orbiting moons create dramatic tides and storm fronts causing constant flooding of the islands. Another problem is the toxicity of the terrestrial plant life - most fruits and vegetables have traces of a potent poison. In game terms, if a character (Human or alien) has five servings of Baralou vegetables or fruits within three local days he must make an Easy stamina check or suffer 2D+2 damage. For each additional serving, check again and increase the damage by 1D. If the character can go three days without eating any native plants, his system will have a chance to recuperate from the poison. Creatures from

this planet can metabolize the toxin, so meat is not dangerous to consume.

Tropical Islands

The islands of Baralou support a variety of life forms even though they are constantly assaulted by storms (tides sometimes rise over 50 meters).

The island beaches are a mixture of items washed up from the oceans - soil sand, rocks and shells. Further inland and farther away from the most devastating tides, low bushes and trees can be found. Because of the violent changes in conditions, plants on Baralou have very deep root systems. As a defense mechanism, most of the plants secrete some kind of toxin. Most of the plants grow year round.

Many kinds of animals are on the islands, including insects, amphibians, birds, reptiles and mammals. Most have some kind of adaptation to survive the flooding and storms, including gills, the ability to go into hibernation when submerged in water, or flight capability.

A Planet of Riches

The plentiful gemstones of Baralou - sasho gems, kuggerags, rubies, diamonds, jasse hearts - are formed as a result of the tremendous internal pressures of the planetoid can be found on nearly every island. The native Multopos are perfectly willing to let free-traders gather as many gems as they wish as long as there is a "fair exchange" of merchandise. Due to their ignorance of the true worth of these gemstones, they are willing to trade a one-kilogram sasho gem (with an open market value of 5,000 credits) for a blaster pistol and a few power packs. Fortunately for the Multopos and the Alliance algae plant, the traders have been very tight-lipped regarding the source of the gems. If less scrupulous traders and businesses were to ever learn Baralou's location, a more brutal form of exploitation would be sure to arrive on the world.

Majestic and dangerous oceans

The oceans of Baralou aren't nearly as turbulent as the surface. While currents are strong, the storms and tidal waves have little traumatic effect more than 40 meters below the surface of the water. Characters caught near the surface when a tidal wave passes will be in for an unpleasant ride, as they feel themselves dragged in a million directions at once, only to be thrown into the air, high above the ocean surface.

Many primitive aquatic plants thrive beneath Baralou's waters, including bestrum algae (which Aqualis Base processes into food) and aquatic grasses. Plankton is plentiful, providing ample food for the fish, mollusks and crustaceans.

The undersea scenery is truly spectacular with brightly colored fish everywhere. Many of the fish species have evolved specialized defenses and attacks such as razor-sharp teeth, venoms, poisons or color-changing camouflage.

The sentient Krikthasi are a constant danger. They are just as likely to attack as communicate and will take whatever action is necessary to secure blasters. For all of their hostility and ferocity, the Krikthasi are also useful in warning that a tidal wave is approaching - if the characters see a patrol suddenly dive toward the ocean floor, it is a good idea to follow suit.

Undersea Action

When fights occur underwater, keep the following tactics and tips in mind:

- Lightsabers don't work well under water. They boil up the ocean and spin around requiring a Moderate Dexterity roll to hold onto or pick up.
- Characters use their swimming codes for movement and dodging.
- When a grenade goes off underwater, it does 4D damage to everyone within its entire range. Victims at close range can be wounded, but all others take stun damage only. This is because water is tremendous conductor of concussion waves.
- Blasters are not as effective underwater. The difficulties any blaster shot is increased by one level of difficult, and the blaster does -2D damage.

Treppok

Type: Placid aquatic omnivore

DEXTERITY 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 6D

Special Abilities:

Teeth: STR+2D damage. If a character is wounded he or she must make a Moderate Dexterity check to avoid being swallowed.

Move: 45 (swimming) Size: Up to 30 meters long

Scale: Creature

Orneriness: 4D

The treppok are perhaps the most spectacular of Baralou's undersea creatures. They are large, brilliant red fish up to 30 meters long. Their tails have six fins with another six fins at the mid point of their bodies. They have a flexible, but very strong interlocked skeleton (the Krikthasi build homes from their skeletons). These solitary creatures feed on everything from plankton to fish.

These creatures are peaceful but the Krikthasi have learned how to manipulate them. Through use of what they call a "treppok call," they are able to produce sounds that terrify the large behemoths. By positioning several Krikthasi kilometers apart, they can force a treppok to swim wherever they want it to go.

Treppok only fight in defense or unless frightened by the Krikthasi "treppok call." If the latter, they will attack anything that moves. They attack by attempting to bite or swallow whatever they can catch.

Grotseth

Type: Aquatic predator

DEXTERITY 3D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 3D

Special Abilities:

Teeth: STR+1D damage

Razored Scales: Grotseth are covered with small razor-sharp scales which cause 4D damage whenever a character makes contact with the creature and fails a Moderate brawling parry or Dexterity check to get out of the way.

Move: 16 (swimming)

Size: 3-4 meters long

Scale: Creature



Capsule: Grotseth (the same word is used for singular and plural forms) are the most aggressive and dangerous fish in the oceans of Baralou. They hunt in packs (a normal pack

has several full-grown adults and many pups), and they attack any creature that appears weaker or smaller than them.

These creatures can be a menace to any being in Baralou's oceans and can be attracted by major disturbances (such as combat between different groups).

Multopos

The Multopos are tall muscular amphibians that populate the islands of Baralou. They have a thick, moist skin (mottled grey to light blue in color), with a short, but very wide torso. They have muscular legs and thin long arms. Trailing from the forearms and legs are thick membranes that aid in swimming. Each limb has three digits.

Their heads have long snouts, with three sets of gills immediately below the lower jaw. They eat small herbivores and plants. Their large, bulbous eyes are set deeply into their skulls.

Multopos

Attribute Dice: 12D

Attribute Minimum/Maximums:

DEXTERITY 2D/4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D/4D

MECHANICAL 0D/3D

PERCEPTION 2D/4D

STRENGTH 1D/4D

TECHNICAL 0D/1D+2

Special Abilities:

Webbed Hands: Due to their webbed hands, Multopos suffer a -1D penalty when using any object requiring fine manipulation of controls.

Dehydration: Any Multopos out of water for over one day must make a Moderate stamina check or suffer dehydration damage equal to 1D for each day spent away from water.

Membranes: Multopos have thick membranes attached to their arms and legs, giving them +1D to swimming.

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

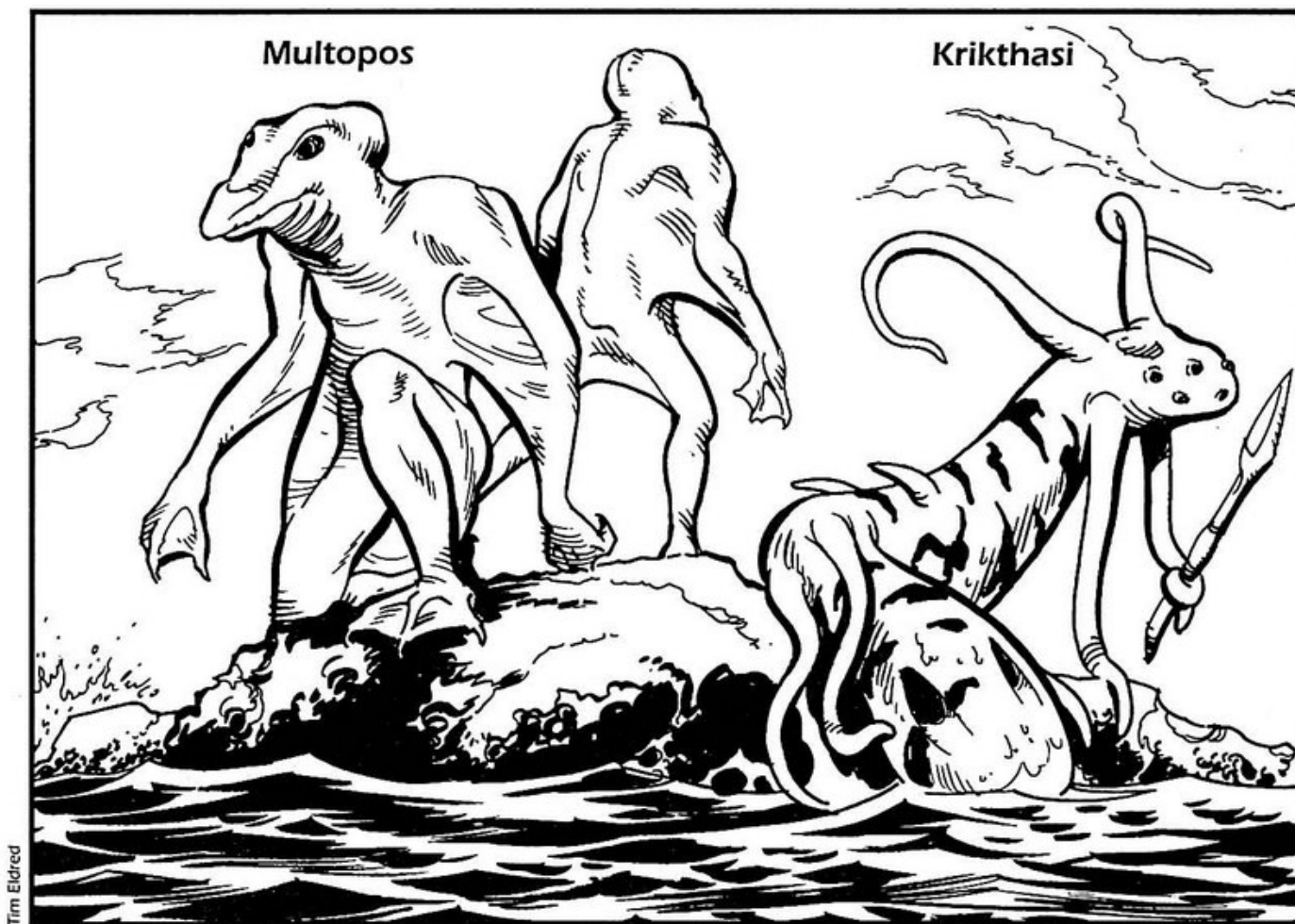
Move: 7/9 (walking), 11/14 (swimming)

Size: 1.6-2 meters tall

Multopos tribes

The Multopos form tribes and generally reside toward the center, and thus the safest, portions of an island. They build simple structures out of soil and sand, which they mix with adhesive from certain tree trunks. The resulting buildings are sturdy, but very light and float in water.

Multopos tribes are quite traditional. Individuals stay with the tribe they were born and raised with. There is very little individuality in their society, as each Multopos is wholly



Tim Eldred

dedicated to the tribe.

There is little for these creatures beyond survival. They spend a great deal of time caring for the young (who cannot leave the water until they are about six local years old). If not caring for young, the Multopos spend their time hunting or gathering plants. The tribes are loosely organized; the Multopos normally follow the lead of the tribe member showing the most initiative.

Multopos tribes are isolated from one another, although the species as a whole seems to be curious and peacefully is only with the Krikthasi that the Multopos see no potential for peace.

The most important function of the tribe is to raise more Multopos. Because of their amphibious nature, Multopos can only mate in water and their eggs must be kept in water for the entire development period. This wouldn't be a problem except for the Krikthasi, who steal Multopos eggs for food.

Each Multopos tribe has several canals to keep the eggs alive between storms. Multopos eggs and infants are cared for in these canals and several adults will watch the canals at all times.

The greatest fear for a Multopos is when a storm floods the island, allowing the Krikthasi to launch an attack. While some of the tribe members try to bring the eggs and infants to safety, the warriors do their best to fend off the Krikthasi.

The Multopos have had many positive dealings with off-worlders and will be peaceful unless attacked first. They will approach curious visitors and attempted speak with them in a pidgin version of Basic.

Trading with the Natives

The Multopos have quickly adapted to the galaxy's technology. About the only off-world goods Multopos care for are advanced weapons, such as blasters. While generally not a warring people, they understand the need for a good defense. The traders were more than happy to trade blasters for precious gemstones. Some Multopos tribes with blasters have actively begun hunting down Krikthasi beneath the sea.

Krikthasi

The Krikthasi are large marine mollusks, with long, flexible bodies. The Krikthasi have four small but very well

developed eyes, and two openings at the forepart of their bodies. They have four tentacles immediately behind the eyes. One mouth is used for eating, while the other intake forces water into the Krikthasi's body. The water is forced through a series of muscles, and expelled through a group of vents at the rear of the body, allowing the creature to propel itself at speeds of up to 40 kilometers per hour. The other end of the body also has four tentacles, as well as several pairs of dorsal fins (the exact number varies depending upon ancestry).

The creatures are highly intelligent. Their "natural" coloration ranges from blacked brown, but they have chromanins that allow them to communicate by changing color. Not only is color important, but the location, speed, pattern and fluctuation of color allows them to express very complex concepts and emotions. Imperial biologists have yet to decipher their language, but they believe that blue and shades of green represent aggression, yellow represents territory and red or orange indicates a willingness to discuss or negotiate.

Krikthasi

Attribute Dice: 11D+2

Attribute Minimum/Maximums:

DEXTERITY 1D+2/4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 1D/2D+2

MECHANICAL 1D/3D+2

PERCEPTION 1D/4D

STRENGTH 1D/4D+1

TECHNICAL 0D/1D+2

Special Abilities:

Color change: The Krikthasi can change their skin coloration, with precise control over color location of change, speed, pattern and fluctuation of color.

Swimming: At the time of character creation only, Krikthasi receive 2D for every 1D placed in swimming.

Water Sensitive: Krikthasi take 5D damage for every minute they are out of water.

Story Factors:

War-like: Krikthasi are aggressive and violent.

Move: 3/6 (walking), 12/15 (swimming)

Size: Up to 2.5 meters long

Krikthasi Society

The Krikthasi are an aggressive, violent and territorial species. Their society is very fragmented, with several large and powerful fiefdoms controlling the majority of the ocean. Each fiefdom, called a junieuw, is ruled by an osi, normally the most powerful warrior of the territory. The osi's family controls portions of the territory, directing individual tribes. There are also many independent tribes scattered around the oceans of Baralou.

Many times the osis will declare a war in an attempt to capture new hunting territories (the Krikthasi are

carnivorous and rely upon schools of fish for food). Border skirmishes are also very common.

The ongoing war with the Multopos has helped the Krikthasi develop their society into its structured and regimented state. Part of the war comes from misunderstanding - the Krikthasi can in no way understand that the Multopos could be intelligent - and partially from a bloodlust that is seldom sated. They also consider multopos eggs a delicious delicacy.

The Krikthasi use the interlocked cartilage skeletons of dead treppok for homes, providing a very defensible residence. They carve coral and the bones of dead creatures for spears and primitive tools.

The Undrarian Junieuw

With a territory covering thousands of square kilometers and controlling nearly 20 individual tribes, the Undrarian junieuw, under the control of Osi Hass, is one of the most powerful Krikthasi organizations on the planet. Other powerful junieuws, such as the Reterri and Winsallu, have tried repeatedly to dislodge Hass from his seat of power.

Hass desperately wants to acquire the advanced weaponry used by the Multopos but so far has had little luck. His proximity to Aqualis Base has allowed him to develop a cozy relationship with Devvol, the chief administrator at the plant, and Hass has graciously allowed the plant to harvest within Undrian's territorial exchange for information on advanced technology. So far Devvol has given him a small number of weapons (Hass has assured him that they would be used only to repel grotseth attacks) and some help with developing super strong materials from the plants of the ocean.

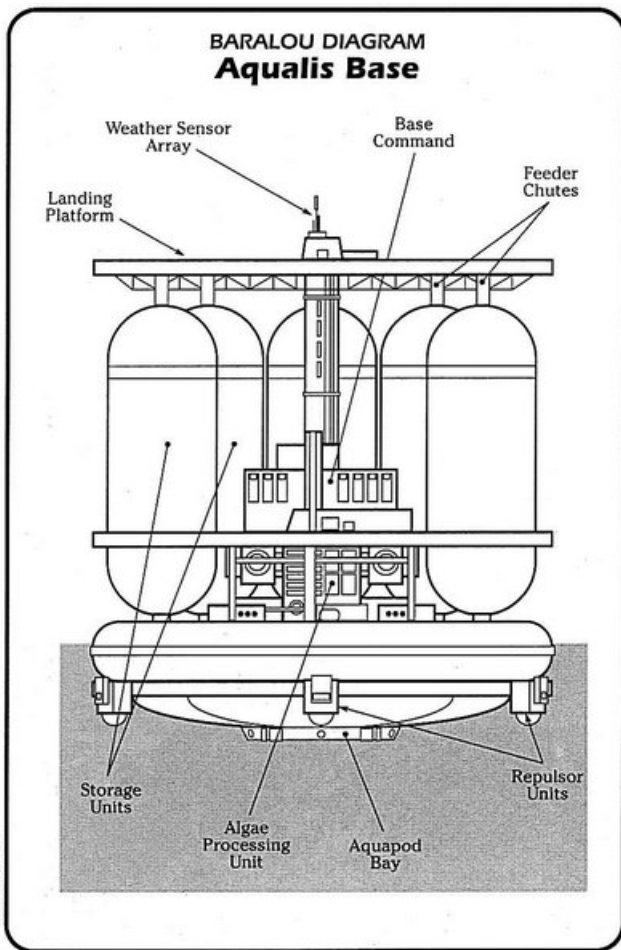
Aqualis Base

Ostensibly, Aqualis Base (known as Aqualis Baralou Algae Processing Plant #T-18) is owned by the Aqualis Food Conglomerate. In reality, it is an Alliance food production plant. It is managed by Fez Devvol and has a staff of 30 fulltime workers and over 100 droids. The workers harvest the algae with sealed aquapods, while the droids are primarily responsible for maintenance.

The base has several banks of repulsorlift engines to lift it above fast moving storm fronts and tidal waves.

Since his arrival, Devvol has developed a good relationship with the nearby Krikthasi tribes; he has no reason to bother with the Multopos, and is unconcerned regarding the two species' ongoing war. He also has no qualms about trading weapons for information gems or assistance although Rebel High Command would surely investigate his actions if it ever found out what was happening.

An independent freighter, the *Sontor Skipper*, has been contracted to pick up one load of algae every 23 days (Captain Ross, owner of the Skip pen normally also trades several blasters for gemstones before leaving the planet).



Starport: Stellar class
 Population: 3 billion
 Planet Function: Trade
 Government: Imperial Governor
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: High technology, mid technology, warehoused cargoes, native crystalline art
 Major Imports: Shipped cargoes, tourism
 Source: The Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Berchest is one of the larger trade worlds in Anthos sector. Anthos sector is situated well behind Imperial lines, and despite its proximity to Imperial rule, a thriving illicit smuggling trade has flourished there. Rather than travel from remote bases in the Outer Rim Territories, many smugglers and other dubious "merchants" find it useful to have a staging area near their prospective markets. Anthos sector contains a number of systems ideal for smugglers, as a planetary collision thousands of years ago has left an unusually high frequency of radioactive and sensor-fouling material on or near many of the major trade routes. While these routes are by no means easy to navigate, they are preferable to dealing with Imperial customs and military vessels. As a result, many of the more adept (or foolhardy) smugglers ply their trade in the Anthos sector.

Since the very early days of the Old Republic, Berchest has been hailed as a planet of extraordinary beauty. Berchest's seas, in particular the magnificent red-orange sprawl of the Leafari Sea, are composed of a particularly strong saline solution, and powered by the strong tides created by Terhaari (Berchest's sole moon), the seas have had a profound effect on the rocky planet, creating huge crystal deposits on Berchest's shores. These crystals — sometimes several kilometers in diameter — have been painstakingly carved into actual cities by the Berchestian artisans. In fact, "city sculpting" is a highly respected and cherished Berchestian art form.

Unfortunately, the Clone Wars and the rise of the Empire severely cut into Berchest's tourist trade. The Berchestians have been forced to find alternative sources of income to fuel their economy. Fortunately, the tourist trade helped establish a number of lucrative trade routes that passed near the planet. While Berchest is far from being the largest trade nexus in the galaxy, it is busy enough to foster excellent economic growth.

Currently, Berchest is under the rule of Imperial Governor Staffa, a former smuggler who has somehow conned his way into a position of power in the Berchestian government. A large amount of off-world traffic passes through Berchest, though it is monitored by the Empire. The Imperial presence has made itself felt more recently, during the New Republic's search for Imperial clone traffic; Berchest was one of the many false shipping routes Thrawn used to keep his enemies occupied.

Mag'l'ikkan Temple

This Krikthasi temple is located at the base of a large undersea mountain. It is controlled by the Undrorian juniew, and is used for ritual combats and important feasts. The base of the temple is built from carved and flattened sheets of treppok bone, with many sculptures of coral. The floor is dyed many different colors.

The temple is constantly patrolled by at least four warriors. Any visitors who approach the temple will be attacked. The Krikthasi will fight to the death to protect the temple. If a celebration is underway, the warriors will fight amongst themselves for the right to attack the "invaders."

BERCHEST

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moist
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Crystal coasts, plains, mountains, forests
 Length of Day: 21 standard hours
 Length of Year: 381 local days
 Sapient Species: Berchestians (N), Bimmisaari, humans, Gotal, Rodians, wide variety of other aliens

BESPIN

Type:	Gas giant
Temperature:	Temperate (in the Life Zone)
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable) in the Life Zone
Hydrosphere:	Moist (in the Life Zone)
Gravity:	Standard (in the Life Zone)
Terrain:	Gas giant
Length of Day:	12 standards hours
Length of Year:	14 standard years
Sapient Species:	Human, Ugnaughts
Starport:	Standard
Population:	6 million
Planet Function:	Tibanna gas mining, gambling resort
Government:	Guild
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Tibanna gas, tourism, cloud cars
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs, mid tech, high tech
System:	Bespin
Star:	Bespin
Source:	GG 2: Yavin and Bespin

Orbital Bodies

Name	Planet Type	Moons
Miser	extremely hot	0
Orin hostile	volcanic	0
Velsor's Ring	asteroid belt	0
Bespin	gas giant	2

CLOUD CITY

System:	Bespin
Starport Type:	Standard class
Traffic:	Busy
Control:	Controller
Landing:	Landing team
Docking Areas:	Docking bays
Docking Fee:	75 credits per local day (Levels 1-50), 55 credits per local day (levels 51- 120), 25 credits per local day (levels 121-280).
Customs:	Local patrol
Services:	Food, lodging, repair facilities, entertainment, storage bays, and vehicle rentals.

Capsule

The floating Cloud City was built by Lord Figg and his Ugnaughts to take advantage of Bespin's great secret -that the gas giant produces Tibanna gas with unique properties which boost the fire- power of blasters. The station has made its fortune covertly selling this gas to weapons manufacturers not associated with the Empire. Cloud City has kept its secret and avoided Old Republic and Imperial entanglements through several generations of Baron-Administrators, all the way down to the current supervisor, Lando Calrissian.

The city is also a great tourism spot for beings craving a luxurious resort far from the bustle and closed communities of the Core. The casinos sports arenas, and dance halls of Cloud City are first class, and the natural beauty of Bespin gives them the perfect setting.

Cloud City is situated just off the corellan Trade Spine, and



gets a lot of shipping traffic as a result. Merchants and smugglers come to Cloud City's grungy Port Town to trade and make deals, and between the smugglers and desperate refugees hiding from the Empire, Port Town can be a little dangerous at times.

BILBRINGI

Type:	Asteroid Belt
Temperature:	Frigid
Atmosphere:	None
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	None
Terrain:	Asteroids, shipyards
Length of Year:	830 standard days
Sapient Species:	Humans, wide variety of other species
Starports:	Imperial Class (restricted to Imperial military use)
Population:	12 million
Planet Function:	Shipbuilding
Government:	Imperial Moff
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Imperial warships
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs, mid tech, high tech, raw materials
Source:	The Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The Bilbringi system is devoid of life, consisting of rocky worlds rich with heavy metals. The Bilbringi system has little of interest in it save the Bilbringi shipyards, a large, heavily defended facility used for the construction of Imperial warships. The shipyards were created at Bilbringi because of the system's proximity to Imperial convoy routes and the preponderance of available metals and ores. The shipyard's main control facility was constructed on Bilbringi VII, a medium sized planetoid that maintains a monotonously regular orbit around its sun.

The shipyard facilities themselves are orbital platforms that circle the planetoid, and are constantly monitored by the installation's security systems. The orbital platforms are used for virtually every stage of starship construction: there are open dry-docks for the overhaul of hyperdrive engines, heavy lifting platforms, a work area for the construction of space vessel superstructures, and even a firing platform to fine-tune a new ship's weaponry. Overall, the Bilbringi

shipyards are an impressive and efficient facility for the Imperial Navy.

Unfortunately, the very size of the shipyards makes them vulnerable to attack. In recent weeks, successful attacks against the Empire have been made by both the New Republic and members of Talon Karrde's smuggler coalition. The smugglers Mazzic and Ellor were successful in destroying a nearly completed Imperial Star Destroyer, an act of revenge for the slaying of the Gotal smuggler Lishma. Within a matter of days, the New Republic launched an attack on the shipyards in hopes of procuring a Crystal Gravfield Trap array. A sizable portion of the installation was destroyed during the attacks.

General Drost, the Imperial officer in charge of Bilbringi's security, has been removed from command. Shortly after the smuggler attack on Bilbringi, Admiral Thrawn allegedly gave the beleaguered officer a last chance to improve security procedures for the shipyards. As the New Republic attack indicated, Drost's revisions to security procedures were, to be polite, ineffective.

Currently, the defenses of the Bilbringi shipyards have been effectively removed. The Golan II battle platforms and shield generators that protected Bilbringi were damaged beyond repair. The shipyards have since been abandoned. The New Republic, realizing that the shipyards were too exposed to continue as a military dockyard, simply scavenged what equipment and material remained. The loss of Bilbringi is a major blow to the Imperial shipbuilding effort.

BIMMISAARI

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Forests plains
Length of Day:	26 Hours
Length of Year:	302 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Bimms (N)
Starport:	Standard Class
Population:	28 million
Planet Function:	Homeworld trade
Government:	Planetary Council (Independent)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Luxury Goods
Major Imports:	High Tech
Source:	Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

It has been said that the world of Bimmisaari specializes in fur and moving plants. Waving trees cover the world's surface constantly swaying even when no wind blows. In fact these asaari trees can move their leafy branches of their own accord, thoughtless roots are firmly anchored in the planet's soil.

The planet's intelligent inhabitants, beings who call themselves Bimms are governed by a planetary council. Members of the council are referred to as Law Elders. The planetary council meets in the Tower of Law, a fairly modest building connected to a somewhat taller marketplace. The Tower of Law was built on its spot because the area was already a common crossroad. The tower rooms are filled with wall-size tapestries decorated with scenes from the Bimms' favorite stories. The upper levels of the tower have been turned into a museum of sorts, and items dating back to the middle era of the Old Republic can be found there.

The market place is a three-level dome without sides and just a hint of a roof. The design reflects the Bimms' preference to be in the open air as much as possible. The roof can be extended to cover the dome framework when the weather turns bad. The marketplace has existed in one form or another for more than two hundred years.

Bimms love to shop and haggle, and the marketplace is always crowded with a sea of yellow-clad beings. Since the Battle of Endor, the planet has also become a favorite stopover for shoppers from all over the galaxy. Now that it has become a major center of trade the New Republic is determined to set up relations and even an alliance with the world. The council of Bimmisaari is just now opening negotiations to join the New Republic. The planet had been a nominal member of the Old Republic, but it withdrew when the galactic government became too corrupt for the Bimms' tastes. Luckily, the planet was far from the Core and its people were considered mostly useless, and therefore left alone by the Empire. Except for a few occasions the Bimms escaped the horrors and tyranny inflicted on the rest of the galaxy.

During a recent diplomatic mission to Bimmisaari Princess Leia Organa Solo and her party were ambushed by an unknown race of attackers who were later identified as the Noghri. The Bimms have claimed no part in the attack and even now negotiations to admit the world into the New Republic have been resumed.

BOTHAWUI

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Plains, mountains, oceans, forests, urban
Length of Day:	27 standard hours
Length of Year:	351 local days
Sapient Species:	Bothans (N), humans, various aliens
Starport:	Standard class
Population:	2.5 billion
Planet Function:	Homeworld, espionage trade
Government:	Imperial consul-general with Bothan Council
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Mid technology, high technology,

information
Major Imports: Mid technology, high technology,
information
Source: Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

The homeworld of the Bothans is a burgeoning economic hub dominated by high-technology industry. Bothawui is also home to the ruling Bothan Council (composed of several clan leaders) and the various ministries which regulate commerce and government in the colonies. Although Bothawui is officially part of the Empire, the Bothans are essentially left alone to pursue their economic affairs.

Many corporations have factories and trade houses on Bothawui, and a minimal Imperial presence helps preserve the stable Bothan government: the planet has almost no outward signs of Rebel affiliation and thus there is no need for a prominent military force. The imperial government maintains a consulate run by a less-than-efficient consul-general and the compound is operated with a minimal staff; a token force of stormtroopers provides a proper military display whenever the consul-general needs to go anywhere. Occasionally, vessels from the Imperial sector fleet make a patrol sweep through the system, but these ships rarely involve themselves in Bothan matters.

The Empire has other reasons to avoid interfering with the status quo on Bothawui. The numerous Bothan clans are fiercely competitive, and centuries of political infighting has fostered the belief that spying is merely a logical extension of good government. As a result they tend to tolerate a large degree of what others call "espionage." Over the centuries, the planet has gained a reputation as "neutral ground," not only for trade arrangements and diplomatic negotiations, but also for information gathering operations.

Agents representing virtually every political and criminal faction in the galaxy hide behind false identities and front companies, gathering and exchanging information on their competitors and enemies routing supplies and illegal goods through the bustling starport, and occasionally making their rivals "disappear" when necessary.

Spies can often find convenient "cover stories" in Bothawui's society. Because of the preponderance of manufacturing companies commodities exchanges, trade unions shipping companies and support service organizations there are nearly-infinite opportunities to set up convincing false identities.

Often, spies sent to the Bothan homeworld know that they are in little danger should their cover become compromised. Certain intrigues are tolerated: the Imperials ferret out and tail Rebel agents, Alliance operatives track Imperial Intelligence operatives and the Bothans watch everybody, selling information to the highest bidder.

The Empire allows this espionage activity because it is both, participates in, and benefits from the situation. Imperial

Intelligence can keep track of the Rebellion, the Bothans and various criminal organizations, monitoring these various groups and their activities. Although the Bothan spynet sometimes supplies the Rebel Alliance with information, it also furnishes intelligence for the Empire.

This web of intrigue is well hidden by Bothawui's brisk shipping, communication and transportation industries. Blaster fights, daring commando missions, and sabotage are discouraged since open conflict would be more detrimental than beneficial to all factions.

BPFASSH

Type: Double planet
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type II (Breath Mask Suggested)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Barren desert
Length of Day: Variable due to double planet
Sapient Races: Bpfasshi
Starport: Standard Class
Population: 50 million
Planet Function: Homeworld mining, natural resources
Government: Representative Council (New Republic Administered)
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Metals natural resources
Major Imports: High tech, mid tech
Source: Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Bpfassh system, a member of the New Republic, was the target of a three-pronged Imperial attack shortly before the incident at Sluis Van. In fact, the multi-edged attack into New Republic territory was a setup for the real raid in nearby Sluis Van. The Imperials attacked with alive-ship task force - five Imperial Star Destroyers under the command of Grand Admiral Thrawn. The mission was a simple hit-and-fade using Star Destroyers. Such a tactic was both highly unexpected and highly successful. It was a tactic Thrawn had practiced a few months past in Draukyze system.

The Imperials attacked only to frighten and hurt, not to obliterate. They hit three systems at the same time-Bpfassh and its two neighboring systems (both have names unpronounceable to Humans). Besides the systems' proximity, they were all part of the Sluis sector. They wanted Bpfassh to call for help from the nearby Sluis Van Shipyards. Help which would provide the Empire with an opportunity to steal a fresh supply of badly-needed starships.

The main body in the system is a double planet orbited in turn by a complicated system of moons.

The twin planets take the name of the star (as is often the case throughout the galaxy), calling themselves Bpfassh. The planet and its moons were badly trashed by the Imperial attack as were those locations hit in the

neighboring systems. The attack caused a lot of damage, but surprisingly few deaths, A recovery program, sponsored by the Republic, is currently underway.

Bpfasshi do not like Jedi. During the Clone Wars, a group of Bpfasshi Dark Jedi wreaked havoc before being stopped. Some of these Dark Jedi escaped, however, spreading terror throughout Sluis sector. One such Jedi got as far as Dagobah before being put down. Rumors that a new Dark Jedi has surfaced on the side of the Empire has Bpfasshi representatives petitioning the Provisional Council for protection in case that Jedi decides to visit their system.

BROSI

Type: Forest
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type 1 (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Wooded, mountain, forest, urban
Length of Day: 26.5 standard hours
Length of Year: 289 local days
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Bulk trade goods, medicine, high technology
System: Dostra
Star: Dostra Major, yellow
Source: Alliance Intelligence Reports

Orbital Bodies

Name	Planet Type	Moons
Mos	searing rock	0
Colsa	barren rock	1
Tol	barren rock	0
Brosi	temperate forest	1
Thosa	barren rock	2

World Summary

Brosi is the only habitable planet in the Thandon Cluster, a remote piece of the ever-expanding Corporate Sector. Had it not been for the large deposits of zinsian on the planet, Brosi would have been left alone and not even annexed by the Corporate Sector Authority.

Brosi is a lush forested planet filled with wildlife and, more recently, Authority mining facilities. Espo troopers maintain a strong presence throughout Brosi's cities and in rural areas where the Brosin Underground has been active. Aside from the constant strife between the Espo troops and the natives, Brosi is a pleasant world. Natural wonders include a string of waterfalls over two kilometers high.

BYSS (NEW REPUBLIC ERA)

Type: Dark Side-Enshrouded Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Urban, plateau reserves, canyons
Length of Day: 31 standard hours
Length of Year: 207 local days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starport: Imperial class
Population: 19.7 billion
Planet Function: Imperial capital
Government: Dark Side theocracy
Tech Level: Space
Major Imports: Foodstuffs, high tech, weaponry
Major Exports: None
Source: Dark Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Byss was the secret capital of the Emperor's revived Empire. It is a mythic world, bathed in the Dark Side of the Force, in the heart of the Deep Core. This planet is reputed to be a peaceful and beautiful world.

Orbiting a binary system of a blue star and blue dwarf companion, Byss is bathed in soothing blue-green sunlight, which fluoresces the microscopic life in lake and river chains dotting the surface. Mild seasons result from a minuscule axial tilt and a very stable geologic foundation. Storms, volcanism or other violent phenomena are extremely rare. Even the five moons have little influence on the tides.

There are no rare elements or heavy metals here, so scouts ruled out industrial use. The vegetation that grows in the mediocre soil has an almost primeval quality to it, with lichens and ferns predominating. No indigenous intelligent species evolved here and what native life there is, while largely nocturnal, is safe to observe.

Covered by wind-smoothed plateaus and canyons, this world is legendary for the calming and reputedly invigorating effect of its balmy climate. It was inevitable that the Emperor, frequently exhausted from his intense studies and the burden of rule, chose Byss as the location for his prime vacation palace. Here was a beautiful planet, safely hidden from the prying eyes of the galaxy. Natural islands and spectacular pre-Expansion Era ruins would be left intact.

When the Emperor chose this world for his private reserve, no expense was spared. His personal architectural staff was granted *carte blanche* to build a citadel to Palpatine's hubris. Slaves and machinery were brought by the specially trained space pilots using encoded astrogation systems to reach Byss. It took years, but soon the planet gleamed with oddly shaped and ornate towers and complexes.

Of course, this world was not to be only for Palpatine's use. Quite the contrary: enormous leisure and habitation complexes were included in the original designs. Incredulous as the designers were, his orders were obeyed. Soon, enormous cities and resorts spread across the planet. Little could they suspect the true purpose behind this largess — Palpatine planned for millions to permanently reside here, where he and his minions could use their Dark Side skills to feed off their life energy.

Accordingly, a legend was created. A legend of a mystic siren world, whose surreal shores and glimmering oceans held the promise of contentment unattainable anywhere else. Millions applied for visas to this mysterious world, but few ever suspected Byss lay in the Deep Core itself. Meanwhile, Imperial Intelligence painstakingly sifted innumerable dossiers to find those most suited to the Emperor's needs. Of these, a few million per month were chosen and transported to Byss in secret.

Upon arrival at Byss, they live out the rest of their lives in harmless amusements and pageants. All communications to loved ones are censored to perpetuate the myth and secrecy of this distant world.

CALAMARI (NEW REPUBLIC ERA)

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

World Summary

If there was a turning point in the history of the Empire, it was when it encountered the Mon Calamari.

The Mon Calamari and their Quarren neighbors had evolved on a warm and comfortable world covered by ocean, with enough reef and island area to promote technological development. They established a large, peaceful civilization. Finding space travel similar to swimming, the Mon Cals threw themselves wholeheartedly into exploration and soon mapped out all the worlds of their solar system.

When the first Calamari scout ships encountered another species, it was hoped that friendship would result. Instead of a friendly species to trade with, they ran headlong into the xenophobic and militaristic Empire. Soon an Imperial task force arrived at Calamari, intent on enslaving and exploiting the peaceful aliens. Their token resistance brushed aside, the Mon Cals and the Quarren were soon subjugated.

However, unlike the hundreds of similar worlds the Empire had vanquished, the children of Calamari's seas had enough technology and spirit to begin fighting back. A species that

had long despised war learned quickly from their Imperial invaders.

The Calamari sought out allies and found them in the Alliance to Restore the Republic. Uniting with the Alliance, they found their technology and industries badly needed and they put their hearts into the war effort. They learned astrogation, starship engineering and piloting and the Calamari became the backbone of the Alliance fleet. Under the leadership of Admiral Ackbar, their world was soon freed from Imperial control. More than that, Calamari became the first major system to devote its energies fully to building the Alliance's fleets. Since that time, Calamari has been defended by the Calamari Defense Forces.

Calamari's days of peace and prosperity ended when the Empire's World Devastators appeared in the skies of the world. These World Devastators proved invulnerable to nearly all the weapons at the Calamaris' disposal. As their cities were consumed and converted, the leaders drew up evacuation plans, but then R2-D2 managed to reprogram the World Devastators to turn on each other.

Now, the Mon Cal ecologists are concentrating on restoring their world to its pre-attack splendor. Of the southern territorial zone, where the Devastators launched their first assaults, the floating cities of Kee-Piru and Heurkea took the brunt of destruction. Loss of life is still being reckoned, but is expected to number in the tens of thousands at a minimum. The port city of Hikahi was partly destroyed, eliminating much of Calamari's starship building capability. The New Republic has rushed relief forces, emergency medical and food supplies and temporary shelters to house the displaced. The rebuilding efforts have begun, but it is believed that construction crews will have to spend many years reconstructing what the Empire destroyed in just a few days.

CARIDA

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Heavy
 Terrain: Forest, Desert, glacier
 Length of Day: 25 standard hours
 Length of Year: 357 local days
 Sapient Races: Humans
 Starport: Stellar Class
 Population: 25 million
 Planet Function: Military training center
 Government: Imperial Governor
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Military Training, high technology weapons
 Major Imports: Foodstuffs
 Source: The Jedi Academy Sourcebook

World Summary

Carida is a temperate and pleasant world located deep in

territory still held by the Empire. Its great defect in terms of attracting immigrants is its heavy gravity field.

The high gravity kept settlers away for centuries; most settlers apparently prefer the slight discomfort of inhospitable climates to heavy gravity, since one can retreat indoors from heat or cold, but gravity is ever-present.

Carida came into its own two centuries ago when the Old Republic Army decided to locate a proving ground installation there. Carida's many terrain features as well as its sparse population made it ideal for testing weaponry and military transports of all sorts.

Over the space of a few decades an infrastructure grew up around the small base, and other military agencies and defense firms transferred some of their personnel and research facilities to Carida to supplement the proving ground. By the time the Empire grew to envelop Carida, it had a population of 23 million, and several small cities around the globe.

In the Imperial era, Carida came into its own. The Emperor designated Carida as one of his primary military training bases, because its gravity, rather high by human standards, would toughen up stormtroopers and soldiers.

Carida's untamed landmass provide an appropriate range of harsh training environments for both man and machine; arctic wastelands, dense and uncharted rain forests filled with primitive predators, carnivorous plants, and poisonous insects, splintered mountain crags, and searing desert hardpan crawling with venomous multi-legged reptiles all

push soldiers and their machines to the limit.

Even though Grand Admiral Thrawn is dead and Palpatine overthrown, Carida refuses to be wooed into the New Republic camp. This stubbornness is largely attributable to the determination of Carida's nominal ruler Ambassador Furgan to remain loyal to the Empire.

Carida has little to fear from a New Republic attack. It boasts some of the most technologically advanced weapons and crack troops in the galaxy, and has enough food in store to wait out a siege until Imperial reinforcements could arrive.

These weapons have allowed Furgan to remain independent from other Imperials as well as the New Republic. Not only do they discourage direct attack and indirect intimidation, but they give him an edge in negotiating with other Imperial leaders for resources and supplies. As long as turban's design facilities continue to produce such wonderful toys as the Mountain Terrain Armored Transport Walker, he has a ready audience of Imperials willing to humor him.

To Furgan's frustration despite the presence of a huge standing army, Carida doesn't pose much of a threat to other worlds, since it lacks the means to transport there anywhere. Without capital ships, Carida is the most heavily armed - but strategically useless planet still loyal to the Empire. Alas, none of his defenses can save Carida from an exploding sun, as Furgan learns when Kyp destroys the system with the Sun Crusher.

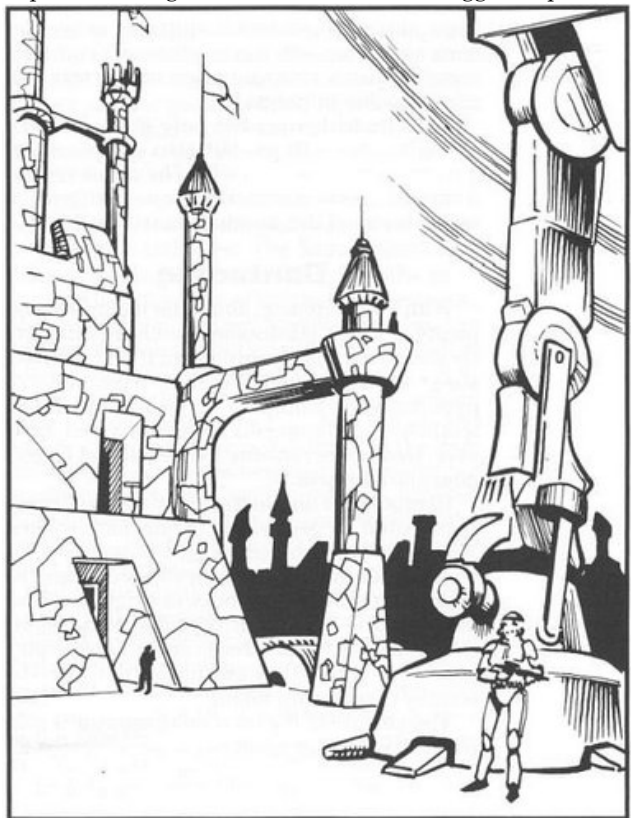
Military Academy of Carida

The Military Academy of Carida, located on the Spinara plateau, is a gleaming citadel which was designed and built to look much older than it is. Its lines and layout echo traditional designs found on the most ancient government and academic buildings on Coruscant and Raithal.

Simple white columns scrubbed until their marbled surfaces shine, stand starkly on evergreen grassy lanes and mirror pools. Colorful flags representing the most loyal worlds of the Empire fly from poles lining the walkways, and in the grassy center divider of the grand entrance to the complex, a long line of decommissioned Imperial walkers keep a watchful eye on the drilling cadets.

The campus itself contains facilities for both basic and advanced training. Various schools, from the Academy of Ordnance to the elite Storm Commando School are headquartered at the Military Academy. Numerous outbuildings, drill fields, rifle ranges, and storage and training facilities surround the main quadrangles.

Colorful banners representing the most loyal worlds of the Empire hang from the vaulted ceilings of the academy's many halls, and endless portraits of esteemed Academy graduates line the walls along with medals, trophies from conquered worlds and holographic pictures of famous Imperial battleships commanded by Carida alumni.



The main citadel, located at the very center of the complex is a veritable fortress in appearance as well as fact. It is an imposing complex, complete with several enormous turrets and many smaller minarets.

The citadel houses not only the academy's administrative offices, but also the planetary governmental offices as well. The comm center, from whence the HoloNet is maintained, is in the upper levels of the southernmost turret.

CHANDRILA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	standard
Terrain:	rural
Length of Day:	29 standard hours
Length of Year:	368 local days
Sentient Species:	Human
Starport:	stellar class
Population:	1.2 billion
Planet Function:	Agriculture
Government:	Participatory democracy
Tech Level:	space
Major Exports:	Foodstuffs
Major Imports:	High tech
Source:	The Far Orbit Project

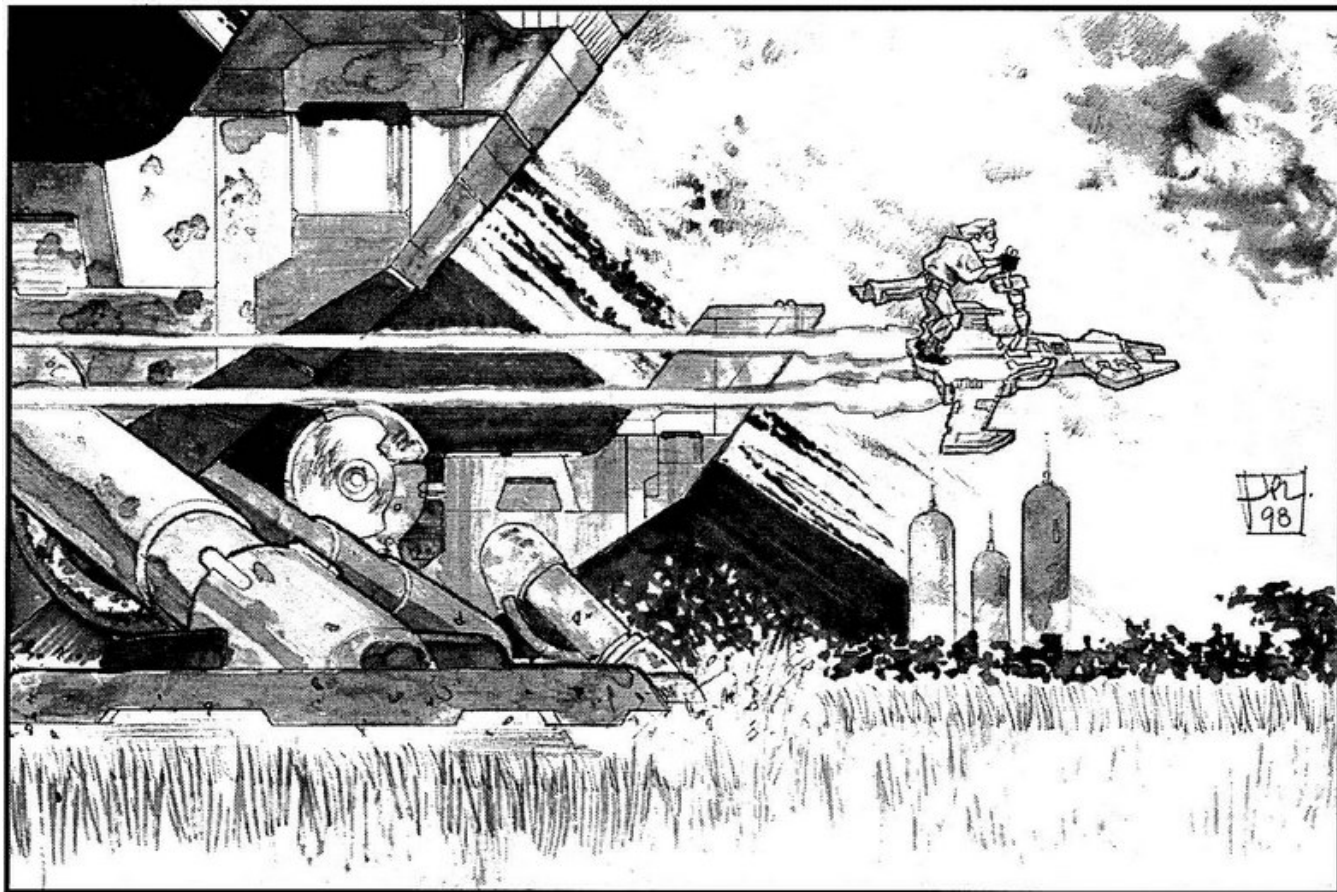
World Summary

Chandrila contrasts with its sister Bormean worlds in many ways. Although urban, Chandrila prides itself on its balance of developed areas and tended agriculture and agriforest zones. Although most of the planet is developed for production, the bulk of this developed area is in agricombines, making Chandrila one of the last food exporters in the Core, and one of the few with no oxygen factories.

Chandrilians are noted as gardeners and farmers in the midst of the most urbanized sectors of known space, and export rare fresh fruits and vegetables to the finest restaurants and most expensive food services of the Core. Vast agrifarms provide staple grains while the carefully managed park system offers one of the few hunting grounds in the entire Core.

CHAZWA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Plains
Length of Day:	26 standard hours
Length of Year:	369 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans



John Paul Lona

Starports: Stellar Class
 Population: 3.5 billion
 Planet Function: Trade, manufacturing
 Government: Imperial Governor
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Information, agriculture products, mid technology
 Major Imports: Foodstuffs, medicine
 Source: The Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

During Thrawn's campaign, the Chazwa system fell back under restrictive Imperial control. While a garrison has been in place on the planet Chazwa for years, Imperial efforts at controlling the system have been half-hearted at best. After Grand Admiral Thrawn assumed control over the Empire, discipline was reinforced, even for rear echelon troops like those on Chazwa.

Chazwa has recently been used as a central shipping point for Imperial war supplies, troops and information. While a number of smuggling and legitimate freight shipping operations run through Chazwa, the Imperial presence has forced these operators to move very carefully because Imperial smuggling penalties are quite severe.

The Imperial garrison on Chazwa was upgraded to full operational status, receiving a new complement of troops, including some cloned stormtroopers, and the Interdictor cruiser *Rampart* has been assigned to the system to reduce smuggling in the area.

The planet is medium-sized and orbits a small white dwarf star. It is habitable for humans and a number of other alien species, with a mild climate and weather and a moderate amount of natural resources.

CORELLIA

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Urban; hills.
 Length of Day: 25 standard hours
 Length of Year: 329 local days
 Sapient Species: Humans (N), Drall (N), Selonians (N), various aliens
 Starport: 1 Imperial class, 3 Stellar, 4 Standard
 Population: 16.5 billion
 Planet Function: Trade, Administrative/
 Government: New Republic Governor-General
 Tech Level: Hyperspace
 Major Exports: All (see below)
 Major Imports: All (site below)
 System: Corellian
 Star: Corell (yellow)
 Source: Cracken's Threat Dossier

World Summary

Corellia is an urban planet with an eastern ocean and a western ocean. The Capital, Coronet City, is on main continent near the eastern ocean. The weather often consists of beautiful days of sunshine and warmth with long, hard rainstorms in between. Further out from the cities are small towns and farms scattered across the landscape. Corellia was once the trade planet of the galaxy. Every city was jammed with merchants and marketplaces. Most popular was Coronet City, the Capital, where one could find anything and everything one could ever want. The city never slept and trade was always available. The planet was a wondrous place many proud people called home.

Then the war came to the Corellian system and like many other planets before, it was ruined. Trade went away as pirates invaded the Sector and the town began to dry up. People became poor, untrusting and defeated. When the war was over, there was no one to pick up the pieces. The chief of state of Corellia, called a Diktat, struggled to keep the Empire alive in Corellia. Citizens began to ignore him and the authority he represented. The New Republic finally installed a Governor-General to replace the preexisting administration, but the people were finished with all governments, preferring to make up their own.

Factions sprang up throughout the city, most notably the Human League. The Human League, mostly rabble-rousers, believed they were true Corellians and the other native species, the Selonians and the Drall, were aliens which didn't belong on Corellia. They used tactics like riots in the streets and threats to make their point. This chased more trade away. It was impossible for Governor-General Micamberlecto to stop the rioting, because the only people on Corellia who were qualified to staff his government offices were either ex-Imperials or people who did not care for the New Republic.

When you walk through the city today, you cannot imagine what it used to be like. Empty stores and dust line the streets that teemed with life years ago. Treasure Ship Row, one of the major market places for the entire system is gone entirely. There are still some tourist attractions to be had on Corellia. Museums, amusement parks, the Golden Beaches on the coast near Coronet, but these sites cannot make up for what glory the planet was once.

CORULAG

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Urban
 Length of Day: 25 standard hours
 Length of Year: 371 local days
 Sentient Species: Human
 Starport: Imperial class

Population: 15 billion
 Planet Function: Administration/corporate headquarters
 Government: Imperial governor
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: High tech, luxury goods
 Major Imports: Raw materials. Foodstuffs
 Source: The Far Orbit Project

World Summary

Corulag is, in many ways, the perfect Imperial world-low crime rates primarily human population placid, industrious, productive, and concerned only with its own affairs. The planet's surface is predominantly urban, ranging from thick skyscraper forests to labyrinths of shopping zones and quiet residential zones.

Corulag is home to Aether Hypernavitics, Danth Artifice Limited, Gwain Spices, Gowix Computers, sis ter corporations Siemar Fleetsystems and Siemar Intelligence Systems, and the Corulag Imperial Military Academy, which houses both Army and Navy under-graduate and graduate programs. Corulag's largest moon hosts a branch Navy training facility.

The ancient ruling body of Corulag, the House of Citizens, is entirely compliant to the will of Imperial Governor Zafiel Snopps, who is fortunately more interested in maintaining the system's economy than in political reform.

CORUSCANT

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Urban
 Length of Day: 24 standard hours
 Length of Year: 368 local days
 Sapient Species: Humans (N)
 Starport: Imperial Class
 Population: 5 billion prior to New Republic takeover
 Planet Function: Government, administrative
 Government: Imperial/Representative Democracy (New Republic Capital)
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: None
 Major Imports: Foodstuffs, medicinal goods
 Source: Heir to the Empire Sourcebook, Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Coruscant has always seemed to be the center of the known galaxy. Once the seat of government for the Galactic Republic, it is now the throne-world of Emperor Palpatine. Coruscant's name is derived from the sparkling lights that illuminate the planet -even at night - making It seem like an Immense glittering Corusca gem when mewed from space Although the planet has been called Coruscant for the

25 or so millennium since the founding of the Old Republic, today it is referred to as "Imperial Center" among those loyal to the Emperor's New Order.

Space travelers are often amazed at the variety of orbital facilities floating above the planet. Climate-control mirror stations, habitation spheres, power sats and skyhooks, fill the sky while a never-ending river of private, commercial and military starship traffic runs to and from the surface. The system is also home to the Coruscant Sector Fleet (Imperial Center is considered a sensor unto Itself for deployment purposes), as well as any number of Imperial Navy task forces mustering here before heading to other priority assignments.

The stream of starship traffic -- coupled with the seemingly-infinite lights from Coruscant's buildings - gives the planet a "city glow," turning night to day in the upper areas of the planet's urban strata. Most of Imperial Center's surface is covered with buildings spanning hundreds of stories and thousands of kilometers - an architectural behemoth. Only the uppermost buildings actually receive light from Coruscant's sun, and most buildings actually possess their own ecosystem.

Some skyscrapers are little more than honey-combed apartments, while others sport enclosed rooftop gardens, starship landing bays, or public areas. Power plants and maintenance bays in each building's deep sub-basement help maintain acceptable atmospheric conditions, pump in water and siphon off waste materials. Vents from



skyscrapers' heating and cooling systems cause "micro weather cells" in Coruscant's atmosphere, creating air currents, low-hanging clouds and even small rainstorms.

City blocks are connected by bridge ways and public squares, sometimes spanning several levels. Some buildings merge into each other, creating self-contained neighborhoods serving the residential, commercial, public, and starport needs of its citizens.

The upper tiers of Coruscant's skyscrapers house the more affluent and prestigious citizens. The deeper one goes - into

the caverns and labyrinthine maintenance ducts - the lower one descends into a realm where everything seems to skulk in the shadows.

Coruscant, the jewel of the Core worlds, has served as the seat of galactic government since the very first union of stars. The leaders have changed and the forms of government shifted from one extreme to the other but one constant always remained - the beautiful world of Coruscant. When the Old Republic established the Senate, they built a great meeting hall on Coruscant. Representatives from the member worlds traveled from all corners of the galaxy to take their place within the hallowed meeting hall.

When Palpatine declared his New Order, he completely refurbished and added to the existing Presidential palace. When construction was complete, Imperial Palace loomed over the adjacent Senate Hall. And most recently, when the New Republic needed a central location for their Provisional Council, they chose Coruscant so that the galaxy would know that the tyranny of the Empire had been put down and freedom would spread from the home of the Old Republic.

An entire continent on the planet has been set-aside as a separate world upon the world which rules the stars. Here, all representatives are equal, and the galactic government has jurisdiction instead of the local system government. All member worlds contribute to the defense and upkeep of the continent. In the center of the continent sits the galactic capital. In the days of the Old Republic, it was called Galactic City. The Emperor changed it to Imperial City when he rose to power, and the name stuck. Today even with the New Republic in power, the name remains unchanged.

The Coruscant system has been said to set the tone of the entire galaxy. Styles, culture, fads - the most important ones start on Coruscant and slowly spread throughout the Core and the outer regions. The cultural level is unsurpassed: there are more museums, theaters libraries and centers of learning in the system than anywhere else in the galaxy. Even galactic timekeeping conventions, such as "standard" minutes, hours, weeks, months and years have their origins in the units of measurement used on Coruscant.

Except for a few isolated skirmishes Coruscant and its portion of the Core were spared the terrible battles that marked the Galactic Civil War. Most of its citizens (administrative personnel or low-level bureaucrats) never felt particularly threatened by far-away wars and rumors of wars. They remained comfortable throughout the collapse of the Old Republic and the rise of the Empire. They see the newest shift in powered just another turn of the season. What matters if Imperial or Republican sits on the seat of power? Coruscant is eternal; it has always existed and it always will. However, those truly loyal to the Empire, especially the mid- and high-level bureaucrats, fled to the regions of space still held by the Empire; few Imperial

sympathizers dared to stay behind on the planet.

The Imperial Palace

The highest point on Coruscant is Imperial Palace. home of Emperor Palpatine and much of the immense bureaucracy which helps run his Empire. The ornate structure dominates the skyline and towers over the Old Republic Senate Hall located nearby. This ornate building runs completely and contiguously from Coruscant's bedrock. Palpatine's immense throne room is an auditorium sunken into the stone, where honored citizens and bureaucrats are summoned to listen to the Emperor's decrees. Palpatine maintains various other private audience chambers throughout the palace for less public meetings.

The Palace constantly bustles with harried bureaucratic pensive administrators low-level data-crunchers droids, visiting dignitaries, and military personnel. Standing in the Grand Corridor, one has a perfect opportunity to view them all, scurrying about to do their business on behalf of the Empire. Imperial stormtroopers and Coruscant guards can be found virtually everywhere, patrolling public areas, escorting dignitaries, and - along with the red-robed Imperial Royal Guard - protecting the Emperor's privacy and his person.

In addition to the vast number of public levels of the Palace, there are a seemingly infinite number of private areas used by Coruscant's powerful elite. The Emperor has several audience chambers, each designed to serve a particular need. His favorite has a circular-webbed window overlooking his capital - elite stormtroopers keep watch in raised duty stations while several Imperial Royal Guards stand ready at all times. Several more Royal Guard members lurk behind secret panels, waiting to intervene in the unlikely event of an emergency. It is in audience chambers such as these that the Emperor spins his elaborate schemes and confers with his Imperial Advisors and other servants.

Few are allowed into these secure areas - one must have an extremely important position in the Imperial hierarchy to gain access, or in many cases, to even know of their existence. Even more secure levels are guarded by Royal Guards, as well as Imperial Sovereign Protectors and Imperial Sentinels. Private areas of the Imperial Palace include landing pads for special visitors, the Emperor's private studies, and museum vaults containing the most cherished and powerful Sith and Jedi artifacts from Palpatine's personal collection. Several well-guarded tunnels lead to nearby areas of importance, including the Emperor's personal museum and Lord Vader's castle.

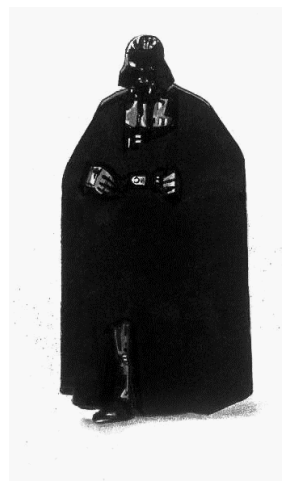
Lord Vader's Castle

The Emperor rewards his most prized servants well and Lord Darth Vader is no exception. Upon completion of the expansion of the Imperial Palace, Palpatine ordered that a smaller residence for Lord Vader be constructed nearby.

Although Vader has a fortress retreat elsewhere on the planet (as well as several similar retreats on other worlds) this castle is his main residence. It is near enough to the Palace that Vader can swiftly respond to his master's summons, and allows Palpatine to keep a close eye on his servant. Although it is not as tall or impressive as the Imperial Palace, Vader's castle is an imposing edifice nonetheless. Broad, dark towers with narrow-slit windows join jagged vertical walls.

Both outwardly and inwardly it displays few signs of Vader's immense wealth. Within the enclosure, there are structures that look like they were built by a brooding architect preparing for a mighty war - a style that suits Vader's personality well.

Lord Vader's personal sanctuary is located deep within the castle behind armored walls and blast doors. There he maintains his private quarters. Close at hand is a small command center where he may keep in touch with outside events, a practice arena where he hones his lightsaber skills against combat droids (which rarely provide an adequate challenge), and a landing bay containing his armored shuttle.



Vader's castle has sophisticated security stations, guest quarters for visiting military personnel barracks for guards and several meeting rooms and holograph pads. Vader knows that even his "sanctuary" is not truly secure - the Emperor and others keep track of his activities by linking into his own security net, by placing spies within his castle staff, and by setting up their own surveillance devices.

However, few suspect Vader's well-hidden secret. He keeps a contingent of Noghri commandos on hand for missions of the utmost secrecy and importance. The Noghri move about through a series of secret corridors built after the Emperor's construction droids completed the castle. The elusive aliens excel at keeping out of sight. Vader keeps the Noghri around as bodyguards, and occasionally sends them to do his reconnaissance work - or to eliminate his enemies.

The Southern Underground

Deep beneath Imperial Center's towering spires and elegant skyscrapers lurks a darker world. At the bottom of the crevasses between skyscrapers, beneath even the lowest maintenance sub-levels hides a sinister domain never touched by the sun's rays, where society's undesirables and refugees huddle in dank tunnels, prey on each other and eke out a tenuous existence. This is Coruscant's underground a facet of the Imperial capital censored from glossy promotional holovids and omitted from polite conversation. It is the kingdom of thieves, outlaws, and the scum of Imperial society.

One of these infamous subterranean wastelands is the Southern Underground, located beneath Coruscant's southern sectors. This haven of the fringe is a maze of underground tunnels, chambers and plazas, all remnants of ancient city-levels forgotten when the construction droids were rebuilding sectors of Imperial Center. Here the Empire's undesirables cower, combing for food in trash heaps, sleeping in old vent-ways, and exploiting one another just to survive.

The Southern Underground is an immense complex of tunnels and artificial caverns kilometers deep beneath Coruscant's skyline, and in some places so abysmal as to tunnel into the planet's very bedrock. It is a realm eternally lit by a smoldering twilight of fire pits, glow-fungus, and sputtering maintenance lights. Where blue gray mold or oxygen-producing yellow fungus doesn't grow, the walls are covered with graffiti scrawled in grease and blood. The signs are smeared on by crazed prophets of doom, beggars with nothing better to do, and gangs of thugs marking their territory. Most of it is blurred by liquid seeping from the walls and ceilings - either leaking from maintenance systems, or condensation forming from occasional thermals from above blowing into the deeper, cooler canyons. Streams of sludge trickle down corridors and pool in open spaces. The air is dank and fetid, and reeks of old machinery, rotting biological material, and other, more offensive things.

The underground has become home to many communities of outcasts. One can find entire colonies of beggars living in ramshackle hive shelters carved from vent-ways, twisted debris rotting maintenance pipes, and junked machinery. Bandits strike at weaker groups and then scurry back to booby-trapped warrens and armored strongholds. Refugees fleeing Imperial authority also make their way down into the underground's subterranean depths. The more unsavory characters join the gangs of thieves terrorizing other denizens or sell their services for food, equipment and shelter. Others hiding from the Empire bring their lives with them, carrying on business down here much as they did on the surface.

These refugee entrepreneurs have carved out an entire economic niche in the Southern Underground offering goods or services often in return for valuables instead of currency. These merchants barter for whatever their clients have to offer - information about dealings in the underground or above, their own services or skills, or commodities such as clean water food or uncorroded equipment.

Businesses crop up wherever open areas can be found in the subterranean labyrinth. One such area - the main plaza for the Southern Underground - is a hemispherical cavern as large as a city square. The shops clinging to the perimeter of this chamber are grungy establishments catering to the survival and less savory needs of the denizens. Among the businesses here are a bakery, weapons outfitter, clothing kiosk, shoe store, electronics market, a restaurant and cantina, and a plant store. The entrepreneurs accept whatever they can get as payment. All are operated by

"undesirables" who fled here to live unimpeded by the edicts and treachery of the Empire.

The goods offered in these establishments are often either scrounged from the underground or stolen and smuggled in from the upper levels. The nearby Hasamadhi warehouse district - a shipping area near South Pole and several levels above the Southern Underground - provides a steady stream of stolen goods. As long as thieves don't take too much, they draw little attention to themselves. They help support the underground businesses, which in turn, attract more customers from Coruscant's fringe population - even ones from the glittering surface who have credits and a need to conduct their business in the shadows.

CRONDRE

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Frigid
Atmosphere: Type II (breath mask suggested due to numbing temperatures)
Hydrosphere: Moist (mostly in form of glaciers and snow)
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Glacier
Length of Day: 23 standard hours
Length of Year: 392 local days
Sapient Species: Humans, wide variety of other species
Starport: Limited Services
Population: 2,000 (on surface), 800 (Golan II platform)
Planet Function: New Republic supply depot
Government: New Republic
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Crondre is a small, icy world that the New Republic has converted into a supply depot for perishable medical supplies. The frigid planet facilitates flash-freezing and storage of many time-sensitive medical compounds. The storage facility on Crondre has been hollowed out of the planet's immense glaciers, in much the same manner as the Alliance's Echo Base on Hoth. A series of Fabritech matrix shield generators protects the storage facility, as does a huge ion cannon battery and a Golan II space defense platform.

Unfortunately, due to the inhospitable nature of the planet's environment, only a small number of troops can be stationed on Crondre at a given time. The bulk of the New Republic personnel in the system are stationed aboard the Golan II. Since there is an overflow of troops aboard the station, it has been modified and acts as a traffic flow control into and out of the system.

Crondre itself consists of large fields of glaciers that are slowly grinding their way across the planet. As yet, no indigenous life has been discovered.

DAGOBAH

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Swamp
Length of Day: 23 Standard Hours
Length of Year: 341 Local Days
Sapient Races: None
Starport: None
Population: None
Planet Function: Unexplored
Government: None
Tech Level: None
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Dagobah is the principal planet in a star system of the same name. It appears on star charts and aggregation logs, but few people intention ally decide to visit it. There are no civilized space ports in the system and no conveniences of modern technology. To the neighboring star systems of the Sluis sector, Dagobah is considered a haunted, forsaken part of the galaxy for it was on Dagobah that the terrible events connected with the Dark Jedi of Bpfassh finally came to an end. For that they are thankful, but few take the chance that any bit of the evil of those Dark Jedi might remain, so they avoid the system like it was infected with some galactic plague.

The cloud-shrouded planet is teeming with all kinds of animal, insect and plant life. And, known to only a few,



Dagobah served as home to Yoda the Jedi Master, forbears. From his tiny hut in the middle of the great swamp, Yoda remained hid- den, watching the terrible events of the galaxy unfold while doing little. In ages past, he had trained more Jedi than he could remember. His last student, Luke Skywalker, came to him at the chosen time - the time Yoda had waited for.

Precious little remains as evidence that Yoda once lived in the Dagobah swamps. His hut has been reclaimed by the vegetation, practically covered over by moss and vines and

sprouting roots. His few metal pots cannot rot away, but a fine moss has grown upon them, hiding them from all but the most determined searchers. He left no records or data pads full of Jedi knowledge. The only thing he left behind was the training he gave to Luke Skywalker.

DANTOOINE

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Savannas, mountain, ocean
Length of Day:	25 standard hours
Length of Year:	378 local days
Sapient Races:	Dantari (N)
Starport:	Landing Field
Population:	334,000
Planet Function:	Abandoned colony world
Government:	Tribal
Tech Level:	Stone
Source:	The Jedi Academy Sourcebook

World Summary

With a mild climate, abundant life forms, and plenty of water, Dantooine is such an attractive location for a colony settlement that, but for its sheer isolation and distance from reliable hyper lanes, it would likely be a fully settled world by now. As events have transpired, however, Dantooine remains a tranquil and largely unexplored world.

Dantooine is dominated by grassy savannas punctuated by gently rolling hills and isolated stands of broad-boled, jagged-branched blba trees. Herds of small, hairy herbivores roam the plains, and in the air, flocks of bright balloon-like creatures drift about, occasionally snagging themselves on the pointed branches of the spiky blba trees where they are quickly devoured by waiting carnivorous snails.

The climate in the Dantooine interior is relatively dry through most of the year, except for the rainy season in the spring, when torrential rains turn the dusty soil to mud, and the blades of the normally brownish-green grass turn to a pale and elegant lavender. Along the coasts, mountains trap most of the moisture coming off the oceans, resulting in narrow bands of verdant vegetation running along the coast.

The only sentient beings known to be indigenous to Dantooine - the Dantari - are gathered in nations of nomadic tribes which roam up and down the coasts of the ocean. Little is known of these peaceful people since previous visitors to the planet were more preoccupied with establishing bases and colonies than establishing anthropological studies.

Dantooine has two moons which often appear overhead simultaneously. Through the haze of the atmosphere, the greater moon is a light lavender in appearance, and the lesser has a greenish cast.

Abandoned Rebel Base

Dantooine, which has been sparsely settled by various groups in past centuries, has most recently been colonized by two groups, neither of which remains on the planet. The first settlement located near the terminator, was an early Rebel base that once housed the military headquarters of the Rebel Alliance.

The abandoned base is made up of a cluster of adobe huts and prefab buildings in the endless plains, not far from a modest river. Both the adobe huts and prefab have suffered from years of exposure to harsh spring rains and the intrusion of various animals.

A long tarmac frames two sides of the settlement, where the Rebel X-wing and Y-wing starfighters were once stored. Two open-air hangars stand on the other side. The site is totally abandoned.

Eol Sha Colony Site

When the people of Eol Sha were evacuated from their doomed world, the New Republic relocated them to Dantooine. Wedge Antilles headed up a resettlement force which drop-lifted an entire settlement of self-erecting living modules to a site not far from the old Alliance base, and sent the new colonists programming units and agricultural droids so they could establish a viable colony right away. Soon after, New Republic engineers arrived to help restore the landing field and orbital traffic facilities at the abandoned Rebel base for use by the colonists.

Unfortunately for the colonists, Admiral Daala interrupted a supply ship enroute to Dantooine, and decided to send a message to the New Republic by wiping out the fledgling colony. With that decision, the fate of the defenseless colony was sealed. When Daala dropped several Imperial walkers to the surface, they were quick to destroy everything in sight. There were no survivors, and nothing is left of the colony but scorched earth.

DEMESEL

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Cool
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Plains
Length of Day:	22 standard hours
Length of Year:	285 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans various aliens
Starports:	1 standard class, 1 limited services
Population:	720,000
Planet Function:	Trade
Government:	Organized Crime. Officially corporate-owned and operated.
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Biochemicals, herbal pharmaceuticals
Major Imports:	Food stores, electronics, unsanctioned imports include smuggled contraband and

Source: slaves
GG11: Criminal Organizations

Enarc Frigid Rock 0
Derr Frigid Ice 1

World Summary

Located in the Meram sector of the Outer Rim Territories Demesel is the base of operations for the notorious Glasfir Ring. This particular collection of gangsters serves as the de facto ruling coalition of this tiny planet despite attempts by legitimate authorities to maintain control. The head of the Glasfir Ring is a particularly nasty Defel by the name of Glasfir'a'llk.

Originally founded by a consortium of Inner Sphere businesses, Demesel has long served as a trading center supplying the needs of various frontier worlds along the Outer Rim. With the coming of the civil war, however, suppliers dried up, trade routes shifted, and Demesel lost much of its original importance.

A peaceful backwater world, it has side-stepped the troubles many other worlds have witnessed, mainly by trying hard not to be overly conspicuous. Despite the rising chaos from the disruptions of numerous criminal gangs, Demesel remains an anomaly among criminal havens - it is one of the few places where Hutt influence is practically nonexistent. This may quickly change if the current ruler of the Demeselian underground is replaced.

DEMOPHON

Type: Terrestrial
 Size: Moderate
 Temperature: Hot
 Atmosphere: Type III (Breath Mask Required)
 Hydrosphere: Arid
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Urban, desert
 Length of Day: 32 Standard Hours
 Length of Year: 201 Local Days
 Sapient Species: Humans
 Points of Interest: Byrneport, various mega corporate offices
 Starport: Imperial
 Population: 43 million
 Government: Imperial Overlord, with an advisory council
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Precious minerals new technology
 Major Imports: Food, manufactured goods, luxury items
 System Name: Demophon
 Star Name: Demophon
 Star Type: Red Giant
 Source: Adventure: Supernova

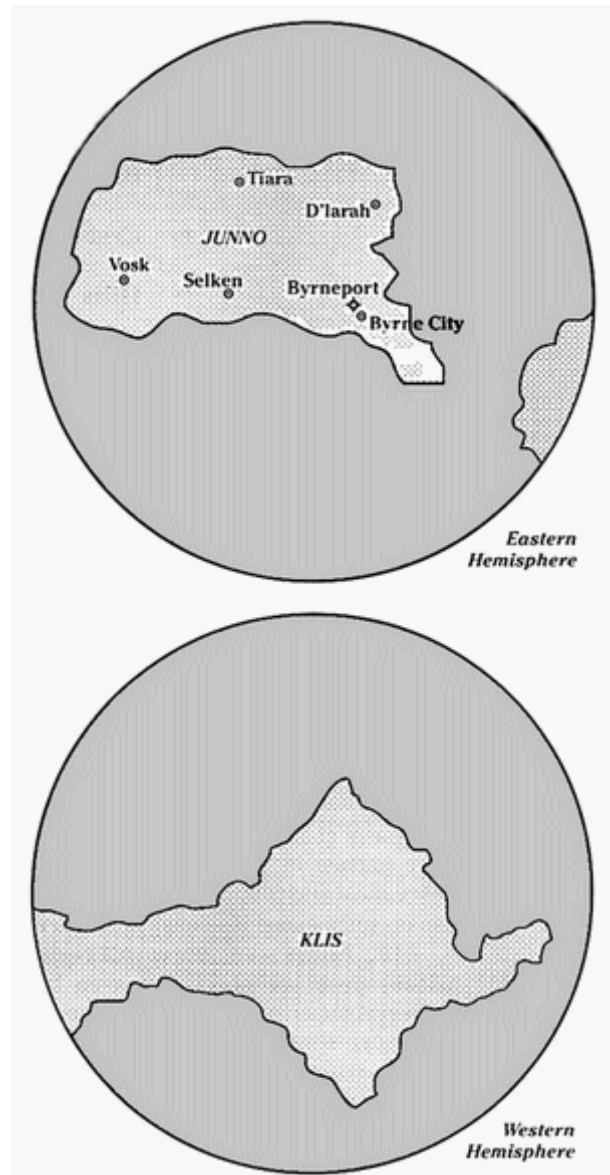
Orbital Bodies

Name	Type	Moons
Demophon	Barren Desert	1
Zenobah	Hot Plains	2
Jatee	Barren Rock	0

World Summary

The planet Demophon is located in a star system near the heart of Imperial space. This combined with the fact that the Empire controls the Demophonian government, has kept Rebel activity in the area to a minimum.

Demophon boasts only two continents. Junno and Klis. Junno is the site of all the domed cities. As Klis' climate is even harsher than that of the former. Junno is the site of the planet's capital Byrne City.



Currently, Demophon's star is in the process of bristling up to a supernova, increasing the mean temperature of the planet and making the climate-controlled domes more important than ever before.

The Demophon system is located near what was the very heart of the Old Republic. It is very much in the sway of the Empire and has few, if any, serious Rebel agents amongst its inhabitants. Its sun is an ancient one. Even now it draws closer to the moment when it will go supernova and destroy all life in the system.

The main world in the system is also known as Demophon. Both planet and star are named after the system's discoverer, Alres Demophon one of the founders of the modern Scout Service.

The planet Demophon once had normal seasonal variations. Now, with the destruction of its ecosystem, the planet has become a barren waste-land with unstable and unpredictable weather patterns. Searing heat and dust storms are the norm but periods of heavy snow and arctic cold have also been reported. Temperatures outside of the domed cities vary from about 35 degrees Centigrade to as low as 40 degrees below zero.

Demophon has one moon, Nestro. This satellite is home to a small scientific enclave, charged with monitoring the status of the sun. By charting the activity of Demophon's sun, Imperial scientists have managed to learn a great deal about the impending disaster. Since the sun is in such a dangerous state, it is vital that it be constantly monitored, so that local populations will have sufficient warning of the supernova's approach.

Demophon has been inhabited by Humans for hundreds of generations. If there ever were any native lifeforms, they have been extinct for many many years.

Society

Demophon life is highly disciplined and regimented. There are rules and regulations for every conceivable activity. This is largely due to the very sensitive nature of the scientific research being pursued on the planet and the need for tight security measures. But some of the responsibility also lies with Illor Ptorc, the Imperial Governor. Ptorc rules the planet with an iron fist, priding himself on the low crime rate and high productivity of its citizens. A stint working in the labs and factories of Demophon is something that is noted on a citizen's permanent record and the measure of success there counts heavily toward future assignments.

A typical day on Demophon for a mid-level employee goes something like this:

0800 hours - Rise from off-duty sleep cycle. Visit communal wash facilities. Eat in the housing complex cafeteria. Ride underground shuttle train to work site.

0900 hours - Arrive at work site. Identification verification. Random full sensor scans and searches. Proceed to work cubicle. Begin work.

1200 hours - Meal break. Proceed to communal feeding

facility. Random security checks continue.

1230 hours - Return to work cubicle. Continue day's duties.

1800 hours - End of workday. More rigorous security checks and scans. Proceed to underground shuttle train for trip home.

1900 - 2300 hours - Free time. Must visit company stores or entertainment areas. Citizens may gather in groups of no more than ten for relaxation and talk. Imperial forces monitor groups for unauthorized discussion of current projects.

2400 hours - Curfew. All residents must be within their assigned rest area by this time or Imperial security forces are informed. Anyone missing more than three curfews per year is placed under arrest and either deported from Demophon or tried as an industrial spy.

The regimented schedule, strict enforcement of the curfew and laws against large gatherings have made it very difficult for agents of the Rebellion to gain a foothold in the Demophon system. While it might seem as if the excessive security measures might make life intolerable, the benefits accrued from working on Demophon more than make up for any inconveniences.

Pay for scientific work here is among the highest in the Empire. Nearly all an employee's creature comforts are provided by his company. Food clothing and shelter are all free while working on Demophon. This allows many of the employees to save their entire salaries and retire at the end of their five-year shift never having to enter the work force again.

Another reason Demophon attracts as many workers as it does is that the work going on there is some of the most fascinating and important in the entire galaxy. Research into warp physics, artificial intelligence and other new technologies is going on here, backed by some of the most well known megacorporations in the galaxy.

Social Structure

Demophon society is split into three major groups. At the top is the managerial class made up of individuals ranging from site and project managers to those responsible for overseeing individual buildings. A management council, made up of the highest officers of each megacorp, is in constant communication with the Imperial Governor.

This upper class enjoys a myriad of additional benefits, over and above those granted to the average worker on Demophon. These include access to health clubs private entertainment facilities, special transports and choice housing. Members of Demophon society are expected to wear their corporate badges whenever they are not in their homes. This makes the separation of classes even more pronounced than usual as most upper management employees won't associate with underlings, unless absolutely necessary.

Beneath the managers are the laborers including the research scientists, engineers, designers, artists, skilled workers, graduate students, etc. A workers' council meets once a month with representatives of management to discuss production quotas and other topics of mutual interest.

While not as pampered as management workers do have their basic needs met. They are encouraged to spend their weekly pay in company shops, which carry a large assortment of luxury items produced by the parent companies both on and off world. Members of the labor class generally spend from five to ten years on Demophon working on various projects. At the end of their terms, they're either promoted reassigned to other work on the planet, transferred to another planet where the corporation has facilities or given a favorable reviewing allowed to either retire or seek employment elsewhere.

Demophon's lowest class is made up of "Sla Kar," or slaves. Sla Kar is a corruption of "slacker" and those Humans who are the poorest of the poor often wind up with this designation.

The Sla Kar are used primarily for dangerous or heavy labor. They work primarily in the mines, located in the wastelands, to retrieve the Rylith crystals which are plentiful there. The Sla Kar are housed outside the protective domes of the cities, the inhabitants having no choice but to provide labor for the Empire. The alternative is complete exile from the cities and painful death from constant exposure to hard radiation. Even with some time inside the domes the average life expectancy of a Sla Kar is only twenty-two years.

The Sla Kar class is makeup not only of the poor, but also criminals and other undesirable elements from the rest of the Empire. The life of a Sla Kar is full of hardships. They are constantly monitored and the slightest deviation from the norm is savagely punished by the Imperial police force. Still, it is not a life totally without hope. Occasionally, a very gifted or talented Sla Kar will be granted laborer status and a regular position inside the dome.

Economy

Demophon's major industries include mining almost every conceivable type of hard science research and manufacture weapons and computer manufacture. The availability of raw materials a major factor in the Empire's decision to locate so much vital industry here. The crystalline structures found on the surface called Rylith crystals can collect and store solar energy. These are gathered by the vast slave labor force and used to power weapons and many other goods. Demophon depends on the Rylith crystals to sustain the local economy. Small chips of the crystals are used instead of normal credits by many of the domed cities, as yet another way to encourage workers to spend their pay on the planet, rather than saving it or sending it off planet. Workers leaving the employ of one of the corporations will be paid fair market value for Rylith chips in hard Imperial

credits.

Byrne City

Byrne City is the sprawling capital of Demophon. Underground trains link Byrne City to the other domes and allow for quick and convenient travel.

Byrne City is inhabited by over 25 million beings, including a slave force of 5 million. It is a busy town, designed for maximum efficiency rather than beauty. It is a technological marvel with a permanent dome, gleaming towers and underground levels that stretch for hundreds of meters below the surface, often being built above old mining facilities. Corridors have been carved from the bedrock of the planet covered with a thin layer of plasticrete and smoothed over to form regular walls and floors. It is said that many of the buildings are riddled with secret passages and escape tubes.

Whether these were built in anticipation of a slave uprising or for some other reason is unknown. In the center of Byrne City is the corporate shopping district. The many companies that provide employment for the planet's population maintain shops where their employees can spend their credits on luxury items. Anything from the latest model of droid to high fashion clothes can be purchased.

The shopping district also contains an area known as "the Block." This is where employees who have the credits and the inclination can purchase those Sla Kar who are either too old or weak to work in the mines for use as servants. Slave trading is a major industry in Byrne City.

Law

Law on Demophon is enforced by both Imperial forces and large private forces, paid for by the myriad corporations. In Byrne City, this private force is called the "Byrne City Unified Protectorate," or "the protectorate" for short. Imperial forces make up a relatively small percentage of the population, most of these in clerical positions. The Imperial Governor himself employs over 500 individuals in his palatial estate, located outside of town beneath its own dome.

The Imperials spend most of their time on patrol in and around Byrneport. It is here that they check incoming and outgoing ships for contraband equipment, weapons, stolen technology, etc. A small fleet of twenty TIE fighters continually patrol the system around Demophon and is capable of quick response to an emergency.

Since Imperial Governor Ptorc took the mantle of leadership for the planet, several new laws and taxes have been put into effect. Several of these ordinances are regarded as ridiculous by many of the law enforcement officers, but they are still enforced. These include laws governing dress hair length personal cleanliness and taxes on imported food, wines and other leisure items. Most inhabitants of the planet regard these new rules as annoyances. Just another reason to put in their time on Demophon and then get back to the real galaxy.

Evacuation

Most of the residents of Demophon believe that there is a plan for the evacuation of the planet when the sun finally goes supernova. Unfortunately, no one knows the details of the actual plan. Prior to the arrival of Imperial forces, the civil government maintained a sufficient number of ships in the vicinity at all times and had a fairly large fleet of ships in dry-dock on the planet itself. However, the Empire has failed to continue this program.

As it stands now there are only enough ships in the general vicinity of Demophon to move a fraction of the population. Most of the larger Imperial vessels are either occupied cleaning up outbreaks of Rebel activity or enforcing the will of the Emperor elsewhere.

DEYER

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Cool
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Swamp, Lake
Length of Day:	28 standard hours
Length of Year:	389 local days
Sapient Races:	Humans
Starport:	Limited Services
Population:	134,000
Planet Function:	Subsistence
Government:	Anarchy
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Fish, water, tabacc
Major Imports:	Mid tech, High tech
Source:	The Jedi Academy Sourcebook

World Summary

Deyer was once a fairly successful colony in the Anoat system. Over two generations, a fish-farming co-op of thousands of families transformed thousands of square kilometers of use- less swamp into a complex of large terraformed lakes, built large aquifer plants to maintain them, and stocked them with commercially valuable fish.

Rather than building their communities on the remaining swampland, the people of Deyer built raft cities on the lakes, linked to one another by a network of canals. The fish were transported via the canals to packing plants near Feiyya, the only land based township in which the spaceport was based. From there the fish went into spaceships traveling up the Ison Corridor for Bepin and the adjoining Corellian Trade Spine. The co-op was quite a success.

The colonists, pleased with their business prowess, thought they might try their hand at improving political models. They modified their co-op charter to approximate the Old Republic charters, hoping that by demonstrating that democracy was an effective model on a small scale, it might be tried again on a larger scale at some point in the future.

Emperor Palpatine tolerated the experiment for a time,

since Deyer was so isolated and insignificant on a galactic scale, but he could not ignore Deyer when its representatives voted to denounce the destruction of Alderaan and to request that he rescind his New Order, Palpatine crushed the "dissidents" utterly, over running the entire colony, and scattering the people to various penal centers.

The co-op tumbled into ruin and the few people who escaped the arrests were unable to keep it running. Most of the fish died without proper care and the canals became choked with weeds.

Now the Empire is gone and Deyer is just another backwater world; a small community of squatters, criminals and survivors living in the moldering remains of a greater society. Few venture beyond Feiyya.

DOLOMAR

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Frigid
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist (mostly solidified as glaciers and snow)
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Glaciers, snowfields, mountains
Length of Day:	45 standard hours
Length of Year:	224 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans
Starports:	Stellar Class
Population:	1.5 billion
Planet Function:	Colony
Government:	Participatory Democracy
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Minerals, Dolomar spice wine
Major Imports:	Mid technology, high technology, foodstuffs
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Dolomar is the only planet orbiting its star. Dolomar was originally a colony world of the Republic, and it was settled after a rich discovery of ores and various specialized minerals and crystals. After the Battle of Endor, Dolomar quickly allied with the New Republic, but Grand Admiral Thrawn's campaign of conquest subjected the world to bitter and desperate fighting.

Dolomar is a world of extreme cold, blizzards, and ice. The colonists live underground in immense caverns and tunnels that protect them from both the cold and orbital bombardments. The colonists are an extremely resilient and stubborn group of people. When the Empire attacked, it learned how stubborn they can be: the initial Imperial invasion fleet was ambushed and wiped out.

Currently, Imperial warships are attempting to gain a permanent foothold in the system, but Dolomar's defense fleet is holding its own (thanks to support from the New Republic). The Empire has been able to conduct very limited

ground attacks and orbital bombardments, in hopes of penetrating the planetary shield generators and taking over the surface of the planet. Dolomar's gunners have shot down most of the Empire's landing transports, so the Empire has been unable to land any heavy vehicles or artillery pieces, and only a small number of transports with troops have been able to land. Those ground forces that do make it to the underground cities are eliminated by the colonists in fierce rounds of street fighting. The local inhabitants know the streets and alleyways of Dolomar infinitely better than Imperial Army troops, and use this for a decided tactical advantage.

The surface of the planet consists of nothing more than glaciers, snowdrifts and ice-shrouded mountains. The northernmost mountain chain, the L'tiri Peaks, houses the largest of the underground complexes, Diflu. Hidden amongst the caverns and tunnels, Diflu hosts a large number of shops, space vessel repair facilities, and cantinas.

DRAENELL'S POINT

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountainous, urban
Length of Day:	37 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	4.2 Standard years
Sapient Races:	Humans, Borneck, various aliens
Starport:	Standard Class
Population:	50 million
Planet Function:	Agriculture, trade
Government:	Imperial governor
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Foodstuffs, mid-technology
Major Imports:	High tech, medicinal goods, mid tech
Source:	Gamemaster Kit

World Summary

This frigid world is the only well-developed world in the Bissillirus system. Viewed from space, it appears as a yellow-blue orb. There are no space stations in near orbit so trade is limited to small tramp freighters. Bulk transports occasionally visit the system perhaps twice a year, excluding the Messert Mines Corporation's bulk freighter.

The planet has one moon named Unillian ("wanderer"). It is responsible for the tremendous tidal forces on Draenell's Point.

Draenell's Point has three major landmasses, along with many small islands, but they are too often adversely affected by storms, and so remain uninhabited.

The largest continent, Rett, is also the least populated. The only major city, New Calince, is a major food-processing center. Rett is mountainous, with farms carved into topsides of the rocky peaks. Rett's mountains are the steepest and its

creatures the most dangerous, so few inhabitants ever venture beyond the cities.

The smallest continent is called Inquiesse, and is home of Juntrack, a large city known for its great manufacturing capacity. Several other cities dot the Juntrack River valley, which extends for thousands of kilometers throughout the mountains.

The true power on Draenell's Point resides on the continent of Mee'r. The planet's capital city, Fullerton, as well as the only civilian starport, in Starpoint, can be found in the Westunillian Mountain chain. Another important location is Thulpin City, home of the largest agricultural company on the planet, Thulpin Agriculture.

While Mee'r has the largest population, it has not been completely tamed and still has its wild areas. Draenell's Point is still a frontier world in many ways, and many of the mountainous areas in the centers of the continents remain unexplored and unsettled.

The Borneck

The Borneck: DEX 2D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D+1; PER 1D+2; STR 3D; TEC 1D+2

The Borneck started emigrating from their home system of Vellity 50 years ago. The hard-working, even-tempered humanoids were a welcome addition to the growing economy. They are primarily farm laborers, although many have been able to start their own farms and small businesses. Draenell's Point has been a good environment for the race, as many of their number have become wealthy businessmen and influential politicians.

They are humanoid, and in many aspects are similar to humans. They average 1.9 meters in height and live an average of 120 Standard Years. Their skin ranges in hue from pale yellow to a rich orange-brown, with a dark yellow most common.

They are known for their patience and common sense. A peaceful people, they enjoy the sense of accomplishment they get from farming, although most despise the dark, dirty work of mining. Their naturally powerful bodies help them perform heavy work, and many have found jobs in the cities in warehouses and the construction industry. They are skilled at piloting vehicles as well, and quite a few have worked their way up to positions on cargo shuttles and tramp freighters. The Empire's restrictive policies have kept Borneck out of the military, but quite a few have found a home in the Rebellion.

Attitudes and Culture

The people of Draenell's Point have a well-developed work ethic. They believe that hard work is rewarded with success, health and happiness. Most of the rural population are farmers, while city residents are often educators, engineers,



factory workers and businessmen. The world's economy is remarkably diverse and self-sufficient, so there is room for virtually every occupation. Wages are low, taxes are high, but people can make a decent living this world far from the terrors of harsh Imperial repression.

Residents believe that celebration is necessary for the spirit, and there always seems to be some kind of community event going on. The planet is very close-knit and cities, even those which are bitter rivals, think nothing of sending whatever they can spare to each other in times of need. The world has a strong family orientation. Most young adults are expected to attend a local university, get a good job and get to the important business of providing grandchildren.

However, the fierce pioneer spirit and independence of farmers is not a trait that can be dismissed lightly. The people of Draenell's Point believe in their rights and will take up arms to protect them - They accept the Imperial presence because it is fairly minor and they feel it is a necessary evil in these dangerous times. The Rebellion will find a few supporters, but they generally keep silent about their views. Most people believe the Imperial propaganda branding the Rebels as a gang of undisciplined cut-throats and smugglers.

The gangs that appear in Episode Five have formed in response to the Imperial crackdown. They are viewed with a mixture of suspicion and hope by the planet's few nascent Rebels, who believe that people must put aside their differences and work together against the common enemy - the Empire. Although people holding those beliefs remain a distinct minority, if the Empire goes too far in its actions against the gangs, Draenell's Point could easily become a

hotbed of rebellion.

Industry and Trade

Draenell's Point thrives only because of the men and women who work the land, and so the farmers have had tremendous influence on the planet's history and social structure over the centuries. Agriculture generates over 75 percent of the income flowing into the system as a whole with Draenell's Point receiving the lion's share and the rest distributed to the other planets through common trade.

Farms are large and often owned by wealthy, influential families. The money is good enough that wise first-generation farmers can expect to make a decent living. Competition is active, but not so fierce that hard-working family farms cannot survive. Agricultural support industries, such as farm machinery manufacturing, are also important.

The planet has a strong economic infrastructure, including mining, manufacturing, distributional sales firmest heavy industries. Airspeeders and other personal transports and copied versions of those made by larger galactic corporations are available in quantity, although the ones made on Draenell's Point are much more expensive. Most residents would gladly pay the extra credits just to know that they are supporting their own people.

DRUCKENWELL

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate

Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Urban, industrial, wetlands
Length of Day:	32 standard hours
Length of Year:	309 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans
Starport:	Imperial class
Population:	9.3 billion
Planet Function:	Manufacturing/processing, heavy industry
Government:	Corporate guilds
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	High-mid technology, manufactured goods
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs, raw materials
Source:	The Best of Star Wars Adventure Journal Issues 1-4

Capsule: Druckenwell is a highly industrialized world with distinct classes of workers and corporate elite. Few of the planet's 9.3 billion people live in the countryside - most are members of the worker class living and toiling for industries in the planet's overcrowded cities.

Overcrowding and Druckenwell's emphasis on corporate stability necessitate several social rules which apply to all on the planet. For instance, couples may not legally marry and bear children without first proving financial independence. Long ago cities were planned out with the social and corporate order in mind. Most cities contain specific districts for corporate offices, worker class quarters and services, heavy industry, and park-like rural sections for homes of the corporate elite.

Druckenwell's several large cities and industrial regions are divided by vast oceans whatever solid land is available was developed centuries ago. The planet's corporate guilds have gone to great lengths to insure that industry does not pollute what few natural resources Druckenwell has. Cleansing air, soil and water is now one of the planet's major industries. Other major corporations on Druckenwell serve the defense, computer and transportation industries.

ELIAD

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountains plains valleys, plateaus
Length of Day:	21 standard hours
Length of Year:	381 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans
Starport:	Standard class
Population:	6 million
Planet Function:	Trade
Government:	Imperial governor
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Minerals
Major Imports:	Luxury items machinery
Source:	GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

The climate and terrain of Eliad is extremely wide-ranging, and almost any combination can be found there. The spaceport is located in the middle of the Jesart desert, in the southern hemisphere, far from any Human settlements. There are not many people living on this planet, but the few who are there are exceedingly wealthy.

When the Emperor overthrew the Old Republic and declared the Empire, he removed a number of nobles from power. Instead of killing them and creating a whole new pantheon of martyrs, he made a bargain with them. If they agreed to permanent exile, he would allow them to keep much of their wealth. Though many chose to flee or chose death a large number of the families accepted. In a mass exodus, they were relocated to Eliad, and to other planets like it.

Now, years later, they are here still attended by a handful of faithful servants and huge numbers of droids. Slowly and nearly imperceptibly, they are rotting away under the weight of their own worthlessness - exactly as the Emperor intended.

There are only about 300,000 or so nobles on Eliad; the rest of the population is made of their servants. The nobility has spread widely across the planet, building palaces and villas for themselves far out of sight of each other (perhaps to avoid having to see their own uselessness reflected in each other). Some have built replicas of the castles they lived in on their homeworlds and pretend they never left.

ELOM

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Cool
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Frozen desert plains
Length of Day:	26 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	406 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Elom (N)
Starport:	Standard Class
Population:	150 million
Planet Function:	Homeworld mining
Government:	Family-controlled Professional Guilds (New Republic Allied)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Lommite
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs weapons, starships
Source:	Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Elom, like the world of Calamari, joined the Rebel Alliance to combat the tyranny of the Empire and to free itself from enslavement. Also like the Mon Cals, Elomin tend to serve in units of their own species. Whole ships are often crewed and captained by nothing but Elomin.

Elom is a cold, barren world a sort of frozen desert tar from its system's sun. Rich in mineral resources, especially an ore called commute the planet's discovery was hailed as a major find by the Senate's exploration council back in the days of the Old Republic. The Elomin have been busy rebuilding their economy and culture since casting off the Empire and their proximity to the Borderland Regions leaves them fearful thatched again will face oppression and enslavement. The planet has been engaged in a massive armament program since gaining freedom.

EMPRESS TETA

By Rodney Thompson (with special thanks to Dan Wallace)

Type:	Terrestrial
Climate:	Temperate to arctic
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Plains, forests, mountains, urban
Length of Day:	23.5 standard hours
Length of Year:	359 standard days
Sentient Species:	Humans, other
Starports:	Stellar class
Population:	1.3 billion
Planet Function:	Homeworld, luxury goods
Government:	Monarchy
Major Exports:	Carbonite
Major Imports:	Raw materials, consumer goods, processed foods
System/Star:	Empress Teta/Koros
Source:	WotC web update

Orbital Bodies

Planets	Type	Moons
Keres I	Searing rock	0
Gillad	Terrestrial	1
Mozos	Terrestrial	2
Empress Teta	Terrestrial	3
Tryast	Terrestrial	1
Phiris	Terrestrial	2
Phoros	Terrestrial	1
Ronika	Terrestrial	1
Keres II	Frozen Rock	0

World Summary

Originally known as Koros, the planet called Empress Teta is the hub of galactic civilization within the Deep Core. Though many of the planets scattered throughout the Deep Core have highly urbanized areas, Empress Teta is one of the few planets to continue to provide cutting edge fashion and amenities only a step behind Coruscant itself. Empress Teta features beautiful and historical architecture dating back to the days of reconstruction following the wars with the Sith and is one of the most visually stunning city-planets in the entire galaxy.

Though some areas full of wildlife still exist on Empress Teta, the majority of the world is taken up by its urban sprawl, which has grown from the one-time capital city of Cinnagar to encompass much of the planet's main continents. In fact, the city is so large that some citizens of the galaxy continue to call the entire planet by this name, leading to some confusion over the years. The planet itself is wealthy and prosperous, with ornate buildings and an artistic style that makes walking through the city a visual treat. Empress Teta is also one of the few worlds in the Deep Core to remain relatively multicultural despite Imperial influences and the anti-alien bias brought with them.

For eons, one of the only true passages into the core was a route known as the Koros Trunk Line (also called the Carbonite Pipeline), which travels from the planet Koros past Kuar and to the planets Foerost, Kaikielius, and then Coruscant. As such, with its vast carbonite resources and placement on the only major route into the Deep Core, Koros became the single largest outpost in the Deep Core frontier and sprang up almost overnight as a bustling city-planet. For years, Koros was the primary stop in the Deep Core, though hyperspace scouts from the Hyperspace Navigators Guild, which has its primary offices on Empress Teta, tried to open up new routes through the densely-packed stars. When the Great Hyperspace War between the Old Republic and the Sith Empire erupted, Koros was caught in the middle and became one of the first planets to see major combat.

After Koros suffered from many devastating attacks, the benevolent leader Empress Teta eventually rebuilt the world in the wake of the war and unified the planet with a myriad of other worlds into what eventually was named the Empress Teta system. The name of Koros was officially changed to Empress Teta, and the planet served as the capital of a small Deep Core empire. With the carbonite mines raking in the credits and unparalleled wealth for all the planet's inhabitants, Empress Teta became a shining example of peace and prosperity that many worlds of the Deep Core tried to emulate.



The only blemish on this was the emergence of the Krath, a group of evil sorcerers that wreaked havoc on the system. A group of petulant young nobles used ancient dark side tomes to enhance their own Force powers and gave rise to one of the most dangerous threats the planet had ever seen. Though they were eventually defeated, many still whisper that the Krath tradition is carried on in secret societies consisting of elite nobles across the planet and in other parts of the galaxy.

During the time of the Old Republic, Empress Teta expanded its power and influence and eventually grew to be one of the most highly populated worlds in the region. Off-

world entrepreneurs flocked to the planet during the "Carbonite Rush," when members of the Mining Guild were coming up with so much carbonite that they could not find enough freighters to ship the valuable material. Empress Teta managed to avoid heavy casualties during the Clone Wars, though its close ties with the Mining Guild, whose loyalties to the Confederacy were forged in credits, ensured that the planet did not escape the conflict completely unscathed. A number of smaller struggles over the valuable carbonite took place on the ground and in the space above Empress Teta, though its own defense forces were enough to ensure that the planet was never in severe danger.

When the Empire rose, it claimed the planet and seized all carbonite mines. Empress Teta became a staging point for most of the Imperial expeditions into the Deep Core, and the Navigator's Guild's computers were plundered for information by Imperial Intelligence. It was not until the Empire fled the system years after the Emperor's rebirth that the people regained their sovereignty and rejoined the galaxy as a rich and economically stable world.

People

When not under the boot heels of Imperial occupation, the people of Empress Teta are proud of their heritage as self-sufficient entrepreneurs and daring leaders of the galaxy. With their home planet nestled in such a dangerous region of space, Tetans are likely to be at the very least straightforward and energetic while, at the most extreme, they can be brash, hotheaded, and fiercely passionate about what they believe in. Their pride in their history, as well as the planet's namesake, leads many Tetans to remain on their home planet rather than venture out into the galaxy at large.

Many Tetans work for the Mining Guild, whose presence on Empress Teta has been a constant ever since the discovery of rich carbonite deposits eons ago. Similarly, daring scouts and adventurers flock to the world to join the Navigator's Guild as hyperlane explorers seeking to find new ways to get to places throughout the Deep Core. Similarly, a number of shipping and trading businesses make their homes on Empress Teta, providing a large number of jobs in the transport and trade industry.

Locations

Descriptions of several key locations follow.

Cinnagar

The capital city of Empress Teta and one of the largest individual cities in the entire Deep Core, Cinnagar is a place where the inhabitants of the Deep Core can go to experience the sights, sounds, and other amenities found on planets of the Core Worlds. In fact, a number of shops and restaurants directly emulate the styles of individual core worlds -- the Alderaan Fine Arts Museum features new art displays, Coruscant Fashions allows patrons to shop for the latest Core World styles, and Club Corellia offers a number of specialty foods and drinks, as well as dancing and

entertainment, from Corellia and other planets of the Core. Similarly, the regional government has offices spread throughout the city, collecting most of the bureaucracy in one place to make the government work more quickly and efficiently. Cinnagar is also home to the planetary defense starfighter corps responsible for patrolling the airspace above Cinnagar and for providing escorts for ships traveling from the planet to the prison colony of Ronika and back. Due to the fact that Cinnagar covers over half of the planet's land mass, the world itself has in all ages been called Cinnagar by many, even in official documentation.

Navigator's Guildhouse

A massive structure filled with antique designs and old galaxy charm, the Hyperspace Navigator's Guildhouse began as a mansion inherited by a wealthy Tetan noble that was transformed into the base for the guild of explorers attempting to open new hyperspace lanes. Over time, the guildhouse expanded to be a sprawling complex composed of a number of buildings, including hangar bays and starship repair yards. Members of the guild will find temporary housing in the complex, as well as places to park their scout ships for repairs. Despite the modernization of the center, the original wooden guildhouse remains a vision of the past that has slowly been upgraded over time with state-of-the-art computer and communications systems. The navigational library is filled to the edge with star charts and hyperspace routes, and the guildhouse's computers are highly valued sources of information for Deep Core travelers.

Carbonite Mines

The source of Empress Teta's wealth, carbonite mines litter much of the remaining natural landmass of the world. However, the discovery of carbonite deposits on the other six habitable worlds in the system gave the Mining Guild an ample supply of raw carbonite ore to work with and allowed the capital planet itself to avoid the ecosystem plundering that other worlds must endure. Mining Guild security teams closely monitor the carbonite mines on Empress Teta for tampering and trespassing, though common rumors on the street indicate that a number of organized crime syndicates have been using the carbonite mines as a place to store and transfer contraband under the guise of legitimate business.

ENDOR'S MOON

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Forest
Length of Day:	18 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	402 Local Days
Sapient Species:	Ewoks
Starport:	Limited services (landing port; seasonally staffed)
Population:	10 million
Planet Function:	Homeworld, trade

Government: Tribal (New Republic allied; non-participating member)
Tech Level: Stone
Major Exports: Foodstuffs, medicinal goods
Major Imports: None
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The Endor system was nothing more than a footnote in the Old Republic astrogration logs before it became the site of one of the most famous battles in history. It was an insignificant, out-of-the-way system, with few planets and only one sphere capable of supporting life. An Imperial outpost had been established on the sphere, and from there the necessary preparations were begun so that the second Death Star battle station could be constructed in the sphere's protective orbit.

Endor is appropriately labeled "the forest moon." Vast forests cover most of the moon, full of trees that reach over three hundred meters into the air. The trunks are covered with shaggy, rust-colored bark. They rise as straight as columns, some extremely wide, others seemingly impossibly thin. Spindly foliage of lush colors fill the upper branches of these living giants, scattering the bright sunlight in delicate blue-green patterns across the forest floor.

The day on Endor's moon belongs to the Ewoks, a small, furred hunter/gatherer species that lives in the giant trees. They build villages in the trees, and live in close-knit tribal units.

The night, however, belongs to a thousand different predators. While Ewoks are certainly the most intelligent species native to Endor, the cunning and physical strength of many less-intelligent predators forces the Ewoks into their elevated villages at night.

A curiosity over Endor is a "psychic bloodstain" of sorts. This spot is dark and brooding and marks the area where the second Death Star burst into a thousand colors and then cooled to unrecognizable wreckage. Here is where the Emperor died, and those who are sensitive to the Force can feel his presence when they pass through the spot. It is a malign, hateful presence, chilling to all Force-wielders who pass through it.

Bright Tree Village

Built among the wide trunks of the tall trees of Endor's moon, Bright Tree Village is a typical Ewok settlement, located near the ruins of the Imperial outpost. Named for the tall central tree that catches the rays of the sun throughout most of the day, Bright Tree houses nearly two hundred of the Ewoks. The healthy cluster of trees in which they live, the good hunting, and the abundant supplies of food and fresh water make these Ewoks feel particularly blessed among the children of the trees.

The village hangs 50 meters over the forest floor. The main platform features a wide, open work and meeting area built

around a central hunters' hall. Other, smaller platforms rise above and hang below the main platform.

The lowest levels of the village feature the sentry posts. Here the most experienced Ewok warriors team with young novices to guard the approach to the village and teach the novices what they know. Sentries watch for approaching dangers, greet and announce visitors, and raise and lower the climbing vines needed to reach the forest floor. Sentry posts, like all of the lower portions of the village, are camouflaged to hide the platforms above from unwanted guests.

The main platform features the chief's hut, the shaman's hut, the hall of elders, and the hunters' meeting place. Other huts on this platform and the smaller platforms that cling to the trees above include storage areas, family dwellings, huts for unmated females and unmated males, visitor huts, and the place of sickness where ills and wounds are treated.

The highest platforms house additional sentries. These watchers constantly observe the horizon, looking for anything which might threaten the safety of the village or the hunters and gatherers in the forest below. Additionally, special platforms serve as launching pads for Ewok gliders. Gliders are used as both offensive weapons and to quickly get news to those outside the village.

EOL SHA

Type:	Volcanic
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountain, volcanic
Length of Day:	19 standard hours
Length of Year:	326 local days
Sapient Races:	Humans
Starport:	Landing field
Population:	38
Planet Function:	Abandoned Colony
Government:	Ruler by selection
Tech Level:	Feudal
Source:	The Jedi Academy Sourcebook

World Summary

Eol Sha is a wild, somewhat unstable world of volcanoes, geysers and earthquakes. The air is filled with acrid sulfurous smoke and chemical vapors, and the ground is riddled with geysers, which are triggered by constant ground tremors caused by the large moon which orbits closely to the planet.

Eol Sha is located in the Cauldron Nebula, a brilliant cloud of ionized gas - a mix of magentas, oranges, and blues. The Nebula dominates the sky, casting a pastel blaze across the sky.

A small community of humans, the remnants of an

abandoned colony, have lived on Eol Sha for roughly four generations. The settlement on Eol Sha was established a century ago by entrepreneurs who intended to use ramjet-mining ships to plow through the Cauldron Nebula and scoop up valuable gases. Eol Sha was the only Inhabitable world close enough to support the commercial venture, so the mining company paid settlers to move to the planet to distill the gaseous harvest into pure, rare elements for sale to other outposts.

Unfortunately, the mining scheme didn't pay off - the incompetent entrepreneurs hadn't counted on the true costs of ramjet ships and the unremarkable composition of the Cauldron's gases. They pulled out and the outpost on Eol Sha was left to fend for itself. With the collapse of the Old Republic, Eol Sha was just one of thousands of forgotten colony worlds.

As if things weren't bad enough for the abandoned colonists it soon became apparent that Eol Sha was none too stable - a tandem moon finally orbited too close to the planet and began spiraling in on a death plunge as gravity dragged it down. The tidal and gravitational stresses created by the moon have played havoc with Eol Sha's weather and has caused numerous quakes all over the planet. Year by year the huge moon passes closer and closer to the doomed planet and within another hundred years the moon will crash into the planet smashing both into rubble.

The outpost was discovered recently by a New Republic sociologist who had visited them briefly, recorded his insights and filed a report recommending immediate evacuation for the doomed colony - all of which was promptly forgotten in the already blossoming bureaucracy of the New Republic and the attacks by Grand Admiral Thrawn.

The Eol Sha settlement consists of shored-up prefab habitation modules, which have been battered by decades of exposure to the planet's abusive nature. They were built from modified cargo containers and modular self-erecting shelters. The maintenance systems which long ago failed, have been cannibalized for other projects.

By the time Luke visits the settlement in search of a Jedi candidate, less than 40 colonists remain, led by Gantoris, who traditionally wears the faded uniform of a trader captain on special occasions, carefully handed down from generation to generation.

The colonists get by largely on a few crops and dishes and soups made from small animals such as bugdillos. They harvest lichen within the numerous geysers found in the area consulting a timetable on a battered datapad to determine how much time they have before the geyser erupts again. The lichen is found within crevices which are deep enough to protect the lichen from direct exposure to the scalding blasts of steam.

Luke sees to it that the colonists are evacuated from the planet. Unhappily, it turns out that they would have lived

longer on Eol Sha than their new world of Dantooine where they become examples of Admiral Daala's cruelty and ambition.

FARRFIN

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Light (0.9 Standard)
Terrain:	Mountains, oceans
Length of Day:	29 standard hours
Length of Year:	388 local days
Sapient Species:	Farghul (N)
Star-ports:	Stellar Class
Population:	6 billion
Planet Function:	Entertainment, homeworld, smuggling haven
Government:	Criminal hierarchy
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Information, smuggled goods
Major Imports:	Liquor, holos, spice, other contraband items
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The planet Farrfin was a popular refuge of smugglers and pirates in the days of the Old Republic. Its remote location made it ideal for hiding from pursuers, and eventually the Rebel Alliance made use of the planet as well. The planet's inhabitants, the Farghul, a species easily given to smuggling and con artistry, freely welcomed all newcomers to Farrfin — if only for the chance to bilk the unwary out of every credit they could.

Recently, Imperial forces have tried to dominate the Farrfin system, and have met with stern resistance. The craggy, fog-choked planet makes ground operations difficult, and the local inhabitants, used to operating in these difficult conditions, have managed to stall Imperial takeover. The Republic is also supplying weapons, food and medicine so that the Farghul can continue their resistance effort.

Farrfin is a medium sized planet, with high mountain peaks, deep valleys, some tectonic instability, and a number of underground streams. These streams (and, in some cases, larger bodies of water) meet with the lava just beneath the surface of the planet, causing huge fissures of steam to explode from the ground. These "steam storms" are what makes the planet difficult for the Empire to cope with: the damp weather, low visibility, and the unfamiliar and treacherous terrain have all contributed to make Imperial occupation extremely difficult.

Farrfin has three major cities: Farlhu, Jahhnu and Geltyu. A strong "criminal" element thrives in these cities, with con-artists running sabacc scams on every street corner, and pockets being picked left and right. The famed Jahhnu betting houses rake in incredible sums of currency, as

gullible off-worlders and bored smugglers gamble away their earnings. That this haven for bored criminals has managed to repulse Imperial attacks is bewildering to the Empire.

FILVE

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban
Length of Day: 14 standard hours
Length of Year: 110 local days
Sapient Species: Filvians (N)
Starport: Imperial Class
Population: 6 billion
Planet Function: Service, homeworld
Government: Alliance/Federation
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: High technology, computers, droids
Major Imports: Food, medicine
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The planet Filve has become a huge service station for passing starships. An Imperial class starport services virtually any vessel (though smaller ships tend to be put off by Filve starport's inflated docking fees). The Filvians, noted for their mechanical aptitude, have turned a hot, uncomfortable planet into a major trade and information nexus.

A large number of ships pass through the Dulfilvian system, mostly restocking at Filve. A number of the galaxy's wealthiest corporations, such as Sienar and BlasTech, have opened branch offices on Filve. Filvian computers and computer operators are highly sought after by many corporations, due to the large amount of computerized recordkeeping that is part of the daily operation of such an organization.

The planet itself is hot, dry and uncomfortable. The climate is almost monotonous: constant sunshine, oven hot winds and a complete lack of vegetation make Filve an inhospitable desert planet.

The Filvians have created gigantic, self-contained cities to house themselves and the off-worlders that live on the planet. These cities are completely climate controlled and are protected from the uncomfortable outside environment. These huge mega-cities are interlocked, and it is possible to visit each city without ever walking outdoors.

GENERIS

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist

Gravity: Heavy (1.1 of Standard)
Terrain: Jungle, mountains
Length of Day: 42 standard hours
Length of Year: 234 local days
Sapient Species: Humans, wide variety of other species
Starports: Limited Services
Population: 2,000
Planet Function: Communications center
Government: Imperial Governor
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Generis, in the Atrivis system, was the prime New Republic communications nexus in the Outer Rim Territories until it fell to the forces of Grand Admiral Thrawn. Only the actions of Pash Cracken managed to save the lives of many members of the Atrivis Communications Group.

Generis is a planet of startling natural beauty: a lush jungle planet that displays a number of indigenous creatures and plants. The terrain is hilly and rocky, with choking jungle foliage clogging the few pathways that have been forged through the rugged terrain. The nature of the terrain convinced the Rebel Alliance to install a communications array there; even if the Empire managed to locate the comm center, an extended ground campaign would be required to take or disable the center.

There are no major cities on Generis, nor are there any surviving indigenous sapient species. The ruins of a number of temples of decidedly non-human origin have been discovered, but there is no clue what became of the temples' builders.

The comm center that is now firmly under Imperial control is located on the southern pole of the planet, near a large deposit of hiridiu crystals. These crystals have been used in old-style communications systems since the days of the Old Republic: the proximity of the crystals helps boost modern communications signal strength by almost 30 percent. The loss of this unique broadcast center will be difficult for the New Republic to recover from.

GESARIL

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Saturated
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Swamp, jungle
Length of Day: 19 standard hours
Length of Year: 134 local days
Sapient Species: Gesaril (N)
Starport: None
Population: 16 million
Planet Function: Trade
Government: Tribal

Tech Level: Stone
 Major Exports: None
 Major Imports: None
 Source: GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

Known as the forbidden planet, Gesaril is a very strange place. Covered with a strange, incredibly thick Jungle which actually floats above a noxious swamp, it is inhabited by a species of furry, hyperactive creatures that Imperial researchers have classified barely sentient. Besides these things, there isn't much of interested the planet unless you count the wrecks of the nine Imperial spaceships.

These ships all crashed in exactly the same coastal section of the planet and no one knows why. The planet has been put under strict quarantine and no one is allowed to enter or leave it.

GLOVA

System: Glova
 Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moist
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Jungle and Low Hills
 Length of Day: 22.3 Standard Hours
 Length of Year: 375 Local Days
 Sapient Species: Human
 Starport: Limited services
 Population: 100,000 (20,000 in Drepplin)

Planet Function: Agriculture
 Government: Appointed Governor
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Wine, grains
 Major Imports: All levels of technology
 Source: The Politics of Contraband
 Adventure/Supplement

World Summary

Glova was originally colonized more than 200 Standard Years ago. The first boom in population came when a small amount of precious metal, usable on some planets as money and on others for technological reasons was found. The deposits turned out to be very small, and the mining craze played out after a very short time. Eventually, Glova found its niche as a supplier of foodstuffs to other planets in this area.

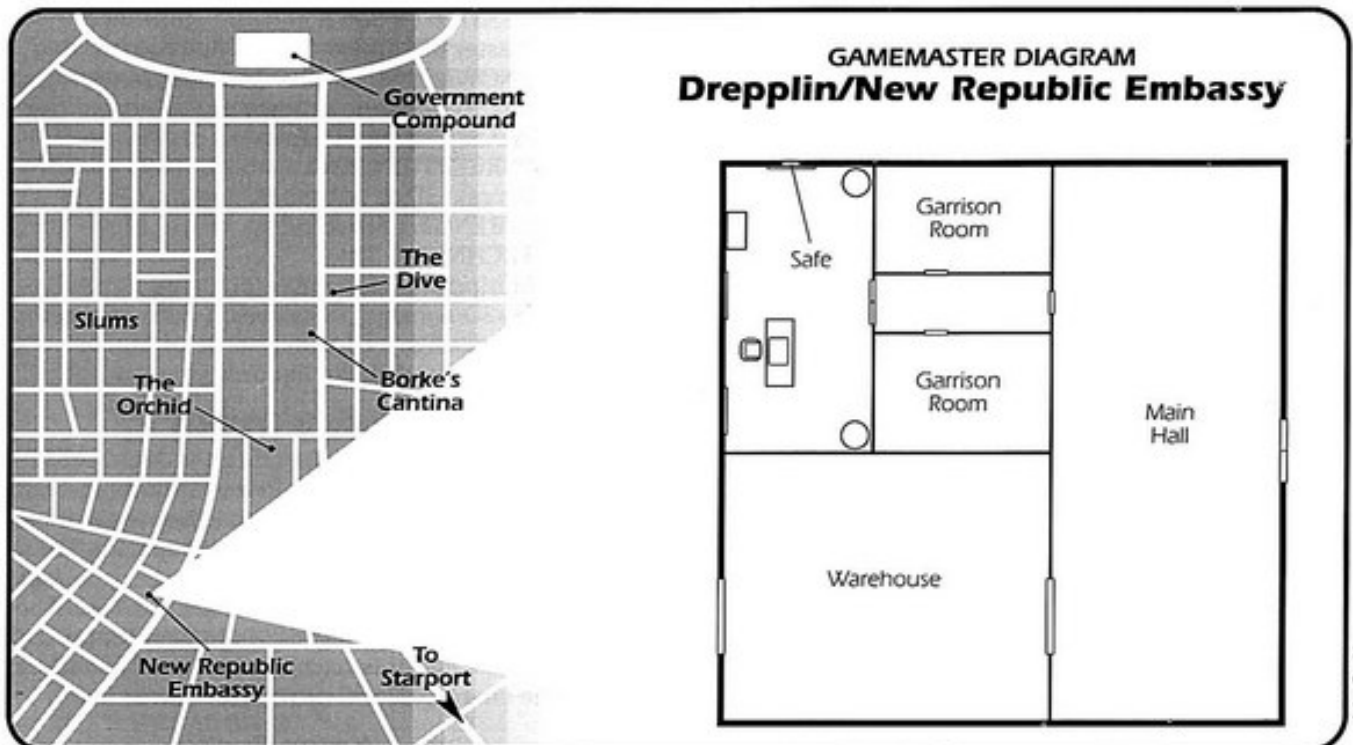
Drepplin

The town of Drepplin is a very small port city (population 20,000), and as such, is a bit rough and tumble. It was founded when the colony was established, and it has remained the capital of the planet. Due to the limited population on the planet, it also serves as the planet's only spaceport.

The Government House was built out of an old plantation house built by one of the original settlers.

Most of the buildings in the city are ram-shackle constructs and the outer spaceport area is also a low-budget affair - there are simple marked lots for starships, with only refueling and the most limited of repair services.

Drepplin Street is the main road, and it is a collection of



John Paul Lona

various establishments, including bars, hotels, supply houses, and import companies. Products of every nature may be found here, although at exorbitant prices.

The Dive

The Dive is just that. Fights break out here at least twice an hour and five times an hour during weekends is not uncommon. Permanent debilitating injuries are part of the fun. All forms of gambling are also practiced here, with rigged sabacc games being a favorite of the house.

The Orchid

The Orchid is a hotel attached to Aramand's, the highest-class establishment in Drepplin. It is the only hotel in the city, and thus attracts a wide ranging clientele. The service is excellent, and for those with good contacts in the government, fares are as low as 25 credits per night; the average citizen will have to pay 75-100 credits per night.

Aramand's is an expensive restaurant, catering to the upper crust. The average tramp pilot will find it difficult to gain access. There are, however, advantages to this kind of place. The most corrupt individuals in the government frequent the establishment and anything done within its walls remains a secret as part of an "old, corrupt politicians" network.

Meals at Aramand's are very expensive (probably 50 credits per person), but definitely worth it. The chefs are all trained as gourmets, familiar with the most exquisite dishes of more than 50 races. All in all not exactly the kind of restaurant you would expect to find on a dreary frontier world.

The complex is owned and operated by Glova's governor, Tegist Byrg, so characters must be careful in their behavior or they will attract unwanted attention.

BORKE VALKANHAYN

Template Type: Criminal Trader
Loyalty: To himself
Height: 1.5 meters
Species: Human
Sex: Male

DEXTERITY 3D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Streetwise 6D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 5D+1, con 4D+1, gambling 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D

Physical Description: Borke is rough, unsavory, and scruffy-looking. His clothes are the cheap, flashy type, more the sort worn by some one being pretentious than by anyone with real power. His features are rough, and a deep scar runs from his left eye to below the right side of his mouth. This side of his mouth continually twitches.



Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D damage), money pouch containing 500 credits, cowlick

Background: Borke grew up on Kalab with Garvan Spasso his current partner. After a piece of trouble on Kalab, Borke came to Glova. Within a few months, he had established himself as the premier "importer" on the planet.

Personality: Borke is a double-dealing criminal. If he thought he could make money selling his mother into slavery, he would. He has almost no shred of decency, nor is he trustworthy. However he tries very hard to

appear as if he is trustworthy; this attempt often fails miserably, and he comes off as a sleazy businessman.

Quote: "But I could have gotten that for you wholesale."

Borke's Cantina

Borke's Cantina caters more to the run-of-the-mill citizen of Drepplin. Prices are average, and so is the food. Owned by Borke he uses it primarily to launder money from his "importing" business. There was initially a small danger from legal authorities, but Borke makes a small "contribution" to the operating funds of several important officials, and this hasn't been a problem since.

ROBET MARINA, NEW REPUBLIC AMBASSADOR

Template Type: Ambassador
Loyalty: To the New Republic
Height: 1.9 meters
Species: Human
Sex: Male

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien races 5D bureaucracy 6D, cultures 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

PERCEPTION 4D

Command 6D, con 6D

STRENGTH 2D

Stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D, security 5D



Physical Description:

Tall and dashing, he is clean cut and blonde haired. He is suave and dashing, and has an air of authority and wealth about him.

Equipment: Holdout blaster 3D+2 (damage), comlink

Background: Makina is the archetypical New Republic man. Born to a good family, Makina used this to his advantage. When he witnessed atrocities performed by the Empire whom he had supported, he was shocked. He swore to overthrow the Empire whatever it took. He joined the Rebellion almost immediately, and brought his family's resources with

him.

Personality: Always willing to take a chance on someone who seems sincere, Makina will trust most people upon first meeting. However, if his trust is betrayed, it is never regained.

Quote: "Those Imperials will pay for what they have done!"

THE NEW REPUBLIC EMBASSY

Built from an office building/warehouse this turned out to be the only building available when the New Republic officials arrived. That it is riddled with listening devices is certain; that these devices are reliable is uncertain.

The Main Hall

Serving as both the entry hall for the Embassy, and the main ballroom for official functions, this room is quite large. The appointments are quite lavish, as the ambassador refused to go without certain "luxuries." Expensive tapestries adorn the walls and fine art objects are displayed in alcoves. All the appointments come from the ambassador's personal fortune.

Ambassador's Office

Also appointed in a lush and regal fashion, this room really shows the taste of the ambassador. Art from 50 worlds decorates the office, and none of it is cheap.

The Warehouse Area

Originally used as a warehouse this space has been converted into an operations center for this sector. There are rows and rows of computers for compiling data about the sector.

In the back corner of the warehouse room are several crates filled with emergency supplies for the sector, including weapons, combines survival gear, office supplies and anything else that a bustling government's representatives might need.

Garrison Rooms

These rooms house the New Republic troops. There are 65-armed troops stationed at the embassy, although many of them also perform warehouse work since duty shifts are so easy.

New Republic Soldiers

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 6D, dodge 5D+1, melee 4D+2, melee parry 5D

KNOWLEDGE 2D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Command 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D damage), blast vest (+2 to Strength to resist damage), club STR+1D damage), comlink, standard New Republic uniform

TEGIST BYRG, PLANETARY GOVERNOR

Template Type: Crime lord Turned Diplomat

Loyalty: To himself

Height: 1.5 meters

Species: Human

Sex: Male

Homeworld: Malo VI

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Bureaucracy 5D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Command 6D

STRENGTH 2D

TECHNICAL 2D

Security 4D

Physical Description: Byrg is a large, slovenly man, weighing more than 250 kilos. His face has several chins, and he has a tendency to drool when he is excited.

Equipment: Holdout blaster (3D+2 damage), comlink



Background: Born the son of a street beggar, he decided early on that this was not the life for him. Byrg apprenticed himself to a local thief and his career was off - an early fencing operation led to the creation of his own personal empire. Eventually, one of his well-positioned associates gave him the governorship of Glova.

Personality: Greedy, power hungry and unpleasant. He often likes to sit in his office looking out over the slums - the squalor amuses him.

Quote: "I don't care if its someone else's ship, I want it!"

The Government Compound

This compound is the home of Glova's government. The compound is surrounded by a two-meter tall stone fence, although no other security precautions are evident. The governor's house was the original building, and all other buildings in the compound were haphazardly added, giving the whole area a disjointed unorganized appearance.

The Governor's House

The governor's house is a large plantation house built by the original settlers. There is a modified speeder bike just outside the house. Its speed code is 4D its body is 2D and its maneuver ability is 3D. There is also a landspeeder (speed code 2D, body 3D, maneuverability 2D).

The Docking Bays

These were built a few years ago when the traffic in and out of the port area required the addition of impound yards. The bays are capable of holding three small, light freighters.

Import Warehouse

This warehouse holds all impounded cargo. There is one guard on duty.

Garrison

These are the bunk rooms and living quarters for the small garrison of planetary troops. There are more than 100 men in the detail, but it is hard to find more than 50 in residence at one time. Morale of the unit is low and they're as likely to run from combat as fight. Inspector Smitken uses these

troops to help enforce the made-up import taxes he levies against unsuspecting trader captains.

Planetary Militia

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D+1, dodge 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 1D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Command 4D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 1D

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D damage), blast vest (+1 to Strength to resist damage), combine, red and blue uniform with gold trim

GUITEICA

Type: Desolate mountains
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Dry
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Mountainous, forested, glacial
 Length of Day: 27 standard hours
 Length of Year: 306 local days
 Sapien Species: Bitthaevrians (N)
 Starport: 1 standard class
 Population: 7.8 million
 Planet Function: Homeworld
 Government: Popular military
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Bal'ta'ran crystals, minerals and metal ores
 Major Imports: High tech
 System: Tertiary Kadok
 Star: Kadok III
 Source: Alliance Intelligence Reports

Orbital Bodies

Name	Planet Type	Moons
Kadok III-A	searing rock	8
Kadok III-B	searing rock	15
Kadok III-C	barren rock	1
Kadok III-D	terrestrial	9
Kadok III-E	gas giant	75

World Summary

Kadok III-D, commonly known as Guiteica, is a harsh world and home to the Bitthaevrians. The world, though considered overly rugged by many less hardy species, is rich in natural beauty, with gorgeous vistas, soaring peaks and huge water falls.

The 16 primary continents of Guiteica are each governed by a separate popular military group, which each have representation (though some more than others) in a planetary defense force. Since the world can supply all essential goods for the Bitthaevrians nutritional needs, the

imports such as medicines, computers, and starcraft components are brought in only on a biannual basis.

HAPES

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: standard
Terrain: Mountain
Length of Day: 22 standard hours
Length of Year: 240 local days
Sapient Species: (N) Humans; Hapans
Starport: Imperial Class
Population: 4 million
Planet Function: Government, homeworld
Government: Monarchy (Hapan Royal Family)
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: Luxury Goods
Source: Cracken's Threat Dossier

World Summary

Over four millennia ago, the first of the Queen Mothers made Hapes the capital of her empire. Much like Coruscant, Hapes is a planet that never sleeps. As the bureaucratic center for the entire Hapan Cluster, all Hapan member worlds have an embassy here. By law, all major financial and business transactions conducted within the domain of the Hapes Consortium must be performed on Hapes proper. Most major corporations have a branch office on Hapes, and many other businesses have chosen the world as their primary headquarters. The Hapes Transit Authority handles more than 2,000 starships a day.

Hapes is dominated by lush forests and majestic mountain ranges. The cities are stately and its factories are impeccably clean - as mandated by Hapan Consortium law.

Outside the cities, much of Hapes wildlife remains undisturbed. Hunting is strictly regulated, as is the planet's thriving fishing industry. In the center of Hapes' largest city - "Ta'a Chume'Dan" or "Queen Mother's Residence" - lies a large, mountain-like structure. It is on this platform that the space vessel Star Home (NRI Security File: 94213.9421:991) rests while Ta'a Chume holds court. It is a both a testament and reminder to the Hapan people of the greatness that the Queen Mother represents.

HIJARNA

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Moderate
Atmosphere: Type II (breath mask suggested due to bacterial contaminants)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Barren wasteland
Length of Day: 22 standard hours
Length of Year: 363 local days

Sapient Species: None
Starports: Limited Services
Population: None
Planet Function: Smuggler hideout
Government: None
Tech Level: Space (smuggler camp only)
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Hijarna has a mystery to xeno-archeologists galaxy wide since its discovery during the Fifth Alderaanian Expedition. The planet is almost totally devoid of life, and, if all the data on the structure and composition of the planet is accurate, Hijarna was destroyed by warfare. One of the few major structures still standing on the planet is the so-called Fortress of Hijarna, a brooding, massive edifice of blackened stone that is perched high atop a bluff overlooking a battle-scarred plain.



Hijarna shows evidence that it once was a lush, beautiful world. Fossil records indicate an abundance of animal life—at one time. No trace remains, however, of the sapient species responsible for the destruction of the planet. The cause of Hijarna's downfall has remained a topic of speculation for researchers and scientists for decades. Some feel that the fortress was created as a last ditch defense against whatever destroyed the planet, while others feel

that the fortress may have been a stronghold for the invaders or conquerors. Some of the wilder speculations concerning Hijarna (popularized by less reputable "scientific" journals and pop-media news networks) have included theories that the planet was destroyed by aliens from another galaxy, that a super-virus created by the natives devoured all life, and even that a huge temporal rift sucked all life from the planet's surface. It is likely that the cause of Hijarna's destruction will remain a mystery for quite some time.

The fortress is occasionally used by smuggler Talon Karrde as a meeting place far from the prying eyes of Imperial Intelligence. Karrde chose Hijarna as a rendezvous point for a vital meeting of the smugglers' alliance.

HONOGHR

Type:	Terrestrial (Toxic)
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Toxic plains, some clean land
Length of Day:	23 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	352 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Noghri
Starport:	Imperial Class (for Imperial ships only)
Population:	10 million
Planet Function:	Homeworld
Government:	Clan (Empire allied)
Tech Level:	Stone with space components
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	Food water, medicine tech
Source:	Dark Force Rising Sourcebook

World Summary

Seven planets orbit the Honoghr sun, from tiny Logru with its oceans of boiling lava, to distant Kuthul, the frozen giant. Of these seven worlds, it was the fourth planet that was blessed with life. Honoghr was the paradise in this turbulent system, though its hold on life was tenuous at best. It was not a world of abundance like Alderaan but it was the best this system had to offer. That changed drastically after the violence of the galaxy intruded on the world.

The Noghri, the species of savage hunters turned into killing machines by the Empire, hail from the distant and nearly unknown world of Honoghr. Little of the world is fit for habitation. The area that can still support life is called the Clean Land, and its major city is Nystao. There are also a number of smaller villages spread throughout the Clean Land.

From high orbit visitors can see the results of the cataclysm that devastated the Noghri homeworld. The surface of the world is almost uniformly brown with a few deep blue lakes and small oceans. There are no greens or yellows no signs of plant life. From above Honoghr looks dead. Only on closer

examination does any evidence of life appear in the middle of the brown landscape. A small, irregularly-shaped patch of pale green sits lonely vigil on the world of dusty browns. This is the Clean Land - Honoghr's only hope for life.

What happened to the world? Long ago Honoghr was caught between two combating warships. When the battle was over the planet was left for dead an innocent bystander hit by the stray shots of high-tech war.

Life on Honoghr has always been hard but it became impossible after the battle in the sky. To the Noghri, it was like a war between gods. The warships shot bolts of lightning across the sky all through the night and into the next day. The distant mountains flashed with their fury. The Noghri were more frightened by the silence than by the light for there was no thunder to accompany the great flashes. When the lightning finally stopped, the Noghri hoped the gods had gone and taken their war with them. Then the ground shake started.

Whole cities vanished in the earthquakes which shook the world. Forests and fields burned, as did villages and cities which survived the quakes. This was followed by terrible sickness and more people died. Then the strange-smelling rain began to fall.

In more civilized terms one of the great warships crashed into the planet, triggering massive earthquakes and releasing toxic chemicals into the air. Older starships carried such potent toxins, like the ships of the Old Republic.

A twist of fate left only one portion of the planet habitable, and that was the ancient truce ground that the clans had long used as a neutral site. All the surviving clans migrated to the truce ground in search of a way to live in the dying world. It was here, in the Clean Land, that Lord Vader found the Noghri.

The Noghri feared him as aged but they were also angry with the gods for what they had done. Some of the Noghri attacked killing many of Vader's attendants despite their blasters and armor. Only three of the twenty Noghri fell before Lord Vader stopped the battle. He offered peace and the aid of the Emperor. Vader provided food medicine and tools at first, and later he brought decor Droids to clean the land. Vader, who the Noghri believed was the only being in the galaxy that cared for them, became their master.

Once the Noghri clans were many, full of discord and death. The history carved into the walls of each dukha show the terrible destruction of life created by the conflicts of old. Clan battled clan, and war was a way of life. This changed after the destruction on Honoghr. Now the clans are one, serving the Empire.

Outside the Clean Land, the only plant that continued to grow on the world was the kholm grass, and the few animals that have managed to survive are those that can eat it. To this day, the Noghri depend on supplies brought from other worlds by their Imperial masters, or they will

perish as a species. The Noghri leaders, called the dynasts, have been Imperial vassals since Lord Darth Vader arrived. For many years they faithfully served Vader and his Emperor, gladly giving their sons and daughters over as commandos. In exchange for the help their planet needed.

The current Imperial lord of the Noghri is Grand Admiral Thrawn. The day Lord Vader presented him to the dynasts has been etched in Noghri memory, for it was a sad day. The Lord Vader, who had saved the Noghri from total destruction, explained that his duties against the Emperor's enemies would require his full attention. From that day forth, the Grand Admiral would be their lord and commander. Sadness spread, for the Lord Vader had been the only one other than the Emperor who cared for the well-being of the Noghri. He had given them hope and purpose. It took time for the Grand Admiral to give them such things as well.

The Dukhas

Noghri culture is clan-oriented made up of close-knit family groups that engage in many customs and rituals. It has all of the social customs of primitive pre-spaceflight cultures though the Empire has provided spaceships and high-tech machinery to Noghri.

Every clan has a dynast, or clan leader and a village it calls home. Each clan village has a dukha at its center, and all village life revolves around it. A dukha is a large cylindrical building with a flat cone-shaped roof. The circular wall is composed of massive vertical wooden pillars alternating with a lighter wood. Just beneath the eaves, a metal band circles the entire building. The pillars of the elaborate structure are made of whole sections of tree trunk which have been stripped of bark and smoothed to a black marble finish. The lighter wood is covered with intricate carvings, as is the reinforcing metal band showing both function and art.

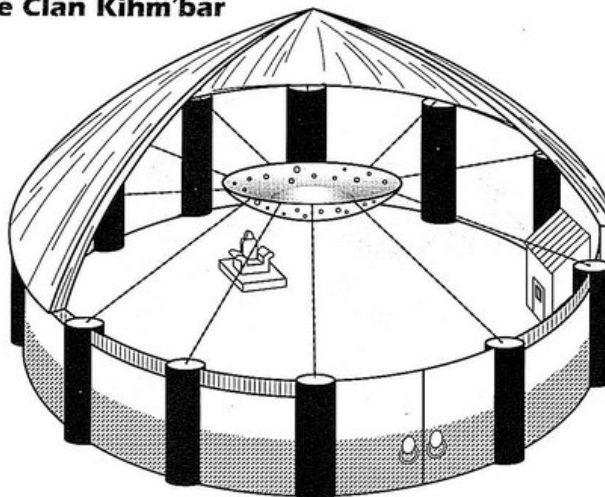
Each dukha is twenty meters across and four meters high, plus an additional four meters for the conical roof. The interior is a single open room with a throne-like chair two-thirds of the way toward the back - the clan High Seat. There are no internal support pillars. Instead, great chains are strung from the top of each wall pillared the edge of a large concave dish hanging over the center of the room. The weight of the dish keeps the pillars upright and as stable as any other support structure could. Hidden lights in the dish's rim glow upward providing soft, diffused illumination.

The Empire's Deception

Of course, the Empire has used the situation to its own advantage, binding the Noghri into a debt of honor in order to make full use of their natural fighting skills. Princess Leia learned that the disaster took place forty-eight Noghri years ago, which the mairakh of clan Kihm'bar told her was the same as forty-four Imperial years.

The disaster did not take place during the Rebellion, as she had assumed but during an earlier conflict perhaps even during the Clone Wars. By lies, the Empire has held the Noghri in bondage for too long. They have not been cleaning the soil but contaminating it to perpetuate the lie. The Empire actually infested the world with a hybrid strain of kholm grass which killed all other forms of plant life; the droids slowly eliminated patches of this dangerous kholm grass - only enough to make it appear as though the Empire was trying to save the world but never enough to free the Noghri from their dependence upon the "generosity"

Dukha of the Clan Kihm'bar



of the Empire.

Princess Leia, going before the Grand Dukha as the daughter of Lord Vader, convinced the Noghri that the Empire had not been helping them. The Empire had been poisoning their world. She proved that the Empire could have repaired the damage to Honoghr in a few short years, not over the course of half a century.

"The Noghri are a free people," Leia told them, "I came only to try to restore that freedom to you." She also told them not to openly throw off the shackles of the Empire just yet, for to do so would bring swift retribution and death. She has promised to return with more fresh living seed so that they can restore their croplands. What happens next to Honoghr is up to the Noghri.

Nystao

In the city of Nystao sits the Common Room of Honoghr, in the Grand Dukha. Within rests the gleaming High Seat,

from which the Grand Admiral holds his convocates of dynasts. Each dynast comes to present himself before the Grand Admiral, affirming his loyalty to Thrawn and Empire. There is also an Imperial spaceport in the city, primitive by Core standards but a paradise compared to the rest of the backwater world.

The spaceport is maintained by Noghri who have been specially trained by the Empire. They can service and repair transports and small starships, though they have little understanding of the skills they have been provided with. The spaceport maintains a control tower and sensor station for monitoring near-space traffic and remains the most technologically advanced area on the planet.

As the capital of the Clean Land and the seat of Imperial power, Nystao houses the supply warehouses. The Empire periodically fills these warehouses with food and water, and the dynast of Nystao distributes the supplies to the outer clan villages as needed. Though all dynasts are considered equal, the dynast of Nystao remains slightly superior than the rest because of his more prominent contact with Thrawn and the Empire.

Nystao is larger than the other clan villages, with more Noghri living within its confines. In addition to the Grand Dukha, there are all of the other features of smaller villages on a larger scale. Huge bake houses prepare food for the families. Large areas are set aside for the training of the young and for the daily practices which the Noghri warriors engage in. Family huts are everywhere, using the limited space of the Clean Land to best advantage.

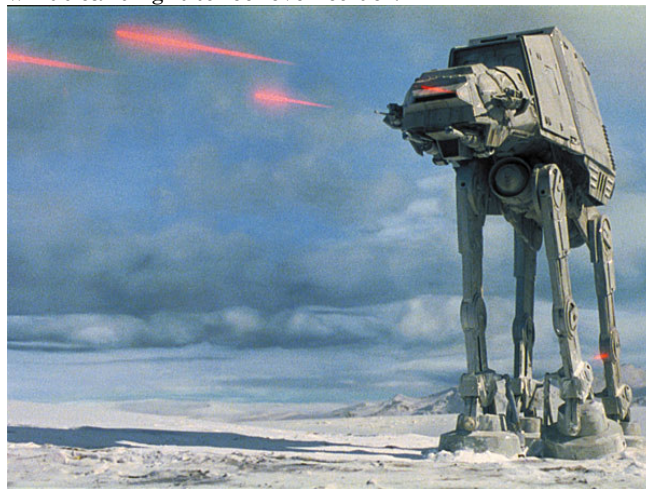
The city isn't open to visitation from outsiders - the Empire intentionally keeps the raw aged world isolated and there are no modern trading center or luxury accommodations for visitors. In fact only Imperial officials are welcome on this world. There are few places for non-Noghri to hide. If one member of a clan knows something, it isn't long before the entire clan knows it. Princess Leia's presence on Hoth was almost revealed to Grand Admiral Thrawn - only Leia's lineage, the Mal'ary'ush or daughter and heir of Lord Darth Vader, protected her.

HOTH

Type:	Frigid Terrestrial
Temperature:	Frigid
Atmosphere:	Type I
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Ice plains glaciers, mountains, and ice grottoes
Length of Day:	23 standard hours
Length of Year:	549 local days
Starport:	Limited Services
Population:	No permanent population
Planet Function:	One-time Rebel base, smuggler and pirate base
Source:	GG 3: The Empire Strikes Back

World Summary

Hoth is the sixth planet from the blue-white star of the same name. The inner five planets are lifeless, and the only remaining orbit in the system is occupied by a wide and chaotic asteroid belt. Debris from this belt causes a lot of meteor activity on Hoth. Hoth is barely hospitable, with its axial tilt, orbital position and atmospheric makeup causing the world to plunge into subzero temperatures. Hoth's daytime temperature high hovers around -32 degrees standard. At night temperatures often fall as low as -60 degrees, with winds causing it to feel even colder.



Hoth's entire surface is covered by ice, but in various locations volcanic fissures open up steam vents, depositing rock and minerals in darker patches on the glacier plains. A few mountain chains penetrate the permanent ice shelves, and some of these are geologically active.

Along Hoth's equator is a deep fissure in the ice shelves reaching hundreds of meters into what seems like another world. In this place never exposed to Hoth's blue-white sun is a cache of lumni-spice a rare fungal growth valued by the galaxy's criminal element. Before the Alliance established a base in the northern hemisphere of Hoth a pirate leader named Raskar attempted to seize the cache, only to be chased off by a creature known as a dragon-slug. Other rarely seen creatures in the Hoth wilderness include land scavengers known colloquially as Hoth hogs, and small rodents such as snowmice and ice scrabblers.

In Hoth's southern hemisphere a massive ocean churns underneath the pressure of ice. The tidal pull of Hoth's three nameless moons cause fissures in the ice-layers, sending jets of ocean water into the freezing Hoth air. The intense cold freezes these jets into spires of ice, suspending primitive ocean algae in these tall columns and glaciers. A species of annelids called ice worms carve their way through the ice to feed on the algae, leaving odd tiny holes in the ice.

IEGO

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere:
Terrain: Rocks, wastelands
Gravity: Standard
Length of Day: Not applicable
Length of Year: Not applicable
Sentient Species: Diathim, Maelibi, mixed-species castaways
Population: 4,500 castaways, unknown number of Diathim and Maelibi
Government: Competing tribes
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: WotC web update

Orbital Bodies

Planets	Type	Moons
Iego	Terrestrial	42

World Summary

In a galaxy of untold wonders, seasoned spacers quickly become jaded. But Iego is one of those enigmatic destinations, wrapped in myth and tinged with menace, that can strike awe into the hearts of even the most fearless hyperspace wanderers.

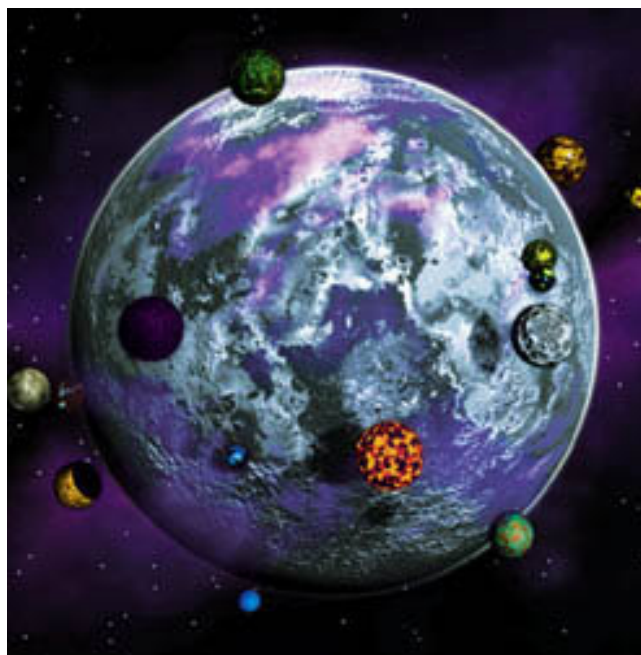
The precise location of Iego is unrecorded on star charts, and facts about its fantastic inhabitants are contradictory—ask three wrinkled spacers for information on Iego, and you'll get three different accounts. The body of Iego lore is consistent on several points, however. South of the Perlemian, far away from any major hyperspace lane, exists a luminous nebulae pocket known as the Exstrictarium. Inside, the small planetoid of Iego floats amid a motionless host of several dozen tiny moonlets. None of the spheroids orbit one another, nor do they rotate, nor are they crushed together into a rocky lump from mutual gravitic attraction. Blazingly bright nebular patches illuminate this suspended tableau with the light of ten suns.

In this implausible environment live the most fanciful creatures to ever haunt Outer Rim mythology. The Angels, to those who believe in them, are so shockingly beautiful that their appearance can make even the most hardened star traveler weep with rapture. Other, less-benign rumors are whispered about the Angels, namely that Iego is a quick trip to an early grave.

The legend of the Angels has persisted since the dawn of hyperspace flight, whispered across darkened tables in filthy Outer Rim cantinas. Since no one can supply the coordinates of Iego and most stories are told as something that happened to a "friend of a friend," the scientific community dismisses the whole affair as a spacefarer's myth. Yet folklorists at the University of Sanbra point out that core elements of the tale have remained remarkably consistent through every telling. The following information represents Sanbra's "best guess" on the facts behind the Iego puzzle.

Iego appears to draw travelers to it, no matter where they are at the time or where they had hoped to go. Due to the peculiarities of hyperspace travel and the legendary abilities of the Angels, ships have been said to vanish from the Core and materialize halfway across the galaxy at Iego during what should have been short, routine hyperspace hops.

Whether the new arrivals try to investigate Iego or make a break for the walls of the Exstrictarium Nebula appears to make little difference. A host of luminous Angels appear almost immediately, stupefying onlookers with their beauty. Witnesses claim that pilots will plunge their ships into violent crash-landings on Iego as if hypnotized. Naturally, spacers have spun this nugget of information into rich, fantastic yarns, most involving lost treasure galleons rotting on the planetoid like overripe fruit, with gushers of firegems and electrum ingots spilling from their split hulls. Every year, dozens of fortune-hunters hire crews for new Iego expeditions; the vast majority return empty-handed and disappointed, reluctantly conceding that the world is indeed a myth. Some return with tales of wonder or horror, contributing to the legend in their own way. Some never return at all.



Iego seems to exist outside the normal galaxy, unaffected by the actions of the Republic or the Empire. Even the invasion of the Yuuzhan Vong would mean nothing to those isolated inside the strange pocket nebula.

People

Iego is famed for its Angels (provisionally known among Sanbra University xenobiologists as the Diathim), creatures of legendary beauty about whom little is known. Most accounts describe them as thin, feminine humanoids 2 to 3 meters tall, with six bladelike wings sprouting from their backs. Some claim the Angels are more androgynous in

form, and many alien spacers swear that the Angels appear as exotic-looking Verpine, Givin, or similar representatives of their own native species. All Angels seem to be composed of searing white light tinged with a yellowish aura, making it difficult to identify biological details. Since they glide out from Iego's moonlets to greet arriving ships, it is assumed that they live on the moonlets, but so far their dwellings have remained hidden. Angels have no apparent language and convey an aura of overall benevolence, despite their known efforts at sabotage.



Spacers have been winding up at Iego since the dawn of hyperspace travel. The accumulated number of castaways on the planet now makes up a population thousands strong. Each of the shipwreck survivors pledges allegiance to one of Iego's competing tribes. Some of the tribes are charitable, some malignant, and some have gone feral in their desperation. Curiously, Iego has no apparent natural resources, but those doomed to live there supposedly no longer feel the effects of age or hunger. According to spacer lore, Humans who fought in the Great Sith War four thousand years ago could still be alive on Iego.

Only a handful of people know about Iego's other indigenous species, and most of them refuse to tell the tale. Those with a few drinks in their bellies whisper that Demons, or Maelibi, dwell below the surface of Iego. These Demons intermittently poach the castaway population for sustenance, selecting their screaming victims and casually carrying them below ground under their strong arms. Maelibi are said to be achingly beautiful—even more radiant than the Angels—with bodies like molten gold and lyrical voices that seem to capture the very essence of song.

Locations

Iego has a number of interesting locations for heroes to visit, including those described below.

The Scatter

Despite its standard gravitational field, Iego is inexplicably tiny. Several castaways have circumnavigated and mapped the entire sphere. Most, however, choose to live near the Scatter, a shallow valley many kilometers wide where all starships are intentionally crashed by the Angels. The

Scatter resembles a frozen lake glittering fiercely in the planet's omnipresent light, with its metal wreckage evoking jagged pack ice and hulking starship fuselages standing in for glaciers. In the dark shadows cast by the Scatter's larger shipwrecks live Iego's few tribeless outcasts, most of whom are dangerous and quite mad.

Among the thousands of shredded wrecks are many functional starship components and other parts that can be repaired with a little effort. Sadly, the petty tribal organization of Iego's castaways has prevented any group from assembling a working ship as a means of escape.

Clicksticks Tribe

Most tribes on Iego control patches of territory immediately surrounding the Scatter. The Clicksticks tribe occupies a high mesa with a good view of the Scatter and the surrounding terrain. Scavenged metal and plasteel sheeting make up a village of makeshift huts. Tribe leader Darubang Yosa can trigger rockslides to crush any strangers attempting to scale the mesa.

The Boneyard

Curious heaps of bones litter the face of Iego. The largest pile, known to the castaways as the Boneyard, lies north of the Scatter in rocky, inhospitable terrain. Most of the bones here are gigantic and unidentifiable, and immense rib cages are positioned directly over holes in the planet's crust. Peering down through the ribs, one can see distant flickerings of flame deep underground and hear the distant, dulcet tones of Iego's Demons. An ancient and wise star dragon is rumored to live in the canyons north of the Boneyard.

The Choir Alignment

The Diathim of Iego spend their lives on the system's moonlets and in the rarefied space within the Extrinsicium Nebula. There is one place, however, where the Angels regularly touch down on the planet for reasons known only to themselves.

Between the Scatter and the Boneyard is a geologic feature too angular to be natural. Sunken into the rock is a miniature valley 100 meters across, carved into the shape of a nine-pointed star. Those who have stood in the center of the structure report that the moonlets visible from that vantage point seem aligned in elegant geometric patterns. Angels frequently congregate in the area, forming a column of light stretching from the star valley to a point far overhead in space.

JOMARK

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Ocean, island (varied terrain)
Length of Day:	23 Hours
Length of Year:	312 Local Days

Sapient Races: Humans
Starport: Limited Services
Population: 2.8 million
Planet Function: Colony, subsistence
Government: Cooperative Communities
Tech Level: Industrial
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Jomark is a minor world which has recently gained prominence due to rumors that a Jedi Master has appeared there. The planet is not well settled, with less than three million people at the time of its last star chart update, and few planetary maps are logged in the records. It last received official notice when a galactic survey team visited the world over fifteen years ago. From all indications, it is the perfect place for a Jedi Master to have used as a hiding place from the Empire-which is exactly why it was chosen as the world where Joruu C'baoth would set his trap for Luke Skywalker.

KALLISTAS

Type: Desert
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Arid
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Desert; low hills; inhabited along high northern hemisphere plateau
Length of Day: 22 standard hours
Length of Year: 342 local days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starports: 1 limited service
Population: 452
Planet Function: Mining colony ore processing
Government: Imperial Prefect
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Radioactive isotopes, native gems
Major Imports: Mining equipment, radiation detection and shielding, foodstuffs, high-tech
Source: GG10: Bounty Hunters

World Summary

Out along the farthest reaches of the known galaxy, among the more desolate worlds of the Parmel sector, in the heart of the Outer Rim Territories, lies a planet called Kallistas. Originally a colony of the nearby Revkinn system, this once prosperous mining community has come upon hard times, largely due to periodic raids by Rebel Alliance forces from neighboring systems. The colonists are not a priority for an Empire concerned with far more important matters.

Kallistas is an inhospitable desert world with little to offer except radioactives and native gems in the craggy hills of its northern hemisphere. A colony world established in the early years of Governor Linrec's administration Kallistas is now nearly forgotten and subject to periodic Rebel

incursions that have forced most of the settlers to leave. Kallistas is now home to pirates, smugglers and other assorted ne'er-do-wells who prey on local shipping and the occasional Imperial freighter.

KARIDEPH

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban
Length of Day: 19 standard hours
Length of Year: 204 local days
Sapient Species: Kari (N)
Starport: Stellar class
Population: 88 billion (or maybe more; an accurate census is impossible)
Planet Function: Homeworld, trade
Government: Feudal clan structure
Tech Level: Information
Major Exports: Servo-neuro motors for droids small machine parts
Major Imports: Food communication devices minerals
Source: GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

This world is one of the most wildly overpopulated planets in the galaxy. Essentially, it is one giant city, and the number of creatures that live upon it is not entirely comprehensible to the Human mind. It is fortunate then that the inhabitants, the Kari are not Human.

The surface of Karideph is covered by endless rows of carefully tilled gardens, filled with tightly-crowded plants. There is neither wilderness nor any wildlife left anywhere: every centimeter of land is in some way cultivated. Even the sides of the mountain ranges are terraced from top to bottom, and the sea is as carefully tended as are the fields.

The planet is dotted with a number of enormous cities, with buildings so tall that their upper extents need to be pressurized. Despite the size of these buildings, however, most of the Kari live underground in huge tunnel systems which criss-cross the planet. Many of the Kari have never seen the light of day, living and working entirely within the teeming warrens. The Kari have dug some of their tunnels as far as 12 kilometers in depth, nearly breaking through the planet's crust to its mantle.

KASHYYYK

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Jungle
Length of Day: 26 Hours
Length of Year: 381 Local Days

Sapient Races: Wookiees (N)
Starport: Standard Class
Population: 45 million
Planet Function: Homeworld
Government: Representative Tribal (New Republic Allied)
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Mid Tech
Major Imports: Medicines
Source: Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Kashyyyk is a jungle planet of unmatched beauty and endless danger. Massive trees cover its surface, their branches intertwining to form an almost continuous forest from the base of the huge trunks to the tops of the highest branches. Life developed throughout this skyward jungle, pushing ever upward from the dark surface toward the glowing sun. The planet's ecosystem is divided into several horizontal levels one above the other. The world's intelligent species, the fur-covered giants called Wookiees share the upper-most level with a variety of flying and tree-dwelling creatures.

The natural environment becomes increasingly more hostile and uninviting as one travels down through the ecosystem levels. The ecology can best be described as a layered death trap, with the lowest levels reportedly serving as the domain of fearsome predators and other lethal hazards which even Wookiees tend to avoid. The jungle is also home to many beneficial plants and animals, and many birds fill the sky between the trees, such as the delicious kroyie, which are hunted for food.

Wookiees live in the highest branches of Kashyyyk's mighty trees, hundreds of meters above the ground. They build massive cities within the trees, with a smooth integration of practical technology and the amazing natural beauty of the

world. The cities combine the best of nature with the conveniences of modern technology.

During the height of the Empire, Kashyyyk was under martial law. Imperial garrisons dotted the planet and Imperial ships maintained a constant orbit to ensure that the mighty Wookiees could not rebel against the New Order. Wookiees were enslaved and forced to work in Imperial slave camps because of their great strength and natural mechanical talents. They were kept in line by the threat of violence against their families on Kashyyyk. Imperial law made free Wookiees illegal. Any Wookiees found outside of Kashyyyk or Imperial work camps were considered outlaws. Chewbacca fell into this category, and was constantly on the lookout for bounty hunters until he fell under Jabba the Hutt's nominal protection as a free-contract employee of the crime lord.

Today Kashyyyk is once again a free world thanks to the efforts of the Alliance and the New Republic. The Wookiees have even begun to allow non-Wookiee traders to visit again as their natural friendliness steadily overcomes their fear of enslavement. But an undercurrent of resentment toward Humans lingers as the memory of the treatment they received at the hands of the Imperials remains strong.

Rwookrrorro

Nestled atop a tight ring of wroshyr trees, the Wookiee city of Rwookrrorro stands as one of Kashyyyk's most beautiful metropolitan centers. Dropping through the planet's billowing cloud cover, the first view visitors have of the city leaves even the most well-traveled among them breathless. It hangs as though suspended in mid-air, filling the gaps between the massive trees.

Rwookrrorro is a true city, covering more than a square kilometer of territory. Its multi-leveled buildings are large and complex, laid out in wide, straight avenues. The



combination of architecture and planning demonstrates a loving sense of artistry in the creators, beings who many consider to be nothing more than brutal, primitive savages.

The trunks of the huge trees are used to enhance the beauty. They form giant brown columns around and within the city, reaching up to support the ceiling of white clouds overhead. The whole effect is further enhanced by sweeping lights which lance out to surround the city in brilliant colored beams.

Unlike Cloud City, which is held aloft by repulsorlift generators, Rwookrrorro is held up only by incredibly strong branches of Kashyyyk's trees. Like a great spider web, the branches grow together to form the foundation of the city. Wroshyr tree branches have a unique property. When separate branches meet, they grow together to form one interlocked branch. The new branch then sprouts new branches of its own which reach out in all directions to find other branches to join with. Through their own growth, they form a unity. In fact, all of the wroshyr trees in the Rwookrrorro grouping are a single giant plant, with a unified, intermixed root system. In that unity, the plant grows stronger and stronger.

Landing platforms for speeders and even medium-sized cruisers are formed by remnants of huge tree limbs which have been cut horizontally close to the trunk. Many houses, shops and other buildings are built directly into the tree, their entrances open to nothing but empty space. Only the natural climbing claws of the Wookiees allow them to live among the trees and get into places non-Wookiees would find impossible to reach. Liftcars are employed to move cargo and transport the ill, but most Wookiees prefer to get around naturally, climbing among the trees they love. Dark green kshyy vines, stronger than composite cables and self-repairing, ferry the liftcars up and down around the city. In the unlikely event a kshyy vine does break, the liftcars are equipped with emergency repulsor units.

The lights around the city do more than guide ships or illuminate the clouds. They attract creatures such as the kroyie birds so that the city hunters can catch them. In this way, the birds make up a large portion of the Wookiee diet.

KOTHLIS

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Cool
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Plains, mountains, forests, urban
Length of Day: 22 standard hours
Length of Year: 408 local days
Sapient Species: Bothans, humans, various aliens
Starport: Standard class
Population: 807 million
Planet Function: Colony, manufacturing
Government: Imperial consul-general with Bothan colonial board

Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Mid technology, high technology
Major Imports: Raw materials
Source: Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

One of the main Bothan colonies, Kothlis is an industrial center which supports the brisk technology trade on Bothawui, only a few light years away. While Bothan interests own a good portion of the industries here, other galactic corporations have plants on Kothlis, producing everything from druid components to datapads. Unlike the Bothan homeworld, Kothlis is not "nice and tidy," although the planet's non-industrial areas are kept relatively clean. It is evident that the Bothans on Kothlis are more interested in business and industry rather than making a good impression.

Kothlis' main starport and city are surrounded by low mountains on one side and vast forests on the other. Rather than using leaves to collect nutrients the forest trees have broad fungus fronds which grow in the reddish light of Kothlis' sun and maintain the Type I atmosphere through a crude form of photosynthesis. This process gives the air an odd fragrance, something like warm and moldy cheese.

Most of the light industry is concentrated around the planet's main starport. Microelectronics factories and nav computer assembly lines are interspersed with warehouses and docking bays. A formal passenger starport is located west of the main city, and a large residential area of aesthetically pleasing apartment complexes rises in the east. Heavier industrial facilities have been built far from Kothlis' main city throughout the main continent. These self-contained mini-cities are comprised of manufacturing areas, living quarters, support and maintenance bays, commercial and service malls, and small transportation stations.

As with any highly industrialized planet, Kothlis has its risky neighborhoods. While the residential and commercial areas are kept clean and well patrolled some of the warehouse docking bay and factory districts are not so safe. An occasional business failure keeps the light industry sectors dotted with abandoned facilities, which inevitably attract beggars, swoop gangs and smugglers. As long as these groups don't cause too much trouble for big business, the local government looks the other way. These abandoned areas are also home to several Bothan spynet facilities.

Although espionage isn't tolerated as much as it is on Bothawui, Kothlis is still a relatively secure location for some spynet operations. The most important of these small facilities is a strongly-defended safe house hidden behind an industrial park with dilapidated offices and a row of storage units. Here the Bothan spynet's decryption experts process data from many sources, breaking codes, slicing into the dataset at the Imperial consulate and managing and disseminating the spynet's immense flood of information. For obvious reasons, the safe house's location

is a closely guarded secret.

Like Bothawui, Kothlis is officially part of the Empire, but it's governed by a Bothan colonial board. The Empire maintains a token consulate with a handful of stormtroopers. Contingents of the local Imperial Navy sector fleet occasionally make sweeps through the system, but major shows of force are rare - on occasion the fleet is called in to deal with pirate and smuggler activity that is impeding shipping, but on the whole the Empire keeps its fingers out of the lucrative enterprises on Kothlis.

Kothlis is the fourth of seven planets in its system - most of its neighbors are gas giants or metal-cored spheres which the Bothans had mined to their limit in antiquity. The system's dim red sun doesn't provide much warmth for the outer planets, but tends to bake the inner-most planets, which have irregular orbits. Kothlis itself has three small moons and an odd asteroid trail - perhaps the remains of a fourth moon.

The asteroids are a bit of an astrographical hazard, but are easy to pick up on scanners by locating a large chunk of rock which seems to lead the swarm in a shaky parabolic orbit around Kothlis.

Kothlis Shadowport

The odd asteroid trail and three moons orbiting Kothlis make good hiding places for smugglers and other outlaws. The system's astrographical features are conducive to smuggling activities, and a number of fringe elements ferry corporate industrial secrets, high technology prototypes, and restricted cargoes off the planet. In fact the smuggling runs out of Kothlis have been lucrative enough that a shadowport has been established on one of the moons.

Kothlis' second moon was formerly a training ground and ordnance testing zone for the Bothan Militia years before the Empire's rise to power. Its scrubland and rocky canyons were used to train troops in ground combat maneuvers and to test starfighter and capital ship air-to-ground strikes. Some areas of this moon are pockmarked with craters from turbolaser blasts and proton torpedoes. Such features - and the moon's general state of abandonment - presented an opportune environment for quiet smuggling ventures.

The Kothlis shadowport provides limited services to smuggler and pirate ships which roam the sector. Its docking bays are situated in proton torpedo blast craters left over from the moon's military days. Each "crater" has been excavated and reinforced and is large enough to hold a light freighter or a starfighter. Electro-magnetic countermeasure camo netting can quickly be dragged over a bay from concealed storage bunkers along the crater rim. Bulk freighters or larger pirate corvettes often land in nearby clearings, although they don't enjoy the security benefits of the came netting.

The crater bays are connected by a series of tunnels linking surface entrances and underground clammers. The port administrator an old pirate named Rithgar, charges no port

fees in credits, but expects visitors to leave behind inadequate shavers supplies and spare freighter parts. Rithgar's storage bays contain heaps of old starship components most from scrapped vessels or from discarded systems. Spacers can purchase salvage rights to these junk heaps if they need parts, but must provide their own technical repair services. Several caves have been excavated and furnished with old cots, rickety chairs and uneven tables - crude living conditions but Rithgar provides them to smugglers free of charge. One cavern is filled with plunder from Rithgar's old pirating days, and serves as his quarters - a few well-stocked crates form an impromptu bar, where the old pirate often entertains his numerous guests.

A small command area contains controls for the base reactor and a rudimentary sensors and communication system. Although the components haven't been upgraded in years, Rithgar uses them to monitor the status of customs ships and any other space traffic in the system. The base has relatively few defenses - a few sensor pods around a perimeter - but Rithgar keeps a blaster carbine handy at all times and he has an old Z-95 Headhunter ready in case he needs to make a quick escape.

Kothlis shadowport attracts an odd assortment of visitors. Many small-time smugglers use it as a stopover and refueling point where they can rest from their latest cargo runs. It's a safe haven where they can also trade news about lucrative markets and dangerous regions of space, and where they can boast of their latest adventures. The port also habits share of Rebels passing through. Their starfighters and operations teams use the repair and refueling facilities, and glean whatever intelligence they can from others using the port.

Of course, the Bothan spynet has long been aware of the Kothlis shadowport. The Bothans allow the port to operate, since its effect on local shipping is negligible and it is the perfect site for spynet agents to keep tabs on the smuggler community. On rare occasions, the spynet uses the shadowport for their own operations. Few pirate groups use the port's facilities, since it's more useful for light freighters and lighters than pirate corvettes. However, an occasional starfighter fleet attached to a pirate group sometimes drops in for quick refueling and repairs before heading out for another sortie against nearby shipping lanes.

KRIN KODA

Planet Type:	Jungle
Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Ocean, forest, mountain
Length of Day:	14 hours
Length of Year:	502 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Tempestro
Starport:	none
Population:	100,000
Government:	Tribal leaders

Tech level: Primitive
 Major Exports: none
 Major imports: none
 Source: Galaxy Guide 8: Scouts

World Summary

The hot sun Tarin has five planets orbiting around it. Only Koda's World, the fourth planet, supports life. The others have potential for corporate use as they have abundant natural minerals and other resources.

Koda's World resembles the forest moon of Endor in several ways. Vast forests cover both and the trees that grow on each are very similar. The trees reach several hundred meters into the air and are covered with a shaggy rust colored bark. They rise as straight as columns. The leaves of the trees are wide fronds the shape of a Human hand. Sparse foliage covers the lower portions of the forest.

LIANNA

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Dry
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Urban plains
 Length of Day: 22 Hours
 Length of Year: 370 Local Days
 Sentient Races: Humans (N)
 Points of Interest: Santhe / Sienar Technologies Headquarters, Melford Star Academy
 Starport: Imperial Class
 Population: 5.6 billion
 Government: Corporate-sponsored democracy
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Starships, starship components
 Major Imports: Foodstuffs, consumer goods
 Source: Adventure: Mission to Lianna

System Data

System Name: Lianna
 Star Name: Lianna
 Star Type: Yellow

Orbital Bodies

Name	Planet Type	Moons
Devato	Searing Rock	0
Geminor	Poisonous Hot Terrestrial	1
Aradian	Mild Poisonous Terrestrial	3
Lianna	Temperate Terrestrial	1
Indinor	Temperate Rock	2
Adinai	Gas Giant	8
Niddion	Frigid Rock	0

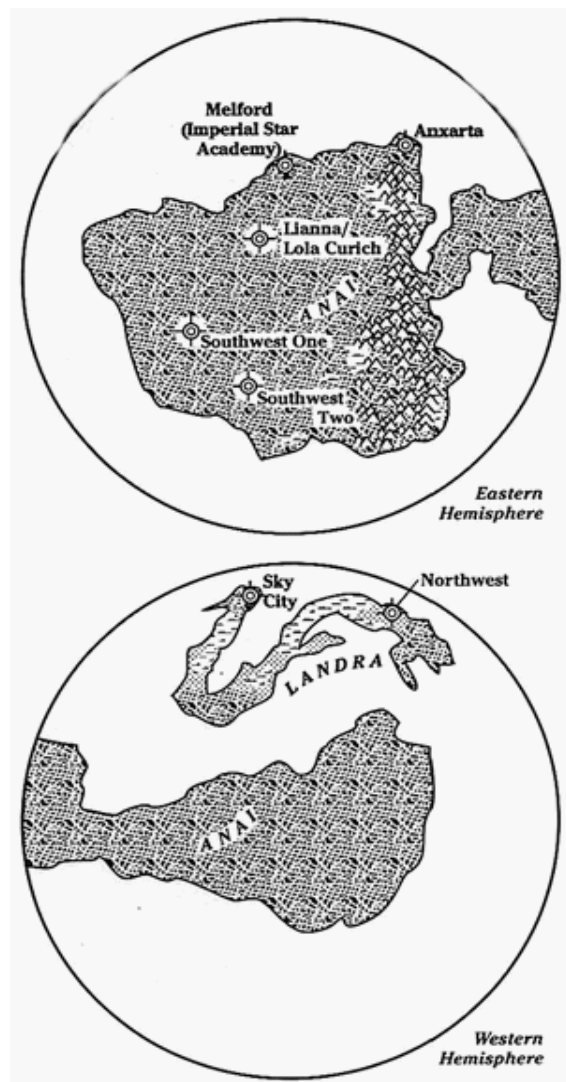
World Summary

The urban, industrial planet of Lianna, located in the heart of the Allied Tion sector is one of the more important

starports in this sector of the galaxy. In addition to a huge native population, the planet is home to several major starship-engineering corporations including Santhe/Sienar Technologies parent company of Sienar Fleet Systems, manufacturer of the Imperial TIE fighter. The world has been so thoroughly developed that very little of the native wildlife remains as a majority of the world has been covered with buildings, roads, and factories.

Lianna must import all of its food as well as most of its consumer goods. However its worth to the galaxy is immense because of the incredible talent the Lianns people have for starship design.

The native Liann people were first subjugated by the Kingdom of Barseg, then the Republic ruled Lianna (not trusting the native people to govern themselves) and even today, the planet is controlled by the starship corporations that are the life blood of the economy (although officially, the planet has a representative government). For this



reason the Liann people have a strong desire for independence.

Lianna is a world of moderate population on the edge or the Allied Tion sector. Economically and historically, Lianna has always stood apart from the Allied Tion and from the Thanium worlds, which also border it. Ethnically, the Liann citizens have much in common with some of the peoples of the Allied Tion, most notably with the Jaminere, although Lianna was never a part of the empire of Xim the Despot.

Originally, Lianna boasted a wealth of different cultures and religions. Many of these were mystical, and all of them were colorful. In the early years of the Republic, when many of the powerful states still felt little bound by the Republic's laws and policies, Lianna became a part the Kingdom of Barseg.

The native population dropped drastically in the first hundred years of Barsegian governorship. Disease and culture shock took their toll, as a primitive civilization was brought abruptly forward into the PanGalactic era. Hundreds of thousands of Liann citizens were deported to perform manual labor throughout the Kingdom. Through the centuries, a number of native rebellions rocked the planet culminating in the last futile attempt at independence in the provinces of Berene and Caldara. The off-world reaction to the harsh treatment of the rebellious areas was severe enough that the colony of Lianna was removed from Barseg's control and placed under Senatorial governance as a province of the Republic. The world has since come under the control of Santhe/Sienar Technologies.

MARCA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I
Hydrosphere:	Saturated
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Ocean swampy islands
Length of Day:	Constant daylight
Length of Year:	340 Standard Days
Sentient Races:	Humans, Sekct (N)
Points of Interest:	DSI Hyperbaride Synthesis Plant
Starport:	Standard Class
Population:	1,600 Government: Corporate (plant), Tribal (Sekct)
Tech Level:	Space; Stone (Sekct)
Major Exports:	Hyperbarides
Major Imports:	None
Source:	Adventure: Planet of the Mists

SYSTEM DATA

System Name:	Marcellus
Star Name:	Marcellus
Star Type:	Yellow

ORBITAL BODIES

Name	Planet Type	Moons
Marca	Humid Swamp	0
Glauheim	Gas Giant	3
Dadrus	Gas Giant	5

World Summary

Marca officially doesn't exist. Hidden inside the Marcellus Nebula the moist swamp world's existence was eradicated from all databases when the Empire authorized the construction of the hyperbaride synthesis plant. Because of the immense value of the hyperbarides in weapons construction the entire planet is considered a high-level security area of Imperial space - anyone caught in the nebula is subject to life-time imprisonment (normally, the unlucky offenders are forced to work in the plant). The whole nebula has been mined to disable unauthorized vehicles that unwittingly enter the nebula.

The planet itself is a moist, humid swamp. The planet is covered with thick mist and is in a perpetual twilight, with no true day or night (a result of the light reflected at the planet by the nebula as well as a strange atmospheric reaction). There is a sentient race, called the Sekct. Unfortunately, the plant's toxic emissions will most assuredly result in the extinction of the peaceful creatures. The hyperbaride plant is managed by Vost Tyne, a retired Imperial admiral. He is believed to have strange mental powers.

The Mist

Marca's humid atmosphere, high temperature, and extremely high moisture content generates an endless mist that obscures visibility on the planet. With the exception of the area immediately around the hyperbaride synthesis plant, the mist is found everywhere on the planet. It obscures vision so that characters can only see a maximum of 20 meters unless they have infrared scopes or vision enhancers.

Terrain Considerations

Marca is a humid swamp planet. Most of the land on the planet is a combination of mud and foul-smelling water. Even the driest land on Marca is soft, black, sticky mud. Most of the land is covered with very large pools of water - some are only centimeters deep, but many are several meters deep, sometimes the mud actually sits on top of a very deep pool of water. The bottom line is that the land is treacherous and unstable, and characters can very easily get into trouble.

There are only mosses and fungi on the surface of Marca; trees and bushes are absent. There are advanced aquatic plants and characters may actually get tangled up in them if they try to walk through pools of water.

Human characters typically sink about ankle-deep (although, to help the mood, make sure you tell your players they occasionally sink deep enough for the mud to squelch into their boots).

Larger, heavier characters such as Wookiees sink deeper, almost knee-deep. Because of the thick mud characters only move seven meters per speed action.

If a Rebel is wading through water that is between knee-deep and waist deep, characters only move four meters per speed action. Characters trying to walk in water that is any deeper will only move two meters per speed action although swimming is much easier and faster.

Earthquakes

Hyperbaride synthesis plants have a severe destabilizing effect on planets, and cause all mannerly seismic upheavals. The plant on Marca causes many dangerous earthquakes.

There seems to be no rhyme nor reason to these quakes, so you as game master can use them as "stage dressing" and to add to atmosphere whenever you like. The characters probably won't even understand the reason for the earthquakes until late in the adventure - at this point, they will just be another cruel aspect of the environment on the planet.

Rebels in the water when an earthquake strikes are unaffected. Rebels on land, however, must make a Dexterity roll, with the difficulty ranging from Very Easy to Difficult depending on the magnitude of the quake. A failed roll generally means the Rebel suffers 1D damage in a clumsy fall, or the character may fall into a pool of water and risk drowning.

Dangers of the Environment

The air of Marca is about human body temperature, and the water is only a degree or two cooler.

The hostile environment exposes characters to a significant chance of heat prostration. To combat this, the Rebels must drink relatively large quantities of pure water, and must rest frequently.

Each hour, each Rebel must drink half a liter of water. After each hour of normal activity, each Rebel must rest for 10 minutes. (In this context, normal activity includes walking or swimming.)

After each hour in which he performed strenuous activity (running, combat or the like), a Rebel must rest for 20 minutes.

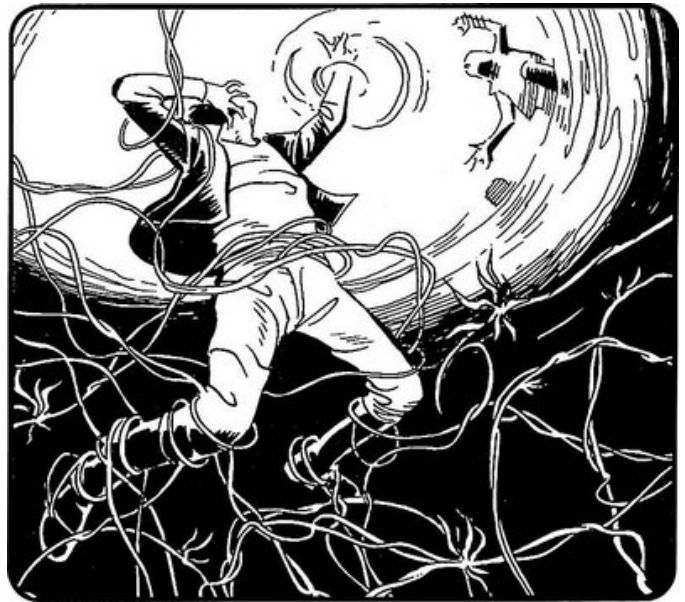
In each hour that a Rebel ignored either of these requirements, he loses one pip off both Strength and Dexterity. These losses are cumulative: thus a Rebel who doesn't drink enough water and doesn't rest sufficiently will lose 2 pips of Strength and Dexterity each hour.

In addition, if the Rebel is wearing armor such as Stormtrooper armor, Bounty Hunter armor or anything similar, the Strength loss is doubled.

All lost Strength and Dexterity returns if the Rebel drinks one liter of water and rests for one hour. Any character who makes an Easy survival roll will understand these requirements. It is advisable that the game master keeps a running tally of rest and water consumption for

each character.

Fortunately for the Rebels, the swamp water is drinkable, but only if it is first boiled and chemically treated (the survival kits from the escape pod have the correct chemicals). Because of its disgusting brown color and fetid odor, it's doubtful that any Rebel will drink it without such preparations. If someone does however call for a Moderate stamina roll, an unsuccessful roll means the Rebel suffers severe stomach cramps for 1D hours, during which time all dice codes are decreased by 1D.



So hideous is the appearance and smell of the water, it requires an Easy survival roll to know that it will be safe after treatment. No plants or animals on Marca are edible to any race not native to the planet - eating the mosses or animals causes 3D damage and gives no nutritional value. Obviously, they're edible to each other.

In addition, the byproducts belched out bathe hyperbaride synthesis plant are highly toxic. Rebels who don't wear some kind of breath mask will start feeling the effects after 12 hours. Each 12 hours of exposure, a Rebel loses one pip from his Strength.

Lost Strength returns at a rate of one pip per hour once the Rebels are breathing clean air again.

MESTRA

Type:	Asteroid Field
Temperature:	Frigid
Atmosphere:	Type IV (environment suit required)
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Low
Terrain:	Asteroids
Length of Day:	45 standard hours
Length of Year:	611 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans various aliens

Starport: Stellar Class
 Population: 18 million
 Planet Function: Trade
 Government: Corporate controlled
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Minerals
 Major Imports: Luxury items machinery
 Source: GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

The Mestra system contains one of the largest asteroid fields in the galaxy. There are no planets in the system at all; at some time in the past every one of them was turned into rubble.

The entire area around the Mestra sun is littered with asteroids some quite large, most as small as dust. Though no accurate count has ever been made, it is estimated that there are at least 100 trillion sizable chunks of rock out there, hundreds of them the size of small moons - and some of those rocks are full of ore. The Mestra system has some of the richest deposits of aurelius ore, one of the more valuable metals in the galaxy, for it is essential in the construction of hyperspace drives.

It is thought that all the planets that once made up this system (and there would have been a number of them) were blown apart long ago in some ancient war. Whether this is true or not is open to considerable speculation, but the legends of the miners speak of ancient alien artifacts of immense value found in caves on certain the asteroids. They call it the "big haul." Making such a strike is every miner's dream especially if the "big haul" were a weapon he could turn on the Minos-Mestra company "police."

MRISS

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Light (0.8 of Standard)
 Terrain: Forests, mountains
 Length of Day: 20 standard hours
 Length of Year: 278 local days
 Sapient Species: Mrissi (N), wide variety of other species
 Starports: Stellar
 Population: 3.5 billion Mrissi, 6 billion (students of various species)
 Planet Function: Educational center
 Government: Representative democracy
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: None
 Major Imports: Educational material, computers
 Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Mrisst is a small planet in the GaTir system and a member of the New Republic. The Mrissi were subjugated by the Empire for decades; many were conscripted into military service. After the Battle of Endor, the Mrissi were more

than willing to throw off the Imperial yoke and support the New Republic.

The planet is a very mild, terrestrial world, and quite hospitable to humans and similar life-forms. Small lakes and rivers dot the four major continents. The terrain is predominantly jungle, consisting of varied forms of vegetation such as the tiny "spinetrees" and the slender, thousand-meter-tall "spirepines."

Planetary weather is extremely mild, and the Mrissi have flourished on this world. Mrisst is fairly self sufficient, and imports little more than high technology and high energy fuel sources. Most of the planet's population relies on efficient solar, hydro and thermal heating sources, but there are some cases where advanced energy sources are still necessary. Mrisst does have one major commodity to sell: education.

Mrisst has become a center of higher learning for many of the economically disadvantaged students of the galaxy. The Mrisst Trade and Science Academy (MTSA, often pronounced as "MiTSA") provides a high quality educational program to students who may have been unable to attend the Imperial Academy or other large and expensive universities. While the prestige level of a Mrisst education is lower than that of the larger, wealthier institutions, Mrisst graduates tend to get a better education, which is borne out once the graduates get into the work force.

During Thrawn's campaign, Mrisst was recaptured by the Empire. Thrawn used Mrisst as a staging area for his final assaults leading into the attack on Coruscant.

MYRKYR

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Forest plains
 Length of Day: 24 Hours
 Length of Year: 324 Local Days
 Sapient Races: Humans
 Starport: Standard Class
 Population: 100,000
 Planet Function: Subsistence trading
 Government: Independent Communities
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: None
 Major Imports: None
 Source: Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Few galactic citizens even well-traveled ones have ever heard of the planet called Myrkr. Most of the few that do know of it fall into the category of useless dregs of the galaxy - smugglers, malcontents, pirates and other members of the fringe. The planet has been populated for nearly three hundred years, but in that span of time the Old Republic, the Jedi, and even the Empire have left it strictly

alone. The world can be found on only a handful of aggregation charts.

This isolation would be understandable if the planet was located somewhere in one of the frontiers, far from the galactic Core. It is, however, not far from civilized space, near the current Borderland Region separating the Imperial remnants from the New Republic. It has finally come under Imperial notice - Grand Admiral Thrawn's personal notice, in fact - due to one of its indigenous life forms.

The planet served as the private base of operations for Talon Karrde's smuggling ring until he was forced to abandon it after an unfortunate incident concerning the Empire and Republic hero Luke Skywalker. Karrde had chosen the world because of its proximity to major population centers coupled with its relative obscurity. He also loved the world's untamed beauty and its tall trees. These trees provided him with an added bonus - their high metal content effectively blocks sensor sweeps, shielding both ships and buildings hidden beneath or near the wide, embracing branches.

Grand Admiral Thrawn was drawn to Myrkr by an obscure reference he found over seven years ago. Subsequent investigations turned up information regarding the unique creatures called ysalamiri that live within Myrkr's trees. With Karrde's cooperation (which he gave instead of having it taken by force), the Grand Admiral acquired the knowledge to safely remove the ysalamiri from their tree-branch perches. Later when the Imperials returned, Karrde's organization wound up helping Luke Skywalker and Han Solo escape by thwarting a small Imperial ground force. He is sure the Imperials will not be pleased with his decision to aid the Republic. Now Karrde is in the process of packing up his base and abandoning the planet. He hopes his ships can be far gone by the time the Star Destroyers return.

Karrde's base was dominated by a large central building. A large, spacious meeting chamber was located at the building's center, with a high translucent ceiling and a web-work of carved crisscrossing rafters. Walls of dark brown wood, carved with an elaborate open-mesh design, glowed with recessed deep blue light. The arrangement of furniture into separate conversation circles gave the chamber a relaxed, informal air. But the crowning feature of the chamber was a huge, meter-wide tree growing through the center of the room. It reached up from a circle of dirt floor to extend through the ceiling and far beyond, covering the building with sensor-blocking, leaf-covered branches.

Luke Skywalker was reminded of long-forgotten stories from his youth when he visited the room as a "guest" of Talon Karrde. The stories invoked frightening images of fortresses with trees growing through them. He only remembered images of danger, helplessness and fear, and could recall no real details of the dark tales. All he could remember was that these fortresses were always the home of evil beings.

Hyllyard City

The closest Myrkr gets to a true population center is Hyllyard City, a little piece of civilization on the edge of a great forest. Like Mos Eisley on Tatooine and other frontier towns, Hyllyard City consists of a few space ship landing pits and a close-packed collection of makeshift structures. The small houses and commercial buildings are crammed tightly together, built in a familiar wheel pattern around a large open square. Narrow streets run between the buildings, and a few wide avenues radiate like spokes from the center of town. Before a recent battle between Imperial stormtroopers, Luke Skywalker, Han Solo and Karrde's men, a freestanding archway rose ten meters high from the edge of the open square. Now the square is littered with the remains of the battle, including the collapsed arch and the wreckage of a crushed Chariot repulsorcraft. Witnesses reported that Skywalker used a lightsaber to topple the massive structure.

Hyllyard City is populated by a few settlers, but mostly the town serves as a haven for free-lance smugglers, rogues, and fugitives from galactic justice. Some of Karrde's people once lived there as well, maintaining a constant link between Karrde's isolated base and the freelance "businessmen" who frequent the city.

NABOO

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Forest, plain, swamp
Length of day:	26 standard hours
Length of year:	312 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Gungans
Starport:	3 Stellar
Population:	1.2 billion humans, Unknown number of Gungans
Planet Function:	Cultural Center, Homeworld
Government:	Democracy/Monarchy(humans), tribal (Gungans)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Art
Major Imports:	High technology
System Name:	Naboo
Source:	Converted from WotC Secrets of Naboo Sourcebook

World Summary

An idyllic world close to the border of the Outer Rim Territories, Naboo is inhabited by peaceful humans known as the Naboo, and an indigenous species of intelligent amphibians called the Gungans.

Naboo's surface consists of swampy lakes, rolling plains and green hills. Its population centers are beautiful -- Naboo's river cities are resplendent with classical architecture and



greenery, while the underwater Gungan settlements are a beautiful display of exotic hydrostatic bubble technology.

Naboo is a geologically unique world. It lacks a molten core, indicative of an ancient world. The planet is a conglomerate of large rocky bodies permeated by countless caves and tunnel networks. This causes numerous swampy lakes on the surface, which lead deeper into the planet's structure. The native Gungans have developed transports that exploit these cave networks, but even these hardy explorers pause at venturing too deep into the planet core, for it is infested with gargantuan sea beasts with ravenous appetites.

When the senate enacted a measure that would increase taxation along outlying trade routes, the credit-hungry Trade Federation protested by blockading Naboo. A screen of huge warships surrounded the planet, cutting off supplies to the Naboo. The world's leaders, Queen Amidala and Governor Sio Bibble, were taken captive by the Trade Federation's droid armies.

Jedi Knights sent by Supreme Chancellor Valorum freed Queen Amidala, and she then journeyed to Coruscant, to request the senate's intervention in the blockade. Even Naboo's representative, Senator Palpatine, could not get past the bureaucratic stalling tactics of the Trade Federation.

Disheartened with the senate's inability to act, Queen Amidala took actions into her own hands. She returned to Naboo and recruited the help of the Gungans. Together, Naboo's two cultures were able to repel the Trade Federation invasion, and bring peace back to the serene world.

NAJARKA

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere: Moist
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Glacier, forest
 Length of Day: 28 Standard hours
 Length of Year: 4,302 local days
 Sapient Species: None known
 Tech Level: Stone
 Source: Classic Adventures Vol. 1

World summary

Najarka has been the subject of a low-intensity survey by the Imperial Survey Corps. It is anomalous in that it sustains life, although it is too far from its sun to collect the requisite energy. The life forms are concentrated in a narrow but fecund band of sub-tropical rainforest surrounding the planet's equator. The remaining three-quarters of the planet is covered by huge glaciers consisting of various sub-stances, primarily frozen water. Najarka appears as a silvery white ball bisected by a narrow green stripe.

Samples of the flora and fauna were collected and taken to the Emperor's private and public gardens and may be available for study at the Imperial Zoological Gardens on Kailor V. The most likely hypothesis concerning the anomalous equatorial belt of rainforest is that geothermal sources provide the energy needed to sustain life.

Najarka is located in an outlying system in the Rayter sector. Aside from planet Najarka, the system seems devoid of life. It is considered too isolated to be of use for industrial development or settlement.

There are only two environs on Najarka, the largest of which are the huge glaciers which dominate all but a small portion of the planet's surface. The glaciers support no life, but produce storms which generate hurricane force winds (over 500 kilometers per hour) and metal piercing hail. Icequakes constantly rend the surface (anyone caught in a quake could suffer up to 12D starfighter scale damage, as

huge sheets of ice crumble in upon themselves, grinding ships and characters under scores of meters of ice). Landing on the glaciers is inadvisable because of the violent winds and unstable surface.

The smaller environ is the "green belt" of Najarka. The "green belt" is a band of rainforest, approximately 300 kilometers wide and encircles the planet's equator. Within this range, trees grow up to two kilometers tall, and the diversity of life is truly unusual for such a small environment. On the edges of the rainforest, the frozen material of the ice caps rises hundreds of meters above the trees. The rainforest receives most of its moisture from melting snow and ice and makes the first 20 kilometers of the "green belt" a saturated swampy mess. Occasionally icequakes will send tons of ice falling from the walls into the forest below. An ever-present bank of clouds lines the cliff walls.

Imperial scientists haven't been able to determine why the "green belt" exists, but it is often attributed to unusual geothermic activity, which not only heats the area, but prevents the glaciers from flooding or sliding over the forest area.

There is an abandoned Imperial complex on Najarka. Originally for scientific research (primarily involving bioengineering projects), the base has lain dormant for several years.

The Imperial Complex

The walkways within the complex are four-meter wide allacrete bridges supported by large tree limbs. They are set four to five meters below treetop level. There are no railings at the sides, but if someone falls, they will not fall far before landing on a branch strong enough to support their weight (one to six meters, 3D damage). The walkways are in good repair (only a few cracks and holes mar the surface) but all of the walkways, except for those leading to the biological research center (see highlighted pathway on Gamemaster Map "Imperial Complex, Najarka") are littered with fallen tree limbs and leaves. The Rebels may decide to investigate the Imperial garrison (main building) or the biological research center.

The main garrison building has eight levels, the lower level measuring 150 meters on aside. It has been pulled down into the forest so that the upper level now lies only about forty meters above the walkway, with the lower levels hidden by the thick foliage of the area.

If the Rebels attempt to cross over to the building using the walkway, then they must make three Easy climbing/jumping rolls. Failure on this roll results in a short fall doing 1D damage.

Once the Rebels are next to the building, they will see that the four lower levels are completely closed off by the dense



foliage, and will have to cut away the tree limbs. Large branches and vines protrude from the outer walls of the fifth and sixth levels. The two uppermost levels have not yet been seriously harmed by the forest.

The only door is on ground level. The characters may want to cut through the walls (a Strength of 3D) or windows (a Strength of 1D+2).

There is no power inside the main garrison. Some light will enter through the opening that the Rebels create, but otherwise, the only light within the structure will come from glow rods or other sources of illumination brought in by the Rebels.

Within the building, all of the rooms are empty, although some are covered by lines that secrete acid (2D damage) if touched. Within each room, all furniture has been removed so there are deep scratches in the floors, while all computer

terminals and fixtures have been removed so there are exposed wires everywhere.

Inside The Research Center

The only light inside the center filters in through the hidden windows located at the ends of the larger halls. None of the automatic doors within the building work, but they can all be opened manually. All furniture and equipment has been removed from the building. The floors are covered with scuff marks and many of the walls still have mounting brackets where various pieces of equipment were attached.

The halls are three meters wide, with four-meter high arched ceilings. An extensive system of utilitarian lighting units indicates that the complex was brightly lit when it was in use.

The rooms in the innermost ring were used by the maintenance and support staff and contain the ventilation

power and plumbing control interfaces. Much of this equipment remains. If the Rebels search the power supplemental generator (room E), they will find a recently installed, remotely activated supplemental generator.

The remaining rooms in the southwest triangle of the center were offices for the Imperial administrative staff. They are completely empty.

In the other triangles, the rooms in the outermost ring were the staff living quarters. Each small cubicle contains two small lockers. All the cubicles and lockers are empty. The second ring held the research labs and still contain metal lab benches.

The third ringers occupied by the science offices; these rooms are empty. The rooms in the fourth ring were the computer analysis stations. These rooms contained most of the center's electronic equipment. The marks on the floors in these rooms are deep to the point of being gouges, and the walls are covered with loose hanging wires.

The Northeast Triangle

The northeast triangle of the building is an exception to the previous descriptions. The rooms in this triangle have been modified by COMPNOR'S Interrogation Branch (a division of Imperial Intelligence). The inner triangle, except for a single entrance in the outer hallway, has been sealed with blast proof two-meter thick ceramic panels (Strength of 9D).

These rooms are equipped with various combinations of shackles chains force shield containment units, and atmosphere modification systems, which the ISB agents use, along with their Interrogation droids and Gamorrean inquisitors, to withdraw information from suspected traitors.

The Kichicolia

The creatures, the kichicolia were catalogued by the Imperial Zoological Agency during the Empire's original occupation of Najarka. They are half meter tall primates with prehensile fingers and toes, and long thick fur. Individuals are normally white with black markings around their joints, mouths and eyes. The most striking feature is the tail, which is covered with long white fur and trails behind the creatures like a banner. The call of the kichicolia is a very loud, trilling squawk.

Because of their appearance and humorous behavior several breeding pairs were transported to the Emperor's personal gardens where they immediately had their vocal cords removed so that their vocalizations would not annoy the Emperor's guests.



Kichicolia

Type: Forest simian

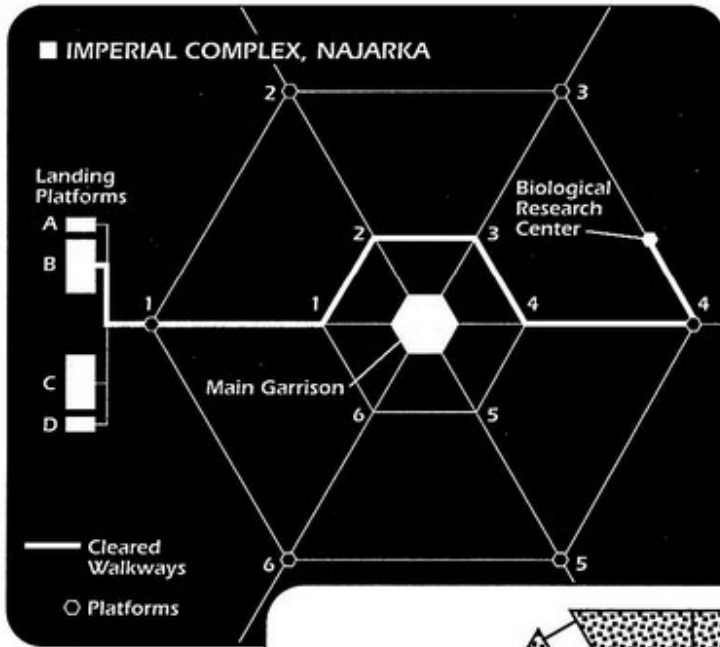
DEXTERITY 4D

Dodge 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

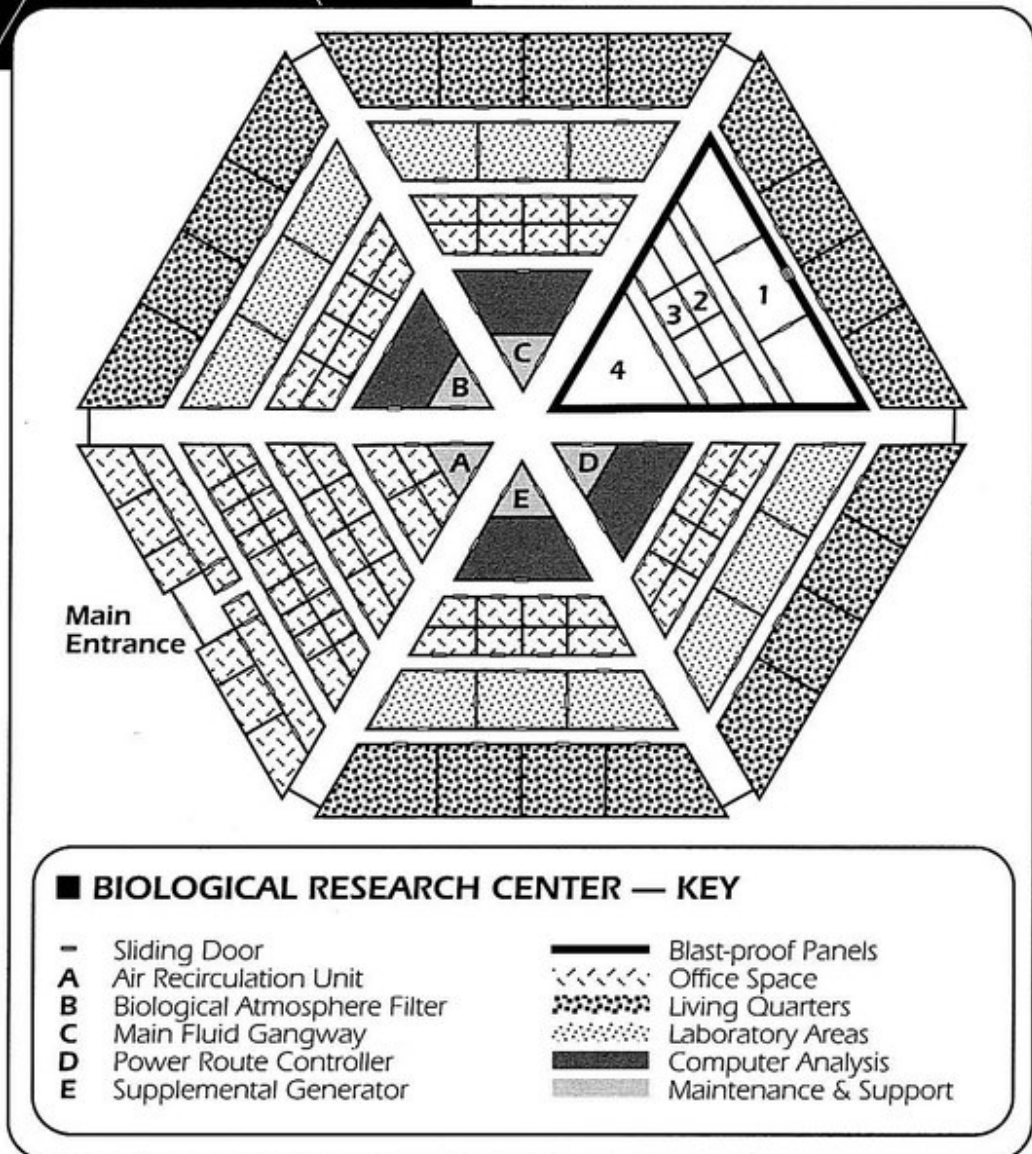
Hide 4D, sneak 4D+ 1

STRENGTH 1D



GAMEMASTER DIAGRAM
Imperial Complex, Najarka

GAMEMASTER DIAGRAM
Biological Research Center



Climbing/jumping 3D

Special Abilities:

Teeth: Do STR+1D

Move: 12

Size: 0.2-0.5 meters tall

Capsule: Kichicolia are half-meter tall primates with prehensile fingers and toes, and long thick fur. Individuals are normally white with black markings around their joints mouths and eyes. The most striking feature is the tail, which is covered with long white fur and trails behind the creature like a banner. The call of the kichicolia is a loud squawk.

Kichicolia live in small packs, and are harmless herbivores. They may attack if cornered but are more likely to retreat if threatened.

Tree viper

Type: Tree serpent

DEXTERITY 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 4D+2

Special Abilities:

Fangs: Do STR damage (plus venom).

Constriction: Do STR+1D damage each round (subtract 2D from victim's Dexterity until he or she makes a successful opposed Strength roll to break free).

Venom: Characters bitten by a viper must make a Moderate stamina roll to avoid paralysis. Paralyzed characters will cease breathing in 10 rounds and suffer irreversible brain damage in the next 8 minutes unless the venom is countered by the general antitoxin present in standard medpacs.

Move: 11

Size: 2.5-3 meters long

Capsule: Tree vipers are large snakes with green and brown mottled skins. They hunt in small groups of two to six, and are accustomed to bringing down prey much larger than themselves with their venom. This makes them bold and fearless predators.

NAL HUTTA

Type: Large terrestrial

Temperature: Temperate

Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere: Moist

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Urban, mountainous rain forests

Length of Day: 87 standard hours

Length of Year: 413 local days

Sapient Species: Humans, Hutts, various aliens

Starport: 1 Imperial class

Population: 3 billion hutts, 4 billion other species

Planet Function: Homeworld, trade, crime

Government: Clan council

Tech Level: Space

Major Exports: Tourism, contraband goods

Major Imports: Foodstuffs, high technology, luxury goods

Source: Dark Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

The Hutts claim to have evolved on the world of Varl. According to legend, once their world was a rich, lush forest world with two suns. The Hutts believe that one of the two suns crashed into a black hole and the explosion seared Varl's surface, while meteor showers rained down, leaving it a blasted, desert planet.

Most of the indigenous life became extinct, but the Hutts survived and prevailed. This is the source of their greatest pride. Despite obvious scientific flaws in this myth, there is no disputing that Varl is a barren harsh world today. Like other species, Hutts spread to many other worlds. As they fled Varl, they claimed Nal Hutta as a new homeworld. As they came to be major players in the galactic underworld, they have earned enough wealth to buy their own sectors of space.

One system that attracted initial interest from the Hutts was the Y'Toub system, where a pleasant yellow star shone over six planets, four habitable. The largest, Evocar, despite its huge size, had an extremely low density. With almost no heavy metals, the gravity is comparable to a standard world. Home to a species of humanoids called the Evocii, their civilization was in a primitive, feudal state of development.

Upon discovering them, the Hutts offered to sell the Evocii modern technology. The Hutts traded the technology for real estate — the Evocii never suspected the Hutts were trying to buy the planet away from them. By the time they learned what the Hutts were up to, construction teams had begun arriving. Soon, they replaced Evocii lodges with fantastic palaces and pleasure pavilions, which dot the surface to this day. The Evocii appealed to the Republic, but even a Jedi can't find a loophole in a Hutt contract. The Evocii were relocated to a nearby moon.

Now in secure control of Evocar, the final transformation began. The last native structures were torn down to make room for theme parks and palaces. The ancient monuments were replaced with Hutt shrines and the planet was renamed Nal Hutta, which means "Glorious Jewel" in Huttese. Whether this refers to the planet's climate or its population is unknown, but in any case, it is an apt description of this pleasant and beautiful world. Regardless, Nal Hutta's nearness to then current hyperspace routes soon made it one of the galaxy's most popular trade worlds. For a price, albeit a stiff one, anything could be bought. This was one of the first planets bought by Hutts and it has become synonymous with Hutt crime clans.

The late Jabba himself was born here on the private estates of his family. The planet is ruled by a council of the elders of each clan who live here. This world is home to a full-fledged Hutt society.

Though the planet is owned by Hutts and according to tradition Huttese is the only language permitted to be spoken here, there are many non-Hutt residents as part of the enormous class of slaves, servants and sycophants to be found anywhere Hutts reside.

From here they control the entire economic life of the moon, Nar Shaddaa, an ancient spacer's base and home to many of the pilots and techs working for the Hutt smuggling guilds. Those earning the Hutt's gratitude are often brought here for audience and vacation. Those who earn their wrath can sometimes be found orbiting in-between both planets.

NAR SHADDAA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type 1 (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Urban
Length of Day:	87 standard hours
Length of Year:	413 local days
Sapient Species:	Evorii, Humans, Hutts, many other aliens
Starport:	Stellar
Population:	72.1 to 94.7 billion (estimated)
Planet Function:	Trade
Government:	Organized crime
Tech Level:	Space (upper levels), varies by sectors and part of the planet
Major Exports:	Contraband, mid tech, high tech, weapons, spice, slaves
Major Imports:	Contraband, mid tech, high tech, weapons, spice, slaves
Source:	Dark Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

The largest of Nal Hutta's moons, Nar Shaddaa, was deeded over to the Evocii as a new homeland. It was said that Nar Shaddaa had a much less favorable climate for Hutts, so they would allow the Evocii to live in peace. Unknown to the Evocii, Hutt "business" leaders bribed the negotiators so the Evocii could remain in-system as cheap labor. The Evocii tried to maintain their traditional lifestyle, but as Nal Hutta saw more and more trade, the Hutts confiscated more and more land (of course, the Hutts had hidden loopholes in the contract, so this action was perfectly legal). As the Hutts bought more and more of the burgeoning industries, the Evocii eventually became more and more exploited until they became a degenerate sub-class in the lowest hidden tunnels and sectors of the world covering city.

Once, the system was an important way station in galactic shipping. The structures for such trading remain today. Nar Shaddaa's refueling spires reach to orbit, and repair and loading docks sprout from the surface. As the centuries

passed, layer after layer of city was built on top of previous levels until the surface was entirely covered in a multi-story vertical city. Lower levels fell into decay and those who couldn't afford to relocate higher were marginalized and forgot ten. Among these unfortunates are the mutated descendants of the Evocii.

Of course, galactic tastes change, and so Nar Shaddaa fell out of favor. Once Nar Shaddaa was a bustling world of industry and trade. Luxury liners, bulk freighters and ore ships pulled in here regularly to dock at the spires of port facilities and hotel complexes, but that was a long time ago. The realignment of trade routes dealt the last blow, siphoning off the last legitimate investors, and so criminals, slavers, droidnappers and spice-jackers rule openly. Nar Shaddaa's glory days passed from the history tapes.

Today, Nar Shaddaa is far from the major hyperspace lanes and trade routes, a victim of the evolving economy of the galaxy. But that suits its inhabitants just fine — they prefer as little attention from the authorities as possible. Without shame or scruples, the criminal groups owned or tolerated by the Hutts rule unchallenged. For a price, anything in the galaxy can be bought and sold. Once a glittering gem to the wealthy, Nar Shaddaa is a tarnished and gloomy refuge for the dregs of the universe.

Of all the concerns here, none is as important as the smuggling trade. Nar Shaddaa is often called the "Smuggler's Moon." Making use of the distance from galactic commercial centers, rings of smugglers and the infamous smuggling guilds own and maintain networks of cargo transfer points and shipping routes that appear on no Imperial charts. Here, any number of intermediaries ran fence anything from spice to stolen ships on the Invisible Market. Every hour, thousands of exotic ships buzz the skies, heading to one docking sector or another. Each sector is its own bustling city where pilots, bounty hunters or pirates can cut deals of any kind.

NEW COV

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Jungle
Length of Day:	27 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	301 Local Days
Sapient Species:	Humans, assorted aliens
Starport:	Imperial Class
Population:	90 million
Planet Function:	Natural resources, biomolecule harvesting
Government:	Corporate Owned (New Republic allied)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Biomolecules
Major Imports:	High tech, workers
Source:	Thrown Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The great walled city of Ilic is but one of eight that have been built in the jungles of New Cov. The tops of the cities poke through the clutching trees of the tight pressed jungle, looking like the silver-skinned domes of droids that have been dropped into green quicksand. Visiting ships must enter the cities through vents near the top, which are large enough to admit anything up to the size of a W-class space barge.

New Cov is a planet where the dangers of the environment are the source of its economic value. New Cov is home to numerous sentient exotic plants that produce biomolecules. However, the plants seem to take great exception to the harvesting of the molecules — they have been known to eat the occasional careless molecule harvester, and the reason the cities are armored and domed is to prevent the plants from infiltrating or casting spores into the cities. However, despite the danger, economics rule out, and the Covies are even building two more cities to increase living space and processing facilities.

Biomolecules cannot be synthesized, so sources of these important manufacturing components are highly sought after and jealously guarded; they are needed for synthesized medicines and some partially organic industrial processes. Harvested biomolecules are processed for their variety of uses (many of them military), and prepared for shipment to heavy-industry planets.

While the dangers of New Cov are numerous, the residents, all employees of the New Cov Biomolecule Company, earn high pay for their efforts. All manner of alien species can be found in the armored cities, though the majority of citizens are of human origin. The planet is allied with the New Republic, but the cities make periodic tributes to the Empire in the form of sanctioned Imperial raids. The Empire takes whatever refined biomolecules it needs, leaves, and New Cov remains in the good graces of both governments.

Ships enter the cities through the top vents, following the curved pipes down and inward to a bright landing area beneath a transparisteel dome. Inbound customs are a mere formality, for the inhabitants depend on these same ships to export their goods. Outbound scrutiny, of course, is much tighter.

Professional greeters welcome visitors, providing data card maps of the city and surrounding area. From there, visitors are free to go to the market, administrative, living and processing areas of the city.

NKLLON

Type:	Small rock
Temperature:	Searing
Atmosphere:	None
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Light

Terrain:	Crater fields, volcanic
Length of Day:	3527 Standard Hours (approximately 90 Standard Days)
Length of Year:	5 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Humans
Starport:	Standard (uses shieldships from outside system)
Population:	5,000 (Nomad City)
Planet Function:	Mining
Government:	Corporate (New Republic Allied)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Metals, minerals
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs, high tech, mid tech
Source:	Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

The super-hot planet Nkllon orbits the intense sun of Atheqa. Once it was thought the rich raw materials locked within the planet would never be freed. Nkllon orbits very close to its sun. Any normal ship which approaches the planet has its hull quickly peeled away by the intense heat. Only through the use of specially designed shield ships can a normal ship reach the planet.

The side of the planet in direct sunlight is off limits to even Lando's well-prepared operation. However, with the use of Nomad City and Nkllon's very slow rotation, the scoundrel-gone-businessman has been able to pry ores of tremendous value from the planet because the dark side remains cool enough to work on. The lights of mole miners can be seen shining out of the darkness like close stars as the radio-controlled vehicles dig up the surface. The view on approach to Nomad City, however, is absolutely stunning. Its sweeping lights and lumbering form fills the dark side night with a spectacular glow.

Nomad City

Nomad City is a huge, humpbacked structure that constantly moves across Nkllon's surface. By being mobile, the city always stays within the planet's protective shadow and out of the super hot light of the sun. Thousands of lights blaze over the mining complex's surface. It lumbers along like some exotic living creature, scanning the ground around it with sweeping searchlights as it moves over the craters and rough terrain of the world. Wherever it goes, a handful of tiny support ships go with it, flying around it or rolling over the ground beneath it like sand bugs swarming around a bantha.

Lando had the city constructed out of castaway vehicles destined for scrap. The largest portion of the city is an old *Dreadnaught-class* cruiser the Alliance had captured after the Battle of Endor. He fitted the old ship on top of 40 captured Imperial AT-AT Walkers. These made the city mobile, and although it has a lumbering gait, it is still fast enough to stay within the shadow at all times. The tiny escort ships are a variety of shuttles and pilot craft which help direct the city's trek across the craggy terrain.

The brainchild of Lando Calrissian, he had the original idea while serving as Baron Administrator of Cloud City. In the personal logs of Cloud City's founder and builder, Lord Ecclessis Figg, Lando found plans for a rolling mining center that Figg wanted to build on Bespin's inner planet, Miser. Miser's terrain proved too difficult for a wheeled vehicle, and Figg had abandoned the idea. Lando, however, embraced it. By using legs instead of wheels, he would be able to get at raw materials others could not reach while staying out of the deadly rays from the sun.

So far, Nomad City and the whole Athega system operation has been a huge success. Lando is making money, the New Republic is receiving a constant supply of rare ores, and everybody's happy. Or at least they were until the Empire stole 51 of the operation's mole miners for use in their Sluis Van campaign. Lando has left Nomad City, at least for the time being, to extract revenge upon the Empire for its recent actions.

OBROA-SKAI

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Cool
 Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Dry
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Frozen desert, mountains, frozen oceans
 Length of Day: 26 Hours
 Length of Year: 456 Local Days
 Sapient Races: Humans Obroans (N)
 Starport: Standard Class
 Population: 73 million
 Planet Function: Administrative, service (library), manufacturing
 Government: Representative Council (Independent)
 Tech Level: Information/space
 Major Exports: Mid-tech
 Major Imports: High-tech, luxury goods
 Source: Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Obroa-skai, a star system in the Borderland Regions, occupies a strategic position between the remnants of the Empire and the holdings of the New Republic. Both it and the neighboring Paonid system have thus far remained neutral in the current struggle, but have shown signs of leaning toward the New Republic. In fact, the system usually contains at least one-armed emissary force as the New Republic is making a strong bid for the system's membership and support.

The system is best known for its massive library, which is said to contain the gathered knowledge of the galaxy--if one knows where to look for it. Recent raids on the library computers suggest that someone is looking for some obscure information and is determined to retrieve the data no matter what the cost. An Elomin task force chased the latest raiders into lightspeed. They have not been heard from since.

The raids were in fact carried out by Imperials under orders from Grand Admiral Thrawn. Their latest information dump revealed a particular piece of data which Thrawn had been searching for. Thanks to the information gathering talents of the Obroans, Thrawn was able to locate the aggregation coordinates of the planet Wayland.

ONDERON

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (Breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Forests, plains, mountains
 Length of Day: 28 Standard Hours
 Length of Year: 405 Local Days
 Sapient Races: Humans
 Starport: Limited Services
 Population: 4 million
 Planet Function: Homeworld
 Government: Monarchy
 Tech Level: Feudal
 Major Exports: None
 Major Imports: High tech, weapons
 System: Japrael
 Star: Prael
 Source: Tales of the Jedi Companion Sourcebook

Orbital Bodies:

Name	Planet Type
Dagri	Moon
Dxun	Moon
Evas	Moon
Suthre	Moon

World Summary

The relatively unimportant world of Onderon lies in the Japrael system of the Stenness Node. Its monarchical government has forever enforced an isolationist policy, refusing to become a Republic member world time and again - until now.

Four moons orbit Onderon in wildly varying paths the closest of which, Dxun, at one time came so near the planet that an atmosphere bridge allowed the moon's native creatures to migrate to Onderon for a brief period during the summer season of the lunar calendar.

The great walled city of Iziz, which covers more than one thousand square miles and holds several million inhabitants, grew up out of a need for defense against the Dxun warbeasts. While most Onderonians live within Iziz's confines, those who have been exiled have constructed their own strongholds in the forested wilderness. These exiles eventually developed a symbiotic relationship with the warbeasts, earning the derogatory name "beast-riders."

The Beast Wars raged on for centuries, ending only after the intercession of the Jedi Knights. Queen Galia, the first in her line to cast off the pall of the dark side that had consumed each of her ancestors and the beast lord Odon

Kira now rule Onderon in relative peace, and have recently requested admittance to the Galactic Republic.

The sarcophagi of King Ommin, Queen Amanoa, and Freedon Nadd lie on Dxun within a deep tomb sealed bathe light side of the Force and guarded by warbeasts. Jedi Master Arca Jeth, watchman of Onderon, fears that other Sith devotees may attempt to steal away the sarcophagi in order to release the spirits of the dark side. He plans to monitor Dxun closely.

ORD ANTALAHA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mixed forest and plains
Length of Day:	28 standard hours
Length of Year:	392 local days
Sentient Species:	Humans, mixed others
Starport:	Standard
Population:	150,000?
Planet Function:	Pirate haven
Government:	Local fiefdoms, anarchy
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Stolen goods
Major Imports:	Plunder
Source:	Pirates and Privateers

World Summary

Antalaha was colonized as an ORD (Ordnance/Regional Depot) during the Clone Wars, initially settled as a storage facility and recreational zone due to its convenient location along the Shwuy Exchange (a minor route between Shwuy and Fakir sectors). Hundreds of warehouses (clustered by the dozen) were constructed all over the planet. To slow potential orbital bombardment, these warehouses were evenly relocated and lightly armored. A small hospital and resort was built for recovering soldiers. As the Wars ebbed and flowed, the Ord saw a few staging actions, but no actual battles. After the Wars, the Ord was downgraded, and then abandoned. Only the colony remained, subsisting on agriculture and light trade.

Ord Antalaha's population declined rapidly until there was essentially no colony left. Roughly ten years before Palpatine's ascension to the throne, Ord Antalaha became a regular stopover for smugglers and pirates. Although the Empire declined to notice the obscure system, the fringe did not. While remote, it accesses a minor trade route, and from there ships can get to two major trade routes. The planet is temperate, lightly colonized, and has as sorted defensible warehouses and staging facilities. The smugglers and pirates didn't have to interact much, and could go about their business without local or Imperial interference. As word spread, the empty warehouses were repaired and once again inhabited, and quiet bases sprung up.

A local "code" was eventually developed, a set of rules governing the smugglers and other fringe operators on the planet:

- Antalaha is a neutral zone. Group feuds are suspended on the planet. Pirate captains and mercenary units often clash in space, but these rivalries are to be left alone while relaxing on the planet. Personal duels, brawls in good fun, and the like are allowed, but organized aggression will bring an overwhelming wave of ticked-off thugs down on both sides.

- Leave the colonists alone. Not out of a sense of mercy, but simply because it's abed ideate draw attention to a safe haven. Outraged farmers may attract Imperial interest, which would be a disaster for everyone. Some pirates and mercs take this to an extreme, and consider it a duty to protect the colonists from crime lords, petty gangsters, and other low-grade scum (who are only interested in the planet because of the money the pirates bring, but that's never mentioned). The colonists find themselves a little overprotected by a rough and tumble group of slightly homicidal big brothers. Most of them figure that it's better than having the Empire around.

- You get one chance. Rowdies who don't know the rules get the rules explained to them once, usually by a large number of irritated older pi rates. No second failures are tolerated, and since no one group is big enough to take all the rest on, the planet stays fairly quiet overall. People who can't control themselves wind up "missing" very quickly.

ORD MANTELL

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Plains, jungles
Length of Day:	26 standard hours
Length of Year:	334 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Trandoshans, wide variety of other species
Starports:	Limited Services
Population:	4 billion
Planet Function:	Trade, entertainment, gambling
Government:	Republic Governor
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	None
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Most people know Ord Mantell as a gambling reserve and seedy spacer and smuggler conclave. However, there's a lot more to this outlying world that once served as a prime military base for the Old Republic.

Ord Mantell is a world of contrasts. It was originally founded by Corellian colonists 12,000 years ago as an advance Republic military and scout base. As the Republic expanded to new trade routes, Ord Mantell lost its strategic significance, but the presence of full military quality starship yards and docks encouraged a thriving civilian cargo trade.

In the intervening years, Ord Mantell has become something of a "free port": all manner of legitimate and illegal cargoes pass through the system. Smugglers and legal free traders often dock on the planet, confident that there is a minimal risk of "Imperial entanglements."

Ord Mantell has also given rise to a thriving gambling and entertainment industry. Along the southern coast of the continent of Worlport, a sprawl of cities provide gambling and all manner of vices, no questions asked. The cities are modern in all respects, and Ord Mantell's countless billions of tourists a year can expect to find any convenience they are accustomed to in the Core.

Beyond the teeming bustle of the cities, much of Ord Mantell remains primitive and rural. Ord Mantell's terrain is dominated by wide plains, large salt-water lakes and forests. A number of small towns and cities dot the planet, ranging from farming to fishing communities. The majority of the inhabitants of the rural communities shy away from contact with out-worlders, preferring to stay away from the visitors who seem to consistently bring so much trouble to their lives. There are a small number of cities that cater to the needs of smugglers and spacers, giving these individuals even more privacy than the gambling cities can. Unfortunately, these rural spacer cities are little more than "outlaw settlements," much like Mos Eisley, where visitors must be willing to dispense "justice" through a threatening word and a blaster. The general level of technology in rural Ord Mantell is low; droids and computers are oddities to most residents.

Shortly before Grand Admiral Thrawn's campaign, the New Republic added Ord Mantell to its membership. While the Republic has made extensive efforts to "civilize" the planet, old habits die hard and the planet remains a center of illicit activities. At one point, the Republic deployed an X-wing fighter wing to the planet to assist in the ongoing skirmishes in the sector. Originally housed in the remains of an Old Republic space defense base in the planet's southern hemisphere, the Ord Mantell Fighter Wing has become an essential part of the New Republic's defense in the sector.

ORD PARDRON

Type: Asteroid
Temperature: Cool
Atmosphere: None
Hydrosphere: Arid
Gravity: Light (0,15 Standard)
Terrain: Barren
Length of Day: Planet does not rotate

Length of Year: 752 standard days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starports: Standard class (restricted to New Republic and emergency use only)
Population: 68,000 (New Republic troops)
Planet Function: New Republic military base
Government: New Republic Military
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Ord Pardron is a remnant of Old Republic military expansion, the name "Ord" itself a throwback to the military jargon of that bygone era. "Ord" is an acronym for "Ordnance/Regional Depot," and serves the function of a frontier "fort" or advance military base. Countless Old Republic regional bases were given the name "Ord" when they were first settled (colonists often chose to settle near a military facility for their own protection); on many worlds, the term has survived to this day.

Ord Pardron is essentially a large rock in space. The planet has low gravity and a very thin atmosphere. Ord Pardron is rich in minerals and ores and was extensively mined by the Republic and the Empire to provide raw materials for starships. Approximately five years before the Battle of Endor, Ord Pardron was abandoned by the Empire because most of its mineral resources had been exhausted. Shortly before the Battle of Yavin, a small Rebel Alliance fighter base was established in the remains of the Imperial base.

Ord Pardron Starfighter Base launched a number of successful attacks on the Empire, which was unable to locate the subterranean Rebel outpost. After the Battle of Endor, the base was re-tasked and is now a major sector defense outpost due to the protection afforded by the heavy-metal make-up of the planet. Even without planetary shields, the underground base at Ord Pardron can withstand sustained orbital bombardment. A full complement of starfighters, capital ships and support personnel has been stationed on Ord Pardron.

ORD TRASI

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Cool
Atmosphere: Type II (breath mask suggested)
Hydrosphere: Arid
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Mountains, plains
Length of Day: 28 standard hours
Length of Year: 412 local days
Sapient Species: Humans, Wookiees (slaves)
Starports: Imperial Class (restricted to registered Imperial shipping and military use)
Population: 2 million
Planet Function: Shipbuilding facility
Government: Imperial Moff
Tech Level: Space

Major Exports: Starships
 Major Imports: High technology, refined metals
 Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Ord Trasi is a major shipbuilding facility for the Empire. It is a heavily defended fortress system that the New Republic has thus far been unable to take from the Empire. The Imperial yards at Ord Trasi are primarily responsible for the construction of capital combat starships, and since the return of Thrawn, the facility has concentrated solely on building Imperial Star Destroyers.

Ord Trasi was a fort world in the days of the Old Republic (hence the "Ord" appellation). Established as a "jump-off" point and refueling depot for exploration missions, the Ord Trasi outpost saw heavy usage and gradually improved the level of its ship maintenance facilities, eventually becoming the major construction center it is today. Ord Trasi itself is typical of most planets that serve as shipbuilding centers. The planet is rich in metals, ores, and minerals, as well as natural crystals used in weapons and communication gear, all of which are mined to fuel the Imperial war effort. Most of the Empire's shipbuilding is carried out in orbit, utilizing a tremendous series of space stations and orbital docking platforms. The space platforms completely encircle Ord Trasi and house most of the Empire's troops stationed at the planet. A number of weapons platforms defend the network of space stations, and smelting and metal refinement facilities are located on Ord Trasi's two moons. The smelting facilities feature minimal guards as most of the actual mining is carried out by droids.

OSSUS

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type 1 (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Hills, Mountains, Gorges, and Forests
Length of Day:	31 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	299 Local Days
Sapient Species:	Any
Starport:	Standard
Population:	2,500
Planet Function:	Jedi Training Center
Government:	None
Tech level:	Space
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	High Technology
System:	Adegan
Star:	Adega
Source:	Tales of the Jedi Companion Sourcebook

Orbital Bodies:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Planet Type</u>
Mim	Moon

Nerit Moon

The Planet Ossus has long been center of Jedi learning and a meeting place for Jedi Masters to discuss recent events. Thousands of Force Students congregate within the immense training complex, Studying the lore and techniques of the Jedi Knights under tutelage of their Masters.

During the events leading up to the Fall of the Sith Empire, Ossus served as a staging point for Jedi expeditions into Sith Territory.

Many Jedi received last-minute instructions and lectures from the leaders of the joint Republic-Jedi forces just prior to boarding heavy cruisers bound for the front lines.

Now Ossus is a world of peace, far from galactic conflict - although Many Jedi Masters believe that another great war may erupt in the near future. Here Jedi students learn lightsaber construction and combat, Jedi history, and - for the more advanced students - the nature of the dark side. Special training areas throughout the complex allow would-be Jedi to practice lightsaber cadences or engage in battle with mechanical remotes, or, at times, with true Jedi Masters. Secluded chambers and gardens provide excellent sites for meditation and contemplation of the Jedi Masters' words. Large living compounds offer adequate, though sparsely furnished, rooms, and several dining areas handle the nourishment needs of all present.

The Hall of Knowledge contains hundreds of thousands of datacards (and ancient paper tomes) holding everything from the most current Republic planet logs to the oldest recorded words of Jedi Masters.

Most Jedi students eventually come to Ossus, whether as inexperienced initiates or apprentices on the verge of becoming full-fledged Jedi Knights.

PANTOLOMIN

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Gravity:	Standard
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Terrain:	Ocean, tropical jungle
Length of Day:	24 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	349 Local Days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Lomins, assorted aliens
Starport:	Imperial Class
Population:	1 billion
Planet Function:	Service/tourism
Government:	Representative Democracy (New Republic allied)
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Luxury Goods
Major Imports:	Tourists
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Three planets orbit the Panto sun. The planet closest to the sun is Pantolomin, but it orbits at a comfortable distance and supports a huge number of life forms. This is the paradise of the system, a diamond among the jewels. The second planet, Toloran, also supports life, but it is a colder, harsher world. The distant Atloran does not have a life-sustaining atmosphere, but has been utilized nonetheless.

This entire system has been established as a resort. From the tropical climes of Pantolomin to the wintry wonderland of Toloran, from the zero-gee campgrounds of Atloran to the deep space station Panto Prime, the system features vacation packages for all tastes and species.

Pantolomin features a tropical and semi-tropical climate. It is an ocean world, with eighty percent of the planet covered in deep blue water. The landmasses, from the three large continents to the five major islands to the hundreds of small islands, are jungle paradises of thick rain forests. The underwater coral reefs are renowned throughout the galaxy for their unique beauty.

Toloran is a cold world of snow and mountains. Mountain top resorts provide a variety of winter activities, including repulsor skiing, hover sledding, wilderness survival camps, and even mundane single and double snow-contact skiing. Perhaps the highlight of the world is the great *Snow Nara* ice barge. The ice barge sails across the great ice floes of the northern reaches, taking its passengers to the most isolated areas for sightseeing, ice skiing, and hunting of the terrible ice dragons of Toloran.

The lifeless sphere called Altoran has even been colonized for recreational activities. Seven zero-gee space camps surround a modern spaceport facility. Alien species, which have special gravitational needs, find these camps great fun, and more humanoid species come for the challenges and benefits of a limited stay in weightless conditions.

Panto Prime, a deep space station orbiting between Pantolomin and Toloran, is a luxury facility that doubles as a functional spaceport and a deluxe resort and casino. Panto Prime is a popular gambling resort, but always is playing second best to those of Pantolomin.

Pantolomin is a wonder to behold. From the clear blue oceans to the colorful rain forests, from the blue sand beaches to the intricate coral reefs, Pantolomin is a galactic paradise.

Tourists come from all over to bask in the sun, dance beneath the triple moons, swim in the green-blue waters, frolic on the vast beaches, and explore the scenic tropical forests. For those who prefer even more amazing sights, there are always the luxury cruises atop the waves and beneath them, which wind through the fabulous coral jungles that fill the ocean depths.

One of the more popular sub ocean cruise ships is the luxury casino *Coral Vanda*. The submersible makes three and seven day excursions through the huge network of reefs off the coast of Pantolomin's northern continent of Tralla.

The planet's Board of Tourism bills this ship as the most impressive and luxurious casino in the galaxy, and no one has ever challenged that claim. It has eight gambling rooms, each one as huge and ornate as the next. These rooms are filled with sabacc tables, lugjack bars, tregald booths, holo-game tables, warp-top booths, and other games of skill and chance. A multi-species bar bisects each room, and there are even serving windows which can provide an assortment of snack foods. From the Tralla Room to the Saffkin Room, the *Coral Vanda* contains eight of the finest casinos in the galaxy—all in one location.

When passengers tire of the games, they can step over to the full-wall transparisteel hulls that separate each casino room from the ocean beyond. The sights beyond the clear walls are breathtaking. Rippling blue green water sparkles in the ship's running lights, revealing huge schools of brilliantly colored fish. Small sea mammals swim and play among the fish, putting on grand shows for those who care to watch. And then there are the reefs. The *Coral Vanda* moves around, over, under and through the winding forests of coral that grow in this part of the ocean. The coral reefs grow in wondrous patterns of loops and fans, and the colors are as varied as those of the fish that live among them.

Pantolomin's native race, the amphibious Lomins, have created a luxury world that thrives on tourism. They produce all types of luxury goods to go with the exotic locales, and Pantolomin items sell for exorbitant prices throughout the galaxy. Though a large number of humans have settled on the world because of its beauty or to make money, most businesses and the government itself are owned and operated by the Lomins, who share the system's tourist board governing duties with the Tolos of Toloran.

The three continents of Tralla, Kossi and Brint have modern cities which have been designed to blend into the natural beauty of the land. Wherever possible, beaches and deep forest have been left in a natural state, only being intruded upon in the environmentally safe tour barges. Cities tend to be coastal, for the amphibious Lomins prefer to be near the sea.

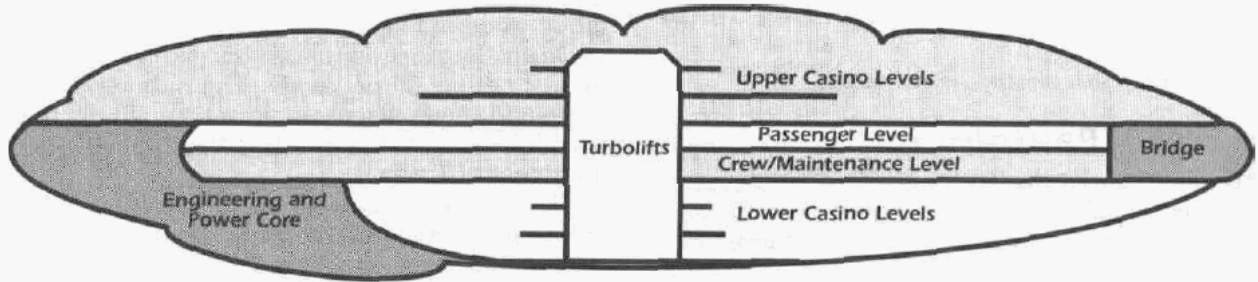
PERGITOR

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Cool
Atmosphere:	Type III (breath mask required)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Ash-desert

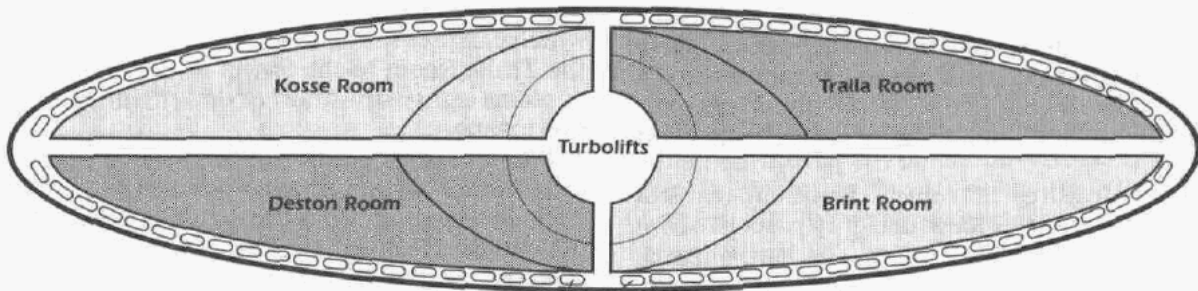
Length of Day:	34 standard hours
Length of Year:	291 local days

Coral Vanda

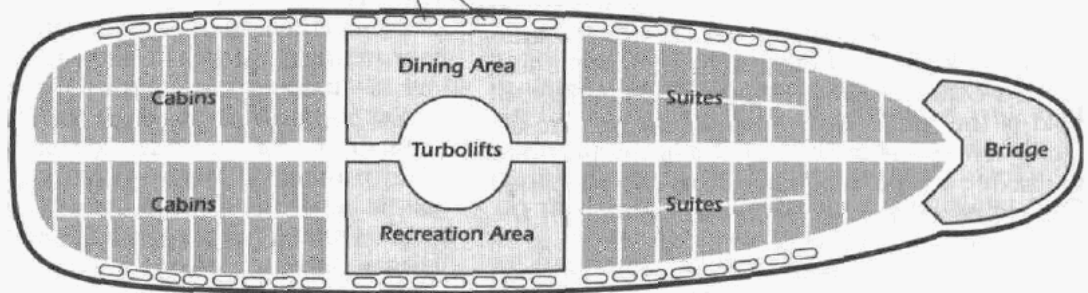
Side View - interior



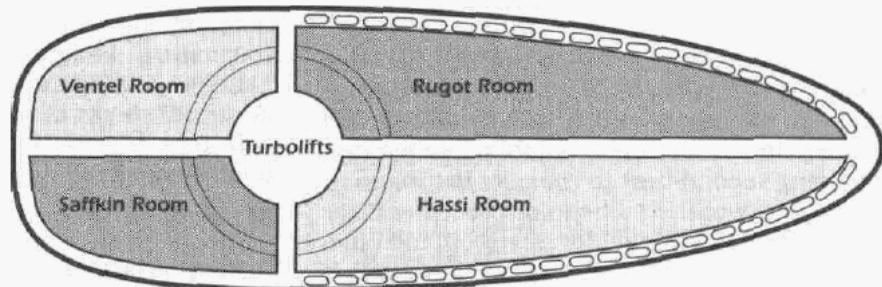
Upper Casino Levels



Passenger Level



Lower Casino Levels



Sapient Species: Humans
Starport: Stellar class
Population: 2 billion
Planet Function: Trade
Government: Authoritarian theocracy
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Minerals
Major Imports: Smuggled luxury items, machinery
Source: GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

This world has a semi-toxic atmosphere, though once it was known as a garden planet. Though once it was quite advanced, now it has a decaying economy and a repressive political system - survival and religion are about all most of its populace have time to worry about.

Pergitor itself was once a lush tropical planet, before a deep bore mining project caused an enormous volcanic eruption nearly a century ago. The planet was covered with ash for a number of years and the atmosphere was permanently tainted with pollutants. The resulting scandal and loss of revenue forced the Jesa Corporation, which owned the planet, out of business, leaving the system with a devastated economy. Now the air is unbreathable - gas masks must be worn at all times when outside, and all buildings must be air-tight.

First settled because of the extremely rare mineral deposits found in its volcanic regions, Pergitor quickly became a thriving mining and manufacturing planet. Established by the Jesa Corporation, the planet was made the corporation's major training and research center. It became the home for a large community of technicians and scientific researchers.

However, Jesa was founded by a woman of extremely rigid moral principles and strange personal beliefs, and most of the company officials came to share those beliefs. Many of the early immigrants were recruited because they were of like mind. At its earliest inception, the planet's population was strongly united by its fundamentalist ideals. Later waves of immigrants were not so religious and did not necessarily join the main sect, but, for the most part, they accepted the laws and traditions of the conservative society they had joined.

For years after the mining accident Pergitor was a tightly controlled planet, with little open dissent, because people were more interested in survival than anything else. About 30 years ago, however, the young began to rebel. They experimented with a plethora of synthetic drugs smuggled in from off-planet, they protested against the repressive government and they watched the halos that had been prohibited since the planet was first settled.

Some of the younger members of the royal family (which is descended from the founder of Jesa Corp) became involved in the movement. A great wave of liberalization came to Pergitor. and for 15 years, its younger citizen reveled in

long overdue new freedoms.

But then the backlash came: the once sleepy Church of Infinite Perception gained new power from the disenchanting conservatives who flocked to it. The Church, under the leadership of a man simply called "the Preceptor," staged a revolution, overthrew the liberal government, exiled the royal family, and established a religious fundamentalist state.

Now the days of "liberal decadence" are long gone, and in its place is a rigid, authoritarian fundamentalist theocracy. It is strongly supported by the Empire, and in return it is a strong supporter of the Emperor. It is thought by some among the Pergitor Resistance that the Empire masterminded - or at least aided - the revolt against the old regime.

The Church has the constant support of 600 stormtroopers stationed at the starport, who have been used in harsh crackdowns on political demonstrations when the local armed forces were perhaps reluctant to fire upon their own people. In return for these services the local government allows the Empire to recruit heavily from the youth of Pergitor for the Imperial Navy.

PINNACLE MOON OF DA SOOCHA (NEW REPUBLIC ERA)

Type: Terrestrial Satellite
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Light
Terrain: Mesas, pinnacle spires, mountains, oceans
Length of Day: 22 standard hours
Length of Year: 371 local days
Sapient Species: Humans. Ixlls (N)
Starport: Imperial class
Population: 321,000 Humans. 1.5 million Ixlls
Planet Function: Homeworld, New Republic command base
Government: New Republic
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Military supplies, high technology, troops
Major Imports: Medicine, low tech, mid tech, foodstuffs
Source: Dark Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

As New Republic strategists on Coruscant observed the battles in the nearby Kaikielius and Metellos systems, many were already convinced that Imperial City would again live up to its name. It was imperative to select a new command base immediately. The base had to be secret so that the Rebellion could hide its military leaders from Imperial assassins, yet had to be near enough to trade routes to allow the Republic to effectively govern the territory that remained.

With time running out, the options narrowed. Eventually, the Pinnacle Moon was selected as the most suitable

location, especially because its location had never been registered on the Haven list, which had fallen into Imperial hands.

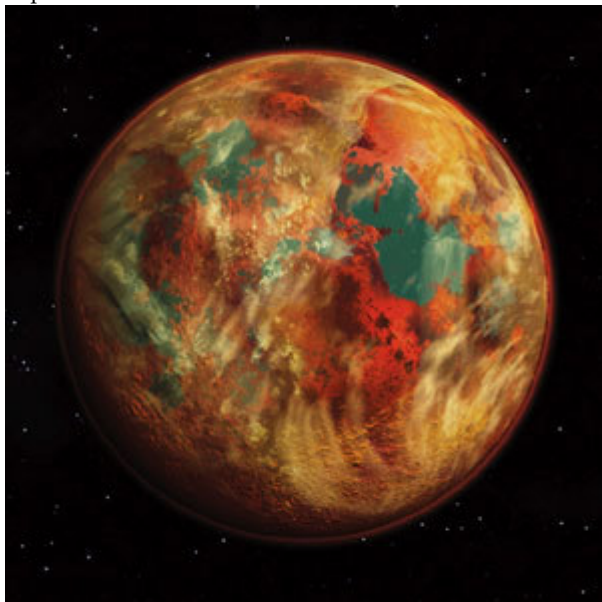
The moon that greeted their transports was certainly unusual. Pinnacle is an old world, geologically speaking. Billions of years ago, as the surface was first forming, powerful volcanic eruptions spewed superheated minerals high into the air. The effect of Da Soocha's heavy gravity with this world's light gravity created immense tidal forces, which washed away the sedimentary layers of soil, leaving the pinnacles.

Many kilometers high, these pillars were hollowed out by erosion. Many forms of plant and animal life live inside these columns, creating the illusion of a sparse, desolate world. One effect of Da Soocha V's unique environment is that nearly all higher forms can fly. The most highly evolved are the Ixlls, small, intelligent mammals inhabiting upper strata of the columns. With fusion drills, technicians cut into the few lifeless columns, and built facilities there.

With the final assault of the Empire, Pinnacle Base's location is no longer a secret and the Rebel Alliance is now trying to find an appropriate location for a new command base.

PODERIS

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Archipelago chains of mesas
Length of Day: 10 standard hours
Length of Year: 77 local days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starports: Limited Services



Population: 17 million
Planet Function: Colony
Government: Imperial Governor
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: Food, medicine, high technology
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Poderis can be described by a variety of terms, though "marginal" seems the most accurate. Virtually no one has ever heard of the small colony planet. Technically, the colony should have simply been declared a failure and relocated decades ago, but the stubborn nature of the colonists — a stubbornness on a par with the Svivreni — has managed to keep this small planet going. The combination of its disorienting 10 hour days, unusual geography and violent winds have made the planet a singularly difficult location to survive in.

Poderis has a nearly perpendicular axial tilt, creating terrible winds (comparable to hurricane levels) during the planet's spring and autumn. The "lowland-slough ecology" and erosion patterns of Poderis have created the planet's unusual landmasses: towering mesas lie in archipelagos dotting the planet's large oceans.

For the protection of the settlements perched atop the mesas, huge wind barriers have been constructed. They are angled slabs of hull-strength starship metal that act as windbreaks.

Grand Admiral Thrawn used Poderis as a lure for Jedi Luke Skywalker, who was led to believe that Poderis was a possible transfer point for the Empire's clone traffic. Poderis is also a drop-off or pickup location for smugglers, though a recently increased Imperial military presence has curtailed much of the illicit flow of goods.

PRAKITH

By Rodney Thompson (with special thanks to Dan Wallace)

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate to arctic
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Mountains, plateaus
Length of Day: 27.6 standard hours
Length of Year: 335 standard days
Sentient Species: Humans, other
Starports: Imperial class
Population: 3.6 billion
Planet Function: Fortress world
Government: Dictatorship
Major Exports: Raw materials
Major Imports: Consumer goods, processed foods
System/Star: Prakith/Prak
Source: WotC web update

Orbital Bodies

Planets	Type	Moons
Rake	Barren rock	0
Mekith	Toxic rock	1
Prakith	Terrestrial	2
Delanoth	Gas giant	8
Prakess	Frozen rock	2

World Summary

Prakith is truly one of the foremost fortress worlds under Imperial control. Aside from the considerable military might stationed on and around the world, Prakith is composed primarily of mountainous continents and deep, unpredictable oceans. The natural landscape, a result of the world's ancient tectonic activity, lends itself well to easily defensible outposts and regions that are nearly impervious to ground assault. With mountains and plateaus dominating the landscape and very few open fields for battle, Prakith is among the most difficult worlds to seize by force.

The major cities on the planet sprang up on the vast plateaus surrounded on all sides by great caverns and crevasses. Since the hazardous terrain makes ground travel difficult, residents of Prakith are more inclined to own cloud cars and high-altitude airspeeders, reserving repulsorlift vehicles dependant on smooth terrain for intra-city travel. Most of Prakith's cities seem to be carved out of the sides of mountains, featuring architecture that embraces jagged lines and bold, towering skyscrapers. Much like the terrain of the planet itself, Prakith's cities are mazes of sharp peaks and deep plunges, adding to the intimidating feeling visitors get on approach to the planet.

Eons before Prakith's discovery by Imperial scout teams, the world was a violent and fragile place of intense volcanic activity. The planet's molten core was frighteningly unstable, causing the continents drifting on its crust to slam into one another with such force that landmasses compressed and jutting mountains popped up as far as the eye could see. When the planet core cooled to more habitable levels, tectonic activity resumed normal terrestrial levels. As a result, flat land on Prakith is almost unheard of, and majestic, rugged mountain ranges stretch to the horizon from almost any vantage point.

Imperial survey teams discovered Prakith during early expeditions into the Deep Core. Due to its relative proximity to the Core Worlds, the Empire colonized and built up Prakith as one of the fist of the Deep Core planets to be "civilized." As more Imperial citizens flocked to Prakith, the planet earned its reputation as one of the "fortress worlds," so named because they were almost as heavily defended as the capital city-planet of Coruscant. More than just a fortress world, however, the Emperor also selected Prakith to be the home office of the Inquisitorius in the Deep Core region. With the dark power of the Inquisitors tainting the world and the heavy fortifications put in place by the Empire, Prakith became a foreboding planet where all treaded lightly.

When news of the crumbling of the Empire reached the fortress worlds, Prakith was one of the first planets to support a continued war with the Rebel Alliance. Already in possession of a sizeable planetary defense fleet, Moff Foga Brill embraced the reborn Emperor's campaign of terror against the New Republic and contributed all of his own resources. When the Emperor was once again slain and Byss destroyed, Prakith was declared the capital planet of Brill's holdings as a warlord and lasted many years as an independent military colony until it was captured by and integrated into the New Republic.

People

Unsurprisingly, the people of Prakith are a relatively subdued and businesslike populace. With the heavy-handed influence of the Empire (and the looming threat of inquisition) constantly felt across the world, few citizens can afford to be anything but cowed. The order imposed by the Empire shows itself in the relative safety and security felt on Prakith -- the crime rate is low, and anti-Imperial insurgents are almost nonexistent. The people of Prakith live in relative peace and limited prosperity providing that they do not express any dissenting political views.

Military personnel are commonplace in all the cities on Prakith. With a heavy Naval presence above the world, crews of orbiting starships looking for a little downtime fill most of the cantinas and nightclubs on the planet's surface. The Mining Guild has a strong presence on Prakith as well, and a large portion of the planet's laborers are employees of the Guild in one form or another. The mineral-rich mountains across the world brought a great number of job opportunities to the people of Prakith and, for the most part, they embraced the Mining Guild's presence. As is common on the other fortress worlds of the Empire, the nonhuman population is almost unseen except as slaves or prisoners.

Few fell for the Emperor's promises of prosperity and power in the Deep Core as thoroughly as Foga Brill. A former Director of Investigation for the Republic Judicial Department, Brill embraced the order imposed by the Empire after years of chasing the lawless across the galaxy. Given the title of Moff by the Empire, Foga Brill worked day and night to ensure the peace and prosperity of the Empire found its way onto Prakith. A lean, calculating man with graying hair, Moff Brill made sure that the Imperial Navy presence at Prakith was always strong enough to repel an invasion by almost any force. When Brill declared himself a warlord following the collapse of the Empire, his demand for a strong naval presence paid off, and it was not until many years and battles of attrition later that the New Republic was able to oust the warlord from power.

Locations

Descriptions of several key locations follow.

Asonel Cave System

The Asonel cave system is a massive underground spider web of natural and artificial tunnels that rests deep within

the mountain ranges near Prak City. Miners discovered the cave system in the early days of colonization and they are speculated to be the result of ancient lava flows during days when the planet core was still cooling. When miners first arrived in the cave system, they could pick up gemstones forged by intense heat right off the ground. Later, deep-mining expeditions used the tunnels as a starting point but eventually abandoned the caves following a number of worker accidents. In modern times, the Asonel cave system is a haven for criminals on the run and rebellious agents in hiding. Periodically, stormtrooper regiments flush out the caves and round up any suspected criminals for questioning.

Citadel Inquisitorius

Few structures in the galaxy can inspire as much fear and awe as the Citadel Inquisitorius. A towering black spire that juts menacingly from a position nestled in the mountains, the Citadel is the central base of operations for much of the Inquisitorium. It is here that the High Inquisitors are given assignments and come to confer with others of their order, and is one of the most dangerous and foreboding buildings ever encountered. The interior resembles many of the religious structures found in different parts of the galaxy, with high, vaulted ceilings and row upon row of obsidian columns. Housed within the dark structure are a number of torture chambers and detention blocks that the Inquisitors use to detain and interrogate the most dangerous and strong-willed prisoners. Many citizens on Prakith whisper that the screams of Jedi captured and brought to the citadel echo across the mountains for days at a time, a chilling warning to all that hear it.

Prak City

The seat of Foga Brill's power on Prakith, Prak City is composed of towering skyscrapers with pointed tops that cause the city to resemble the lower half of a dangerous, toothy maw. The city itself is not only the capital of the planet but the headquarters of almost all major companies on the world. Constructed on the largest available plateau found on Prakith, the city features a large spaceport capable of supporting a single Victory-class Star Destroyer and any number of other civilian and military vessels. Constant patrols of stormtroopers sweep the city looking for trouble at all times, and the suspicion of the Inquisitors has crept down through the ruling hierarchy to the point where the city's population lives in constant fear of secret police.

QAT CHRYSTAC

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Searing
Atmosphere: Type IV (environment suit required)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Heavy (1.4 of Standard)
Terrain: Radioactive lava seas, volcanic glass plateaus
Length of Day: 12 standard hours
Length of Year: 166 local days
Sapient Species: None
Starports: Limited Services

Population: 2,000 New Republic troops, approximately 1,500 Imperial Radtroopers
Planet Function: Hidden Base
Government: None
Tech Level: Space (inside the New Republic base)
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Qat Chrystac is one of those unusual battle sites that occur in virtually every war; the planet has no strategic value save that what began as a small skirmish to wipe out an enemy outpost evolved into a seemingly endless and ever escalating conflict.

The planet is a volcanic nightmare, with a bizarre form of radioactive lava spewing forth from hissing crevasses in the planet's surface. Huge seas of molten rock cover the planet, distinguished by large mesas of volcanic glass that tower several kilometers high over the seas. The radioactive lava that is constantly sprayed into the planet's poisonous air has a severe scrambling effect on all manner of computers and sensors. Because of the hostile nature of the planet's environment, a rogue cell of the Rebellion decided it would make an ideal hiding place.

Qat Chrystac became a point of contention almost a decade ago. The Rebels managed to capture a heavily shielded starship, similar to the shieldships of Nkllon, and simply bury it in the rock of the planet. The Empire, learning of this base, launched an attack and was soundly defeated; the Empire was not ready for the harsh conditions of the planet, and the Rebel group on Qat Chrystac was comprised of some of the fiercest fighters in the Rebellion. The fighting rages on to this day.

Qat Chrystac was a site of fierce battles, even before Thrawn's campaign. A small contingent of Imperial Radiation Zone Troopers cautiously worked its way across Qat Chrystac's surface in hopes of locating the hidden base. This stormtrooper unit, stationed aboard an older model siege platform in orbit over Qat

Chrystac was in active combat for almost years, until being forced to withdraw due to its desperate need of reinforcements. The New Republic, hoping to wipe out one of the few truly elite stormtrooper divisions left since the death of the Emperor, managed to supply the Qat Chrystac base with new weapons, troops and supplies.

(For more information on Imperial Radiation Zone Troopers, see pages 27-28 of Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments From The Rim.)

QUOCKRA-4

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Arid

Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Desert salt flats
Length of Day:	31 standard hours
Length of Year:	402 local days
Sapient Species:	Quockrans (N)
Starport:	Landing field
Population:	Unknown, though there are at least 10 million droids
Planet Function:	Trade
Government:	Unknown
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	High technology, large machinery
Major Imports:	Droids
Source:	GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

This is a desert world, flat without much differentiation of terrain. It never rains and there are no oceans, though there are several extremely large salt flats. It can get extremely hot during the midday hours making it dangerous for unprotected Humans. At night it gets very cold, and protective clothing is required. There is only one city, located near the spaceport. It is built largely underground, to escape the extremes of temperature.

This world is populated entirely (or so most people think) by droids of a thousand different varieties. Many of the droids are of Imperial manufacture but some are of unknown design. Some of the Imperial models can speak with the player characters, but will not be able to tell them much about the world except that they really don't like it much.

"Why certainly sir, I'd be glad to help, but I must tell you that I really don't know very much about this place. You see, we're all droids here."

The alien droids appear to be in charge here. They do not speak any recognizable verbal language, but can communicate through the beeps and whistles of machine language. They do not discuss their origin with anyone.

There is apparently a hierarchy within the droid community, but it is a very confusing system. In general, the yellow repair droids with three arms seem to give the most orders, the red worker droids are in the middle and the Imperial droids are on the bottom. The yellow alien droids conduct the trade, using Imperial droids as interpreters.

Hyllyard City

The closest Myrkr gets to a true population center is Hyllyard City, a little piece of civilization on the edge of a great forest. Like Mos Eisley on Tatooine and other frontier towns, Hyllyard City consists of a few space ship landing pits and a close-packed collection of makeshift structures. The small houses and commercial buildings are crammed tightly together, built in a familiar wheel pattern around a large open square. Narrow streets run between the buildings, and a few wide avenues radiate like spokes from the

center of town. Before a recent battle between Imperial stormtroopers, Luke Skywalker, Han Solo and Karrde's men, a freestanding archway rose ten meters high from the edge of the open square. Now the square is littered with the remains of the battle, including the collapsed arch and the wreckage of a crushed Chariot repulsorcraft. Witnesses reported that Skywalker used a lightsaber to topple the massive structure.

Hyllyard City is populated by a few settlers, but mostly the town serves as a haven for free-lance smugglers, rogues, and fugitives from galactic justice. Some of Karrde's people once lived there as well, maintaining a constant link between Karrde's isolated base and the freelance "businessmen" who frequent the city.

REUSS VIII

Type:	Industrial nightmare
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type III (breath mask required)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Urban
Length of Day:	20 standard hours
Length of Year:	210 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Reussi (N; near-Humans)
Starport:	Stellar class
Population:	25 billion
Planet Function:	Manufacturing
Government:	Organized crime (Torel Vorne)
Tech Level:	Information
Major Exports:	Mid tech
Major Imports:	Breath masks, food, water
Source:	GG9: Fragments from the Rim

World Summary

The planet Reuse VIII was once a lush and green planet, known for its scenic splendor and mild climate. In those days, Reuss VIII was a prime food producer for several colony worlds and gained a reputation for being a pleasant, if boring, place to visit.

The industrial giants of the Old Republic figured out that with large amounts of land on Reuss essentially "up for grabs," they could purchase sites for food production facilities at a low price. In a matter of a few years, the planet had been bought out from under the Reussi the near-Human natives of the planet. Allowed to remain on their land as tenants, the Reussi have seen their planet devastated by ruthless companies during the last few hundred years. Now the world is also home to another kind of poison -- the criminal organization of Torel Vorne.

Reuss VIII is now the Industrial juggernaut of Portmoak Sector. The Reussi communities have ceased to exist, starved out by the cessation of food production on their home planet. Reuss VIII now stands as a warning of just how badly a world can be abused. The atmosphere is loaded with toxins and the rain is highly acidic. While the rain never really stops, it sometimes slackens to a fine mist,

which is still dangerous to breathe, but can be tolerated for short periods. The acidity also varies, so checking the local forecast is a matter of some importance. Going out in the mist should not be attempted without a respirator, as the mist destroys lung and throat linings.

On low contamination days, exposure to the air's mist without a breath filter causes 2D damage per six hours of exposure. After two weeks of exposure, the damage to the lungs is irreversible without replacement by cybernetics. On high contamination days, exposure to the rain without a full environment suit causes 2D+2 damage *per round of exposure*.

The people of Reuss VIII are very poor, and are effectively slaves of the Reuss Corporation. Average life expectancy is around forty years, all of it spent without seeing a single plant or growing thing. Reuss VIII's entire land surface is covered with factories, refining plants, inefficient waste incinerators and crumbling blocks of skyscrapers. Often, the industrial belts are so huge that they merge into one another, leaving the residential neighborhoods as small islands of habitation in a sea of factories. The planet is also a major conduit for illegal goods being smuggled to the Core Worlds. The vast local influence of crime lord Torel Vorne ensures that customs regulations remain fairly lax.

At the bottom of Reuss VIII's society are the Rust Rats: People even Vorne can't be bothered with. They are mostly children who have no place to go. Their parents have died or been kicked out of their blocks for rent default and they live hand-to-mouth in the crumbling remains of corroded buildings, stealing food, picking pockets and begging for food and money. Generally, the average Rust Rat is slowly being killed by acid burns and lung diseases, but that is of no concern to those who make decisions on Reuss VIII.

The Rust Rats. All attributes and skills 1D except: *Dexterity 3D, pick pockets 5D, survival: Reuss VIII 5D*

RISHI

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type 1 (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountains, swamps
Length of Day:	20 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	268 Local Days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Rishii
Starport:	Standard Class
Population:	2 billion
Planet Function:	Mining, natural resources, homeworld
Government:	Theocratic colony
Tech Level:	Space, primitive
Major Exports:	Minerals, ores, fuel sources, missionaries
Major Imports:	High tech, mid tech, low tech
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The hot sun of Rishi has four planets orbiting around it. Only one supports life, the third planet of Rishi. The others have potential for corporate uses, but have yet to be exploited. Small Risha is a hot planet with molten rivers and steaming lakes of chemical soups. Rishal, the second planet in orbit, is a barren, lifeless world rich in metals and ores. The far planet of Rishos is a gas giant that has a promising store of gases waiting to be harvested by enterprising companies.

The only viable places to live on the planet Rishi — at least as far as the human and alien colonists are concerned — are a handful of deep valleys. As such, the living conditions are quite crowded. The colonists live in low-lying swamps, while the native Rishii live among the high mountain peaks.

The colonists who settled Rishi belong to the fundamentalist H'kig religion. They follow strict standards of propriety concerning clothing, length of hair, and social mores. Specific laws forbid the use of repulsoflights before the hour of the first meal and after the hour of last prayer. These, and other laws and standards, as well as information about joining the H'kig sect, are provided on data cards when visitors land in the spaceports. The colonists chose Rishi as a haven of religious freedom, and for the natural resources the planet provided. Those who don't belong to the H'kig may come and go as they please, as long as they do not disturb the permanent colonists or break any of the religious laws.

Each city-vale is composed of cream-white stone buildings. Some buildings are also constructed in the craggy mountains, but the tops of the mountains are left alone. Far up in the mountain peaks live the loose avian tribes of native Rishii. These avians have a peaceful relationship with the colonists, but they do not understand why the wingless ones want to live in the most uncomfortably hot and humid spots on the planet. Some of the colonists have tried to convert and civilize the Rishii, but these attempts have been to no avail. The avians look on with bemusement at their strange wingless neighbors, then fly back to their mountaintop nests to go about their regular business.

The colonists have decided to remain neutral as far as the conflict between the Empire and the New Republic are concerned. They do not believe in violence, though visitors are not forbidden from carrying weapons while on the planet. They allow anyone to come to the city-vales, and trade with any who deal fairly with them.

Many underworld organizations have established bases on Rishi because of the colonists' tolerance. Talon Karrde even maintained a base on the planet, and he was forced to make use of it after his Myrkr base was no longer open to him. A number of bounty hunters followed Karrde to Rishi, in search of a huge bounty decreed by Grand Admiral Thrawn; most of the hunters left Rishi empty-handed.

Rishi colonists export a number of different types of minerals and ores which they extract from the lower portions of the craggy mountains surrounding their swamps. They also extract and process a few different types of primitive fuels which they sell or trade to nearby Rim Territory colonies. Perhaps their most well known export are the H'kig missionaries. These followers of the faith often set up ministries in spaceports, spreading the tenets of their faith and seeking donations from the heathens of the galaxy.

The H'kig Religion

H'kig was a religious leader on the Core World of Galand. He preached a message that went against the opinions of the day and even referred to the Galand leaders as devoid of morals and spiritually evil. When he insulted the Viceroy of Galand, H'kig was put to death. However, his death did not destroy his teachings. Instead, H'kig became a martyr and his followers established a full religion around the memory of their leader.

Over the centuries since, the followers of H'kig continued to preach against the excesses of Galand's "decadent" society. In return, they faced religious persecution, prejudice and open hatred. Seventy years ago, during one of the Old Republic's colonization pushes, the followers of H'kig purchased two colony ships and went in search of a suitable Rim World to settle on. They found Rishi.

Though the theocratic government has established a number of laws based on their religious beliefs, the world is extremely tolerant of other faiths. As long as visitors and other colonists do not break any of the laws provided on data cards when they arrive, they are free to worship or behave as they see fit. This tolerance comes from the years of intolerance the H'kig's had to endure on Galand.

The rules which cannot be broken concern the use of repulsorlifts and other high-tech machinery. There are set times when these items cannot be used, no matter the religion of the user. There are also community standards concerning the length of hair and the manner of dress. What a person wears in the privacy of his own dwelling is his business—what he wears in public is the business of the community. The tolerance of the H'kig's is shown in the way they enforce their laws.

First offenses of community standard laws are handled with a warning and a small fine. Further offenses meet with more serious punishments, and multiple offenders may be banished from the planet. Of course, the H'kig government has little tolerance for capital crimes. Murder, kidnapping and grand theft meet with punishments that fit the crime — including death sentences for those found guilty by the court of elders.

RODIA

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Jungle, ocean, urban
Length of Day: 29 standard hours
Length of Year: 305 local days
Sapient Species: Rodians (N), humans, various aliens
Starports: 4 Stellar class
Population: 1.3 billion Rodians, 100,000 humans and aliens
Planet Function: Homeworld
Government: Rodian Grand Protector
Tech Level: Space (in cities), industrial (in jungle provinces)
Major Exports: Weapons technology
Major Imports: Foodstuffs, luxury goods
Source: Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

The homeworld of the Rodians is a planet in the Tyrius star system surrounded by several small moons. Rodia is a tropical planet whose landmasses are covered in dense jungles and forests teeming with a wide assortment of life. The coastlines are humid, fed by jungle swamps and frequent rainfall from stormy purple and gray clouds. Most Rodians live in the bustling cities the business and residential areas surrounded by the sprawling industrial complexes which fuel the planet's weapons technology enterprises. Unlike Rodians of the past, the urban inhabitants today have forgotten how to cull their food from the remaining jungles. Instead, they concentrate on manufacturing weapons in their immense industrial centers and much of the planet's food is imported. Not only do these industrial sectors insulate the cities from the jungle, they are rapidly consuming the tropical forests in their infectious growth.

Some areas of Rodia are still wild. Many provincial Rodians still live in heavily fortified clan enclaves deep in the jungles. Most are hesitant to join the cosmopolitan life for personal differences or clan conflicts. This arrangement has been encouraged by the ruthless Rodian leaders Navik the Red. Navik rose to power by warring with clans opposed to his rule cementing the dominance of his own clan the Chattzas. He eliminated his enemies in a series of fierce and bloody campaigns which spanned several star systems. By the end Navik named himself Grand Protector of the Rodians. He quickly moved to "transfer" those Rodians within the government who showed even the slightest bit of hesitation about supporting his edicts exiling them to jungle province posts.

Visitors to Rodia are discouraged from venturing deep into the tropical jungles. There is little threat from the immense predators which used to roam these forests - the Rodians have long since hunted most of them to extinction. However, wayward travelers are easy prey for Rodian provincial clans which view trespassers as fair hunting game. Although the urban areas are much more civilized in this aspect, visitors are cautioned to make sure other aliens are always in sight. Travel in groups is advised, and certain

all-Rodian neighborhoods can be as deadly as the jungle.

Equator City

The most notable metropolis for visitors is Equator City, the primary starport and largest urban area on the planet. The city is a tourist's paradise. Situated along a coastline which runs east-west along the equator, this urban sprawl offers tropical beaches clear waters and cosmopolitan amenities. Visitors and natives alike come here to bask on the pristine beaches, swim in the shallow bays, or go motosurfing through the lightly pounding waves. Such attractions are only brief respites from the hot and sticky climate here which is fed by moisture from the sea to the north and the jungle swamps to the south. The dense city itself also contributes to the sometimes-oppressive heat.

Of course, the main attraction is the city. Entertainment industries hug the shore like so many parasitic morrts clinging to a fat Gamorrean. Restaurants, pleasure halls, casinos, amphitheatres, and hotels of every class gratify any desire for the appropriate price. These businesses are cradled in an entirely fabricated atmosphere of bio-engineered lawns trees and bushes, signs glowing with electro-reactive gases, and pleasant music piped in through concealed speakers. It's all meant to put visitors at ease so they will dump thousands of credits into Equator City's entertainment industry. The largest complexes are often run by entertainment corporations, but some are actually front companies for criminal organizations or political groups. Of course, most visitors hope to win big at the gambling machines and sabacc tables, but Equator City can be a harsh place for those without the self-discipline to quit before they've lost all their money . . . or the common sense to realize that not all tables and machines are as "honest" as management claims.

The Flip of the Credit Casino

The Flip of the Credit is a typical casino in Equator City. Built many years ago in a rather opulent architectural style, the casino's worn appearance complements the other buildings in its entertainment complex: the Sovar Imperial Hotel, Calliandro's (a restaurant with excellent Kubaz cuisine), and Stufar's Grand Dancitorium.

Like many casinos in the city, it is packed with sabacc tables, electronic gambling devices card games, credit disc machines randomized wheels and Trin stick tables. Visitors are often required to purchase 100 credits worth of cred chits for the games - "just to get them started," the management claims - but many machines and dealers take regular credits (and other valuables) as the evening's gambling spree wears on into the early morning hours. The mobs of players, dealers and bodyguards are as much a part of the atmosphere as the smoke and dank odor of spice which permeates the establishment. The Flip of the Credit attracts a varied crowd: gamblers tired of a complacent life in the Core Worlds down-on-their-luck smugglers trying to recoup losses from busted cargo runs, and underworld thugs investing their earnings or receiving covert "payments" through rigged games all populate the tables and lounges.

Although the "no blasters" policy is clearly posted near the entrances patrons and employees alike all seem to be carrying weapons around the Flip of the Credit. Part of this comes from a code of behavior: anybody can carry a blaster, but knowing when it is prudent to draw it and when it's best to leave it in the holster is what separates the living from the dead. Anyone mindless enough to incite or participate in hostile activities will soon learn that management is swift to "prosecute" those violating the "no blasters" rule. The casino security force is not terribly subtle about being seen: large armed guards of every species haunt the corridors and casino floors scanning for anybody who may cause trouble and need to be blasted.

The casino's operator, a Rodian named Avaro Sookool, seems to be an intense data-cruncher. He occasionally passes through the casino floor disdainfully looking over the games and the innumerable patrons. Avaro has a passing interest in the business, as he represents certain concerns in the criminal underworld. He often has more important matters to attend to, and leaves security and surveillance up to a handpicked team of Rodians who wander around in expensively tailored suits, no doubt designed to conceal the body armor beneath the fine fabric.

SARKA

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Heavy (1.3 of Standard)
Terrain:	Jungle, marshland, cave networks
Length of Day:	39 standard hours
Length of Year:	462 local days
Sapient Species:	Sarkans (N)
Starports:	Imperial Class
Population:	4 billion
Planet Function:	Trade center
Government:	Ruler by tribal selection
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Nova Rubies
Major Imports:	Luxury items
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Sarka is a planet of steaming jungles and vast tracts of marshland. The planet is home to a dazzling variety of insects, plants and animals, including the Sarkans, the planet's only sapient species.

Sarka has few cities (in the traditional sense); rather, the majority of Sarkans live in an elaborate system of interlocking caves and subterranean passageways. The caves are usually located adjacent to one of the planet's many underground hot springs, which helps compensate for the cool Sarkan nights. Salyrini is the largest of these underground cave-cities. Despite their crude outward appearance, the caves are very modern, incorporating a

number of shops, restaurants, holo-theatres and other amenities.

Among the major exports of Sarka are the Sarkan Nova Rubies, which the Sarkans mine from their cave networks. These crystals are common on Sarka and are used for illumination in the darker reaches of the caves. These gemstones are highly prized by many off worlders because of their brilliant luminescence. The Sarkans tend to be amused that these common stones can be so prized by other species, though they are more than willing to part with them — for a proper price.

Sarka has parlayed its gem wealth into political clout, and now Sarkan ambassadors are among the powerful political factions in the New Republic. Sarka is currently negotiating a shipping treaty with the New Republic, and the Sarkan delegation hopes to lure a New Republic military detachment to Sarka. The military presence would help cut down on smuggling, piracy and Imperial incursions into Sarkan territory.

SEIKOSHA

System:	Breago
Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Jungle
Weather:	Violent thunderstorms and downpours
Length of Day:	28 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	422 Local Days
Sapient Species:	Seikoshans (N); a variety of off-world colonists.
Starport:	Limited Services
Population:	230,000
Planet Function:	Trade, criminal hideout
Government:	Criminal Hierarchy
Tech Level:	Feudal
Major Exports:	Liquor, Information
Major Imports:	Information Weapons, High-tech equipment
Source:	The Politics of Contraband

World Summary

Seikosha is an undeveloped jungle planet in the Borderland Region, an area still actively contested by the New Republic and the remnants of the Empire. In recent months Seikosha has become the haven for a large number of criminals since the Seikoshans have maintained neutrality throughout the war, and their planet is now conveniently situated in the Borderland Region, between the Empire and the New Republic.

A large number of off-world spacers and bounty hunters frequent the seedy bars and impromptu landing fields, hoping to turn a profit selling whatever dubious services they possess. Since the Seikoshans have barely entered into production and manufacturing of basic goods, the

crimelords have need of certain high-tech items, namely Droids and weapons.

Seikoshans are extremely tall, reedy humanoids with light green skin. Virtually hairless, they have a small amount of black hair at the top of their heads. They have unblinking red eyes, and shallow crenellations from the bridge of the nose to the top of their cranium.

They generally wear homespun cloth tunics and breeches, and carry their belongings in large backpacks.



They are generally even tempered but a handful of rebel Seikoshans despise the despoilment of their planet and the mistreatment of their fellow Seikoshans by the new crimelords. These rebels are willing to embrace unfamiliar technologies and violent methods to remove the unwelcome visitors.

Seikoshans

Height: 2.5 meters
DEXTERITY 3D
Strangle-stick 4D
KNOWLEDGE 2D
MECHANICAL 1D
PERCEPTION 3D
STRENGTH 3D+1

TECHNICAL 1D

Stranglesticks: Seikoshan males tend to be experts with stranglesticks - spear-length rods with forked ends that a thin strip of leather is threaded through. The strap can be tightened to restrain a target quickly and quietly. The stranglestick does 4D combat damage if the victim struggles. If the victim cooperates, the stranglestick does no damage, but merely acts like a harness.

SEVARCOS

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot during the day, cool during night
Atmosphere: Type II
Hydrosphere: Arid
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Plains, desert, mountains
Length of Day: 26 standard hours
Length of Year: 378 local days
Sapient Species: Humans; others in mining regions
Starports: 2 Imperial class class, 4 standard class
Population: 1 million, not including mine population or Imperial personnel
Planet Function: Spice mines and prisons
Government: Council of Spice Lords
Tech Level: Industrial with vestiges of feudal
Major Exports: Andris and carsunum spice
Major Imports: Low technology

Capsule: Sevarcos is known for its varieties of spice and its infamous spice mines. Although the native Seviri have grown accustomed to the tiny granules of pure spice carried into the atmosphere by the wind, visitors are quickly affected by this spice, and often wear breath masks to negate its effects.

Sevarcos is under an Imperial blockade. All ships landing and departing are monitored and inspected by Imperial Customs officers.

Smugglers and pirates alike love to weave tales concerning the Sevarcos system. But contrary to belief, Sevarcos is not some mysterious blip in the nav computer that pops up randomly across the galaxy. In fact, its coordinates are easily available for aggregation purposes. The fact remains, however, that one should not even think about entering the Sevarcos system without the proper permits or trade authorizations, or one might as well consider their space-faring career at an end.

Because its main export is spice, a highly restricted commodity, the Sevarcos system is under permanent customs blockade by the Empire, meaning that any incoming or outgoing transport without the correct permits or trade authorizations is immediately impounded. The Empire monitors all system traffic with perimeter sensor satellites and a large force of customs cutters, cruisers, and frigates. TIE fighters and smaller assault vessels are in abundance the closer one approaches the spice planet itself, and it is not all that unusual to see one or two older *Victory-*

class Star Destroyers cruising the outer system boundaries. Do not confuse these Star Destroyers with their slower or under-gunned siblings of pre-Empire days: these ships have been completely overhauled, with better shields and more long-range gunnery.

Sevarcos picket duty has long been considered a luxury compared to most other posts. So confident is the Empire in the combined firepower of its capital ships that some free traders claim it borders on laziness. A few old blockade-runners know how to exploit the weaknesses of the *Victory-class* Star Destroyer, especially around their sensor and tractor beam packages. Even so, the Empire maintains a firm grip on Sevarcos and its spice trade.

Between the sixth and seventh planetary orbits in the Sevarcos system is an immense asteroid field, believed to be the remnants of a thirteenth planet. The field is not difficult to navigate if one follows the proper beacons and nav-buoys, but it makes an excellent hiding place for spice smugglers and other less-scrupulous types. For this reason, the Empire has several barges in the asteroid field. These barges house TIE interceptors and Skipray blastboats for the purpose of scouring the field of undesirables.

The pilots of these fighters are trained exclusively for asteroid navigation, and the reputation of their piloting skills is such that they have been given their own special squadron designation: Fate's Judges. Acceptance to the squadron requires flying through the field without instruments and under certain stresses.

Sevarcos, World of Endless Wind

Sevarcos II is the only planet in the system capable of supporting life, the three remaining solid worlds having long since lost their atmospheres. Sevarcos is a dry, rugged planetoid - its northern latitudes are quite mountainous, the southern regions are vast deserts, while the equatorial belt consists of endless plains. Harsh winds whip the ever-present sand into frenzied storms. During certain yearly equinoxes, the winds can reach gale forces. Sevarcos' bright orange sun, Lumea, paints the roughened features of the landscape in shades of cinnamon brown and burnt amber.

If Sevarcos' surface climate can be judged quite harsh by the newcomer, its atmosphere can be downright dangerous. The moment a whiff of air is inhaled, one can immediately sense the odor of spice, a combination of sweet, dusky, and tangy sensations. The presence of spice is everywhere on the planet's surface, lurking in small, useless quantities among the rocks and rubble, and can rind aloft as tiny granules by the winds.

Even though the amount absorbed by respiration is drastically tiny, the unprotected visitor is exposed to pure, raw spice. This affects almost all new arrivals in small, almost indiscernible ways - feelings of dizziness, nausea, and a slightly euphoria are quite common. Some species and races are less susceptible to this effect, sometimes called "catching the wind." There is no medical prevention for it, except biasing breath masks and protective outer garb.

Other than the deep canyons, high escarpments, and kilometers of dark desert, life is nearly non-existent on the planet's surface, with the exception of a few firmly entrenched settlements. To find water, one must burrow beneath the hardened rock. The planet's substrata are porous, forming an arterial network of water and natural tunnels. Opposed to the endless plains above, Sevarcos' underworld is bristling with life. Small underground lakes and pools host an assortment of plant and animal species that thrive in total darkness.

This underworld paradise has its price, however. Below the surface, down in the mines, the amount of pure spice in the atmosphere increases. If exposed for an extended time, perhaps over years, the buildup of toxic levels of spice in the body typically results in a lingering and painful death. It is no wonder that many consider penal servitude on Sevarcos a death sentence.

Spice Eels

Few of the native creatures on Sevarcos present any real danger. The exception is the spice eel. Spice eels can reach lengths well beyond 15 meters, while some older varieties can achieve sizes up to 30 meters in length and 5 meters in height. Their bodies are ridged with powerful, leathery segments and their mouths contain several rows of crushing molars used to burrow through rock.

Spice eels spend their early lives in subterranean water pools. After several life stage growths, similar to moltings, the creatures burrow through rock and sediment in search of prey. Spice eels have no eyes, relying instead on pressure-sensitive organs in their heads that not only supply them with a natural sense of direction and orientation (much like the canals and membranes of the Human middle ear), but locate vibrations that indicate potential meals. Spice eels eat other small boners and diggers like itself, but spice mining activities also manage to attract it.



Nomadic Seviri tribes often hunt spice eels for meat, hides

and other parts used as trade items. Some hunters brave treacherous caverns to find spice eels, while others have methods of luring them to the surface. Most nomad clans on Sevarcos are scavengers, scrounging sand-besieged wrecks of Imperial vehicles and other discarded equipment for salable materials.

Sevarcos Spice Eel

Type: Carnivorous sand-boring slug

DEXTERITY: 2D

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 5D

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 5D

Special Abilities:

Bite: Does STR+1D damage.

Tail Lash.. Does STR+1D+2 damage.

Move: 12 (surface), 6 (boring underground) Size: 10-15 meters long

Orneriness: 5D

Capsule: The spice eel's prenombric lobes permit it to orient itself as well as sense vibrations through rock and water. These lobes, however, are very sensitive. If the eel encounters a loud enough noise, like that from a stun grenade, there is a good chance the spice eel will run directly away from it.

For giant spice eels, add 1D to the creature's Strength and Perception.

The Seviri

Besides the presence of the Empire and the various species enslaved in the spice mines, Sevarcos also has an original humanoid population who call themselves the Seviri. Very little is known about the Seviri's past, although it is believed that they are not natives of the planet but descendants of an expedition dating from the earliest days of the Old Republic. (Certain ancient records make note of the existence of a colony ship named the Seviri Cabal that was lost during those times.) Over time, these colonists formed the numerous clans that oversee the planet's spice trade (although the processing, purchasing, and distribution of Sevarcos spice is controlled directly by the Empire).

The Seviri clans, with some exceptions, have a surprising lack of interest in advanced technology. Much of their equipment dates back from ancient Old Republic days, including their use of wind-powered repulsoircraft - which they call wind riders - to float across the landscape. Each Seviri clan has a rigid social class structure dating back to the colony's founding. Customs between clans vary greatly by region - from the use of spice in religious ceremonies to arranged marriages to unite clans and avoid feuds.

Those who dwell in the southern deserts tend to travel in clanships - huge family wind carracks passed on with each new generation. Many clans of the rugged Northern Frontier live in the protection of mining settlements built

directly into the side of mountains.

The Seviri have extraordinary respect for their leaders, and turn to them for guidance, wisdom, and strength. Each leader, in turn, pledges their loyalty to a clan lord, who provides stability over the many argumentative clans. The strongest of the clan lords receives the title of spice lord. The spice lords of Sevarcos devote themselves to establishing trade and profit across the stars in the name of the clans they represent. The spice lords set the market price of spice, regulate production, negotiate trade agreements with spice merchants, and select regions for continued spice mining and extraction.

Seviri Tribe Member

All stats are 2D except: Dexterity 2D+2 archaic guns 3D, Mechanical 2D+2, repulsorlift operation: wind rider 3D. Move 10. Flashpistol (4D+2), vibroblade (STR+3D damage).

Spice Narcosis

Not surprisingly, present generations of Seviri have developed a tolerance for pure spice overdue many millennia spent on Sevarcos, although most cannot tolerate other worlds' atmospheres without a special spice-breather apparatus. In fact, Seviri or long-time residents (including prisoners) who are suddenly brought into a different atmospheric environment may succumb to a strange coma known as spice narcosis. Treatment for the effects of the coma is available only from the most knowledgeable of doctors or medical droids.

If exposed to any non-Sevarcos atmosphere, a character With a tolerance for airborne spice must make a Difficult Strength check every hour, or else the character lapses into spice narcosis. A Moderate medicine roll must be made to revive the character.

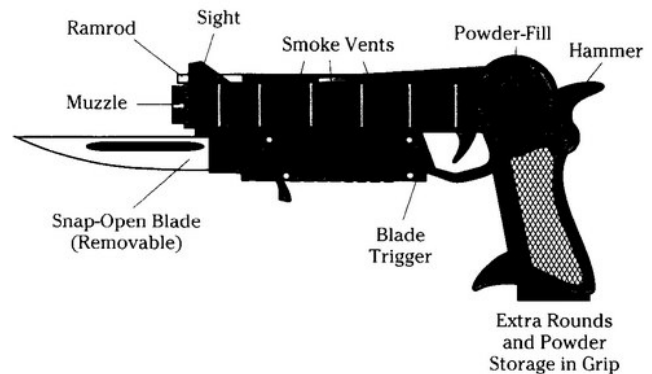
Flashpistols

The Seviri display a considerable lack of trust in most energy weapons. This is probably because almost all energy weapons, such as blasters, can suffer from reduced effectiveness, dangerous backlashes, and even power pack detonations on Sevarcos. These effects have been attributed to flying sand particles that become highly charged during Sevarcos' wild windstorms.

During such storms, all attacks using blasters should reduce the amount of damage by half at medium range. Blasters have no effect at long range. If acne is rolled on the wild die when firing a blaster during a sandstorm, there is a possibility that blowing charged sand particles can send powerful energy arcs back to the weapon. The gamemaster should roll 1D and consult with the mishap table for the effect.

The clans of the Northern Frontier first perfected the design of the flashpistol. Flashpistols are muzzle-loaded, archaic projectile weapons that fire a single, rounded metal bullet or even a small stone if necessary. Once fired, they require at least one full round to be reloaded. Two-barrel and even

four-barrel versions are known to exist (using a separate trigger for each barrel), while other variants have a cutlass-like blade slung underneath the barrel for use after thereupon is fired.



Model: Custom-Made Seviri Flashpistol
Type: Archaic projectile weapon
Scale: Character
Skill: Archaic guns: flashpistol
Ammo: 1
Cost: 50 to 500, depending on model, number of barrels, ornate design work, etc.
Availability: Available only on Sevarcos
Fire Rate: 1/2
Range: 3-10/30/60
Damage: 4D+2

Game Notes: A one rolled on the wild die indicates a premature detonation of the flash chamber. The gamemaster should roll 1D if this occurs. On a roll of 1 or 2, the gun has misfired this round and must be reloaded. On a 3 or 4, the weapon's barrel has been damaged and is useless until repaired. On a roll of 5 or 6, the weapon explodes in the user's hand, causing 4D+2 damage.

Flashpistols with blade extensions can be used in melee combat with an Easy difficulty to hit. The blade does STR+1D damage.

Blaster Weapon Mishap Table

Die Result	Blaster Mishap
1-2	Weapon shorts, power pack is completely drained and needs replacement.
3-4	Power pack overloads and destroys internal control circuitry, weapon is use less.
5-6	Power pack immediately detonates and inflicts its normal amount of damage to every character within a six meter range of the detonation.

Seviri Wind Riders

A wind rider consists of a long hull outfitted with two outrigger repulsorlift units to either side. Forward motion is

provided by the craft's large sail. A wind rider is flown ("soared" is the more accepted local term) by two people. The sails are controlled by a single person wearing a harness that keeps the sailor in an upright position. While the sailor ensures that the wind rider's sail is always filled with wind, the other person operates a tiller in the back end of the craft. The tillers consist of two oversized paddles that project below the hull like rudders. Twisting the tiller arms in a particular direction forces the craft to slip sideways, just like the rudder of a sailing ship on water. Both sailor and tiller must make certain the craft does not dip below a certain altitude, else the tiller paddles or repulsorlift units will be dashed against the rocks below.

Certain wind riders come equipped with a variety of ordnance to prevent, or assist in, boarding actions. The ballista or giant crossbow is typically mounted in the bow of the craft. By attaching a line to the arrow's tail, it may be used to grapple or snare an opponent's ship. Set the arrowhead on fire with a flammable substance, and the weapon may be used in a deadly fire attack. Spinblade arrows are used to cut control ropes, sails, and even crew members.

Larger wind ships, like carracks and brigands, use catapults to launch glasslike spheres that explode and set wind riders afire on impact.

Slave galleys, the largest of Chewing ships, mount spectacular broadsides of muzzle-loading flashcannons. Even Imperial vehicles might be daunted by the approach of such a massive and ponderous behemoth.

Craft: Typical Personal Wind Rider
Type: Wind-propelled repulsorlift vehicle
Scale: Speeder
Length: 11 meters
Skill: Repulsorlift operation: wind rider
Crew: 2, gunners: 2
Passengers: 4-8
Cargo Capacity: 0.25 metric tons
Cover: 1/4
Altitude Range: Ground level-10 meters
Cost: 2,500-5,000 credits
Maneuverability: 2D
Move: 35; 100 kmh
Body Strength: 2D

Weapons:
 Ballista
Fire Arc: Front
Crew: 2
Skill: Archaic Weapons: crossbows
Fire Control: 0D
Range: 3-25/75/100
Damage: 3D

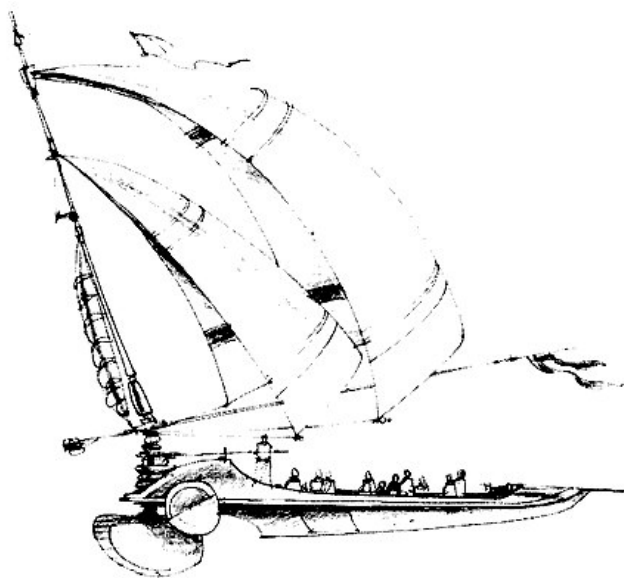
The Imperial Presence on Sevarcos

The Empire directly controls the flow of spice from Sevarcos, regulating its consistency, level of purity, export, sale, and availability. That Sevarcos also doubles as a major Imperial prison facility is one of the few success stories Commerce agencies within COMPNOR can actually brag about. The prison mines and the spice they extract are ominous reminders of Imperial efficiency. There is currently no post of Imperial Governor on Sevarcos. The spice lords are agree- able to most Imperial activities on their world, and several contract out certain regions of their lands exclusively for prison use.

The highest-ranking Imperial office on Sevarcos belongs tith planetary commandant, a position that carries both military and political duties.

The commandant is directly responsible for the customs blockade around the system perimeter, and is considered commanding flag officer for all naval and close orbit actions (an honorary duty at best, since the commandant usually defers to his fleet group captain for most naval and system defense decisions).

A greater portion of the commandant's concern lies with enforcing planet-side security and protecting Imperial interests on Sevarcos. In this matter, an Imperial "interest" could consist of the discoverers falsified transit documents, construction of new prison mines, interpretation of new Imperial spice trade regulations, or a prison mine uprising. The commandant has immediate access to a full range of Imperial Army personnel and top equipment, including swanker battalion, repulsorlift battalion, artillery and line armor regiments. There are also a number of stormtrooper units assigned specifically to the prison mines. The commandant is charged with using whatever means at his disposal to ensure that spice flows from Sevarcos and the prison facilities are running at maximum efficiency.



The Spice Lords

"Crossing a spice lord is not the smartest thing to do, since there 's the distinct possibility it'll be the last thing you'll do." - Anonymous Spice Trader

The spice lords of Sevarcos are a mysterious, seldom-seem lot, claiming allegiance to no power but their own, not even the Emperor's. Some

lords openly contract the Empire to mine their lands with prison labor, despite the toll to life and limb. Other spice lords shun Imperial contact entirely, preferring to mine and sell spice by themselves, and have little to no interest in the politics of power throughout the galaxy.

When disputes concerning the cost of spice and mining arise, most Sevari clans defer to the three most powerful of the spice lords: Lord Quintas of the Southern Deserts, Lady Trevael of the Northern Frontier, and Lord Cassius Nolath Rha, undisputed master of the planet's highly profitable Equatorial Belt and its feared prison mines.

Lord Rha's Spice Blades

Lord Rha maintains an elite force of personal guards, known with some trepidation and fear as the Spice Blades. The Blades wear black and blood-red tunics, trousers, and boots. They have been trained exclusively to use heavy vibroblades and wear distinctive respirators that pipe humidified black spice into their lungs. The black spice not only enhances the soldiers' fighting abilities, it also weakens their minds, turning them into absolutely loyal fighting machines - perfect for Lord Rha's needs.

The Spice Blades do not know the meaning of the words, "set to stun." They kill. If their swords won't do the job, then they resort to long-barreled flash rifles they carry on their backs.

Because of the black spice and the rigorous mental training to ensure their loyalty to Lord Rha, Spice Blades are not as susceptible to other characters using the command of Jedi affect mind skills on them. Jedi or other students of the Force trying to use receptive telepathy or projective telepathy detect very little mental presence or emotion in the mind of a Spice Blade - only a great empty void filled with bits of fervor and fanaticism.

The effects of the black spice also allow Spice Blades to enhance Strength or Dexterity by 1D for the length of one combat round.

Lord Rha's Spice Blades

All stats are 2D except: Dexterity 4D, archaic guns: flashpistol 5D, brawling parry 5D, dodge 7D, melee combat: vibroblades 7D, melee parry 6D, Strength 4D+2, brawling 6D+2, stamina 6D+2. Move: 10. Flashrifle (5D damage), heavy vibroblade (STR+3D+2, maximum damage 6D+2), spice respiratory apparatus, 4 throwing knives STR+ 1D).

All attempts to use command, con, intimidation, or persuasion to encourage Spice Blades to ignore, change, or

contradict Lord Rha's commands are Heroic tasks. The Jedi receptive telepathy or projective telepathy skills detect only loyal fanaticism to Lord Rha. Successfully using the Jedi affect mind power requires a Very Difficult roll when trying to use simple one-word commands on a Spice Blade - as long as they do not contradict the orders of Lord Rha. Trying to use the affect mind power to make the Jedi or another character appear as Lord Rha is considered a Difficult task.

The Festival of the High Winds

"And you thought swoop bike racing was a scary sport - these guys do this sort of thing for fun!" - Birdigan Nasalle, TransGal Champion
Swoop Racer

Each year, the spice lords meet with their clans at the late season equinox, also known as the Festival of the High Winds. Many representatives from other interested parties attend the ceremonies - powerful spice merchants, crimelords and slavers, as well as Imperial representatives.

While the lords bicker and set the price for spice for the coming year, the clans race their wind riders through the nearby canyons in tribute to their former ancestors. These races are filled with danger and peril, as the crews of the wind riders use whatever means (including weapons and fists) to stop the others from winning.

Sevari Spice and Trade

"Sevari andris spice -preferred 10 times out of 12 in blind sample tests by the Imperial Board of Foodstuffs and Consumables ..." - COMPNOR Advertisement

Any discussion of Sevarcos is not complete without mention of its spice. Although its harshest critics tend to refer to all spice as some form of addictive drug, others regard it as a harmless seasoning and food preservative used since the earliest days of the Old Republic. Spice is so commonplace it can be found in nearly every settled region that conducts interstellar trade, and sometimes serves as currency where other monetary systems, like credits, don't exist.

Andris

The different kinds of spice are as numerous as the worlds where it can be found. Kessel spice, is naturally quite popular, and yet very different from Sevarcos spice. There are two forms of Sevari spice. Andris, the white spice, is the most common. When mined, andris first appears as a light tan, crumbling substance. In its raw form, andris spice was used in many of the slower starships of the Old Republic to help preserve food. Later, a refinement step was added using powerful electrical charges that turn the raw spice into a white, crystalline powder. This refinement process is said to double andris spice's effects against food spoilage and enhances andris' flavoring of food.

Commercially refined andris, reduced to 25 percent in purity, is used across the galaxy in the preparation of foodstuffs and is easily available. The use of andris has even received the approval of COMPNOR and other Imperial regulatory agencies, and has found its way into

military garrisons
and the Imperial Navy.

A bitter debate has been steadily growing that refined andris spice is the leash that the Empire uses to stifle the galaxy into subordination. Medical research has long since proven that andris of 100 percent puritans quite toxic. Just living on the planet of Sevarcos itself can prematurely end a life. But those who use large quantities of spice have made many ludicrous claims about the physical and psychological benefits of high-purity andris.

Carsunum

The other Sevari spice, carsunum or black spice, has an even more mythical past. Carsunum is very rare and difficult to mine on Sevarcos. It is sometimes found under solid layers of hard rock deep in the mines.

The stories surrounding carsunum and the Old Republic have little to do with food preservation. One tale concerns the Healer's Guild, a somewhat secretive and mysterious ancient alliance of beings from many different worlds dedicated to preserving life. The guild used carsunum in their formulas to help control and prevent the spread of deadly hive viruses, including a variant of the one that maddened the crews of the Old Republic's Katana Fleet before they slaved their ships together and jumped into hyperspace for parts unknown. When the Empire emerged, the Healer's Guild mysteriously vanished along with the remains of the Old Republic.

The prestigious and the powerful can be seen wearing tiny golden vials of carsunum as symbols of their wealth. Despite the Imperial prohibition on its distribution, many species seek out carsunum for medicinal, religious, and other requirements. While obtaining pure andris might be difficult for the independent spacer, securing a store of carsunum is almost as easy as navigating Sevarcos' asteroid field at full speed.

The Spice Mines of Sevarcos

"The whole damn planet's a death sentence."
- Former Spice Mine Prisoner

It is not known exactly when criminals and the unfortunate were first used to mine spice on Sevarcos. Perhaps there is no worse punishment than to spend the remainder of one's existence toiling below the surface of such an unforgiving planet like Sevarcos, forever striking at the unyielding rock with low-power laser torches and sonic hammers.

The prison population of the spice mines can be described as the worst assortment of villainy thrown in together with the politically unacceptable and the misfortunate who cross the Empire. Even droids have been sent down into the shafts as sources for circuits and parts to keep mining equipment functional. There is no solitary confinement or time off for good behavior on Sevarcos. There is only hard work, and those who aggravate their jailers are only sent deeper into the mine shafts - usually without a breath mask.

The mining process begins with vast, self-contained mining refinery platforms that cruise the planet's surface. Upon reaching a surveyed location, shafts are extended into the surface. Chunks of spice-encrusted rocks are dislodged by torch and hammer, then loaded into grav-carts and conveyed up to the refining platform. Here raw spice is converted into refined spice. Huge sifters and electrostatic chambers send rippling charges of energy across the passing spice, altering the spice's molecular structure slightly and changing its color from brown to white.

Life in the Mines

Life in the prison mines is both cruel and heartless. Cave-ins from the somewhat delicate substrata are frequent, as well as attacks by spice eels who are drawn to the thundering sonic hammers. Taskmasters keep a watchful eye on the prisoners. Taskmasters are typically prisoners who have demonstrated a menacing flair for forcing others to work harder.

Taskmasters and prisoners all come under the authority of elite minetroopers, Imperial stormtroopers with special tan-colored armor sealed from the toxic mine atmosphere. The minetroopers are not necessarily there to stop spice eels or even to suppress revolts, but to protect valuable mining equipment from harm and theft.

Imperial commissars oversee the prison mines, ensuring that spice production is kept high while prisoner revolts are kept to a minimum. A commissar has the authority to force rebellious or troublesome prisoners to work at levels even Sevari natives find dangerous, and can strip a prisoner of a breath mask without explanation. This type of work detail is often referred to as "the death shift" since so few hardy souls can withstand working at such toxic levels of spice in the mine shafts.

In the spice mines of Sevarcos, there is no honor among prisoners - all remaining respect and hope having been stripped away for self-preservation. Some prisoners easily turn other prisoners in to taskmasters and stormtroopers for favors. Many escapes or revolts often fail because one prisoner, recognizing the futility of such attempts, turns the others in for lighter work duty. And with murderers and violent criminals side-by-side with innocents who were sent to Sevarcos to "disappear," the chance for the weaker's survival are quite slim.

SHESHARILE 5 & 6

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Urban
Length of Day:	26 standard hours
Length of Year:	377 local days
Sapient Species:	Human
Starport:	Standard class
Population:	12 billion

Planet Function: Trade
Government: Democracy (later becomes controlled by organized crime)
Tech Level: Information
Major Exports: Munitions, illegal spice
Major Imports: Food, illegal spice, luxury items
Source: GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

This system has two populated moons circling the same gas giant, both ruled by the same system-wide government. They are commonly known as the Twin Planets throughout the cluster. Heavily-settled both moons are thickly overlaid with industry. Never being terribly high-tech, the twin planets have been increasingly left behind in recent years. Industry is becoming quite out-dated by galactic standards, though the cheap cost of labor offsets this somewhat.

On both moons it is impossible to escape the filth and the pollution: these are garbage planets. There are resorts on Shesharile 5 for the very rich, but even there things are very dirty by galactic standards. In their headlong pursuit of wealth, the people of Shesharile system have ruined the environment of their world but they have become so accustomed to filth that no one notices it any more.

SHOWNAR

Type: Temperate paradise
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Crystal spire formations
Length of Day: 25 standard hours
Length of Year: 370 local days
Sapient Species: Humans, Shownarri (N, near-Humans), various aliens
Starport: 1 Imperial class, 2 stellar class
Population: 3 billion
Planet Function: Entertainment, tourism
Government: Private ownership with organized crime leanings (Oro Freatt)
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Souvenirs
Major Imports: High technology, luxury goods, tourism
Source: GG9: Fragments from the Rim

World Summary

The crystal planet Shownar in Parmic Sector is a place of stunning natural beauty that not even the introduction of galactic civilization has dimmed. The planet is unique, consisting of three large landmasses that are entirely composed of a rare form of Vertag crystal. The crystals formed in spires several kilometers tall, which at night glow with faint blue light. The wind rushing between the spires at higher altitudes creates a haunting, ghostly harmonic wave, called "Shownar Lullaby," which is incredibly beautiful and soothing.

Most spectacular, though, is the planet's proximity to the celestial oddity, the Torch Nebula. The Torch Nebula is an immense cloud of gases and elements, or "star stuff," that at night fills Shownar's sky with a spectacular light show of blue and red fire.

The planet is ruled by Oro Freatt, a shrewd businessman and minor player in galactic crime. He has turned Shownar into a trade and tourism nexus in just a few decades. Indeed, Oro Freatt's line of souvenir holocubes ("View of the Torch Nebula from the Nebula Hotel, Shownar") is the main reason behind the view's fame. Almost any Core Worlder who travels to Parmic Sector returns with one of these holocubes (they're almost as common as over-garments bearing the legend, "I've been to (insert name of planet) and all I got was this crummy tunic!")

For the more jaded tourist, the planet offers more than natural beauty. Freatt has made sure that the local laws (over which he has all say) are open to gambling and other vices. Law enforcement officials are likewise encouraged to overlook "minor" smuggling infractions. As a result, Shownar is a gamblers paradise with an extensive criminal network. In the "undercity," a network of cheap memory-plastic buildings controlled by Oro Freatt, smugglers and various unsavory characters from across the region meet to sell whatever goods and services they can. The undercity is a welcome change of pace from other crime centers like Mos Eisley because, unlike Tatooine's Jabba the Hutt, Freatt isn't particularly concerned with creating a huge criminal empire. He is quite happy with his planetary empire, and he makes sure that he receives appropriate compensation for business transacted on his world. In the "over city," the upper levels of the city where moderate income and affluent tourists congregate, Shownar is a placid world with a "family atmosphere." The more affluent visitors stay at the Nebula Hotel, a renowned establishment which commands a breathtaking view of the planet's surface as well as the Torch Nebula.

Naturally, experienced spacers treat the whole affair with the disdain worthy of such a tourist trap, but they often find it worth their while to stop for some business.

The terrain of Shownar is distinct, consisting almost entirely of crystalline spires that tower several kilometers in the air. While most buildings on Shownar are built on the spires, the native Shownarri in many cases live inside the

crystal spires themselves (Oro Freatt lives in such a building).

SLUIS VAN ORBIT DOCK V-475

Craft: Rendili StarDrive Space Dock
Type: Orbiting multi-space docking array
Length: 4,846 meters
Scale: Capital
Crew: 9,500

Crew Skill:	Capital ship shields 3D, sensors 3D+2
Hyperdrive Multiplier:	None
Hull:	7D
Shields:	5D
Sensors:	
<i>* Passive:</i>	40/OD
<i>Scan:</i>	75/1D
<i>Search:</i>	150/3D
<i>Focus:</i>	4/4D+2
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

System Summary

Sluis Van, the primary star system in the Sluis sector, is an active member of the New Republic and the site of an extensive deep-space shipyard and docking facility. The docking facility regularly has about 100 medium-sized or larger vessels in transit. The shipyards offer extensive maintenance and repair services, refueling depots, layover docks, and cargo transfer and storage facilities. The system's facilities comprise the largest shipyards in its section of the galaxy, and one of the most impressive in its size class.

The Sluissi run an efficient, respectable operation. Besides handling commercial traffic for the sector and for ships on long haul, the shipyards have an open contract with the New Republic. Any Republic military or diplomatic ships in the area can use the shipyards.

Dozens upon dozens of orbit docks make up the shipyards. Some orbit docks are built to handle large capital ships, others to provide landing areas for small freighters, and a

few have the capacity to handle the largest container ships. There are some orbit docks with multi-docking capabilities. These feature one or two large capital ship dry docks, hangar bays for smaller craft, and docking tubes for freighters and mid-sized vessels. These multi-docks (like orbit dock V-475) normally have multi-leveled entertainment facilities in their centers. Here, spacers can rest in affordable motel cubes, eat and drink in space-stop cafes and cantinas, enjoy holo-vid or live entertainment, or even shop in the dock markets. The shipyards are controlled from a central administration space station.

Shuttles constantly travel from Sluis Van to the orbit docks and back again, ferrying spacers wherever they want to go while visiting the shipyards. Tugs fill the system, guiding capital ships and bulk container carriers through traffic and past space lane marker buoys to the waiting bays. While the Sluissi have starfighters and a few capital ships for defensive purposes, most of the shipyard's protection comes from the perimeter battle stations. These armored defense platforms have little maneuverability, but they are heavily armed with many turbolaser batteries and proton torpedo ports, as well as tractor beam projectors. They can handle pirate raids or smugglers trying to run the perimeter, but they aren't much good against a full-blown offensive.

There were 112 transient warships in the system when Grand Admiral Thrawn launched his attack on Sluis Van.

The ships were in-system, gathering into a convoy which was to bring support and supplies to the battered Bpfassh system and its neighbors. The outer Sluis Sector systems had been the target of Imperial hit-and-fade attacks, and the Republic sent ships to show their ability to quickly respond to threats against the new galactic union. Unfortunately, this was just what Thrawn hoped they would do. Sixty-five of the warships had been pressed into cargo carriers, while the remaining ships performed escort duty. Though many of the Republic ships were damaged in the resulting battle, Thrawn's plan to steal the vessels met with failure.

STARFORGE STATION

Type:	Asteroid
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Artificial
Length of Day:	Standard
Length of Year:	Standard
Sentient Species:	Highly mixed

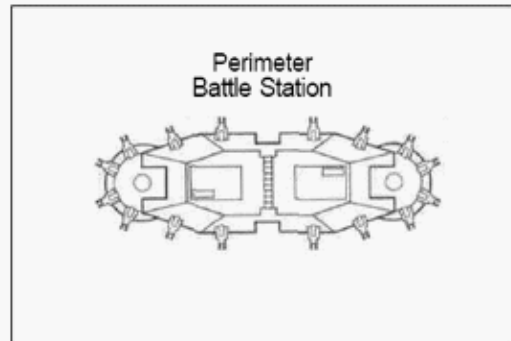
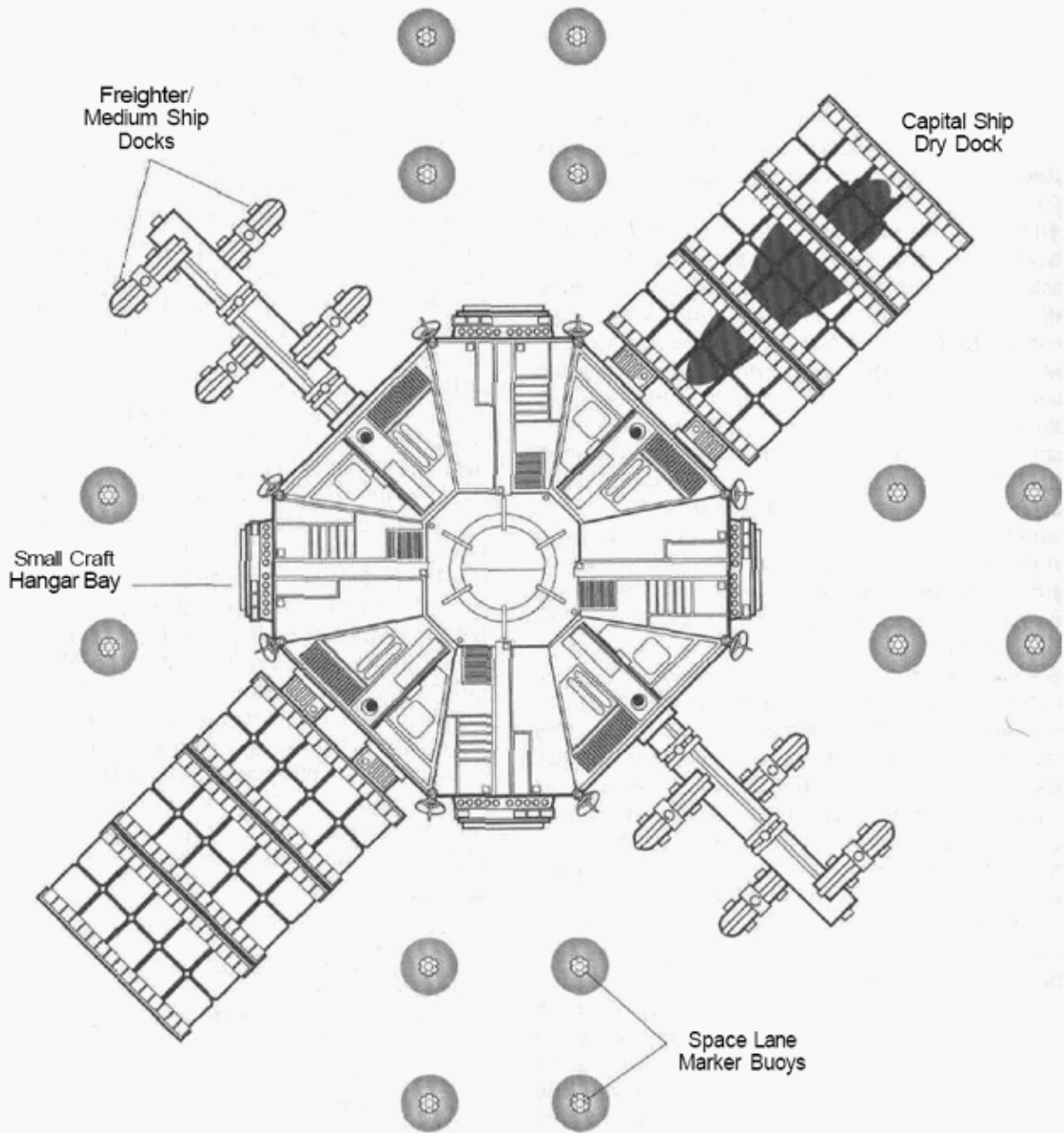
Starports:	Standard
Population:	About 10,000
Planet Function:	Shadowport
Government:	Tenant council
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Free market, ships services, starships
Major Imports:	Raw and processed materials
Source:	Pirates and Privateers

World Summary

Deep in the heart of Ado sector's StarForge Nebula is StarForge Station, a thorn in the side of the Empire. StarForge Station was originally simply one of thousands of small planetoids tumbling through the ancient nebula, slowly orbiting a gravity point and destined to one day become a star.

Pirates and smugglers have used the fringes of the StarForge Nebula as a hiding zone for years. 70 years ago, a small time smuggler named Muo Glandish, sick of simply diving into the Nebula and waiting for the patrol heat to die down, founded a small refuge and retreat on a nameless planetoid. Glandish had big dreams. He planned to use the base as a warehousing center and start moving black market goods in bulk. In time, he wanted to start providing ships services - Glandish had been in the business a long time and knew where the real money was: skimming profits off the small timers. After using the base for several profitable ventures, Glandish invested all his profits in enlarging the living quarters and started selectively inviting other smugglers to the base. After a while, Glandish became a landlord, a local crime lord, and eventually a corpse. Just as the Station started really

Sluis Van Shipyards Orbit-Dock V-475



pulling in profits, Glandish was shot down by an old enemy (who survived him by 5 seconds). The Station administration fell first into the hands of a series of Glandish's friends, later to a council of tenants who selected an administrator by vote. The administrator deals with the day-to-day operations of the station, and has a small staff and security force. Murder (not in fair fights), assault, and theft are punished by either execution (in the case of murder) or permanent exile, assuming the perpetrator survives getting caught.

Today, the Station boasts facilities for medium freighters and small capital ships, dozens of warehouses, repair bays, cyberdocs, arms dealers, restaurants, a casino, permanent living quarters, and the pride of the Station: StarForge Shipyard.

StarForge Shipyard

The Yard was established 33 years ago by the parents of the current proprietor, Chidee Na Maak, a Duros starshipwright with years of experience constructing knockoff ships and translating client's original "designs" into working star-ship. Specialty jobs are his most profitable line of work, since most clients want fully loaded ships: fast, nimble, overpowered, heavily armed and shielded, with lots of cargo space. This is fantastically expensive, of course, not to mention highly illegal, and Chidee layers a healthy profit margin on top. Although StarForge Station has many things to offer, the real reason to go there is the Yard.

Most of his work is simply constructing copies of established and proven combat ready starships and reconstructing badly damaged ones. His three spacedocks are constantly busy, and he has an average three-month-wait list. Construction takes about one week per hull die (twice as long for capital ships) and costs about double the usual new cost, depending on custom modifications and parts availability. He doesn't bargain. Take his price or don't, cash up front. His work is guaranteed and all the repair bays on the Station often give a discount for ships built in the Yard because they know the original job was high quality and reliable and that Chidee will give technical assistance if they need it.

Chidee's staff varies from season to season, but generally numbers in the dozens, with a hundred or so droids assisting. Although a few attempts were made to muscle him out of his inheritance in the beginning, Chidee hung on hard enough to shake them. Since then he's made enough friends and allies to not fear any local takeover.

SVIVREN

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type 1 (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Mountains, cultivated agriculture zones, urban

Length of Day: 26 standard hours
 Length of Year: 388 local days
 Sapient Species: Svivreni (N), Ewoks, humans, Sullustans
 Starports: Imperial, 6 Stellar
 Population: 8.5 billion
 Planet Function: Service
 Government: Svivreni Trade Alliance
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: High technology, mid technology, computers, droids
 Major Imports: Food, medicine
 Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The planet Svivren has posed a tremendous problem for the Empire in recent days. This planet's hardy inhabitants have thus far managed to resist attempts at Imperial occupation, outlasted Imperial siege efforts, and infuriated the Empire by their determined refusal to submit to Imperial rule. The Svivreni are notoriously stubborn, and are thoroughly opposed to participating in "political infighting" (the term they use to describe the galactic civil war).

Svivren itself is a harsh world, consisting of mountainous terrain, with long, cold winters and uncomfortably warm summers. Despite the rough nature of the planet, the Svivreni have thrived and used their skill to turn their planet into an important regional trading port.

Svivren is completely neutral in the civil war. Svivreni law forbids the presence of any personal weapon and its well-armed security troops enforce that law efficiently. Any violent actions on Svivren result in immediate and public execution. As such, Svivren has a low crime rate, and even smugglers tend to avoid the planet: if the Mon Calamari made smuggling difficult, the Svivreni made it dangerous.

TABOON

Type: Gas Giant
 Temperature: Searing
 Atmosphere: Type IV (environmental suit required)
 Hydrosphere: Arid
 Gravity: Heavy
 Terrain: Gaseous oceans and rivers
 Length of Day: 46 Standard Hours
 Length of Year: 512 Local Days
 Sapient Races: None
 Starport: None
 Population: 0
 System: Aweris
 Star: Awer

Orbital Bodies:

Name	Planet Type
Vo Dasha	Moon

Vo Dasha

Type: Barren moon
 Temperature: Hot

Atmosphere:	Type II (breath mask suggested)
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Light
Terrain:	Mountains, canyons, rocky plains
Length of Day:	12 Standard Hours
Length of Year:	167 Local Days
Sapient Races:	None
Starport:	Limited Services
Population:	250
Planet Function:	Criminal base of operations
Government:	Dictatorship
Tech Level:	Space
Source:	Tales of the Jedi Companion Sourcebook

World Summary

The collapse of a giant molecular cloud resulted in the creation of the yellow star Awer and its single satellite, the gas giant Taboon. Located along the border of the Stenness Node near the edge of the uncharted territory commonly called the Galactic Frontier, Taboon possesses one moon, named Vo Dasha by its owner, Bogga the Hutt.

Vo Dasha's Type II atmosphere prevents prolonged exposure to the troposphere, so Bogga has constructed a hermetically sealed fortress atop one of the moon's most prominent peaks.

The Hutt uses this location as his base of operations for all of his illegal activities. The citadel includes meeting chambers storage areas, docking and maintenance bays weapons lockers living quarters, a relatively large dungeon complex, and (of course) a throne room/audience chamber.

TANGRENE

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Standard
Atmosphere:	Type 1 (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountains, canyons
Length of Day:	29 standard hours
Length of Year:	356 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans
Starports:	Stellar class (restricted to Imperial military use)
Population:	290,000 (Imperial troops)
Planet Function:	Imperial Base
Government:	Imperial sector Moff
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	None
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Tangrene is one of the more heavily defended planets in the Empire's sphere of influence, largely due to the presence of an Imperial Ubiqtorate base (which houses one of the few crystal gravfield trap arrays near the New Republic border). That General Garm Bel Iblis managed a successful raid

against the planet is a monument to the Corellian senator's cunning.

Tangrene is protected by a minimum of *two Imperial class* Star Destroyers, and anywhere from 10 to 50 smaller vessels (ranging from *Carrack*-class light cruisers and Interdictor cruisers to Victory-class Star Destroyers). Imperial officers joke that *anything* that enters the system without authorization — including space debris — is destroyed without even so much as a comm warning. A complex series of remote sensors ensures that nothing gets into the system undetected.

Tangrene itself is ideally suited to its role as an Imperial "fortress" world. Fifteen Imperial garrisons are scattered strategically throughout the cliffs and canyons of this nearly barren planet, positioned to take maximum advantage of the available terrain. Any attacking ground forces will be hard pressed to take and hold any of the planet's rocky ground.

Tangrene was once home to a species of peaceful nomads that were enslaved by the Empire. They were forced to help construct the garrison bases and shield generators of the system's defense network. After construction was completed, the sector Moff decided it would be more expedient to depopulate the planet rather than risk revolt or insurrection. The Tangrene people were completely wiped out, without the slightest chance of defending themselves. Tangrene remains a monument to the Imperial capacity for cruelty.

Tangrene is a craggy, mountainous world, almost completely devoid of surface vegetation and water. A number of underground lakes (and even one subterranean ocean) have been located and tapped to supply water to the Imperial garrisons. These underground caverns also support a wide diversity of fungi and vegetation. A number of glowing, fern-like lake plants help provide a breathable — if thin — atmosphere.

The maze-like canyons that spread across the planet's surface have been mapped and secured by the Empire. Motion trackers, heat sensors and sentry observation posts monitor all access to the Imperial Garrisons and Ubiqtorate base.

The Empire has recently upgraded the shield generators of Tangrene to make the planet even more difficult to penetrate. Because of Tangrene's position near the New Republic, the planet has become an increasingly attractive staging area for Imperial incursions into Republic space.

TATOOINE

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Desert

Length of Day: 23 Standard Hours
 Length of Year: 304 Local Days
 Sapient Species: Humans, Jawas (N), Tusken Raiders (N)
 Starport: Standard Class
 Population: 80,000 (Estimated. There has never been a census taken on Tatooine.)
 Planet Function: Smuggling, trade, subsistence
 Government: Imperial Governor
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Illegal munitions (smuggled), illegal security devices (smuggled), illegal drugs (smuggled), minerals (salt, sand-products)
 Major Imports: Mid-technology, high technology, metals, foodstuffs, chemicals
 Points of Interest: Mos Eisley Spaceport, Jabba the Hutt's Palace
 Source: GG 7: Mos Eisley

System Data

Region: Outer Rim Territories
 Sector: Arkanis
 Moff: Alexander Julstan IV
 Governor: Tour Aryon
 System Name: Tatoo
 Star Name: Tatoo I, Tatoo II
 Star Type: Yellow Binary

Orbital Bodies

Name	Type	Moons
Tatooine	Hot Terrestrial	1
Ohann	Gas Giant	3
Adriana	Gas Giant	4

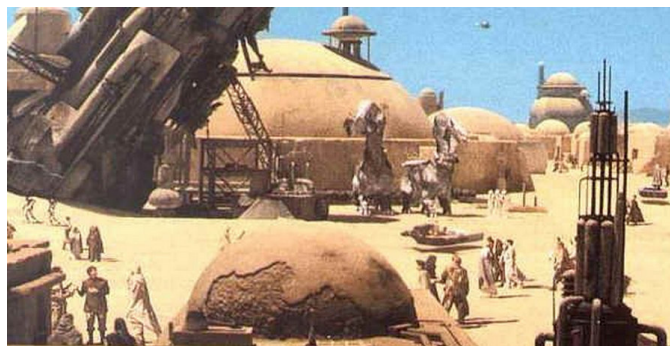
World Summary

To say that Tatooine is far from the galactic mainstream is an understatement bordering on the ludicrous. While Tatooine is easy to get to, there are very few reasons to actually go there.

As the mining industry collapsed, so did Tatooine's economy. Subsistence farming fed the population, and the sand provided some small revenue, but for the most part, the planet's trade was minimal. So far removed from the happenings of the galaxy was Tatooine that the passage from Republic to Empire was but a change of name to the local moisture farmers.

However, Tatooine has in many ways recovered, but not through respectable industry. An up-and-coming crime lord known as Jabba the Hutt selected Tatooine to be the base of his organization.

Jabba's reasons for choosing Tatooine are clear. First, Tatooine is close to a major trade route, yet it is a world that is easily ignored. From Tatooine, it is easy to reach Alderaan and several minor trade worlds; from there, Imperial System (Coruscant), the Corellian System, and other major systems are easily accessible. On the other



hand, there is no reason to venture to Tatooine - only a bunch of poor sand farmers. Jabba could be close to the action, yet remain virtually unnoticed.

Second, Jabba was able to secure some means of security. No one knows how or why, but Jabba was able to bribe or frighten the old Imperial Moff into ignoring his activities. Over the years, new Moffs have come and gone, but all have been subservient to the crime lord for reasons unknown.

As a result, Tatooine is technically under the domain of the Empire. However, it has had a string of ineffective and apathetic governors. The desert world has become a center of smuggling and criminal activities, with the galaxy at large unaware. In short, Tatooine is a world that no one notices or cares about.

Tatooine still lacks a unified central government: there is so much unclaimed territory that one is unnecessary. Representatives of each township meet as necessary to discuss matters of trade and mutual defense. The Imperial governor issues decrees only as necessary to maintain the peace and collect taxes. As residents are fond of saying, "Tatooine isn't worth fighting over; it's a big hunk of nothing."

THRANTIN

Type: Terra-engineered Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate with highly varied, engineered terrains
 Atmosphere: Type 1, with domed Type II (breath mask suggested), Type III (breath mask required) and Type IV (environmental suit required) areas
 Hydrosphere: Moderate with terra-engineered lava pools and other non-water liquid bodies in specific areas
 Gravity: Standard, except for engineered areas with repulsorlift and gravitic generators
 Terrain: Virtually any terrain type engineered on this world
 Length of Day: 23 standard hours
 Length of Year: 380 local days
 Sapient Species: Humans, Klatooinans, Shistavanen, Wolf men, Sullustans, Trandoshans
 Starport: Standard Class
 Population: 225 permanent, 1,700 transient (students)
 Planet Function: Academic

Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Survival Equipment
 Major Imports: High technology, medicines
 System: Thrantin OM81-A
 Star: Thrantin Major (red giant)
 Source: Alliance Intelligence Reports

ORBITAL BODIES

Name	Planet Type	Moons
OM811 (Kastin)	barren rock	0
OM812 (Rantorin)	barren rock	2
OM813 (Thrantin)	terra-engineered terrestrial	1
OM814 (Hirin)	barren rock	2

World Summary

Thrantin (OM813) is the result of an extremely well funded terra-engineering project. Originally a small terrestrial planet covered by low grass lands, Barosa Warren has transformed the world into a huge learning ground for the students of his Galactic Outdoor Survival School. Warren has completely re-engineered immense portions of the planet, creating hostile environment training grounds dozens of kilometers across. Warren has even built a number of domed terrain areas with variable atmospheres, ammonia seas or varied gravities (thanks to immense repulsorlift and gravitic generators and regulators). Some of the more exotic environments include the ZeroG, Ammonia Ocean, and Heavy Grav Mountainous Zones.

THYFERRA

Planet Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Tropical
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Standard
 Terrain: Forests, tropical jungles
 Length of Day: 21.3 standard hours
 Length of Year: 479 local days
 Sentient Species: Humans, Vratix
 Starports: Stellar
 Population: 117 million
 Planet Function: Bacta manufacturing
 Government: (Thriving Season) Planetary representative democracy; (Imperial) Corporate plutocracy
 Major Exports: Bacta
 Major Imports: Technology, foodstuffs
 System/Star: Polith
 Source: WotC web update

Orbital Bodies

Planets	Type	Moons
Polixi	Barren Rock	-
Loxizhra	Desert	5
Polith Belt	Asteroid Field	-
Thyferra	Terrestrial	2
Iqobal	Gas Giant	54
Ferxani	Gas Giant	33

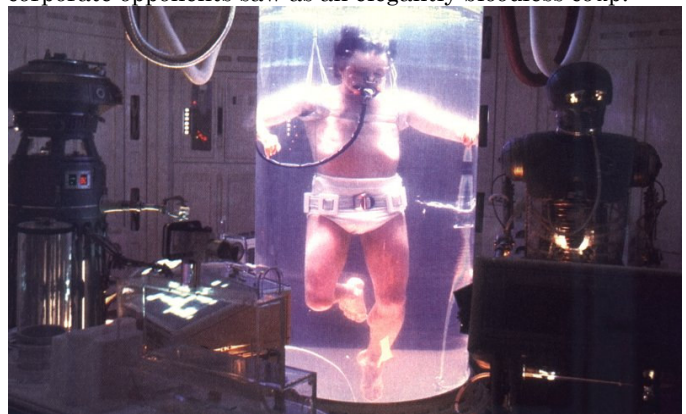
Renas Ice Ball 3

World Summary

Decades before the Empire rose to power and placed de facto control of the planet in the hands of two companies, Thyferra -- homeworld of the insectoid Vratix -- was one of the most economically volatile worlds in the Republic, in no small part because of its uniqueness. Thyferra, of course, is the only known source of pure bacta, the miracle fluid that can heal almost any wound short of dismemberment or disintegration. (While Vratix colony worlds produce bacta in other sectors, few believe any of these colonies would last a single year without support from Thyferra and the Bacta Cartel.)

For hundreds of years, since at least the time of the last great Sith war, the Thyferran government was largely an extension of two major bacta-production corporations -- Xucphra and Zaltin, both owned outright by Human interests in the Core. Under these small bureaucracies, millions of Vratix labored to create bacta, ostensibly without complaint. Indeed, to most in the corporate world, the arrangement seemed too good to be true. The Vratix didn't need to be coaxed into doing the bulk of the work; the insectoids didn't even want to run things. And since the creation of bacta was impossible without certain natural chemicals produced by the Vratix themselves, they knew they could not be removed from the equation by force. It seemed a perfect arrangement, so long as the Vratix felt they were being treated more or less fairly.

Just before Palpatine was elected Chancellor, a string of scandals involving corporate payoffs to a nominally Vratix-controlled government erupted, followed soon after by the revelation that Xucphra and Zaltin corporations, the behemoths that together formed the Bacta Cartel, had sabotaged their own alazhi fields in an effort to hike the price of bacta galaxy wide. These shocking events inspired the usually anti-bureaucratic natives to take a more active role in their planet's government, showing concern about Thyferra's standing in the galaxy at large in what even corporate opponents saw as an elegantly bloodless coup.



For about a ten-year period after the Trade Federation's defeat at Naboo -- a time called Alazhixazha (or "Thriving Season") by the Vratix, and the "Vratix Occupation" by galactic corporate interests -- Xucphra and Zaltin were

forced to toe the Vratix line. The insectoids forced the Cartel to compete with a number of local companies and "alien" business interests, even the Hutts, in a freewheeling open market that saw consumer awareness of the wonder medicine skyrocket from the Rim to the Core.

For this single decade in the last thousand years, Thyferra's capital regained its ancient Vratix name, Xozhixi. Humans still ran many of the administrative bureaucracies on Thyferra, especially those involving business, but the Vratix watched them like hawkbats. And at least one Human worked directly for the Vratix revolutionaries who would one day be known as the Ashern or "Black Claw" insurgent group, still in its infancy.

The Thriving Season is still a popular and colorful setting for many gritty holoserials well into the New Republic period, but the most legendary tale is actually a true story. Not long after the Bacta War, the infamous Human spy still known only as the Bloodletter released his (or her) memoirs of life at the time, *Thrive or Die*. The following holotranscripts were read personally by Bloodletter via closed-circuit holo (Bloodletter's voice was disguised), transmitted from an unknown location, and they have recently gone on display at the New Republic Historical Archive on Coruscant. Though the Bloodletter is no doubt well into his or her golden years, his or her identity remains a mystery -- most likely on Thyferra itself.

TRAVNIN

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Mountains desert
Length of Day: 26 standard hours
Length of Year: 325 local days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starport: Imperial class
Population: 140 million
Planet Function: Trade administrative
Government: Imperial governor
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Minerals
Major Imports: Luxury items, machinery, food
Source: GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

This desolate wind-swept moon circles a gas giant which is the only planet in its double-star system. The terrain is extremely rugged and nearly barren of life. There is only one city of any note on the planet and that is centered around the starport. There are also a number of towns along the small ocean some 300 kilometers away.

Travnin is the location of the regional offices of the Empire for this Cluster. This is where the HQ for Imperial Fleet of the cluster is located, and where the reclusive Moff for the Cluster lives.

The planet has been in dire straights ever since the Empire began to reduce its presence in the Cluster. More and more people have lost their jobs, and now nearly one-third of the population is no longer employed.

TREVI IV

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Dry
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban, plains, plateaus, deserts
Length of Day: 28 standard hours
Length of Year: 389 local days
Sapient Species: Humans, various aliens
Starports: Stellar Class
Population: 35 million
Planet Function: Trade
Government: Trade Guilds
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: High, mid, low technology, luxury goods
Major Imports: Foodstuffs, medical
Source: Star Wars Adventure Journal Vol. 1 No. 9

World Summary

The Trevi system is located in the Quess Sector near the Outer Rim Territories. The fourth planet of the system was a nondescript planet of barren plains and deserts. A passing caravan of Truishii traders experienced a hyperspace accident and was forced to land on the planet to make repairs. The Truishii decided to set down near the largest body of water. Although they intended to repair their starship and move on, they decided to settle on Trevi and founded a colony.

Since the system was located along several trade routes, the colony quickly grew into the giant commerce port of Trevi City. The starport holds all manner of merchants peddling wares from across the galaxy. Commerce is monitored by the Truishii Trade Guild, although certain less reputable trades are practiced.

Trevi City's streets are bustling with humans and assorted aliens from a thousand worlds. The original Truishii settlers fostered a bazaar atmosphere throughout the city, and that free-for-all market square feeling still pervades the starport. The congested streets are filled with merchants, customers, street performers, carnies, con-artists, and various floaters. The city is filled with the sounds of crowds, music, and speeders. Bright colorful lights flash all around. Shops vary from small outdoor tents to large warehouse stores. Fizzi's Slightly Used Starships is located in the southwest sector of the city.

The Empire keeps a small token presence in the system, and seldom bothers to interfere in local affairs. A small post is located just outside Trevi City, but Imperial troopers tend not to bother shop owners or their customers. The Empire's light presence here does not exempt the starport from Imperial agents who are ever watchful for Rebel activity.

The local military prefect knows commerce attracts criminals and Rebels as well as legitimate customers.

Characters can easily book passage to the Trevi system if they lack a ship. If they travel in their own vessel, they find spaceport control rather lax. Docking fees are typical for a Stellar class starport. Characters can make deals with Fiz concerning these fees if they are trading in their ship.

Fizzi's Slightly Used Starships

A massive maintenance bay door marks the entrance to Fizzi's right on the edge of the city's starport district. Despite an attempt to scrub down the outside of the building, the showroom is a typical old grit and grime, well-used garage. It can hold up to six freighters on display for potential customers. Behind the building is a large lot that can hold another six freighters.

Located on the side of the immense showroom is a maintenance bay that can hold two ships. Here vessels are brought in to be fixed up or modified to improve their value. Fiz has a crack staff of starship mechanics - headed by the Verpine Garginoolaara - which is skilled at modifying and upgrading various starship systems. Many of the modifications utilize parts procured by Shanna Kinn.

Fiz has recently acquired another larger storehouse on the outskirts of the city. Customers are shown holes of these ships, although these vessels can be brought to Fizzi's main facility if customers require a closer look. But Fiz feels the ships at his main facility have the biggest selling potential. Fiz greets his customers as soon as they enter his establishment.

His initial demeanor might strike some customers as odd - rather than being loud and overbearing as many "hard sell" entrepreneurs tend to be, Fiz is very polite and cordial. He does however tend to stand rather close when dealing with customers a result of his Bith myopia. He usually speaks Basic a concession Fiz makes to easily communicate with the widest variety of beings. Since his native Bith tongue has nearly twice as many words in its vocabulary as Basic Fiz tends to speak rather verbosely. He is also fluent in several other languages.

Fiz cordially offers patrons refreshments while he spends some time assessing their situation and ability. First, Fiz ascertains their basic needs and price range. Second he gages their relative intelligence. Being a Bith, Fiz respects intelligence. He is not out to intentionally cheat others but he does not feel responsible if his intelligence exceeds that of his patrons. If customers are clever and intelligent, they will not be taken in by the Bith. Fiz feels there are many values on his lot if patrons are smart enough to notice them.

Touring the Showroom

Fiz is always happy to show customers around. The temperature inside the garage is kept on the cool side to better preserve the ships - it also provides a welcome relief from the high temperatures outside, particularly during the

day. The lighting in the hangar is subdued to give customers a calmer atmosphere. Many might appreciate this after being bombarded by the bright and often gaudy lights of Trevi City. The lighting also serves to hide any potential flaws in the ships.

Fiz shows ships he feels best suit his customers' (and his own) needs. As he shows off each ship, he points out its many features, while avoiding discussion of potential flaws. He does not lie about his ships, he merely does not dwell on matters that are not in his best interest. While delivering his sales pitch, he does not pressure customers - he has learned pressure only annoys customers. He continues with his polite demeanor, which has a more soothing effect on most beings. He answers any questions patrons might have, but artfully avoids mentioning items that are not quiet in his best interest. He also offers little about the ship's previous owners.

Many customers may wish a closer inspection for their own evaluation. Fiz allows this within reason. If patrons discover a flaw, Fiz compliments them on their powers of observation. Fiz may reduce his asking price if he feels the buyer may still be interested and he wishes to sell the ship.

Once someone finds a ship of interest, they may then bargain on the price. Fiz is a tough negotiator and does not intended "giveaway" ships (despite local advertising holos' claims the contrary). He makes sure he gets a fair price at worst, unless the ship has been sitting around too long and he just wants to unload it. In this case, Fiz might lower the price further if he feels he can make it up on the next sale.

Sometimes, patrons would like to trade in a ship. Fiz makes a keen inspection of any trade-in ship to determine its value. He keeps in mind how much work it might need and if there are any opportunities for the ship to be upgraded. Fiz again bargains for the best price. He never (except in extreme cases) offers more than half the ship's original value.

Once the deal is made, a contract is drawn up. Buyers best beware of the near microscopic fine print filled with disclaimers. While this may seem dishonest, Fiz's sight, like that of all Bith, can easily see the conditions in plain print.

Despite his shady past, Cor'gril maintains his business is legitimate. His clientele might include smugglers, bounty hunters, and even Rebels, but that is none of his concern. He avoids stolen merchandise. His ships, however, may have illegal upgrades or weapons. He claims no responsibility (clearly stated in the fine print) for such matters, so new owners are responsible for any ramifications.

Fiz has a fairly good reputation with smugglers and free-traders, despite what some may consider questionable practices. They are naturally streetwise and do not have to fear Fiz. They know they can find what they want at a good price with no heavy sales pressure.



Fiz (Fizzi) Cor'gril

Type: Bith Used Starship Entrepreneur

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 3D+2, brawling parry 3D+1, dodge 4D, pick pocket 5D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 5D+2, bureaucracy 6D, business 5D+1, business: starships 7D, cultures 5D, languages 6D+1, law enforcement 5D+1, planetary systems 6D, streetwise 6D+2 survival 5D, value 6D, value: starships 8D

MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D+1, communications 4D, repulsorlift operation 4D, sensors 4D+2, space transports 5D, starfighter piloting 3D, starship gunnery 3D+2, starship shields 4D+1

PERCEPTION 4D+1

Bargain 7D, bargain: starships 8D+2, con 6D+2, forgery 5D+1, forgery: starship documents 6D, gambling 5D+2, hide 5D, investigation 5D+1, persuasion 6D, search 5D, sneak 5D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 3D, climbing/jumping 2D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Completer programming/repair 6D+2, droid programming 4D+2, security 5D, space transports repair 4D

Special Abilities:

Vision: Bith have the ability to focus on microscopic objects, giving them +1D to Perception skills involving objects less than 30 centimeters away. However, Bith have become extremely myopic - they suffer a penalty of -1D for any visual-based action more than 20 meters away and cannot see more than 40 meters under any circumstances.

Scent: Biths have well-developed senses of smell, giving them +1D to all Perception skills pertaining to actions and people within three meters.

Manual Dexterity: Bith gain +1D to the performance of fine motor skills - picking pockets, surgery, fine tool operation, etc. - but not to gross motor skills such as blaster and dodge.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 8

Move: 5

Equipment: Comlink, datapad

Garginoolaara (Gargi)

Garginoolaara (or Gargi for short) grew up a typical Verpine in the Roche Asteroid field. However, his natural curiosity led him to make modifications that were even too dangerous for verpine. As a result, he was outcast from his hive and forced to seek his fortune elsewhere in the galaxy.

A verpine's ability does not go unnoticed - it was not long before Gargi's path crossed that of Fiz Cor'gril. The Bith was opening up a used starship dealership and recognized the value of having a Verpine on his technical staff. Gargi was hired to repair and modify the used ships Fiz was selling.

Gargi is quiet and keeps to himself. His only real contact with others is fellow employee and part-time mechanic Shanna Kinn, and the battered astromech droid Arfive-Em-one. He enjoys the relative freedom Fiz gives him to modify ships beyond their original specifications. And with Gargi's microscopic sight, he has no problem when it comes to signing Fiz's sometimes-questionable agreements.

Garginoolaara (Gargi)

Type: Outcast Verpine Mechanic

DEXTERITY 3D

Brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Alien species 3D, streetwise 3D+1, value 3D, value: starships 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, communications 4D+2, sensors 3D+2, space transports 5D, starship shields 5D

PERCEPTION 3D

Con 4D+2, hide 3D+2, search 5D+2, sneak 4D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+2, climbing/jumping 6D, stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 4D+1



Droid programming 5D+1, druid repair 5D+2, repulsorlift repair 5D, security 4D+2, space transports repair 8D, starfighter repair 7D+1, starship weapon repair 7D+2

Special Abilities:

Body Armor: Verpine's chitinous covering provides +1D protection against physical attacks.

Microscopic Sight: Verpine receive a +1D bonus to their search skill when looking for small objects because of their highly evolved eyes.

Organic Communication: Verpine can communicate with other verpine and specially tuned comlinks using their antennae. The range of this abilities extremely limited for individuals (1 km) but greatly increases when in the hive.

Technical Bonus: All Verpine receive a +2D bonus when using their Technical skills.

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Starship tool kit

Shanna Kinn

Shanna Kinn was the youngest of three children and the

only girl. She learned starship repair by hanging out with her two older brothers. But her youth was shattered when the Empire arrived to occupy her homeworld of Dorriella.

Her family was killed during an Imperial raid on a suspected Rebel hideout. Orphaned, Shanna took to thievery to survive on the streets of Dorriella. Using her stealth, she managed to stow away aboard a freighter and escaped out into the galaxy.

During her travels, Shanna made some underworld contacts who gave her some rather shady work so she could get by. She bounced from system to system until she ended upon Trevi. Shanna tried her hand at stealing some starship parts from a used starship lot, but was caught by the Bith owner. Fiz Cor'gril immediately recognized her intelligence and mechanical aptitude. He was equally impressed with a number of starship parts she had managed to accumulate and was selling on the black market. Cor'gril offered the young woman a job in acquisitions. Shanna, who had been looking for some steady employment, accepted the Bith's offer. Kinn now works for Fizzi's in "acquisitions."

Shanna likes to remain mysterious. Using her contacts - which she prefers to keep secret-she is able to obtain devices to modify the battered ships Cor'gril sells. On occasion, she also procures entire ships. Fiz prefers not to know the origins of her resources. He does not wish to deal with stolen merchandise, which can ruin his reputation. Shanna assures Fiz her thieving days are behind her.

Shanna is an attractive and intelligent woman in her early twenties. She usually wears her beautiful silk mane of hair up to keep it out of the way when working. She tends to be hardened, cold, and cynical due to her bad experience and has a fierce hatred of the Empire. In addition to her normal duties, Shanna enjoys occasionally helping out Garginoolaara, or Gargi, as she nicknamed him, with repairs and modifications.

Shanna Kinn

Type: Acquisition Specialist

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 5D+2, brawling parry 4D+2, dodge 5D, pick pocket 6D, running 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 3D+2, bureaucracy 4D, streetwise 6D+1, survival 3D+2, survival: urban 5D, value 4D, value: starships 6D, willpower 5D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Astrogation 4D, repulsorlift operation 4D+1, sensors 3D+2, space transports 4D+1, starship gunnery 3D, starship shields 2D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

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

STRENGTH 2D

Brawling 3D+2, climbing/jumping 5D, stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 3D+1

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid repair 5D, repulsorlift repair 5D+1, security 6D, space transports

repair 5D+1, starfighter repair 4D+2, starship weapon repair 5D



Force Points: 1
Character Points: 5
Move: 10

Equipment: Security kit

Arfive-Em-one (R5-M1)

Em-One is an old battered R5 unit that assists the mechanics at Fizzi's with starship repairs. It is slow-moving and makes an irritating grinding noise as it merrily rolls along. Garginoolaara worked on Em-one's personality programming to avoid the sour and bitter personality that R5 units sometimes develop. It is good-natured as droids go.

Em-one is totally unaware of its annoying quirks, such as its crackling acoustic signaller. This causes its beeps and chirps to jump from softly imperceptible to blazingly loud without warning.

Em-One gets along best with Gargi, who tries to keep the little druid functioning.

Ar-Five-Em-One (R5-M1)

Type: Industrial Automaton R5 Astromech Droid

DEXTERITY 1D

Dodge 2D

KNOWLEDGE 1D

Planetary systems 4D

MECHANICAL 1D

Astrogation 2D, communications 4D+1, sensors 3D+2, space transports 4D, starfighter piloting 3D, starship shields 4D+2

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 1D

TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 5D, security 6D+2, space transports repair 6D+1, starfighter repair 6D, starship weapon repair 6d

Equipped With:

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Retractable heavy grasper arm (lifting skill at 2D)
- Retractable fine work gripper arm
- Small electric arc welder (1D to 5D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Small circular saw (4D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Acoustic signaller
- Holographic projector/recorder
- Fire extinguisher

Move: 3

Size: 1 meter tall

TRINTA

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moist
Gravity: Light
Terrain: Swamp, forest
Length of Day: 26 standard hours
Length of Year: 325 local days
Sapient Species: Humans
Starport: None
Population: None
Planet Function: Abandoned colony
Government: None
Tech Level: N/A
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
Source: Adventure: Domain of Evil

World Summary

Trinta is an extremely inhospitable world. The heat makes the atmosphere oppressive, and the presence of a dark side nexus should cause Force-users to feel uneasy. The surface of the planet is primarily swamp, and a green mist hovers over everything. Trinta is a relatively small world with a lower than normal gravitational pull, which increases the player characters' climbing/ jumping and lifting skills by 1D.

The swamp consists of a vast area of water interspersed with islands and mud banks. Roots and creepers stretch out into the water from the trees, and thick clumps of reeds grow in patches across the swamp.



Islands

Islands on Trinta range from small (barely one meter across) clumps of dirt to large islands. They are, for the most part, firm underfoot, and often rise steeply out of the swamp water, requiring Easy climbing /jumping rolls to scale.

Trees, many with trunks five to ten meters across, cover the islands. Huge root systems crisscross the ground and creepers hang down from the trees into the water.

Brightly colored fungi grows on the trees, and at night it glows with a faint luminescence. Between the trees are clumps of bushes with garishly colored flowers blooming upon them.

Mudbanks

Mudbanks are soft and squelchy, with mud rising up to the player characters' knees. The noxious stench of the mud assails the characters' nostrils, causing nausea unless Easy stamina rolls are made. Nauseous characters suffer a 1D reduction, as though wounded, until an hour passes or they succeed in a Moderate stamina roll. Rolls may be made every five minutes, but only once the character has left a mudbank.

TROGAN

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Saturated
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Plateau
Length of Day:	32 standard hours
Length of Year:	401 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans
Starports:	1 Standard class
Population:	8 million

Planet Function:	Subsistence, tourism
Government:	Imperial Governor
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	None
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Trogan is a planet of harsh contrasts: natural beauty is marred by violent weather; areas of lush vegetation spring up among vast tracts of barren wasteland. Trogan is perhaps best known for its tides; the gravitational pull of the planet's three moons make for some impressive tidal shifts. The coastlines of the planet's land masses are heavily eroded and subject to the pounding of the planet's inhospitable weather and the inexorable pull of the ocean.

Many of the citizens of Trogan felt that the planet could become a tourist attraction to rival Berchest. The planet's ocean activity during the seasonal high tide can be quite spectacular, especially during violent electrical storms. Unfortunately, the tourist trade on Trogan never quite caught on. The planet's economy has remained stagnant and it appears that Trogan will remain a subsistence planet just struggling to get by.

Whistler's Whirlpool Tapcafe

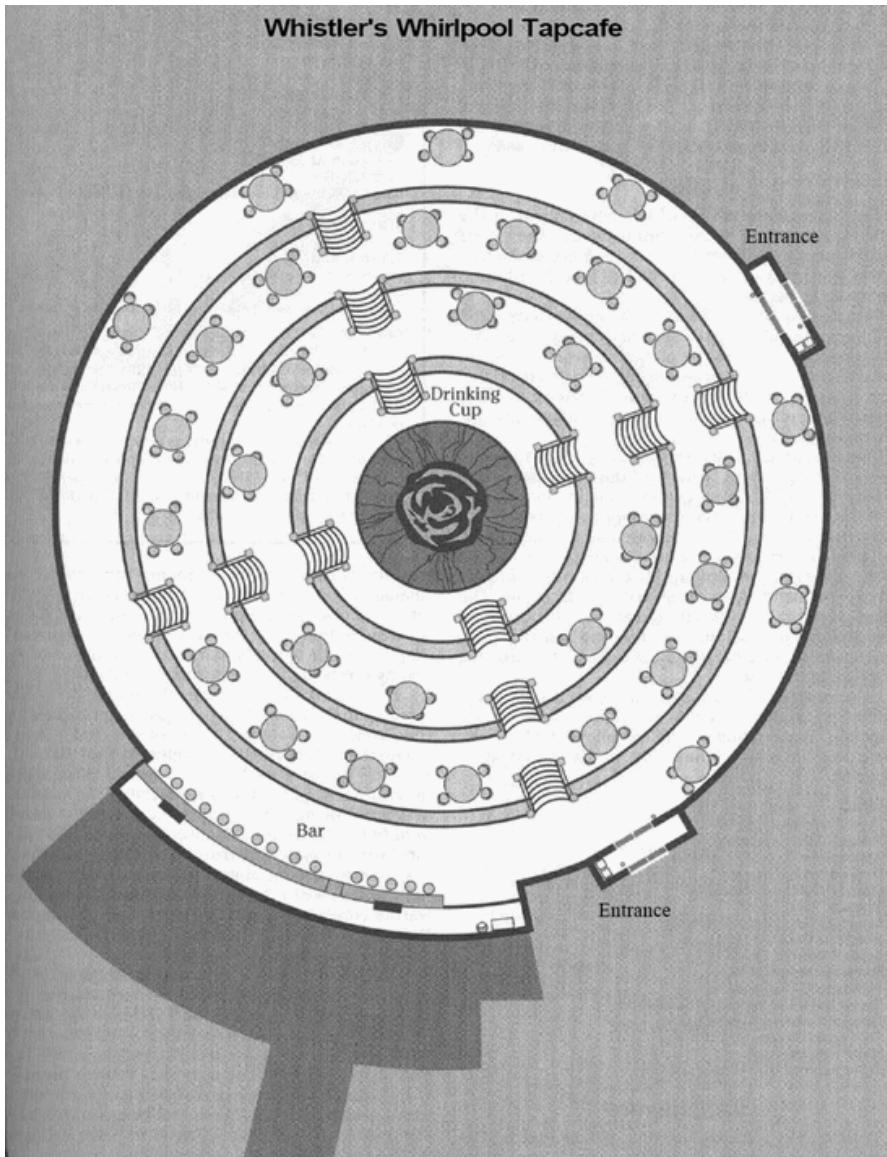
Whistler's Whirlpool is one of the many casualties of the Trogan Planetary Tourism Board's poor planning and mismanagement. The tapcafe was a mild success shortly after opening, but eventually fell out of favor with the tourist crowd and subsequently closed.

Whistler was an Ortolan merchant who was preoccupied with food, like the majority of his species, and loved the idea of owning a major restaurant and entertainment cafe. Deciding upon a "nature" theme for his tapcafe, Whistler designed and built the establishment around the Whirlpool.

The Whirlpool is a natural depression, a bowl-shaped pit that is open to the sea at its bottom. Due to the violent nature of the planet's tides, six times a day, a huge white-water geyser fills the bowl in an impressive display of sound and water.

The Whirlpool's tables are located in concentric circles around the bowl, providing an exciting view of the geyser while still retaining a feel of luxury and decorum. Or so Whistler thought. In reality, the Whirlpool is cold and damp, and the constant roar of the geyser drowns out all chance of conversation. After Whistler was forced to close, the Tourism Board considered its options. Since the building would require a total (and expensive) reconstruction project to convert its design to another venue, Whistler's Whirlpool is now a deserted building that the Trogan Tourism Board desperately wishes to sell.

Whistler's Whirlpool Tapcafe



Source: luxury items
Adventure: Supernova

World Summary

Tyed Kant is the only planet in the Kantel system. The Kantel system is warmed by a yellow star, Kant, surrounded by two gargantuan bands of orbiting dust and captured debris.

The only world is a gas giant, Tyed Kant with a breathable atmosphere at specific altitudes. Explorers from the days of the Old Republic realized early that if a way could be devised to exploit the fertile conditions of this planet, bountiful crops would be the result. These could be sold to worlds in nearby systems, including Demophon. Currently, the threat of the supernova in that system has companies fighting for new markets.

The major challenge involved in harnessing the potential of Tyed Kant lay in the inherent hostile qualities of ages giant. The world has a small "zone of habitability" and at lower altitudes, the atmospheric pressure is such that it would crush the hulls of most spacecraft in seconds.

The solution the engineers came up with was to manufacture platforms which would be held high up in the upper atmosphere by repulsorlift generators. These platforms developed into the floating ranches that now cover almost half of the visible surface of Tyed Kant.

UKIO

TYED KANT

Type: Gas giant
 Temperature: Hot
 Atmosphere: Type IV (environment suit required)
 Hydrosphere: Wet
 Gravity: Standard (at certain zones)
 Terrain: Gaseous
 Length of Day: 26 standard hours
 Length of Year: 335 local days
 Sapient Species: Human
 Starport: Imperial class
 Population: 12 million Human
 Planet Function: Agriculture food processing
 Government: Private enterprise with an Imperial overseer
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Foodstuffs
 Major Imports: Droids, high-tech, building materials,

Type: Terrestrial
 Temperature: Temperate
 Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
 Hydrosphere: Moderate
 Gravity: Light (0.8 Standard)
 Terrain: Plain
 Length of Day: 22 standard hours
 Length of Year: 357 local days
 Sapient Species: Ukians (N)
 Starports: Imperial Class
 Population: 7.5 billion
 Planet Function: Agriculture, homeworld
 Government: Over liege Monarchy
 Tech Level: Space
 Major Exports: Food
 Major Imports: High technology
 Source: Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

The planet Ukio is one of the best known of the agricultural planets in the Abrion sector. The planet has almost entirely been converted to food production facility, and is one of the most efficient food distribution centers in its sector.

Ukio itself is a large planet, with gentle winds, calm weather and a mild climate. Seasonal changes are virtually nonexistent due to the planet's slow rotation and low axial tilt; the growing season lasts most of the Ukian year. It is ideal for the production of grains and other foodstuffs, and the planet has ample fallow land for future expansion.

Ukio was once a planet of rolling hills and wild grasses. The peaceful farmers of the planet spent decades working the land, and eventually developed a scientific system for harvest improvement. Today, Ukio is covered with carefully cultivated and painstakingly designed field systems that are systematically farmed for maximum output. Crop rotation procedures are not only recommended, but required by Ukian law. The Ukian government, displaying remarkable foresight, prevents the destruction of arable land and all Ukians must make sure that they do not exhaust the growing potential of the soil.

Ukio consists of three major continents. Hundreds of rivers cut through the lands, providing ample natural irrigation. Modern technology has allowed the Ukians to harness and redirect the rivers, increasing irrigation capacity.

UMGUL

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Cool
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Mountain
Length of Day:	25 standard hours
Length of Year:	361 local days
Sapient Races:	Humans, Uгнаughts
Starport:	Imperial
Population:	6 billion
Planet Function:	Tourist planet
Government:	Oligarchy
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Tourism, gambling
Major Imports:	High tech, foodstuffs
Source:	The Jedi Academy Sourcebook

World Summary

Umgul is a moist but cool world located in the Mid-Rim. Its landmasses are often blanketed by dense fog and low-hanging clouds.

Though offering little in the way of resources or strategic assets, Umgul has earned galactic fame as a sports center and especially as the home of the renowned Umgullian blob races. Umgul is an oligarchy dominated by representatives

from its sports and gambling industries.

Because gambling is so vital to its economy, cheating on state-sanctioned games of chance is not only illegal, but a capital crime as well (state sanctioned games are usually large-scale race tracks, lotteries, casinos, and so on). The government's Umgullian Racing commission does all it can to ensure fair races and is very forthcoming about reporting statistics on the blob races and the blobs themselves. To help prevent blob substitution or genetic manipulation, the Commission takes a sample of protoplasm from each blob before and after each race and subjects the sample to rigorous analysis, the result of which are reported to the public.

Aside from the singularly harsh law against cheating, Umgul is not particularly obsessed with law and order though it does a fine job of keeping the peace, it has relatively lax customs inspections. Blaster pistols may be checked through customs, for example, though one must have a sports permit to carry through a rifle of any kind (hunting is also a popular sport in Umgul's timberlands, so the sight of a tourist bringing a rifle through customs is not all that unusual).

Umgul probably has more national holidays and festivals than most worlds, since just about every time a galactic celebrity visits the planet a holiday of some sort is declared (and a lot of celebrities come to Umgul). The holidays are more for the benefit of the tourists who are already on vacation than for the locals who go right on working.

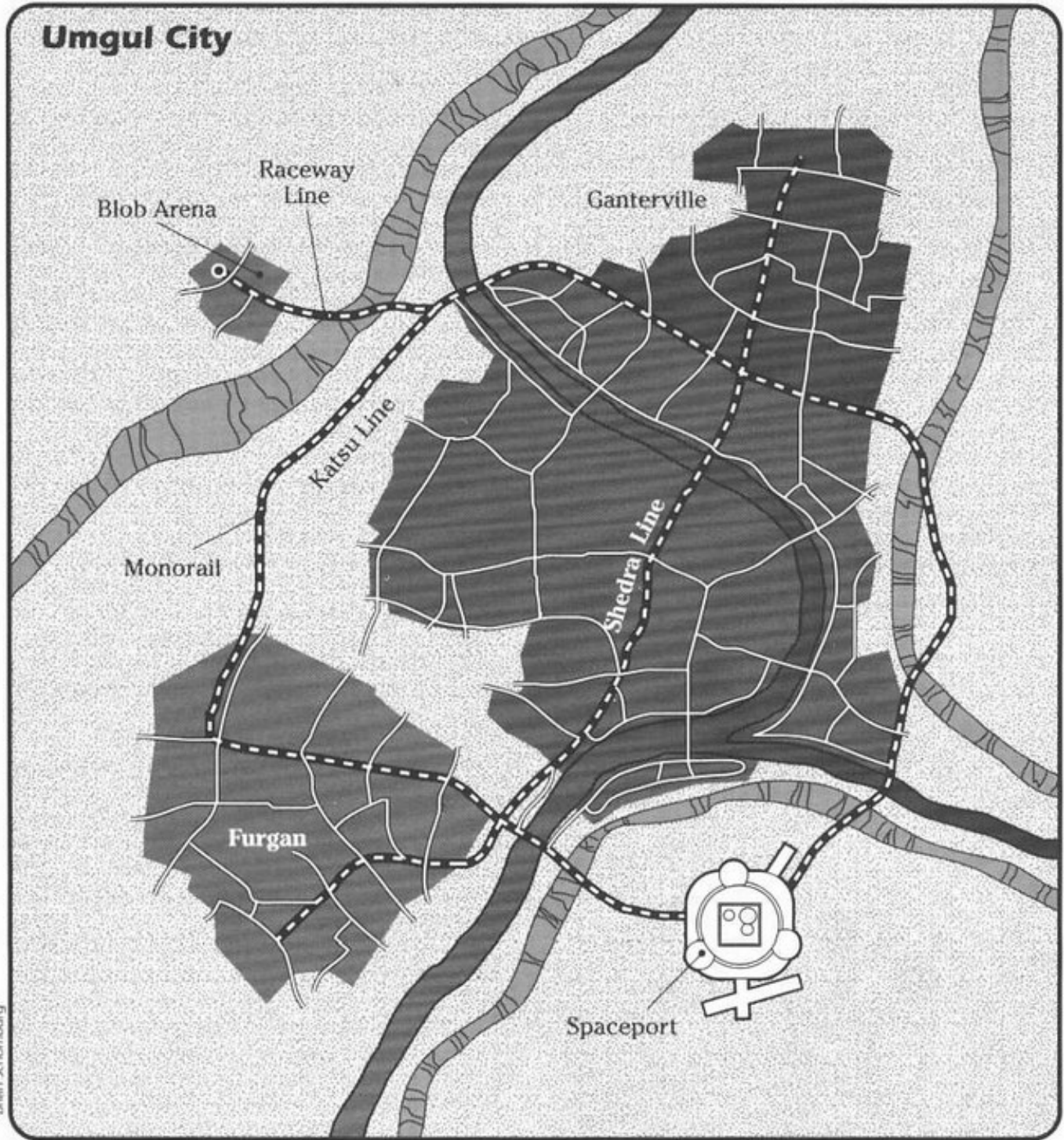
It is a rare week without at least one official commemorative celebration or honorary holiday complete with fireworks. Local wags roll their eyes and mutter something about being trapped in a theme park but it's business as usual on Umgul.

Umgul City

Though there are several large cities on Umgul, as well as numerous private resort communities, the major city on Umgul is its capital, Umgul City. Large stretches of flatlands surround Umgul City, broken only by a number of steep limestone bluffs. A large, sluggish river runs through the central plain, and Umgul City and its suburbs are built on a series of slight hills.

Wisps of mist constantly rise up from the river and sweep along the plains to envelop the city and surrounding environs. Often, only the tips of the hills remain above the smog and mist, creating the appearance of a series of urban islands in an ethereal sea of fog.

The commercial orbital and landing vectors around Umgul City are thick with tourist traffic - private ships, space yachts and luxury starliners swarm the skies arriving on or departing the planet, while luxurious sail barges and ground skimmers congest the byways and rivers. Large zeppelins and airspeeders zip to and fro in the land-bound air lanes.



Umgul's main spaceport is located on the outskirts of the city, on the bluffs of a limestone plateau which rises above the river. Many of the landing bays are in underground caverns carved into the cliffs.

The spaceport is a chaotic place, filled with laughing tourists, jabbering hoards of trinket vendors (many of them Ungaughts) and loud displays extolling the virtues of various tourist attractions. New arrivals may avoid the

cacophony of the main concourse by landing at one of the very expensive first-class gates, where such rabble is kept at bay by spaceport security.

Umgul City is served by an efficient mass transit system called the commutube, which runs to most of the areas of interest to tourists and visitors to the planet. The commutube is a maggrav tube like train which travels at high speeds through the city to its various destinations. It

changes level rapidly, at times ducking under the streets to pass under the river or congested commercial districts, at other times traveling at ground level and at others soaring up onto elevated rails running several hundred meters above the urban landscape. Those who get ill on roller coasters are advised to take the airbus into town.

The buildings of Umgul City are blockish limestone buildings which rear into the sky many stories, stacked upon each other. They are lacquered to a high gloss with moisture sealants to prevent water damage to the structures by the omnipresent fog. Streetlights are hung from cables which run along the cobble stoned streets. Everywhere, one can see banners and posters announcing the impending visit of foreign dignitaries and special gala events.

Fondine Blob Raceways

Although there are many blob arenas on Umgul, Fondine's Blob Raceways is the premiere sports arenas in the greater Umgul City area. A special commutube line runs from Umgul City to the various blob arenas located on a bluff to the east of town, including Fondine's Blob Raceways.

The Raceway Line, as it is called, is lined with garish billboards and holos describing tourist attractions, eating establishments, pawnshops, and high-interest, no-questions-asked gambling loans. Blob race coverage, updating passengers on current events at the raceway, is broadcast within the tube cars in several languages.

When a vast sinkhole opened up in the gravely scrubland east of Umgul City, the owners wrote it off. Only an Umgullian investor named Slis Fondine saw potential in the ruined land: the sinkhole had collapsed into the top of the bluff, forming a giant circular pit in the rocky ground. The ruined land had settled in a perfect configuration for a large natural amphitheater and Fondine moved to secure the land.

Fondine bought the land and hired architects and construction crews to carve thousands of seats, stalls, pits, and sockets out of the sloping rocky walls to accommodate all manner of bodily configurations. He installed a blob raceway in the middle of the stadium, and then opened for business.

He's had a resounding success on his hands ever since. The Fondine Raceways never close, and no matter the hour, streams of people swarm the outer perimeters, and in and out of the arena itself.

Seating comes in a variety of price ranges. The cheapest seats are the lower stalls. The restraining fence in the lower stalls is electrified to keep the rabble under control. More pricey seats afford a better view and more civilized neighbors. Restaurant seating and private boxes are also available for a somewhat higher price. Hundreds of vendors circulate through all the stalls and seats, selling everything from fine liquors to hand-held sugary treats.

Giant whirring fans ring the edges of the sinkhole, generating a heavy breeze which drives back the encroaching fog banks, preventing them from filling the bowl of the arena. Huge banks of lights stare down into the pit, ready to illuminate it when night falls.

The center of the arena is devoted to the blobstacle course. The course loops around and back on itself, making full use of the space it is allotted, and contains a number of obstacles which presents a variety of challenges to a racing blob.

The Blobstacle Course

The raceway starting gates are located on a platform which is ratcheted up before the race begins. The platform contains individual pens for each blob, situated in front of a gate which holds the oozing blobs back from the launching. At the starting signal, the gates open, and the blobs tumble and ooze down a steep lubricated ramp designed to boost their momentum. Each lane on the ramp is walled off from the next to keep the blobs separated until they reach the bottom. Once at the bottom, the blobs tumble and ooze over and past one another, gushing forward to be the first to reach the actual blobstacle course.

The first obstacle is a wide-mesh screen which spans the entire raceway. Each blob must pass through the mesh, either by forcing itself through in hundreds of tiny dribbles, or by concentrating its body into a narrow streamer which can flow through one or two of the mesh openings.



The second obstacle is a tall ratline made of chain links which leads up to another steep, lubricated slide which drops into a sharp, banked curve. Each blob must climb the chain, by extending pseudo pods and flowing up faster than gravity can slurp it back down. The chain must be climbed quickly, before the pseudo pods work through the metallic chain links.

Other obstacles change from time to time, depending on the event and specialty of the blobs themselves. Popular obstacles include a bed of desiccant, which the blobs must cross before they suffer terminal dehydration; a sequence of metal rings suspended by ropes, which the blobs must pass through, throwing forward pseudo pods from one ring to the next, trying to flow forward before the pendulum motion of the ring stretches it to the breaking point; a long bed of spikes that continually poke through the racers' outer membranes; a large, slowly spinning fan with razor sharp blades; and a runged ladder which must be ascended.

The last obstacle is nearly always the same an array of wide funnels which have exit holes of varying sizes, some of which are sealed shut. Each blob must probe each funnel with pseudo pods until it finds one it can pass its body through.

VAATHKREE

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Searing
Atmosphere:	Type IV (environment suit required)
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Heavy (1.8 Standard)
Terrain:	Volcanic mountain chains, lava flats
Length of Day:	54 standard hours
Length of Year:	197 local days
Sapient Species:	Vaathkree (N), Vnals (N), Stonesingers (N)
Starports:	Imperial Class
Population:	6 billion
Planet Function:	Service
Government:	Vaathkree Council
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Mid tech, raw materials
Major Imports:	High tech, computers, droids
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Vaathkree is a harsh, volcanic planet that is constantly hammered by meteor impacts. It has heavy gravity and a corrosive, poisonous atmosphere. Huge plains of lava and exposed radiation-emitting metals stretch between the spouting volcanoes and the huge crevasses that scar the surface of the planet. This highly volatile world is home to one of the more interesting forms of life in the galaxy: the Vaathkree.

The Vaathkree are one of the well-known trading species in the galaxy and have a strong religious tradition centered around "the art of the deal." They are some of the most relentless hagglers in the galaxy.

The Vaathkree have created domed cities to house any off-world guests they may receive. These cities are a marvel of metallurgy and engineering — like the Vaathkree themselves, Vaathkree *vnals*, or "life-towns," are partly organic constructs. Vaathkree vnals are partially alive, and capable of communicating with their inhabitants. Vnals dot the surface of Vaathkree, and are rather comfortable for brief stays, although most visitors are unnerved by the idea of sleeping inside a living, breathing building.

Visitors to the planet often find small pieces of living metal. These small nodes of ore are referred to as Stonesingers (the phrase the Vaathkree use when explaining the concept to visitors), and they are the children of the Vaathkree. Stonesingers tend to be found in the large lava flats that stretch across the planet and tourists are ordered to only observe them from a distance. Vaathkree has been ignored by the Empire. The Vaathkree themselves have not yet resisted the efforts of the Imperial military.

VARONAT

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Jungle, mountain, plains
Length of Day:	27 standard hours
Length of Year:	325 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans, Morodins (N)
Starports:	2 Limited services
Population:	3,500 Humans, 50,000 Morodins (estimated)
Planet Function:	Abandoned colony, subsistence
Government:	Participatory democracy
Tech Level:	Space (around starports), feudal
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	Foodstuffs, high technology, medicinal goods.
Source:	The Best of Star Wars Adventure Journal Issues 1-4

Capsule: Varonat was settled 250 years ago by a group of idealists from Salliche led by the charismatic ex-legislator Adarian Tropis. Tropis was disaffected by the corrupt and ineffective bureaucracy of the Salliche government and gained a small following of idealists. The members of the group intended to carve out a new society where each colonist was directly represented in government.

The idealistic settlers chose Varonat because initial scouting reports showed unusually rich soil within Varonat's Great Jungle. The colonists first settled in what is now Tropis-on-varonat and began living isolated lives subsisting off the land and directly governing their own society. Unfortunately, the soil's richness lasted only one season.

The Morodins were the settlers' initial problem. The immense beasts continually tried to trample the crops, spreading their slime everywhere. After one failed season, Tropis theorized that the Morodins' slime was a fertilizer which enriched the soil. After giving the Morodins the run of several fields for one season, however, the crops grew up yellow and inedible, like the jungle growth surrounding the settlement. From then on, the Morodins were treated as agricultural pests by the colonists and were chased from the fields.

The crop failures spurred a small group to strike out for the wide plains at the jungle's edge in hopes of finding better soil there. This second colony site was equally as unsuccessful as the first, and later became Varonat's other spaceport, Edgefields-onVaronat.

After Tropis' death, the colonists lost their resolve and depended on irregular shipments of supplies. Many stayed and continued to try to make a living from the land - since Varonat had no viable exports, few settlers had enough credits to pay for passage off planet.

Almost a year ago, Gamgalon the Krish came to set up his Morodin-hunting safaris. The safaris have attracted enough off-planet traffic to boost the economy slightly. An enterprising local, Joodiel Amgris, opened Great Jungle Outfitters (selling hunting gear exclusively to Gamgalon's safari-goers), and the Varonat government, now lapsed into near apathy, began providing meager starport services.

VERGESSO ASTEROID FIELD

Source: Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook

The Lybeya system, an insignificant area of Bajic sector in the Outer Rim Territories, has no planets orbiting its sun - not even a gas giant. Rather, several vast asteroid fields slowly orbit a single, lonely star. The system is far enough from major trade routes as to be impractical for mining ventures. Even the largest asteroids are composed of worthless slag metals and are too much trouble to be worth excavating and processing.

Still, the Lybeya system is a valuable asset for Ororo Transportation, a front company for the criminal Tenloss Syndicate. Ororo has legitimate shipping interests, and it also distributes illegal merchandise garnered from other Tenloss operations in the Outer Rim Territories. Hidden within the asteroid field's largest rock, a planetoid the size of a large moon - is Vergesso Base, Ororo's main distribution, storage and repair facility for its illicit operations.

The facility is carved directly into one face of the giant asteroid. From the outside it seems as if one side is completely covered by docking bays. The hangars vary in size with some large enough to accommodate up to two Corellian Corvettes or several bulk freighters. Each is rimmed with the white light of magnetic field projectors keeping the atmosphere from leaking out into space. Some

surface defenses dot the perimeter, including a few turbolaser emplacements and large anti-starfighter quad laser cannons. Several tractor beam mounts monitor nearby asteroid activity, grabbing and maneuvering any stray rocks away from Vergesso Base.

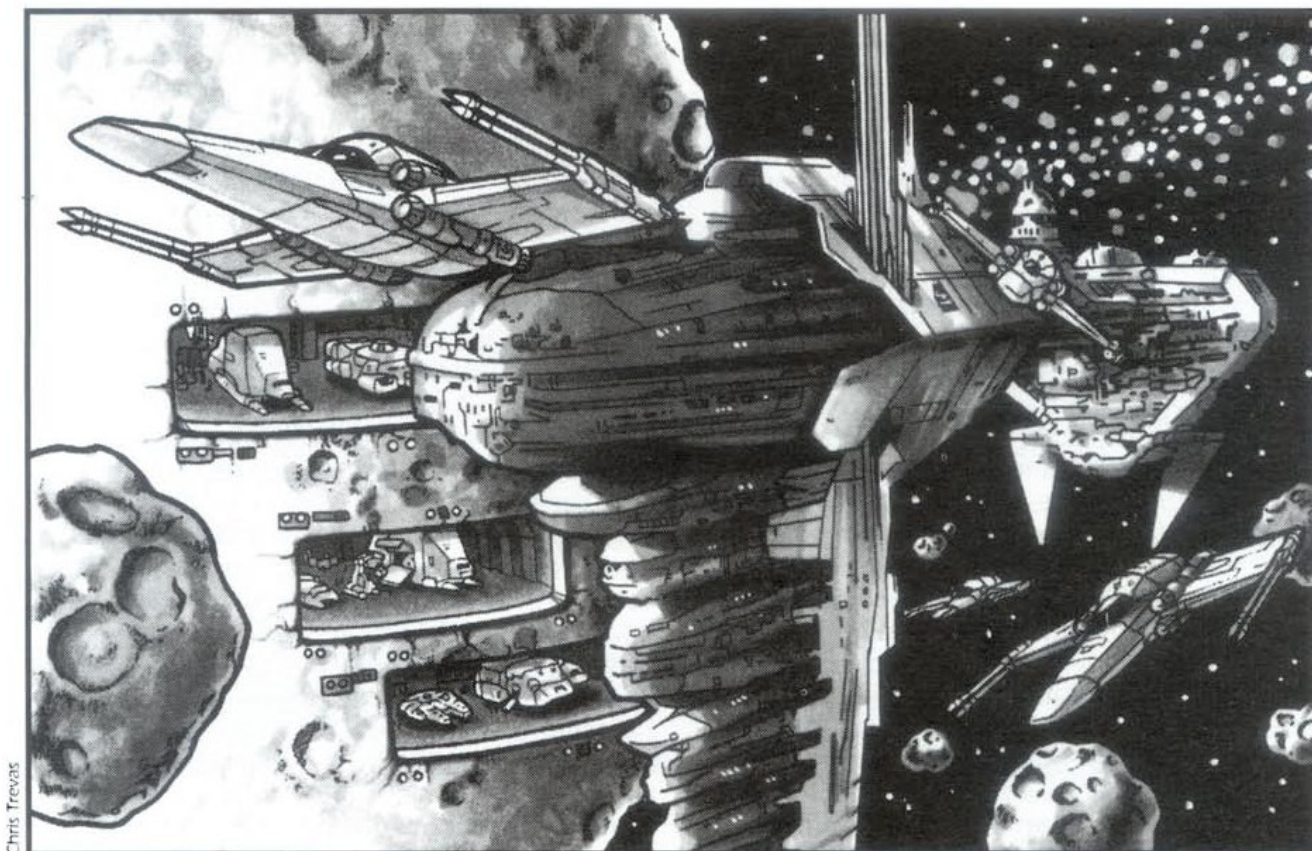
These tractor beams also keep other large asteroids in a shaky orbit around the facility, making sure the side riddled with docking bays is concealed from most angles. Although the base's operations center is buried deep within the asteroid's interior, several sensor pods relay information to coordinate and monitor system traffic and communications.

The asteroid is tilled with large, plasma-carved passageways leading to storage caverns repair bays, personnel quarters, repulsorlift garages, and cargo processing areas. Skiffs skim through the large corridors transferring crates from warehouse bays to docking hangars. Tech crews scurry over ships, repairing them before their next shipping runs. Credit-counters with datapads inventory cargo bays and electronically tag large plastic and metal crates for transfer. Mercenaries from the Tenloss Syndicate's Natori Association pass through the base, outfitting their ships with new weapons and consumables, and stocking up on ordnance.

Vergesso Base is a busy hub for Ororo's activities. The facility is also the center of the Tenloss Syndicate's lucrative spice trade. Independent spacers who manage to smuggle spice from Sevarcos, Kessel and Ryloth sell it here to Ororo, where it is refined, stored and shipped off to various markets. Ororo also has its own spice smugglers who manage to slip large amounts of contraband out of other locations. The organization's spicing activities have grown so rapidly in recent years that it has come to the attention of other competitors, most notably the shadowy underworld organization known as Black Sun.

To protect the Vergesso Base and its lucrative trade in spice and other illegal or stolen merchandise several capital ships patrol the system. Two Nebulon-B frigates make regular rounds, from the Lybeya system's outermost fringes through the asteroid fields and toward its sun. If the need for subtlety arises, the warships pull into close orbit to one of the large asteroids near Vergesso Base, then shut down their non-essential systems. These floating hulks are often mistaken for asteroids or space debris on scanners, if they are noticed at all. However, this surprise tactic does have its risks - it takes several minutes to bring the capital ships engines, shields and weapons back on line. These vessels' captains often wait until an enemy has passed them by and then slip back behind asteroid cover before powering up. This defense force is supplemented by any corvettes docked at the Vergesso Base and a flock of starfighters, which includes snub ships like the Z-95 Head-hunters or stolen Corporate Sector Authority IRDs, as well as Y-wings and X-wings flown by visiting Rebel pilots escorting cargoes bound for Alliance bases.

One would think such a large operation in an out-of-the-way system like Lybeya would attract attention. Indeed,



Imperial sector authorities are well aware of Ororo's secret base. The local Imperial sovereign, Grand Moff Kintaro, has not classified the operation as a threat to sector security, and thus has not brought it to the attention of Imperial military forces. Kintaro's actions might seem lax, but he is well paid for his inaction. Ororo delivers a hefty monthly tribute to Kintaro's capital on Talofan, and the Grand Moff is content to look the other way - some- times even actively concealing Ororo's activities from his own staff and officers.

What Grand Moff Kintaro doesn't know is that a good portion of the stolen goods and equipment processed through Ororo's Vergesso Asteroid base ends up in the hands of the Rebel Alliance. In the past, Ororo has helped provide basic supplies and construction materials for Rebellion bases and outposts. Most of this materiel was misrouted from corporate warehouses to smugglers' cargo bays by faulty transfer orders planted in computers by Ororo's slicers. A good portion is also siphoned off from the Tenloss Syndicate's Galindas Exports division, which runs an immense fencing operation in near, by Skine sector. Some shipments are delivered covertly to hot areas where the Rebel activity is intense - for instance, Ororo's smuggler agents are the principle gunrunners and suppliers of Alliance resistance groups on the oppressed planet of Ralltiir. However, Ororo sometimes makes more open deliveries to large Rebel installations and fleets. Its bulk freighters are well protected by Corellian Corvettes, and additional starfighter forces provided by the Rebel Alliance ensure the cargo arrives safely.

Unlike some other criminal organizations, Ororo Transportation and the Tenloss Syndicate favor the Rebel Alliance and work to undermine the Empire. Ororo sells goods tithe Rebellion at extremely low prices, and Vergesso Base is a known safe port for Alliance vessels. Rebel ships operating in Bajic sector and nearby locales often drop in for repairs and resupply, and the base's docking areas are sometimes filled with as many Alliance officers and crew as there are Ororo employees.

The crime syndicate's sympathies toward the Rebellion stem from several recent encounters with the Imperial Navy. At times Imperial forces have been overzealous in their campaign against certain underworld entities and the Tenloss Syndicate has all too often felt the brunt of Imperial might. Tenloss' leaders feel the galaxy would be a much more lucrative place for criminal operations if the Empire were replaced with a much more idealistic -yet ineffectual - fledgling government. Of course, the Tenloss Syndicate doesn't make this belief widely known.

VIRMEUDE

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Frigid
Atmosphere:	Type II (breath mask suggested)
Hydrosphere:	Arid
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Frozen rock
Length of Day:	36 standard hours
Length of Year:	520 local days

Sentient Species: None native
Starport: Limited services (Standard for Alliance)
Population: 5,000
Planet Function: Alliance safe port
Government: Corporate (Alliance)
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Minerals (raided goods and ships)
Major Imports: Processed goods
Source: Pirates and Privateers

World Summary

An Alliance safe port in Mayagil sector, Virmeude is a cold, harsh world with low water content and no native life forms. Situated at the far Rimward edge of the sector, it is so unforgiving that even at the height of their technology the Bith, whose homeworld is at the opposite end of the sector, did not bother to terraform it. It has an average distribution of ordinary mineral deposits and almost every mining study of the planet claims attempts to exploit its natural resources would result in a net loss.

This undesirability is what attracted the Alliance to it in the first place. Carved deep into the frozen bedrock of the planet, under the cover of a sham mining operation, is Virmeude Starport. The port is one of the most Coreward major Alliance bases and is used by a great many Alliance shippers, smugglers, privateers, and reconnaissance ships.

Using the name Issham Mining Corporation, Virmeude Starport posts very modest profits and losses, recruits investors, maintains imperial certification, avoids controversy, and generally avoids attention as much as possible. The home office claims that the company's modest profits are a result of extensive automation and lean management, but in reality the profits are considerable and primarily from privateer raids. Whenever a mining shipment is brought in, it goes into the corporate reports as profits. In short, IMC profits from the losses of its much larger competitors.

The Facilities

Virmeude offers standard starport services to Alliance ships only. These facilities are below ground and much more extensive than a casual scan would reveal. Most incoming goods are routed directly onto Alliance ships or shipped out into the Alliance supply network. Ships are either converted to Alliance service or stripped for parts and weapons. Hulls are cut up and reforged into armor plating or melted down into ingots for sale on the open market, depending on the company balance sheet for the season. A stripped ship's fuel cells, engines, weapons, life support system, droids, computers - everything - is turned around and funneled into Alliance support. Wars are fantastically voracious.

Virmeude does extensively use mining and labor droids, just like the company claims, although mainly to carve out warehouses and workshops, something the public relations brochures don't mention. The mining and construction is continuous, both to maintain cover and to prepare for the much hoped for breakout into the Core. Alliance High Command may someday need Virmeude as a forward base,

and it's better to have it ready and waiting than to scramble later.

VORTEX

Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Temperate
Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Moderate
Gravity: Light
Terrain: Plain, mountain, forest
Length of Day: 18 standard hours
Length of Year: 421 local days
Sapient Races: Vors (N)
Starport: Limited Services
Population: 6.5 billion
Planet Function: Homeworld
Government: Tribal
Tech Level: Information
Major Exports: Foodstuffs, raw materials
Major Imports: High tech, mid tech
Source: The Jedi Academy Sourcebook

World Summary

Vortex is a moonless blue and metallic-gray ball orbiting a dim yellow sun. Its atmosphere is a chaotic jumble of storm systems and racing spirals of clouds that swirl in horrendous gales.

The sharp tilt of the planet's axis produces several seasonal changes. At the onset of winter, vast polar caps form rapidly at the poles from gases that freeze out of the atmosphere. The sudden drop in pressure causes immense air currents to build and clouds and vapor stream from the equator toward the poles to fill the empty zones where the atmosphere solidified.

This creates tremendous storms in the early fall and late spring which sweep across the plains and mountains, blowing everything before them. Atmosphere turbulence at these times is very rough due to the shifting winds and landing on Vortex can be tricky. (During this period of atmospheric disturbance, all piloting rolls in Vortex's atmosphere increase one level in difficulty.)

The wind-whipped plains of Vortex are furred with golden-brown and purple grasses. The native bird-like Vors live both in the plains and the mountains.

Cathedral of Winds

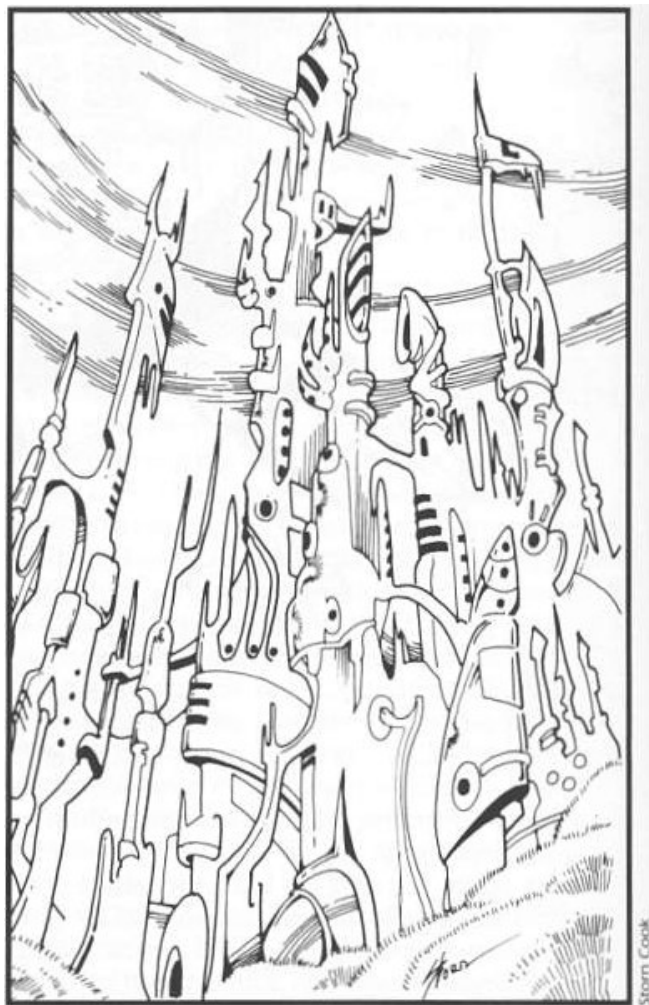
Defying the hurricane gales that thrash through their atmosphere, the Vors built a tall ethereal structure that has resisted the fierce storm winds for centuries. Delicate and incredibly intricate, the Cathedral of Winds rises like a castle made of eggshell-thin crystal. Thousands of passageways wind through hollow chambers and turrets and spires. Sunlight glitters on the structure, reflecting the rippling Fields of wind-blown grasses that sprawl across the surrounding plains.

At the beginning of storm season gusts of wind blow

through thousands of different-sized openings in the honey-combed walls, whipping up a reverberating, mournful music through pipes of various diameters. The music is never the same twice and the Vors allow their cathedral to play only once each year. During the concert thousands of Vors fly into or climb through the spires and windpipes, opening and closing air passages to mold the music into a sculpture, a work of art created by the weather systems of Vortex and the Vor people.

The music of the winds ceased when Senator Palpatine announced his New Order and declared himself Emperor. Objecting to the excesses of the Empire, the Vors sealed the holes in the cathedral and refused to let the music play for anyone.

The tradition was to be revived with the induction of Vortex into the New Republic, but sabotage to Admiral Ackbar's B-wing leads to the destruction of the musical monument, and an unspoken withdrawal of the offer.



The Vors begin rebuilding almost immediately, making no effort to recreate the design of the original but working from some sort of plan stored in their collective minds to create a new design. While engaged in this near-sacred activity, they

dedicate all of their creative energies toward completing their task. Until that day, they deny themselves music.

When the Vors finally complete their task they renew their invitation to the New Republic, having established that Admiral Ackbar was not at fault in wrecking his ship. For the first time in decades, the Cathedral of Winds plays again.

Vors

The Vors are delicate hollow-boned reptilian avian humanoids who ride the winds on lacy wings. They are lithe beings with fine features and vestal beaks. Their skin is leathery but smooth, and mottled white and gray.

Most outsiders see the Vors as a cold, emotionless species seemingly untouched by events around them. This is not far from the truth; the Vors are a very stoic species. However, It shouldn't be assumed that they don't notice or have opinions and feelings about the things that occur on around them. They just don't express them in any manner discernable to non-Vors.

Except in their music. The Vors speak in brittle twig voices, but their singing voices are beautiful. They are renowned for their ethereal and haunting music, which evokes in some a feeling of sadness and endless longing and others a glow of well-being. The Vors sing while engaging in most tasks, and erected an immense mountain sculpture which sounds beautiful tones when the wind passes through it.

The Vors live in a tribal-based society. Each settlement of concentrically arranged circles of bunker-like shelters is independent of the others. The Vors have no unions of settlements, though all join together to maintain their spaceports and the Cathedral of Winds.

The Vors have shown a curious reluctance to thoroughly Integrate with the galactic mainstream, though they have been a nominal part of it for over two centuries. Over that time they have adopted space travel built spaceports and welcomed tourists (at least until the rise of the Empire), and imported and exported goods. However most Vors don't leave the planet, and few exhibit any interest in seeing other worlds.

The Vors take refuge in their half-buried hummock dwellings when the mighty winds come. Through years of practiced observance, they can sense when the winds are coming, even before the weather satellites which help them track the storms.

Vors

Attribute Dice: 12D

DEXTERITY	1D/2D+1
KNOWLEDGE	1D/2D
MECHANICAL	1D/2D+2
PERCEPTION	2D/4D
STRENGTH	2D/4D
TECHNICAL	1D/3D

Special Skills

Strength skills-

Flight: Time to use: one round. This is the skill used for flying. Beginning Vors begin with a flight movement of 15 and may improve their flying Move as described on page 15 of Star Wars, Second Edition.

Move: 5/9 (walking), 15/22 (flying)

Size: 1.4-1.9 meters tall

VULPTER

By Rodney Thompson (with special thanks to Dan Wallace)

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate to arctic
Atmosphere:	Type II (polluted)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Barren rock, urban
Length of Day:	22.5 standard hours
Length of Year:	391 standard days
Sentient Species:	Vulptereen
Starport:	Imperial class
Population:	421 million Vulptereen, Amaran, Human, Neimoidian, other
Planet Function:	Homeworld
Government:	Corporate
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Vehicles and starships
Major Imports:	Consumer goods, high technology, processed foods
Source:	WotC web update

Orbital Bodies

Planets	Type	Moons
Vulpus	Searing rock	0
Kins	Toxic rock	1
Vulpter	Terrestrial	0
Nur	Barren rock	1
Vulp Minor	Frozen rock	3
Vulp Major	Gas giant	9

World Summary

Vulpter is a highly industrialized world that can only be called a tragedy of callousness. Originally covered with rolling hills, grasslands, forests, and all manner of other environments, the natural inhabitants of Vulpter reduced the world to a smog-choked wasteland where only the brave (or suicidal) dare tread. The Vulptereens still call it home, though, and cling to their planet despite the ravages of industry and technology. Massive factories belching out black smoke and industrial waste pits cover the planet's surface, honeycombed with underground warrens and cluttered with ghost towns and dying settlements.

Vulpter is a dumping ground for low-grade goods that the Trade Federation couldn't pawn off on other systems. A ring of debris composed of floating advertisements and discarded

promotional material clutters Vulpter's orbit. For every thriving city on the planet's surface, five other cities are abandoned, in disrepair, or collapsing entirely. The planet is a junkyard, with the surface lacking natural wildlife and the natives constantly plagued by diseases and ailments resulting from impurities in the air, water, and food supplies. The people of Vulpter cannot even provide enough food to sustain themselves and must import what they can't scrounge on their own.

The planet Vulpter began simply as the homeworld for a native sentient species. As the Vulptereens advanced technologically and socially, the planet became more industrialized and soon joined the galactic community. When the Trade Federation first consolidated its resources into a single organization, the Vulptereens were among the founding members and finally felt a part of an important galactic venture. This euphoria was short-lived, however, as the greedy and ruthless Neimoidians quickly made it apparent that they considered Vulpter an inferior world and seized control of the planet and its production facilities. Almost before they realized what had happened, the inhabitants of Vulpter were under the control of Trade Federation bureaucrats who drove their world into the poverty-stricken and devastated state for which it came to be recognized.

When the Empire replaced the Republic and the Trade Federation lost control of Vulpter, the inhabitants found themselves in a much worse position. The Empire, with its anti-alien bias in full effect, saw no need to continue shipping foodstuffs to the ruined world. The Empire simply cut the planet off from the rest of the galaxy when they closed off the Deep Core to hyperspace travelers and let it rot. Millions of Vulptereens lost their lives in the ensuing famines, and thousands more in the riots that resulted from a starving population. Since the planet had no strategic or resource value to the Empire, the world and its dying populace was of little consequence to Imperial agents. It is for this reason that Rebel agents started using the planet as a safe haven in the Deep Core, and when ways were found around the Hyperspace Security Net, it became a major port of call for Alliance ships attempting to strike Coreward. In exchange for foodstuffs and supplies, the people of Vulpter allowed the Rebellion use of their world until the Empire fell.

When the New Republic came into power, Vulpter once again became a part of the galaxy at large. With the Trade Federation influence gone and the Empire no longer blockading the planet, the Vulptereens set about rebuilding their planet as a viable manufacturing world. With help from the same ecosystem purification teams responsible for cleaning up the atmosphere of planets like Duro, Vulpter has slowly begun to make a recovery from the devastation brought on it by centuries under Trade Federation dominance.

People

The Vulptereens are as poor a people as can be found in the galaxy. Most members of the planet's populace work for the

Trade Federation, operating massive underground drilling machines that carve out tunnels used for waste storage. Those not directly under the thumb of the Trade Federation live in the crumbling aboveground cities, producing the few airspeeders and other vehicles for which the planet is known. Whether toiling away in underground caverns or cranking out locally designed repulsorcraft, the people of Vulpter are constantly inundated with inferior products and cast-off merchandise.



The tragedy of the Vulptereens is that they have simply been exploited into poverty. To the Trade Federation (and subsequently the Empire), Vulpter is so insignificant that it can be (and occasionally is) omitted entirely from maps and hyperspace travel charts. The inferiority of Vulpter gives its exploiters no reason to feel remorse for the hardships inflicted on the people of the world, and as a result, the Vulptereens simply have careless decision after careless decision thrust upon them by their corporate masters.

Locations

Descriptions of several key locations follow.

Orbital Advertisement Ring

A marvel of corporate thinking, the orbital advertisement ring induces a reaction of both awe and horror in those who encounter it. Massive, revolving billboards several kilometers in length and width form a ring around the planet that clutters the sky with such effectiveness that sunlight cannot penetrate its swirling mass. Coupled with a dense field of debris scattered throughout the neon monstrosities, the orbital advertisement ring generates such massive shadows that entire crops have been wiped out as they pass overhead. From the ground, when a being on Vulpter looks up to the night sky, all he can see from one horizon to the next are blinking billboards hawking cut-rate products, silent tombstones for the impoverished populace below.

Any attempts to travel through the orbital advertisement ring in a starship adds +5 to the DC of Pilot checks for maneuvers or stunts while in the debris field.

Underground Storage Tunnels

Comparable to warrens carved out by subterranean vermin, the storage tunnels are massive caverns created for dumping excess products. When the Vulptereen crews carve out a tunnel and complete its support structures, the inhabitants use the tunnel to store excess dry goods until shipping them off to other worlds. The work in these tunnels is hard and pays little, but as employees of the Trade Federation, the workers have no choice but to continue the intense labor in order to support themselves and their families. Many Vulptereen laborers live in side tunnels away from the storage tunnels rather than commute to and from the surface each day. Additionally, the managers of these storage burrows are all Amaran, and tensions between the Vulptereen workers and the Amaran managers are almost palpable.

Benoga

Benoga is one of the largest of the abandoned cities on the surface of Vulpter. Once a heavily populated city supporting industrial complexes and corporate offices, Benoga quickly fell into disrepair when the Trade Federation decided to close the manufacturing plants and relocate the company headquarters offworld. Within a few years, the city was deserted -- except for the occasional drifter or pack of vermin. Buildings, apartment complexes, factories, recreational facilities, and mass transit systems were left standing in the city, giving the occasional visitor the sense that the entire populace simply vanished overnight. Of course, some structures have fallen into disrepair and have been corroded by acid rain and other pollutants, but for the most part, Benoga is a city without inhabitants.

WAYLAND

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Moderate
Atmosphere:	Type I (Breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moderate
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Forests
Length of Day:	23 Hours
Length of Year:	353 Local Days
Sapient Races:	Humans Myneyrsh, Psadan
Starport:	Landing Field
Population:	28 million
Planet Function:	Subsistence
Government:	Dictatorship (Joruu C'baath)
Tech Level:	Feudal
Major Exports:	None
Major Imports:	None
Source:	Heir to the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

The planet Wayland was discovered during the Old Republic's second wave of expansion. A colony ship was filled to capacity and launched, but the world was logged

improperly. Because of a simple error made by a careless overworked clerk Wayland ceased to exist in the planetary logs and aggregation charts. The colonists did not know it at the time, but they were on their own. No supply ships would follow them and no traders would add the planet to their scheduled routes. They had been cut off before they even reached their new home and it was all because of a clerical mistake.

The colony ship full of Humans ran into trouble on its approach to the planet and was forced into a crash landing. Luckily, the scouting reports were accurate. Wayland had a pleasant life-sustaining environment. It also had two indigenous intelligent species: the Psadan and the Myneyrsh. Neither race had developed technology beyond the bow-and-arrow stage.

For a time, the Humans took charge of the world. They had the blasters, the armor, and the repulsors. There was no contest. But without fresh supplies the power cells began to fade, machinery wore out, and parts broke. It wasn't long before the Humans were forced to take up the technology of the natives, turning to bows and arrows when their powered weapons finally failed.

Centuries later, when the planet was rediscovered by the Empire, the Emperor paid a personal visit to the world. He liked what he found. He ordered all records of the planet's discovery to be stricken from the permanent records. Then he had one of his personal storehouses built. The Imperial engineers hollowed out Mount Tantiss, one of the largest peaks on the planet and set up a maze of internal defenses. With the project complete, the engineers then withdrew. The actual placement of the Emperor's treasures was handled by stormtroopers and members of the Imperial court. When everything was in place the Emperor set his Guardian within the mountain and sealed it. From time to time he returned to add new treasures and to check on his Guardian. His last additions were locked within the depths of Mount Tantiss just before the Battle of Endor.

For more than five years, the storehouse and the Guardian were left alone. The Emperor had deserted his servant, or so it seemed. The Guardian grew lonely, bored and eventually ventured out of the mountain. He built his own kingdom, forging the three separate species into a single society through the power of his mind. And, as it turned out, that mind was a dark, twisted thing.

Prior to the Guardian's influence, the Humans, Psadans and Myneyrsh controlled different and separate portions of the world. The wars which followed the failure of the humans' technological weapons had ended in an uneasy peace more than a century past, and the three races engaged in limited trade. The Guardian changed that, forcing the species to come together to serve him. He had them construct a city at the base of Mount Tantiss, combining their different architectural styles by placing Human houses beside Psadan huts and Myneyrsh castles. The great palace they built for him incorporated all three styles into one regal-looking structure.

When Grand Admiral Thrawn found a reference to the world in the Obroa-skai libraries, he knew he had discovered the location of one of the Emperor's hidden storehouses. From reports he had received in the Unknown Regions, he believed the Emperor's technicians had finally developed a practical cloaking shield. That and other interesting and potentially useful bits of technology would be within the storehouse, Thrawn knew - bits that together would spell victory over the Rebellion. He was not disappointed. Thrawn also convinced the Guardian, a Dark Jedi named Joruu C'baoth to join him in securing this victory. For his own reasons, the Dark Jedi agreed.

Wayland's inhabitants had been brought together by C'baoth's twisted manipulation of the Force. They worshipped him, feared him, and looked to him as almost a god-or devil. With his departure, that combined society has begun to show signs of disintegration. Only the fear that the Guardian could return at any moment to deliver swift punishment keeps them together. Some think this is a test of their loyalty to the Guardian.

WOOSTRI

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Saturated
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Urban
Length of Day:	22 standard hours
Length of Year:	312 local days
Sapient Species:	Woostoids (N), countless other species
Starports:	Imperial Class
Population:	18 billion
Planet Function:	Academic, library, recreation, homeworld
Government:	Representative Legislature
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Information
Major Imports:	Tourism, high tech
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Woostri is a predominantly ocean planet, with a single small continent. Woostoid historians claim that before a great cataclysm occurred long ago (during the reign of one of the previous, now forgotten civilizations), a substantial portion of the planet's surface was actually above water. Most of the continent has been transformed into a single, sprawling urban technopolis.

Woostri is a major administrative asset to the New Republic; the computer processing facilities and the natural organizational ability of the Woostoids makes the planet an ideal "data-crunching facility" for the fledgling government. A large number of NeuroSaav Model 608 Mega'puters have been installed in Gopsthal, the main administrative district of Woostri. As a result, much of the planet is now computer-controlled. Everything from landspeeder maintenance to traffic control to housekeeping is droid or computer directed,

and as a result, the Woostoids have a large amount of free time.

Due to the Woostoids' love of recreation, a substantial portion of the an average Woostoids day is devoted to entertainment. The planet boasts an incredible selection of music complexes, holotheatres, restaurants, sporting events and amusement parks. As a result, the planet has become something of a tourist attraction, although the Woostoids never intended this. Nonetheless, the natives welcome visitors to their world and they enjoy the diversity of the countless species who come to recreate.

One of the more famous features of Woostoid society is the Woostri HoloScan Database, a holographic library that has been hailed as one of the most complete research facilities in the galaxy. The HoloScan Database is located in a huge complex thousands of kilometers across and several hundred stories tall. For a few credits per visit, the curious can access information on civilizations predating the Old Republic, scientific research, star travel and millions of other topics, both scholarly and recreational in nature.

Due to the presence of the HoloScan Database, the New Republic War College has elected to open a branch campus near the research facility, and a large number of off-world visitors can be seen frequenting the sprawling complex at any given hour of the day.

XA FEL

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type II (breath mask suggested)
Hydrosphere:	Standard
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Urban
Length of Day:	31 standard hours
Length of Year:	379 local days
Sapient Species:	Xa Fel (N)
Starports:	Imperial Class
Population:	16 billion
Planet Function:	Homeworld, starship drive manufacturing
Government:	KDY Executive Board
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Hyperdrive engines
Major Imports:	Water, foodstuffs, mid tech, high tech, computer components
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Xa Fel, a planet in the Kanchin sector, is one of Kuat Drive Yards' (KDY) major manufacturing facilities, producing fully 20 percent of the corporation's inventory of starship hyperdrive engines. Xa Fel was a prime target of Grand Admiral Thrawn: the ability to snatch pre-made starship stardrives was a tremendous boost to the Imperial shipbuilding effort.

Xa Fel was once a world of sprawling plains and gentle hills. Fertile land that was well suited to agriculture was

converted to manufacturing and production at the direction of KDY. Now, factory complexes and corporate worker dormitories dominate a dreary, polluted landscape.

KDY's takeover of the Xa Fel is an example of unscrupulous corporate execs taking advantage of a naive and technologically primitive species. KDY's execs realized that the primitive Xa Fel could be awed by the Empire's technology and convinced them to sell the rights to their land cheaply (and above all else, legally). A program of flattery, bribery and strong-arm tactics directed at those Xa Fel who opposed industrialization was remarkably successful, and the Xa Fel were completely overwhelmed by the corporation. The Xa Fel soon found themselves tenants on their own land.

Under KDY management, the planet was steadily despoiled by pollution. Xa Fel is now subject to constant wind and water erosion, and due to the chemical pollution caused by the manufacturing methods of Kuat Drive Yards, the air has become mildly acidic. During the planet's rainy season, improperly protected buildings may be severely damaged and corroded. Breath masks and environment suits are suggested when visiting Xa Fel.

The Xa Fel, powerless to stop the destruction, despaired. Under New Republic rule, however, hope has returned to the wounded planet. The New Republic has ordered KDY to clean-up the planet, but KDY's bureaucrats and administrators have slowed the cleanup efforts to a crawl. Unfortunately, attacks from Grand Admiral Thrawn have forced the Republic to concentrate on preventing the Empire from retaking the planet and KDY has been, for the time being, left to function with no supervision.

YAGA MINOR

Type:	Terrestrial
Temperature:	Temperate
Atmosphere:	Type 1 (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Heavy (1.2 of Standard)
Terrain:	Forest
Length of Day:	23 standard hours
Length of Year:	451 local days
Sapient Species:	Yagai (N)
Starports:	Imperial Class (restricted to military use only)
Population:	4 billion
Planet Function:	Starship construction, homeworld
Government:	Imperial Moff
Tech Level:	Space
Major Exports:	Starship drive units
Major Imports:	Refined metals
Source:	Thrawn Trilogy Sourcebook

World Summary

Yaga Minor is a major shipbuilding and weapons design center for the Empire. While the planet lacks the resources of other major construction centers, its historical

importance as a weapon and starship design and testing site have enabled it to retain its prominence.

Yaga Minor has a long and distinguished history. The Old Republic used Yaga Minor as a launch point for the "Outbound Flight" project, a valiant attempt to learn more about what lies beyond the galaxy. Ord Trasi and Yaga Minor have much in common: Ord Trasi was a military base with tremendous shipbuilding facilities and Yaga Minor was a combination military and civilian launch point. That the "Outbound Flight" mission was launched from Yaga Minor underscores the peaceful nature of the expedition. When the Empire arose, Yaga Minor was converted to strictly military use. It is rumored that some of the early prototypes for the Empire's torpedo spheres were tested at the Yaga Minor weapons range.

Yaga Minor has become of increasing importance to the Empire because of one "commodity": the Yagai subspecies. These large, strong aliens were genetically engineered by the Yagai as a labor source and are suited for work in harsh environments. They have been employed as cheap slave labor and, as they are quite knowledgeable about starship drives and weapons systems, make an excellent source of construction conscripts.

Yaga Minor is a beautiful forest world, with an abundance of life forms. An extensive network of rivers and lakes has eroded a number of caves through the major mountain chains on each of the planet's six continents. These caves are where the majority of the Yagai live.

YAVIN FOUR

Type:	Terrestrial Satellite
Temperature:	Hot
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Moist
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Jungle mountain, swamp
Length of Day:	24 standard hours
Length of Year:	13.2 Standard Years
Starport:	Landing Field
Planet Function:	Abandoned hidden base
Source:	GG2: Yavin and Bespin

World Summary

The first satellite of any practical size, Yavin Four is a Human-standard world supporting a rich diversity of flora and fauna in lush warm tropical jungles.

The warmth of Four's biosphere cannot be explained by core radioactive decay alone. Indeed, measurements returned by initial probes indicate only marginally higher than mean levels of radioactivity, though these are complemented by elevated levels of both oxygen and carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, causing the world to retain more of the heat it generates.

The answer lies in the relative youth of the moon - it is likely that some of the heat is residual to its formation - and

in the fairly strong tectonic action that lets heat escape from the very depths of the satellite.

Some 69 percent of Four is landmass, with wide rivers and deep lakes puckering the jungle. Volcanism exists and many mountain ranges ridge the surface crust. The climate varies only slightly by latitude and altitude, remaining within a warm to hot 15 degree Galactic Standard (centigrade scale) range virtually surface wide.

The green moon of Yavin has four continents six interconnected oceans and one landlocked body of water large enough to earn the term "sea."

Yavin Four completes nearly three revolutions around Yavin each Galactic Standard Year. Its local day falls only minutes short of Galactic Standard, making it an easy adjustment for offworlders.

There are two primary seasons on the satellite, wet and dry. During the dry season, rainfall is limited for the most part to showers at day's end as temperatures fall below the dew point and atmospheric humidity condenses. In the wet season, days may pass without a break in the down-pour. Thunder and lightning are most frequent at the change of seasons, and rarely occur at the height of either.

The vanished Race

It is obvious from the massive stone ruins of Yavin Four that a technically advanced people once made this world their home. Who they are - or were - and where they have gone remains a mystery. Though the Rebel Alliance made its headquarters on Yavin Four for some time they did not pursue systematic archaeological inquiry into the culture, having had higher priorities for the limited resources at their disposal. One of the base scientists a Sullustan archaeologist named Dr'uun Unnh, did begin a number of cursory investigations in his spare time but barely scratched the surface in the short time he had to devote to his studies.

From the small number of carved inscriptions in the ruins a recent expedition has made a start at translating the language of these people, however. The main temple used by the Alliance was a stronghold of the Massassi people of ancient times, located in a region these people also called Massassi. The temple was not refitted with modern light or energy sources until the Rebel's own modifications and seems to have stood empty in recent centuries.

How such an enormous structure was built is a matter of much speculation. No quarry sites large enough to have disgorged such massive blocks are extant today, and preliminary mapping does not locate them under current vegetation. It is difficult to imagine moving metric-ton monoliths without the aid of modern gravitonic construction techniques, much less by other means, and without environmental perturbations. Further study is obviously needed.

In fact, what is known about Yavin Four's vanished people



is more what they did not do. They did not engage in extensive mining or deforestation while their society was ascendant, as the land contours and growth patterns of the green moon's giant trees attest. The atmospheric chemistry shows no telltale signs of petrochemical or fossil fuel combustion. Even allowing for the rapid regrowth of tropical ecosystems, it is not possible to pinpoint individual or societal dwelling sites in the jungles other than the stone ruins.

However, orbital probe analysis shows a complex geometric pattern of tree crowns that suggest that the oldest matriarchs and patriarchs of the jungle were planted to attain a certain canopy contour, presupposing wind generators. Waterfalls on major raver sites also show certain enhancements that suggest a reliance on hydroelectric power at some point in the past. Overall, the people of Four seem to have bent much effort to sustaining a naturalism rarely found in technological settings.

The lost inhabitants reached for the stars, but evidence suggests they never made it. Although what actually did happen to them is a matter of speculation. At the Massassi site lay the most impressive of those edifices which the vanished species raised toward the heavens. These colossal, roughly pyramidal structures defy explanation. All uncovered evidence points only to simple machines and hand technology. If other devices existed there is no physical evidence remaining.

While the science of this moon's inhabitants had apparently led them to a dead end as far as offworld travel was concerned they possessed certain techniques that surpassed similar Imperial accomplishments. The still unexplained method of cutting and transporting gargantuan blocks of stone from the crust of the moon seemingly without

disturbing the surface is but one example.

The Great Temple

No one yet knows how the mysterious species of Yavin Four disappeared, or where they went. Whoever these people were they were gone long before the first explorer set foot on the tiny moon.

All that remains of this once mighty civilization are the mounds and foliage-clad clumps, once mighty monoliths and stone halls, which are scattered throughout the jungles of Yavin Four.

One of the most impressive of these edifices left by the vanished species is located at the Massassi site. It is a colossal temple roughly pyramidal in shape, ringed by smaller structures. It was here that the Rebel Alliance

established an important base. It was here that they launched what has come to be called the Battle of Yavin.

The titles given to those structures so far uncovered are for identification only. No positive purpose classifications have yet been determined.

Near its base, in the temple front the jungle slides away completely to reveal long, dark entrances cut by its builders and enlarged to suit the needs of the Rebellion.

The original builders would never recognize the interior of their temple. Seamed metal has replaced rock, and poured paneling was used to divide chambers in place of wood. Buried layers have also been excavated into the rock below the temple, creating layers containing hangar upon hangar linked by powerful turbolift platforms.

There are many rooms in the vast expanse of the temple which have been converted for modern service by Alliance technicians. Some of their equip meet has even been left behind in their recent evacuation. However, there was something too clean and classically beautiful about the ruins of the ancient throne room on the uppermost level for the technicians to modify. They left it as it was save for scouring it clean of creeping jungle growth and debris.

Lower Lifeforms

The warm, wet, oxygen rich climate of Yavin Four has produced a myriad of species which occasional exobiological expeditions have only begun to catalog. Some are analogous to life found on other worlds, and some are unique to the green moon's landscape. A representative sampling of descriptions is Included here.

Blueleaf

Blueleaf is a common shrub near the Massassi ruins whose essential oils are a stimulant with perception-enhancing qualities.

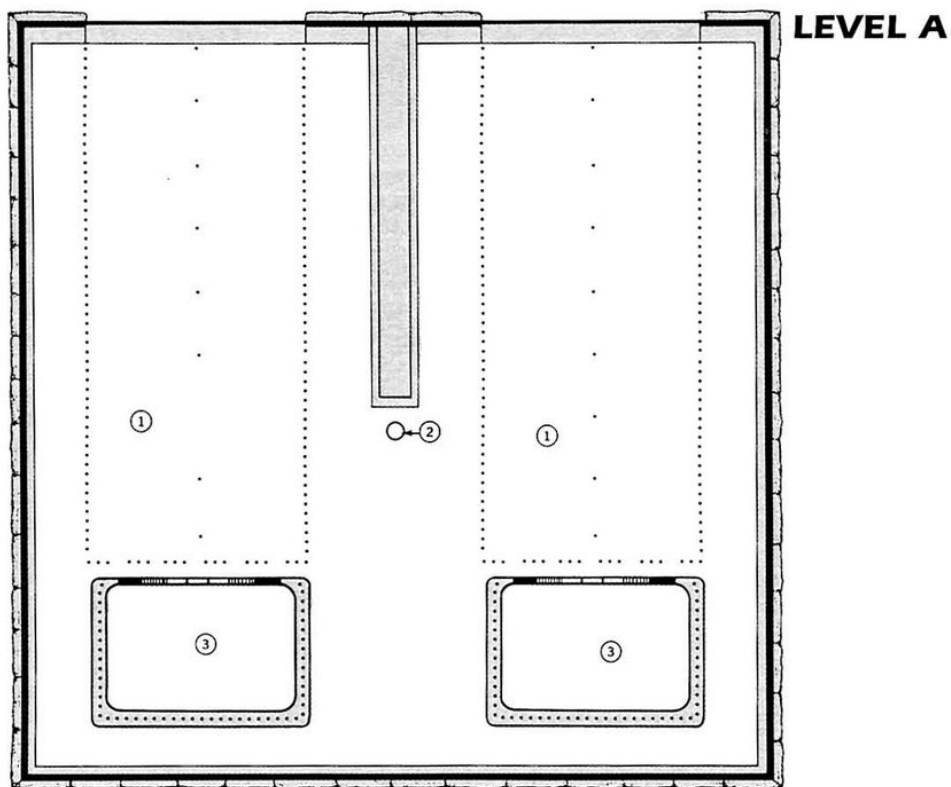
Blueleaf's spicy, pleasant fragrance makes it easily identifiable, as do the distinctive cobalt-hued leaves

whorled in five- to eight-fingered clusters. Average height is about one meter, but the plant spreads by suckers, forming a dense ground cover. It does poorly in deep shade, preferring the dappled glades produced by windfalls.

There is some evidence that it is not native, based on genetic data, but was imported from another continent by the lost species that built the structures: they almost surely cultivated it for its sense-enhancing properties.

Using Blueleaf in the Roleplaying Game

One leaflet, chewed, gives a Rebel character +2 on all Perception rolls for one hour, but he or she must make a Moderate stamina roll to combat the exhaustive effects of the abrupt cessation of stimulus at the end of that hour. Blueleaf builds up in the system if used too frequently: if a second leaf is chewed within a day, then a Difficult stamina roll is required, and subsequent doses increasable difficulty level with each application.



Massassi Tree

So named because it is the most common species around the Massassi temple ruins this tree seems to be analogous to the Kenalpa of Corell. It stands about 140 to 170 meters tall, with a wide crown and upsweeping branches. The bark is a shredding purplish brown that separates into strands easily when worked. A fever-reducing tea can be brewed out of blossoms found at branch junctures that receive direct sunlight.

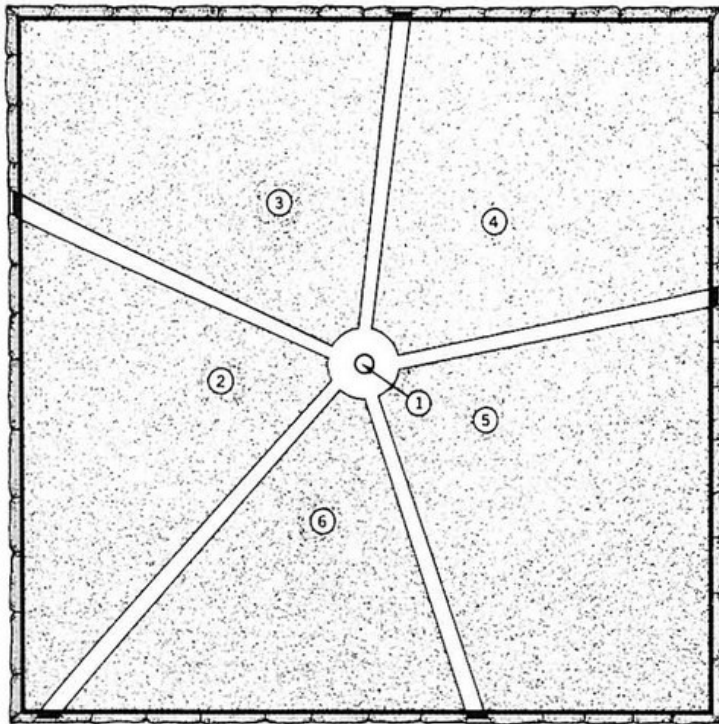
Using Massassi Tree in the Roleplaying Game

A character with the first aid skill can use massassi-blossom tea as a substitute for a medpac application on a sick or wounded character. The main problem lies in acquiring the blossoms and preparing them. A Moderate first aid roll is needed to prepare the tea. The blossoms may be gathered and preserved for later use.

The bark fibers can be used for string and thread substitutes, but will not withstand a great deal of stress.

Climbing Fern

Like many of the jungles' flora, the climbing fern trails long fibrous roots from its high perches, gathering moisture and nutrients from the heavy tropical air. Nestled in the crotches of massassi trees, szechual, or festooning the cliffs around waterfalls, this decorative lacy specimen looks like the princess of the forest.



LEVEL B

Great Temple Map Key

Level A:

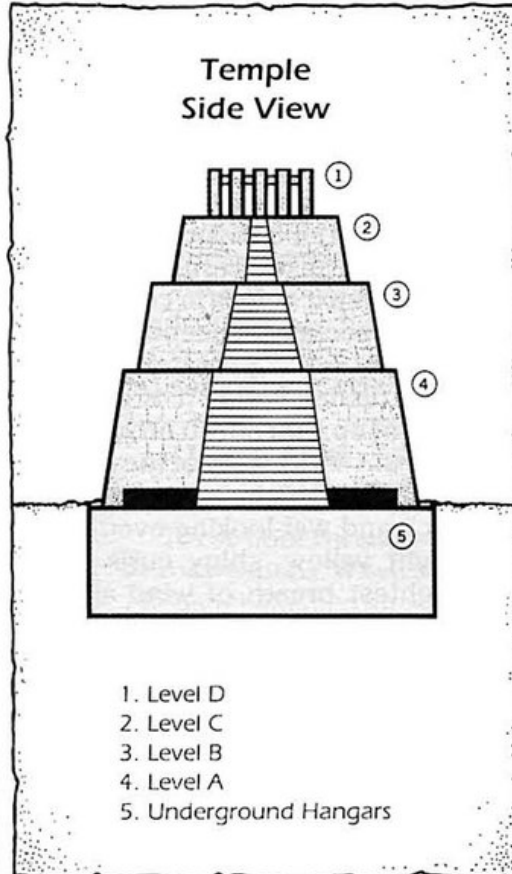
- 1. Launch Bay
- 2. Turbolift to Upper Levels
- 3. Hangar Lift Platform

Levels B & C:

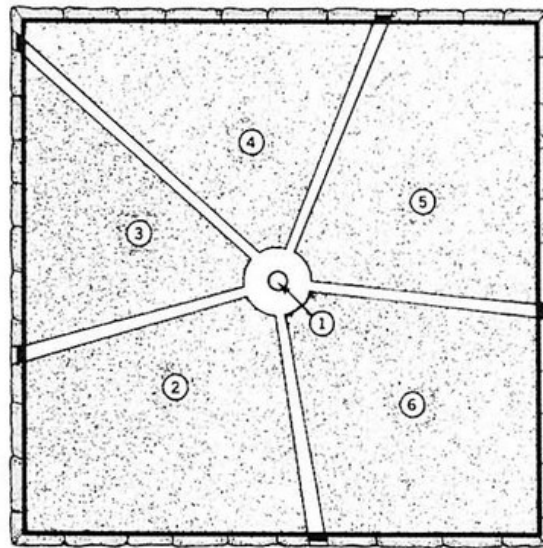
- 1. Turbolift
- 2. Command Center (on Level B); War Room (on Level C)
- 3. Computer Processing Center
- 4. Briefing Rooms and Offices
- 5. Barracks and Recreation Facilities
- 6. Storage Facilities

Level D:

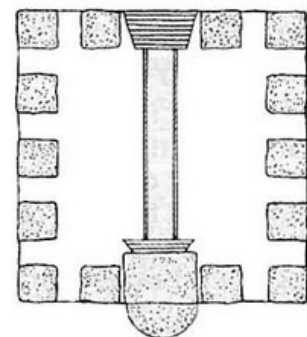
This is the temple throne room, complete with raised platform and skylights open to the sun.



- 1. Level D
- 2. Level C
- 3. Level B
- 4. Level A
- 5. Underground Hangars



LEVEL C



LEVEL D

Two meters long, the finely divided leaves are variegated yellow and green. Buds at the tips of each leaflet can sprout into new plants creating a second tier cascade of leaves. Underneath the plant trail golden half-centimeter thick rhizomes, some attaining 80 meters in length. Many of Four's arboreal animals use climbing fern as a highway into the canopy of the forest.

Using Climbing Fern in the Roleplaying Game

The flexible root fibers of climbing fern are resistant to cutting or tearing (Moderate difficulty to cut one rhizome at a time with a knife) and a handful can support a Human's weight indefinitely. They can be knotted together, braided or pounded to produce smaller fibers. If pounded when fresh, the resin that oozes over the fibers can be used to glue the flattened strap, like tape, across a clean surface. Cured (heated) resin is water resistant for several days.

Nebula Orchid

One of the showiest blossoms in the rain forest, each nebula orchid flower measures up to a meter and a half in diameter in full bloom. The labellum of the flower is most commonly a deep magenta with maroon markings, ruffled and recurved into a colorful froth. The sepals are divided into airy filaments of white, rose and lavender that fringe and curve like tendrils of gas across the void - hence the name.

The nebula orchid enjoys still, calm depths of the forest, clinging to trunk scars and dead wood no higher than five meters from the leafy floor. When not in bloom the plant is recognizable by glossy green leaves over dappled with spots. Usually a blossom lasts 20 days before subsiding and being replaced by another, the show lasting the length of the dry season.

During the wet season seed pods appear. Nebula orchids are a frequent food source to the land-based grazers of the forest.

Using Nebula Orchids in the Roleplaying Game

A ripe pod is half a meter long, 10 centimeters in diameter and a deep waxy carmine color. The pod yields an edible, spicy paste rich in nutrients and oils that keeps very well. If pressed an average pod yields nearly a liter of flammable oil that burns with a clean blue flame.

Touch-Not

Not every plant in Yavin Four's garden is beneficial. The touch-not, named for analogous plants the galaxy over, exudes a caustic resin or sap, that blisters skin with which it comes in contact.

Mon Calamarians are especially susceptible to these plants.

The touch-not is as distinctive as it is common, occurring as a semi-upright shrub no more than four meters tall in the understudy of the rain forest.

The stems are slick and wet-looking even in the dry season. Bright yellow, shiny curls of leaves catch the slightest breath of wind and twist and spin crazily on their flexible

petioles. The flowers are unspectacular bracts of 10 or 12 lemon petaled rosettes which mature into waxy berries.

It is even unsafe to stand near this poisonous shrub in a rain or mist, as the resin dissolves in water, and drips from the shrub to scar anything in its shelter.

Using Touch-Not in the Roleplaying Game

Characters who come in contact with the resin of the touch-not are afflicted with a severe rash that itches and blisters the skin. Immediate washing with hot water and a detergent will mitigate the effects, otherwise the character suffers a wound.

Mon Calamarians require double the normal healing time before rolling to recover from the wound. Touch-not resin can eat through organic fabrics and fibers so even the protection of most clothing will not deter the toxin.

Grenade Fungi

Burrowing up out of the thick leafmold of the forest floor during the dry season, grenade fungi offer an explosive surprise to the unwary traveler. These globular, white fungi can be found the jungle over.

A young fungus is subterranean appearing as not more than a slight rise or bulge in a layer of dead leaves. But as it matures, puffing out to nearly half a meter in diameter and developing characteristic gray-blue scales, the grenade fungi breaks through the leafmold. Often, arcs or complete rings of nearly mature grenade fungi appear at the same time indicating the spore brethren of a centrally located parent. As they mature, the fungi develop a hard, almost brittle outer shell.

A misplaced foot, a falling twig, even a delicate breath of wind is enough to touch off a ripe fungus. The brittle shell bursts with a loud report and showers thousands of spores to the compass points. Sometimes the concussion of the first burst is enough to set off other nearby grenade fungi - the cloud of spores from a multiple detonation can soot up leaves and choke small animals not fast enough to outrun it.

Using Grenade Fungi in the Roleplaying Game

These floor dwellers can be either attackers or weapons. When a fungus explodes the character affected must dodge or be attacked by the spore cloud and suffer damage. A character can be surprised by a grenade fungus exploding nearby or underfoot. The spore cloud from one fungus does 3D+2 damage, and nearby fungi can combine attack.

To use the grenade fungus as a weapon, a character must pick a nearly mature fungus and wait for it to dry. The trick is to throw it so that it will explode upon impact: misjudging the ripeness could mean that the fungus detonates in the character's hand.

Crawlfish

Yavin Four's jungles are scattered with deep, spring fed pools unconnected by streams. Crawlfish live in such pools

feeding on the myriad insects and amphibians spawned by the lush tropical climate. At the beginning of the wet season, male crawfish lever themselves from the water and start a long hunt scuttling through the dripping underbrush in search of a mate. The female, meanwhile, builds a nest of bubbles and twigs in her own pool under the shelter of an overhanging branch. She can usually choose her mate from among half a dozen interested suitors. The rejected males may walk from pool to pool until they starve.

Once the female marks her choice (by bubbling against his forehead), she leads him back to her pool to spawn. Then the attentive parents take turns fetching new twigs and rebuilding any torn bubbles until the eggs hatch.

After one season, juveniles leave their birth pool and seek empty or less crowded pools. These end-season sojourns are often the scenes of terrible battles, as the juveniles fight over the all-too-finite number of pools in the region.

Crawfish

Type: swamp crustacean

DEXTERITY 3D

Dodge 4D

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 1D

Special Abilities:

Slipperiness: Because of their slipperiness crawfish get a +1D to their dodge.

Move: 3

Size: 60-140 centimeters long

Capsule: Crawfish are relatively easy to catch and make good eating for most characters. They will lead a follower to water, albeit slowly. They have no defense beyond slipperiness.

Yavinian Runyip

Named for the similarly stubborn herbivore of Tran Mariel, the Yavinian runyip is a squat, flexible-nosed rooting quadruped. Runyips are quite vocal; issuing a veritable operetta of grunts sighs and squeals as they wander through the green moon's underbrush searching forgoing grenade fungi, nuts and shoots.

Runyips are quite rapid diggers, using their clawed front toes and prehensile noses to clear away loose debris as they unearth subterranean treasures. Their curly shaggy coats are oily enough to be water resistant and seem to protect them from touch-not sap as well. Typically, runyip fur is a mottled brown and green with a splash of white spots scattered across the shoulders or rump.

The creature is marsupial and bears three young in a litter at the beginning of the wet season. The younglings stay inside their mother's pouch until the change of season, when they have developed enough to ride her piggyback. Pairs seem to mate for life.

Yavinian Runyip

Type: Swamp marsupial

DEXTERITY 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Special Abilities:

Head Butt: Does STR+ 1D damage,

Move: 8

Size: 1-1.4 meters tall

Orneriness: 4D

Capsule: Runyips are slow to attack but can deliver a vicious head butt when cornered. Characters who are injured, in need of pack animals, or not in a great hurry knight ride or lead runyips. An adult can carry 130 to 150 kilos of passenger, baggage, or both.

They can also be used for food, having a fatty, highly flavored meat, and the cured hides are impervious to touch-not resin.

Woolamanders

Arboreal creatures woolamanders have gold to blue shades of fur on their backs and moist skin on their limbs and bellies. They seem to be semi-intelligent, communicating in a high-pitched jabber, and running in large clan-like packs among the upper branches of the canopy.

Each pack claims a territory in the treetops, and vigorously defends the area against intruding predators, stintaril and other woolamander packs. Duties seem to be organized by sex and age, and range from the adolescent males' task of picking blossoms and young shoots for the pack's next meal, to the aged (both male and female) caring for the juveniles of the pack.

Females that reach childbearing age are outcast, and must worm their way into the affections of another pack.

Woolamander

Type: Jungle simian

DEXTERITY 5D+ 1

Dotage 6D

PERCEPTION 3D

Hide 4D +1, sneak 4D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Climbing/jumping 4D

Special abilities:

Teeth: Do STR +1

Move: 10 (ground), 12 (brachiating)

Size: 0.8-1 meters tall

Capsule: These jungle simians are very jealous of their territory and a great nuisance to travelers passing through their territories. They leap from treetop to treetop, pelting intruders with large seedpods and fruit and have been

known to sneak into camps and ravish them while the occupants are sleeping. They can be useful as an early warning system, however since they cease their constant bickering whenever something new enters their territory. At least until they get bored or threatened and start harassing it.

Stintaril

Tree-dwelling omnivorous, nocturnal rodents stintaril look like something that climbed out of a deep-space garbage scow. The rear quarters of this quadruped are red and hairless, and the front quarters are tufted with lime green, wiry spikes of hair. They have protruding eyes bulging from a narrow, sharp-jawed face, and long translucent claws.

Stintaril are not particular when and where they eat, raiding packs of woolamanders for young, stealing eggs from nests, and even (easting on carrion. They use the long dangling rhizomes of climbing ferns as their access from the canopy to the forest floor.

Stintaril

Type: Scavenger rodent

DFXTERITY 4D

Running 6D

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Sneak 5D

STRENGTH 2D

Climbing/jumping 3D+1

Special Abilities:

Teeth: Do STR+1 damage

Move: 10

Size: 1-1.2 meters long

Capsule: Stintaril are bad-tempered beasts and do not hesitate to attack creatures many times their own size if annoyed, They tend to do most of their vertical traveling at dawn and dusk - a horrifying sight to see swarming out of a beautiful, lacy climbing fern.

YELSAIN

Type: Terrestrial

Temperature: Cool

Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere: Arid

Gravity: Low

Terrain: Mountains forests

Length of Day: 24 standard hours

Length of Year: 249 local days

Sapient Species: Humans

Seaport: Stellar class

Population: 4.5 billion

Planet Function: Trade

Government: Anarchist democracy

Tech Level: Atomic

Major Exports: Wood

Major Imports: Basic mechanical equipment, some electronics

Source: GG6: Tramp Freighters

World Summary

Yelsain is a very large planet, but has lower than average gravity because of the absence of heavy metals. Almost no metal can be found anywhere on Yelsain, both because of the composition of the planet's crust and because of the peculiar values of the inhabitants, who restrict its import. Almost all the settlers live in the northern continent for the southern islands are plagued by both tremendous hurricanes and dangerous wildlife.

Yelsain is a forest planet and it sports some truly immense trees, some as tall as 400 meters. The atmosphere is high in oxygen, so visitors tend to get dizzy at first particularly when they exert themselves. However by the same token they do not get as winded as they normally would. The high oxygen content also helps create the spectacular weather Yelsain is so famous for, with immense thunderstorms practically a nightly affair.

The animals which inhabit Yelsain are extremely large, averaging twice Human size and the carnivores are very dangerous. The two most dangerous creatures are the trogliths and the garages, as practically everyone in the galaxy knows from the halos which have been made about this planet.

ZAHR

The Zahr system lies near the astrographical center of the Outer Rim Territory's Cadavine sector. When the system was formed billions of years ago, the spinning gases from the system's sun coalesced into a single orbiting planet, an immense gas giant named Zahr. The heavier elements from this oversized gas sphere spun off to form over a dozen satellite moons, which totter around Zahr in somewhat shaky orbits.

With few natural resources, the system would have remained obscure and undeveloped if the local sector capital recently established on Dorvalla had not been located only 30 minutes away by hyperspace route. The Empire is attempting to reclaim this area from fringe groups and colonists who took over when the Old Republic administration running the sector collapsed years ago. While the Imperial sector administration tries to bring bureaucratic order to the sector on Dorvalla, the area's real power, the Imperial Navy's Cadavine Sector Fleet, operates from the Imperial enclave in Zahr system in the effort to rein the sector back into the Emperor's fold.

THE IMPERIAL ENCLAVE ON GALL

Type: Terrestrial moon

Temperature: Cool

Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere: Moderate

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Plateau, canyon, forest

Length of Day: 29 standard hours

Length of Year: 369 local days
Sapient Species: Humans, some aliens
Starport: Imperial class
Population: 57 million
Planet Function: Imperial Enclave
Government: Imperial Navy Admiral
Tech Level: Space
Major Exports: Starship parts and systems
Major Imports: Raw materials, foodstuffs
Source: Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Gall, Zahr's largest and most stable moon, is home to the Cadavine Sector Fleet Imperial Enclave, a sprawling planetoids facility which supports the Empire's naval activities throughout the sector.

The Imperial enclave is on the planet's northern continent. The southern continent is constantly plagued by turbulent cyclonic storms and other severe atmospheric conditions which occasionally spill over to affect weather in the north. The enclave is situated on a plateau which borders a badlands region known as the Grand Trench canyons. These narrow gorges were carved by millennia of water rushing down from cyclonic storms to the south, leaving chasms filled with jagged outcroppings of red rock.

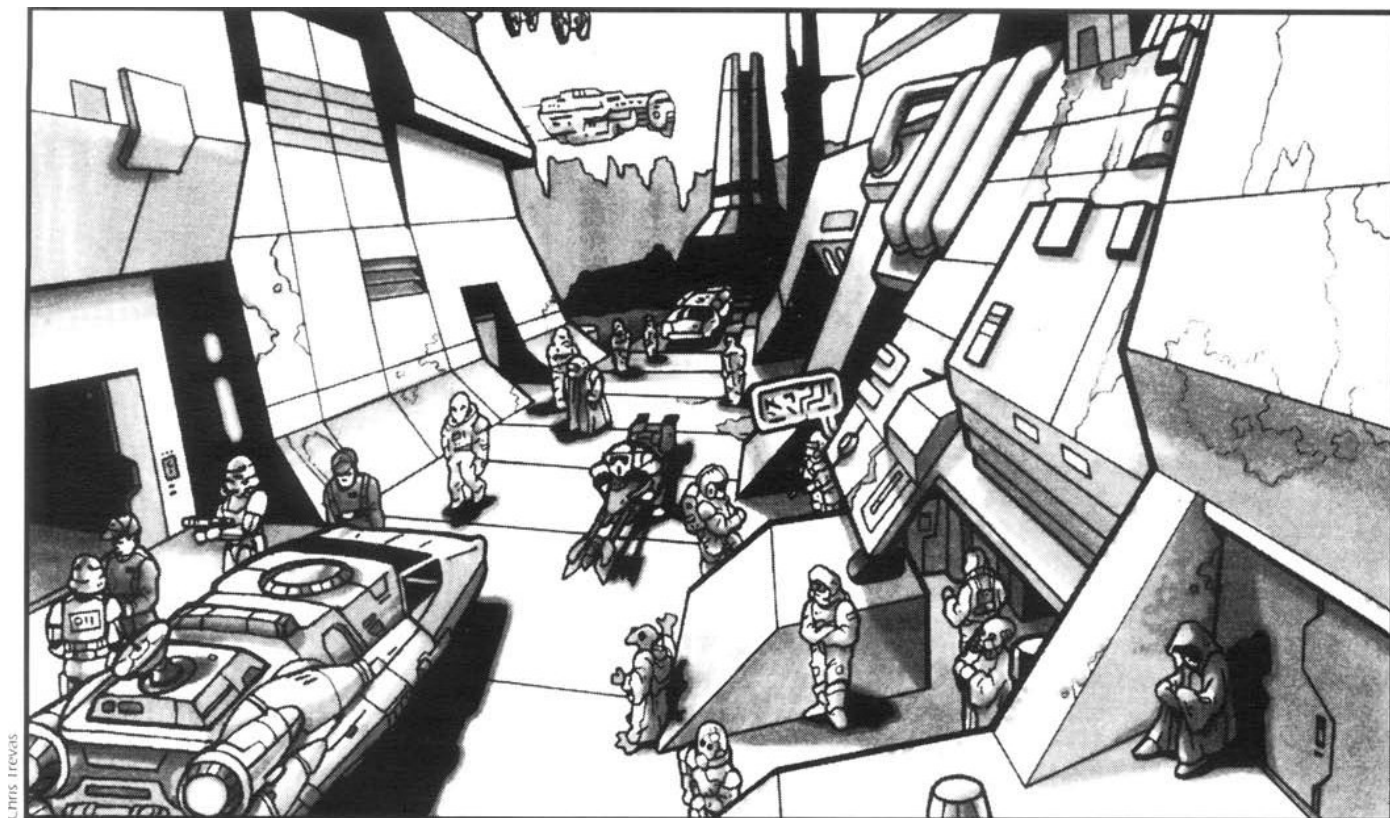
The enclave's facilities begin at the edge of the Grand Trench canyons. A long-range Imperial sensor post monitors starship traffic and communications for the starport nearby.

Spaceport docking bays, landing pads, repair hangars and support services extend around the sensor post and along the gorge rim.

Industrial and residential areas swarm around the starport. This industrial area caters to the sector fleet's needs. Corporations which supply Imperial Navy vessels have plants there which manufacture starship parts, process and pack- age food assemble capital ship electronics systems, and mass-produce Imperial-issue goods like uniforms, datapads and comlinks.

The Imperial enclave at Zahr is not a training ground for Imperial personnel, as some might initially believe. It is a formation and deployment center for components of the Imperial Navy sector fleet on operations throughout the Cadavine sector. The planet side base itself is immense. In addition to the barracks for Imperial Army forces and quarters for the innumerable Imperial Navy officials and administrators, this military personnel transfer post contains housing for thousands of crewmen passing through Zahr on their way to and from posts on other Imperial-held Cadavine sector worlds and Imperial Navy vessels throughout the area.

Two Imperial garrisons - built in the typical, imposing architectural style - protect the ground base, one at each end, with the long- range sensor station to the south forming the third point of a defensive triangle. The garrisons provide TIE fighter protection for the moon, while two Imperial Star Destroyers and their own TIE fighter wings maintain security high above Gall's surface. Since there



often seems little need for the garrisons' walker and scout units, elements of these groups are often transferred to other vessels on specific Cadavine sector missions. The base's troops protect and patrol the main base, and also serve as security for the starport, in conjunction with a small contingent of Imperial Customs officers.

The Imperial-class starport caters to military, corporate and civilian needs. Entire sections of docking bays are frequently cordoned off for use by Imperial forces. Transports ferry capital ship crews to other posts on their way to new assignments aboard starships participating in Cadavine sector military operations. Supply ships bring in much-needed consumables, especially commodities which the local industrial plants cannot manufacture. Corporate freighters haul in raw materials and components for their factories, and free-traders bring in luxury goods and other, illicit cargoes to fulfill the needs of base personnel.

Many starport facilities - other than docking bays, repair hangars and warehouses - cater to military personnel stationed on Gall. Restaurant, casinos, bars and other entertainment establishments cater to the desires of visitors and soldier alike. The proprietors of these businesses are more than happy to accept an Imperial officer's idle-time credits alongside the credits of some tramp-freighter captain. The spaceport maintains an almost carnival-like atmosphere, especially at night when starport streets are crowded with pleasure-seekers, their faces aglow with light from illuminated signs advertising entertainment houses. Parties (and sometimes brawls) from restaurants, hotels and bars often spill out into the street - although the local Imperial authorities maintain a firm sense of order.

The presence of various alien species also contributes to this mood. Although the Empire often persecutes non-humans, aliens are allowed in the starport quarter. However they are unwelcome beyond the borders of this area. Wayward aliens are swiftly removed from checkpoints leading to industrial areas, the Imperial base, or blocks of docking bays used for naval transports - any alien caught within these restricted zones is severely punished, even possibly summarily executed if the being is suspected of espionage. The Empire realizes that alien traders are an important part of the Outer Rim economy, and often takes steps to ensure non-humans are welcome in certain secure starport and commercial sections of Gall. Unfortunately, the Empire also sees aliens as a possible threat and makes sure they do not stray into restricted areas.

Since the starport is the most visible area to visitors, and since it's frequented by spacers and military personnel alike, it's substantially more impressive than the other factories residential quarters, and base buildings. Tall buildings slant upward, piling businesses high, but still allowing for a good view of the sky from both street and window. The streets are broad enough to allow a steady flow of pedestrian traffic, while repulsorlift vehicles travel in the wider lanes above the crowds. Shops at the street level keep their doors open during the day, and many entertainment establishment doors stay open at night, too. The upper

levels of these buildings often house offices or apartments, and some have landing pads for repulsorlift vehicles dropping passengers off. The starport quarter seems very much like any other modern city - who would notice the presence of a vast Imperial military base only a few kilometers away?

KILE

Type:	Terrestrial moon
Temperature:	Cool
Atmosphere:	Type I (breathable)
Hydrosphere:	Dry
Gravity:	Standard
Terrain:	Barren mountain, plain
Length of Day:	20 standard hours
Length of Year:	535 local days
Sapient Species:	Humans aliens
Starport:	Landing field
Population:	50
Planet Function:	Hidden temporary Rebel base
Tech Level:	Space (near base)
Source:	Shadows of the Empire Sourcebook

World Summary

Kile is one of two moons which pass extremely close to Zahr in their orbits. It is rather nondescript as moons go - marginally habitable by humans and covered with mountain ranges, eroded badlands and rolling scrub-plains. Little rain falls on the prairies - most moisture falls in the highlands as snow then melts, carves its way through the badlands, and evaporates just as it sinks into the plains. Kile's atmosphere barely registers as Type I, and those staying there for extended times often complain of a shortness of breath when exerting themselves.

Despite its proximity to the Imperial Enclave on Gall, Kile was selected for a temporary and hastily erected Rebel starfighter base. The Rebellion had long thought of establishing a small surveillance post on Kile to monitor starship traffic and communications at the Imperial Enclave, but Kile was thought to be too close to Zahr. The immense gas giant's magnetic field and Kile's own mineral composition near the surface would have interfered with surveillance electronics. However this phenomenon also fouls sensor readings from passing vessels effectively masking most activities on the surface from all sensors except visual detection. While the small base on Kite is isolated, it seems an ideal hiding place from which a short-lived campaign of brief starfighter operations can be carried out.

The base itself is little more than a prefabricated warehouse serving as a hangar. The cast-plast prefab pieces were loaded into a driver barge's detachable cargo container transported to the Zahr system, and dropped rather unceremoniously as the freighter passed Kile on its way to Gall. Although the cargo container had been heat shielded and reinforced against impact, the cast-plast building components didn't fare too well. An expeditionary crew was carefully smuggled onto the moon to assemble the base

before the starfighters and pilots from Rogue Squadron showed up for a quick mission against the Imperial Enclave on Gall.

The set-up crew consisted of a few Rebel engineers and Rogue Squadron's technical crew. One smuggling run supplied additional consumables - food, water, power cells, weapons and medical supplies - and another brought in the crew's technical support machinery and spare parts. In order to evade Imperial detection, these freighters arranged their arrival or departure from Gall to coincide with Kile's orbit passing the far side of Zahr - their flight plans and hyperspace jump vectors were planned to bring them relatively close to Kile, long enough for them to dip into low orbit and jettison their heat and impact-shielded cargo undetected.

The Rebel engineers used plasma-grids to form a smooth construction surface in the rock of the mountainous foothills. Rogue Squadron's technical crew helped assemble the plastic beam framework and the sheet metal sidings and roof, living out of the smaller consumables cargo modules which were crudely furnished with whatever personal gear the crew had brought. The whole base still smells of burned rock from the plasma-grids and it's just about as cold inside the hangar as it is outside since the heating unit's reactor busted when it was dropped with the initial prefab parts. Rogue Squadron's technical crew hasn't been too enthused with this assignment, but they know it's only temporary. On the whole, the base isn't very comfortable - but that's not its purpose. The Kile facility is little more than a service hangar for X-wings on standby for a quick mission against the Imperial Enclave.

No doubt there are other interesting areas on Kile - the highlands' cascading falls, the vast caverns carved out deep beneath the badlands, and the pristine shores where the plains meet the moon's single small sea, for example, but few have explored the moon, and the local Imperial forces actively discourage stray travelers from exploring Kile or any of Zahr's other moons.