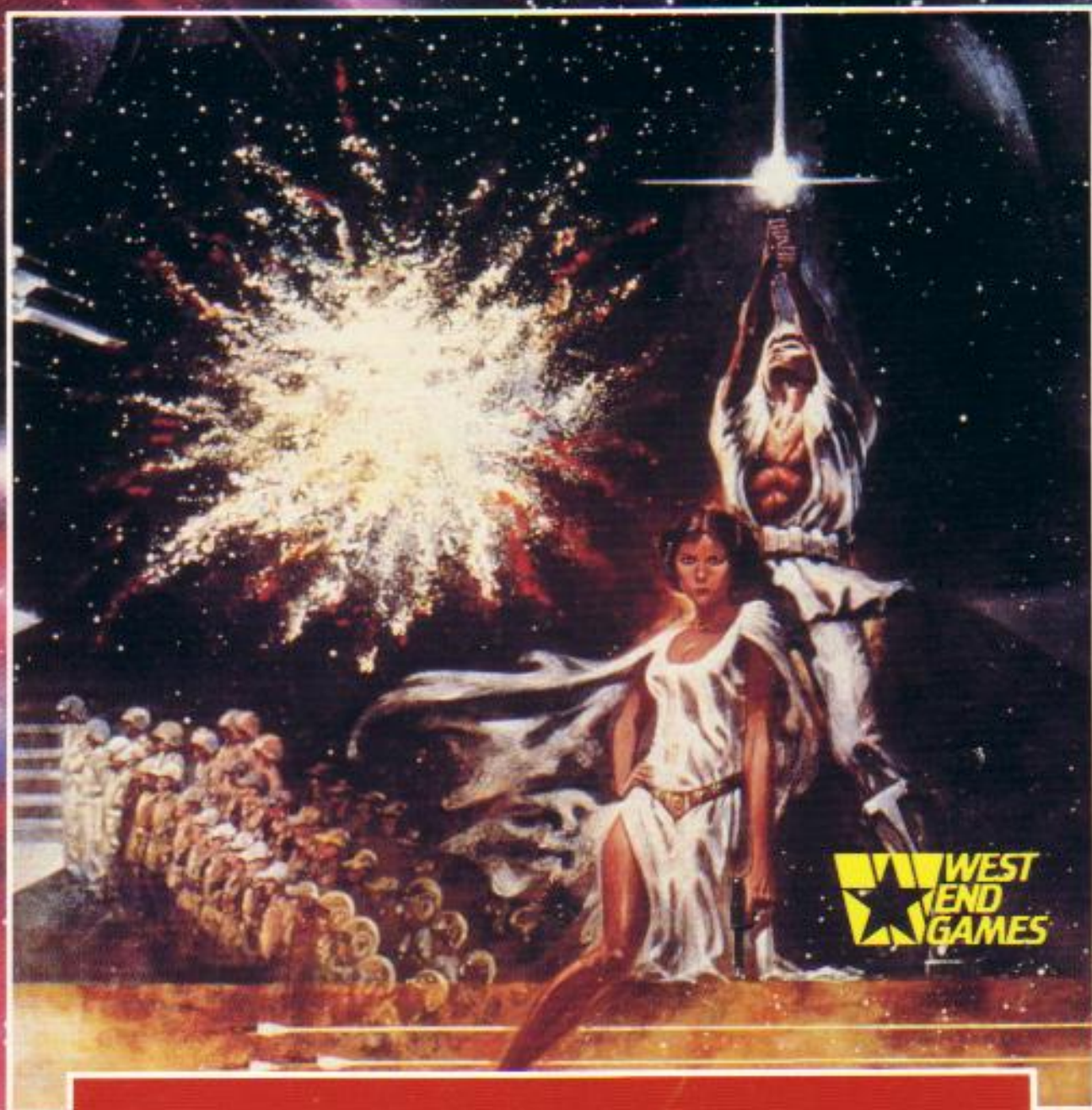


STAR

A New Hope™

WARS

GALAXY GUIDE 1



Character profiles for use with
STAR WARS: The Roleplaying Game

I ntroduction

The *Star Wars* saga encompasses a galaxy as vast as imagination itself. Populating the infinity of worlds with creatures, civilizations and personalities is a task worthy of Jedi legend, so to aid gamemasters and provide all-new information for the legion of *Star Wars* fans everywhere, we proudly present the *Galaxy Guide* series for *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*.

Future editions of the *Galaxy Guide* will take you to strange worlds, both familiar and new to the *Star Wars* mythos, giving you alien landscapes in which to set your adventures. Others in the series will provide you with aliens galore, friends and enemies with which to help and hinder your Rebel heroes. And then there are the character profile books, like the one you are now reading.

Specifically, this particular collection of profiles features characters from the film *Star Wars IV: A New Hope*. This package is not only intended to provide *Star Wars* fans with little-known facts and statistics about personalities from the greatest space fantasy movie of all time, but is designed to save a gamemaster campaign preparation time as well by providing him or her with ready-to-use non-player characters.

"But, Han Solo blasted Greedo. I can't really use him, can I?" you wonder.

Okay. So nothing's perfect. Since *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* is set after the Battle of Yavin and before the events depicted in *The Empire Strikes Back*, many of the characters detailed within these pages are dead, missing, or even "with the Force." After all, the Death Star was turned into cosmic dust and Greedo's been space-ventilated — the hard way! Does that mean you can't use the slimy green hit-man in your own adventures? Well, yes ... and no.

Since you can't allow the player characters to marry Princess Leia or turn the known smuggler Han Solo over to Jabba the Hutt for the price of a new spaceship, the gamemaster must always keep the major heroes of the films at a distance. These personalities should remain the ideal that the PCs try to prove themselves against and ultimately strive toward. Obi-Wan Kenobi's statistics are irrelevant from the viewpoint of encountering the old Jedi general — after all, he's "with the Force" now. But, a glance at some of his abilities gives GMs a good idea as to the power of a true Jedi Knight and his ally, the Force. Even if the players "accidentally" sneak a peek at Obi-Wan's force skills, they'll come away with a true appreciation of the magnitude of the physical and mystical powers surrounding them.

"You mean he was that tough and Vader still defeated him?" they'll whisper in awe.

But that's only one way to use these profiles. While it is true that Greedo was toasted by Han Solo in Mos Eisley's infamous cantina, the statistics for Jabba's would-be bounty hunter can be used to create a similar character to threaten your PCs with. You might make your bounty hunter Greedo's sister, taking up the trade her brother plied.

In other words, be creative and inventive. Use the Death Star personnel with your favorite Imperial Star Destroyer or to man that special Imperial garrison you've been wanting to ambush your PCs with.

Take a quick look through these pages for the sundry collection of miscreants, scouts, smugglers and outlaws detailed in the section on Mos Eisley and its cantina. Many adventures can occur just by allowing one of these troublesome fellows to interfere with your Rebels. For example, the reader is

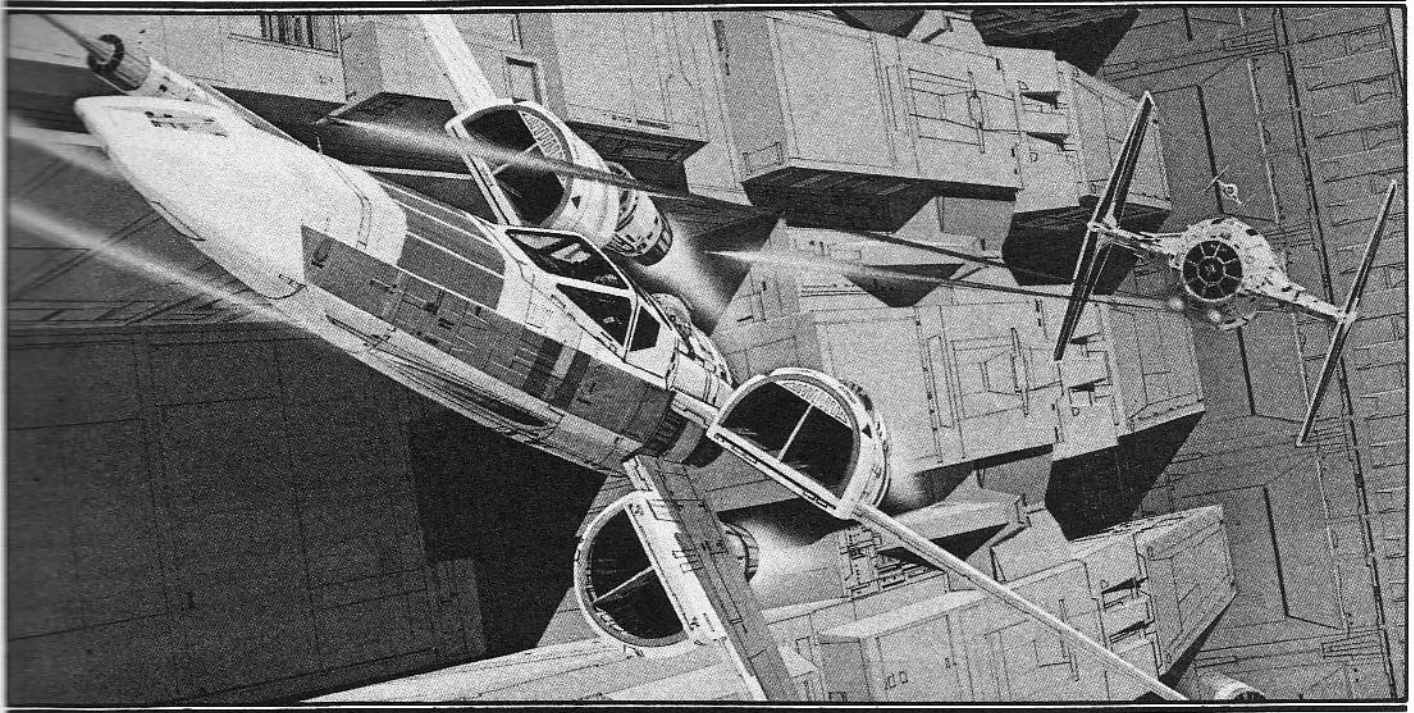
referred to our adventure, *Tatooine Manhunt*, which goes into great detail describing the city of Mos Eisley. The devil-faced character of Labria, actually only glimpsed briefly in the film but detailed completely herein, plays a pivotal role in that adventure.

For beginning GMs, familiarity with the game rules must come first, while grand campaigns across limitless star systems may often come second. Instead, try starting the group off in Mos Eisley, where they're trying to hire a ship or locate a Droid or two. Sure, it's been done already, but the players will immediately have a sense of where they are and what they can expect from their environs. Use this scenario to bring the PCs together for the

first time or to give them their first taste of comradery as they band together to save their collective bacon from Imperial stormtroopers.

Similarly, the GM already knows what evil lurks around every bend just by watching the movie again before a gaming session, and won't have to spend hours creating an entire universe. Instead the group can play the game and have fun immediately.

Good luck with your *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* campaign and look for future guides on the many planets, aliens, and characters that make up the *Star Wars* galaxy — a galaxy you won't have to spend as much time populating now that you own *Galaxy Guide 1*.



The Researcher's Odyssey

Prologue: First Words

To: Major Arhul Hextrophon, Executive Secretary and Master Historian, Alliance High Command

From: Lieutenant Voren Na'al, Assistant Historian

Regarding: Research into the events immediately preceding the Alliance victory at the Battle of Yavin.

Your notes regarding the events surrounding the Alliance victory at Yavin (for inclusion in the upcoming *Official History of the Rebellion, Volume One*) are indeed woefully incomplete, as you had predicted.

The final battle is fully documented in the Yavin base computer banks. But the strange tale of the great heroes of the Alliance, namely Commander Skywalker and his associates, remains something of a mystery to most of the support personnel—myself included.

When you assigned me the task of backtracking their adventures from Tatooine to Yavin, I hoped initially to shed new light on the deeds and accomplishments of the heroes, perhaps making them appear a little more "human" than we have been led to believe.

Now, you may think that I intended to degrade the honor heaped upon their names, but this was not so. I only wished to record an objective, historically accurate portrayal of the actual events, free from the hyperbole often associated with brave deeds in times of war.

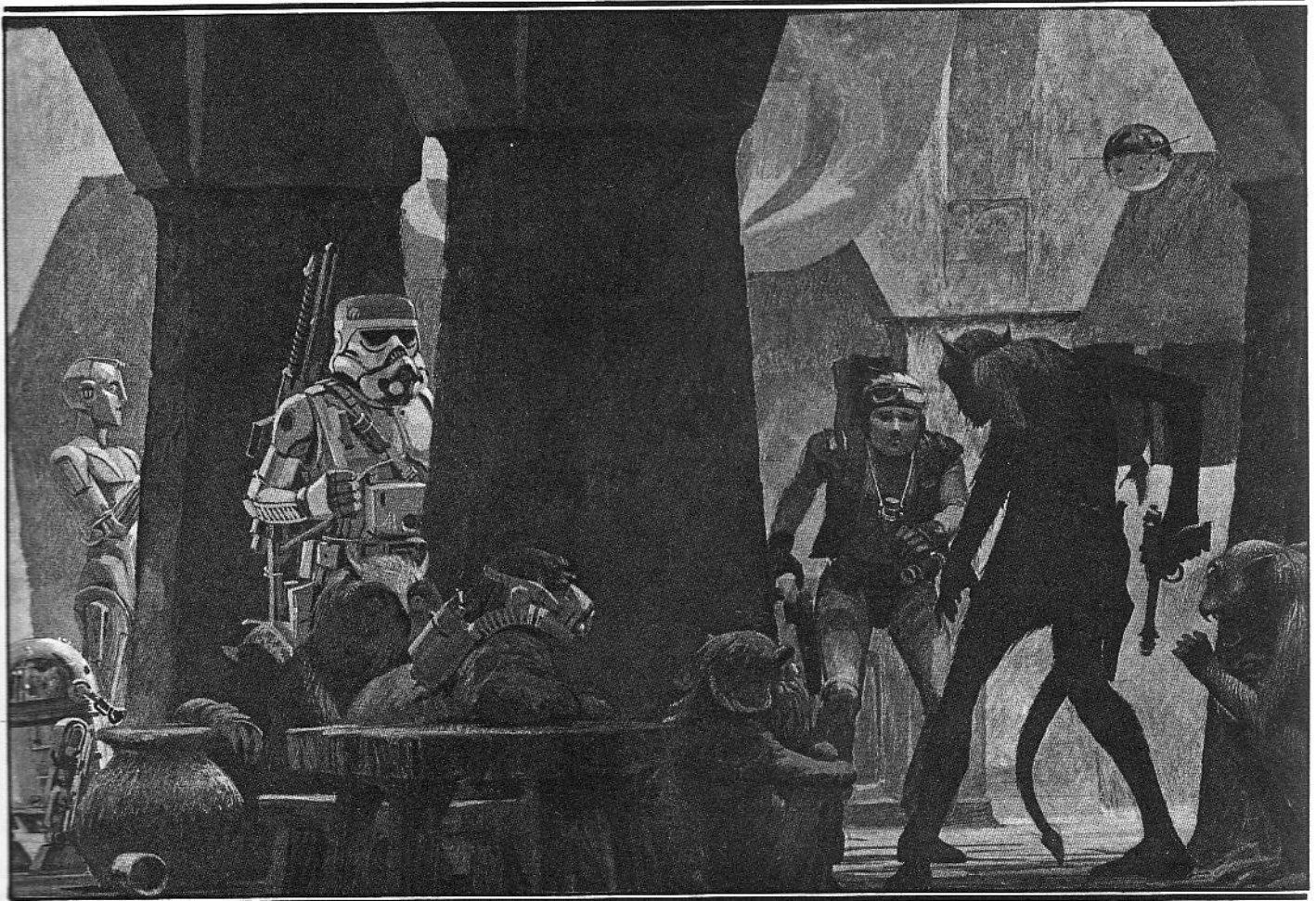
As you will probably realize by the time you reach the end of the accompanying data

file, I did not succeed. It is to my chagrin that I must admit that these intrepid heroes deserve even more praise than we have accorded them. Your accounts portray the modesty as well as the courage in all of them, except Captain Solo. His lack of modesty, admittedly, is part of his roguish nature and overall charm. The rescue of Princess Leia Organa from the Death Star alone was an unimaginable feat, but add to that the one-in-a-billion shot with which Commander Skywalker destroyed the massive battle station and you have the stuff of legends. (And he made that shot without the aid of his targeting computer, I must add!) My attempt at historical accuracy will undoubtedly contribute to the confusion of future archivists, when they must eventually come to terms with the recent events that we have been fortunate enough to behold.

Please forgive my enthusiasm for these fine beings, Major Hextrophon, and excuse the blatant unprofessionalism of the enclosed report. Where and how you choose to use this wealth of information is, of course, up to you. I just hope that I have added some small amount of knowledge about these strange and dangerous times in which we live.

Getting Underway

My journey began at Thila, where we were still organizing after abandoning the base on the fourth moon of Yavin. While Luke Skywalker did indeed destroy the Death Star, Lord Vader reportedly escaped and the bulk of the Imperial Navy was quickly assembled to finish the battle station's mission. Reportedly, as with



Dantooine, the Empire arrived to find the Yavin base empty. But on Yavin we left a detonite surprise for them, making their arrival, without a doubt, a warm one.

As the Alliance geared up to move its bases again, I received my next assignment. I was to take Major Hextrophon's notes on those individuals who were emerging as heroes of our fledgling Rebellion and expand upon them by retracing the heroes' journey from Tatooine to Yavin. My cover was as a journalist for the Imperial News Bureau, an intergalactic holonews service. This gave me a reasonable credit allowance, justification for carrying my holorecorder, and an excuse for asking too many questions without looking suspicious.

I hitched a ride aboard an Alliance supply ship and was unceremoniously

dropped off in the savage rain forests of Yuga Two — a very covert base of operations, but assuredly a most uninteresting place in the final analysis.

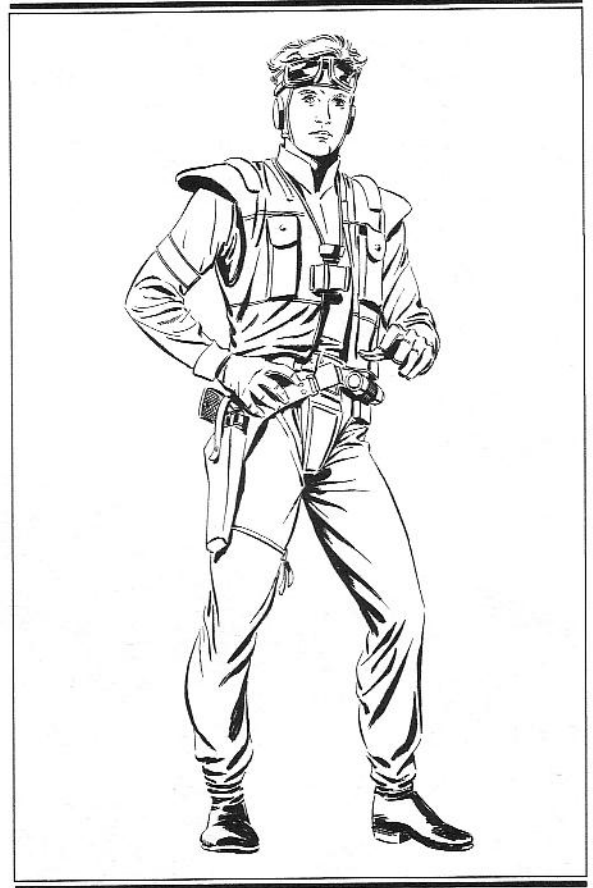
Here, among the clinging trees of Yuga Planetary Park (an unabashed tourist trap), I paid full fare to acquire a state room aboard Galaxy Tours' *Kuari Princess*. While under different circumstances I might have complained about paying full price for less than a quarter of a tour, I needed to reach my destination under public transport. So I quietly handed over the credits. Tatooine, the final destination on this leg of the tour, was no more than a week away. And on that world of sand and rock, I would begin my studies of Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia Organa, and the other heroes of the Battle of Yavin.

Voren Na'al

Voren Na'al is an unimposing young man who many assume is an unremarkable being. While this is true, to a point, he is also very concerned with always doing a job right. He joined the Alliance to combat the evil tendencies of the Empire and the New Order, but it was evident that his strengths were not combat related. He was placed in the historian corp, a special Rebel squad commanded by Arhul Hextrophon whose mission is to preserve a record of the battle against tyranny and oppression. Currently, Na'al has been assigned to recreate the events that led up to the Battle of Yavin so that the galaxy will one day understand the tremendous effort and sacrifice made by heroes like Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia.

Since he was a little boy, Voren Na'al has been interested in the whys and hows of events that shape galactic happenings. History and journalism became hobbies which developed into a career for the intellectual youth. In fact, he was a cub reporter with the Galaxy News Service when situations dictated he join the Alliance.

On the planet Corsin, during the days when the Rebellion was still more legend than reality, Voren Na'al was covering a swoop match. Corsin, always known as a liberal and free-thinking world, annually hosted one of the most-popular swoop matches in the Greater Plooriod Cluster. It was a choice assignment, and Voren was excited to get it. There he was, watching the opening matches, when a platoon of stormtroopers entered the press area. Without so much as an explanation, all of the reporters — including Na'al — were rounded up and placed under arrest. For



three long weeks Na'al sat in an Imperial detention cell. Periodically, an interrogator Droid came to visit, but no questions were ever asked. At the end of three weeks, Voren was released. No reasons for the actions were ever given.

But Voren Na'al later discovered that a subtle shift in policies had taken place on Corsin while he and the other reporters were detained. The entire ruling government had been replaced by proponents of the New Order. The old rulers, among them some of the greatest

Voren Na'al

Template Type: Armchair Historian
Loyalty: To the Rebellion
Height: 1.8 meters
Sex: Male
Race: Human
Equipment: Data pad, blaster pistol (damage 4D).
Quote: "I've got to get to the bottom of this."

DEXTERITY _____	3D	PERCEPTION _____	3D+2
Blaster _____	3D+2	Bargain _____	4D+2
Dodge _____	4D+1	STRENGTH _____	2D+2
KNOWLEDGE _____	4D	TECHNICAL _____	2D
Alien Races _____	5D	Computer _____	
Bureaucracy _____	4D+2	Programming/Repair _____	4D
Cultures _____	4D+2	Medicine _____	2D+2
MECHANICAL _____	2D+2	Repulsorlift Repair _____	3D
Repulsorlift Operation _____	3D+1		

advocates of freedom and peace this side of Alderaan, had disappeared and were assumed in hiding — or worse. Na'al was disturbed by the way the Empire had removed the world leaders, and even more disturbed by the way the Empire silenced the galaxy's journalists. He decided that he had two choices. He could quit reporting and ignore the steadily-increasing incidents of tyranny that were occurring, or he could go all out to show the Empire for what it

was becoming. Before he became reckless, however, a chance meeting with Arhul Hextrophon provided him with another, better choice. He joined the Alliance.

While not very skilled in the arts of war or diplomacy, Na'al displays intelligence and extreme luck. He is dexterous, knowledgeable, and a bit of a coward, but he never runs until a job is complete (although he sometimes bends the meaning of "complete").



Tatooine Profiles

From the Notes of Voren Na'al, Assistant Historian to the Alliance

The following character profiles are drawn from formal interviews, casual discussions, and my own observations from the first stop on my trip, the desert world Tatooine. Tatooine is the principal planet in the Tatooine star system. Twin suns fill the sky over the desert world, creating a dry, hot, inhospitable place. While I did not get to visit much of the planet, I did spend a considerable length of time in Mos Eisley. This "city," arguably Tatooine's capital, hosts a major interstellar spaceport and an Imperial Government Post. I wholeheartedly agree with Obi-Wan Kenobi's assessment — Mos Eisley is indeed a "wretched hive of scum and villainy."

Still, this is where the tale begins, and I am nothing if not thorough. So, with much caution, I began to search for the infamous cantina where Luke Skywalker first hooked up with Han Solo. Surprisingly, it didn't take me as long to find as I feared. I stood for a moment outside the doorway, creating

mental pictures of what I would find upon entering. Already my mind was constructing scenes from the descriptions Skywalker and Solo had provided to Arhul Hextrophon.

I imagined the change from blinding sun to shadowy tavern that would throw off my senses when I walked down those worn steps. The place would be filled with strange smokes and sounds, and weirdly-shaped shadows would move about the dim interior. I would see an empty stage to my far right, once my vision cleared. A sign, written in five languages, would read "Back in Moment," and alien instruments would surround it. I would saunter up to the bar, much the way I imagine Luke Skywalker did, and ...

My reverie was interrupted by a loud, obnoxious alien with a half-dozen eyes who rudely inquired whether I was going in or just going to stand in his way until Second Twilight. Inside, a catchy tune began to play to a chorus of roaring approvals. Yes, it was time to see just what the Mos Eisley Cantina had to offer.

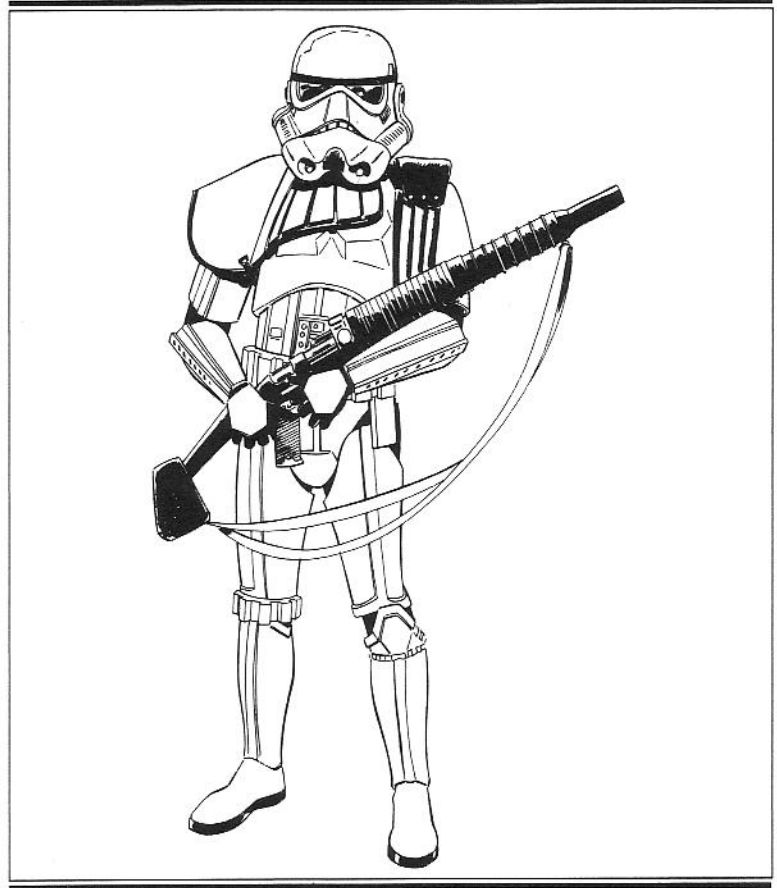
Desert Stormtroopers

Like Imperial Scouts and the Blizzard Force, there exist many types of stormtrooper specialty units created to deal with conditions on a thousand-thousand worlds. One of these units was formed to be able to operate in the hot, burning desert regions of galactic planets. The criteria was to assemble troopers familiar with survival, tracking, and desert lore. Because of their skill and training in these areas, it was the Desert Sands stormtrooper unit that set down on Tatooine to recover the plans to the Death Star project.

Sandtroopers (as these soldiers are sometimes called) are identical to normal stormtroopers except that they have additional training in specialized areas. Their armor has also been slightly modified to handle the harsh conditions created by too much sun and an abundance of sand. The white shell and black temperature-control body glove look similar to but feature subtle differences from those of the standard stormtrooper.

This elite corp contains some of the more independent-thinking stormtroopers the Empire has to offer. While they do check with their superiors often, sandtroopers have no qualms about making snap decisions when situations warrant.

Instead of depending on machinery that may not function in certain environs, Desert Sands troopers make use of local creatures for transportation. On Tatooine, for example, these troopers employ the lizard-like Dewback in order to travel the burning sands.



All Desert Sands stormtroopers carry heavy blaster rifles, long-range comlinks, and food and water packs. The amount and condition of this equipment varies depending on the length of their missions.

Desert Sands Senior Officer DSS-0956

Template Type: Desert Terrain Stormtrooper

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.8 m

Sex: Male

Race: Human?

Equipment: Long-range comlink, blaster pistol (damage 4D), heavy blaster rifle (damage 6D), food/water pack.

Quote: "Let me see your identification."

DEXTERITY _____ 1D*

Blaster _____ 3D*

Brawling Parry _____ 3D*

Dodge _____ 3D*

Heavy Weapons _____ 3D*

KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D

Survival _____ 4D

MECHANICAL _____ 2D

Beast Riding _____ 4D+1

PERCEPTION _____ 2D

Search _____ 3D+2

STRENGTH _____ 3D*

Brawling _____ 3D*

TECHNICAL _____ 2D

*These codes reflect armor adjustments.

The Tatooine Debriefing

(From the personal audio report of Desert Sands senior officer DSS-0956, released to Alliance Historian Voren Na'al by the Rebel Spy Network)

The call came. After long weeks aboard Lord Darth Vader's Star Destroyer, orders finally came through to scramble my unit. Moreover, the orders were in response to the Dark Lord's personal command. Desert Sands was to drop to Tatooine and recover a jettisoned escape pod. It was assumed that top-secret information, stolen from the Empire, was hidden in the pod for pickup by Rebel agents on the desert planet.

I quickly assembled my unit aboard the drop shuttle with orders that were direct and to the point. We were to recover the data by any means necessary and return it to Lord Vader. Our mission set, the shuttle fell toward the planet, depositing us on Tatooine's sun-scorched surface.

It didn't take long to find the pod. We simply traced its rescue beacon, which automatically begins broadcasting when a pod is launched. A quick search revealed that the data was not in the pod, and no life forms were in the immediate area. But we did find evidence that Droids had been in the craft when it landed, and had since proceeded away from the landing site — in different directions. They did have a slight lead on us, but the Droids had done nothing to mask their trail. We split the unit in two and took off after the pair.

We encountered our first problem when the Droids' tracks abruptly ended in the confusion of huge tread marks. A Jawa sandcrawler had beaten us to them! I gave the order to locate the Jawa transport and tear it apart until the mechanicals were found. This took longer than anticipated

as the foul scavengers seemed as numerous as the grains of sand in the Dune Sea. Eventually we did uncover the correct sandcrawler, but the Droids had already been sold to moisture farmers.

In accordance with our orders of secrecy, we returned to silence the Jawas. Atop Banthas and armed with crude blaster rifles, we attacked and destroyed the sandcrawler and its occupants, taking care to make the operation look like a raid by the Sand People.

We quickly moved on to the moisture farm where the Droids were sold. Records showed that the farm was owned by a registered settler named Owen Lars. Again, we arrived too late. The Droids, in the company of Lars' nephew Luke Skywalker, had left the farm earlier that day and had not returned since. I assumed that Skywalker was a Rebel agent and that he had no intention of returning to the farm. I was sure that he was already on his way to Mos Eisley in order to find transport off planet. I returned toward town to quarantine the spaceport, leaving part of my unit to eliminate Lars, his wife, and any other evidence of our activities.

It seemed we were always one step behind the Droids and Skywalker, though. Apparently he hooked up with an old hermit named Ben Kenobi, and together they evaded my troopers and made it off world in a Corellian stock light freighter. Additional orders followed that Desert Sands was to remain on Tatooine to complete clean-up operations, which we handled without a hitch.

For the record, I take full responsibility for the Droids' escape. Any punishment that you deem necessary I will gladly submit to.

Garindan ("Long Snoot")

Without a doubt, Mos Eisley's premiere spy is Garindan. Many know him as "Long Snoot," one of his more accurate aliases. The joke goes that Garindan "sniffs out targets" better than anyone else. Of course, no one laughs if Garindan is within earshot.

No one arrives in Mos Eisley without Garindan, and therefore the Imperial Prefect, knowing about it. Although his abode remains secret, rumors abound that Long Snoot lives a life of luxury. His purchases and the substantial prices he pays for information about the spaceport show that he has more than a little money tucked away somewhere. Spying, it seems, can be a lucrative business when done right. The sly snoop has also been known to drop a few credits in the gambling dens, but has never won a reputation as a sucker.

Garindan hails from an unknown system, and few, if any, can tell you what race he belongs to. Some speculate that his long black snoot and his thick dark glasses are merely part of a disguise. Others around town claim to have seen him with his hood drawn back, revealing the snoot as part of his alien physiology.

When the locals see Garindan shadowing somebody, they brush their noses at each other much like children stick their tongues out behind their teacher's back. Off-worlders are unlikely to notice the spy or the nose brushing, but locals often delight in this private game they play with the informant.

Although these actions might make Garindan look like a fool in Mos Eisley, this is far from the case. Garindan carefully cultivates this image to put others off guard. But to underestimate Long Snoot or his capabilities invites only trouble.



Even the powerful Jabba the Hutt, Mos Eisley's most notorious crime lord, appears wary of Garindan. He cautiously provides distractions for the spy whenever he has business he wants to conduct unnoticed. Garindan cheerfully follows these distractions, hoping that one day he will uncover a fact about Jabba's operation worth banking his retirement on.

While persuasive and sneaky, Garindan is not brave. He has learned through years of dealing with the Jawas (wonderful sources of information if one can decipher their

Garindan ("Long Snoot")

Template Type: Spy

Loyalty: To the Highest

Bidder

Height: 1.85 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Unknown

Equipment: Comlink, blaster pistol (damage 4D), hold-out blaster (damage 3D+1).

Quote: "I can tell you where to find them ...for a price."

DEXTERITY _____ 2D+2

Blaster _____ 3D+2

Dodge _____ 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE _____ 3D

Alien Races _____ 4D

Languages _____ 4D

Streetwise _____ 4D+2

MECHANICAL _____ 2D+2

PERCEPTION _____ 4D

Con _____ 5D

Hide/Sneak _____ 7D

Search _____ 5D

STRENGTH _____ 2D+2

TECHNICAL _____ 3D

Computer _____

Programming _____ 3D+2

Security _____ 4D

chatterings or stomach their smell) that the choice of fight or flee is academic. One can always exact revenge at a later date, and few have crossed Garindan without paying a hefty penalty.

Garindan can be an adversary, a source of information, or both, depending on who pays him and how much. Even then, catching sight of the shadowy Long Snoot on your trail gives you cause to wonder—and worry.

The spy carries a blaster pistol under his robes (which he has reportedly never used) as well as a hand comlink on a channel

known only to him and the local Imperial Prefect.

His most-recent job nearly cost the Alliance everything. Sources about Mos Eisley claim that it was Long Snoot who followed Luke Skywalker and Ben Kenobi around the spaceport. From a dark alcove near Docking Bay 94, Garindan placed a comlink call that alerted the Desert Sands stormtroopers to the fugitives' location. It was only skill, and a lot of luck, that allowed the *Millennium Falcon* to beat a hasty retreat before the troopers could bring their heavy weapons to bear.

Momaw Nadon

Momaw Nadon, an Ithorian, is one of those troubled individuals who was forced to take sides in a conflict he was previously oblivious to. During the early days of the Empire, Momaw was "herd leader" of *Tafanda Bay*, a grand visitor center on Ithor. At that time, the good-natured official was blissfully ignorant of the ways of the Empire. Momaw refused to see the bad in the galaxy, as was the way of his people.

Ithorians, also called "Hammerheads" by the less educated, come from a world rich in ecological resources. They co-exist with their environment, never exploiting it for their own gain. The vast jungles of Ithor remain wild and untamed, teeming with life that is sacred to these peaceful, gentle people. They have carried this great respect for all life forms into space, traveling the hyperlanes in great merchant "herd ships" that bring unusual merchandise from one end of the galaxy to the other. Each herd ship is designed to mimic Ithor's environment, complete with artificial storms, wildlife, and all.

While Momaw and other Ithorians may be trusting, they are not blind. Momaw's ultimate realization about the Empire came when the Imperial Star Destroyer *Conquest* arrived in orbit about Ithor itself. As a member of the initial welcoming party, Momaw heard all of the rhetoric about "Imperial security" and "monitoring supposed smuggling operations." Initially, he accepted the verdict of the Ithorian elders to allow the Emperor his "little whim," as they called it. "Besides," they reasoned, "we have nothing to hide."

So, for months the gentle Ithorians put up with intense Imperial scrutiny and interrogation. But all was destined to change as quickly as it had begun due to an



important, yet largely unpublicized, incident aboard the Grand Herd Ship *Tafanda Bay*.

The magnificent herd ships of the Ithorians are renowned for the lush and diverse ecologies contained within their disk-shaped hulls. Some are built to travel the space lanes, others are ground ships that move about Ithor's surface on huge repulsorlift engines. A small ecosystem in itself, *Tafanda Bay* was the crowning vessel in the Ithorian ground fleet. Every type of terrain and weather pattern known on Ithor and many from around the galaxy were

Momaw Nadon

Template Type: Ithorian

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.95 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Ithorian

Equipment: Agri-kit, power-staff (damage STR+2D).

Quote: "Sometimes one must turn the soil to save the garden."

DEXTERITY _____ **3D**

Powerstaff _____ **4D**

Dodge _____ **4D**

KNOWLEDGE _____ **3D+2**

Cultures _____ **4D+2**

Survival _____ **5D**

MECHANICAL _____ **2D+1**

Repulsorlift Operation _____ **4D+1**

PERCEPTION _____ **3D+1**

Bargain _____ **4D+1**

STRENGTH _____ **3D**

Lifting _____ **4D**

TECHNICAL _____ **2D+2**

Medicine _____ **4D+2**

painstakingly reproduced within a myriad of biospheres inside the ship. It is to the Ithorian grand designer's credit that the open-ended nature of the ship makes the addition of new exhibits as easy as attaching a new bubble.

Now, as was always Ithorian practice, the massive ground ship was open to tourists, free of charge. Of course, the Ithorians are shrewd marketeers and literally power their mercantile economy with the sale of trade goods. So while visitors may enter for free, they usually don't leave without buying a souvenir or two. But the Ithorians have always kept many of their agricultural secrets strictly to themselves for "religious reasons," and the Empire has long sought to learn many of them. Since it is virtually impossible to disguise oneself as an Ithorian (the complexities of dual-throated speech and the resulting stereo effect cannot be mastered by single-throated races), the Empire has been trying to recruit Ithorians as spies. They have never been able to find a Hammerhead who would betray the Mother Jungle, however.

So the Empire took to outright spying, and shortly after the ISD arrived six Imperials were discovered tapping into the files of *Tafanda Bay*. The Ithorians banished these spies from the planet and closed the herd ships to off-worlders for the duration of the Star Destroyer's stay. *Conquest's* captain was furious. In retaliation, he seized the herd ship and demanded that the agricultural information be turned over to the Empire or *Conquest* would begin razing the planet. As herd leader, it fell upon Momaw's curved head to find a solution to this problem.

Momaw saw his choices as very limited. He could keep the agricultural ceremonies secret and watch as the Mother Jungle was destroyed, or he could give the ceremonies to the Empire and be branded a blasphemer. There was no choice. Momaw gave the captain what he wanted.

During his trial, Momaw gave a controversial speech that is still discussed aboard herd ships everywhere. He demanded that while he was guilty of a sin against the Mother Jungle, Ithor must not remain guilty of the sin of complaisance. "We have seen the Empire for what it is," he said to the Ithor Council in his stereo voice. "It is an evil weed that strangles the garden of the galaxy. As tenders of the land, we know that weeds must be removed before too many living plants die. I ask that Ithor stop being blind to the presence of weeds and do what the Mother Jungle has taught us!"

Momaw's answer was a painful one for the peaceful elders to swallow. He had seen the Empire for what it truly was and realized that "the Rebel Alliance must grow now or its seed will be stripped from the very earth and cast upon the winds of tyranny."

While his speech caused much controversy, the sheer nature of Ithorian society makes coming to a decision very difficult indeed. The elders have placed the matter high on the agenda for the next "Meet," when all the herds come together from across the galaxy to celebrate a universe teeming with life. Unfortunately, the next Meet doesn't occur for three standard years.

Momaw was excommunicated from Ithor and now wanders from spaceport to spaceport. He aids the Rebellion when he can, providing information and assistance, and sheltering an occasional fugitive or two.

Momaw is never armed and has a perfect memory, so he never carries a data pad. At the moment, he lives in a small plant-filled villa on the outskirts of Mos Eisley. Beneath one of the larger, carnivorous specimens is a secret room large enough to shelter six man-sized beings. The local troopers are afraid of the notorious plant, but it is harmless when in the presence of its master, Momaw Nadon.

Figrin Da'n

One of the shadier, yet more aloof characters working in Mos Eisley is the musician Figrin Da'n, nicknamed "Fiery Figrin" by the natives. Figrin Da'n can usually be found leading a four piece band in the Mos Eisley Cantina, but this is surely not the limit of his talents.

Figrin gambles. He gambles a lot, and he gambles very, very well. Han Solo himself has admittedly dropped more than a few hands to Figrin in the past, but contends that he is still a better gamesman overall. What Figrin does with all this money is unclear, but he obviously has expensive tastes. A cache of the best Corellian spice available and an extensive music library bear this out.

Although Figrin rarely appears to be completely coherent, a side effect of his love for spice, he is undoubtedly one of the more knowledgeable members of Tatooine society. In his capacity as entertainer and gambler, Figrin meets just about every being that frequents the cantina for more than a week. Getting the musician to talk about his experiences, however, is another story.

Figrin has learned the hard way not to inform on others and understands the streets well enough to know that nowhere is truly safe in Mos Eisley. While he enjoys the security of being Jabba the Hutt's favorite bandleader, he also realizes that there are limits to this arrangement, as Jabba's been known to "become angry" with his favorites every once in a while.

On the subject of the Rebellion against the Empire, Figrin is completely neutral, as long as nobody steps on his personal lifestyle. He believes the Alliance is filled with goody-goodies who don't really know how to have a good time and will spoil the galaxy if they win. On the other hand, he's



not a brave person and realizes that the Empire's view of freedom is also somewhat negatively distorted.

To get anything out of Figrin, you have to give him credits. Lots of credits. Overt bribery causes indigestion in Figrin. He prefers the more subtle method of gambling with prospective patrons, only giving the information as the purchaser discreetly loses more and more credits. His rule for information is simple — "the more you lose, the more you win."

Figrin Da'n

Template Type: Musician

Loyalty: To Himself

Height: 1.5 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Bith

Equipment: Kloo horn, gasan string drum, hold-out blaster (damage 3D+1), sabacc deck (marked).

Quote: "Like, the music is the message, you know."

DEXTERITY _____	3D	PERCEPTION _____	3D+2
Hold-out blaster _____	4D	Bargain _____	4D+2
Dodge _____	4D	Gambling _____	5D
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D+2	STRENGTH _____	2D+1
Cultures _____	4D+2	Brawling _____	3D+1
Music _____	6D	TECHNICAL _____	2D+2
MECHANICAL _____	3D+2	Musical Instrument	
Musical Instrument		Repair _____	4D+2
Operation _____	5D+2		

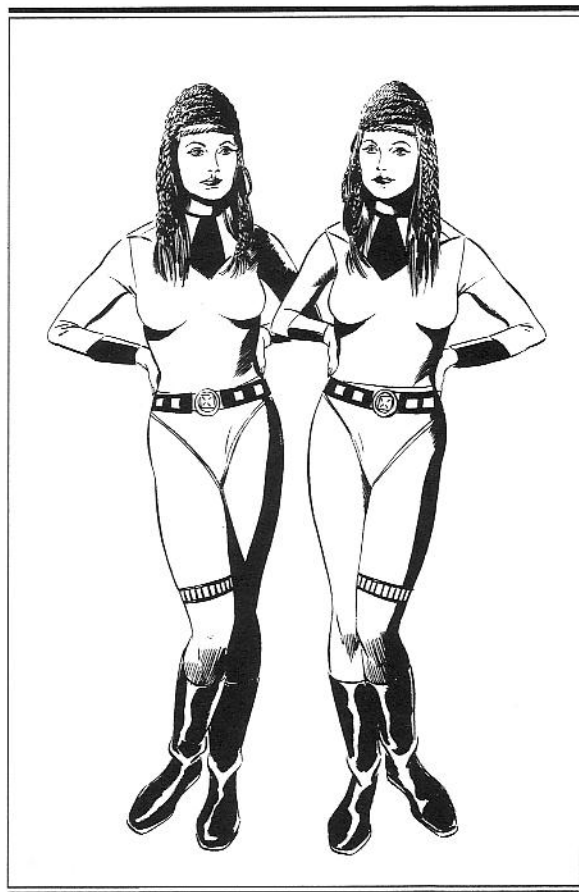
The Tonnika Sisters

The galaxy is ripe pickings for a resourceful woman. Especially for one with intelligence, cunning, wit, and, in particular, stunning beauty. A woman such as this might go very far indeed. But two such women? Working together? Why, the possibilities are limitless.

Maliciously-clever children, the identical twins Brea and Senni Tonnika managed to turn the entire Kiffex colony upside-down by using their natural charms to manipulate the populace. Abandoned at an early age, the young girls were taken in and given a home by the colonists. But the girls wanted more than love and security — they wanted money. The twins grew up wild and curious, demanding more out of life than the mundane surroundings of the colony could offer them. Before long, their skills at deception and clever conversation became evident, and they began to carefully manipulate the colonists into getting their own way. Little scams quickly became bigger scams as they grew older and more confident. Then they attempted their biggest con to date — a con to get them off-world.

Approaching a young scout who set his ship down on Kiffex for fuel and supplies, they wove an elaborate tale of abuse and mistreatment at the hands of the colonists. Taken in by their sad story and their exotic beauty, the young scout provided the teens with transport to a large spaceport. Brea and Senni were not ungrateful for all the colonists had done for them, they simply could no longer control their urge to make money. And what bigger and better con than one involving the entire galaxy?

It didn't take long for the twins to develop a reputation. Using their cunning and beauty, along with the infinite deceptions



available to identical twins, the Tonnika sisters have managed to strip several of the most powerful men in the galaxy of just about everything they owned.

Exploiting the weaknesses of wealthy men has become an art form to the sisters. Now rich and powerful males throughout the galaxy are no longer safe — or at least their credit vouchers aren't. Tall, stylish and elegant, the twin sisters keep on top of the galactic scene, always on the lookout for suitable prey. But they didn't find any on Tatooine during their last visit. Instead,

Brea and Senni Tonnika

Template Type: Con Artists

Loyalty: To Each Other

Height: 1.6 meters

Sex: Female

Race: Kiffu

Equipment: Haliat perfume (+2D to con rolls), Kedran lip-smear (4D stun damage)

Quote: "Lie? Why would I lie to you, darling?"

DEXTERITY _____ 3D+2

Dodge _____ 5D

KNOWLEDGE _____ 3D

Cultures _____ 4D

Languages _____ 3D+2

Streetwise _____ 4D+1

MECHANICAL _____ 2D+1

PERCEPTION _____ 4D

Bargain _____ 4D+2

Con _____ 6D

Gambling _____ 5D

STRENGTH _____ 2D+2

Stamina _____ 3D+2

TECHNICAL _____ 2D+1

Double Vision

Han Solo met the Tonnika twins through his dealings with Jabba the Hutt. The young women intrigued him, but he made sure to stay clear of anything they were involved in. After all, he took enough gambles in life without going up against Brea and Senni. The sabacc cards always fell their way, if you understand the meaning.

But Solo did enjoy their company — in limited doses and with one hand on his credit belt. During one of his visits with the sisters, they got to talking about gambling. And no discussion on gambling was complete, as far as Han was concerned, if it didn't include some mention of his erstwhile friend, Lando Calrissian. The tales about Calrissian got Han to remember a number of tricks the old scoundrel had played on him, and an idea formed. Why not let the girls pull a scam on Lando, he thought, and Brea and Senni smiled in agreement.

Now, Lando Calrissian is a bit of a con man himself, a gambler, a rogue. The Tonnika sisters saw in him a true challenge. If they could pull a scam on him, they would feel confident about dealing with almost anyone. So Han arranged a "chance" meeting between Bresenni (the name the girls go by when they pretend to be just one person) and Lando, then took off before he could get in any trouble.

Lando Calrissian, never one to turn his back on a beautiful lady, turned on all the charm he could muster when Bresenni quite literally fell into his lap at The High Stakes Casino on Balfron. From then on, the two were inseparable, spending every moment together. They danced through the zero-g clubs, dined at the most-exotic restaurants, and played at the busiest gambling halls. For Lando, who usually did the charming, Bresenni was a perfect companion, exhibiting traits that were completely compatible with his own tastes

and habits. But then things began to change. One moment Bresenni was all smiles and cheerfulness, the next she was angry and snappish, almost as though she were two different people who just happened to look the same and share the same memories. After a standard month of these personality shifts, Calrissian was ready to go crazy. He thought he was falling in love with her, while part of him couldn't stand her!

Torn between her mood swings, which sometimes shifted in the middle of a conversation, Lando nonetheless decided that he needed the young woman in his life. He decided to suggest something more permanent over the course of a special evening. His suit was well-tailored, the Sullustan wine chilled to a perfect temperature, the Ithorian roses just the right shade of blue. With ring in hand, Lando boldly knocked upon Bresenni's hotel door and stepped inside. The night got off to a grand start as Calrissian decided he was devastatingly charming — even for him. But then, as he bent to propose a long-term partnership with the intelligent beauty, her exact double emerged from the back room. Smiling a maliciously-sensual smile, she handed Lando a holodisk.

Snapping the disk into the room's holoprojector, Lando was quite distressed to see the grinning image of Han Solo appear. "Hope you had a grand time, Lando old friend. Isn't it amazing how similar they look. But there are differences, as I'm sure you discovered. Hope you're not too disappointed, you old scoundrel." The image snapped off, but Solo's laugh lingered in Lando's ears. A dark cloud passed over Calrissian's features, but then his face softened and a smile broke out.

"Good one, Han, you old pirate," he laughed, "good one!"

they found themselves running for their lives.

As guests attending Jabba's latest palace party, an event scheduled to last for seven galactic-standard weeks, they were casing the various visitors for future jobs. After all, a fool and his credit vouchers are soon parted, especially a male fool in the presence of a beautiful woman. They each took a different part of the palace, using their usual scam of pretending to be only one person instead of two in order to size up the party-goers. But after awhile both the party and Jabba's complaints about the smuggler Han Solo became boring. So the sisters went in search of adventure.

Brea and Senni were in the Mos Eisley Cantina the day Han Solo had his fatal run-in with the bounty hunter Greedo — fatal for Greedo, that is. They witnessed the lightsaber fight (if you could call what occurred a fight), then just as things were quieting down they saw Greedo accost the handsome Corellian smuggler. Long-time associates of Solo's, the sisters were

interested in how he was going to worm out of this one, so they moved closer to listen. That was almost their undoing.

When they conned Grand Moff Argon out of twenty-five thousand credits, they did not realize that they had made an enemy for life. A number of Imperial agents loyal to the Grand Moff were on Tatooine searching for a pair of Droids when they encountered the Tonnika twins at the cantina bragging about their friendship with Han Solo. It wasn't any stretch of justice to use the twins' acquaintance with a known smuggler as a cover for Moff Argon's revenge. Placed in detention for "questioning" by these agents, the women barely managed to convince a local militia guard to let them free before the agents returned from their search.

Now they are running, hoping to out-distance the Grand Moff's agents and make their way to a new portion of the galaxy. But this time, there may not be anywhere to escape to.

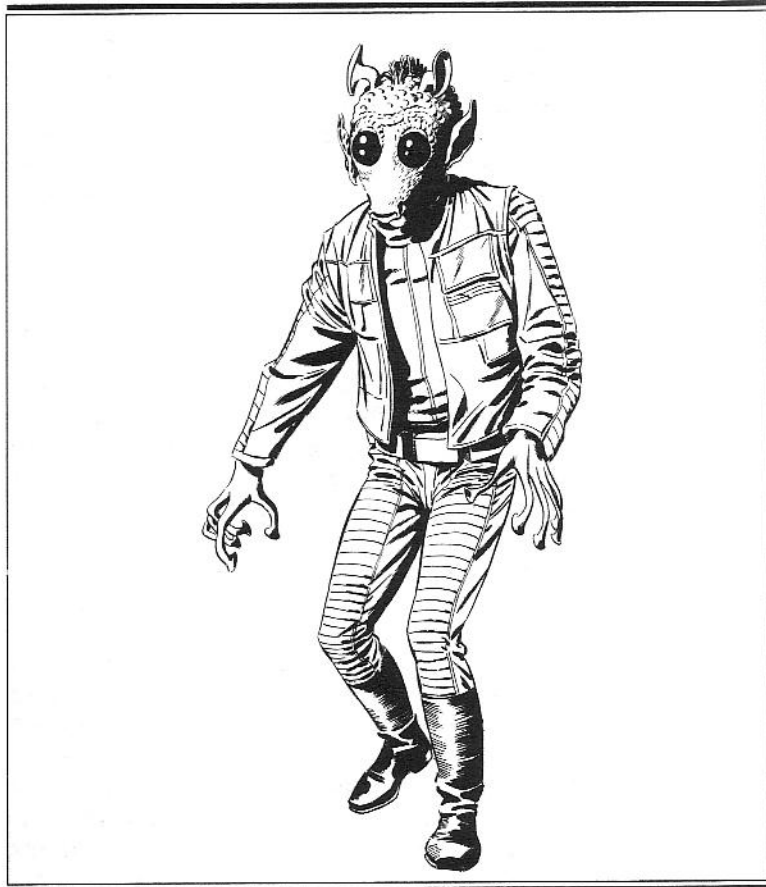
Greedo

Greedo was your typical bounty hunter; greedy, cruel, generally not-so-bright, but good at a wide variety of skills. He was also completely self-absorbed and is now, of course, dead. Han Solo only recently eliminated Greedo when the foolish Rodian confronted the notorious smuggler in the Mos Eisley Cantina.

Greedo's first mistake was not finding out more about Han Solo. Had he done so, he might have thought twice about trying to collect this particular bounty. Even though he had decided to go through with it, Greedo approached it in the worst possible way. First, he gave Solo time to secretly draw his blaster instead of killing him quickly. Secondly, he never would have lived to collect his reward as Solo's faithful co-pilot, the Wookiee Chewbacca, was also in town and Greedo would have found himself minus two or three limbs before his blaster's smoke had cleared.

So, Greedo stands out as an example of how not to live a long and fruitful life. He was a low-life, petty bounty hunter if ever there was one. Greedo did spend a lot of time bragging about his previous successes to the other citizens of Mos Eisley and much about his past is quite clear and very revealing.

Greedo was a Rodia from the Tyrius star system. On Rodia, bounty hunting is an honored profession. Prizes are awarded annually for categories such as "the best shot" (on deceased catches only), "longest trail," "most notorious capture" (both live and dead categories), and "most difficult hunt." While this may seem initially similar to the way law enforcement is handled in the rest of the Empire, it is important to note that Rodians hunt for sport and not for the good of the general populace. In fact,



Greedo himself was accused a number of times of "padding" a catch — allowing his quarry to commit a number of additional crimes even after being located. This substantially raises the value of the final kill or capture, and is usually frowned on by Rodians as dishonest. Not all Rodians are bad, they're just different. For obvious reasons, very few races respect or deal with these aliens on a regular basis.

The history of Rodia is an interesting one and explains much of Greedo's background and way of thinking. The small defenseless ancestors of the race eventually developed

Greedo

Template Type: Bounty Hunter

Loyalty: To Jabba the Hutt

Height: 1.65 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Rodian

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), grenades (damage 5D).

Quote: "I've been looking forward to killing you for a long time."

DEXTERITY _____ 4D

Blaster _____ 6D

Dodge _____ 5D

Grenade _____ 6D

KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D+2

Streetwise _____ 4D+2

Languages _____ 3D

MECHANICAL _____ 2D+2

Starship Piloting _____ 4D+2

Starship Gunnery _____ 4D+2

PERCEPTION _____ 3D

Bargain _____ 4D

Search _____ 5D

STRENGTH _____ 3D+2

Brawling _____ 4D+2

TECHNICAL _____ 2D

Demolition _____ 4D

Starship Repair _____ 3D

tools and weapons, as all civilized races must do if they are to evolve further. But Rodia is a dense tropical planet, teeming with life, and the Rodians never found the need to develop agricultural skills. They instead hunted for all of their food. This became part of the race's culture, and great Rodians were honored for incredible feats of bravery and hunting skill. This occurred during a time when the race possessed weapons no more advanced than spears and clubs.

Eventually, however, most of the great predators of the planet were hunted to extinction and there was no challenge left in hunting the docile jungle beasts. So the Rodians began to hunt each other. By arranging excuses for wars and beginning a series of gladiatorial contests which lasted for millennia, the Rodians were able to perpetuate this way of life.

However, all this changed when the first Old Republic scouts landed on Rodia. After the first few scouts were tracked and killed, the Rodian Grand Protector called a halt to this activity. He realized the possibilities for reviving the old ways of hunting true predators. With the help of the off-worlders, the Rodians would prey upon a limitless universe.

Now the Rodians make frequent trips into the void, often returning with some of the galaxy's most notorious criminals as well as a prized citizen or two. The mix of assassinations and law enforcement has not gone unnoticed by the Empire, and the Rodians have been warned not to involve Imperial personnel in their sport. Beyond this distinction, Rodians have the Empire's tacit approval.

Note that Jabba the Hutt is fond of Rodians, both as ruthless hunters who work for cheap credits, and as after dinner snacks for his Rancor. Since Rodians get large fees when they return home with a

kill, they often charge less of their bosses if they are allowed to keep the remains of their victims.

Rodians like Greedo are not always stupid or weak, but they always maintain this image right up until the time their traps are ready to be sprung. They prefer grenades and thermal detonators over all other forms of killing devices as they can always attack without getting too close to their prey, and destruction of the victim is virtually assured. This way, there are usually enough witnesses or pieces of the victim left to verify the kill to the satisfaction of the Rodian Council of Justice.

Greedo traveled the galaxy as a mercenary for a number of years, taking jobs for both law enforcement agencies and underworld organizations. The first job offered him by Jabba the Hutt was so enjoyable that Greedo decided to become one of the crime lord's full-time employees. As such, the Rodian hunter's status and power on Tatooine grew. Unfortunately, so did his ego.

Using his reputation to bully the citizens of Mos Eisley, Greedo was able to increase his own wealth as well as add to his number of "hunting trophies." When he learned of Jabba's problems with a smuggler named Han Solo, Greedo saw a way to instantly increase both of his favorite possessions. He found the smuggler in the Mos Eisley Cantina, sitting around nonchalantly even though Jabba was furious with him. If Solo's attitude gave Greedo pause, it did not last long. He boldly approached the smuggler and demanded the credits due Jabba. While some details are sketchy, it appeared to witnesses that Greedo wanted the money for himself. No matter, for Solo easily dispatched the bounty hunter, even though Greedo's blaster was pointed directly at his chest.

Dr. Evazan

The squinty-eyed, mangled-faced, ruthless visage of this hardened criminal often causes people to wonder how this notorious outlaw can consider himself a skilled physician. His stilted speech and obnoxious manner further delude the claim. But Evazan wanted to be a doctor since very young. Not for the noble cause of helping the sick and injured, however.

Instead, young Evazan had always admired a doctor's skill in slicing things apart and bonding them back together in new and interesting ways. This sick twisting of the professional oath of ethics manifested itself in Evazan's incredible dedication to what he called "creative surgery." He even went so far as to apply for entrance into the Imperial Academy, but his madness was evident, and he was not only denied admission, but he was also institutionalized.

After easily escaping from the Delrian Prison Planet, Evazan quickly uprooted to the Hindasar system. There, the fugitive bought a forged license and set himself up as a "personal surgeon." Once in private practice "the doctor," as he is known throughout a dozen star systems, charged exorbitant fees for the promise of "Droidless" surgery.

To date, literally hundreds of beings have been irreparably scarred under "the doctor's" knife. Fully two score more have died of their wounds.

Of course, no matter where he sets up shop, he is always discovered by local medical watchdog organizations, but Evazan has an uncanny ability to escape in the nick of time from almost any situation.

His bold boast to a young Luke Skywalker that he "has the death sentence on 12



systems" is more than accurate. Recently the Anoat system added itself to the growing list. As more and more information is spread across the Empire about this man, more and more of his atrocities will come to light.

A bounty of at least 1,000,000 credits has been offered by a consortium of his victims and their families. Until recently, no one has been able to get near enough to him or his current companion, Ponda Baba, to collect it.

Dr. Evazan

Template Type: The Merc

Loyalty: To Himself

Height: 1.7 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Medpac, surgical kit, blaster pistol (damage 4D).

Quote: "You just watch yourself. I have the death sentence on 12 systems."

DEXTERITY _____ **3D+2**

Blaster _____ **4D+2**

Brawling Parry _____ **4D+2**

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D+2**

Languages _____ **4D**

Technology _____ **4D+2**

MECHANICAL _____ **2D+2**

Repulsorlift Operation _____ **4D+2**

Starship Piloting _____ **3D+2**

PERCEPTION _____ **2D+1**

Bargain _____ **3D+1**

Command _____ **4D+1**

STRENGTH _____ **3D+2**

Brawling _____ **4D+2**

TECHNICAL _____ **2D**

Medicine _____ **5D**

The doctor is a master of deception, including the use of many disguises. But a few months before his arrival in Mos Eisley, an ambitious and talented bounty hunter named Jodo Kast caught up with the so-called physician. The hunter scarred the right side of his quarry's face with a blaster shot. If it hadn't been for the interference of Ponda Baba and the timely engagement of Jodo Kast's services by the Empire, there is no doubt that Evazan would have been dead or captured before his chance encounter with Skywalker and Kenobi in the Mos Eisley Cantina.

But, as fate would have it, Evazan lived through the battle. As news of his maiming spread, Evazan rightly guessed that his freedom would immediately be forfeit if he allowed himself to undergo an operation to correct the defect, and no amount of makeup could hide the scars. So the doctor turned fugitive and took up residence in Mos Eisley, where he hoped to find work with those closer to his own perverted ideology.

But he and his obnoxious friend Ponda Baba found that their stay on Tatooine was to be short-lived, as they unknowingly picked a fight with young Skywalker and his companion, the Jedi Knight Obi-Wan Kenobi. The battle was as quick as two flashes of a lightsaber blade. When it ended, Evazan and Ponda Baba fled town and their current whereabouts are as yet unknown. (A number of mutilated beings have been discovered on some recently-raided merchant ships, however, and it is presumed that the doctor is practicing again.)

Like most criminals, the doctor is fond of bragging about his crimes as just the mention of his name is enough to earn him the respect of whatever planet's underworld he has chosen to deal with at the moment. However, this has back-fired twice before, when these crime lords tried to make easy credits by betraying their new-found ally. The lack of honor among his thieving companions is haunting Evazan across the galaxy.

It is worthwhile remarking that Jodo Kast has personally vowed to deal with the doctor as soon as he finishes a "collection"

One That Got Away

The following is a personal account submitted by Jodo Kast, the renowned bounty hunter, about his failure to capture Doctor Evazan after locating him in the Corellian star system. The data was transmitted to the Empire, and subsequently intercepted by Alliance agents.

"I have thousands of eyes. They stretch across the galaxy, and whenever they see something, Jodo Kast is not far behind. This time, I was following a prize to the Corellian system, to a tiny little city I'd never even heard of before — and I've been most everywhere.

"The quarry was Doctor Evazan. He was practicing again, and a million credits bounty was what he was worth to me, dead or alive. That's my favorite sort of hunt, dead or alive. You can blast away to your heart's content without worrying about the mess.

"The doctor deserved as much pain as I could inflict. This Evazan had mangled people, leaving them dead — or even worse, alive. I would show him the true meaning of pain.

"My sources told me he was 'operating' out of a little rent-a-clinic near the outskirts of town. I saw his trademark advertisement on the wall as I stepped inside. "Don't trust a Droid with your life. Trust us. Creative Surgery — The Cutting Edge."

"I couldn't help but chuckle as I entered the archway and climbed up the stairs. When I reached the lobby, a Govian "receptionist" stood up in shock, but before she could open her mouth I'd stunned her

for Jabba the Hutt and the Empire. Similarly, there are plenty of other major and minor bounty hunters after this prize who will stop at nothing to recover the bounty. This includes blasting anyone who gets in their way.

neatly. A blaster shot would've been more my style, but blasters are noisy.

"I could hear him mumbling to himself down the hall, something about packing up his belongings and leaving. Apparently I got there just in time. Bursting through the door I began pumping blaster bolts into him before he could react.

"At that moment I realized that I'd ventilated a dummy, and that a monitoring screen was still trained on the front office. My stealth had been ineffective. The window was open and my quarry was running quickly down the street.

"The average bounty hunter would've given up, but Jodo Kast is far from average. Holstering my gun, I flipped my thruster-pack into action. As I glided to the street a few steps behind my quarry, I felt that same exhilaration that always precedes a catch. You can't buy that kind of feeling.

"I started running after him as the thruster-pack is more of a hinderance than a help in narrow streets. As he ducked around a corner, I removed a good chunk of fibrolite from the wall next to him with a mistimed blaster bolt. He was slippery all right, but no one's too slippery for Jodo Kast.

"As I rounded the corner, I saw a docking bay in the distance. This was the first time I had ever been worried about failing. I had not brought any grenades or detonite with me, as I wanted him reasonably intact for identification purposes. If he made it into his ship, he would be in hyperspace by the time I could get to my own ship, the *Foxcatch*.

"Evazan was wheezing badly, and as he reached the bay, he turned and fired at

me. My armor easily deflected the bolt, and I moved up with confidence.

"It was then that I realized that he was cornered. He had entered the wrong docking bay or something. He had no place to run and it was only a matter of time before the better man won.

"I moved up, doorway to doorway, trash bin to trash bin, until I was at the edge of the bay. Evazan was hiding behind a ship, a typical beat-up Corellian light freighter.

"Moving up into the bay, I started laying down a covering fire. Luck was with me, as a stray bolt grazed the right side of his face. Just the way I like them. Not dead, just damaged a bit.

"I moved forward carefully, just in case he was only faking the screams. I was a good 10 meters away when I levelled my blaster at his limp form. I was about to become a million credits richer in one smooth stroke.

"Just then, a concealed turret popped out of a compartment on the ship's underside and opened fire. One shot from the heavy weapon ripped a hole in my armor, and it was then that I decided that the odds were against me. Kicking my jet-pack into high gear, I leaped for a nearby roof.

"Behind me I could see that son of a Rancor, Ponda Baba, at the controls of the ship. I remembered the grudge he still carried for a small incident in the recent past. But before I could rectify any oversights on my part, the ship blasted up and into the darkening sky.

"It had ended for now, but Jodo Kast never forgets. Someday my eyes will spot either Evazan or Baba, and when they do I won't be far behind."

Ponda Baba

Before his chance meeting with the notorious Doctor Evazan, Ponda Baba was just another semi-successful pirate, roaming the Empire's frontiers causing murder and mayhem. But one day, while repairing his ship, a blaste battle ensued nearby between Jodo Kast and Evazan. Now Kast had roasted Ponda's last partner and didn't even split the reward as he had promised, so Ponda felt it was only fair to rob Jodo Kast of a prize this time around.

When Kast shot Evazan across the face, he slowly moved in for the kill. But Ponda aimed well, using a weapon strong enough to punch through Kast's battle armor.

Ponda took the doctor aboard, fully expecting to turn the man in for a reward of his own. After realizing the value of his capture, in publicity and recognition value alone, he surmised quite correctly that the long term profits of their partnership could far exceed the quick credits to be gained by a bounty. "Besides," reasoned the walrus-faced smuggler, "I need a co-pilot and someone who can translate for me anyway."

The two formed a smuggling partnership which they compare to that of Han Solo and Chewbacca.

Rumors that Ponda and Evazan have picked up the *Millennium Falcon's* old routes for Jabba the Hutt are unconfirmed, but more than likely true.

Ponda plays tough all the time, knowing full well that Evazan will back him up if blasters are drawn. Since Evazan needs Ponda to get off planets quickly if the need arises, this strategy almost always works — except in one notable instance.

Ponda is now missing one big furry arm, lost in a bar brawl at the Mos Eisley Cantina. Unfortunately, the large alien chose the wrong person to pick a fight with



— Luke Skywalker. While Skywalker was unarmed and unprepared for a fight, Obi-Wan Kenobi was not. In the flash of a lightsaber, Ponda lost more than just his foolish pride.

Ponda is currently trying to raise enough credits to purchase a bionic replacement and is practicing his blaster skill with his left hand. You might encounter these two criminals just about anywhere, especially around the seedier medical supply merchants. If anyone boldly displays a lightsaber at his or her belt, Ponda will immediately retreat from the area.

Ponda Baba

Template Type: Smuggler

Loyalty: To Himself

Height: 1.85 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Aqualish

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), grenades (damage 5D), club (damage STR+1D).

Quote: "Negola dewaghi wooldugger."

DEXTERITY _____ 3D+1

Brawling Parry _____ 4D+1

Melee _____ 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D+1

Alien Races _____ 3D+2

MECHANICAL _____ 3D+2

Starship Gunnery _____ 4D+2

PERCEPTION _____ 3D

STRENGTH _____ 3D

Brawling _____ 5D

Stamina _____ 5D

TECHNICAL _____ 2D+2

Starship Repair _____ 3D+2

Labria

It is said in Mos Eisley that you cannot trust Labria as far as Long Snoot can throw him. The city's biggest drunk and biggest squealer is indeed the ironically sinister-looking Labria of Devaron. Labria is an information broker, one of those who sell knowledge to anyone willing to pay for it. But most-often, he doesn't possess the information that people are looking to buy.

Labria is just plain not very good at anything, so he sells what little he sees or hears to anybody he thinks is interested. He never bothers to verify the accuracy of his information or even to check on the source, so Labria's tales are always taken with a bit of spice by those who deal with him on a regular basis.

What little money Labria earns is seemingly put into drinks at one of the spaceport's many cantinas, but often he only pretends to be drunk in order to slyly obtain some bit information he can later turn into a profit. Most people are fooled by this hokey charade, but still avoid telling Labria anything he wasn't already supposed to hear.

Importantly, Labria is Garindan's main source of information about Jabba, which accounts for the lack of success Garindan is having in that line of pursuit. Because of the repeatedly false information Labria feeds him, Garindan is seriously considering blasting off Labria's horns one of these days. On the other hand, Labria feels he's been making good-faith efforts, and Garindan is just too incompetent to make full use of the information. In a way, they're probably both right.

So, Labria continues to play super spy and has stashed away some 5,000 credits in



a local bank under the assumed name Airbal. (Which is, of course, Labria spelled backward — subtly not being one of the information broker's strong points.) One day he plans to offer his services to the Empire, along with a hefty bribe, to assure an Imperial commission. Most people believe that the Alliance will gain a de facto ally on the day that occurs.

Labria

Template Type: Devaronian

Loyalty: To Himself

Height: 1.8 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Devaronian

Equipment: Half-empty bottle of Jawa beer.

Quote: "If you need information — hiccup! — I am the person to deal with."

DEXTERITY _____ **2D**

Dodge _____ **3D**

KNOWLEDGE _____ **3D**

Streetwise _____ **4D**

MECHANICAL _____ **1D**

Astrogation _____ **3D+1**

PERCEPTION _____ **2D+2**

Con _____ **3D+2**

Hide/Sneak _____ **3D+2**

STRENGTH _____ **2D+1**

TECHNICAL _____ **1D**

Computer Programming _____ **3D**

Sivrak

Sivrak, the wolfman of Mos Eisley, is one of the city's newest denizens. Those who specialize in gathering information know very little about him. In fact, since Sivrak never speaks to anyone, the locals have only been able to guess about his background.

By making some educated guesses, a few feel that Sivrak must be from the Uvena star system, a group of planets ruled exclusively by the Shistavanen Wolfmen. These quiet beings are excellent hunters and regarded as possibly the best scouts in the Empire. Superior dexterity and survival skills make them ideal first explorers of unknown and untamed worlds.

For this reason, and by the notched blaster rifle he carries slung over his back, Sivrak is presumed to be a scout of some skill. However, scouts these days are not doing all that well, as the Empire has effectively closed off the Outer Rim Territories to new exploration.

So those in Mos Eisley assume that Sivrak came here to begin his own career as a scout, but was immediately told by local Imperial authorities that the strictest punishments awaited those who tampered with the Empire's edict.

What the locals do not know, and what required an extensive search of Alliance data banks to learn, is that Sivrak is really Lak Sivrak, a famous scout responsible for charting many of the Empire's most dangerous territories. Lak, however, is now wanted by the Empire for concealing the presence of a Rebel safe world in a system he discovered while probing deep in space for the Empire.



Since Sivrak spends most of his time out of touch with civilization, he had no idea until recently that there even was a Rebellion against the Empire. To him, all Senators were bureaucrats and it really didn't matter who was in charge as long as he didn't have to deal with them very often.

Then he found the colony, secluded deep in a rocky moon. The families of wanted "traitors to the Empire," as well as refugees

Lak Sivrak

Template Type: Scout

Loyalty: Leaning Toward Rebellion

Height: 1.82 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Shistavanen Wolfman

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), blaster rifle (damage 5D), vibroblade (damage STR+1D+2), survival gear.

Quote: "Civilization has gotten confused while I was away."

DEXTERITY _____ 2D+2

Blaster _____ 5D+2

Dodge _____ 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE _____ 4D

Alien Races _____ 6D

Planetary Systems _____ 6D

Survival _____ 6D

MECHANICAL _____ 3D

Astrogation _____ 5D

Starship Piloting _____ 4D

PERCEPTION _____ 2D

Hide/Sneak _____ 4D

Search _____ 5D

STRENGTH _____ 3D

Climbing/Jumping _____ 4D

Stamina _____ 4D+1

TECHNICAL _____ 3D+1

Medicine _____ 4D+1

Starship Repair _____ 4D+1

from devastated planets like Dalron Five and Alderaan, were housed here, as far away from the Galactic Core as possible. Sivrak assumed the beings were settlers, or perhaps crash survivors, and offered them his services. The Rebels' initial suspicions were quickly alleviated as he helped them organize and prepare for the upcoming winter months.

Over campfires and dinner tables, Sivrak began to learn about the tyrannies of his employers and the pride and purpose of the Alliance. When he next decided to "move forward" (his own phrase for when he feels the urge to change location), he vowed not to betray his new-found friends. He went on to another sector and finished a hasty report for the Empire.

As luck would have it, however, another scout, hired by the Empire to explore places Sivrak supposedly missed, discovered the colony and alerted the Imperial Navy. While spies for the Alliance managed to alert the colony in time to save most of the refugees, a few Rebels were captured. Under notoriously efficient Imperial interrogation they revealed the visit by Lak Sivrak some months before.

The stormtroopers he blasted convinced Sivrak that the Empire was after him, so he altered his name and headed toward the opposite side of the galaxy. Now he's assiduously trying to discover why the Empire has betrayed him and what he can do about it.

Sivrak is an ideal candidate for recruitment by the Alliance, but his own fear of discovery and his previously close ties to the Empire have made him hesitant. Those who have a good chance to break Sivrak's silence are other scouts and kids, who remind him of the Rebel colonists he befriended.

Very low on credits because most of his accounts have been frozen and his livelihood curtailed considerably, Sivrak is becoming desperate. If any Rebels need a guide and offer big credits, Sivrak will be more than happy to tell the Empire where to put their warrants for a while.

Sivrak, although very hard to befriend initially, is fiercely loyal to his comrades. And in a place like Mos Eisley, friends are quite valuable — especially those who know how to handle a blaster rifle.

Muftak

Muftak is a native of Mos Eisley. Unlike the Jawas and Sand People, Muftak's race is not indigenous to Tatooine — he was just born there. In fact, Muftak doesn't even know what "race" he belongs to, as he was orphaned when young and grew up on the streets of Mos Eisley.

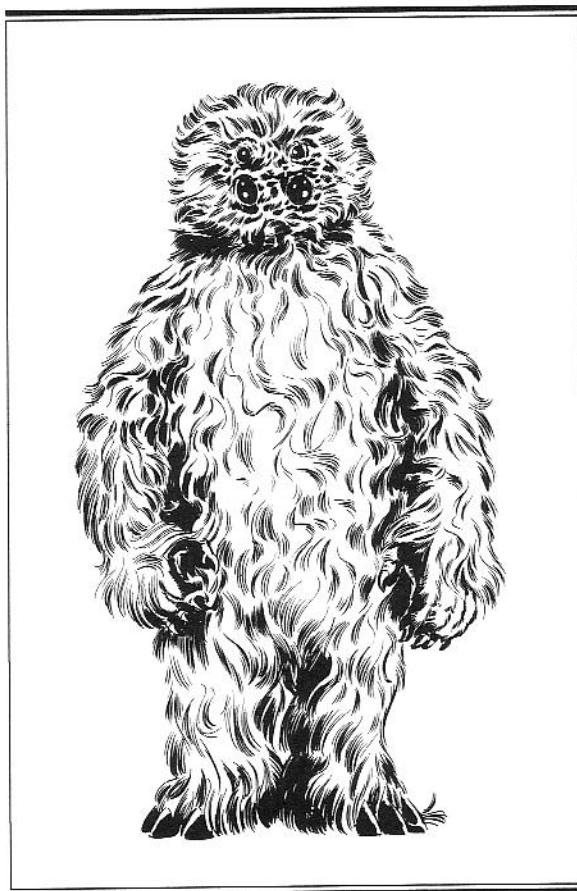
There he grew strong and learned a lot about the city and its inhabitants. He is perhaps the single most knowledgeable member of Tatooine society, but this is often debated by Garindan and Figrin Da'n.

Despite his fierce appearance and immense build, Muftak is a gentle being, quite easy to get along with. However, much like a Wookiee, Muftak has no qualms about removing the limbs of anyone who goes overboard to make themselves annoying. This goes double in regards to his ever-faithful companion, Kabe.

Muftak's young alien friend was also found on the streets of Mos Eisley, apparently abandoned by slavers who thought she was too small to sell for any real credits. Muftak took her in and has taught her the ways of the streets as best he can. Since Kabe is still a child, even by alien standards, Muftak is very sensitive about their relationship in public. The last person who made an off-color joke found himself with a large drinking mug forced down his air receptacle.

The aimless Muftak has no true ambitions right now, as his wants are small, and what little money he needs is stolen by Kabe or made through the sale of information to off-worlders. He has befriended Momaw Nadon, the Hammerhead, and spends long hours talking with the Ithorian exile.

Strangely though, Muftak has no allegiance when it comes to the current civil



strife. Since he has no idea who his people are and which side they belong on, he feels no sense of responsibility to any of them.

Muftak always prefers to fight bare-handed as his blaster skill is mediocre. He does own a clunky, beat-up blaster, but it has failed on him once too often for him to depend on it. With his alien companion, Kabe, Muftak lives in a section of abandoned tunnels beneath Docking Bay 83.

Muftak

Template Type: Unknown

Alien

Loyalty: To Kabe

Height: 2.1 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Unknown

Equipment: Beat-up blaster (damage 2D+1).

Quote: "Leave the kid alone, or answer to me."

DEXTERITY _____	2D+2	PERCEPTION _____	2D+1
Brawling Parry _____	3D+2	STRENGTH _____	4D+1
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D+1	Brawling _____	6D
Streetwise _____	4D+1	Lifting _____	5D+1
MECHANICAL _____	3D	TECHNICAL _____	3D
Beast Riding _____	4D		

Kabe

Kabe is a small Chadra-Fan, abandoned by slavers in a rushed departure from Mos Eisley. She is probably one of the survivors of the Chadran disaster, an earthquake which destroyed most of an already-primitive Chadrian civilization.

Her small size, keen senses, and quick reflexes have helped to make her a very skillful thief indeed. Her large friend Muftak keeps would-be prosecutors, predators and bounty hunters away, giving her limited free reign of the city streets.

Although very young and relatively naive (she thinks of stealing as a game, not as a crime), Kabe is very fond of the strongest juri juice Mos Eisley's cantinas have to offer, though even a small snifter usually causes her to pass out.

Muftak has tried to instill some pessimism and caution into Kabe, with little or no success. Only his constant vigilance has kept her from becoming Bantha fodder.

Kabe's favorite, and admittedly most dangerous, trick is to dress up as a Jawa and attempt to fool newcomers into paying "service taxes" to the local (non-existent) merchant's guild. The Jawas have since been accosted many times for a "refund" and the angry scavengers have threatened to fit Kabe with a restraining bolt one of these days.

She's also very good at security systems and gambling, which combine to provide her and Muftak with an adequate livelihood.



Young, childlike, innocent, yet surprisingly street smart, Kabe is a fun-loving troublemaker to whom every scam is a game. She only gets away with so much because of Muftak's protection, and she knows it. Still, she seems as devoted to the furry giant as he is to her.

Kabe

Template Type: Kid

Loyalty: To Muftak

Height: .96 meters

Sex: Female

Race: Chadra-Fan

Equipment: Security systems tool kit, knife (damage STR+1).

Quote: "Isn't it fun to break into Jabba's town house?"

DEXTERITY _____	3D+2	PERCEPTION _____	3D+2
Dodge _____	5D+2	Con _____	4D
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D+2	Gambling _____	4D+1
Streetwise _____	4D+2	Hide/Sneak _____	5D+2
Technology _____	3D+2	STRENGTH _____	2D+1
MECHANICAL _____	3D	TECHNICAL _____	2D+2
Repulsorlift Operation _____	4D	Security _____	4D+2

The Researcher's Odyssey Continues

The following profiles were obtained through extensive interviews of two Droids, namely R5-D4 and a power Droid (serial code deliberately erased).

I have included a profile of the late General Obi-Wan Kenobi here, as the deserts of Tatooine were his home for many years and I've managed to obtain a story or two about his time here from neighbors, his companions, and local authorities. While I would have preferred to have included him in the interviews section of this report, alas, Obi-Wan never reached the Rebel base at Yavin. He sacrificed his own life to permit the escape of the *Millennium Falcon* and her very important cargo of plans and people.

The section on Beru and Owen Lars, Luke Skywalker's aunt and uncle (now deceased),

is included to paint something of a portrait of the home environment Commander Skywalker was raised in. They also are typical examples of Tatooine moisture farmers and prove that man's pioneering spirit indeed takes many forms.

I also consulted the Imperial Star Systems Guide on the planet Tatooine and, specifically, on Jawas and Tusken Raiders, or Sand People. Upon doing so, I found the entries wholly unsatisfactory, as they only recounted that which every citizen in the Empire already knows. After some more digging, I was able to gather enough information from R5-D4 and some locals from Anchorhead to present the following accounts under these sections.

The discriminating reader will recognize immediately that these races are merely the best understood of the many perils to be faced when voyaging across the burning sands of Tatooine.



A cross the Burning Sands of Tatooine

From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.

I didn't really go into the desert. I admit it. After I heard what awaited me out there, I just couldn't go. Besides, I got everything I needed from my new Droids anyway. It's a good title though. But first, let me start at the beginning.

I left the Mos Eisley Cantina and found the stale, dry air of the streets strangely refreshing. But my moment of solitude after hours in the crowded cantina was short lived. I was accosted immediately by those creepy Jawa creatures. They were peddling two Droids, an astromech called R5-D4 and a Power Droid. Well, in an effort to establish good relations with the Jawas, since I had to report on them anyway, I asked for more details on the two machines.

That was my first and last mistake on Tatooine. My consumer resistance fell through the floor and I found myself purchasing them both at what I then considered a steal. Robbery was more like it! I soon discovered that the R5 unit had a bad motivator and I really had no use whatsoever for a Power Droid, especially one as antiquated as this one.

Unable to find the Jawas who sold me the Droids — they really all do look alike to me — I searched out the nearest repair shop and discovered that the R5 Droid was known to have had motivator trouble before, as evidenced by the charred layers

of carbon along the inside of the "head." I decided to replace the whole thing and convinced myself that the Alliance could always use two more Droids.

After the clean-up, they eagerly followed me back to my cabin and I began to find out a little more about each of them. Red, as I now call the old R5, was able to communicate with me by plugging into my data pad. In this way, Red also translated for the Power Droid, although this particular machine didn't really have much to say. The results of my inquiries were nothing short of astounding.

The sleazy little scrap salesman had unknowingly saved me weeks of research. These two ancient Droids were present when a group of Jawas captured the Alliance's most famous Droids, Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio, and also saw them subsequently purchased by Luke Skywalker's uncle (now deceased). Their fate after that is a sordid and terrifying tale, and forms the majority of the information I gathered on the Jawas and Sand People of Tatooine.

Before I left Tatooine, I gave the Power Droid to a needy moisture farmer and sold R5-D4 to the Imperial prefect's assistant administrator. The Rebel Alliance should benefit greatly from the information the Droid will obtain. As of this moment, only Momaw Nadon knows of Red's new role in the Rebellion.

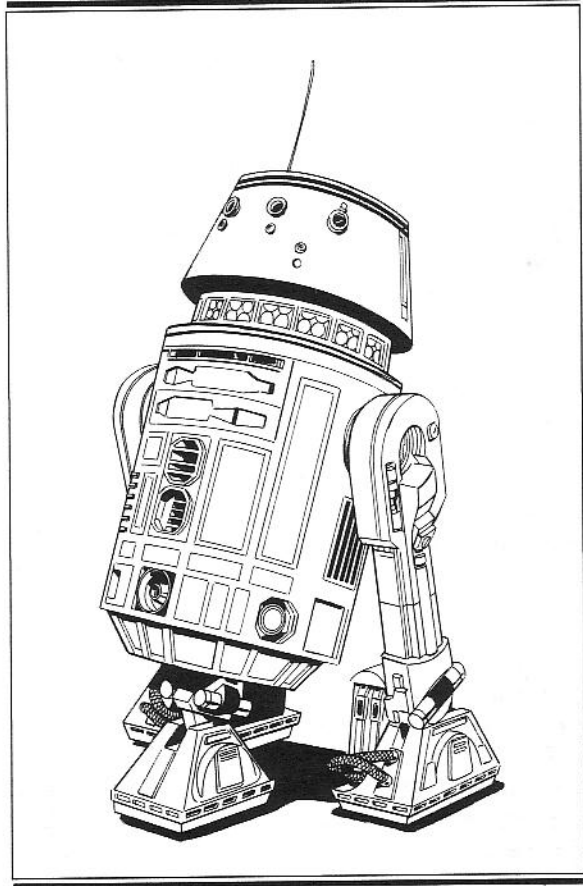
R5-D4

One of greatest advances in astrogation was the addition of the small R-series Droids to spacecraft. While engineers had long since committed to the idea of downloading navigation data into ship's computer banks, there was still a consensus that at least two pilots were required to handle any craft effectively.

But improvements in Droid technology, including advanced reasoning capabilities and smaller, more efficient, more reliable machinery, allowed mechanicals to replace at least one of the living pilots. The combination was a natural and won one of the biggest patents ever awarded to a non-military corporation. For it was not the military's idea to incorporate Droids into spacecraft, but rather that of a private corporation, Industrial Automaton. Their product development division was already marketing Droid assistants for factories and mass transportation, but IA engineers thought further ahead and began top-secret work on Droids designed specifically for astrogation assistance and spacecraft repair.

Five series of R-units were produced in the initial boom, each supposedly better than the previous release. In the long run, however, it was the R2-series that won long-lasting acceptance for reliability, durability, and sheer workmanship. But that doesn't mean the other Droids didn't try, though.

One of the last Droids produced in the now discontinued R5-series was a small red astromech called R5-D4. Determined to prove the critics wrong, R5, or "Red," worked as hard as its servomotors would allow to make its owners proud. But even the most willing Droid can rarely rise above its programming and hardware capabilities.



The R5-series was simply a case of extreme desire and poor design.

So the little Droid bounced from master to master, eventually winding up in the Outer Rim Territories serving whoever had enough credits to make the purchase. Dejected and envious of the more-popular series — especially the R2-series — Red became cranky, bitter, and spiteful, which are not desired traits aboard cramped spacecraft. The poor Droid's lot in life reached an all-time low when he was

R5-D4 (Red)

Template Type: Astromech Droid

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: .97 meters

Sex: —

Race: R5-Series Astromech Droid

Equipment: Three wheeled legs, two retractable arms, video sensor, video display screen, laser tools.

Quote:

"Beedeledeldewoopwoop."

DEXTERITY _____	1D	PERCEPTION _____	2D
Dodge _____	2D+1	STRENGTH _____	2D
KNOWLEDGE _____	1D	Lifting _____	2D+2
Planetary Systems _____	5D	TECHNICAL _____	3D
Technology _____	3D	Computer Programming/	
MECHANICAL _____	3D	Repair _____	4D
Astrogation _____	5D	Droid Programming/	
Starship Gunnery _____	3D+2	Repair _____	4D
Starship Piloting _____	4D	Repulsorlift Repair _____	3D+2
Starship Shields _____	4D	Starship Repair _____	4D+1

"acquired" by a group of Jawas on the desert planet Tatooine.

During this time, however, Red was fortunate enough to witness the initial seeds of the galaxy's "new hope." In many ways, the events that occurred while the Droid was aboard the Jawa sandcrawler have served to brighten his outlook considerably by making Red feel as though he finally performed a needed and useful service.

Red's first days with the Jawas were almost his last. Notorious for blowing his stack over the actions of his owners, Red was quickly losing patience with the hooded scavengers as they poked and prodded his metal shell. But before Red did something he would regret, a little power Droid intervened. The power Droid convinced R5-D4 to quietly accept the Jawas' behavior. If the Droids cooperated, the Jawas would eventually sell them to new masters. And new masters, the power Droid said optimistically, can only be better than present ones.

So the days passed as the sandcrawler traveled the desert wastes and Red became friends with the power Droid. Then one day, two new Droids appeared that would forever change R5-D4's existence. These were no ordinary Droids, as they were picked up out in the wastes just wandering about. Droids are expensive and require constant maintenance — they just don't walk off into the desert.

The first of the two Droids to be picked up by the Jawas was a beat-up but functional R2-unit that was feisty and courageous. Even though Red had a deep-seated jealousy of the more-popular R2-series, he was intrigued by this adventurous Droid. Red approached the R2 model, noting its apparent confidence that seemed more evident than was usual in the highly self-assured series. It introduced itself as R2-D2, eventually explaining a little about its adventures such as the escape from an Imperial Star Destroyer (although Artoo didn't mention the search for a Jedi Knight or the stolen plans of the Death Star battle station).

Red was never much of a talker before, but spent a lot of time with Artoo and the little power Droid. When the second wandering Droid was picked up, Red knew

that soon something important would happen, he could feel it in his circuits. The second Droid, a protocol model named C-3PO, greeted the R2-unit like a long-lost friend and listened as Artoo tried to convince the gleaming golden Droid of his important mission.

Beneath its cranky exterior, R5-D4 always had a soft spot for the underdroid. If R2-D2 was really helping the Rebel Alliance — an underdroid if ever there was one! — than Red would do what he could to provide assistance, too. Red's chance came sooner than the Droid expected.

The Jawas set up shop near a moisture farm, looking to make a quick sale. The farmers — an older man and a young assistant — picked C-3PO and Red, handing over credits to the eager Jawas. Artoo beeped and whistled to be liberated from the Jawas, too, but the humans ignored his cries. Red, unsure what to do, looked from Artoo to the friendly young farmer and dreamed of a nice master who would appreciate its skills. But then the R5 remembered the astromech's mission, and something within his metal shell literally snapped.

When Luke Skywalker and his uncle started to leave R2-D2 behind, Red conveniently blew his motivator and forced the old man to take Artoo instead. The mission could continue.

Little did Red know what he was in for. Later, Imperial stormtroopers attacked the sandcrawler, killing all of the Jawas and inadvertently destroying many of the Droids. Red escaped that fate, but was still unrepaired, and had to remain in the smoldering wreckage until more Jawas came to recover their comrades' property.

To this day, most Jawas believe that Sand People killed their cousins, but Red knows better. With a little help from the power Droid, Red kept his memory banks charged long enough to be repaired. Assuming that the previous Jawa masters had erased all of the Droid's memory banks, and not wishing to spend good credits for no reason, the new Jawa masters simply cleaned Red's circuits and rigged his motivator before heading for Mos Eisley for a "fire sale."

There, the R5 was purchased and ultimately repaired by Voren Na'al, a member of the Rebel Alliance.

Power Droid

Power Droids are essentially walking batteries. They are so common throughout the galaxy and their design and features so standardized that they aren't even given code letters by the general populace (although they do still have identifying numbers).

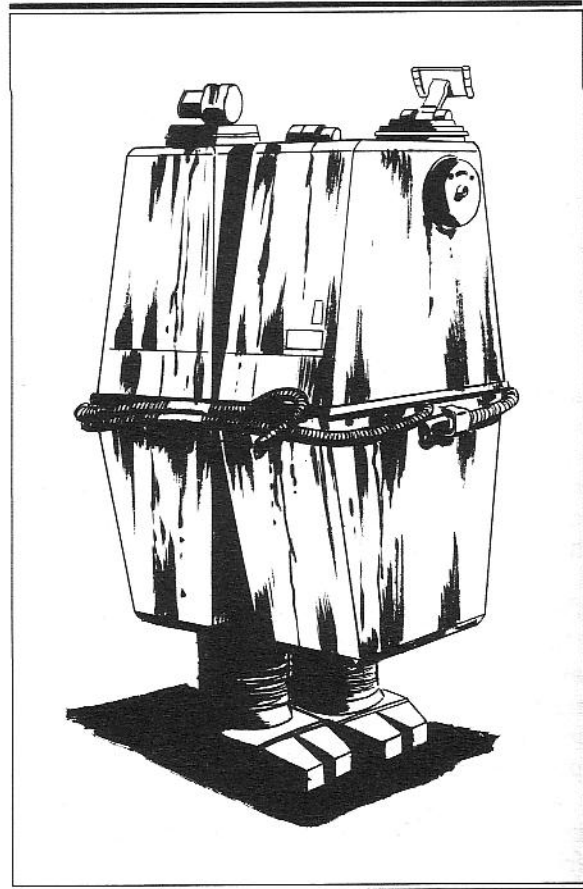
These Droids are almost exclusively used in rural areas where power grids aren't available, newly-established colonies where equipment hasn't yet arrived, and as back-up systems for small private dwellings, ships, or businesses.

Most power Droids have very little in the way of logic circuits, just enough to obey simple voice commands and operate the stumpy little legs so endearingly characteristic of the box-like machines. Some, however, have been modified either by tinkering owners or at the request of task-specific customers.

As semi-sentient machines go, power Droids are definitely among the slowest. Having little or no need for inherent thought programming, they have been known to jump off a landing platform without argument if told to do so.

The power Droid aboard the Jawa sandcrawler, the one that became involved with R2-D2 and C-3PO, is a special case. This particular power Droid has been slightly modified with enhanced intelligence modules. Because of this, it is much more effective as a diagnostics systems analyzer than as an energizer. It is particularly adept at dealing with farm and agricultural equipment, having spent most of its existence on a Tatooine moisture farm.

Prior to the start of the events that culminated with the Battle of Yavin, this farm was raided by Sand People, its owners killed. Scavenging Jawas recovered the



Droid and some remaining equipment, which Sand People have absolutely no use for, and placed it in the same cargo bay that would later hold R5-D4, R2-D2, and C-3PO.

For a lesser Droid, this particular mechanical is very friendly and can actually give advice about how to correct certain technical problems. Since the Droid's identification numbers were removed and it claims to have no memory of when this was done, it does not have a name to call its own. This fact doesn't bother the spunky Droid, however, and it is content to know that it is a step above its immediate peers.

Power Droid

Template Type: Power Droid

Loyalty: No Current Ties

Height: 1 meter

Sex: —

Race: Power Droid

Equipment: Technical sensors, systems diagnosis sensors, power cell energizer, power cell coupler.

Quote: "Gok! Gology!"

DEXTERITY _____ 1D

Dodge _____ 1D+2

KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D

Technology _____ 3D

MECHANICAL _____ 3D

Energize Power Cells _____ 6D

PERCEPTION _____ 1D

Bargain _____ 2D

STRENGTH _____ 2D

TECHNICAL _____ 3D

Systems Diagnosis _____ 5D

Jawas

The Jawa, perhaps the prime scavenger race, is not unique in the galaxy. Indeed, many such scavenger races exist on many worlds. Ugnaughts of Bespin and the notorious Squibbs are just two of the many races which live off the refuse of wasteful races.

Native to the desert planet of Tatooine, Jawas are intelligent, rodentlike beings obsessed with collecting discarded hardware and machinery. About a meter tall, they commonly wear rough-woven hooded cloaks to shield them from the heat of Tatooine's twin suns. As only their eyes glow from within the darkness of their hoods, usually the only way to identify a Jawa is by their unique — and rather unpleasant — smell.

While Jawas understand Basic, the official language of the Galactic Empire, they only speak in their jabbering, nearly incomprehensible, native language. They roam the desert sands within huge fortress-like mobile warrens called sandcrawlers, searching for abandoned, broken machinery. These high-tech junk dealers delight in tinkering and repairing salvaged items for sale and barter. Although they normally only salvage obviously-discarded junk, they have been known to "acquire" unguarded items from visitors and careless farmers. Some races call this stealing. Jawas consider it good business.

Fearful and paranoid of all larger races, the Jawas are a skittish lot. They can be found in the few cities that dot the Tatooine landscape, fawning over and oogling at the vast concentration of machinery usually found there. Often their fear gives way to their obsessive tendencies in the presence of so much high-technology, and they must be



forcibly chased away from shining landspeeders.

Despite appearances, Jawas are accomplished repairmen with an innate knack for analyzing machinery. They may not understand all the grand theories behind the science, but they can open a Droid up and make it work.

Jawa Trader

Template Type: Jawa
Loyalty: To His Community
Height: .96 meters
Sex: Male
Race: Jawa
Equipment: Jawa blaster (damage 2D+2), tool kit.
Quote: "Ookle dink techee."

DEXTERITY _____	2D	PERCEPTION _____	1D
Blaster _____	2D+2	Bargain _____	4D
Dodge _____	3D	Con _____	3D+1
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D	STRENGTH _____	1D
Streetwise _____	4D	Climbing/Jumping _____	2D+2
Technology _____	3D+1	TECHNICAL _____	3D
MECHANICAL _____	3D	Computer Programming/	
Sandcrawler		Repair _____	4D
Operation _____	3D+2	Repulsorlift Repair _____	4D+2

Sand People (Tusken Raiders)

The Sand People of Tatooine are quite an enigma to the human inhabitants of the desert world. Even the daily routines of Tusken Raider life are shrouded in mystery. It often seems that the unpredictable actions of these cryptic creatures must be determined by some strange, antiquated personal code. Only the existence of such a personal credo could possibly explain the bizarre and seemingly random violent actions committed by Tusken Raiders on a regular basis.

Whatever the case, the Sand People are a dangerously unpredictable group, and should be avoided at all costs. The rocky canyons of Tatooine's Jundland Wastes have been known to be particularly infested with Tusken Raiders. It is for this reason that the "circle route" was created, circumventing the Jundland Wastes for travel between Anchorhead and Mos Eisley.

This tall, strong, aggressive, and nomadic race has made the desert wastes of Tatooine their home. They dress in strips of cloth and tattered robes to protect them from the harsh rays of the twin suns. A simple breath mask that every member of the race wears apparently is used to filter out sand particles and add moisture to the dry, scorching air.

As none of the other inhabitants of Tatooine have any dealings with the Sand People, their language remains nothing more than a series of angry consonants and growls. They are masters of stealth, and little is known about their culture or habits. Regarded as fierce, powerful fighters, the Sand People fear little.

The Sand People travel in bands ranging in size from 20 to 30 individuals, never staying long in a particular place. As they are not a very numerous race, they seem to



stay in the more desolate regions in order to avoid trouble with the settlers. They use domesticated Banthas as beasts of burden, and some speculate that the creatures are regarded as equal members of the nomadic communities.

Tusken Raiders employ the gaderffii, or gaffi stick, as their weapon of choice. This double-edged ax is made of cannibalized metal scavenged from abandoned vehicles. They also carry blaster carbines for long-range defense.

Tusken Raider

Template Type: Tusken Raider

Loyalty: To His Tribe

Height: 1.9 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Sand People

Equipment: Blaster carbine (damage 5D), gaffi stick (damage 4D+2), breath mask.

Quote: "Zeracon dallos garoom!"

DEXTERITY _____ **2D+1**

Blaster Carbine _____ **3D+1**

Gaffi Stick _____ **4D**

Brawling Parry _____ **4D+1**

Dodge _____ **4D+1**

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D**

Survival _____ **4D**

MECHANICAL _____ **1D**

Beast Riding _____ **3D**

PERCEPTION _____ **2D**

Hide/Sneak _____ **3D+1**

Search _____ **2D+2**

STRENGTH _____ **3D+2**

Brawling _____ **4D+2**

Lifting _____ **4D+2**

Stamina _____ **4D**

TECHNICAL _____ **1D**

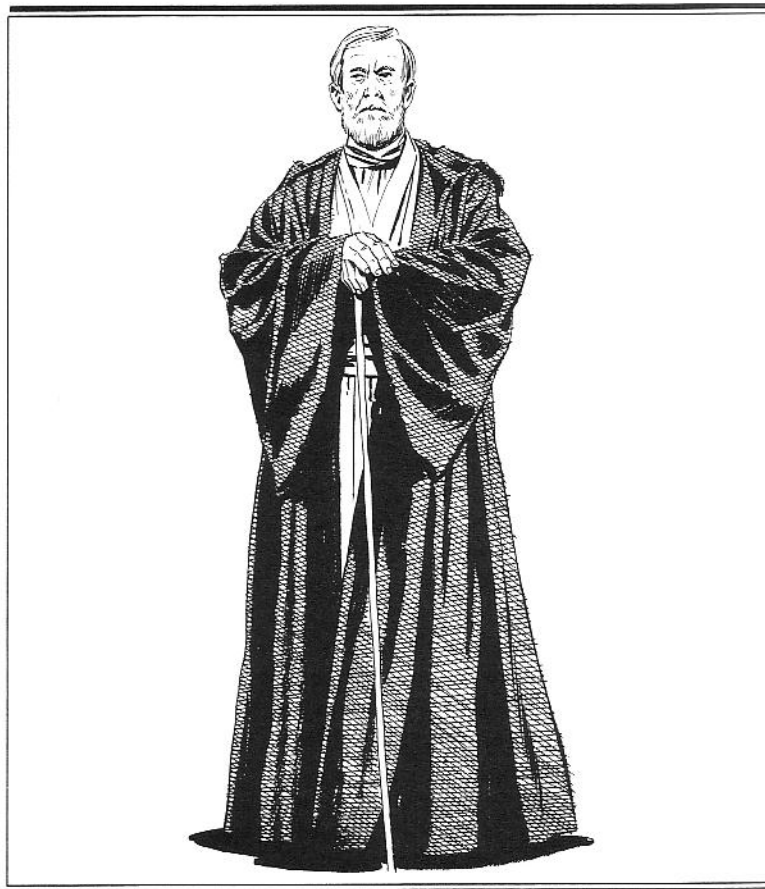
Obi-Wan Kenobi

Old Ben Kenobi was dismissed by most residents of Tatooine as a "crazy old hermit." He was rarely seen by anyone, mostly because he lived in the dangerous Jundland Wastes, out beyond the Dune Sea. Occasionally, Old Ben might appear to help someone who was lost, or warn the local authorities of a massing of Sand People.

Young Luke Skywalker had remembered encountering Old Ben a number of times before his fateful teaming with the man he would come to know as Obi-Wan. Once when Luke had crashed his T-16 in Beggar's Canyon, he remembers passing out and waking up only to find himself back home. Outside, he could see the dusty robes of Old Ben disappearing into the desert.

Ben Kenobi, just another desert hermit to the people of Tatooine, once traveled the galaxy as a defender of the Old Republic, as a Jedi Knight. It was Kenobi who rose to become one of the greatest heroes of the Clone Wars, battling alongside such legendary figures as Bail Organa of Alderaan and Anakin Skywalker.

In the heady fog of success, Kenobi took on a student, confident in his ability to instruct in the ways of the Force. Whether it was a mistake on Obi-Wan's part or a fatal flaw in the student, something went wrong and the evil Darth Vader was born.



Lost to the seductive powers of the dark side of the Force, Vader betrayed and murdered the Jedi Knights. His actions helped the Emperor rise to power.

Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi

Template Type: Jedi Knight

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.75 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Lightsaber (damage 5D).

Quote: "The Force can have a strong influence on the weak-minded."

DEXTERITY _____ 3D

Lightsaber _____ 11D

Blaster _____ 5D

Brawling Parry _____ 6D

Dodge _____ 6D

Melee Parry _____ 9D

Melee _____ 6D

KNOWLEDGE _____ 3D+2

Alien Races _____ 8D

Bureaucracy _____ 6D

Cultures _____ 6D

Languages _____ 6D

Planetary Systems _____ 6D

Streetwise _____ 5D+2

Survival _____ 8D

Technology _____ 6D+1

MECHANICAL _____ 2D

Astrogation _____ 5D+2

Beast Riding _____ 4D

Repulsorlift Operation _____ 4D

Starship Gunnery _____ 6D

Starship Piloting _____ 6D

Starship Shields _____ 6D

PERCEPTION _____ 3D+1

Bargain _____ 7D

Command _____ 9D+1

Con _____ 6D

Gambling _____ 5D+2

Hide/Sneak _____ 7D

Search _____ 6D+1

STRENGTH _____ 3D

Brawling _____ 5D

Climbing/Jumping _____ 6D

Stamina _____ 6D

TECHNICAL _____ 3D

Droid Programming/

Repair _____ 5D

Medicine _____ 5D

Security _____ 6D

FORCE SKILLS _____

Control _____ 12D

Sense _____ 12D

Alter _____ 8D

A rtoo's Tale

A story told by the astromech Droid Artoo-Detoo, with a little help from his counterpart See-Threepio, to Voren Na'al.

Luke Skywalker had just gone off to dinner, leaving the two new Droids alone in the farm's workshop. "You just reconsider playing that message for him," the tall, golden mechanical called C-3PO scolded. The little astromech Droid, R2-D2, beeped back a response.

Shaking his metal head, C-3PO said, "No, I don't think he likes you at all." Another beep, and then the tall Droid finished, "No, I don't like you either."

That was enough for Artoo. He had a mission to accomplish, and he wasn't going to stay where he wasn't wanted anyway. So, with hardly a beep or whistle, Artoo rolled out of the workshop and into the desert as First Twilight fell across the sands.

The trip was easier than Artoo expected. Soon he would be able to deliver his message to the great Obi-Wan Kenobi and get on with saving the galaxy. With thoughts of adventure skipping through his circuits, Artoo-Detoo rolled on into the night.

First Dawn broke over the rocky canyon as the little Droid continued on. It had taken longer than Artoo anticipated to cross the desert and make it to the canyon, and he still had only a vague notion of where to find General Kenobi. That's when the landspeeder pulled up, and Luke Skywalker and See-Threepio jumped out to intercept him. That's what he got for not monitoring his sensor scans.

"Hey, whoa, just where do you think you're going?" the young man asked. Artoo whistled a feeble reply, but Threepio answered him. "Master Luke here is your rightful owner. We'll have no more of this Obi-Wan Kenobi jibberish ... and don't talk to me of your mission, either."

Sometimes the protocol Droid could be so exasperating, thought Artoo. Dejected, he tried to think of something to do when his internal alarms started ringing. Artoo jumped up, throwing frantic whistles and screams at the unsuspecting duo.

"Oh my, sir," translated Threepio. "He says there are several creatures approaching from the southeast."

Luke grabbed his blaster rifle. "Sand People! Or worse! Come on, let's go have a look."

The young man and the tall Droid moved off to investigate, leaving Artoo to fend for himself. Turning his domed head completely around to scan the immediate area, Artoo did what any brave Droid in his position would do. He went into the rocky crags to hide.

It was a while before anyone returned. From the shadows of a small alcove, Artoo watched as a group of vicious Sand People walked into view, dropping Luke beside his landspeeder. They began to ransack the speeder, leaving the unconscious youth in a heap upon the ground. Desperately trying to figure out a way to help, Artoo could only hide and watch as the creatures tossed equipment all over the place. And where was poor See-Threepio? What had the monsters done to his friend?

Suddenly the Sand People stopped. A deathly quiet fell over the canyon, and even Artoo felt a tingle play across his metal casing. A great howling moan echoed through the canyon, the call of a Krayt Dragon on the prowl! The Sand People fled in terror, and Artoo moved even tighter into the shadows as the sound got closer. But instead of a dragon, the Droid saw a shabby, hooded figure appear and lean over Luke. He had an ancient, leathery face. It was a cracked and weathered face, set off by dark, penetrating eyes and a scraggly white beard.

After scrutinizing Luke's condition, the man turned to look directly at Artoo who was still hiding in the shadows. He threw back his hood and smiled. "Hello there! Come here, my little friend. Don't be afraid."

Artoo knew immediately that this was the man he was sent to find. This was General Obi-Wan Kenobi. Artoo went out to meet him, ready to continue his important mission.

Obi-Wan Kenobi was forced into hiding, realizing that any foolish attempt at revenge was not the Jedi way. He contented himself to wait for the right time to make a move against the Empire, to wait for a new hope. Living as a hermit by the Western Dune Sea on the desert planet of Tatooine, Kenobi took the name Ben and cloaked himself in the persona of a crazy wizard. So time passed until a pair of Droids brought young Luke Skywalker to him.

One of the Droids carried a message from Kenobi's old friend Bail Organa, sent via his daughter, Princess Leia of Alderaan. The

time for the Rebel Alliance to act had come, and they desperately needed Kenobi's help. The rest of the tale is a familiar one, perhaps grown a bit in the telling but nonetheless true. Aboard the terrible Death Star battle station, Obi-Wan gave his life in combat against Darth Vader in order to provide young Luke Skywalker and his companions the time they needed to escape. His actions ultimately resulted in the destruction of the Empire's technological terror, and gave the Alliance inspiring heroes such as Skywalker and the pirate, Han Solo.

Owen and Beru Lars

An orphan, Luke Skywalker was raised by Beru and Owen Lars. Though he called them aunt and uncle, it is not known whether they were in fact genetically related to Luke or if the titles were simply terms of affection.

Owen Lars, a practical man, raised young Luke with the proper values of home and hard work. For the most part, the tough life of a moisture farmer kept Luke and his adventurous nature in check, but he soon began to hang around with a joyriding crowd from the nearby town of Anchorhead, including one Biggs Darklighter.

Beru saw the sparkle in the young man's eyes, and time and again fought on Luke's side when it came to going to the Academy with his friends. Owen remained firm however, and had it not been for the senseless murder of him and his wife at the hands of over-zealous Imperial storm-troopers, there is little doubt that Luke would have spent "just one more season" on Tatooine.

The Lars's were like most moisture farmers on Tatooine — eking out a living in a thankless environment, with little or no chance for fame or fortune. Making a living season by season was their lot in life, and to their credit their neighbors report they never spoke ill of the profession.

As with most types of farms, the value of a moisture crop varies unpredictably from year to year. Tatooine's twin suns make the task of predicting such climatic changes infinitely more difficult, as multiple solar flares and gravitational shifts make Tatooine a meteorologist's nightmare.

Still, season after season, decade after decade, the moisture farmers struggle to



remove precious units of water from the parched landscape. Some farmers drill for water, while others extract it from the air or loose sands.

Owen Lars used vaporators to retrieve water from the air, which he subsequently directed into underground produce gardens. Not all moisture farmers grow food, as this always doubles the risks of failure every season. Farming and moisture collection are tough enough when attempted alone, but even more so when combined under one

Owen Lars

Template Type: Moisture Farmer

Loyalty: To His Family and Farm

Height: 1.7 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster carbine (damage 5D), various pieces of farm equipment.

Quote: "He better have those units in the south range repaired by midday or there'll be hell to pay."

DEXTERITY _____ 2D
KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D
 Survival _____ 3D+2
MECHANICAL _____ 2D
 Repulsorlift Operation _ 2D+1

PERCEPTION _____ 2D
 Command _____ 4D
STRENGTH _____ 2D
 Lifting _____ 3D
TECHNICAL _____ 2D
 Droid Programming/
 Repair _____ 3D
 Farm Equipment Repair _ 4D

Beru Lars

Template Type: Moisture Farmer

Loyalty: To Her Family and Farm

Height: 1.5 meters

Sex: Female

Race: Human

Equipment: Various pieces of farm equipment and household appliances.

Quote: "Luke's just not a farmer. He has too much of his father in him."

DEXTERITY _____ **2D**

Blaster _____ **3D**

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D**

Survival _____ **5D**

Moisture Farm

Technology _____ **5D+2**

MECHANICAL _____ **2D**

Repulsorlift Operation _____ **3D+1**

PERCEPTION _____ **2D**

Bargain _____ **4D**

STRENGTH _____ **2D**

TECHNICAL _____ **2D**

Medicine _____ **3D+2**

roof. Most moisture farmers merely collect water, which they sell as a commodity to local produce magnates.

To their credit, Owen and Beru Lars had always managed to scrape out an existence and were in debt to no one when they died. Few couples, and fewer farmers, can claim that distinction.

Owen Lars imparted his sense of "strong values, strong man" to young Luke, while

Aunt Beru helped the boy learn a modicum of patience, understanding, and most of all, compassion. They made Luke's early life quite happy, as they loved him and raised him to the best of their abilities. They taught him loyalty and commitment, and helped shape the man that became a galactic hero.

Camie's Story

This tale, told to Voren Na'al by a young woman who claimed to be a friend of Luke Skywalker, shows something of the young man's relationship with the Lars.

This was the first year Luke had to remain on the moisture farm after the last of his friends had left. Oh, I was still around, but that's not the same as racing around with the likes of Biggs Darklighter. His Aunt Beru was busy just maintaining the produce groves and keeping the house respectable, leaving Luke to worry about Uncle Owen and his constant hatred of vaporators.

Funny, I saw Luke kick the blasted things more than once — he had the worst luck keeping those things going. If the sand and lack of parts weren't bad enough, roaming Jawas and less-honorable moisture farmers often stripped any equipment not protected by the perimeter shields during the night. They never took a whole unit, though, just a few critical parts. You know, Owen's hard-working nature always seemed to make up for the setbacks. Come to think of it, his life and Luke's association with him were very similar.

One time in particular, just before Biggs headed off to the Academy, Uncle Owen and Luke argued about sending in Luke's application. Owen needed Luke for another season. He just couldn't afford to hire any help at the time, or so he said. Luke's Aunt Beru, a wonderful lady, finally suggested a compromise. Luke would stay on for just one more season and Owen would put away enough credits to hire a worker to replace him.

To my amazement, Owen agreed. And

what was even more amazing, a few weeks later he gave Luke a used T-16 skyhopper as a gift. Sure it needed work, but Owen was right there to help Luke get it ready to fly. Sometimes that man was a real contradiction, but I often got the feeling that he just didn't want Luke to leave Tatooine. Every so often when Luke brought it up, I thought I saw fear in Owen's eyes. But who can really say?

They spent all of their spare time in that workshop they have out back, replacing parts and rebuilding things. Luke wanted to make the skyhopper fast enough to beat Bigg's newer model, and I think Owen wanted to as well.

Aunt Beru always brought a good idea and a cool drink out with her when she came to visit her men. And when they became frustrated, she had words of encouragement that got them going again.

Sometimes I'd sit and watch Luke and Owen work, and listen to Luke's dreams and Owen's realities. Luke wanted to live a life of adventure; Owen said he had seen too many heroes die.

Well, they finally got that airspeeder up and running, and it was the fastest thing around. But I think that had as much to do with Luke's flying as with their mechanical skills. They even got the blasters working, although Owen told Luke in no uncertain terms that he didn't think too highly of him using them. He said they could get Luke into "bad habits."

Now Owen and Beru are dead, and some people say Luke killed them. I don't believe that, not for a second. But I do miss that family, because it was a family, and sometimes a family is the best thing there is in the galaxy.

Death Star Profiles

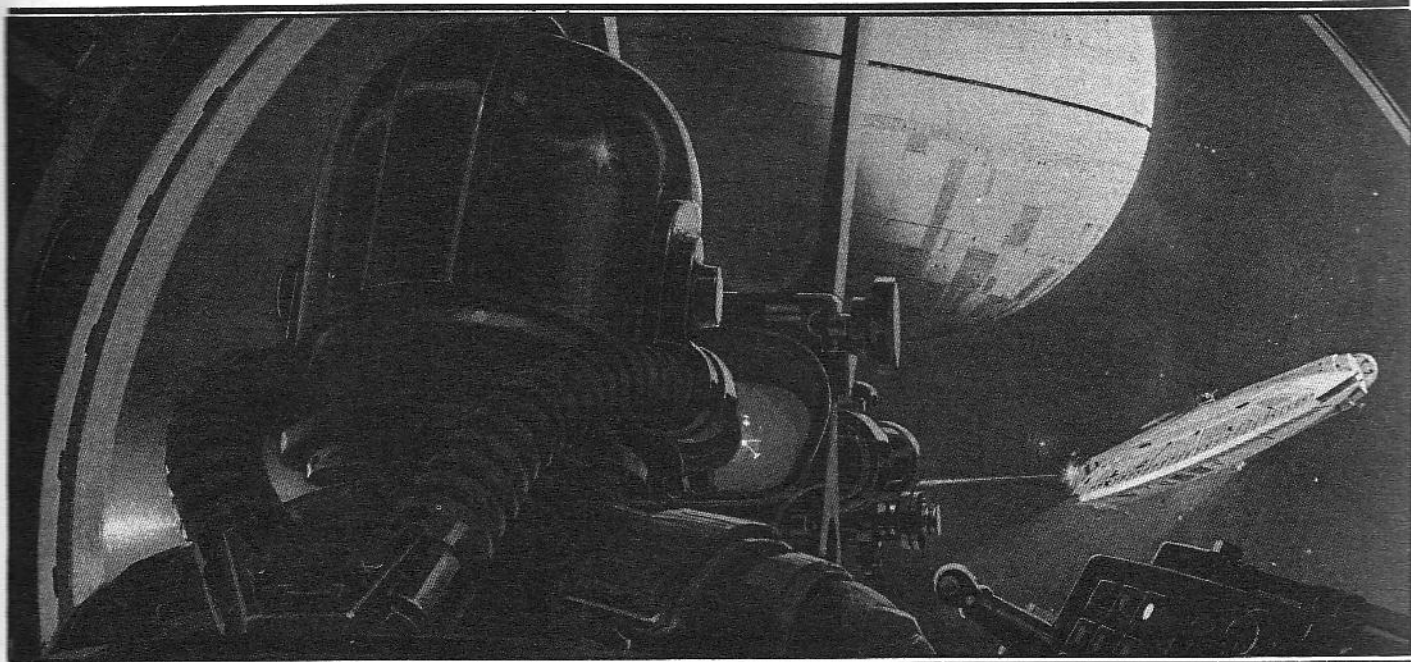
From the Notes of Voren Na'al, Assistant Historian to the Alliance

Here, I must admit, my report suffers a little. As the Death Star no longer exists, I was not able to physically retrace that portion of Luke Skywalker's journey. I settled for the next best thing, which, on reflection, was extremely dangerous.

I traveled to Galvoni III, site of an Imperial bureaucratic hub. Here, I slipped into the Imperial Records Office and made use of their restricted computer network. What I found out, while far from complete, was nevertheless revealing and insightful. The Empire created a massive engine of destruction, but for all its size and power, it was vulnerable. So too, I believe, is the Empire itself.

The computers provided me with raw data, the rest of the work was up to me. As the sheer number of command personnel, crewmen, combat troops and gunners present aboard the Death Star made picking out the significant characters difficult, I have therefore attempted to give the reader both a sense of the Death Star's general personnel as well as a generous helping of its most notorious denizens and personalities.

As I examined the coded files, I began to realize the magnitude of the situation Skywalker, Solo, and Princess Leia found themselves in. Not only did they have to escape from a fully armed and operational battle station capable of destroying entire planets, they then had to attack it head on. I could almost hear the sounds of combat as I read the files ...

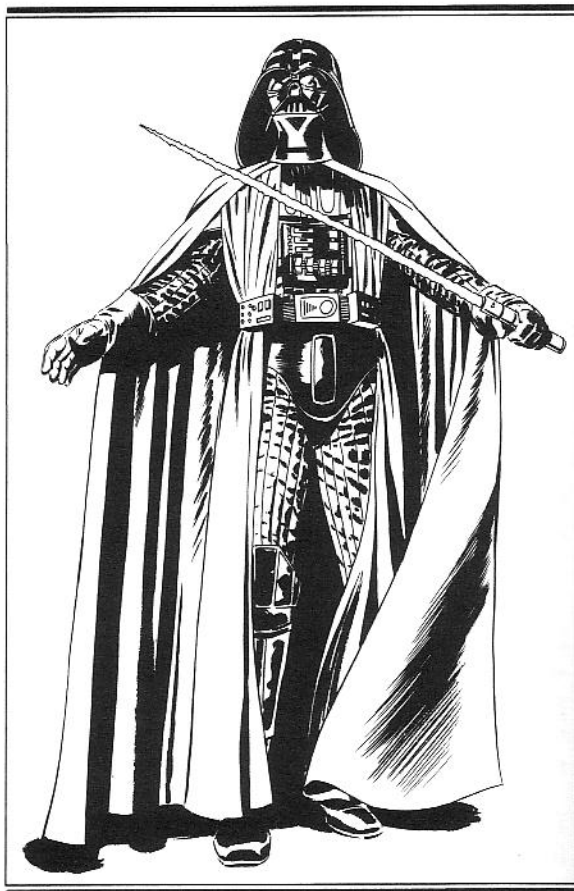


Darth Vader

Long ago, in a galaxy that now seems so very far away, the Republic ruled and the universe was in relative balance and peace. Order, safety and freedom were maintained by a thousand generations of Jedi Knights, powerful warrior-priests of the mystical life-energy they called the Force. But safety always breeds complacency, and the Republic was no exception to the rule.

The Force encompasses both the Dark Side and the Light. Jedi Knights respect and follow the path of Light, and in olden days these men and women could work nothing short of miracles for entire planets and their people. But the Dark Side also has its allure, and for some, domination and the acquisition of power at all costs is an equally sacred endeavor.

The quintessential symbol of the Dark Side of the Force is certainly not the enigmatic and reclusive Emperor Palpatine, but is instead his dark-armored apprentice, Darth Vader. Standing two meters tall and dressed in flowing black robes and black body armor, Vader is the epitome of the Emperor's New Order. He is tangible evil that the people of the galaxy can see and fear.



Darth Vader

Template Type: Lord of the Sith

Loyalty: To the Emperor

Height: 2.02 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Lightsaber, body armor.

Quote: "The ability to destroy a planet is insignificant next to the power of the Force."

DEXTERITY _____	3D	PERCEPTION _____	3D+1
Lightsaber _____	11D+2	Bargain _____	4D
Blaster _____	5D	Command _____	10D
Brawling Parry _____	6D+1	Con _____	4D
Dodge _____	6D	Gambling _____	4D+1
Heavy Weapons _____	4D	Hide/Sneak _____	4D+1
Melee Parry _____	9D	Search _____	8D
Melee _____	7D	STRENGTH _____	3D
KNOWLEDGE _____	3D+2	Brawling _____	8D+2
Alien Races _____	7D+1	Climbing/Jumping _____	7D
Bureaucracy _____	9D+1	Lifting _____	8D
Cultures _____	7D	Stamina _____	8D
Languages _____	6D+1	TECHNICAL _____	3D
Planetary Systems _____	7D	Security _____	6D
Streetwise _____	7D	Starship Repair _____	5D
Survival _____	5D	FORCE SKILLS _____	
Technology _____	6D	Control _____	11D
MECHANICAL _____	2D	Sense _____	12D
Astrogation _____	6D+1	Alter _____	10D+1
Beast Riding _____	3D		
Repulsorlift Operation _____	4D		
Starship Gunnery _____	8D		
Starship Piloting _____	8D		
Starship Shields _____	5D		

Once one of the Jedi Knights, Vader has since succumbed to the seductive allure of the Dark Side. As executor of the Emperor's plan for galactic subjugation, Vader was second only to Grand Moff Tarkin aboard the Death Star battle station. And it was aboard the Death Star that Vader confronted his one-time friend and mentor, Obi-Wan Kenobi, for the last time.

Kenobi showed Vader the possibilities that the Force represented, starting him on the path to knighthood. But Vader wanted the power of the Force without the studying and waiting, so he found a different, darker path. It was a smooth, wide road that offered great power quickly, easily, without effort. All that was required of Vader was that he give in to his anger and aggression, that he embrace the Dark Side.

With Darth Vader's aid, the Emperor destroyed the Jedi Knights. So began Vader's rise to power. When the Emperor needed a trusted servant to watch over the

Death Star project, he sent the Dark Lord. It was Vader who captured Princess Leia and watched as her home planet of Alderaan was destroyed. And it was Vader, lightsaber in black-gloved hand, who destroyed Obi-Wan Kenobi.

Still, Vader is not all-powerful. He could not stop a young Rebel named Luke Skywalker, himself strong with the Force, from firing "the shot heard 'round the galaxy." When the giant battle station exploded into a thousand shards of light, it was thought that the Dark Lord was lost to the endless void. But reports indicate that he has returned from his sojourn into the limitless wastes of space even stronger than he was before.

Now in command of the fleet charged with hunting down and destroying the Rebel High Command, Vader has become a nightmare personified. The Rebellion will never be safe as long as this dark knight of the Empire stalks the corridors of space.

The Death Star

The Imperial Death Star, a deep-space battle station that was constructed in a little known sector of the galaxy, was designed to provide the power to bring more star systems in line with the Emperor's New Order. The armored sphere had destructive power equivalent to an entire Imperial fleet. Roughly the size of a small moon, the Death Star housed a gigantic crew to support the huge power plants and control systems.

Myriads of turbolaser battery emplacements speckled the canyon-like surface of the battle station, designed to defend it against capital ship assaults. Thousands of hangar bays carried starfighters, shuttles, and other combat and transport craft. But the crowning

achievement of the entire Death Star project was the superlaser, a destructive weapon capable of annihilating entire planets.

When the Rebels learned of the Death Star project, they made securing the plans to the battle station an utmost priority. Through careful analysis, the Alliance was able to find a chink in the colossal weapon's armor. This chink provided the key the Rebels desperately needed to destroy the vast battle station.

Because of the impressive success of the original Death Star, rumors abound that another, more powerful version is already under construction in some hidden sector.

Grand Moff Tarkin

Grand Moff Tarkin, dread Imperial Governor of the Outer Rim Territories, died with his most ambitious project. In fact, his demise at the Battle of Yavin was as important to the survival of the Alliance as was the destruction of his brain-child, the Death Star.

Governor Tarkin was assigned one of the Empire's most difficult duties, the policing of the wild and tameless Imperial Frontier. His masterful will shone in all its devious glory throughout his lengthy term of office. While the Empire might be less omnipotent without the Death Star, it still possesses the awesome might of the Imperial Navy. But Tarkin, on the other hand, was irreplaceable. It was his determination and management that built the Death Star, and it was his military genius that made him the best person to command it. His conception of its use was as a grand weapon of intimidation and fear, and it was his decision to make Alderaan a vicious example to the rest of the Empire of just how powerful the Emperor now was.

It is now clear that the destruction of Alderaan, while not completely vindicated, has been righted by the slaying of Moff Tarkin, his generals, and Tarkin's hideous progeny at the Battle of Yavin. And even more importantly, an entire facet of the Empire is now in bureaucratic chaos as Tarkin's remaining underlings vie for the scraps of power left behind in the leaderless vacuum.



So Tarkin's master plan has backfired in the end. The fool-proof, invincible Imperial juggernaut has been eradicated and the Emperor and his right hand man, Lord Vader, have been thrown a modest helping of humility, something neither of them are likely to take kindly.

Imperial Governor Tarkin

Template Type: Grand Moff

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.8 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Data pad, blaster pistol (damage 4D), comlink.

Quote: "Fear will keep the local systems in line. Fear of this battle station."

DEXTERITY _____	3D	PERCEPTION _____	3D+1
Blaster _____	5D	Bargain _____	6D+2
Dodge _____	6D+2	Command _____	10D+2
Melee Parry _____	5D+2	Con _____	6D+2
Melee _____	4D+2	Gambling _____	5D+1
KNOWLEDGE _____	4D	Search _____	5D
Alien Races _____	7D	STRENGTH _____	2D
Bureaucracy _____	9D	Brawling _____	4D+1
Cultures _____	7D	Stamina _____	5D
Languages _____	6D+1	Swimming _____	5D
Planetary Systems _____	6D	TECHNICAL _____	2D
Technology _____	5D	Computer Programming/ Repair _____	3D
MECHANICAL _____	3D+2	Medicine _____	3D
Astrogation _____	5D	Repulsorlift Repair _____	3D
Beast Riding _____	5D	Security _____	5D
Repulsorlift Operation _____	3D+1		
Starship Gunnery _____	4D		
Starship Piloting _____	5D		
Starship Shields _____	4D+1		

Tarkin was an interesting man, the kind of person who appeared untouchable, both in the heat of battle and on the Senate floor. It is true that his charisma and personal presence were capable of swaying even Darth Vader's iron resolve — saving many of his closest commanders from Vader's deadly mind-projected wrath.

There was always an aura surrounding the governor. Had he lived to see his Death Star battle station fully implemented, it is very likely that a position akin to "Supreme Moff" would have been accorded him by the Emperor. The position, of course, would have been very much a symbolic one, as the Emperor always maintains the last word, but Vader would be wholly unsuitable for a desk job and the iron will of the Emperor could have been exactly implemented by a man like Grand Moff Tarkin.

So, even though the man was evil to the core, there was a great amount of respect for his tactical prowess and equally great relief upon the assumption of his death.

Lead by Admiral Motti and General Tagge, Tarkin's tactical brain-trust aboard the Death Star was unmatched anywhere in the Empire. It is a further blessing to the Alliance that so many of the Empire's finest minds were so conveniently wiped out.

As a result, war analysts believe the Empire is now momentarily vulnerable until new commanders can gain enough experience to begin to undo the damage. As evidence, the observers point out that the Emperor has made the drastic decision of diverting his most powerful star fleet, under the command of Lord Vader himself, into a hunting expedition. The prey? In general, they search for the main Rebel base and Alliance High Command. In specific, they hunt Skywalker and his companions, the heroes of Yavin.

The Emperor, analysts believe, should have given Vader the task of picking up

where the Death Star left off, since only Vader's fleet — rumored soon to get what reports call a Super Star Destroyer — has the combined fire power to even come close to the might of the Death Star. They argue that the fugitives would be better hunted down by smaller, already out-of-date Victory-class Star Destroyers instead of wasting the Empire's most valuable ships. Also, the use of bounty hunters, rumored to be under contract to the Empire under Vader's personal directive, is considered another prime example of the Emperor's lack of military vision. These observers believe that if Tarkin were alive, he would have recommended that the Imperial Navy deal with the traitors personally, to show that they were still solidly in command of the Empire and its citizens.

Some experts argue that the once mighty Imperial Navy has been supremely humbled — their greatest weapon destroyed by a single X-wing fighter, and the Imperial Armed Forces, in their shame, have turned to outside help to capture a renegade senator, a farm boy, a smuggler, two Droids, and a Wookiee. But while these whispered complaints can be heard if one listens, none dare to question the Emperor or Vader openly. That would be suicide.

Tarkin was ruthless, powerful, and full of vision. His ideas helped shape the New Order as it grew into an Empire. As the Imperial Governor with the most systems under his control, Tarkin had strength in both military and political circles. He helped push through the Death Star project, then took personal command to see it completed and made operational. He was an evil genius, and while the galaxy can rest a little easier with him gone, one must wonder what shall crawl out of the slime of the New Order to replace him.

Admiral Motti

One of many upstart Imperial officers, Motti excelled in his devotion to the Empire and little else. While it is true that he can claim many impressively successful missions, most of these were of a routine nature to begin with and therefore, like his entire career, overrated.

One of the rewards for his loyalty was the assignment to aid and protect Grand Moff Tarkin, as well as to form the third man in the Death Star's command triumvirate (i.e. Tarkin, Tagge, and Motti. Note that Lord Vader was not truly in command of anything on this project, but acted as an emissary of the Emperor).

Admiral Motti was appropriately one of the strongest supporters of the Death Star project and his own enthusiasm is partly responsible for the eventual approval of the project, which was slow in coming indeed. Not since the requisition for the Imperial-class Star Destroyer hit the Senate floor has so much debate been heard over a military defense item. Now, of course, such debates have become irrelevant with the dissolving of the Senate altogether. It is terrifying to project what military priorities have been set within the newly formed Imperial planning councils, now that debate on such matters and their ultimate procurement is held solely in the hands of the Emperor himself.

Motti believed in strength, both military and personal. He held no regard for Vader and his "sorcerer's ways." To him, the only reality was power, and power was personified in technological wonders like



the Death Star. The Force, as he was heard to point out on numerous occasions, was but an ancient religion and the magic associated with it a hoax. Even after Vader provided him with a lesson in "faith," Motti remained stubbornly against the mystical, intangible nature of the Force.

Admiral Motti

Template Type: Imperial

Admiral

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.7 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Data pad, blaster pistol (damage 4D), comlink.

Quote: "This station is now the ultimate power in the universe, I suggest we use it."

DEXTERITY _____ **3D+2**

Blaster _____ 5D

Dodge _____ 5D

Heavy Weapons _____ 5D

KNOWLEDGE _____ **3D+1**

Bureaucracy _____ 5D+2

Planetary Systems _____ 5D+1

MECHANICAL _____ **3D**

Astrogation _____ 5D

Starship Piloting _____ 4D+2

PERCEPTION _____ **2D+2**

Bargain _____ 3D+2

Command _____ 5D+1

STRENGTH _____ **2D+1**

Brawling _____ 4D

Stamina _____ 4D+1

TECHNICAL _____ **3D**

Computer Programming/

Repair _____ 4D

Security _____ 4D+1

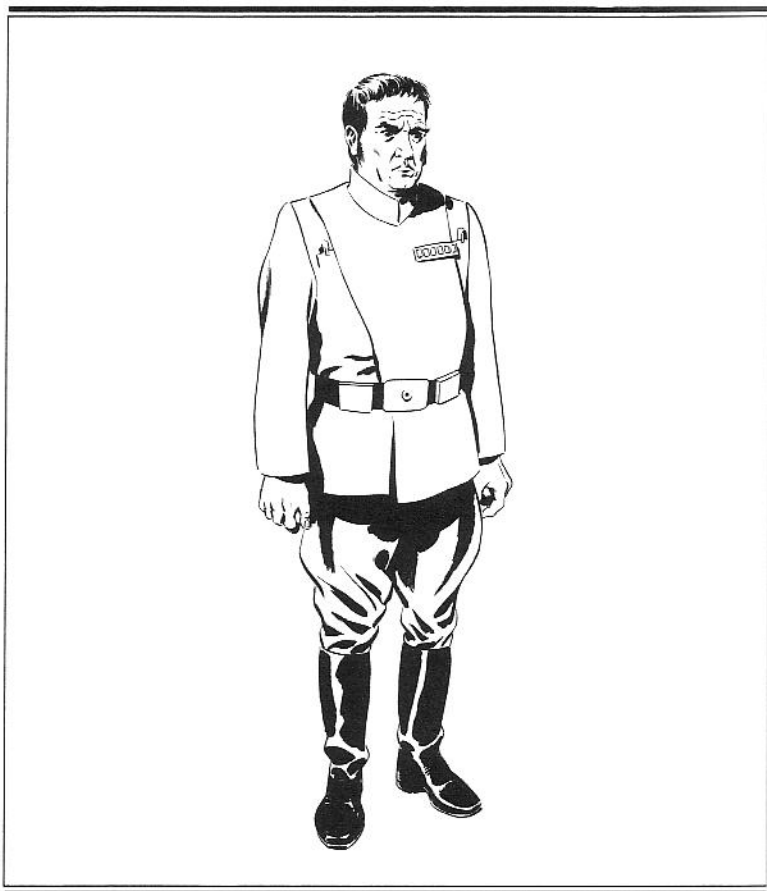
General Tagge

The grand tactician in charge of the Death Star's defense was General Tagge. While Governor Tarkin was in charge of the station's construction and implementation, Tagge was responsible for the day to day monitoring of all systems functions and defensive armament.

While Tarkin was the master bureaucrat and dealt with the large tactical plans, Tagge was responsible for logistics and morale. Tagge had to make the governor's plans work. It is already clear from analysis of intercepted Death Star command transcripts that of the three, General Tagge was the most reasonable and stable. In fact, he is so rational that Alliance psychologists are in a fevered debate over what made him join in with the Empire in the first place.

He is on record as having grave doubts about the disbanding of the Imperial Senate. He also discovered that the Death Star, their mighty dragon in the sky, had a fatally vulnerable chink in its armor. Had Tagge been a more persuasive person like Moff Tarkin, or been more heatedly vocal like Admiral Motti, the Death Star may have survived the Rebel assault and the Alliance would now be destroyed.

Tagge was a young officer with a tactical, calculating mind. He believed in being prepared, in never moving until every aspect of the plan was complete. He appreciated the battle prowess of the Rebellion, and this made him cautious. But



others with more power than he constantly overruled his advice. He argued that the Senate was important to the Emperor's control of the Galactic Empire, an opinion that lost him favor in Tarkin's eyes.

General Tagge

Template Type: Imperial

General

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.8 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Data pad, blaster pistol (damage 4D), grenades (damage 5D).

Quote: "The Rebel Alliance is too well equipped. They're more dangerous than you realize."

DEXTERITY _____	2D	PERCEPTION _____	3D
Blaster _____	3D+2	Command _____	4D+2
Brawling Parry _____	3D	Search _____	5D
Dodge _____	4D	STRENGTH _____	3D
Grenade _____	4D	Brawling _____	4D+2
KNOWLEDGE _____	3D+1	Lifting _____	4D
Bureaucracy _____	4D+1	TECHNICAL _____	3D
Survival _____	4D+2	Computer Programming/	
MECHANICAL _____	3D+2	Repair _____	5D
Beast Riding _____	4D+1	Demolition _____	5D+1
Repulsorlift Operation _____	5D+1	Security _____	4D

Death Star Officers

If one thing is certain about the standard Imperial officer, it is that he is ambitious. Those selected to serve aboard the Death Star were also very, very good at their jobs.

In most societies throughout history, the armed forces branch of the government is concerned only with defense and maintaining the peace, while the bureaucrats and politicians deal with matters of policy and of state. In the past, the Old Republic also fit into that category. But now, ambition is the new buzzword around the Imperial Navy, as the once limited roles of Admiral and General have taken on new powers and responsibilities. No longer is the Admiralty just a stage before a healthy retirement fund or the first step toward the lucrative military consulting and procurement offices. Now the Imperial Navy is the government of the Empire. Those that distinguish themselves here can go on to become the authority over entire star systems, and consequently become entitled to all of the many fringe benefits accorded the position.

Ambition, therefore, is the most important attribute in the new navy, while blind loyalty is now mandatory rather than assumed. With few exceptions, these power-hungry future governors and Star Destroyer commanders are all comparatively young.

Unlike some military organizations, promotion of Imperial officers is mandatory within a certain amount of time, unless adequate proof of incompetence or dishonesty exists. However, this contentionable situation rarely arises, as such inferior students are almost always discovered in the Academy phase by Imperial spies assigned to entrap weak-willed or untrustworthy officer cadets.

Those cadets showing the most promise and ability were assigned to Grand Moff



Tarkin's Death Star project. Here they used all the skills they excelled at to operate and perfect the most awesome battle station ever created. But for all the impressive machinery and weaponry, it was the people behind the controls that truly made the Death Star run. Strong, devoted to the New Order, and ambitious to move up the Imperial chain, these young officers were the best the Imperial war machine had to offer. With their death, many important command holes will have to be filled as the Empire has lost both its bureaucracy and instrument of fear in too short a time.

Captain Gosden

Template Type: Death Star Officer

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.8 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), comlink.

Quote: "To serve the New Order is my highest goal."

DEXTERITY _____ 2D+2

Blaster _____ 4D+2

Dodge _____ 3D+2

Grenade _____ 3D+2

KNOWLEDGE _____ 3D

Bureaucracy _____ 4D

MECHANICAL _____ 3D+2

PERCEPTION _____ 3D+1

Command _____ 5D+1

STRENGTH _____ 2D+1

Brawling _____ 3D+1

TECHNICAL _____ 3D

Security _____ 4D

Crossing the Dark Lord

The following account is common knowledge throughout the Imperial officer corps. It is told almost as a ghost story to warn young officers of the dangers of crossing the Empire, and of the high price of misplaced ambition. Whether the events described hereafter are true or not remains a matter of debate. Voren Na'al spoke to a number of Imperial officers who have since joined the Alliance, and whose stories all matched up rather closely. Nothing can be judged by this, as they all heard the tale from the same place. But knowing what little we do about Darth Vader, it is not hard to believe anything about him, no matter how far-fetched it may seem.

A tall black knight of darkness stood alone on the command deck of a massive Star Destroyer. He had given orders that the lights be dimmed and that all command personnel leave the area for the next few hours. Lord Darth Vader often felt the need to be alone, to "touch the universe without any mortal distractions."

But the vessel's captain decided to watch from afar, using the Star Destroyer's own security cameras to monitor his de facto superior. He was nervous, but felt sure he was safe on the other side of the massive ship.

Now the main viewport was on and the vessel was cruising slowly through the stars, awaiting news on the Rebel prey from Vader's many minions and spies. It did not matter where the call came from. The Dark Lord would order the destroyer into hyperspace on a whim, on the slightest chance of finding the Rebels who destroyed the Death Star.

A breeze rippled through his floor-length cape, and the Dark Lord of the Sith spread his arms out wide, as if he

were hoping to rise up on the winds in flight. Little did he care that the "winds" actually emanated from the environmental units in the floor at his feet.

Vader raised his right arm and clenched a metal fist. "I shall find Obi-Wan's companions, for that is the will of the Emperor and the Dark Side!"

A few more moments passed and the shudder felt earlier throughout the vessel died away. The Dark Lord's shoulders straightened and his breathing grew slow and deliberate.

"Yes, soon the bright flame of Rebellion will find itself extinguished. No one must underestimate the powers of the Force."

The captain leaned back and started to laugh. "Idealistic fool! A scary mask and sorcerer's ways are no way to get a job done."

Vader stirred, listening to some silent sound. His right hand rose high in the air, stretched open like a waiting claw.

The commander watched eagerly. "What's the Lord of Doom and Gloom up to now?" he wondered.

"Captain," said the deeply-omniscient voice from behind the black helmet, "I am about to afford you a rare privilege."

The captain jumped from his seat as sudden realization gripped him. Somehow, somehow, Vader had heard his comments.

"You are about to experience the powers of the Force," announced the black knight confidently. The open, black-gloved hand began to clench, and the captain felt the muscles of his throat collapsing.

As his victim fell to the ground, the Dark Lord's arm fell with him. He continued to gaze out into the inky blackness, this time undisturbed by any mortal companionship.

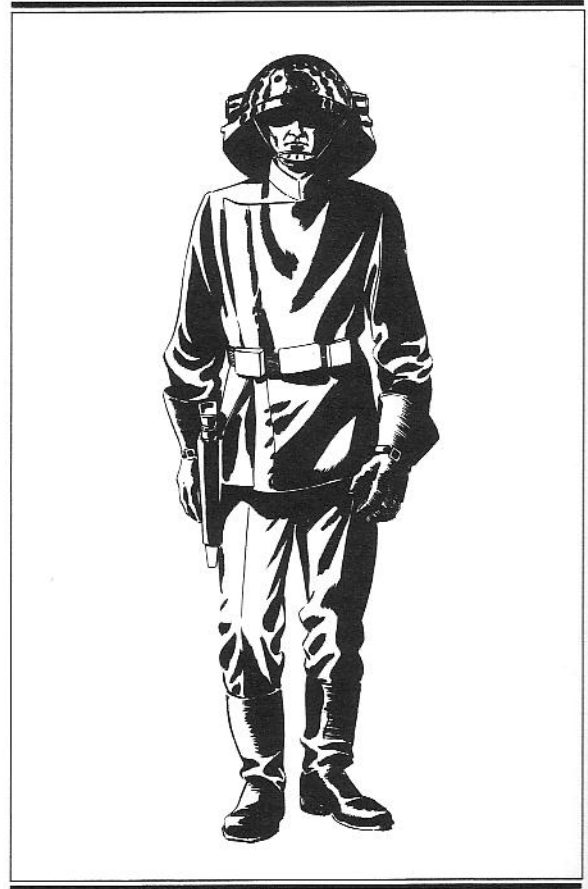
Death Star Troopers

Tarkin wanted his Death Star battle station to be comprised of the best the galaxy had to offer. He filled it with the finest officers, the most-competent crew. And, even though it appeared not to need them, he stocked it with a corp of troopers selected for their combat skills and knowledge. These troopers, named Death Star troopers and given a distinct uniform, were a step above the average stormtrooper.

These men were trained in all manner of combat techniques. Hand-to-hand, blaster pistol, grenade, and heavy weapons training were just some of the areas they were expected to excell in. They were even instilled with more independence than the average soldier, allowed to think on the run and in even unpredictable situations. But this independence was tempered with devotion, fierce loyalty, and the need to obey any command an officer issued.

While many thought these troops would be wasted aboard the Death Star and would be better used elsewhere, Tarkin disagreed. He wanted nothing left for chance where the massive battle station was concerned. Besides, he reasoned, the more powerful a weapon is inside, the more powerful a punch it packs on the outside.

Still, the troopers themselves felt under utilized. They believed that their unique talents were not properly used as guards for the most-powerful engine of destruction ever created. One wonders what these soldiers would have done if they had been sent into a true combat situation, or, more importantly, how badly their enemy would have been defeated.



With the Death Star's destruction, these elite troopers were destroyed as well. But, though it may take time, where one group of warriors was assembled another can be raised.

Death Star Troopers

Template Type: Elite

Trooper

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.8 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), blaster rifle (damage 5D), grenades (damage 5D).

Quote: "Destroy the enemy."

DEXTERITY _____ 3D+1

Blaster _____ 5D+1

Dodge _____ 4D+1

Grenade _____ 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D+1

Streetwise _____ 3D+1

MECHANICAL _____ 2D+2

PERCEPTION _____ 4D

STRENGTH _____ 3D+2

Brawling _____ 5D+2

TECHNICAL _____ 2D

Death Star Gunners

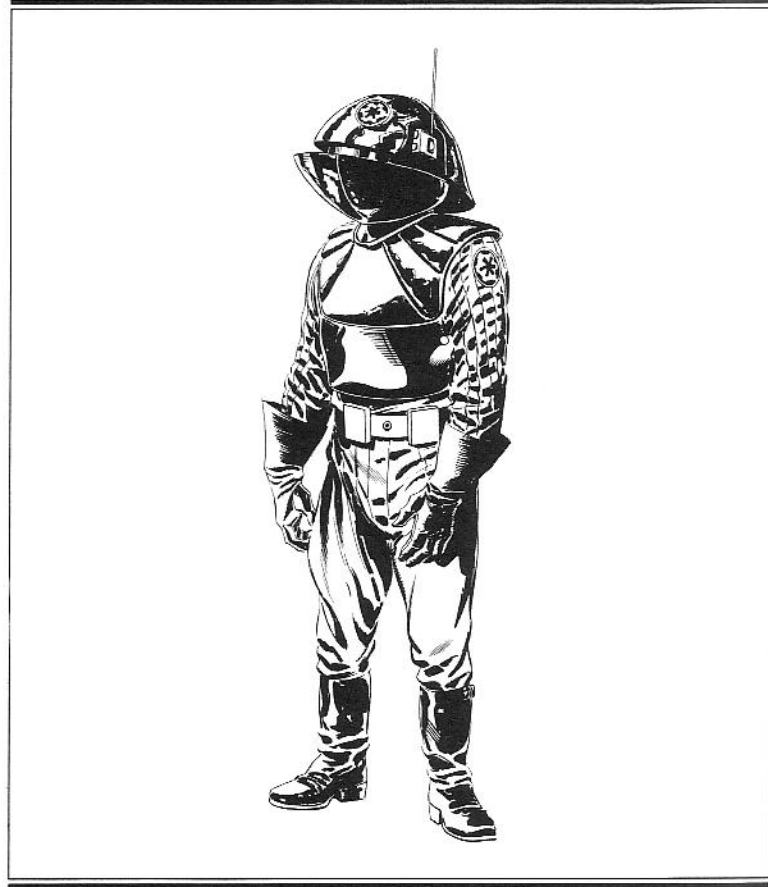
The best gunners in the Empire were assembled to defend the Death Star against a large scale assault. Little did they realize that the Rebel attack would be small squadrons of starfighters rather than a massive armada.

However, it is primarily to the gunners' credit that most of the Rebel fighters never even made it to the exhaust port canyon, where Imperial TIE fighters and more mounted guns awaited.

Most gunners in the Imperial Navy are actually either TIE pilots in training or pilots who failed to make the grade in all of the skills necessary to fly a TIE, but had a keen eye and were good with the equipment.

But, even though very few people ever choose to become a gunner, the gunners are still an exceptionally loyal and proud bunch of recruits. While many of the special Imperial troop wings assigned to the Emperor and Darth Vader get a lot of hype and are in the Imperial Holonews every month, the gunners try to avoid drawing attention to themselves as a group.

A number of these groups were shipped wholesale to the Death Star on the assumption that they would fight better together and they wouldn't have to be as extensively retrained for their new position as random gunners would require. But somewhere that inspired and quite logical idea got lost and the over-zealous General Tagge distributed the gunners in alphabetical order about the vessel. This added yet another hole in the Death Star's defensive net at the worst possible moment — when unified firing and probability-generated spread-patterns should have been employed to easily blanket and destroy the incoming Rebel fighters.



The Death Star fiasco, as it is being called throughout the Empire, clearly illustrates how so many little things, when combined, can render the whole asunder. It also gave the Empire some much needed lessons in humility and brought the Rebellion into full swing.

Still, the Death Star gunners, as individuals, could operate a shipboard weapon with more skill and accuracy than any automatic targeting computer being employed. They were a proud, select, and extremely talented few. The Empire shall miss their skills.

Death Star Gunners

Template Type: Capital

Ship Gunman

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.7 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Targeting computer linkup helmet, blaster pistol (damage 4D).

Quote: "Target acquired. Commence firing."

DEXTERITY _____ 2D+2

Blaster _____ 3D+2

HeavyWeapons _____ 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE _____ 1D+1

MECHANICAL _____ 3D

Starship Gunnery _____ 5D

Starship Shields _____ 4D

PERCEPTION _____ 1D+1

STRENGTH _____ 1D+1

TECHNICAL _____ 2D

Gunnery Repair _____ 4D

TIE Pilots

The top pilots in the galaxy are, in general, found in the Imperial Navy. To be sure, many great pilots learn in makeshift speeders through treacherous terrain (like Luke Skywalker) or by the seat of their pants risking life and limb for often ignoble enterprises (like Han Solo). But the allure of the Imperial Navy is indeed a glorious and time-honored one.

The Empire still plays on the sense of duty, but the idea of maintaining order, rather than defending against aggression, has become more prominent. Imperial counselors argue that the distinction is an irrelevant one, as they assume that there should be no difference between defense against outward aggression (i.e. alien races and pirates) and inward aggression (i.e. the Rebellion). Indeed, if this were all that was at work, they would be correct. However, the Emperor is also subtly establishing himself as supreme ruler and this invokes a tyranny, with a clever smoke screen provided by the call for the defense of justice and the galaxy.

So, it is true that most TIE pilots actually do believe that they are fighting a hostile Rebellion against their families and home systems. Since these people get all of their information from Imperial sources, notoriously loaded with propaganda in its purest and most effective forms, the confusion of principles is understandable.

The Emperor knows this fact and has standing orders to keep outside information within the Academy and Naval vessels to a minimum. This was not unheard of throughout history, as most planets had their own defensive troops to handle domestic affairs. These beings were always kept on military bases and in academies, where information interchange with the



more "liberal" media forms was carefully monitored and regulated. This is absolutely necessary to provide an adequate environment where patriotism and loyalty can be cultivated.

Not all TIE pilots are so duped, as many of these men are following their dreams of flying above a thousand worlds, zooming through the endless void of space, or fighting glorious campaigns across the stars. These impulses are evident in all but the rarest of cultures and it is clear that if they are properly channeled, both the individual and the society benefit. But the

TIE Fighter Pilot

Template Type: TIE Fighter Pilot

Loyalty: To the Empire

Height: 1.7 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), flight suit.

Quote: "Use the zero-g crossfire to get that X-wing."

DEXTERITY _____ **2D+1**

Blaster _____ **3D+1**

Dodge _____ **3D+1**

KNOWLEDGE _____ **1D**

Planetary Systems _____ **2D**

MECHANICAL _____ **3D**

Starship Gunnery _____ **4D**

Starship Piloting _____ **5D**

PERCEPTION _____ **2D**

Search _____ **3D**

STRENGTH _____ **2D**

TECHNICAL _____ **1D**

Computer _____

Programming/Repair _____ **2D**

Starship Repair _____ **3D**

Empire abuses these urges, steering common men into uncommon evils.

Most Rebel pilots are either ex-academy graduates or former TIE pilots. Many were originally captured in battle and, upon being welcomed and accepted by their enemies, soon discovered a higher truth.

Recently however, Rebel pilots have gotten so good at trashing their enemies that fewer and fewer TIE pilots are surviving that first shot long enough to abandon or crash-land their ships. So, both sides are seeing rapid depletion of their pilot forces and the Empire has taken the unorthodox turn of offering incentives to merchant pilots and anyone who has ever flown a space ship.

Fortunately, the Alliance long ago quietly recruited the best and bravest of these non-military pilots with the recruiting slogans "call to adventure" and "fly with the best." This campaign appealed to many of the freelancers who were often working with

inferior technology and vessels. After all, Incom's X-wing is a prototype starfighter, stolen right from beneath the very noses of the Empire.

TIE pilots therefore feel more than a little shortchanged at times when up against X-wings, and they constantly stress that these superior vessels would have been theirs had it not been for the Rebellion.

The Death Star tour of duty became a rallying point for the TIE pilots, for within their heavily-armed and highly-manueverable fighters they would get to defend the forefront of Imperial defense technology. TIE pilots form an elite corps within the Imperial Navy. Each candidate for admission into the rigorous TIE training program must undergo a strenuous screening and testing process. In turn, those chosen for Death Star duty underwent an even more difficult selection process, ensuring that only the cream of the crop would make it.

Imperial Interrogator Droid

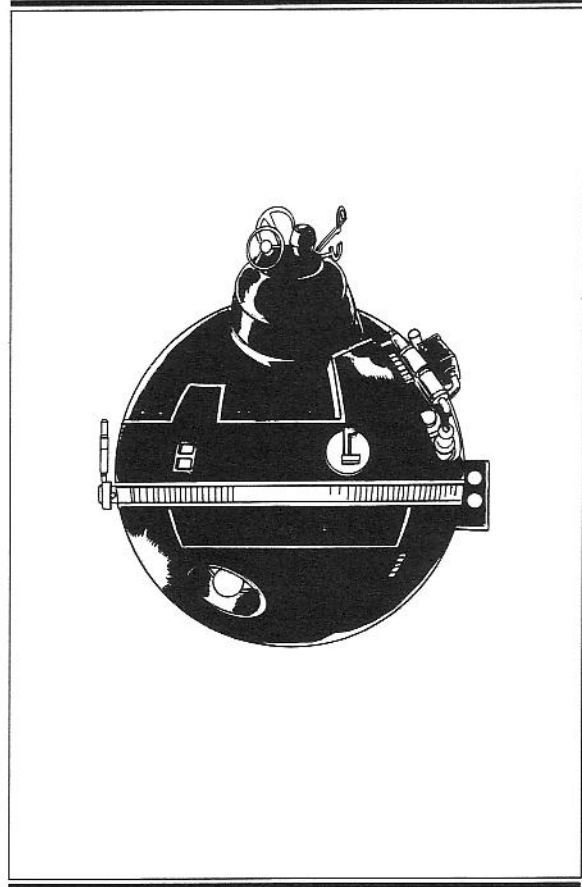
The Eyetee-Oh (IT-0), or Interrogation Droid, is a fundamental twisting of first-degree Droid technology and programming. Until recently, the existence of these new technological atrocities was only speculation. Rumors that the Imperial Security Bureau was developing a systematized series of Interrogation Droids could never before be confirmed as the Empire never deliberately lets a successfully interrogated victim go — alive.

The Eyetee model is apparently a highly sophisticated Droid comprised of a number of different technologies. It is capable of independent motion, with its own mini-repulsorlifts. This provides necessary mobility with a minimum of mechanism (as robotic legs require considerable hardware and software support).

The glossy black surface of the globe is dotted with probes, needles, and sensors, all linked to one another. In function, these devices have obviously been cannibalized from two sources; top-of-the-line medical Droids, and the latest ultra-secret assassin Droids. In the IT-0 it is proven again that technology can be used for both good and evil.

The IT-0 monitors all body functions, like the best of diagnostic Droids, but for a different reason entirely. Instead of wishing to analyze what is wrong with a body system, the IT-0 attempts to discover how to make a healthy system go wrong in the first place. It searches for weakness to exploit, both physical and chemical.

The Eyetee series is equipped with the latest in microsurgical instrumentation and chemical injectors. Pain can be applied precisely and the victim is assured of consciousness throughout by a careful monitoring of body systems and the



application of appropriate drugs (note that the Empire regularly uses non-approved medicines in such endeavors, as they are rarely concerned with future side effects). This is just another tool with which the Empire gains information.

Because of the unique nature of the Death Star project, the battle station was stocked with a number of these terrible machines, exclusively the domain of security and detention personnel. Few others can stand to watch the Droids in action.

Eyetee-Oh

Template Type: Interrogation Droid
Loyalty: To the Empire
Height: 1 meter
Sex: —
Race: Droid
Equipment: Laser scalpel (damage 2D), power shears (damage 4D+2), hypodermic injector (stun damage 3D).

DEXTERITY _____	1D	PERCEPTION _____	4D
Dodge _____	3D	Search _____	5D
Melee _____	3D	STRENGTH _____	3D
Melee Parry _____	3D	TECHNICAL _____	2D
Interrogation Devices _____	4D+1	Medicine _____	4D
KNOWLEDGE _____	3D	Security _____	4D
Interrogation			
Techniques _____	4D+1		
MECHANICAL _____	2D		

Dianoga

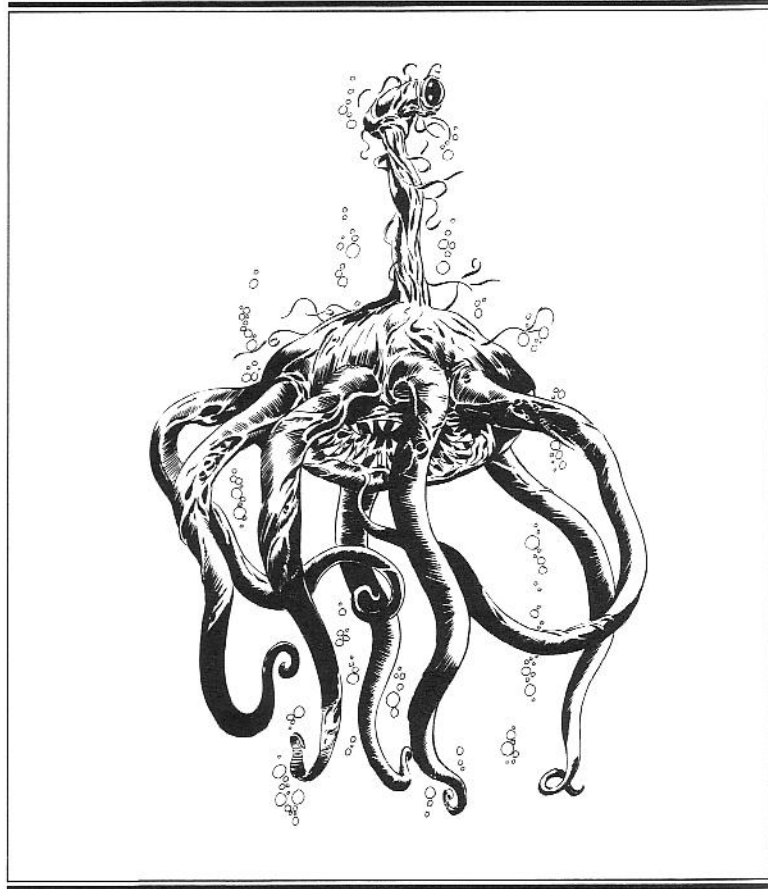
The Dianoga, or garbage squid, is a pesky parasite similar to the Mynock in purpose and function. Whereas Mynocks chew through power cables of all sorts and feed off the stream of energy, Dianogas hide themselves in garbage compressors and waste collection bins where they consume everything known except pure metals.

Since garbage is not in short supply or an endangered resource, Dianogas are not generally hunted and killed when they are discovered. However, Dianogas that are left to themselves for a long period of time and with a large supply of food often grow large enough to become dangerous.

The vast waste collection bins aboard the Death Star were infested with these creatures. According to reports made by Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia, Luke was attacked and almost dragged off for later consumption by one of the eager creatures.

Usually, Dianogas are shy and peaceful, a trait they evolved on the lush planet of Vodran, the only known native habitat of these creatures (although they have now stretched out across the galaxy). On Vodran, where huge carnivorous predators roam the steamy jungles and swamps at will, it became a distinct advantage to live and grow off the remains left behind by the larger beasts. The Dianoga also adapted quickly to a water-based environment as it is much easier to conceal oneself in the murky depths.

They possess one solitary eyestalk which is most often used as a periscope. This keeps the Dianoga's profile small to avoid attracting attention. However, more than one Dianoga has used the long and flexible eyestalk to explore down tunnels and around corners.



Dianogas usually grow to about five or six meters in length (including tentacles), but sizes above 10 meters are not uncommon.

Dianogas have seven tentacles which they use for locomotion and to catch food. These tentacles grow back rapidly if severed.

One very fascinating environmental adaptation is apparently unique to the Dianoga. The creature, when unfed, is transparent and almost invisible in clear water. But a garbage squid always turns the color of its food once it has eaten. Biologists believe that the creature's metabolism actually diverts part of its digested meals into a small system of ducts and sacs near the surface of the creature's skin. While this is an inefficient conversion of food intake, it does provide Dianogas with one of the most complete camouflages in the galaxy. People have been known to walk right over these squids, believing them to be rotting vines or power cables.

Dianoga

DEXTERITY _____ **2D**

PERCEPTION _____ **3D+1**

STRENGTH _____ **6D**

Speed Code _____ **4D**

Combat: Attacks through
brawling.

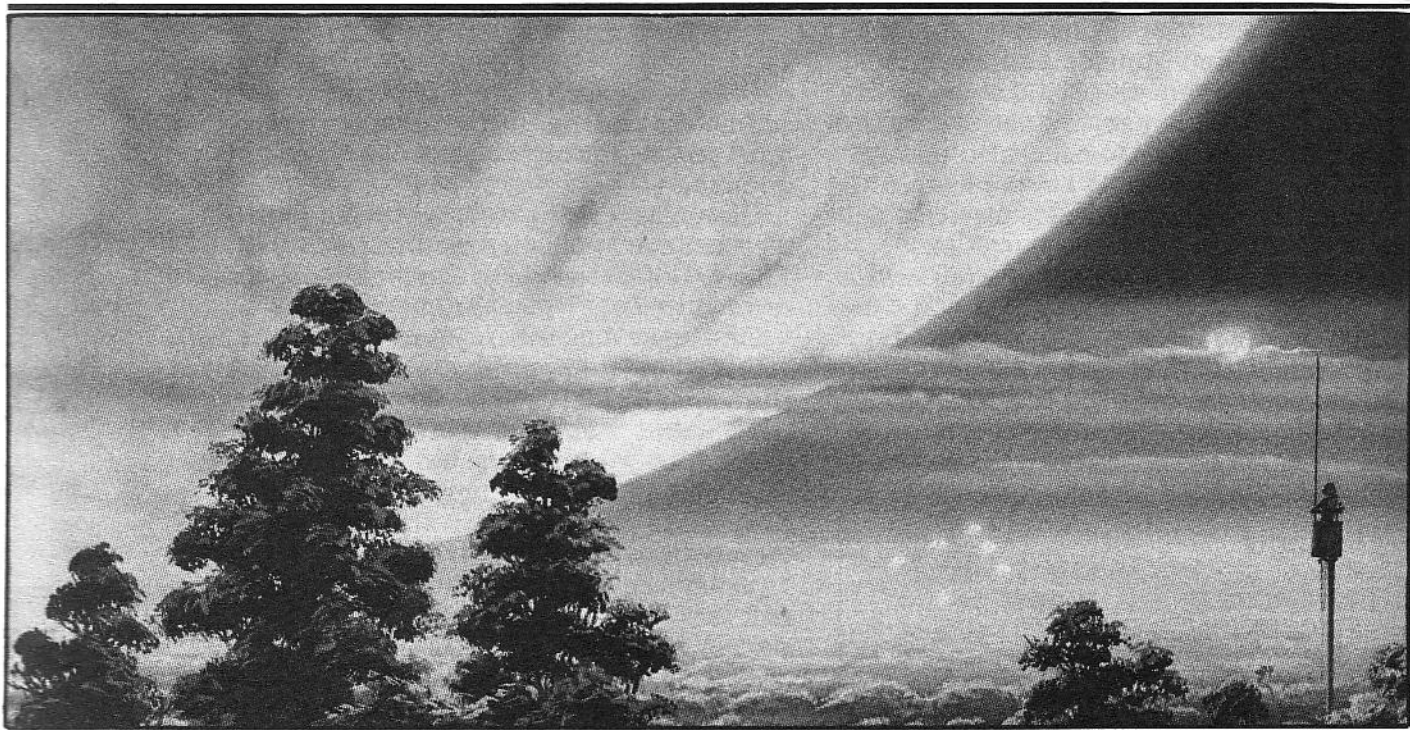
Yavin Profiles

From the Notes of Voren Na'al, Assistant Historian to the Alliance

Slipping out of the Imperial Records Office wasn't the easiest thing I had ever done. But I made it and was now on my way back to the Rebel base. No, not Yavin. That base was abandoned shortly after the battle with the Death Star. But I was going to a base much like that one. There I would ask more questions and do more interviews to find out about the less known, but no less important, heroes of Yavin who, in their own way, contributed to the Alliance victory that fateful day.

The following profiles on the Alliance forces at Yavin were compiled from interviews with General Jan Dodonna, Commander Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia Organa of Alderaan, and any Alliance personnel who survived the Battle of Yavin.

I have included pieces on three notable heroes of the battle, Biggs Darklighter and Jek Porkins (deceased), and Wedge Antilles. Their association with Commander Skywalker and their fine examples of bravery for the Alliance make them the ideal representatives of our heroic Alliance troops.



General Jan Dodonna

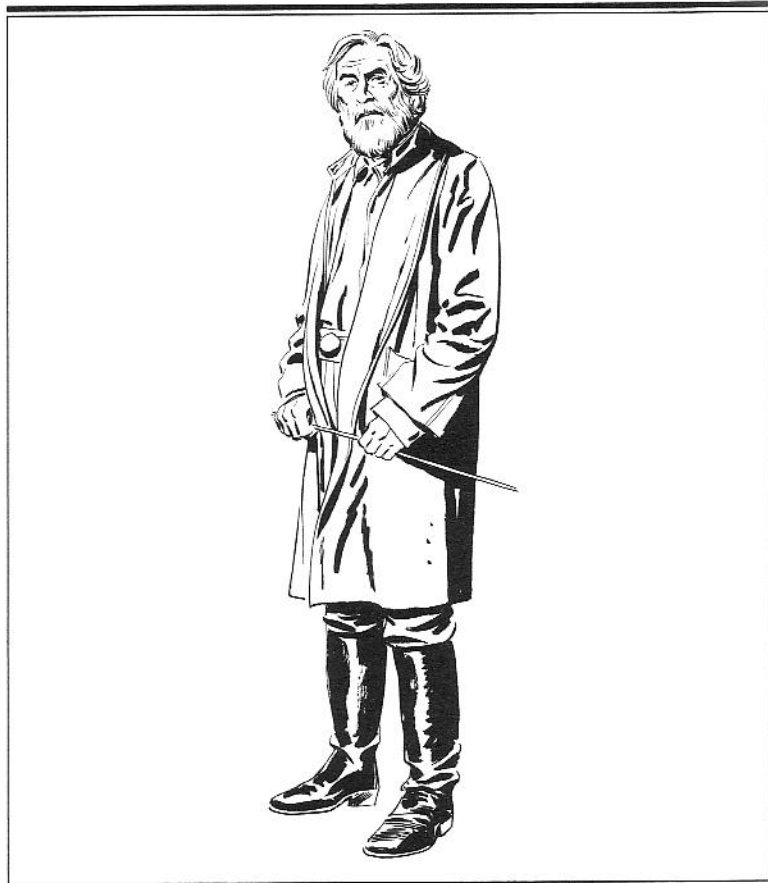
The Rebel Alliance's master tactician is General Jan Dodonna. The aging Old Republic commander came out of retirement when the New Order took hold, assembling a group of many of his famous and ever-loyal comrades in the process.

While most Rebel soldiers and pilots are young and scrappy, Alliance command is wise and grizzled. This combination of youthful exuberance and reflex, tempered by wise, thoughtful organization, has made the Alliance the viable fighting force it is today.

Now however, as some of the older leaders are beginning to retire, young heroes like Commander Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia Organa are having more of an effect on Alliance strategy sessions. This has undoubtedly been credited with producing large and flashy victories (like the hijacking described herein). But it should not be too greatly emphasized that the Alliance's greatest victory, the destruction of the Death Star, was as much a product of masterful sharpshooting as it was the culmination of a carefully thought out plan based on the technical readouts of the station.

General Dodonna is the man primarily responsible for the success of the Battle of Yavin. Without his masterful analysis of the Death Star's defenses, the Alliance would likely have either fled from Yavin or mounted a hopeless all-out assault. Dodonna found the weakness in the Death Star's defenses and therefore made an attack feasible in the first place.

So Dodonna must be given high praise now, when history is being written, or his impressive contributions might go unnoticed, overshadowed by the bright light that is Luke Skywalker.



Dodonna was one of the first Star Destroyer captains during the days of the Old Republic. In fact, along with old friend Adar Tallon, Dodonna virtually wrote the book on interstellar combat. While Tallon specialized in ship-to-ship combat, Dodonna fully rewrote the logistics and siege aspects of galactic war. It is a sore point with him that many of his early proposals for siege weapons have now been developed, produced, and employed by the Empire. Their use has been twisted in such notorious incidents as the unholy Siege of

Jan Dodonna

Template Type: Alliance

General

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.82 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Data pad, blaster pistol (damage 4D), comlink.

Quote: "A precise hit will start a chain reaction which should destroy the station."

DEXTERITY _____ **2D+2**

Blaster _____ 3D+2

Dodge _____ 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE _____ **3D**

Alien Races _____ 6D

Bureaucracy _____ 5D+2

Military History _____ 7D

MECHANICAL _____ **3D+2**

Astrogation _____ 5D+1

Starship Gunnery _____ 4D+2

Starship Piloting _____ 4D+2

PERCEPTION _____ **3D+1**

Bargain _____ 4D+2

Command _____ 7D

STRENGTH _____ **2D+1**

Stamina _____ 4D+1

TECHNICAL _____ **3D**

Computer Programming/

Repair _____ 7D

Droid Programming/

Repair _____ 6D+1

Security _____ 6D+2

D odonna's Story

The following text is excerpted (with permission) from General Dodonna's personal memoirs. The reader will likely be amazed at the sheer stroke of good fortune that seems to have led to the plan for destruction of the Death Star, but Luke Skywalker would argue that the Force guided Dodonna's dreams just as he claims it guided his own one-in-a-billion shot. The author remains objective. Let the reader make his or her own decision.

We awaited the recovery of the plans with more than a little trepidation. As a former officer in the Imperial Navy, I already knew that there were men much more clever than I in charge of the great battle station's defenses. Perhaps I was being too modest — I only hoped. After all, most of the senior officers of the Old Republic were either dead or with the Alliance now. Young, perhaps overly-ambitious officers currently ran the Imperial Navy and I wished with all of my being that in their haste to design, construct, and deploy their "ultimate power in the universe" they had made a mistake somewhere ... anywhere.

I was wrong. R2-D2's readouts were ominous in the extreme. The station had more gunners and guns than we had fighters, making the odds terrible to begin with. I had also figured on an impressive shield arrangement, similar to the planetary defense grid structures employed by most Imperial bases, but this station was too much. Every inch of the fortress was heavily armored and impenetrably shielded, and these shields were all computer-linked and could be dropped independently of one another. The tractor beams, by first hand account, were strong enough to pull a Star Destroyer into place, let alone the *Millennium Falcon* or something as small as an X-wing. The station was, for all intents and purposes, invulnerable.

I went to sleep that night realizing that the only way we could hope to penetrate

the armor of the moon-sized station would be to send wave after wave of our heaviest vessels crashing into the Death Star, on the minuscule chance that somewhere we'd cause enough damage to render the station impotent. Of course, this would essentially mean the end of the Alliance as it stood, but if we succeeded in crippling or destroying the station, we might buy ourselves enough time to allow a new force of Rebels to arise in our place. And this time without the shadow of a Death Star looming over them. A suicidal plan is the riskiest of them all, but I was determined to take the Imperials down with us if we were going to die anyway.

I prepared my notes for the following day's meetings and headed off to bed. Strangely however, though the decision was made, I continued to think about it as sleep claimed me. I left my chamber and wandered about the halls, hoping that a little fresh air and exercise might do the trick, as it always had in the old days before a great battle.

As I gathered my thoughts and felt my limbs weaken, I heard a child crying in one of the refugee halls. I went to calm the child's tears but there was something odd about this moment, a presence I could call it, beckoning me. The child cried about a dragon and how it was coming to burn her village into cinders. I presumed the child was from Tatooine, where Krayt dragons roam free throughout the desert, but the little girl said the village was beside a lake, and I knew that Tatooine had no such bodies of water anywhere on its desolate surface.

Then I remembered a tale, an old one passed on through the ages. A fairy tale about a dragon and the bold Jedi Knight that slew it to save his village. "You have nothing to fear," I told the child, "for there was a hole in the dragon's armor of scales, and the Knight's lightsaber smote true and pierced the very heart of the beast, killing it instantly. The village was saved and they all lived happily ever after."

The child was content and drifted to sleep. I felt like I was young again. I ran back to my quarters and dropped into my chair. Flicking on a glow-lamp, my aching muscles and bones reminded me of my age and my eyes strained at the holoscreen. I grabbed my lenses and began the painstaking search for a hole in the dragon's armor. I wanted something no one would think about having to protect, for perhaps they believed no one in their right mind would attack it.

The landing bays were protected, as were the garbage disposals. The communications towers were double shielded and even had back-up power supplies and surge protection devices to prevent a shorting out of the whole system. Then I followed that idea throughout the power supply of the entire station, from the generators to the exhaust ports — and there it was! Exhaust ports are made to vent particle flux and generator by-products, but they are designed to work only one way — out. "What would happen if energy was sent back down the way it came?" I asked myself. I consulted the computer and all answers led to either nothing, more backup systems, or too much time before significant damage could be accomplished.

Then I pulled back from the image and rubbed my eyes. It was getting to be early morning and the Death Star was not very far away at all reports. I gave one last dejected look at the maps and leaned back further as my chair gave way. Falling onto the floor, I narrowly avoided breaking my neck and decided that four hours of sleep was better than none at all. I told the holoprojector to close down and it began panning out. I resigned myself to die today without bloodshot eyes at least.

Then I saw it. A long narrow line running from the exhaust port right to the core of the reactor. I had seen this before, but not from afar. The line was perfectly straight, like a target, or the blade of a lightsaber driving its way to the heart of

the station, the core of the reactor. I realized that if anything at all passed down that tube and hit the sensitive and unstable reactor core, the whole station would blow.

My hopes were momentarily dashed as I asked the computer how big the tube was. "Two meters in diameter," came the reply. Two meters was too small for an X-wing to enter, and no man or Droid we had could survive the steady flow of ultra-hot matter and energy which exhaust ports were designed to carry into the cold, dark void of space.

"Anything would do it," I mumbled to myself. "Just one shot ..." I smiled. A one-in-a-billion shot from a skilled pilot would travel smoothly down the gullet of the reactor. After all, the exhaust port casing had to be ray shielded, to keep its waste from reentering the ship. The irony was exquisite — if the shot hits, its own protections will guarantee its destruction.

The rush of adrenaline kept me awake through the rest of the night as I altered the plans from "suicide and pray" to "decoy and pray." Many men would have to die so that one might succeed. A man is only two meters tall, and picking one off on the ground while passing by at sublight speeds is almost unheard of. Surely strafing increases the odds of a hit, either directly or with flying debris and heat, but the exhaust port was shielded on all sides and strafing could only cause confusion and obscurement of the target. The attacker must be able to see whether or not his shot has hit its mark. We must know immediately in order to pull back our few remaining forces from the area of the ensuing explosion.

The shot was one-in-a-billion as I have said before, and there was only one person who felt right to be the point man for the attack. Luke Skywalker. After all, who better resembles a knight of old than the lightsaber-wielding would-be Jedi? And who better to slay an invulnerable dragon than a knight of old.

Dalron Five and the infamous Project Asteroid.

The two men were inseparable friends and it was a sad day indeed when Adar Tallon's name was put to rest. Fortunately, General Dodonna had already retired and by the time the New Order was truly born. The Empire felt he was no longer young or useful enough to be "retrained" for use by the Emperor. Dodonna's execution was ordered and it became a race to see who could reach him first, the Empire or the Alliance.

The Rebel Alliance, having researched well enough in advance their possible sources of assistance throughout the galaxy, found him first. But Dodonna felt older than he truly was, and the years of boring retirement had weakened his fighting spirit considerably. The Rebels found he no longer had a stomach for war.

Well, just as the Alliance shuttle was preparing to depart from Dodonna's private moon, the aging general stumbled up the

ramp, blaster holes dotting his billowing nightshirt. Fortunately, the approaching Imperial troopers had shot at the large cloth target, missing the frail body within. As the vessel lifted off, Dodonna fiercely took command of the ship's guns and dealt with his would-be assassins personally.

A few months of exercise and catch-up reading on the latest in hardware and politics and General Dodonna was reborn, a founding father of the Rebellion against the Empire. He is probably the single most important military commander in the Alliance, second in authority only to Mon Mothma. Now however, young and feisty heroes like Luke Skywalker and (strangely) Han Solo inspire the Rebels in ways that an older man cannot.

General Dodonna always takes a personal interest in his troops and tries to meet each and every soldier under his command. He is not afraid to go out in the trenches every so often, just to keep his hand in and to motivate his troops.

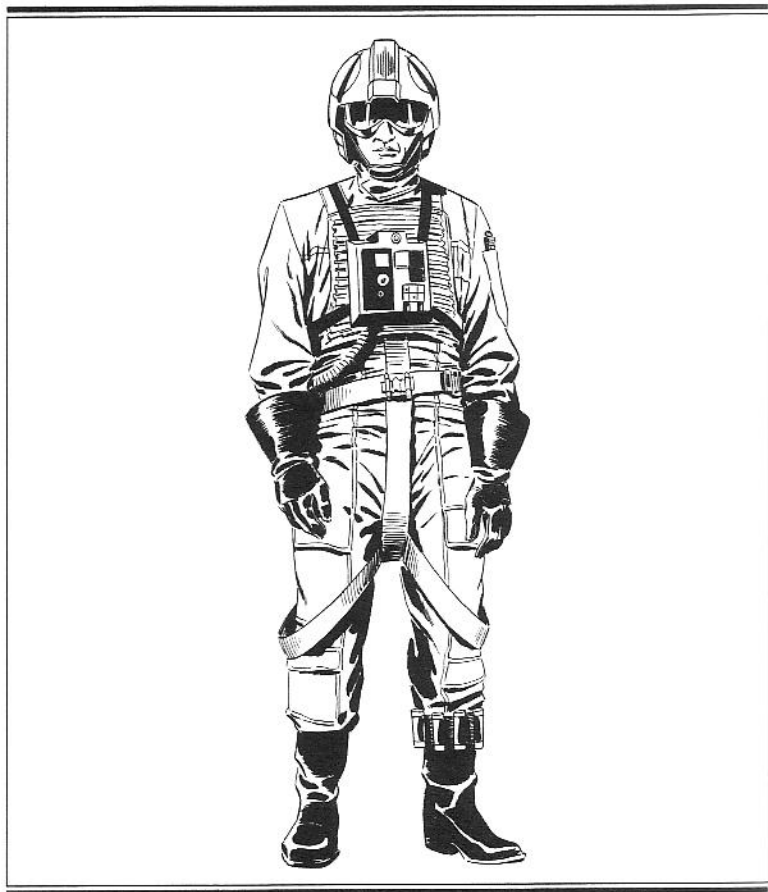
Rebel Pilots

What can be said about Rebel soldiers in general can be taken double-measure for Rebel pilots. Their skills are even more exceptional and their success is rarely equalled. If anything, Rebel pilots are even less afraid of dying than any other Rebel group. In fact, since Rebel pilots know that they will invariably be outnumbered by their enemy (they do not own the luxury of being the status quo in any region), they often expect to die, and this often becomes part of their "initiation" into the ranks of veteran Rebel pilots.

They develop nerves of steel and eyes as sharp as their own advanced sensor equipment. It is not unheard of for Rebel pilots to spot their enemies visually long before their sensors register the presence. "The visibility of space," they declare, "is infinite."

Whether or not the Force is strong with these particular individuals is highly uncertain. But for some, Luke Skywalker's ability to hit the Death Star's exhaust port without his targetting computer on has initiated many new believers to the ancient faith.

Finally, it is common throughout most worlds that fast speeds and the thrill of the chase have an allure all their own. The best Rebel pilots possess these elements but also master them in the end — just ask Luke.



Fin Dangler

Template Type: Rebel Pilot

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.65 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), comlink, flight suit.

Quote: "Switch to targetting computers and let's blow this thing!"

DEXTERITY _____ 2D

Blaster _____ 4D

Dodge _____ 3D

KNOWLEDGE _____ 1D

Planetary Systems _____ 2D+2

MECHANICAL _____ 3D

Starship Gunnery _____ 4D

Starship Piloting _____ 5D

PERCEPTION _____ 1D+2

STRENGTH _____ 2D+2

TECHNICAL _____ 2D

Computer Programming/

Repair _____ 3D

Rebel Soldiers

Trying to describe a standard Rebel warrior is sort of like trying to describe a standard leaf of a tree. In a feeble attempt at defining the general shape of all leaves, you miss the many types of leaves and what multitude of different trees they might spring from.

What is true, however, is that most Rebel soldiers come from broken homes and broken worlds. There is something about a solid domestic childhood that makes gallivanting across the galaxy in an attempt to alter its fate seem simply ridiculous. So, most Rebels have a simple "what the heck" and "my life is going to mean something or nothing" attitude. And, they almost always have a story.

Orphans, children of difficult family situations, low tech worlders, and sons and daughters witnessing the execution of their parents by stormtroopers, all become fairly common tales heard around a Rebel mess hall. Luke Skywalker is just like any other Rebel except for the Force and the strange and mysterious past he carries with him. Princess Leia had to deal with the horror of watching her family die in the cataclysm at Alderaan. It is truly sad that terrible strife must be the final spark which sets the typical hero or heroine into action.

New Rebels learn how to fight very quickly and they have a will to learn that is second to none. Imperial officers must often use propaganda and disguised bribes to encourage their ranks, but Rebel soldiers often learn under the most adverse conditions (i.e., active combat) and with little or no immediate reward available.

It is also important to make a distinction in the two causes these forces are fighting for. The Empire is fighting to maintain order, the newly imposed status quo. Little



or no initiative or creativity is required just to follow "the book." In contrast, Rebel warriors must be constantly alert and improvising, because breaking the rules is often times much more difficult than enforcing them.

Imperial platoons are specialized, and their tasks are assigned months in advance. Rebel platoons, on the other hand, get their assignments at a moment's notice, often as soon as that Imperial communique has been decoded and the military convoy they're supposed to hit is only a hyperjump away. Therefore, it is obvious that the best Rebels

Galen Torg

Template Type: Rebel Soldier

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.8 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), grenades (damage 5D), comlink, macrobinoculars.

Quote: "Okay, let's hit them where it hurts."

DEXTERITY _____ **3D+2**

Blaster _____ **5D+2**

Grenade _____ **4D+2**

KNOWLEDGE _____ **1D**

MECHANICAL _____ **1D+1**

PERCEPTION _____ **1D+1**

Hide/Sneak _____ **2D+1**

STRENGTH _____ **3D**

Brawling _____ **4D**

TECHNICAL _____ **1D+2**

Demolition _____ **2D+2**

are the jacks-of-all-trades, the ones who can make a difference no matter where they are or what they are up against.

The common Rebel soldier is not quite so common. They don't hide their faces like stormtroopers do, as Rebels actually care about who they're working with and what pains or joys their friends are feeling. They make strong friendships which last unto death and Alliance commanders make sure that good teams always stick together. They

are inventive, easy-going, ferocious in combat, and although they don't have a wish to die, they aren't necessarily afraid of it either. After all, they are fighting for the greater good of all races, loyal to the Alliance or not, and the struggle must go on so that future generations may live in the peace and freedom that this generation rightly feels it so shamelessly squandered away.

The Letter Home

This letter was written from a Rebel X-wing pilot to his mother the morning before the Battle of Yavin. As with most letters home from Rebel regulars, it remains untransmitted for security reasons. The pilot's name has been omitted because he died during the assault.

Dear Mom,

I know you don't think much of what I'm doing now, but it's something I feel I must do. I know Dad would've understood, but then again, you didn't agree with him on that matter anyway.

I just want you to know that I'm about to get very close to actual combat, against odds we have little hope of surmounting. I know that may sound crazy, but by the time you get this letter, you'll know whether or not we succeeded and whether or not I made it. We're going in against the greatest war machine ever built, something that defines the Empire's policy these days — a machine built for domination, subjugation, and conquest.

I know you hear very little about what we're doing back home, and see even less

on the Imperial holonet networks. What you do find out is only what the Empire releases, and they outright lie most of the time. Sure, we can argue about that until doomsday, but that's not what I wrote you about.

I wanted you to know that I feel I'm doing something important. I can't save the galaxy myself, I don't think anyone can alone. But I'm helping out, and the few lives I've already saved from the Empire's tyrannies have made it all worth it in my view.

How long it may remain the way it is and how free we will be is impossible to say at this moment. By tomorrow, we may not have a definitive answer, but the signs will be unmistakable.

Let the family know what I'm doing. You don't have to glorify it, but don't demean it either. One day you'll understand I hope, and on that day I pray this will all have been a bad dream from very long ago.

I love you and may the Force be with you. And us.

Love,

Your Son

Biggs Darklighter

Biggs Darklighter was best known for his affiliation with Luke Skywalker, and for his heroism during the Battle of Yavin.

As a child, Biggs was one of the privileged class on Tatooine. His father, the food-magnate Huk Darklighter, made sure that Biggs got everything he ever desired in life. Everything, that is, except for a father's warmth and understanding. The elder Darklighter purchased his water from moisture farmers at cut rates, and then sold the resulting produce at a tremendous profit. He is considered to be the largest food producer on Tatooine, and has swallowed up dozens of family-owned moisture farms to ensure a constant supply of water for his subterranean crops.

Before long, Biggs became discontented with his family and started spending more and more of his time in the streets of Anchorhead. There he met a young boy by the name of Luke Skywalker. Luke and Biggs became fast friends, but there was always an air of competition about their friendship.

The two friends spent most of their teenage years together. They raced landspeeders and skyhoppers, dreamed of space battles, and made plans to go to the Academy together. Biggs's father could assure his son's commission, while Luke's raw talent was more than adequate for acceptance. After they graduated, they planned to serve their required time and then get a spaceship together, going into business across the galaxy. They never really decided what they would do once they were zooming through space, but in their youthful exuberance it really didn't matter.

Unfortunately, Luke was detained for "another season" in order to help his uncle's struggling moisture farm and Biggs was



forced to start his training without him. This was heartbreaking to both lads at the time, but grew more and more so as season after season passed with Luke forced to stay for just "one more harvest."

Eventually Biggs graduated and was assigned to the merchant ship *Rand Ecliptic*. But during his time at the Academy, Biggs made friends with a group that wanted to switch sides. They planned to jump ship once they reached an out system. From there, Biggs and his friends were going to join the Alliance.

Biggs Darklighter

Template Type: Brash Pilot

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.83 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), flight suit.

Quote: "The Rebellion is spreading and I want to be on the right side — the side I believe in."

DEXTERITY _____	3D
Blaster _____	4D+2
Dodge _____	5D+1
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D+2
Cultures _____	4D+2
Planetary Systems _____	4D
Streetwise _____	3D+2
MECHANICAL _____	4D
Repulsorlift _____	
Operation _____	5D+1
Starship Gunnery _____	5D+2
Starship Piloting _____	6D

PERCEPTION _____	3D
Con _____	4D
STRENGTH _____	3D
Brawling _____	4D+1
Stamina _____	5D
TECHNICAL _____	3D
Computer Programming/	
Repair _____	4D+1
Repulsorlift Repair _____	3D+2
Security _____	3D+2

Biggs demonstrated unswerving loyalty for the Alliance once he made contact. He had a knack for hot-dogging TIE fighters that was unmatched until his old friend Luke Skywalker entered the scene.

Had Biggs Darklighter survived the Battle of Yavin, he would no doubt be a major force in the Alliance, much like his friend Luke Skywalker. But he did not

survive, instead giving his life so that the Rebellion would succeed. Luke's brief reunion with his childhood friend in the Yavin hangar bay just before the final assault on the Death Star is one of those moments the fledgling Jedi looks back on today, wishing he could grab hold of it, and stretch it out indefinitely.

Wish You Were Here

The following data transmission from Biggs Darklighter to Luke Skywalker (dated a few weeks before the deaths of Luke's guardians and young Skywalker's subsequent flight from Tatooine), arrived after Luke met the young man in Anchorhead but was obviously written before Biggs returned home for the last time. It was graciously given to Voren Na'al for inclusion in his report by Luke himself. He feels it is a fitting tribute to his late friend, who heroically lost his life during the Battle of Yavin.

Dear Luke,

How're things on old Tatooine? Hot as ever, I'll bet. Things are getting pretty hot for me these days, too. I'm sure you're still doing boring stuff on your uncle's farm, so I'll tell you about my exciting stuff instead.

Since I graduated from the Academy, I've been assigned to a merchant ship as first mate. They won't give me many responsibilities yet as for some reason they don't trust me all that much. I don't think we're running anything illegal, but they're nervous a lot anyway. Remember how your uncle got whenever we asked about your dad? They're sort of like that. Actually, they're a lot like that.

Hey! How is Old Uncle Whiner doing these days? When's he gonna let you come

to the Academy? You were the best pilot of all of us and you're gonna be the last to go through. By the by, this Rebellion thing is getting hairy. The Empire will promise you a moon full of credits to transfer into the military, but do what I did instead — get them to commission you to a non-combat post. It's safer and you don't have to worry about their political garbage.

Seriously, if you don't get off of that dust bowl soon you'll be tending vaporators for the rest of your life. Mark my words, kid.

Sometimes I miss tagging Womprats in Beggar's Canyon. You were the better shot, but I was the better flyer. Well, just as good as you at least. If you think you're any better, you'll have to come out here and prove it.

Good luck with one more season of dust and Droids.

Your best friend,
Biggs

P.S. Don't show this data transmission to anyone and don't let anyone know you've heard from me. I can't tell you why now, but I will next time I'm near Tatooine. If you don't hear from me in a little while, don't worry. I've just been given some real responsibility for once in my life and it feels great.

Wedge Antilles

Another heroic friend of Commander Skywalker's is Wedge Antilles. This Corellian had a reputation as something of a show-off before he was assigned to Skywalker's squad during the Battle of Yavin. Since then, he's quickly become one of the Alliance's rising young stars.

He was one of the few pilots to survive the Battle of Yavin, and not by any act of cowardice. Wedge is credited with a half dozen kills during the assault and aided in Luke's final run for the exhaust port.

Wedge has since become good friends with Luke and seems to spend a lot of time around Han Solo and his prized *Millennium Falcon*. No doubt the two Corellians have much more in common than just their place of birth.

Rebel pilots always seem to come from broken pasts, and Wedge is no exception. Apparently, being a Corellian is not all fun and games. The many pirates that raid nearby systems and trade routes sometimes turn in on their home ports when the going gets rough.

Wedge's parents were the managers of one of many fueling depots in outer Gus Treta, a spaceport in the Corellian system. When a pirate vessel fleeing authorities burst out of its hangar without unhooking its cables, the ensuing fireball destroyed both it and subsequently the entire complex. Wedge was attending his final days of upper division schooling. With the insurance for the complex and his parents, and the reward for indirectly disposing of the wanted felons, Wedge bought his own Corellian stock light freighter and having spent his entire life around repulsorlifts and hyperdrives modified it to suit him.

With some credits left over, Wedge began a profitless attempt to make a respectable



living in a system where smuggling was the rule, not the exception.

In a last ditch effort, Wedge joined the Alliance as a weapons smuggler, and soon got caught up in something far larger than the turn of a credit or two. Since then, his mechanical and repair skills are almost indispensable and now it seems he's a superior combat pilot as well.

It is indeed fortunate that Wedge Antilles is on the side of the Alliance in this conflict. There are many more medals waiting to be pinned on his valiant chest beside those he received at Yavin.

Wedge Antilles

Template Type: Brash Pilot

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.7 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), flight suit, tool kit.

Quote: "Watch your back! Fighter's above you, coming in!"

DEXTERITY _____ 3D

Blaster _____ 4D+2

Dodge _____ 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D+2

Alien Races _____ 3D+2

Bureaucracy _____ 4D+2

Planetary Systems _____ 4D+2

MECHANICAL _____ 4D

Astrogation _____ 6D

Starship Gunnery _____ 5D

Starship Piloting _____ 5D+2

Starship Shields _____ 4D+2

PERCEPTION _____ 3D

Bargain _____ 4D

Gambling _____ 4D+1

STRENGTH _____ 3D

Stamina _____ 4D

TECHNICAL _____ 3D

Computer Programming/
Repair _____ 5D

Repulsorlift Repair _____ 3D+2

Starship Repair _____ 4D+1

Jek Porkins

The "Kenobi Medallion" for heroic sacrifice is one of the highest honors awarded within the Alliance. However, it is only given in memory of those who have nobly sacrificed themselves in the Alliance's fight for freedom against the tyrannies of the Galactic Empire. The first Rebels ever to receive this posthumous commendation were the galant heroes killed during the battle of Yavin. Many brave and noble men and women met their end on that day, and none were more brave and noble than Jek Porkins.

Jek was a free trader from the Bestine system, who had just gone into business for himself when the Empire decided it needed a new high-security base of operations in that arm of the galaxy. The entire population of Bestine IV, by comparison very small, was forced to vacate their homeworld so that the Empire might have a totally secure base of operations. Naturally there were promises of relocation in a "new and exciting" environment, but these turned out to be empty promises. The people of Bestine IV began to wander nomadically throughout the system, seemingly without pride or purpose.

Receiving news of this latest Imperial outrage, the then-fledgling Rebel Alliance thought that the homeless people of Bestine IV would make ideal recruits, gladly joining in the cause if only because they had nowhere else to turn. This however, proved to be untrue. The people of Bestine IV were not interested in a life anywhere but on their own homeworld. They scoffed at the fugitive "life on the run" that the Rebellion offered, wanting only to live as they were, slowly gathering the weapons and resources needed to retake their stolen world. Even the desperate pleadings of then-Senator



Princess Leia Organa could not convince them otherwise.

But Jek Porkins heard the words of the Alliance and the Princess, and he saw the truth in them. By joining the Alliance he could strike back at the Empire right away, and perhaps eventually convince the Rebellion to help his people reclaim their planet. It would likely take the nomadic Bestines many standard decades before they could even attempt action against the Imperial base. And Jek was itching for revenge now, in his lifetime, while he could still make a difference.

Jek Porkins

Template Type: Brash Pilot

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.78 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D), comlink, flight suit.

Quote: "Hold your Gandoks, I'm goin' in!"

DEXTERITY _____ 3D

Blaster _____ 3D+1

Heavy Weapons _____ 4D

KNOWLEDGE _____ 2D

Alien Races _____ 4D

MECHANICAL _____ 4D

Starship Gunnery _____ 6D

Starship Piloting _____ 5D

PERCEPTION _____ 3D

Con _____ 4D

STRENGTH _____ 3D+2

Stamina _____ 4D+2

TECHNICAL _____ 2D

Security _____ 3D

As with many of the reckless young Rebel pilots, Jek was a champion Skyhopper jockey back on his homeworld. The transition from T-16 Skyhopper to X- or Y-wing fighter is a smooth one, and Lieutenant Porkins's combat record bears that out. In under 40 hours of actual combat flight time, Jek racked-up an impressive 16 kills, all confirmed. Surprisingly, however, Lieutenant Porkins's specialty was not actually the dogfight, but rather the oft-neglected strafing run. Having learned the skill from many standard years of flink-crab hunting on the rocky islands of Bestine IV, Jek became

deadly with the strafing run during his time with the Alliance. This unusual talent, along with his rather large physical stature, earned a young Lieutenant Porkins the not-so-flattering nickname "Belly Runner."

But for all of this friendly ribbing, Jek Porkins was one of the most respected pilots in the Rebel Alliance, and will be remembered fondly by his shining Kenobi Medallion which, along with his other heroic comrades', hangs in the pilot's lounge on Tierfon Fighter base — an inspiration to all who strap themselves into the cockpit of a starfighter.

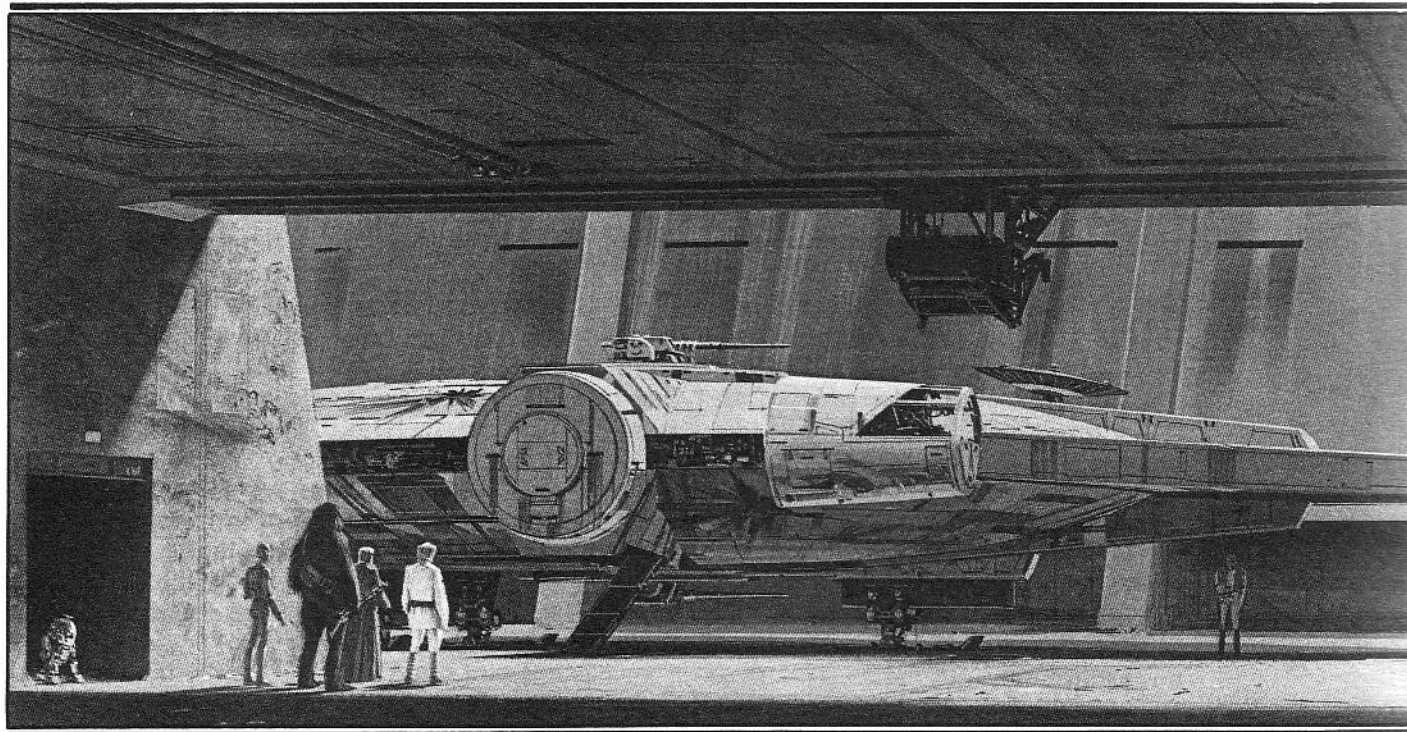
I nterviews with the Heroes of Yavin

From the Notes of Voren Na'al, Assistant Historian to the Alliance

Although my little investigative journey was now over and I was safe on Thila once again, I still had the long process of assembling my notes ahead of me. I had nearly resolved to reorganize my entire story, piece by piece, when an unexpected guest dropped by. Wedge Antilles came by my cabin for a social call. We talked for awhile and I shared with him some of what I learned.

Before he left, I confided in him that I was having some trouble reporting on all of the characters I had met during the voyage, and that I was especially concerned with how I should portray the Alliance's greatest heroes. I'd already scanned the existing recorded interviews. What could I ask them that they hadn't been asked before?

Wedge smiled. "Why not ask them what they think of making the Empire's Most Wanted list?" With that, he left me alone with my thoughts and my notes, confident that I would figure out what to do.



Luke Skywalker

I caught up with Commander Skywalker only moments before he was scheduled to patrol Thila's dangerous wastelands. He was hopping into the cockpit of a modified airspeeder when I approached.

"Commander Skywalker!" I yelled out hopefully.

He stopped putting his helmet on, leaned over, and smiled.

"Yes?" he called down.

"Can I have a word with you? I'd like to ask you a few questions." I sounded too much like a reporter and the Commander seemed unimpressed.

Luke smiled. "I've got a run, so either jump in or step back."

He was challenging me. I hesitated for a moment, not realizing that he meant I should climb into the unused gunner's compartment. He began to power the speeder up and I felt a surge of bravery. I don't know why, but I climbed clumsily up the wing and sat myself down.

"Buckle up!" he yelled back to me, and I suddenly realized that I was facing backwards — so to speak. I was looking down the rear of the speeder while he was behind me, facing the front. I quickly wondered how I was going to interview him this way, as I hastily strapped myself in.

We were off in seconds, and it was the strangest sensation I ever had, flying backwards out of a hangar under the huge protective blast doors and beyond the Iotia Mountains. He was flying low and reckless, and the Thilian dust swept up behind us.

"So, what do you want to know?"

"Call me Voren, sir."

"Sir?" he mused. "Only Threepio calls me sir. I'm Luke. Glad to meet you, Voren."

"Glad to meet you too, sir. I mean Luke."

I cannot explain how odd it was talking to a chair, since I couldn't see Luke for the life of me.

"Well, I assume you've seen the Empire's latest Most Wanted List..."

The ship veered suddenly.

"Those lying Womprats," he shouted as the left wing scraped the sand and my heart almost stopped. "Stormtroopers killed my aunt and uncle, not me."

"According to the list, you're wanted for their murder. And the Empire says you stole two Droids and a landspeeder, proving your guilt..." I knew these were lies, but he



was starting to get really agitated. The best interviews often come under such circumstances, or so I had heard.

"The Droids were purchased by my uncle for the upcoming harvest and..."

The commander paused and his flying became smooth and steady. I decided not to press my luck, but instead prodded him out of his state.

"He was like a father to you wasn't he?"

"Yeah, but my father was different. He was ... a Jedi."

The last word trailed for a moment, and when he spoke it, I could hear the reverence in his voice.

"I don't remember my father. Somehow I think he was a lot like Ben ... was."

Now I was on touchy ground.

"The Empire says you're insane and you still 'talk' to General Kenobi sometimes. Is any of that true?"

Luke laughed. "You might just think I'm crazy, but the Force is powerful. It's made by all living things, and death is really only one stage of life. Ben talks to me all right."

"Like when you made your famous shot?"

Luke Skywalker

(As of the Battle of Yavin)

Template Type: Brash Pilot

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.72 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Lightsaber (damage 4D), blaster pistol (damage 4D).

Quote: "I care."

DEXTERITY _____	3D	PERCEPTION _____	2D+1
Blaster _____	6D	Bargain _____	3D
Brawling Parry _____	4D	Command _____	5D
Dodge _____	6D	Hide/Sneak _____	3D
Melee Parry _____	5D	Search _____	3D
Melee _____	4D	STRENGTH _____	3D
Lightsaber _____	4D+1	Brawling _____	5D+1
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D	Climbing/Jumping _____	6D
Alien Races _____	3D	Lifting _____	4D
Bureaucracy _____	2D+2	Stamina _____	6D
Streetwise _____	2D+1	TECHNICAL _____	3D
Survival _____	6D	Computer Programming/	
Technology _____	4D	Repair _____	5D
MECHANICAL _____	4D	Droid Programming/	
Astrogation _____	5D	Repair _____	6D
Beast Riding _____	4D+2	Medicine _____	3D+2
Repulsorlift Operation _____	8D	Repulsorlift Repair _____	7D
Starship Gunnery _____	6D	Starship Repair _____	5D
Starship Piloting _____	7D		
Starship Shields _____	5D	FORCE SKILLS	
		Control _____	3D
		Sense _____	2D

"Yeah. Ben said 'trust the force' and I did."

"But couldn't that have been just wishful thinking, or your own subconscious mind talking?"

"Perhaps. But the more I learn about the Force, the more I wonder."

Suddenly Luke sounded a thousand years old, like he'd seen the entire galaxy a few times and was ready to teach me a lesson about it.

"General Kenobi is not here to defend himself," I said, "so I'd like to ask you about some of the Empire's accusations concerning him."

"Go ahead. I just hope I can answer them. I only really knew him for a short time."

"He is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say. Darth Vader killed him, like he killed my father and the other Jedi Knights."

"And yet you claim you still speak with him. You know that the Empire claims no body was found, and supposedly even Vader is mystified by Kenobi's disappearance aboard the Death Star."

"I'm not sure about all that myself. I only watched the battle from afar, as my friends and I made our way to the *Falcon*."

"He bought you time then?"

"Yes. Perhaps the Force 'takes' those who are strongest with it. I don't know very much about it, really. I can just feel it, everywhere, around us now, and down there on the planet."

"Even in this desert?" I asked.

"Yes, even here." He seemed far away now. Almost worried, in a sense. It frightened me.

"I wish there were more of them," he whispered.

"You mean Jedi?"

"Ben was the last one. The only one who could have trained me to be a Jedi Knight, like my father. It's just me now ..."

I tried to think of something to say, something to comfort the young man. But just then, out of the blue, he rolled the speeder twice, making me mildly ill, and dove down into a vast canyon.

Skirting the jagged walls, he smiled and said, "Just like Beggar's Canyon back home."

Princess Leia Organa

After I had regained my land-legs and had a good meal, I went off in search of the next hero on my list, Princess Leia Organa, formerly of Alderaan. I managed to corral Leia in the temporary command center here on Thila, where she was finishing up plans for a supply raid.

"Excuse me, could I have a word with you Princess Leia?" I asked.

She frowned at me menacingly. "Do I know you?"

"No, I don't..."

She brushed by me and out through the door. I hurried to follow her as a communications technician mumbled a cynical "good luck" behind me.

"Princess," I stammered after her.

She stopped cold in her tracks and wheeled around nose to nose with me. "What is it you want?" she asked impatiently.

For a moment I wondered whether or not this was a good idea. "I wanted to ask you some questions," I began.

"I've already had my fill of questions for the day. Maybe tomorrow."

She started to turn around again and was 20 paces ahead of me before I could speak. But I recovered and found my voice. "I wanted to ask you some questions about the Empire's Most Wanted List."

To my amazement, she stopped and turned around again. I'd never seen someone so flushed with rage before in my life. I immediately noticed the blaster at her side and began to look around for a convenient escape route.

"Follow me, Lieutenant," she ordered and I smartly did as she asked.

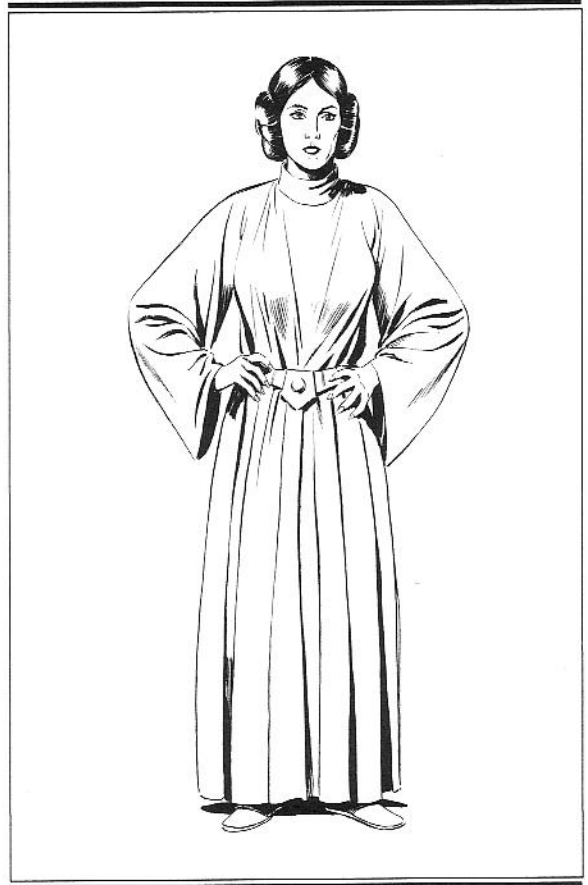
We arrived at one of the rec lounges and took a seat beside a holochess table.

"Look, I'm sorry," she started, but it didn't have quite the tone of an apology. "It's been a rough day, what with the evacuation and everything."

I was startled. "Evacuation? What evacuation? We just got here!"

"And we're just about to leave. We think some of our transports were sighted in this vicinity. You know, the fleet isn't the easiest thing in the galaxy to hide."

Nodding in agreement, I plunged ahead. "I am Voren Na'al, assistant historian assigned to Major Hextrophon. I have to ask you some questions."



Leia's features softened considerably at the mention of my mentor's name. "Yes, Arhul told me to expect a visit from you. We all serve in our own way, I guess. Go ahead, ask your questions."

I cleared my throat, realizing that what I was going to ask might not be taken well. "Imperial agencies have placed your name on their lists of persons wanted for crimes against the Empire. With each list is a report that claims you earned your seat in the Senate through dishonorable actions. How do you respond to this?"

"Vader and the Emperor wish it were true. Other senators followed me because I told the truth and stood up for what I believed in. The Empire stoops lower and lower every day, out of desperation and humiliation. The Alliance grows stronger by the day, as system by system slips through the Emperor's grasp."

"The Empire also claims that Alderaan was openly aiding the Rebellion," I said, "which was the reason it was destroyed."

The Princess's face paled considerably at the mention of Alderaan. "I am very proud

Leia Organa

Template Type: Young

Senatorial

Loyalty: To the Rebellion

Height: 1.5 meters

Sex: Female

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D).

Quote: "The more you tighten your grip, the more star systems will slip through your fingers."

DEXTERITY _____	3D	PERCEPTION _____	3D+1
Blaster _____	5D	Bargain _____	6D
Brawling Parry _____	4D	Command _____	8D
Dodge _____	6D	Con _____	5D+1
Grenade _____	4D	Gambling _____	4D
Heavy Weapons _____	4D	Hide/Sneak _____	5D+1
Melee Parry _____	4D	Search _____	4D+1
Melee _____	5D	STRENGTH _____	3D
KNOWLEDGE _____	4D	Brawling _____	4D
Alien Races _____	7D	Climbing/Jumping _____	4D
Bureaucracy _____	8D	Stamina _____	6D
Cultures _____	8D	Swimming _____	5D
Languages _____	5D	TECHNICAL _____	2D
Planetary Systems _____	5D	Computer Programming/	
Survival _____	5D	Repair _____	3D
Technology _____	5D	Droid Programming/	
MECHANICAL _____	2D+2	Repair _____	4D
Astrogation _____	3D+2	Medicine _____	4D
Beast Riding _____	3D+2	Security _____	3D
Repulsorlift Operation _____	4D+2		
Starship Gunnery _____	4D		
Starship Piloting _____	5D		
Starship Shields _____	5D		

of what my planet and my father stood for. Peace was always the highest goal that Bail Organa set, peace and freedom for all planets. I will make no excuses for my planet's actions, just as the Empire cannot hide behind lies and false reasoning concerning the murders of billions of innocent people."

Seeing tears well in her eyes, along with grim determination, I decided to change the focus of the interview. "Princess, you seem to have become very close to those who rescued you from the Death Star and have subsequently been referred to as the Heroes of Yavin. Can you tell me a little about this relationship?"

Now the softness returned as she spoke. "Commander Skywalker, Captain Solo, Chewbacca, and the two Droids are all admirable additions to the ranks of the Alliance. I've never served beside braver, more capable individuals. And yes, we have all become friends. You know, it's more than friendship, really ..."

I jumped in as the Princess paused to gather her thoughts. "I have heard rumors to the affect that Captain Solo has said, and I quote, 'her highness has a crush on me,' end quote."

The rage returned to Leia's eyes and I marveled at the rate with which she could shift moods and emotions. But she managed to restrain herself and answer, "I'm afraid Captain Solo is suffering delusions, probably brought on by extended time in hyperspace. As I was going to say before I was so rudely interrupted, we have become more than friends — we've become family."

"But Captain Solo insinuated that ..."

"Good day, Lieutenant Na'al. I hope not to see you again." That was an order, of that her tone left no doubt. As she stormed off, I heard her mumble something about showing Han what he could do with a hydrospanner. I decided that Princess Leia Organa was not someone I wanted mad at me.

Han Solo

If half of the rumors I'd heard about Captain Solo were true, he'd be my best interview to be sure, and probably my hardest. He was the easiest to find, as he can almost always be found during the daylight hours working on his Corellian stock light freighter, the infamous *Millennium Falcon*. At night, he gambled with anyone who was foolish enough to take him on. I decided it would be safer, and probably less expensive, to visit the hangar bay instead.

I was in luck, as Chewbacca was obviously working on the sensor controls near the top of the ship, and I could hear Solo's distinctive voice bellowing from up an access ramp.

"Chewie! Cut the backup! Cut the backup!" he called out.

Chewbacca was welding two baffle plates together and could not possibly have heard Captain Solo. The sound of shorting circuits and the smell of smoke wafted down the ramp as I ventured inside.

Within the *Falcon*, Captain Solo was shaking his right hand violently at his Wookiee co-pilot. He started walking very quickly toward an access ladder leading up. Unfortunately, I was between him and his destination.

"Chewie!" he yelled as he knocked me into a pile of condensor cables. He turned quickly and pointed at me. "I'll be right back."

I decided to sit in place as the Corellian climbed out of sight. I heard more yelling, followed by a roar that shook the whole ship. Then Solo was descending the ladder, finally stopping in front of a control panel.

"Now, Chewie?" he called up pleasantly.

Chewbacca responded with a friendly bellow from above and Solo threw a switch. The ship went completely dark, and I heard Solo mumble under his breath, "It's not my fault." A loud "slam" sounded out of the darkness and the lights snapped on. Solo's fist was against the panel. Captain Solo looked around with a smile and then noticed my presence. His smile faded.

"You still here?" he wondered aloud.

"Captain Solo, I'm here to ask you about the Imperial Most Wanted List."

Solo snarled and reached into a metal bin. He pulled out a long hydrospanner, and started moving toward me. I stepped away in fear, remembering my earlier conversation with Princess Leia.



"Here. Hold this for a second," he ordered calmly as he slapped the instrument into my hands. He turned and reached into a wiry electronic mess above his head and began working.

"I ain't proud of everything I've done in my life, but the Empire's not gonna make me ashamed of it either."

"Are they lying about the smuggling, piracy, terrorism, and hijacking charges, Captain Solo?"

"Hey, take a look around. What do you think? Do I look like a spice runner to you?"

I looked at the *Falcon's* open cargo bays, many of which were undetectable when closed, and decided not to answer truthfully. "Well, I guess not. Still, you have had an interesting past, I'm sure."

Captain Solo smiled. "Interesting? You could say that. I've flown from one side of this galaxy to the other and I've seen a lot of strange stuff. I've worked more jobs than you could imagine, but with a Wookiee for a conscience how much bad could I really get away with?"

I had, of course, heard all about the Wookiee code of honor. "And how do you feel about being considered a hero?"

Han Solo

Template Type: Smuggler

Loyalty: To the Rebellion?

Height: 1.8 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Equipment: Blaster pistol (damage 4D).

Quote: "No reward is worth this!"

DEXTERITY _____	3D+1	PERCEPTION _____	3D
Blaster _____	9D+1	Bargain _____	8D
Brawling Parry _____	6D	Command _____	6D
Dodge _____	8D	Con _____	8D
Grenade _____	5D+1	Gambling _____	8D
Heavy Weapons _____	6D+1	Hide/Sneak _____	7D+1
Melee Parry _____	5D	Search _____	5D+2
Melee _____	6D+1	STRENGTH _____	3D
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D	Brawling _____	7D
Alien Races _____	6D	Climbing/Jumping _____	6D
Bureaucracy _____	5D	Lifting _____	5D+1
Cultures _____	4D	Stamina _____	7D
Languages _____	5D	Swimming _____	4D+2
Planetary Systems _____	7D	TECHNICAL _____	2D+2
Streetwise _____	7D	Computer Programming/	
Survival _____	6D	Repair _____	7D
Technology _____	5D	Demolition _____	4D+2
MECHANICAL _____	3D+2	Droid Programming/	
Astrogation _____	8D	Repair _____	5D
Beast Riding _____	5D+2	Repulsorlift Repair _____	7D
Repulsorlift Operation _____	7D	Security _____	7D
Starship Gunnery _____	9D	Starship Repair _____	9D
Starship Piloting _____	10D	Weapons Repair _____	4D
Starship Shields _____	6D+2		
Swoop Operation _____	6D+2		

"Well," he said, "it's not like I'm not used to fame, you know. I made the Kessel Run in less than 12...you've heard? I've outraced Imperial starships ... destroying the Death Star is only the latest in my long line of accomplishments. But I have to admit, this Rebellion stuff is certainly different from the things I've done before. It feels ... better somehow, more right. And the people I've met are great! Luke, Leia ..."

At the mention of the Princess's name, a new question popped to mind. "Speaking of Princess Leia, Captain, rumors abound that you think she has feelings for you beyond that of friend and associate."

Solo paled. "I, um, heard similar rumors." He took the hydrospanner from me and stared at it in fascination and horror. "Her worshipfulness and I agree that those rumors should not be encouraged." He tossed the tool back into the bin and walked into the cockpit. I followed.

The cockpit was in a state of disarray. Every panel and access hatch was open, spilling wires and electronic guts onto the floor. "What a mess!" I exclaimed before I realized what I'd said.

"We're in the middle of giving the *Falcon* a total overhaul," Solo replied. He sounded a bit miffed. "We've made some special modifications to this ship. She may not look like much, but she's got it where it counts."

He paused and turned. "Which is more than I can say about some people."

I ignored his insult and proceeded. "Tell me about sabacc. I hear you're quite a gambler. Rumor is you even won the *Falcon* in a card game."

Now he seemed to be getting really annoyed at me. I guess I was asking the right questions.

"Well it ain't like single-drop, pal. Sabacc's a man's game. You want to learn it, watch a holotape and go play with a Droid. And I don't have time to tell you any more stories, either."

"Look, Captain Solo, I'm sorry I'm upsetting you, but I've got a job to do as well. We each serve the Alliance in our own fashion, you know."

The smile he flashed me had all the intensity and cheer of a turbolaser at point-blank range. "Good. Why don't you go serve the Alliance someplace else and let me finish putting the *Falcon* back together. Chewie, show this guy out."

A large furry hand grabbed me from behind and easily lifted me off the ground. I realized that my interview with Han Solo had ended, but now I could begin talking with his Wookiee co-pilot. That is, if I could convince him not to toss me through the open hatch.

Chewbacca

Chewbacca the Wookiee is an interesting character. Large, fierce, and devotedly loyal to Han Solo, the powerful Wookiee has a heart as big as his armspan. A born tinkerer, Chewbacca has been many things during his long life, including slave and smuggler. Now, as a Rebel hero, he has found a home for his unusual talents and combat skills.

And speaking of combat skills, I had no desire to experience his first hand. Though my discussion with Solo had not gone as smoothly as I would have liked, I saw no reason for me and his co-pilot to be at odds. "Chewbacca, I'm only doing my job," I explained, hoping that he understood Basic. "Alliance High Command wants to prepare an accurate record of these troubled times so that the rest of the galaxy will understand the actions we have taken. This is doubly important now that the Empire is releasing reports such as their Most Wanted list."

Solo appeared at a nearby door and frowned. "Are you still here? Chewie, I thought I told you to —" Chewbacca's roar actually knocked Solo back. "All right, all right. Calm down, you old fur face. I'll tell him, I'll tell him."

Solo turned to me and said, "He wants me to tell you it's all lies. Whatever 'it' is supposed to be."

Chewbacca roared again.

"Not that list again. Look pal, I'm gonna help you with my friend here, but you've got five minutes. We've got work to do. We're evacuating again, remember?"

I responded hastily, before Captain Solo could change his mind. "Chewbacca, you're not a traitor to your race like the Imperial report indicates?"

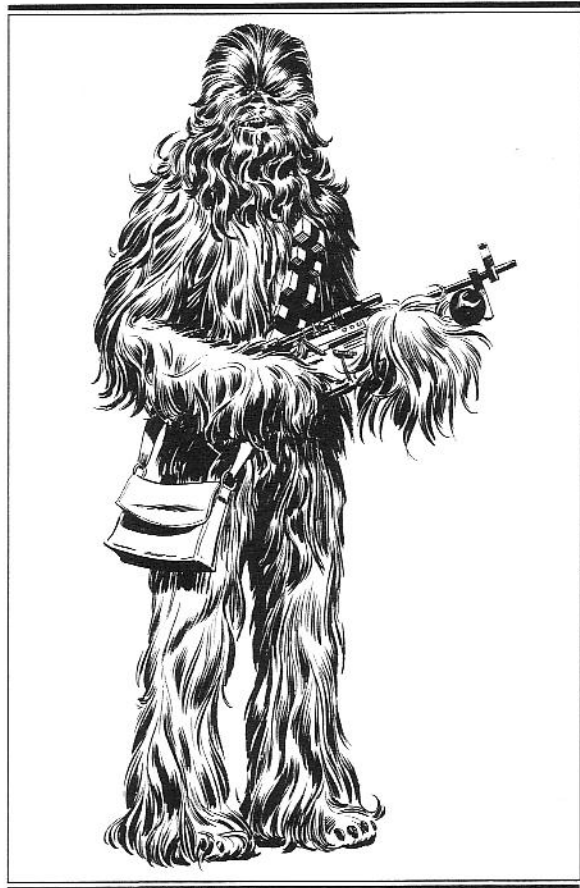
Chewbacca roared. "No," translated Solo tersely.

"The Empire says Captain Solo here bought you from slavers, and that you're forced to work for him."

Chewbacca's answer spanned a good minute or so, during which Solo smiled and the Wookiee placed a furry paw on his head.

"Chewbacca and I work together because we like each other. I saved him from slavers, I didn't buy him. The rest of the details are personal and, frankly, none of your business."

This was delicate ground, and I already knew something of the story that was going



around concerning Solo and Chewbacca. The story goes that Chewbacca was wandering the galaxy, unaware that his home world of Kashyyyk had been invaded by Imperial troops in order to recruit slaves and ensure Wookiee cooperation. When slavers captured mighty Chewbacca, not all his strength could save him from a period of painful forced labor. But a young Imperial officer named Han Solo sacrificed his career to rescue the Wookiee from bondage.

"Anyway," Solo continued, "Chewie here is chief mechanic and co-pilot of this fantastic ship. He may not have my ability with a hydrosponder, but he's good to have around in a pinch."

The great Wookiee roared in indignation, bellowing so loud the viewports throughout the ship vibrated. Solo tried to match Chewbacca, but his human vocal cords couldn't come close to the volume of an enraged Wookiee.

I leaned close to Captain Solo, shouting into his ear so that he could hear me. "Sir! I've been led to believe that a person should always let a Wookiee win!"

Chewbacca

Template Type: Wookiee

Loyalty: To His Friends

Height: 2.28 meters

Sex: Male

Race: Wookiee

Equipment: Bowcaster (damage 4D), utility/ammo bandolier.

Quote: "Roooarrgh ur rool!"

DEXTERITY _____	2D+2	PERCEPTION _____	2D
Blaster _____	5D+2	Bargain _____	5D
Brawling Parry _____	7D	Command _____	4D+2
Dodge _____	6D	Gambling _____	4D+1
Grenade _____	5D	Hide/Sneak _____	3D
Heavy Weapons _____	6D+1	Search _____	3D
Melee Parry _____	8D	STRENGTH _____	5D
Melee _____	8D	Brawling _____	10D
Bowcaster _____	9D	Climbing/Jumping _____	7D
KNOWLEDGE _____	2D	Lifting _____	9D
Alien Races _____	6D+2	Stamina _____	10D
Bureaucracy _____	4D	Swimming _____	7D
Cultures _____	3D+1	TECHNICAL _____	3D+1
Languages _____	5D+2	Computer Programming/	
Streetwise _____	6D+1	Repair _____	8D
Survival _____	7D	Demolition _____	5D+2
Technology _____	7D+1	Droid Programming/	
MECHANICAL _____	3D	Repair _____	7D
Astrogation _____	8D	Medicine _____	5D
Beast Riding _____	4D	Repulsorlift Repair _____	6D
Repulsorlift Operation _____	7D	Security _____	6D+1
Starship Gunnery _____	7D	Starship Repair _____	10D+2
Starship Piloting _____	8D	Weapons Repair _____	5D+1
Starship Shields _____	6D		

Solo turned to me, his mind obviously thinking through my argument. He turned back to Chewbacca. The Wookiee's eyes gleamed mischievously as he leaned back, his powerful arms resting behind his head.

"You're right, Lieutenant," Solo said, "I should give Chewie his due. In fact, he's much better at keeping this bucket of bolts flying than me, isn't that right, fuzz ball?"

Chewbacca growled agreeably, and I could almost recognize a proud smile shining through his fur and fangs. Then Solo pulled a hydrosponder out of his back pocket and tossed it to the Wookiee.

"You're so good, you mechanical genius you, that I'm going to let you put the cockpit back together," Solo beamed. "And I'm going to sit back and watch, just so I can learn a thing or two!"

I waited anxiously for Chewbacca to reach out and rip an arm off of Captain Solo's body, as I have heard that Wookiees do such things from time to time. But Chewbacca only laughed in his roaring voice, then picked Solo up and hugged him affectionately. I quietly exited the ship, laughing to myself as Solo half-heartedly screamed for Chewie to let go.

A Long Time Ago....

To: Arhul Hextrophon
From: Voren Na'al
Subject: The Yavin Report

Looking back on my research over these past weeks, I am struck by a certain feeling of accomplishment. If anything, I feel the vast number of contacts I've made and the sheer volume of background information I have gathered for this report should make the Alliance auditors feel their credits were well-spent.

I discovered that the destruction of the awesome Death Star battle station was indeed a monumental task, taken on by unlikely heroes in a dangerous time. The major players were incongruous: an aging Jedi Knight, two brave and hearty young people from totally different worlds, a notorious smuggler and his Wookiee copilot, and, of all things, two Droids. The selection could not have been more perfect.

As I go over my notes, I hit upon the obvious. The focus of this report is not the events themselves, epic though they may be, but rather the many diverse beings that played out the tale. It is said that moments of bravery are most often created by moments of necessity. This story defies that notion. It is far easier to succumb to tyranny than to fight it, for freedom is not a necessity, it is a gift. Those who recognize its worth fight to protect it.

On reflection, if this work I have set out

to do accomplishes anything, I would hope that it would serve as a lesson to future generations. History is far too often ignored, allowing destructive patterns to repeat time and again. The events leading up to the Battle of Yavin must also stand as a symbol, an inspiration.

If you were to ask me what I would most want remembered, it would be the people. If you were to ask me what I would leave for future generations, or even for visitors from another place, so that they might better understand these times that we are going through, it would be a story. For it is a story in its most basic sense. It is a grand and wondrous story. And I would start it something like this ...

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away ...

It was a period of civil war. Rebel spaceships, striking from a hidden base, had won their first victory against the evil Galactic Empire. During the battle, Rebel spies managed to steal secret plans to the Empire's ultimate weapon, the Death Star, an armored space station with enough power to destroy an entire planet.

Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, Princess Leia raced home aboard her starship, custodian of the stolen plans that could save her people and restore freedom to the galaxy ...

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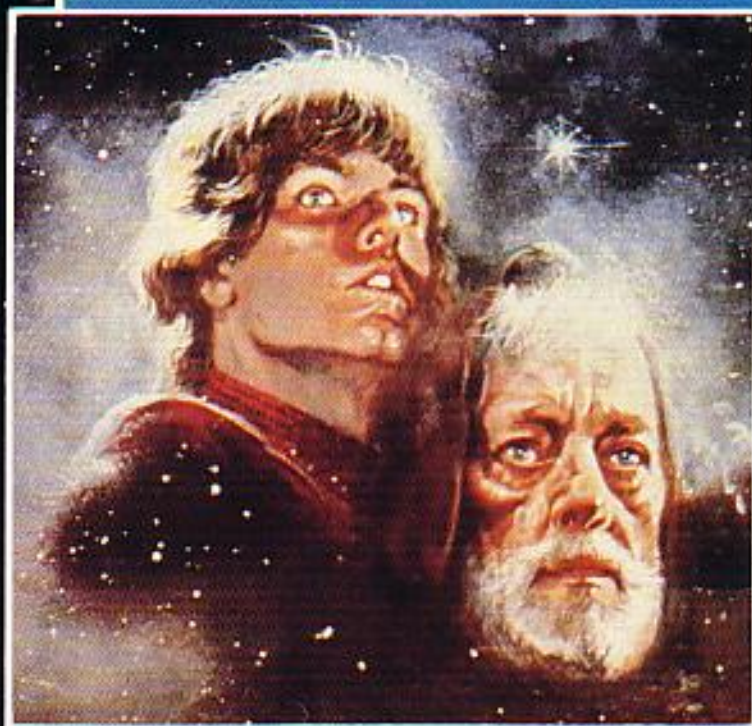
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