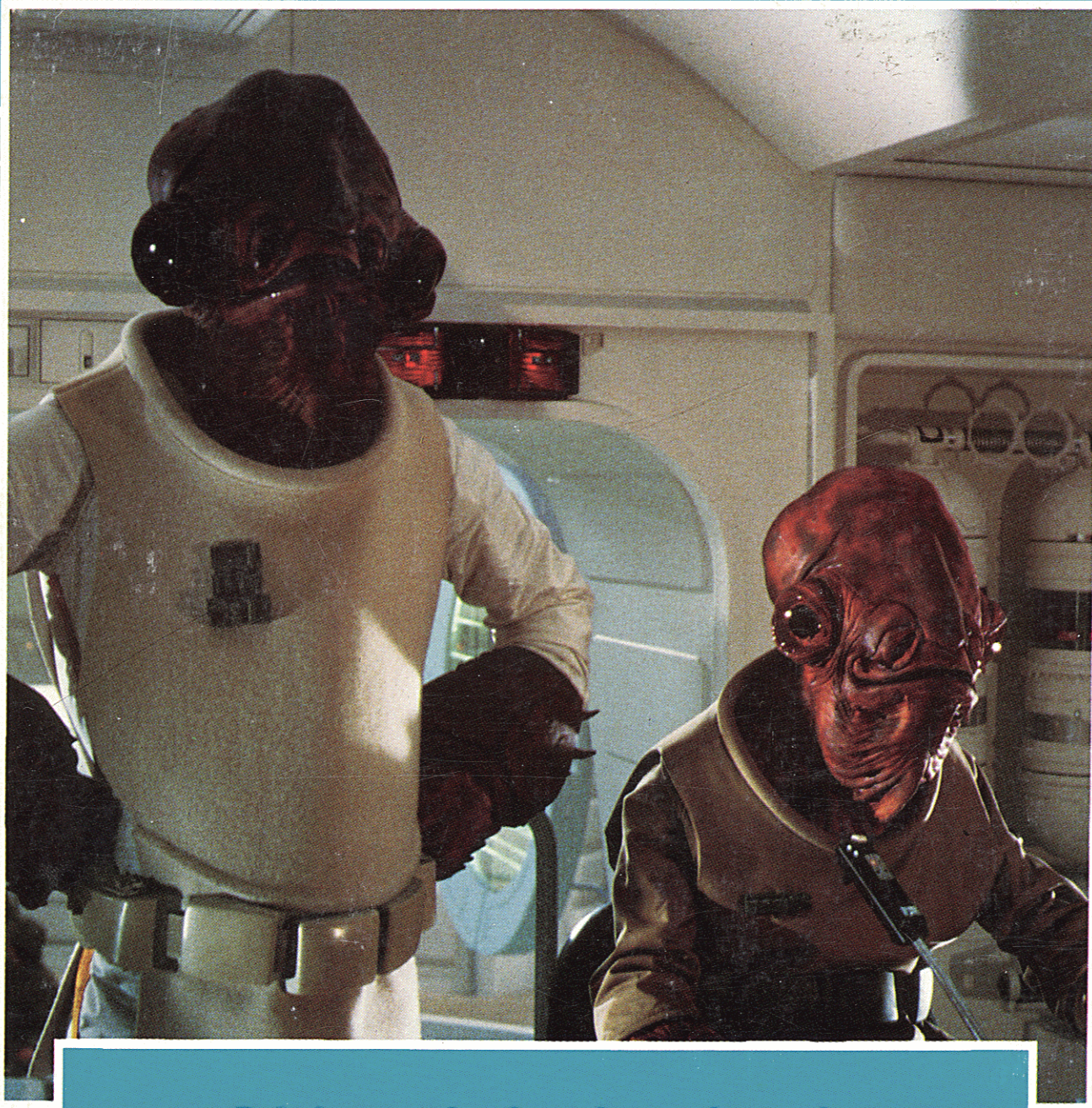


# STAR WARS®

## Death In the Undercity

An Adventure for use with *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*

Plus  
QUARREN  
PROFILE BOOK  
Bonus Section!



Rebel agents battle a plot to plunge the ocean world of Calamari into a bloody civil war.

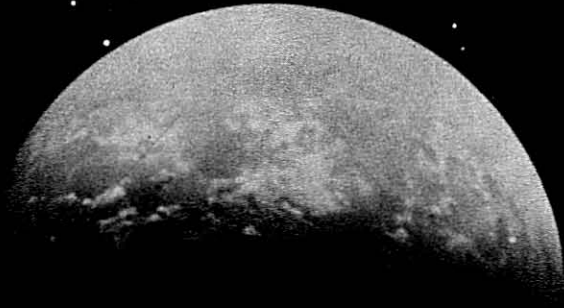


# Death In the Undercity



by Michael Nystul

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



**It is a critical time for the Rebellion. Starships provided by the Mon Calamari have significantly bolstered the ranks of the Rebel Fleet. The Calamari Cruisers are all that keep the tiny Rebel Fleet from complete destruction at the hands of the EVIL GALACTIC EMPIRE.**

**However, a string of mining accidents, which may be sabotage, have slowed production of Mon Calamari starships to a near standstill, denying the Rebel Fleet its most valuable assets.**

**Now, as a small transport makes its way from one of the many stations orbiting Calamari to one of its largest cities, the Rebels aboard prepare themselves to fight an invisible enemy. They must succeed, or the Rebel Fleet will suffer a setback that could well mean the difference between victory and defeat in the coming battles.**

# STAR WARS®

## Death In the Undercity

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## I

# Introduction

The Old Republic is no more, and in its place stands the EVIL GALACTIC EMPIRE. The scheming Emperor Palpatine has cast his shadow of tyranny and oppression over a thousand, thousand worlds. The beings of the galaxy are frightened and intimidated by the colossal might of the Empire, and the once-bright flame of freedom has begun to sputter and die.

There is a new hope for the galaxy, however. An upstart Alliance of Rebels has cast its first stones at the Imperial Goliath, and set an example for others to follow. The beings of the galaxy have taken notice. A handful of worlds has attempted to creep out from under the despotic shadow of the Emperor and join the fight to restore freedom to the galaxy.

This is the story of *Star Wars*, an awesome saga of heroism in the face of overwhelming odds. This adventure is a part of the continuing story—a story in which your players assume the roles of valiant Rebels who fight to rid the galaxy of the evil Empire.

This adventure is for use with *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*. It is designed for a group of six player characters and a gamemaster, but can be readily adapted for use with groups of different sizes.

If you want to be a player in this adventure, stop reading now. This book contains information for the gamemaster's eyes only. Reading the material contained herein will only ruin the adventure for you and for everyone else involved.

## In this Adventure ...

... Rebel agents are sent to the Calamari system to investigate a slowdown in starship construction. What begins as a routine inspection becomes a struggle against the invisible opposition of Imperial saboteurs. These saboteurs, surgically disguised as Mon Calamari, have infiltrated the Quarren mining operation, slowing down the retrieval and processing of a vital ore, and straining relations between the Quarren and the Alliance to the breaking point.

The Rebels must root out the Imperials and eliminate the threat to starship construction on Calamari. But this is easier said than done: the

enemy is cunning, and dangerous.

At first, the Imperials attempt to kill the Rebel agents, but when the Rebels begin to unravel their carefully-laid plans, they enact a plan to halt Calamari starship construction forever.

## Preparing to Play

Before the curtain goes up on your roleplaying session, you, the gamemaster (GM), should be familiar with all of the material presented in this adventure. Read through the adventure at least once. Pay particular attention to the episodes you intend to play during the upcoming play session, but try to familiarize yourself with the entire adventure so that you are ready for the unexpected.

Make sure that all of the players have a player character (PC) ready to go. Any players who do not have a PC on hand must spend a couple of minutes selecting and customizing a character template.

When you are prepared and all the players have a PC on hand, you are ready to begin.

## Difficulty Numbers and Game Balance

As gamemaster, you must modify this adventure to fit your particular group of players using the "Difficulty Numbers Scale" found below and in the *Star Wars Rules Companion*.

For example, if the text says a Rebel must make a Difficult *streetwise* roll to accomplish a given task, you would assign a number between 16 and 20, depending on the level of skill of the player's character.

Also keep in mind that the number of Rebels and their particular types of templates affects the outcome of every encounter. This adventure is designed for four to six novice characters with a good mix of skills. Additional or more experienced characters may require you to beef up the encounters, while fewer or less experienced characters may require you to scale them down. The idea is to challenge the PCs, neither overwhelming them nor making things too easy.

Note that in all of West End's published adven-

tures attributes are capitalized and italicized, skills are only italicized.

## **D**ifficulty Number Scale

Task	Difficulty Range
Very Easy	3-5
Easy	6-10
Moderate	11-15
Difficult	16-20
Very Difficult	21-30

If your characters are relatively new and untrained, assign numbers from the low end of the ranges; if the characters are rather more proficient, assign difficulty number from the higher end.

## Adventure Materials

This book contains the adventure *Death In the Undercity*, a special *Quarren Profile* section, various maps and diagrams, an adventure script, and eight non-player character templates. We suggest that you photocopy the adventure script and any maps that you might show to the players.

In addition to this book, you will need *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*, *The Star Wars Rules Companion*, pencils, paper and lots of six-sided dice to play this adventure.

*The Star Wars Sourcebook*, *The Imperial Sourcebook*, *The Rebel Alliance Sourcebook*, *The Star Wars Campaign Pack* and *Star Wars Miniatures Sets* are all recommended accessories but are by no means necessary.

## Adventure Background

The ocean world of Calamari is home to two sentient races. The dominant race, the Mon Calamari, have long been firm members of the Rebel Alliance, providing many of the Alliance's most powerful starships. The Mon Cal are an idealistic people who have seen that they must take a stand against the Empire.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said about the other sentient species native to Calamari, the Quarren. Less idealistic than their sad-eyed neighbors and embittered by what they consider to be contempt and discrimination from the Mon Cal, the Quarren want little or nothing to do with Rebellion or Empire.

However, having once risen up against the Empire (see *The Star Wars Sourcebook*), the Quarren recognize that there is little chance of remaining

neutral in the conflict and even less chance that the Empire will be merciful toward them in the end. Therefore, the Quarren find themselves reluctant members of the Alliance.

The most important contribution to the war effort by the Quarren takes place at Morjanssik, a floating city almost totally populated by Quarren. Morjanssik is a mining town, known for the processing of ores brought up from the great subterranean trench which runs along the ocean floor almost a kilometer below the city. These ores form an important component in the construction of the mighty Mon Calamari Cruisers, the core of the Rebel Fleet.

Ore extraction has been down for the past few months, and recently there have been several dangerous and suspicious accidents in the city and in the mines below. The Calamarian Council, the central governing body of the planet, is split along racial lines on the issue and thus politically paralyzed.

The council is equally divided between Mon Calamari and Quarren. The Mon Cal Council members suspect Imperial activity in Morjanssik, but the Quarren Council members, quick to defend the competence and loyalty of their people, deny the allegations. This leaves the Council deadlocked and the people of Calamari helpless to remedy their problem.

Enter the heroes...

## Adventure Synopsis

The Rebel Alliance prefers not to interfere in the internal problems of a planet, but the recent events on Calamari are seriously jeopardizing the shipbuilding schedule. Hence, the Alliance has decided to send a group of operatives to Morjanssik, ostensibly to study Quarren mining techniques, but their real mission is to root out and destroy Imperial saboteurs—without letting the Quarren know what they are up to.

From the first, the Rebels face the silent opposition of Imperial agents from the dreaded Destabilization branch of Imperial Intelligence. They have infiltrated the city surgically disguised as Mon Calamari. Their primary mission is to disrupt starship production any way they can, and if possible, disrupt the Calamari Council.

The Imperials make numerous attempts on the lives of the Rebel contingent. When these fail, they decide to turn the Quarren against the Rebels by framing them for the murder of the Chief Manager of the city. This lands the Rebels in prison and puts their mission (and their lives!) in serious jeopardy. The Rebels must stop the Imperials before they complete their final act of sabotage—the utter destruction of the mines!



## The Main NPCs

Game Statistics for these characters can be found on pages 44-45.

**Kalbrac:** Ranking Alliance operative in the city, this Mon Calamari officer is the Rebels' main contact in Morjanssik. Kal (as he is known by friends) is cool-headed and even-tempered. He has a sharp mind and an excellent grasp of the politics of the city to which he has been assigned. He meets the Rebels upon their arrival in the city in Episode One and will be a useful resource throughout the adventure.

**Kelmut Wolg:** Assistant Manager of Morjanssik, this ambitious Quarren effectively runs the city. The Rebels meet the Assistant Manager in Episode One, and his influence is felt throughout the adventure.

Wolg is a fanatic isolationist who believes that the Quarren should take no part in the struggle between the Alliance and the Empire. He is in league with the Imperial saboteurs and has been led to believe that their actions can sway the

Calamari Council toward dissolving their pact with the Rebel Alliance.

Kelmut Wolg has also been promised that, if the Council withdraws from the Alliance, the Empire will allow Calamari its independence. Predictably, the terms of this arrangement seem to have changed somewhat since the Imperials arrived...

**Moren Chonk:** The Chief Manager of Morjanssik, Chonk is a Quarren bureaucrat who resents interference by the Alliance in his operation. He is somewhat of a figurehead, leaving most of the actual management to his advisor, Kelmut Wolg. Chonk is first encountered in Episode One. The Rebels are framed for his murder in Episode Four.

**Walif Merv:** A Quarren ne'er-do-well hired by the Imperials to lure the Rebels into a dangerous section of the city, in Episode Two, where they are ambushed by local thugs. Merv becomes an important ally to the Rebels in Episodes Four and Five.

# Episode One: Arrival

## Summary

As the adventure begins, the Rebels are aboard an automated Calamari shuttle that is bringing them from an orbital station to Morjanssik.

During final approach, the city's traffic computer assumes control of the shuttle to bring it in for a landing, but Imperial infiltrators have tampered with the program, causing the shuttle to accelerate to maximum speed — right at the city. The Rebels must gain control of the shuttle and bring it in for a landing under manual control if they are to avert disaster.

In the city, they meet Kalbrac, a Mon Calamari who is their contact in Morjanssik. After a debriefing, he brings them to a pivotal meeting with Moren Chonk, the City Manager, and Kelmut Wolg, his assistant. The Rebels must win the Manager's favor if they hope to have his full cooperation in their investigation.

## Start the Adventure

Hand out copies of the adventure script and assign each player a part. The parts are labelled as "1st" through "6th" Rebel. Assign multiple parts if you have fewer than six players. Begin by reading the narrative introduction provided in the "Read Aloud" section below and then follow with the adventure script. This will get the characters right into the action.

## Out of Control

As the adventure opens, the Rebels are in a lot of trouble. The automated traffic control system has been tampered with by Imperial infiltrators, locking their shuttle into a collision course with the main dome of the Quarren city. Read:

**Wisps of white slide past as you hurtle through the grey sky. Below, the sea stretches out across the face of the planet, broken only by the occasional reef. As your craft plummets earthward, the Quarren city leaps into view in your monitors.**

**The great shadow of the massive underwater structure reveals its position in silhouette. Only the top level rises above the froth of the wind-swept sea. The engines grind as the shuttle**

**bucks and lurches into a gut-wrenching spin directly toward the main dome of the city.**

If the Rebels contact Traffic Control, the dispatcher will tell them that his instruments show them on course and at the proper speed; "please hold while I check backup systems." In about ten seconds, he'll return, confirming that there is some kind of malfunction in his instruments: their craft is going way too quickly, and is on a collision course with the city. He does not understand what is wrong with his equipment; some of

## Read Aloud

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

The starships provided by the Mon Calamari are the core of the Alliance Fleet. Since the people of Calamari joined the fight against the Empire, a steady stream of the massive battle-cruisers has come from the watery planet.

Two sentient races are native to Calamari, the idealistic Mon Calamari, among the staunchest supporters of the Alliance, and the pragmatic Quarren, reluctant Rebels at best. Although the Mon Calamari design and build the unique starships, it is the Quarren who mine the rare ores used in their construction.

Quarren ore extraction has been down for some time, and recently there have been several dangerous and suspicious accidents that have slowed production even further. These slowdowns have jeopardized the Calamari shipbuilding schedule, threatening to delay the buildup of the Rebel Fleet.

Now, as a small shuttle makes its way from one of the many transit stations orbiting Calamari to Morjanssik, a primary center for Quarren ore operation, the handful of Rebels aboard prepare themselves to fight an invisible enemy among uncomfortable allies who bitterly resent their intrusion. The Rebels must succeed, or the Rebel Fleet will suffer a setback that could well mean the difference between victory and defeat.



## ADVENTURE SCRIPT

Use the following script to start your adventure. Your gamemaster will tell you what part (or parts) to read.

**GM:** (As Traffic Control) This is orbital station three to shuttle Ex-Eighty-Nine. You are now entering the Calamarian atmosphere. Control has been transferred to your onboard autopilot. Have a good trip Ex-Eighty-Nine.

**1st Rebel** (Muttering): These drone shuttles make me nervous. I prefer having a flesh and blood pilot at the controls, someone with the competence to deal with any problems that may turn up.

**2nd Rebel** (Cynically): You mean someone like you, I suppose?

**3rd Rebel:** All right folks, keep it down. Lets not forget who we are and why we are here. We have a job to do. An important job.

**GM** (As Autopilot, cheerfully): Welcome aboard! I will be your pilot for the descent through the upper atmosphere and the approach to Morjanssik. I hope you are all comfortable. I have adjusted the cabin temperature to suit your physiology.

**4th Rebel:** It talks.

**1st Rebel** (Under his breath): Figures.

**3rd Rebel:** Before we land, we should go over our mission again to make sure we have our facts straight.

**5th Rebel:** What's to keep straight? We are looking for an enemy, identity unknown, that may or may not exist because there may be a slowdown in production in the Quarren mines.

**6th Rebel:** You left out the part about conducting the investigation covertly while we are the guests of a culture who is openly hostile to their planet's participation in the Alliance.

**4th Rebel:** Yeah. I love that part. Did you read the Quarren history Alliance Diplomatic Corps gave us? Their hostility quotient is off the scale! Those guys don't like any outsiders.

**2nd Rebel:** Stop arguing and take a look out the viewport. There's the city up ahead.

**6th Rebel** (Anxiously): What kind of an approach vector is this? We are going way too fast.

**4th Rebel** (Muttering): I have a bad feeling about this...

**GM** (As Autopilot, pleasantly): I am sorry if you are experiencing any discomfort. As we have reached the predesignated altitude for final approach, I have transferred control to Morjanssik. Apparently, they have decided to make our landing vector at four point seven times the recommended maximum velocity. We should be impacting the city in one-five-zero seconds. I hope you have enjoyed your ride with Calamari Shuttles —

**5th Rebel** (Panicked): What! That means that something is wrong with the city's traffic computer!

**2nd Rebel:** (To 1st Rebel) Guess you were right about drones...

his panic filters through his tightly-controlled voice.

The dispatcher tells the Rebels that he will try to “pin down the glitch,” but, from his voice, it is obvious that there is very little that can be done in the limited time available. He’ll tell them that there is an emergency shut-down system for the shuttle; however, this will cause it to plummet directly into the water — at this high velocity, this could quite possibly be fatal to everyone aboard.

There is an escape pod aboard the shuttle; unfortunately, in atmosphere at this high speed, using the pod is quite dangerous. It would probably collide with the shuttle’s wing the moment it ejected. (If the Rebels eject from the shuttle, see “Using the Escape Pod,” below.)

Further cheering the Rebels, the dispatcher tells them that he will initiate shut-down when the shuttle is within fifteen seconds of impact, whether they are still aboard or not. The Rebels have got at most two minutes to deal with the problem from their end; after that, the controller will put the ship into the water. He simply cannot risk the shuttle hitting the city.

There is only one clear way to avoid disaster. The PCs will have to take manual control of the shuttle, and they will have to do it quickly.

### Taking Control

Switching over to manual is not as easy as it sounds, as the shuttle is a pilotless drone oper-

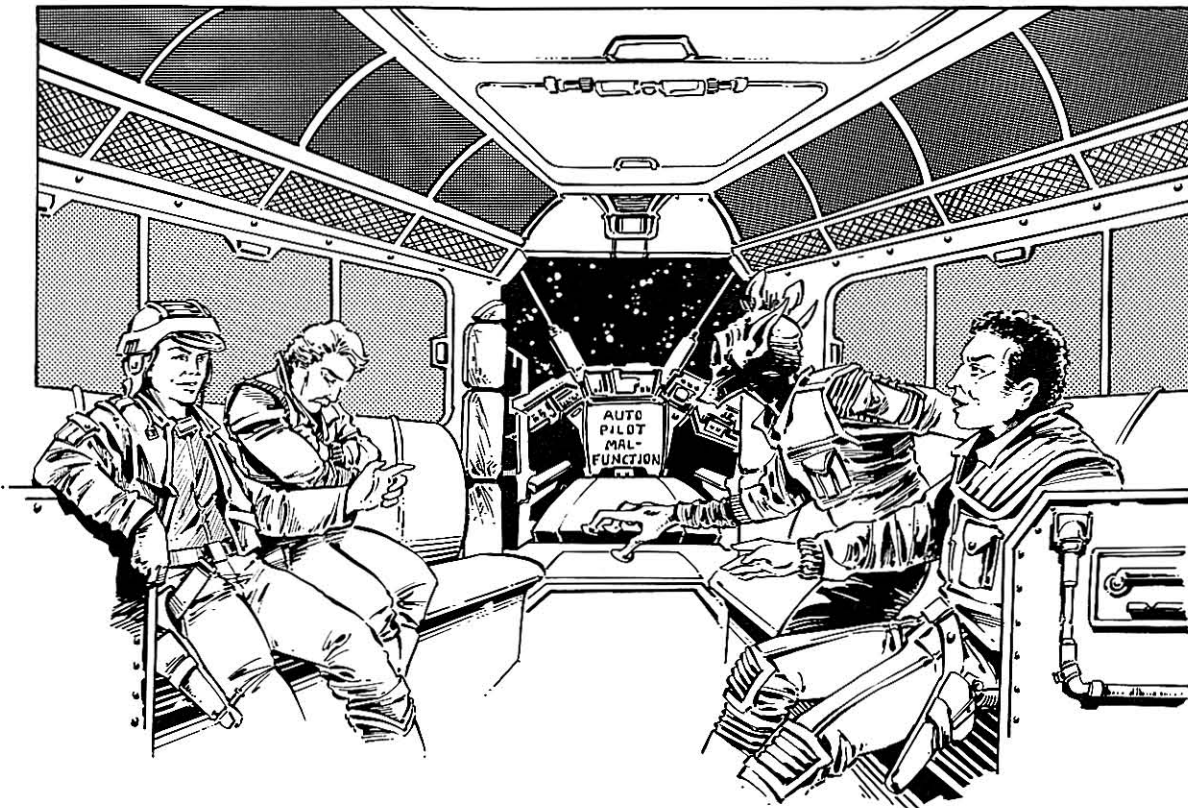
ated by remote control. During launch and descent, the shuttle is controlled from the orbital station. At a preset altitude, control is surrendered to the city’s traffic computer for final approach and landing. There are no instruments onboard the ship for manual control.

However, it’s not *quite* impossible. First, the PCs will have to bypass the automated control system and in so doing free themselves of the sabotaged signal coming from the traffic control center. This can be done with a Moderate *computer programming and repair* roll. When they bypass the automated control system, the Rebels also bypass the emergency shut-down controls: the shuttle can no longer be disabled from Morjanssik. This means that if the Rebels fail to gain control, *they* will have to shut down the shuttle to ensure that it does not collide with the city.

Once the automated control system is bypassed, manual control must be established. This requires jury-rigging a primitive control interface (a Moderate *computer programming* or *starship repair* roll).

Failing to bypass the autopilot or rig a control mechanism is not necessarily disastrous. There is enough time (barely) for a second attempt at either of these tasks. This second attempt will be rushed, making it a Difficult task. If the Rebels fail twice at either task, however, they will not have enough time for a third attempt.

If the Rebels did not succeed in two attempts at the first task, fifteen seconds before impact with





the city, the shuttle's repulsor engines cut out and the vehicle slams into the water; see "Splashdown," below. If they succeeded at the first but failed at the second, they will have to shut down the shuttle (and go to "Splashdown"); if they do not, it will crash into the city, killing the Rebels and a good deal of the city's population.

As the Rebels struggle for control, make sure that they are aware of the time pressure they are under. Describe the whirling vista out the main viewport and the tossing and turning of the shuttle, and have them make a few *Dexterity* rolls to avoid being bounced around like tenpins.

### Bringing Her In

Even if the characters manage to establish control of the shuttle, they are not yet out of danger. Read:

**You punch the code again, and again there is no reaction. Checking the tangled web of wiring hanging from the autopilot, you try pulling one of the leads to the central processor.**

**That does the trick. This time, the code brings up the makeshift control array on the main screen. But elation turns to desperation as you glance out the viewport and spot the plasteel dome rushing up at you. You're in a flat spin; you've got just seconds to pull out.**

Pulling out of the flat spin requires some fancy piloting. Whoever mans the controls must make a *Difficult starship piloting* roll because of the tricky controls and the complexity of the maneuver required. If successful, the pilot wrestles the shuttle up and out of the spin and can come in for a safe landing.

Failing that, the pilot can attempt an *Easy* roll to avoid the dome and come in for a (relatively) soft crash-landing on the water: everyone in the shuttle must roll against the crash's damage code of 4. The shuttle's hull is intact and the boat does not sink; the Rebels will be rescued in a few moments.

If the pilot fails both rolls, the shuttle crashes into the dome and everyone aboard is killed.

### Splashdown

Splashdown occurs if the shuttle's emergency shut-down is engaged. The ship slams into the water at full speed. Everyone inside is hit with 4D+2 damage. The shuttle's main hatch ruptures, and the cabin rapidly begins to fill with water.

In four rounds, the shuttle sinks to the bottom of the ocean. It's a good idea for the Rebels to get out before then. It takes a *Moderate swimming* roll to escape the cabin; a Rebel can drag out an injured or unconscious comrade by making a

*Difficult swimming* roll. The Rebels can keep trying to make these rolls until the shuttle sinks.

Once free of the shuttle, the Rebels need only tread water until their Quarren rescuers arrive. Go to "Rescue," below.

### The Escape Pod

The shuttle escape pod is an egg-shaped, heavily-padded vehicle, seating eight human-sized passengers. It is designed for atmospheric re-entry and water landing. Passengers enter the pod and strap themselves firmly into their seats, someone presses the "eject" button, and explosive charges blow the pod clear of the shuttle.

Despite Traffic Control's misgivings, the pod clears the shuttle's wings with little mishap other than a loud "whang!" and a nauseating end over end roll. The pod tumbles through the air, slams into the water, plunging deep beneath the ocean's surface, then rising up to bob gently on the waves. Anyone strapped in takes 1D+2 damage; anyone who was not strapped in takes 4D+1 damage.

The pod maintains its structural integrity; it will float without mishap until the Rebels are rescued.

### **C**alamari

Most of Calamari's surface is covered by a single sea rich in plant and animal life. Because of the stability of the planet's crust, there are few land masses of any size. Those few that rise above the vast Calamarian sea are little more than islands dominated by bogs, marshes and chains of lakes.

The watery world of Calamari is home to both the shore-dwelling Mon Calamari and oceanic Quarren. These two rather different races have developed a symbiotic society, combining their talents to build massive floating cities that extend far beneath the waves, artificial continents where before there was nothing but water. When the Empire first made contact with the Calamarians, they were greeted as friends, but that friendship soon turned to hatred when Imperial forces enslaved them and forced them to produce weapons. After enduring numerous atrocities, the Calamarians revolted, driving the Empire from their home.

Since that day, Calamari has been one of the most important worlds in the Alliance. Factories constructed during the Imperial Occupation have been turned against the Empire, producing some of the finest starships in the Allied fleet.

## Rescue

Five minutes after impact, an Emergency Services repulsorcraft ambulance zooms to the crash site. Six Quarren rescue workers plunge into the water, affix lift cables to the Rebels, and pull them into the ambulance. Three minutes later, they are receiving first-class medical attention in the Morjanssik City Hospital.

## Welcoming Committee

When the Rebels reach the city (one way or the other) they will be met by a Mon Cal accompanied by an escort of two Quarren security officers. Read:

**Inside, the city is forbidding. Dimly-lit and uncomfortably damp, this place gives you more of a chill than the near-freezing temperature can account for.**

**Disembarking, you see three figures headed your way across the bay: a grey-robed Mon Calamari wearing the ornate talismans that signify rank among his people, flanked by two stern-looking Quarren in the grey-green uniforms of the local security contingent.**

The Mon Calamari is Kalbrac, the highest-ranking representative of the Alliance in the city. Though he is a dedicated supporter of the Rebellion, he is well into middle-age and has chosen to take an administrative role planetside where he feels he will be most effective.

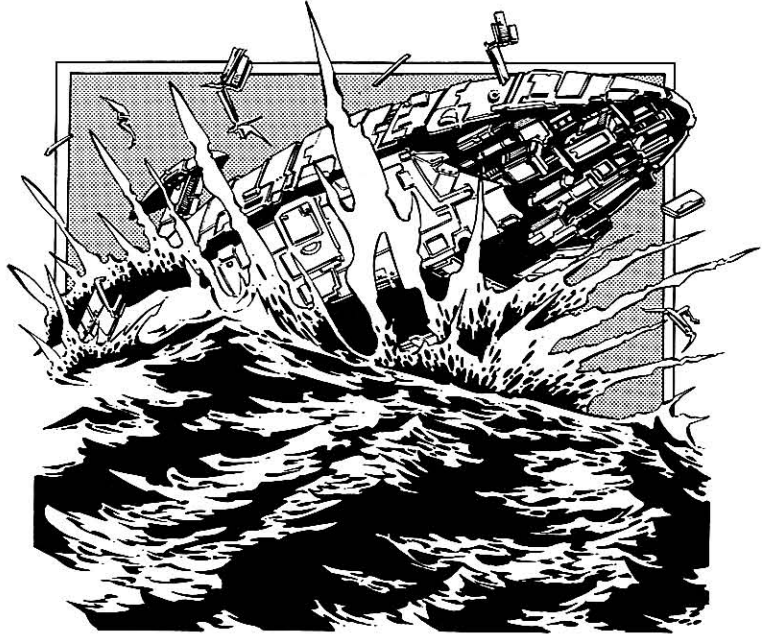
Kalbrac is soft-spoken but personable. He will introduce himself with considerable eloquence, greeting the Rebel delegation as "brothers in the struggle against tyranny" and expressing his "distress and concern" over their near-fatal mishap. Throughout this interchange, the Quarren seem uneasy and glare at the Rebels with obvious suspicion.

Having dispensed with formalities, Kalbrac dismisses the guard and leads the Rebels to his quarters, where they can discuss their mission and the situation in Morjanssik in more comfortable surroundings.

If the PCs express a desire to investigate the malfunction in Traffic Control, Kalbrac tries to dissuade them, explaining in hushed tones that the Quarren are suspicious of them and would not take well to a group of supposed "mining experts" interfering in the official investigation he has been assured is taking place. He advises that they bide a while and wait for the results of the Quarren investigation.

## Traffic Control

If the PCs insist on investigating the malfunction themselves, Kalbrac reluctantly agrees to take



them to Traffic Control Central. There, they are met by a security detachment in the process of questioning the technicians present.

The officer conducting the investigation questions the Rebels thoroughly before allowing them access to the control room. Leading them to a small conference room, he takes their statement regarding the incident in the shuttle.

Once the Rebels have been questioned, they will be allowed into the control room, accompanied by two security guards. All around them, technicians and guards are scrutinizing the traffic control computer. Dozens of panels are open, and their guts are spilled out in a tangle of wires and circuit boards.

An Easy *search* roll, made at +12 Difficulty because of the saboteurs' *hide/sneak* roll, reveals the only evidence the Imperials left of their passage. The Rebels happen upon a file tape from one of the security cameras monitoring the control center. It is in the process of being erased, but they catch a brief glimpse of a Mon Calamari, back to the camera, kneeling in front of an open panel!

When the technicians check the panel shown on the tape, they find the sabotaged circuitry right away. Unfortunately, they did not see the Mon Cal's face, and there is no additional evidence to support what the Rebels saw quite clearly on the now-blank tape, so all they have is a puzzling clue that they will be hard put to get the suspicious Quarren to believe.

When the Rebels are satisfied that they have done all they can, Kalbrac takes them to his

quarters, commenting that they are not acting like mining experts, which will only make the Quarren more nervous about their presence.

## Debriefing

Kalbrac's quarters are not spacious, but they are quite cozy, especially in contrast with the rest of the city. The humidity and temperature are more reasonable, for one thing. His furnishings are elegant, fitting form to function without the usual aesthetic sacrifice.

The Mon Cal will indicate a low, soft couch and offer the PCs some refreshments. He has obtained some Corellian brandy that "should be to their liking." Kalbrac is a gracious host who will go to great lengths to see that his guests are comfortable.

When his guests are settled, Kalbrac will get down to business. First off, unless they have already been questioned (see Traffic Control, above), he explains that he promised the guard he would take custody of them and take down the details of their "unconventional landing."

Having discharged his official duty for the city, Kalbrac turns to more pressing matters. He knows what the Rebels' real mission is and was the one who informed the Chief Manager of their visit. He informs them that the Manager will want to see them shortly, so they had best have their facts straight.

The Mon Cal expresses the concern of his people over the slowdown but warns the Rebels that the Quarren are reluctant to acknowledge that there is a problem, as doing so implies that there is some impropriety. Read:

**"The Mon Calamari and the Quarren enjoy a tenuous coexistence that would be shattered if either side began to harbor doubts about the other.**

**"Unfortunately, it is just such doubts that have made it impossible for the Calamarian Council, composed of equal numbers of Mon Calamari and Quarren, to isolate and neutralize the problems with the mining operation.**

**"Since Council intercession in the workings of Morjanssik would be viewed as an accusation of incompetence or worse against the Quarren, we have been forced to make this a covert operation. Your mission affects not only the mining operation, but the stability of the planet of Calamari itself**

**"You are not on this planet with the permission of the Calamari Council. You are here at the behest of the leaders of the Mon Calamari people, to investigate the Quarren people. If this is found out, it could lead to a break in the Council — and, not inconceivably, to civil war.**

**"You must tread softly, my friends."**

What follows is a discussion of how the Rebels intend to proceed. Use Kalbrac as a kind of moderator to keep the conversation moving, and when the necessary ground has been covered, to end it.

Kalbrac knows the information outlined in the "Adventure Background" section of the "Introduction." He can provide the characters with whatever information they require, such as the accident reports, which are incomplete and inconclusive (see below for details; feel free to photocopy them and hand them to your players, if you wish).

If asked about the Chief Manager, Kalbrac will tell them that Moren Chonk is a typical bureaucrat, more concerned with his position than the faithful execution of his duties.

On the other hand, his assistant, Kelmur Wolg, is efficient and dependable, but poses a potential threat to the Rebel mission as he is known to object to Quarren involvement in the Alliance and distrusts those not of his people, especially Rebels.

When the PCs have discussed their situation and seem to have a good idea as to how they will present themselves to the Management, move on to the next scene.

## The Management

Shortly after the debriefing, Kalbrac receives a message from the Chief Manager, who would like to have the "pleasure of their company" for the evening repast. When the PCs are ready, the Mon Cal takes them to the Manager's quarters. Read:

**You are led to the main dome by your new friend. As you near the administrative sector, the passages become wider and more comfortable.**

**When at last you reach the Chief Manager's suite, you are escorted into a large office lavishly decorated with what passes for opulence in this dreary place.**

**At the head of a large oval table is a hulking Quarren draped with his robes of office, calmly gulping down some kind of bubbling purple beverage while attempting to appear cultured and elegant.**

**Standing behind him is a tall Quarren as narrow as the other is wide. A dour fellow, his expression evinces obvious contempt. Whether it is for his porcine companion or your contingent, it is hard to tell.**

Moren Chonk, the Chief Manager of the city, greets the Rebels nervously. He introduces his assistant, Kelmur Wolg, who repeats the greeting with barely-veiled dislike. In turn, Kalbrac intro-



## ACCIDENT REPORTS

*General clearance- Search: S-Tag  
— Search Complete —*

*See Also 032944, 035762, 040756 & 042372  
(RESTRICTED — clearance B)*

*Hard copy follows:*

### **038145:** Level 12, Sector B

A fire apparently originating in one of the processors spread through the central shaft. It was extinguished with the help of seven service Droids called in from other levels to fight the blaze.

Two workers were lost to smoke inhalation and another six were taken to the infirmary (*see med file M-03-21*). Damages are estimated at 15,000 creds (*see damage report D-03-57*). Operation can continue, but new equipment will be required to replace what was lost (*see requisition order Q-03-1648*).

**Security:** Several workers have reported that the processor that malfunctioned was recently serviced and seemed to be in perfect order (*see investigation file S-03-38 RESTRICTED*).

### **041339:** Level 15, Sector G

Twenty Q-4 Borer Droids malfunctioned, creating a serious structural instability in tunnels A, C, D & F. Vibrations caused by tunnelling equipment triggered the collapse of tunnels C & D.

Four workers were killed and another three

injured (*see med file M-04-12*). Damages are estimated at over 20,000 creds (*see damage report D-04-05*). In light of the risk presented by the affected area, I recommend that operations on level fifteen be halted until sector G can be sealed off.

**Security:** Technicians on site report that the coordinated pattern of the borers indicates a control malfunction rather than a problem with the Droids themselves. This may indicate tampering (*see investigation file S-04-12 RESTRICTED*).

### **047582:** Level 10, Sector D

An environmental control unit malfunctioned, releasing a toxic gas that was not detected until the shift change.

Five workers were killed and another ten incapacitated. All of the workers in the affected shift had to be treated, and the med-techs have expressed concern over the possibility of later effects (*see med file M-04-37*). The environmental unit will have to be replaced (*see requisition order Q-04-1005*).

**Security:** The med techs who treated the affected workers have reported that they are doubtful that the toxic gas generated by the malfunctioning environmental control unit could have been produced by random chance (*see investigation file S-04-18 RESTRICTED*).

duces each of the Rebels to the Chief Manager, as Wolg watches the proceedings with a jaundiced eye.

## Breaking Bread

When the introductions have been made, everyone is seated and functionaries bring in the evening meal. Apparently, Chonk has gone to great lengths to make an impression on his Rebel guests.

By Quarren standards, the food put before the Rebels is a lavish feast. Unfortunately, a Quarren's palate is somewhat different from a human's, so their idea of a delicacy may not be quite to the Rebels' taste.

Platter after platter are laid before the Rebels, each one loaded with another of the peculiar morsels. Most of what the Quarren eat is pro-

vided by the bounty of the vast Calamarian sea. The spread is a bizarre combination of an alien sushi bar and an all-you-can-eat seafood buffet.

It is Quarren custom to eat with your hands, and the Manager does so with a vengeance, using his tentacles to help push in the food. Chonk digs in with a ravenous appetite, shovelling in handful after handful in a grotesque gastronomic display, belching his approval in between bites.

His assistant eats very little, preferring to study the Rebels in silence as he sips his wine. Kalbrac takes a fork from a pocket in his robes and selects a few dishes with which he is familiar, complementing the host several times on the quality of the meal.

How the Rebels react to this situation will help set the tone for the rest of the meeting. If they refuse to eat anything, Chonk will take that as a



## **T**he Quarren

Sometimes referred to by the derogatory term "Squid Heads," the Quarren are an intelligent humanoid species having leathery skin, turquoise eyes, fingers ending in suction cups and heads that resemble a four-tentacled squid.

Fully amphibious, the Quarren have a strong affinity for the waters that were once their home. While the Mon Cal dwell in the upper levels of the floating cities they share, the Quarren prefer the depths.

Unlike the idealistic Mon Calamari with whom they share their cities and their society, the Quarren cultivate a practical conservatism that has seen them through their troubled past. While the Mon Cal search for a perfect universe, the Quarren play the hand they are dealt.

Because of these basic cultural differences, there has been considerable friction between the two races, which has become a serious problem since the coming of the Empire. When the Imperial envoys arrived, it was the Mon Cal who welcomed them, but when the occupation forces invaded, it was the Quarren who were rumored to have sabotaged the planetary defense systems...

personal affront and will become stiff and formal, but if they brave the feast and offer gracious thanks, Chonk will be quite pleased and more comfortable with his Outworlder guests.

This is easier said than done. Although nothing put before them is actually poisonous to humans, some of it is quite unpleasant. Anyone who tries to eat his fill of the Quarren banquet must make a Moderate *alien races* roll to know what to eat. If he fails, he must make an Easy *Strength* roll to avoid having to make a hasty retreat to the lavatory.

## **An Uneasy Alliance**

Neither Chonk nor his assistant are aware of the Rebels' true purpose in the city, which would undoubtedly make them even more antagonistic. They have been led to believe that the Rebels have come to study their mining techniques, a cover story provided to them by Kalbrac before their arrival.

At this stage of the game, the Rebels' goal is to earn the trust and cooperation of the Management, reassuring Chonk that their visit poses no threat to his people, so that they can carry out their real mission unhindered by the local bureaucracy.

This is a tricky situation. Chonk feels that the economy of his people will be compromised if he allows the PCs to examine his operation. This is far from the case, as only Calamari has the materials necessary for the construction of Mon Cal ships, and it would be inexpedient to bring in the rather specialized personnel that would be required to replace the Quarren.

Chonk is aware of these facts, but needs to be reassured. When this is done, he will brighten and become animated and friendly, promising to do all he can to facilitate their mission and make their visit as comfortable and productive as possible. In fact, he will arrange a tour of the mines the very next morning.

### **The Traitor**

No matter what is said by whom, the Assistant Manager does not trust them. He makes his almost pathological hatred of Outworlders patently obvious, responding to any questions with little more than a hostile grunt.

Wolg will become quite angry if he feels that the Alliance thinks the Quarren are to blame for the slowdown at the mines. He will launch into a tirade, blaming the unreasonable demands of uncaring Outworlders for the accidents that have claimed the lives of dozens of his people. Read:

**“How dare you suggest that the Quarren are to blame for your problems?”**

**“For generations we have worked the mines without serious incident. But with the new schedule forced on us by your Outworlder**

**Alliance, we are pushed to our limits and dozens have died to provide you with the ore you need for your precious warships.**

**“If anyone is to blame for whatever slowdown you seem to be experiencing, it is your own uncaring demands on a people who want no part of your damnable Rebellion!”**

If this happens, Chonk will try to settle his assistant, but Wolg will stalk out of the room in a huff. The Manager will be quite embarrassed and will offer apologies for the “passions of his younger counterpart.”

The real reason for the Assistant Manager’s tension is that he is indirectly responsible for these accidents and has begun to regret his decision to ally himself with the Empire, but he sees no way out for himself or for his people.

### **Good Night**

After the interview, Kalbrac leads the Rebels to their quarters and promises to pick them up for their tour tomorrow morning. He suggests they stay put for the night as the Quarren are “uncomfortable with Outworlders,” but tells them that the Manager has given them general clearance for the city proper.



## E

# pisode Two: A Night on the Town

## Summary

Left to their own devices, the Rebels are free to do as they please for the evening. They have been cautioned against wandering about the city unescorted, but they meet Walif Merv, a native who offers to take them to an establishment where they can mingle freely with the locals. If the PCs go to the bar, they will be accosted by a group of Quarren thugs hired by the disguised Imperial infiltrators to do them in.

## Into the Night

Shortly after Kalbrac leaves, the Rebels are visited by Walif Merv, a scrawny, somewhat disreputable-looking Quarren. Despite his appear-

ance, he is very polite, and seems eager to please. Read:

**“Honored guests, I have the privilege of seeing to your needs this night. If there is anything you require, it is my duty and my distinct pleasure to see that your every desire is fulfilled.”**

He has, in fact, been charged by the management with the task of seeing to whatever needs the Rebel contingent may have.

Walif has also been bribed by the Imperials to lure the Rebels into the city and away from the heavily-guarded administrative sector so that they will be more vulnerable to the ambush that awaits them.

After he has seen to whatever requests the Rebels might have, Walif will lower his voice, and address them in a hushed, conspiratorial tone. Read:

**“There is another service that I could perform, though I am not so charged by the Management.”**

He will pause to see if the Rebels seem interested. If not, he will shrug and leave them to their rest, but if they are at least willing to hear him out, he will continue. Read:

**“Forgive my presumption, but it seems to me that you are somewhat uncomfortable in these sterile surroundings.**

**“I must admit, gracious masters, that I also find the administrative sector most oppressive.**

**“There is a place, not far from here, where you could relax and enjoy the true hospitality of the Quarren in the setting that we prefer.**

**“I would be honored if you would permit me to escort you there, and I would be willing to do so for a small fee, a mere pittance; much less than I usually charge.”**

What Walif offers is to lead them to an establishment called “The Long Drink,” where they will be able to mingle with the locals and learn something more of the city and its people. If the PCs

## Morjanssik

Quarren cities are built underwater, with only the topmost level projecting above sea level. Transparent materials are a primary element of Quarren architecture, so that the oceanic people are forever surrounded by the great sea that gave them birth.

To human eyes, the atmosphere is bleak and depressing, as the grey, windswept sea whips coldly around and occasionally over the city and the Rebels. Watching the sea churn about them is unsettling for those to whom such sights are not commonplace.

Inside, the city is cool and damp, with humidity hovering around the 100% mark. The walls and ceilings are painted subtly contrasting shades of grey, and the lighting, adjusted to the more sensitive levels of its Quarren inhabitants, seems unnaturally dim to the Rebel visitors.

The Quarren themselves seem much more cheerful than the Rebels expected; however, their laughter and good-natured chatter invariably dies down into sullen silence whenever the Rebels near them.

See the last section of this book for more details.

accept and tip Walif reasonably well, he will escort them to the bar.

In the unlikely event that the Rebels refuse his offer, go directly to Epsode Three. The Rebels will not be attacked, but they will not learn anything from the locals either.

If the PCs decide to explore on their own, see the section at the end of this book for more details on Morjanssik and her people.

## The Road to Ruin

The Long Drink is not in the administrative sector, but is not far from it. It is in its own dome, a few hundred meters from the surface transport docking facilities shown in the map of the city. Access to the Long Drink is via foottube, repulsorvehicle or boat. Walif takes the Rebels on foot; it is about a fifteen minute walk.

## The Long Drink

An unusual structure, the Long Drink is a free-floating construct connected to the city by a foottube/outrigger. Another outrigger also serves as a dock for patrons arriving by watercraft.

Anchored by a massive stabilizer shaft that hangs beneath the floating bubble that is the bar, the Long Drink is constructed mostly of transparent materials. This creates an interesting, and sometimes beautiful effect as the waves crash against the walls of the bar and wash over its clear structure.

Inside the main dome, there are two levels, with the bar on the first and four platforms bearing tables at which food is served as well as drink. Beneath, the sea is visible right through the floor, making the bar like some huge glass-bottomed boat.

The bar itself is the usual dive, but the glasses are (relatively) clean, and it stocks real Corellian liquor at only five times its normal cost. The Quarrens' native drink, called "Vlizz-kick," is fermented from seaweed and tastes it, but it packs a tremendous wallop.

There are two other outriggers besides the main entrance and the docks. These terminate in bubbles smaller than the main dome, but of similar design. The first is the casino room, where the miners gamble away huge sums of money every day, and the second is the office, where the manager counts his take.

See the map of the Long Drink, below.

## The Barkeep

Kruluk, the barman, is a talkative, good-natured sort (for a Quarren). He knows of the Rebels' visit (their cover story, that is). Though he is in favor of Quarren involvement in the Alliance, he knows

that most of his customers are not and are very apprehensive (at best) about any exchange of technology that might threaten their city's fragile economy. Morjanssik lives or dies with the mines, and everybody is well aware of it.

Kruluk doesn't want any trouble; he runs a quiet bar, and his customers pay good money to him to keep it that way. If any fighting breaks out, Kruluk will join the side who didn't throw the first punch. He and his clientellè prefer not to involve the city security officers in local altercations, unless they clearly can't handle the problem themselves — rowdies are usually roughed-up a bit and then tossed into the ocean.

Kruluk knows just a smattering of Basic. When flustered, he will lapse into Quarrenese, speaking VERY LOUDLY to make sure that the Rebels understand him.

## The Patronage

Most of the patrons are Quarren miners, but there are a few technicians and management personnel as well, though these stay in their own groups, well apart from the more boisterous laborers.

At first, the natives are clearly hostile to the Rebels, but as the evening progresses, the Rebels can get to know them and possibly earn their trust. There are several ways to make the Quarren more comfortable.

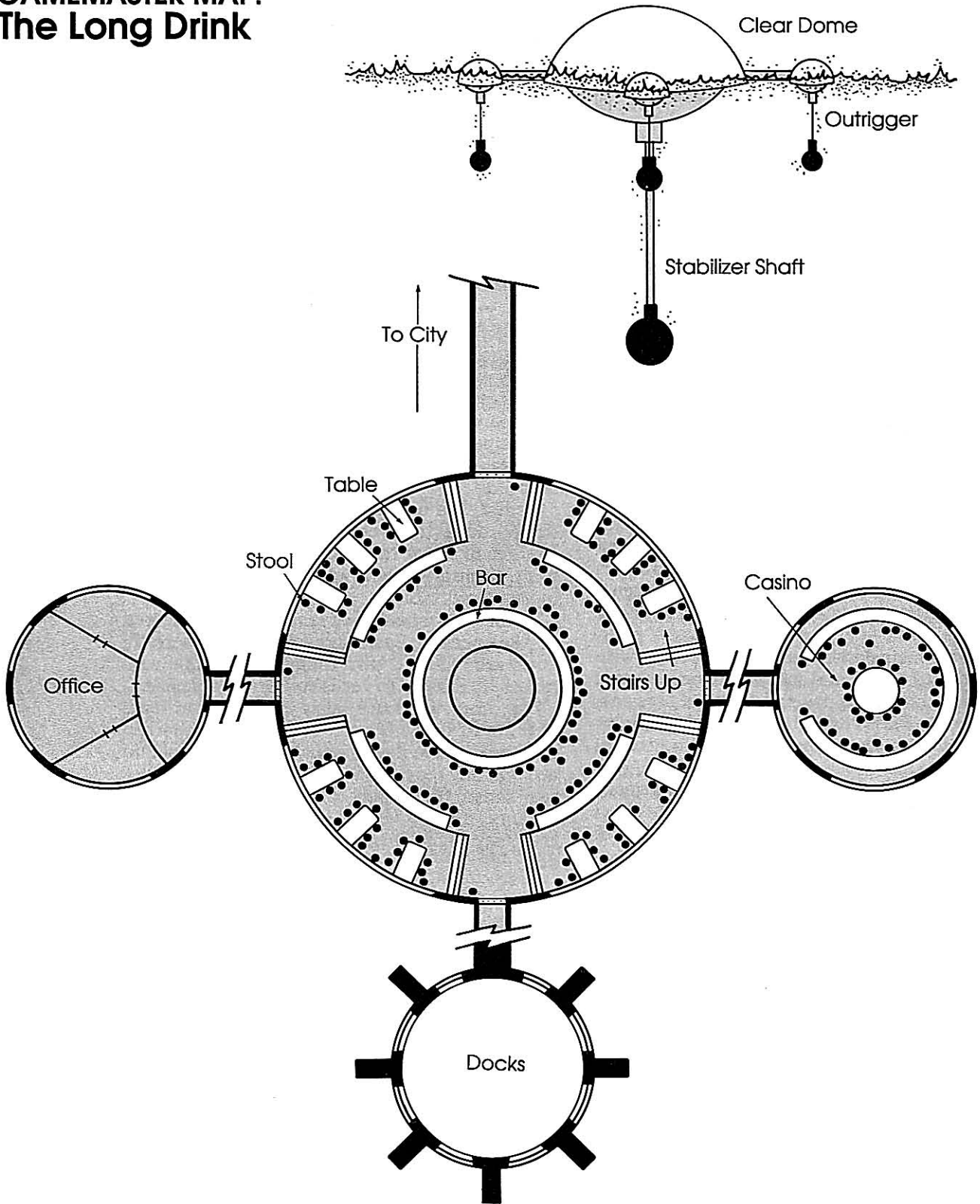
The first is to speak their language. The Quarren dislike speaking Basic and will respond better if addressed in their own tongue, as anyone who makes an Easy *alien races* roll would surmise.

The other ways are fairly obvious and have nothing to do with race. Many of the Quarren dissenters have never actually met a Rebel and are reacting mostly out of xenophobia. In a very real sense, the Rebels are ambassadors of the Alliance. If the Quarren take a liking to the PCs, they may revise their opinions about the Rebellion.

So how to make the miners like them? The methods employed to make friends in bars vary little from culture to culture. Buying a round of drinks for the house is a good start and expressing admiration for Quarren mining techniques is a sure-fire winner.

During this process, the Rebels will probably be drawn into a technical discussion about mining that threatens to blow their cover. A Moderate *Tech* or *con* roll will be required to bluff their way out of this situation (the Rebels get a +1D to the appropriate skill or attribute because of their extensive briefings on mining techniques). Failing this roll makes the Quarren suspicious of them, increasing the Difficulty of any *con*, *command*, or other interaction-type rolls by +3.

# GAMEMASTER MAP: The Long Drink



Richard Hawran/Cathleen Hunter



## What the Quarren Know

Assuming the Rebels get the Quarren to talk, they will learn that they are unsettled by the accidents in the mines. Many believe that there is some Outworlder influence behind these incidents. They don't know who or why, but a few will express dissatisfaction with their involvement with the Rebellion. This is an opportunity for the Rebels to tell them what the Rebellion is all about and gain some support among the Quarren.

In regard to Morjanssik's management, the majority think that Chonk is a "weak-bellied beaurecrat" who is more interested in maintaining good relations with the Mon Calamari than seeing to the needs of his own people. They are more supportive of Kelmut Wolg, who they view as a true patriot with the best interests of the Quarren in mind.

## Games of Chance

Like miners of many races, these Quarren are willing to wager their modest earnings on games of chance in hopes of increasing their take-home pay. There are several games going on in the bar, and the Rebels can join in if they want. The games being played are mostly simple dice games, but the miners are willing to learn new games if the Rebels prefer card games. If you have the *Crisis on Cloud City* module, you can use the Sabacc game included with that adventure.

Gambling is a good way to loosen up miners as they are more comfortable, and therefore more talkative, while they are engaged in their favorite pastime. So long as the Rebels don't take the Quarren for too many creds, an hour or so at the table will serve as an excellent introduction and will put the miners at ease.

## Free for All

After the Rebels have been at the bar for an hour or so, a group of eight Quarren punks strut into the bar from the tube leading to the docks. They seem to be known to the patrons, because a hush falls over the bar. Only the rhythmic slapping of the waves against the outside of the bar disturbs the sudden silence that heralds their approach.

They wear long black coats of the same slick material worn by the miners, draped with chains and adorned with strange symbols like obscure caste markings of some kind.

These unsavory fellows are a Quarren gang that have been hired by a local thug working for the Imperial agents to pick a fight with the Rebels.

They swagger up to the PCs with mischief in their eyes and confront them with arrogant disdain, speaking a heavily-accented Basic that sounds guttural and unpleasant. Read:



“Welcome to Morjanssik!

“Sorry we could not greet you sooner, but we were busy looking for the hairy filth that are murdering our kinsmen in the mines.

“You wouldn’t happen to know where we could find the Outworlder scum that foul our waters with their stench, would you?”

No matter what the Rebels say or do, the punks will take it badly, twisting their words and mocking them cruelly. If they try to leave, the Quarren will surround one or more of them, pushing and shoving them heavily.

In short, they will do whatever is necessary to start a fight. They would prefer to have the Rebels throw the first punch, as it will go better for them with the authorities if they lose but will not hesitate to open the battle themselves if there is no other way.

The fight starts out as a standard barroom brawl, but as the combatants close, the punks will pull clublike weapons from their coats and will fight with clearly lethal intent.

**Quarren Punks (8):** DEX 2D, blaster 2D+2, brawling parry 3D+1, dodge 2D+2, melee 3D, melee parry 2D+1; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1, brawling 3D+1; TEC 1D+2. Club damage code 3D+1, difficulty 5; blaster damage 4D.

If the Rebels have made friends with the locals, the barkeep and some of the patrons will join in and help them subdue the punks; otherwise, the Rebels are on their own.

**Quarren Locals (4):** DEX 2D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1; TEC 1D+2. Club damage code 3D+1, difficulty 5.

If the fight seems to be going against the punks, they will pull blasters and start shooting up the bar. If the barkeep didn’t get involved earlier, this will spur him into action.

One of the punks points his weapon at the floor and blows a hole in the deck. Water shoots up through the breach, spraying the bar and its inhabitants. The gusher slowly fills the main dome, making things more difficult for anyone who doesn’t happen to be Quarren. Add 5 to the Difficulty of all *dodge* and movement actions as long as the non-Quarren Rebels are fighting in the water.

By the time the battle is over, damage control mechanisms will have sealed the breach, and the water will be pumped out in a matter of minutes.

## Just Following Orders...

When the fight is over, if the Rebels question the thugs, the low-life scum will refuse to answer unless threatened in some way. If interrogated properly, they will claim that they were paid by someone named Logor (another Quarren) to try and kill them. They don’t know why and don’t care. Logor was sitting at the bar earlier; he must have slipped out in the confusion.

Just at that time, the Rebels hear a repulsorcraft engine starting out at the docks.

## The Docks

When the Rebels arrive at the docks, they can see foam trails leading off toward three vehicles streaking away from the Long Drink, circling around the main dome of the city.

If they decide to pursue the escaping thugs, the Rebels will need to “requisition” one or more craft. There are nine vehicles moored to the docks. Four are cargo craft, unsuitable for anything requiring even minimal speed. That leaves five possibilities.

The available craft are listed below, along with their statistics and descriptions. Give a general description of each. Successful *Technology* rolls will give the Rebels more detailed information, but they have limited time to consider their options.

Borrowing the craft is not a problem. *Security* rolls are unnecessary as the vehicles docked here are ready to go. The Quarren know that it would be difficult to go very far with a stolen repulsorcraft without being picked up by the authorities, so they make few precautions against such theft.

**Skimmers (2):** Crew 1; passengers 2; speed code 3D; maneuverability 2D; body strength 1D.

These vehicles are common transportation in Morjanssik. They are used to get from one dome to another. The pilot sits in a contoured seat near the front of the craft, and any passengers on the low-slung bench behind him.

One of these is loaded with mining gear, including several (4) blast packs that can be set for any delay required. These can be used as grenades, doing damage equivalent to thermal detonators. Add 5 to the Difficulty number when throwing a grenade at a moving speeder.

**Speeder Bikes (2):** Crew 1; speed code 3D; maneuverability 3D; body strength 2D; flight ceiling 10 meters.

These are ocean-going versions of the Bepin Void-Spider TX-3, fitted with specialized stabilizers and safety gear required for use on water.



**Modified Sloop (1):** Crew 1; speed code 4D; maneuverability 3D; body strength 1D; weapons: Laser cannon, fire control 2D, damage code 3D; flight ceiling 50 meters.

Obviously a custom job, this sloop has been modified for use on the water. It has lost some speed and maneuverability because of the drag created by the extra stabilizers, but it is still superior to anything else on the docks. Its owner has also had a laser cannon mounted in its superstructure. It is well-concealed, but the extra controls on the control grips are a dead giveaway to anyone using the bike.

### The Chase

When the Rebels have made their choice, they speed off after the thugs and the chase is on. The Quarren have a 1000-meter lead, but this can be quickly closed, as Logor's armored Skimmer is not very fast.

**Modified Skimmer:** Crew 1; passengers 2; speed code 2D; maneuverability 2D; body strength 2D; weapons: laser cannon, fire control 2D, damage code 3D.

This skimmer has been retrofitted with light blast armor. It sacrifices some speed, but is considerably more durable. A laser cannon is mounted on a rear-firing bracket and is fired from a gunnery position in the back seat.

**Speeder Bikes (2):** Crew 1; speed code 3D; maneuverability 3D; body strength 2D; weapons: Laser cannon, fire control 2D, damage 3D; flight ceiling, 10 meters.

These speeders are like those described above, but are armed with forward-firing laser cannons salvaged from Aratech 74-Z military bikes.

**Quarren Thugs (4):** DEX 2D, blaster 3D, dodge 3D, heavy weapons 3D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D, repulsorlift op. 3D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1; TEC 1D+2. Blaster damage code 4D.

One of these is Logor. He has a few additional skills, the most important of which are blaster 4D and repulsorlift op. 4D.

At first, Logor and his men will simply try to escape by outdistancing the Rebel craft. When it becomes obvious that this is unlikely, the two outriders will turn about and engage their pursuers while the driver of the Skimmer uses Overspeed actions to make full use of the distraction.

If any Rebels get past the Speeders, the Skimmer will head into the maze of domes, stacks and antenna surrounding the main dome of the city. There, Logor will start a series of maneuver actions in increasingly difficult terrain in an attempt to shake his pursuers. Failing any of these rolls will result in a collision with part of the city.

If any of the repulsorcraft are disabled, the



occupants can simply swim to safety given time, but they are out of the battle for the duration. If the Skimmer gets away, Logor will catch the first shuttle off-planet and will escape unless the Rebels alert the authorities within the hour.

### **Q & A**

If he is caught, Logor will give the Rebels a sick smile and ask why he is being harassed. Without his guards to back him up, he is an abject coward, and will buckle under even the most perfunctory interrogation.

He claims that he doesn't know who hired him. It was "just some Fishhead flashing a lot of creds." "Fishhead" is Quarren slang for a Mon Calamarian.

When the authorities arrive, Kalbrac is with them, and Walif Merv is nowhere to be seen. The guard take Logor and his gang into custody and thoroughly question the Rebels about what happened, especially if anyone was killed. If anyone did die in the battle, it takes a Moderate *con* or *command* roll to avoid being held overnight. If the Rebels befriended the locals in the bar, they will back up their story, making the Difficulty of the *con* or *command* roll Easy.

In any event, the Rebels will be released either that night or the next morning. In addition, they will receive a stern lecture on the use of violence: Morjanssik is a civilized settlement and such actions are *not* appreciated.

# E pisode Three: Going Under

## Summary

The next morning, Kalbrac takes the Rebels on a tour of Morjanssik's extensive underwater mining operation. On the way to the mine staging area, a narcotic gas introduced into the air supply by the Imperial saboteurs drives the Quarren aboard into an intoxicated frenzy, trapping the Rebels thousands of feet underwater in a bathysphere full of crazed miners.

Upon arrival at the mining sight, the Rebels are greeted with another unpleasant surprise when they are arrested for the murder of the Chief Manager and are taken to the brig to await trial ...

## All Aboard

Early the next morning, Kalbrac retrieves the Rebels from their quarters to take them on a tour of the mining operation, beginning at the mine staging area, an underwater base from where the miners travel down to the mining complex itself.

On the way, he tells them that nothing more has been uncovered about the attack in the bar the night before, but Kelmur Wolg has initiated a full-scale investigation.

Kalbrac is nervous about what the investigation will reveal. The problem is the implication of the Mon Calamari. The Quarren members of the Council don't want a race war against the Calamari any more than the Calamari do; they have told the Morjanssik security people to tread very softly on this — *any* public exposure could lead to disaster, and they'd much rather have the villain escape than find themselves at war with the Cal. The entire episode has been hushed-up; under the circumstances, there's not much chance that Security will find anything useful.

Kalbrac takes the Rebels to the deep diving docks on the lowest level of the city. Along their route are several repulsorlift shafts that serve as high-speed elevators and a transport tube serviced by automated shuttle cars. Given the Rebels' recent experiences with automated vehicles on Calamari, these latter may make them a bit nervous, but nothing untoward occurs (yet).

At last they arrive at the deep diving docks, where they start the last leg of their journey to

the mines aboard a bathysphere. There are many craft of this kind here, of several different models, intended for a variety of purposes: passenger shuttle, cargo transports, and the like.

Kalbrac takes them aboard one of the shuttles. The craft looks something like a giant green egg laying on its side, bobbing gently in the water.

Inside, the sphere is more comfortable than might be expected. Two rows of eight seats each face the front of the sphere, which is entirely transparent. This panorama is broken only by a single screen that shows the view from behind, providing a 360-degree display.

To the aft is the engine room, the entrance to the pilot's dome up top, a supply closet, and life support. The entire passenger compartment is spartan, but clean and comfortable. Not at all what one might expect from mining equipment.

Once inside, the Rebels are joined by nine Quarren: an eight-man mining crew and Thulwuk Thur, the crew's foreman. Thur introduces himself, and tells the Rebels that he has been directed to take them with him and his crew on their shift and to answer any questions the Rebels might have.

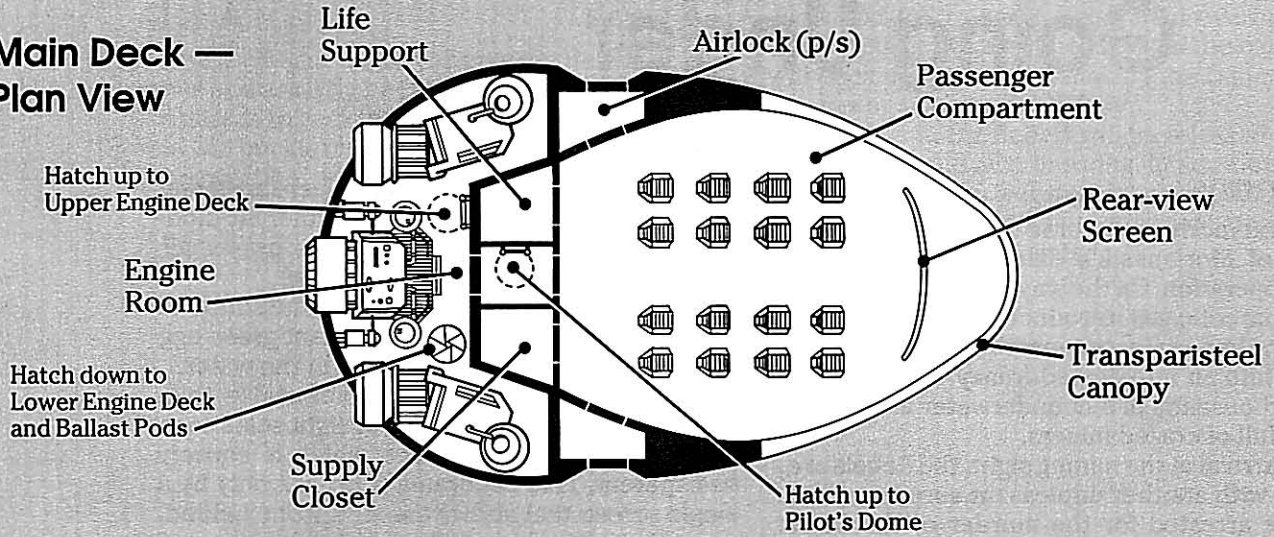
While awaiting the 'go-code', the Rebels have a chance to get acquainted with the foreman. Thur is more friendly than his fellows, as his skill at his craft gives him enough insight to know that Rebel cooperation poses no threat to his position or those of his co-workers.

After several minutes, the pilot gets the all-clear. Read:

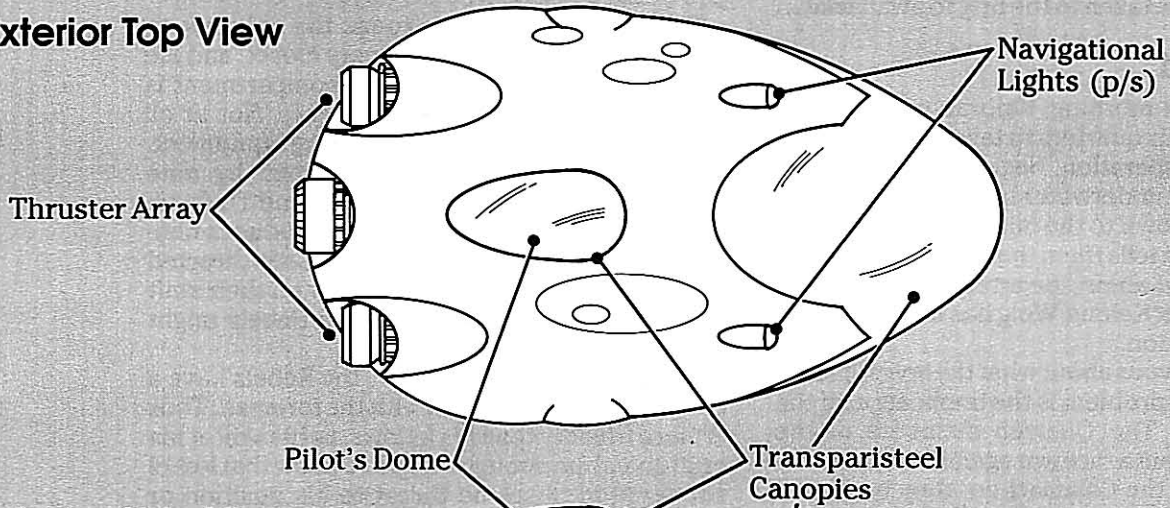
**From deep inside the craft, a thrumming signals the ignition of the primary engines. The shuttle's doors close and there is a loud hiss as the cabin is pressurized. The bathysphere lumbers from its berth, and, when it reaches the center of the bay, slowly sinks beneath the water and straight through the submerged exit into the ocean. The thrusters cut in immediately, and you glide through the water like a fish, on a spiral course that takes you ever-downward.**

# GAMEMASTER DIAGRAM: Kulv-Bockar Transport Bathysphere/Personnel

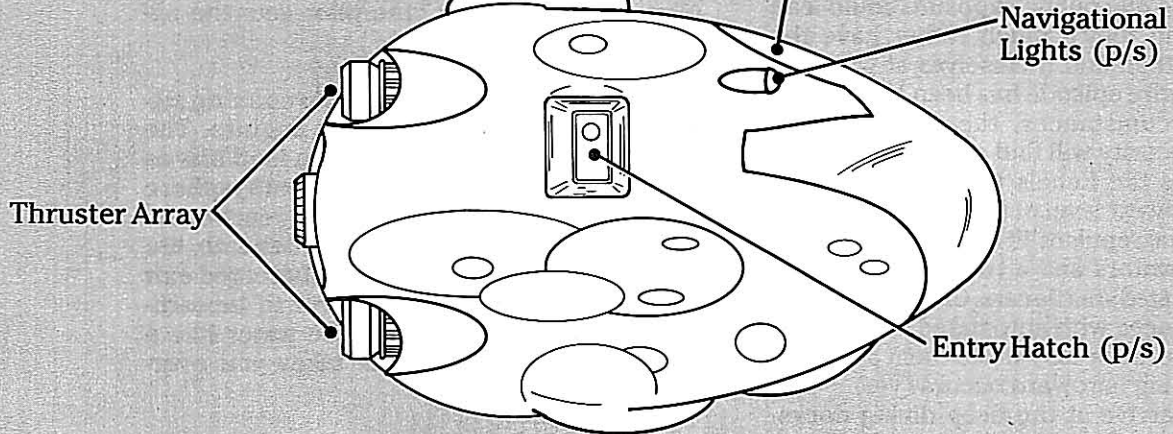
## Main Deck — Plan View



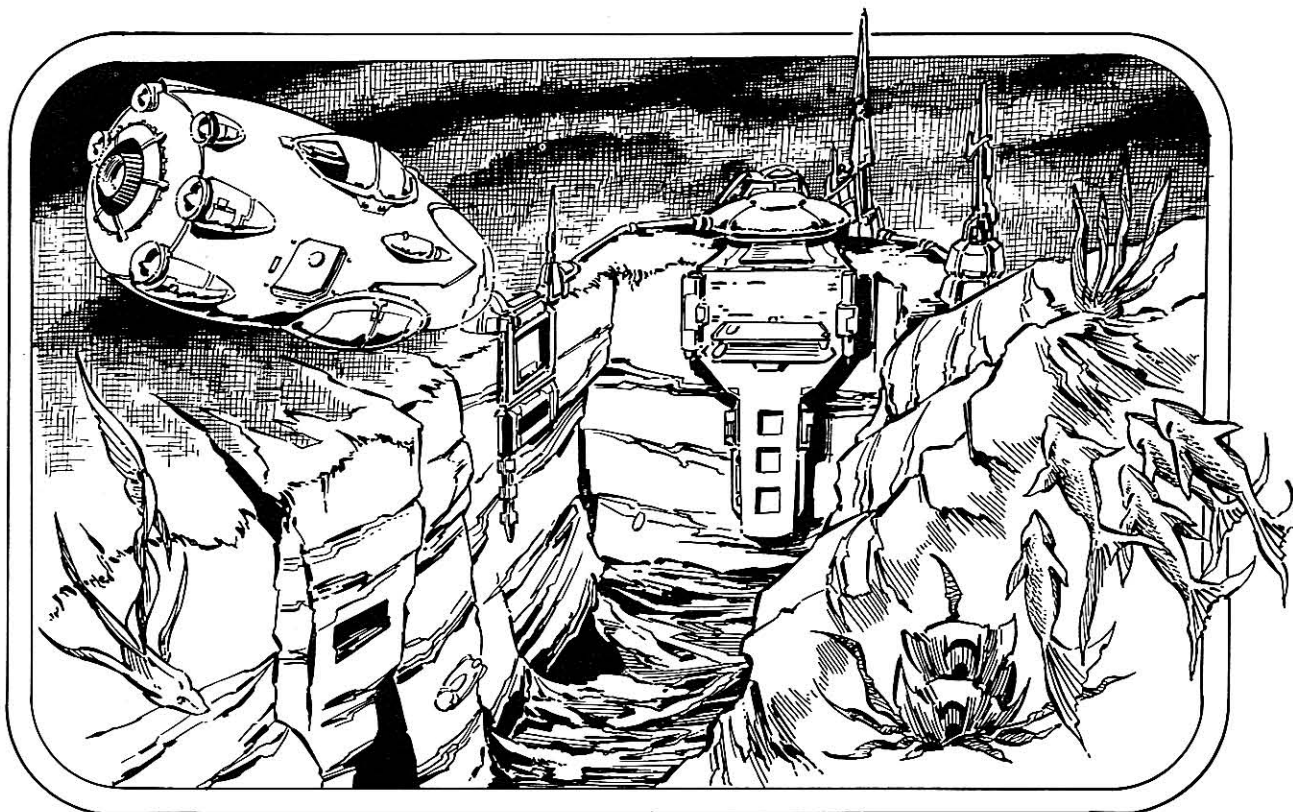
## Exterior Top View



## Exterior Side View







During the trip, the Rebels will be able to talk with Thur and his crew. If the Rebels ask Thur about the accidents, he will glower and tell them that he isn't sure what they mean. It takes a Moderate *bargain* roll to get him to loosen up enough to talk about them.

Like his co-workers, Thur thinks that the accidents are suspicious, but unlike most, he sees that the Rebels have no percentage in crippling the mining operation. Thur has heard some bizarre rumors about Mon Calamari involvement, but he sees even less reason for them to sabotage the mines than he does for the Alliance. Besides which, he knows that base acts such as sabotage are just not tolerated in the Cals' philosophy. He does tell the Rebels, however, that if the Cals were behind the sabotage, it would mean war.

### Strange Behavior

Let the Rebels converse with the miners for ten minutes or so of game time. During this time, the bathysphere continues its downward spiral and they are approximately halfway through their journey to the trench.

At this point, have all the PCs make Difficult *Perception* rolls. Success indicates that the character notices that the Quarren have begun to act strangely. They are talking louder than necessary, and their speech is somewhat slurred. Some of the miners seem distracted and clumsy.

### Diagnosis

If one or more Rebels notice the odd behavior of the Quarren, they may wish to examine the miners to attempt to determine what is causing it. Unfortunately, the miners will not readily subject themselves to such intimate scrutiny by Outworlders and will become abusive if asked. Even Thur has become less than friendly. It will take some fast-talking to convince them that the examination is in their best interest.

A *command* roll would do the trick, but the Quarren are naturally contrary, particularly where Outworlders are concerned, and it takes a Very Difficult roll to get these semi-intoxicated Quarren to follow the Rebels' orders. More subtle means, such as *con* rolls, would be much more effective: the Quarren are disoriented and thus gullible; *conning* them is only Moderate Difficulty.

If the PCs do manage to talk the Quarren into allowing them to examine them, a Difficult *medical* roll reveals that the Quarren have been subjected to some kind of subtle poison gas with narcotic side-effects, resulting in gradual intoxication as the poisons enter the bloodstream. Though human characters are unaffected, the Quarren are dying.

### Treatment

Neutralizing the effects of the gas requires an antitoxin that the PCs have neither the skills, the facilities nor the time to produce in the sphere.

However, medpacs may be employed as a stop-gap measure, though it will require one 'pac and a Moderate *medicine* roll for each patient. The drugs administered by the medpac to fight the toxins in the gas will render the patient unconscious for at least an hour. Each treatment takes two minutes to administer.

The miners will agree to treatment only if the Rebels explain clearly what is going on. As they are getting progressively more and more drunk, this is quite difficult. To agree to treatment, a miner must make a *Perception* roll against a Difficulty equal to 25 minus the Rebels' *bargain* roll (that is, if the Rebel's *bargain* roll was 19, the miner must pass a *Perception* roll of a Difficulty of 6 — 25 - 19 = 6). If the roll fails, the miner drunkenly believes that the Rebels are trying to kill him; he must be forcibly restrained to be treated. The miners' *Perception* is 2D+1.

Obviously, the number of Quarren that can be treated is limited by the medpacs available. There are only two in the first aid kit on board, plus whatever the PCs happened to bring with them.

There are also four environment suits on the ship. The rebreathers in these suits can be used to filter out most of the gas. This will not neutralize the existing symptoms, but will keep those wearing them from getting worse. Convincing miners to don environment suits takes the same *bargain/Perception* rolls described above.

## Needle in a Haystack

Obviously, once they have determined that there is a poison gas in the bathysphere, the Rebels will want to find and disconnect the source of that gas. Unfortunately, the ship is loaded with places where a small gas cannister could be hidden: if they do not specify where they are looking, a Rebel must succeed at a Very Difficult *search* roll to find it

In fact, the gas is being injected directly into the air in the ship's life support system. If the Rebels specify that they are examining the ship's life support, they can find the device with a Difficult *search* roll or a Moderate *Technical* roll.

## Booby Trap

The source of the gas is a small device concealed in the atmosphere plant of the life support system. It was placed there by one of the Imperial saboteurs, along with a nasty surprise.

If the Rebels try to remove the device, give the character making the attempt a Moderate *Technical* roll: if he is successful, he discovers that the device is booby-trapped. If the Rebel specifically states that he is checking for traps, the *Technical* roll to spot it is Easy.

The trap is a small, almost trivial quantity of explosive. It would be almost harmless — were it



not for its proximity to the highly-flammable pressurized gas tanks in the atmosphere plant. If the detonator were to go off in its current position, the explosion could rupture the tanks, igniting the gas within, and that explosion could well blow a hole in hull of the bathysphere, crushing everyone within in an instant.

If they're smart, the Rebels can render the device pretty much harmless: if they move the gas tanks before attempting to disarm the device, even if it goes off, it won't do much harm (except possibly to the person disarming it). See if the players are smart enough to think this up on their own; if not and you're feeling kind, give the Rebel with the best *Technical* attribute a Moderate *Tech* roll to come up with it.

Moving the gas tanks requires no rolls: it's merely a matter of turning a couple of stop-cocks and lugging them to the other side of the ship. However, disconnecting the bobby-trap requires a Difficult *Technical* or a Difficult security roll. Failure at this roll indicates that the device goes active and is about to detonate.

## Oops...

Attempting to bypass the trap and failing or taking off the poison cannister without having found the trap will initiate the detonation sequence. A tiny red light will start to blink, flashing faster and faster. At this point, the PCs will have one last chance to disarm the detonator before it

goes off. Pulling the correct plug requires a Very Difficult *Technical* roll and will stop the sequence at the very last moment. Read:

**There is a tiny red light on the black body of the detonator. As you work feverishly, you see the little light out of the corner of your eye. It starts to blink, faster and faster, until the flashing becomes an insistent flickering. Suddenly, the flickering stops and the light goes out, just as you complete the bypass, disarming the trap at the last possible moment.**

If all attempts have failed, the detonator goes off. If the gas tanks have been moved to the other side of the vessel, it does trivial damage to the ship (Easy *Technical* roll to repair), and 2D+1 damage to the disarming character. If the gas tanks have not been moved, however ...

### Oops Cubed

If the pressurized gas tanks have not been moved, the fireball fills the small capsule. The Rebel making the disarming attempt takes 6D damage; characters in the main body of the shuttle take 5D damage; characters in other parts of the shuttle (engineering, the supply closet or the cockpit) take 4D damage.

Fortunately, the hull is stronger than anticipated, and does not rupture. There is massive structural damage, however, and the craft will move erratically as it continues on its course.

In addition, the main ballast controls have been damaged by the explosion; the shuttle cannot return back to the surface without extensive repairs, which cannot be made from inside the shuttle. The Rebels will have to continue down to the mines.

### Bad to Worse

A few short minutes after the first symptoms appear, the effects of the gas become more pronounced, and the Quarren miners begin acting very strangely. They start talking and laughing loudly — too loudly — as if drunk, shifting from Basic to their own language and back again. Kalbrac looks sleepy and disoriented and starts talking to himself.

The bathysphere begins to move erratically, speeding up and slowing down with no apparent purpose, and the walls and portholes creak alarmingly, as the sphere reacts to the stress of the unusually quick descent.

One of the Quarren picks this moment to begin an anti-outworlder tirade, blaming Calamari and all non-Quarren for the Quarrens' trouble. He accuses the Rebels of being there to steal the Quarrens' mining secrets, so that the Calamari

and the Outworlders can mine the oceans themselves, driving the Quarren into poverty. When making this speech, slur your words and slip in the occasional word or two in Quarren (try gurgling).

The other Quarren agree and attack the Rebels with drunken, murderous intent, arming themselves with various tools to use as bludgeons. Note that any Quarren treated by medpac or environment suit (or injured in the explosion) will not be involved in the fight, and Kalbrac is too vague to realize what is going on, let alone get involved on either side.

**Quarren Miners (9, minus those cured by medpac):** DEX 2D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1; TEC 1D+2. Club damage code 3D+1, difficulty 5.

The Rebels and Quarren are effectively limited to melee weapons — nobody in his right mind would want to fire a blaster in a pressurized bathysphere almost a mile under water. Therefore, the Rebels should be especially disconcerted when the pilot of the bathysphere stumbles out of the cockpit waving a blaster around.

**Quarren Pilot:** DEX 2D, blaster 3D, dodge 3D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1; TEC 1D+2. Blaster damage code 4D.

To survive, the Rebels must knock out all of the Quarren, and, more importantly, disarm the pilot before he fires. If anyone fires a blaster in the capsule and misses his target, roll the blaster's

### **G**amemaster Tip

Gamemasters who want to make their players' lives really complicated can run the previous two encounters simultaneously.

The Rebels discover that the Quarren have been poisoned. Several of the Rebels begin treatment of the Quarren, while others search for the source of the gas. They find it, and begin the careful job of disassembling the detonator. Just then, the Quarren start going crazy, and hand-to-hand combat breaks out. The Rebels finally get the Quarren subdued, and are dragging the gas tanks across the vessel, when the ship's pilot stumbles into the main chamber waving his blaster ...

There are a lot of potential problems and some fairly neat roleplaying opportunities in this section. Keep the tension high; keep the players moving.



damage with a die cap of 3 (see the *Star Wars Rules Companion*, page 20), against the sphere's hull code of 4D. If the blasters' damage roll is higher, the ship implodes, with the obvious effects.

If the Rebels overpower the crazed miners, they can take over the vessel and bring it to dock at the staging area with little difficulty.

### **Out of the Frying Pan...**

Upon arrival at the staging area, the Rebels are greeted by more than the expected dignitaries and technicians from the mine. Read:

**Gliding down to the ocean floor, you bring the sphere in for a graceful landing on one of the many platforms arrayed about the staging area, just above the great trench itself. During the landing, you notice an unusual amount of activity on the docks.**

**When you disembark, you find yourselves in the midst of a huge crowd. A full unit of eight security guards holds back the mob as another makes its way toward you.**

If the Rebels try to escape at this point, the guard captain shouts a warning. If this warning is ignored, his troops open fire with weapons on stun. If the Rebels retreat to inside the bathysphere, the guards will combine their fire to burn a hole in one of the ship's portholes, making escape in the vessel impossible. Any attempt to flee will be seen by many as proof of the guilt.

If the Rebels do not run, the guards will approach, weapons drawn, and the captain will address them in a stern and commanding voice. Read:

**"Shortly after your departure this morning, a routine inspection revealed the body of Moren**

**Chonk, Chief Manager of Morjanssik, concealed in your quarters.**

**"By the authority of Kelmut Wolg, Acting Manager, you are hereby under arrest for attempted murder.**

**"You are fortunate that Chonk is not yet dead, or we might not be able to restrain the mob, even if we were willing to. Consider this arrest protective custody."**

With that, the Quarren guard surrounds the Rebels, searches them, and takes them away. (This search is cursory, and will not reveal concealed weapons or inobvious armaments such as lightsabers.)

The prisoners are led through the mob. It is slow going, as the angry Quarren shove forward, attempting to get their hands on the Rebels. A riot seems imminent, and the cry goes up for "justice" and "death to the Outworlders." The guards will not answer any questions, but will muscle the Rebels out of the hanger area and into a shuttle car.

The captain will assure them that the Quarren are "not barbarians" and that they will receive a fair hearing "in due course," but the clenched teeth and look of raw hatred which accompany these words may be less than reassuring.

Any attempt to escape at this juncture would be ill-advised, for they are in the company of at least eight armed and alert guards at all times, all of whom seem a little trigger-happy at the moment. If they do so, go to "Escaping," in the next episode.

After a short ride down a transport tube, the Rebels are brought to what must be the brig and are led to a cell and locked in. The captain sets two guards outside the cell door and leaves them to ponder their fate.

# E

# pisode Four: The Accused

## Summary

The Rebels are in big trouble. They have been accused of attempted murder by the Quarren and are awaiting trial in the brig. The city's highest official is unconscious and near death, and his assistant doesn't believe their story one bit.

To make matters worse, the Imperial spies decide to frame them for a double murder during an escape attempt, knowing that it will drive the Quarren lynch mob over the edge. Fortunately, the Rebels have unexpected allies among the Quarren who come to their aid in the nick of time.

## Imprisoned

The Rebels are being held in the brig, in the mine's staging area, more than a mile underwater. Their cell is little more than a square room ten meters across.

There is a long bench against one wall, two bunk beds against another and a sink and lavatory on the wall between. There is no fourth wall, but sturdy bars provide an effective barrier.

Two Quarren security guards keep watch on the prisoners. They are wearing comlinks, are armed with blaster carbines and carry light blaster pistols as sidearms.

**Guards (2):** DEX 2D, blaster 3D, brawling parry 2D+2, dodge 3D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1, brawling 3D; TEC 1D+2. Carbine damage code 5D; blaster pistol damage code 4D.

The guards are very wary of the Rebels, and one will keep an eye on them at all times. It is possible to talk in low tones without being overheard, but the guards will discourage this kind of activity. It is Difficult to *con* the guards in any way; if the Rebels cause any trouble, they'll call for another two guards backup before taking any action.

The Rebels have several minutes to discuss their dilemma. Let them converse for a while before you move on. This is also an ideal time for them to hide any weapons still in their possession, if they think to do so.

## Interrogation

Shortly after the Rebels arrive, they are visited by Vuhlg Worrik, who heads the mining operation. He is in the company of the Guard Captain and four Guards wearing light armor and toting blaster rifles.

The cell is opened, and the captain searches the prisoners more thoroughly. He does not search the cell, however, so anything concealed anywhere other than on their person is not found.

**Armored Guards (4):** DEX 2D (1D+1 in armor), blaster 3D (2D+1 in armor), brawling parry 2D+2 (2D in armor), dodge 3D (2D+1 in armor); KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1 (3D against damage in armor), brawling 3D; TEC 1D+2. Blaster rifle, damage code 5D; blaster pistol, damage code 4D.

**Guard Captain:** DEX 2D, blaster 4D, brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D; KNO 1D+2, streetwise 3D+1; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1, command 3D+1, search 3D; STR 2D+1, brawling 3D+1; TEC 1D+2, security 3D+1. Heavy blaster pistol, damage code 5D.

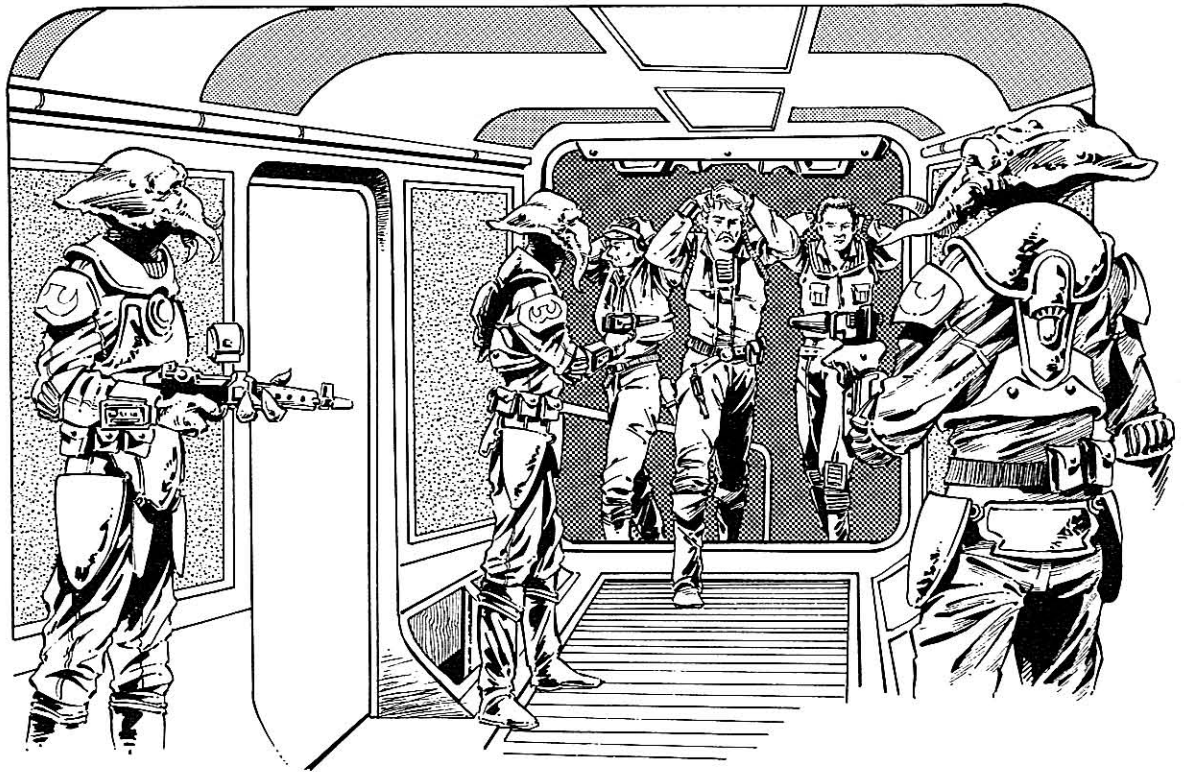
The enraged Quarren miners believe the Rebels are responsible for the attack on Chonk, and that they set up the accidents that have been plaguing them as part of some "blasted Outworlder plot." Many are openly calling for a lynching.

Not knowing exactly what is going on, Worrik had the Rebels thrown in the brig until everything is straightened out, as much for their protection as to keep them from escaping. Read:

**"I was prepared to receive you this morning but had no idea that it would be under these circumstances.**

**"It was my understanding that you were a delegation from the Alliance sent to study our mining techniques. I don't know who you really are or why you are here — Chonk was the only one who knew, and look what happened to him.**

**"You may be innocent, and you may be Imperial spies. Though you are technically in my**



jurisdiction, I can detain you, but I cannot prosecute.

**“Unless you can provide me with indisputable proof of your innocence, I will have to turn you over to the Acting Manager, who will try your case himself.”**

Remembering Wolg’s pathological hatred of Outworlders, the Rebels may be less than comforted by this news.

Worrik will listen to the their story and then ask whatever questions are necessary to clarify his understanding of the pivotal events of the last two days. Some of the key questions he might ask are:

- Where were you last night, what did you do, and were there any witnesses?
- Who do you think tried to kill Moren Chonk and why did they do it?
- What happened in the sphere?
- Who do you think sabotaged the sphere and why did they do it?

It is unlikely that the PCs will be able to provide “indisputable evidence.” The best they can hope for is to put their guilt in question. When the interrogation is at an end, Worrik will thank them and leave their cell. When they are safely locked away again, he will tell them that though he is unsure what is going on, it is his duty to turn them over to Kelmur Wolg. He assures them that he will

relate everything they told him and will try to get them an objective hearing.

### Visiting Hours

Several hours will pass before anything of significance occurs. This is one of the points where the Rebels might try an escape. This is possible, especially if they have concealed a weapon in their cell.

If they allow this time to pass, they will be visited by Kalbrac. As the gas in the sphere was intended for Quarren, it was not as toxic for Mon Calamari, so he recovered quickly. He seems to be in good shape.

As soon as he recovered, he asked after his friends and discovered that they were being held. He has done his best in the last hour or so to accumulate as much information as possible, hoping to find something to help them. Read:

**“My friends. It is good to know that you are well, though it saddens me that you have come to this pass.**

**“I have done what I can for you, but the miners have fixed upon you as the source of all their problems. There have been several attempts to reach you here, presumably to administer the ‘instant justice’ for which the Quarren are notorious.**

**“I regret that I have little to report. One of the side effects of the gas is temporary amnesia, so**



## **E**scaping

At several points in this episode, the Rebels may be able to escape. Since they are thousands of feet underwater in an unfamiliar environment full of guards alert to their presence, they won't get far.

If they attempt an escape, use the map of the mine staging area provided below. The locations of the guards are clearly marked. Use your judgement to determine when to bring them into play.

The Rebels' best hope is to find a good place to hide and "dig in." If they do this, give them a couple of close calls as search parties narrowly miss them, but assume their ploy is successful.

Once the hiding gets old, or if the Rebels head directly for the docks to steal a bathysphere and make their way to the surface, they should run into their old friend Walif; see "A Friend in Need," below.

**Security Guards:** DEX 2D, blaster 3D, brawling parry 2D+2, dodge 3D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1, brawling 3D; TEC 1D+2. Carbine damage 5D; blaster pistol damage 4D.

**Armored Guards:** DEX 2D (1D+1 in armor), blaster 3D (2D+1 in armor), brawling parry 2D+2 (2D in armor), dodge 3D (2D+1 in armor); KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1 (3D against damage in armor), brawling 3D; TEC 1D+2. Blaster rifle damage 5D; blaster pistol damage 4D.

**Guard Captain:** DEX 2D, blaster 4D, brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D; KNO 1D+2, streetwise 3D+1; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1, command 3D+1, search 3D; STR 2D+1, brawling 3D+1; TEC 1D+2, security 3D+1. Heavy pistol damage 5D.

**it is your word against the miners as to what happened in the sphere.**

**"Fortunately, my biochemistry differed sufficiently to protect me from anything more serious than a headache and some occasional dizziness.**

**"Tell me what I can do, and I will do it gladly, but hurry: I fear your time grows short."**

Kalbrac will readily share what he has learned, but seems extremely anxious for their continued well-being. If asked why he is so concerned, he will look puzzled, and say:

**"Weren't you told? Moren Chonk has passed beneath. The charge is murder, and Wolg is**

**convinced that he need look no further than this cell to find the killers."**

When talk turns to Chonk, he will express his concern about the continued cooperation of the Quarren with the Rebellion. Read:

**"I do not think you had any reason to kill him, and I do not think you are crazy either.**

**"Someone is trying to frame you, and through you the Alliance. Whoever they are, they are succeeding admirably. Chonk was a fool and an incompetent leader, but he was the Quarrens' Chief Manager and, already, he has been turned into a martyr. If the Quarren come to believe that members of the Alliance are making it a practice to assassinate Quarren leaders, the end of our planet's association with the Alliance is at hand."**

Kalbrac has also learned that when the engineers looked over the bathysphere, they discovered that atmosphere plant was indeed tampered with, corroborating their story.

The toxic substance has no effect on humans, but is hallucinogenic and toxic to the Quarren. This is seen as another indication of the Rebels' guilt: what better way for non-Quarren to murder Quarren? The miners are in critical condition, and those not treated by the PCs during Episode Three may die.

When their discussion is at an end, Kalbrac will ask them if there is anything they need. If it is within reason, he will do it, including helping them escape, so long as it does not involve violence.

If they need nothing further, he will bid the Force be with them and scurry off to continue his desperate search for a peaceful resolution to their situation.

## **Framed**

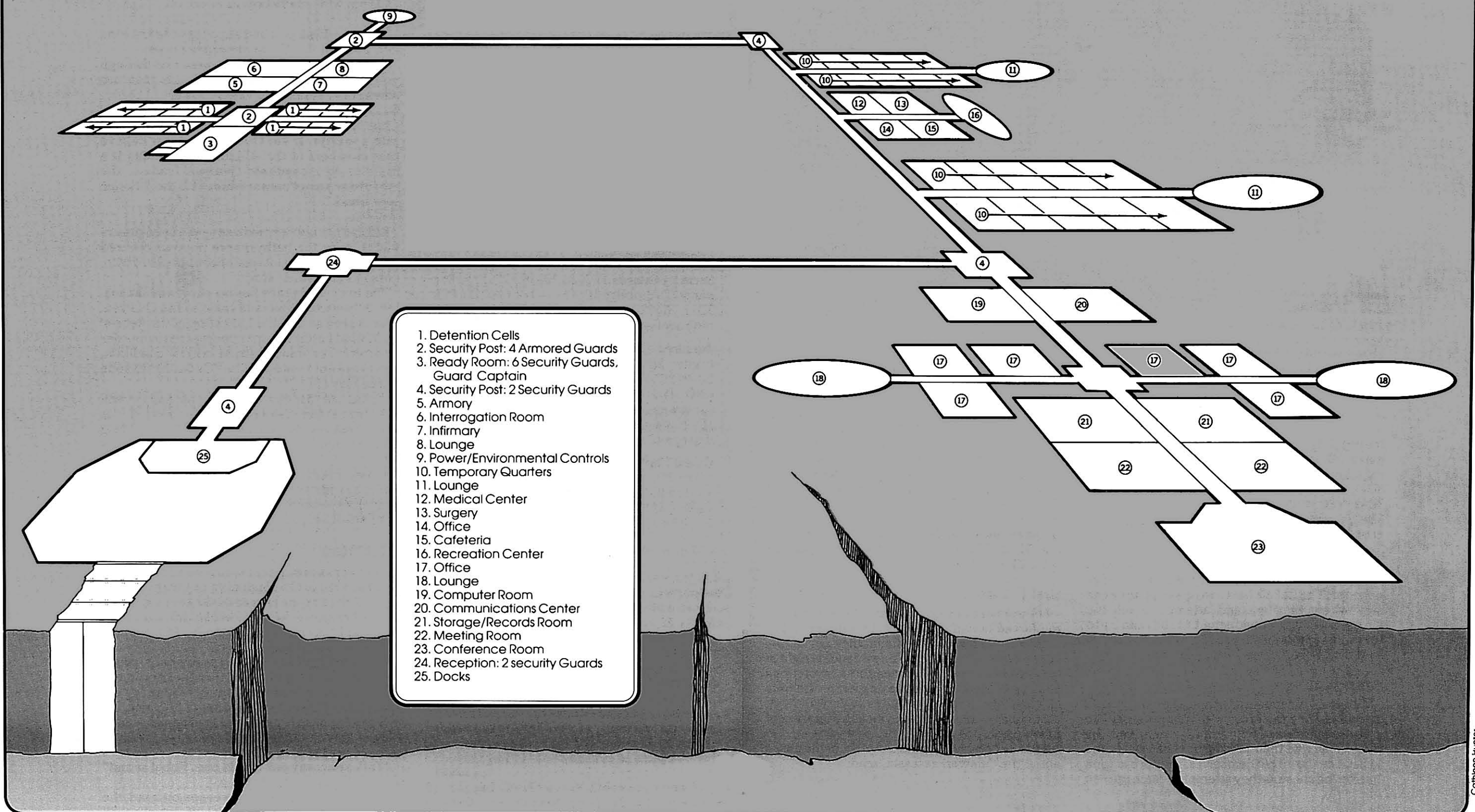
Another hour passes uneventfully after Kalbrac's departure. Suddenly, one of the guards gives a choking scream and falls to the ground. The other guard follows. Smoke drifts up from the twin blaster wounds in the bodies, wounds made with uncanny precision.

A cloaked figure strides up to the door, prods the bodies with its foot, and then looks up at the Rebels. It pulls back its cloak, revealing the unmistakable features of a Calamari! The Mon Calgrins evilly, hits an alarm, and then tosses a spent blaster in with the Rebels. Read:

**"Talk your way out of this one, Rebel scum!"**

If they act fast and have a weapon on hand, the Rebels may be able to get a shot off. Any shot will

**GAMEMASTER PROP:  
Morjanssik Mine: Staging Area**



- 1. Detention Cells
- 2. Security Post: 4 Armored Guards
- 3. Ready Room: 6 Security Guards, Guard Captain
- 4. Security Post: 2 Security Guards
- 5. Armory
- 6. Interrogation Room
- 7. Infirmary
- 8. Lounge
- 9. Power/Environmental Controls
- 10. Temporary Quarters
- 11. Lounge
- 12. Medical Center
- 13. Surgery
- 14. Office
- 15. Cafeteria
- 16. Recreation Center
- 17. Office
- 18. Lounge
- 19. Computer Room
- 20. Communications Center
- 21. Storage/Records Room
- 22. Meeting Room
- 23. Conference Room
- 24. Reception: 2 security Guards
- 25. Docks



be at a +7 Difficulty because of surprise and the cover provided by the cell door. Unless the Rebels get him with their first shot, the assassin is down the hall and out of sight before they get off a second.

**Imperial Spy:** DEX 2D+2, blaster 4D, brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D; KNO 3D, cultures 3D+1, languages 3D+1, streetwise 3D+1; MEC 2D+1; PER 3D+1, con 4D, hide/sneak 4D; STR 3D, brawling 3D+2; TEC 3D+2, comp. prog. 3D+2, demolition 3D+2, security 3D+2. Blaster pistol, damage code 4D, truncheon, damage code 4D.

As the assassin makes good his escape, Quarren voices can be heard approaching down another corridor. The Rebels have two choices: they can stay where they are and attempt to tell the Quarren what really happened, or they can try to follow the spy. If they try to talk to the guards, go to "Lost Cause," below.

### After Him!

If the Rebels choose to escape when the guards are killed, they can do so with relative ease. The guards' bodies are within long reach, and the Rebels can rifle their pockets for the keys to the cell. Once they free themselves, they are in for a harrowing chase as they attempt to catch up with

the cloaked figure, while being pursued by a large number of enraged Quarren guards.

Run this chase using the guidelines for escape provided at the start of the episode. In addition to the guards, the Rebels could also encounter an angry mob of Quarren. They are furious about the bathysphere incident, and assuming guilt by association, they blame the PCs for all of the mining accidents. Let the Quarren beat on the Rebels for a few rounds, then have the guard show up to break it up.

**Quarren Mob (14):** DEX 2D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1; TEC 1D+2. Club damage code 3D+1, difficulty 5.

### Lost Cause

The approaching Quarren are revealed to be a reinforced squad of 16 security officers. If the Rebels try to reason with them, they are almost surely doomed to failure. The evidence is right in front of them, and any stories about mysterious Calamaris are discounted as desperate attempts to cloud the issue. It requires a Very Difficult *command* or *con* roll to convince the Quarren of anything.

If the Rebels try to tell the captain of the guard about the Calamari assassin, read:



**"A Mon Cal? Killed the two guards and then gave you a blaster? Insane!**

**"They would never do anything to hurt our relationship with the Alliance. The Fishheads love their Rebel friends even more than they detest us!**

**"You should have concocted a more convincing lie. You are as foolish as you are vile."**

Disgusted, the guard leaves the prisoners, promising them that justice will not be long in coming. In the distance, they can hear the Quarren lynch mob calling for their blood.

## **A Friend in Need**

Shortly after the guard captain leaves, or at any other point in this episode when the Rebels find themselves in dire need, facing imminent death at the hands of the guards or a lynch mob, the Rebels hear the unmistakable sounds of a crowd approaching. There are some shouts, a few muffled blows, and the door opens.

Standing there is Walif Merv, the disreputable-looking Quarren who lured them to the bar, in the company of half a dozen of the bar's patrons!

Merv tosses the Rebels some weapons, and hustles them out of the cell, past the unconscious bodies of their guards. Read:

**"The whole city is buzzing with this thing. Everybody's madder than a dry lungfish, saying that you Outworlders are tryin' to screw up our lives so you can turn a profit for yourselves.**

**"They all think your Mon Cal story is a load of entrails, something cooked up to spread the guilt. But I know it's true, 'cause it was a Cal who paid me to lure you to the bar that night!**

**"So I thought it over, and I figured that some crazy Fishhead was trying to throw a spike into this Alliance.**

**"That made me mad.**

**"I may not believe in the Rebellion thing myself, but a deal's a deal! We gave our word to you guys; the Quarren don't break their word—ever!**

**"I tried to tell the powers that be about the Cal who paid me, but I'm a nobody, so nobody believed me.**

**"I talked it over with some of the guys from the bar, and we decided we'd better bust you out before that bottom-feeding Assistant Manager did something permanent to you."**

If the Rebels question Merv about the Mon Cal who paid him, they learn that the Calamari was cloaked and hooded so that Merv couldn't recognize him.

Merv recalled that his employer had a strange, somewhat raspy voice, as if he had a throat injury. He asked around, and learned that there was a group of Mon Cal freelance deepminers who spoke that way, claiming the pressure had affected their lungs.

He has also learned that the deepminers' ship is on the docks, and he offers to take them there.

No charge.

# E

## pisode Five: Meltdown

### Summary

Having extricated themselves from the brig, the Rebels are free in a mine full of Quarren who want them dead in the company of a rogue who has provided them with the probable identity of their invisible enemy.

The Rebels and their few Quarren allies set out to confront the deepminers. At first, they face opposition from the Quarren themselves, but at last the Imperial spies are unmasked and the Quarren see their true enemy for who and what they are.

A harrowing chase ensues as the Rebels follow the Imperial agents down into the great trench at the bottom of the sea, to the mines themselves. After a deadly game of cat and mouse, the Rebels must face their foes in a final battle with not only their lives, but the entire mine at stake!

### Brother Against Brother

Walif and his companions will escort the Rebels back to the docks where the enemy awaits. Halfway there, they are intercepted by the guard, eight of whom approach from a side passage, brandishing blaster rifles. The lead figure addresses the Quarren mob. Read:

**"Halt! You are all under arrest! We have orders to restrain the Outworlders and to subdue you if necessary. Do not force us to take action against you, brothers!"**

As one, the patrons of the bar pile into the security guards, giving the Rebels time to escape and make their way to the docks. If they accept the much-needed diversion, tell the Rebels that they hear shouts and blaster fire behind them as they make a run for the docks.

If the Rebels choose to help their allies against the guard, fight it out.

**Armored Guards (8):** DEX 2D (1D+1 in armor), blaster 3D (2D+1 in armor), brawling parry 2D+2 (2D in armor), dodge 3D (2D+1 in armor); KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1 (3D against

damage in armor), brawling 3D; TEC 1D+2. Blaster rifle damage code 5D; blaster pistol damage code 4D.

**Quarren (12):** DEX 2D; KNO 1D+2; MEC 2D; PER 2D+1; STR 2D+1; TEC 1D+2. Club damage code 3D+1, difficulty 5.

Because they know that Quarren are involved, the Guard have their blasters set for stun (*Star Wars Companion*, page 15). They will make an effort not to harm their brethren, and though they will make no such effort against the Rebels, they will not go so far as to change their blaster settings.

If the Rebels decide to take part in the battle, their Quarren allies will be just ahead of them, so they will take the full brunt of the first salvo. This will give the Rebels some time to close with the guard. The best tactic available to the Rebels is to force the guard into close combat, where the armored soldiers will be at a disadvantage.

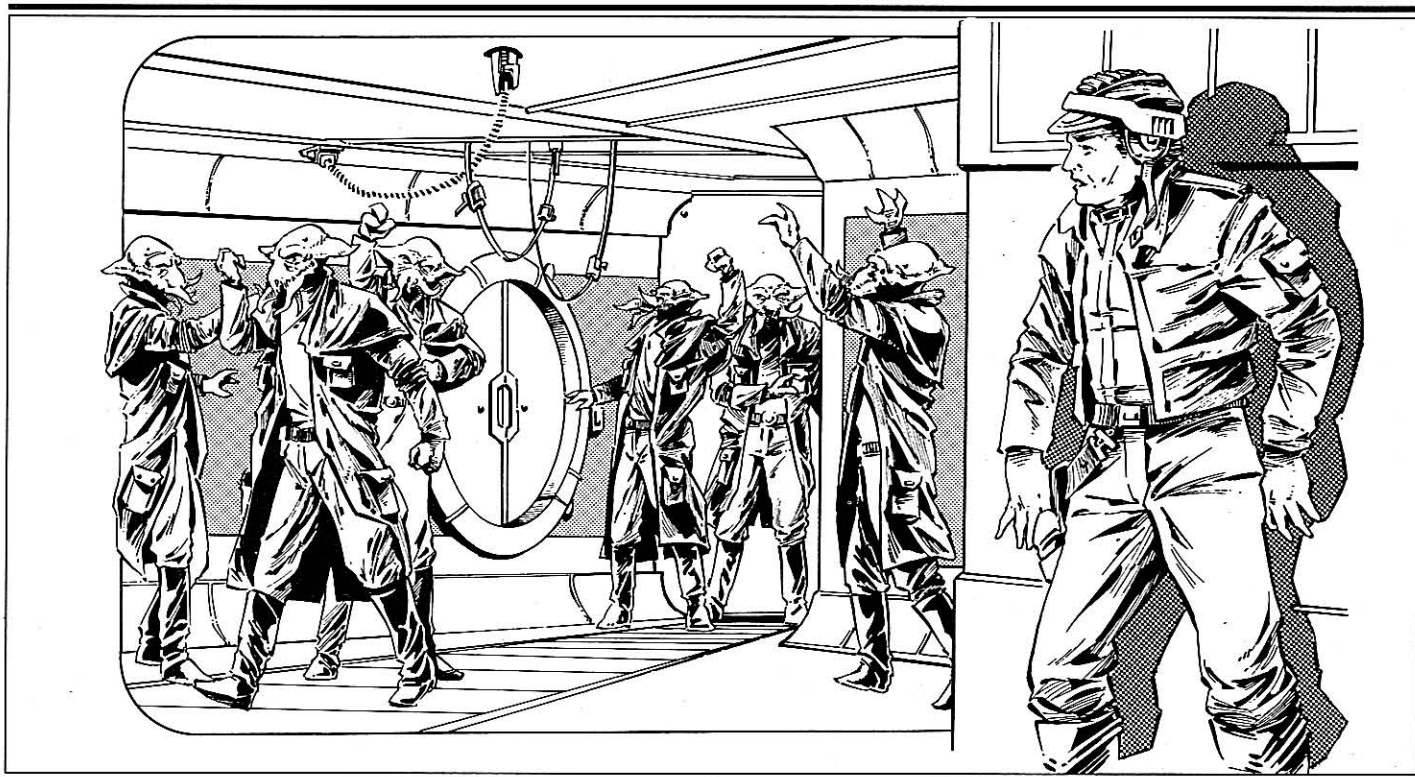
It is important that the PCs not be captured at this point. If that seems to be the likely outcome, have Walif urge the Rebels to continue without them. Read:

**"Get going — we'll keep these bottom-feeders busy! Something's up, and you seem to be the only ones who can get things back to normal. Do what you can — civil unrest is bad for business!"**

With that, the miners redouble their efforts against the guard, giving the Rebels the time they need to make their escape. About thirty seconds later, Walif Merv shows up at the Rebels' sides once more, scuffed and bruised, but with a big grin on his face. "This is the most fun I've had since I used to run simmies for the Underworld!"

### The Docks

Having made their way past the guards, it is only a short way to the docks. At the docks, the Rebels are spotted by a guard who fires a warning shot at them, alerting everyone in the area to their presence. All of the Quarren in the area begin closing in on the Rebels.



Suddenly, Merv points at a group of Mon Calamari deepminers, who are standing by their ship on the other side of the docks. Read:

**“They’re the real enemies! Not these Outworlders! It’s the Fishheads! They’re trying to screw up our mining operations! They are the ones you should arrest!”**

**“What are you waiting for?”**

Everyone turns to look at the Cals. The Cals stand uncertainly for a moment and then, as some of the assembled Quarren begin moving toward them, they pull blasters from beneath their robes and fire a salvo, wounding the security guard and forcing the Rebels to take cover.

**Imperial Spies (2):** DEX 2D+2, blaster 4D, brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D; KNO 3D, cultures 3D+1, languages 3D+1, streetwise 3D+1; MEC 2D+1; PER 3D+1, con 4D, hide/sneak 4D; STR 3D, brawling 3D+2; TEC 3D+2, comp. prog. 3D+2, demolition 3D+2, security 3D+2. Blaster pistol, damage code 4D, truncheon, damage code 4D.

The infiltrators were in the process of a strategic withdrawal to the mines, where they intend to put their contingency plan into effect, destroying the mine and all within. These two agents were left behind to stall the Rebels, giving the others a chance to escape. After a few rounds, the deepwater ship takes off.

## **T**he Quiet Branch

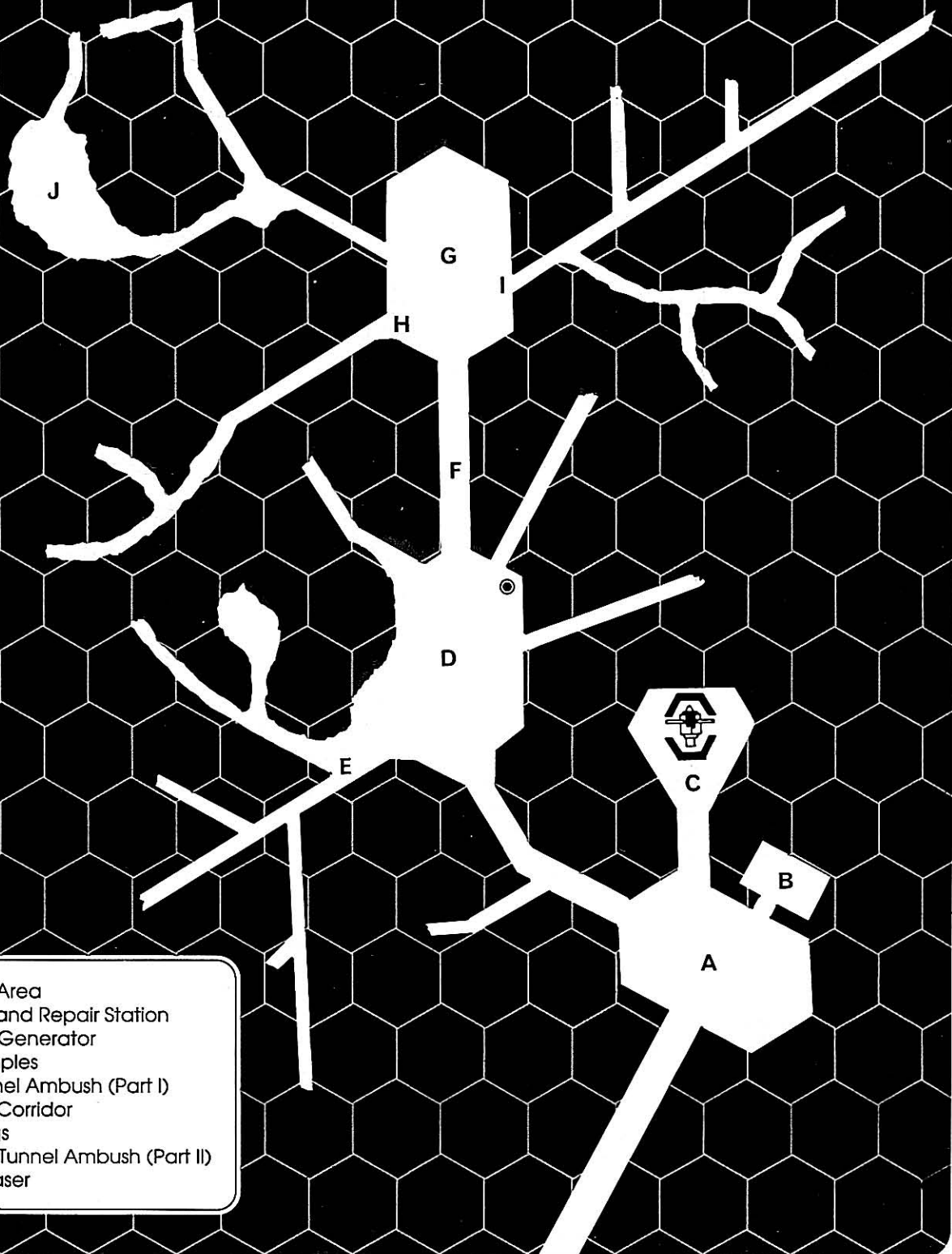
The infiltrators are Imperial Intelligence Agents from the Destabilization branch. According to official record, the Destabilization branch specializes in “taking the fabric which holds a people, society or government together and unraveling it.” (See *The Imperial Sourcebook* for more details.)

The “Calamari Project” was originally intended to pit the Mon Calamari against the Quarren, bringing the Council to deadlock and the two races to civil war. With the arrival of the Rebels, the Agents were forced to abandon their long-term goals in favor of a short-term advantage.

Destabilization Agents are among the most highly trained in the Empire. Often at odds with their own bureaucracy, they are ruthless and more than a little paranoid. It is said that Destab agents are not assigned, they are unleashed...



GAMEMASTER MAP:  
Morjanssik Mine: Level 42



- A. Staging Area
- B. Storage and Repair Station
- C. Backup Generator
- D. Ore Samples
- E. Side Tunnel Ambush (Part I)
- F. Ambush Corridor
- G. New Digs
- H. & I. Side Tunnel Ambush (Part II)
- J. Mining Laser

Once the ship is safely on its way, it is only a matter of time before the agents are overcome and the Rebels give chase. The agents will stall the Rebels as long as they can, but they are outnumbered, outgunned and outclassed.

### Unmasked

When the Rebels defeat their opponents, they finally learn the truth of the goings-on in the Undercity. If they examine the bodies of their assailants, they discover that they are not really Mon Calamaris at all—they are humans, cleverly disguised through surgery as Mon Calamari!

Obviously, this is all part of an Imperial plot to slow down the mining operation, and more importantly, promote race war between the Calamaris and the Quarren!

### Hot Pursuit

The Rebels commandeer the only other remaining vessel capable of deepwater travel and give chase. The Deepwater craft is a bathysphere similar to the one that took them down to the mine.

As the ship the Imperials are using is just as fast as the Rebels', the Rebels will be unable to catch up with their quarry. Nonetheless, the Rebels can easily follow the Imperials' course by staying within sensor range of the fleeing vessel. To their amazement, the Imperials head straight down, right into the trench itself.

During the journey, the Rebels view the extraordinary flora and fauna living in the trench: goggle-eyed lampfish the size of their bathysphere; huge, fernlike plants that shuffle along the trench wall, waving their fronds at the ship's lights, and so forth. (See the end of this book for more details on the flora and fauna of Calamari.)

In time, the fleeing ship reaches its objective: the entrance to the lowest level of the underwater mine.

### Ambush

The Rebels arrive at the docking area only minutes after the Imperial agents. When they open the ship's door, they are greeted by a withering hail of blaster fire from the two Imperials who have stationed themselves just across the area (see below for their statistics). The bodies of two Quarren miners lie in the center of the room.

This is another delaying tactic, intended to slow the Rebel opposition so that the rest of the team can reach the mine's high-powered boring laser and bring down the mine before the Rebels can stop them.

### Search and Destroy

Once clear of the ambush at the docks, the Rebels begin searching for the now-revealed Imperials. The mine is between shifts, so there are only a few Quarren stationed there — and all those the Rebels encounter are dead.

A quick check reveals that the Imperials have destroyed the mine's communications gear. Since the bathysphere's comlink won't reach the staging area, the Rebels are on their own.

The mine is cold, damp, and dark, and painfully overpressurized. The Rebels continually run into Imperial ambushes, in which the Imperials trade a few shots with them and retreat further into the mine.

The Rebels may well wonder what the Imperials are up to — there's no way out but back to the ships, and the next shift of Quarren is due in less than an hour. They will soon find out.

### Mine Key

Wherever the text indicates one or more Imperials, use the stats provided below:

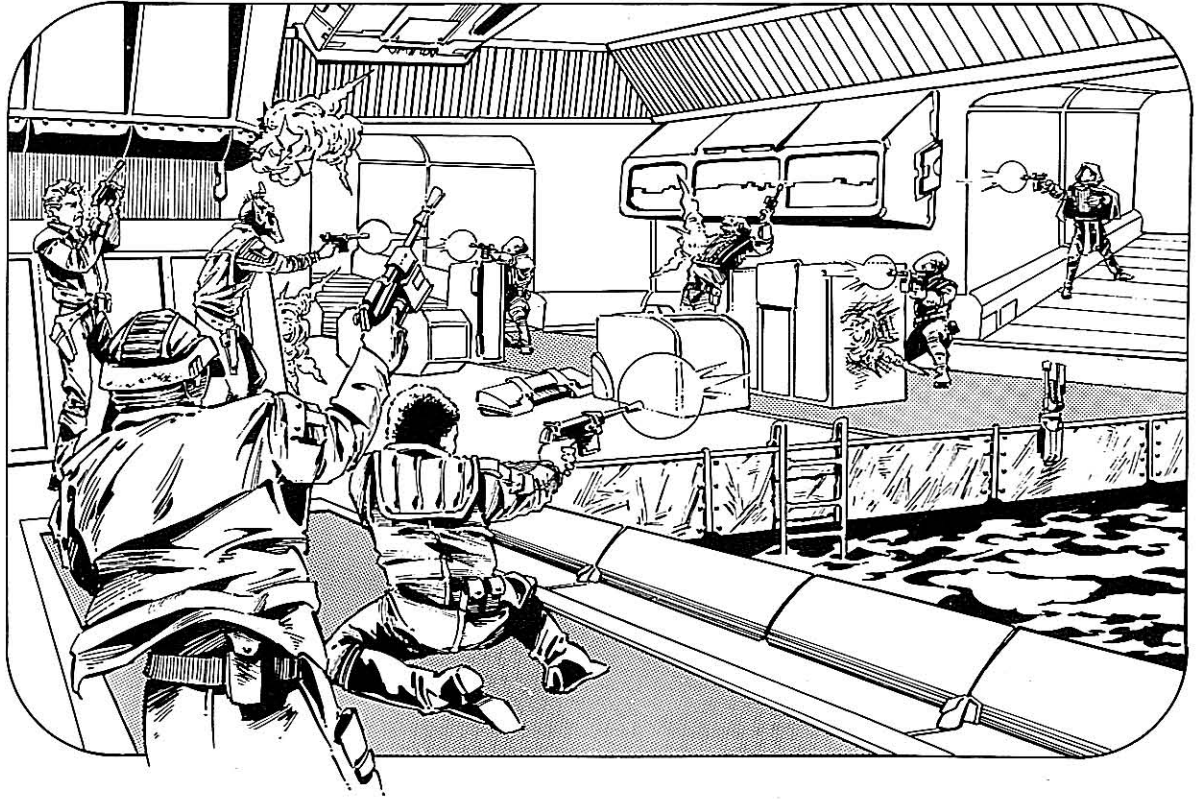
**Imperial Spy:** DEX 2D+2, blaster 4D, brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D; KNO 3D, cultures 3D+1, languages 3D+1, streetwise 3D+1; MEC 2D+1; PER 3D+1, con 4D, hide/sneak 4D; STR 3D, brawling 3D+2; TEC 3D+2, comp. prog. 3D+2, demolition 3D+2, security 3D+2. Blaster pistol, damage code 4D, truncheon; damage code 4D.

**A. Staging Area:** This is the staging area from which the day to day operation of the mine is coordinated. The communications console has been smashed and another dead miner is draped over it, hand on the alarm.

**B. Storage and Repair Station.** This is where most of the more sophisticated equipment used in the mining operation is housed and maintained. There are a dozen Q-4 Borer Droids (see sidebar, below) in operational condition and several more in various stages of disrepair. There is also a disassembled mining Droid and the barrel of some kind of huge laser.

**C. Backup Generator.** Though most of the equipment here runs off its own power source, this generator is used as a backup and to run a recharger for the various power cells in use throughout the mine.

One of the agents was ordered to rig the generator for an overload as a contingency in case the rest fail to reach the laser in time. When he hears the Rebels approach, he will wait until they go past him, then open fire from behind. Fortunately, he has not had time to complete his work on the generator.



**D. Ore Samples.** Several tables containing numerous samples taken by the Borer Droids. They are arranged by type and carefully labelled. The technician that was working here has been slain and lies motionless on the floor, clutching his clipboard.

In the northeast corner of this room stands a heavy cargo lifting elevator connecting this level of the mine with the main complex several hundred meters straight up. The Imperials have totally destroyed the elevator's controls and engines, making repair impossible without additional equipment. There is an emergency ladder built into the wall of the elevator shaft. Next to the ladder, a small plaque states, in Quarren: "For emergency use only." Hand-written below the plaque: "Look stupid: the next level is 500 meters up! Don't climb unless you're in real good shape! Use your brains and wait for somebody to send a bathysphere to the docks and pick you up!!"

If, for some reason, the Rebels decide to go up the ladder, they'll reach the next level up at about the same time as the Imperials destroy the mining complex.

**E. Side Tunnels.** One of the agents has concealed himself in these side passages, and will open fire on the Rebels as soon as they are view. He will try to keep them engaged as long as he can by trading a few shots, then ducking into one of the tunnels.

**F. Ambush Corridor.** The Imperials have rigged a demo pack to explode when the Rebels enter the passage. It is concealed midway through the tunnel under some loose rock and is wired to a heat sensor so that it will detonate when they pass.

A Difficult *Perception* test is necessary to spot the trap and a Moderate *Technology* is needed to correctly identify the heat sensor. There are a number of ways to circumvent it, the most obvious of which is to use a Droid (who doesn't radiate any heat) to disarm it. If the sensor is triggered, the explosive goes off, having the same effects as a thermal detonator.

**G. New Digs.** The newest chamber, this room has been equipped with the control panels for the mining Droids and is littered with various tools left by the last shift. A large mining Droid stands motionless in the corner, shut down to conserve power. Two miners have been pulled under one of the tables. One of them is not dead, and can be saved with a successful medpac use.

**H. & I. Side Tunnel Ambush (Part II).** Two agents lie in wait in these tunnels to catch the Rebels in a crossfire. As with the agent at location E, they will bait the Rebels as long as they can.

**J. Mining Laser.** See "Endgame," below.



## **B**orer Droids

There are many important metals used in the construction of Mon Calamari cruisers, most of them unique to their homeworld. Because of this, there are numerous mining operations on Calamari to extract the much-needed ore.

Since joining the Alliance, the Quarren miners can scarcely keep up with the demand and have been forced to develop new, more efficient, mining techniques to increase their productivity.

One of the most important of these is the Q-4 Borer Droid, or "mole Droid." These tiny Droids are used to burrow through the earth and soft rock in search of the elusive veins of ore. Using sophisticated sensors, the Q-4s are able to pinpoint the best vectors for more involved exploration. Borers are deployed *en masse*, acting like subterranean probots.

Once the moles have chosen a likely vein, larger Droids are brought in to dig exploratory tunnels so that the Quarren technicians can determine whether or not full-scale excavation is in order.

The Droids are cheerful and enthusiastic, but not particularly bright. They'll be happy to help the Rebels to the best of their abilities, but may have more than a little difficulty understanding what it is the Rebels want.

**Q-4:** Sure, we'd love to help fight the evil Empire, wouldn't we, boys?

**Other Q-4s (in chorus):** Yes ... sure! ... Let us at 'em!

**Rebel:** Great! They're down that hall. What we'd like you to do is —

**Q-4:** Really? The Empire is right down that hall?!? No fooling! Wow!

**Other Q-4s:** Ooooh! We've never seen an Evil Empire before! What do you think it looks like:

a vein of bad ore, maybe? Let's go see!

**Rebel (desperately):** Now wait a minute!

Though the Droids won't be much use in direct conflict with the Imperials they do have some information that the Rebels might find helpful: if told that the Imperials are in Area J, one of the Droids exclaims: "Say! Isn't that where we're putting in the side-tunnel system?" The Droid will mention that they have been digging a corridor to connect the northern spur of Area J with the corridor leading north from the juncture (see map). When completed, this will allow the miners to take the ore directly into Area G without having to go through Area J at all.

The Droids estimate that there's only about five minute's work left to break through the tunnel; though they'd much prefer to go look at the Imperials, they'd be happy to begin work on the tunnel, if the Rebels want.

### Q-4 BORER DROIDS

**Model:** Quarren Industrial Q-4 Borer Droid

**Dimensions:** Q-4 Droids are cylindrical: .7 meters in length, .2 meters in diameter.

**Strength:** 1D

**Armor Code:** 5D

**Skills:** *Find ores:* 3D

**Equipped with:**

- Repulsor engine.
- Heavy-duty drilling laser. Extremely short-range (.5 meters max, damage code 6D); mounted on nose of Droid, can only fire straight forward. Droids have equivalent of 1D *blaster* skill to hit moving target.
- Rock-scanning sensors.
- Minimal visual/auditory scanners.

## Endgame

If they overcome the ambushes and booby-traps, the Rebels will at last have the Imperials cornered in the deepest part of the mine. Unfortunately, the Imperials refuse to acknowledge defeat.

If the Rebels advance down the corridor toward Area J, they may attempt Difficult *stealth* rolls. If successful, they turn the last corner and see one Imperial with his back to them, watching something going on in Area J. The Imperial begins to turn around again; with no place to hide, they have about two seconds in which to either shoot

the Imperial, or duck back down the corridor.

If the Rebels fail the roll, the Imperial is looking directly at them when they round the last corridor. Combat breaks out immediately at short range; the Imperial gains the benefits of Heavy cover (+5 to the Rebels' Difficulty).

In either case, several seconds later, they hear the whine of a very powerful repulsor engine starting up. If they have any of the Q-4s with them, it will comment: "Gosh. Those Imperials have turned the mining laser on. I wonder what for?"

The Rebels might have a couple of good ideas...



### Come Out With Your Hands Up!

Some eternally-optimistic Rebels may attempt to convince the Imperials to surrender. Fat chance. The Imperials have been quite effectively brainwashed by Imperial Intelligence into preferring death to surrender — dying in the line of duty is an honor and a privilege, particularly when you can take a bunch of Rebel scum with you.

When the Rebels tell the Imperials to surrender, the commander's answering laugh rings out, echoing through the mine. Read:

**“Fools! Imperial Intelligence Officers never surrender! We complete our missions or perish in the attempt!”**

**“For our Emperor, we die gladly, and we will take you and this accursed mine with us!”**

**“When this mine is destroyed, your Rebel Fleet will be set back years! The Quarren economy will be devastated, and the Quarren will blame Outworlders or the Cals, and the most powerful world in the misbegotten Alliance will be engulfed in civil war!”**

**“That is more than worth our insignificant lives! Now die!”**

A lance of pure, bright light lashes down the corridor, superheating the ore and melting through the wall behind them as if it were butter.

### The Imperials' Plan

Quite simple, actually. The Imperials have turned on the mining laser platform. They plan to drive the vehicle to the entrance of the mines and burn a hole through the wall separating the mines from the ocean. This will let in a torrent of water, killing everybody — not only on this level, but throughout all of the connected tunnels.

The water will roar up the elevator shaft, blow through the emergency bulkheads and fill every level of the mines. The torrent will rupture most of the restraining walls holding out the ocean on other levels. Hundreds of miners will be killed, and the mines themselves will be severely damaged, if not destroyed outright.

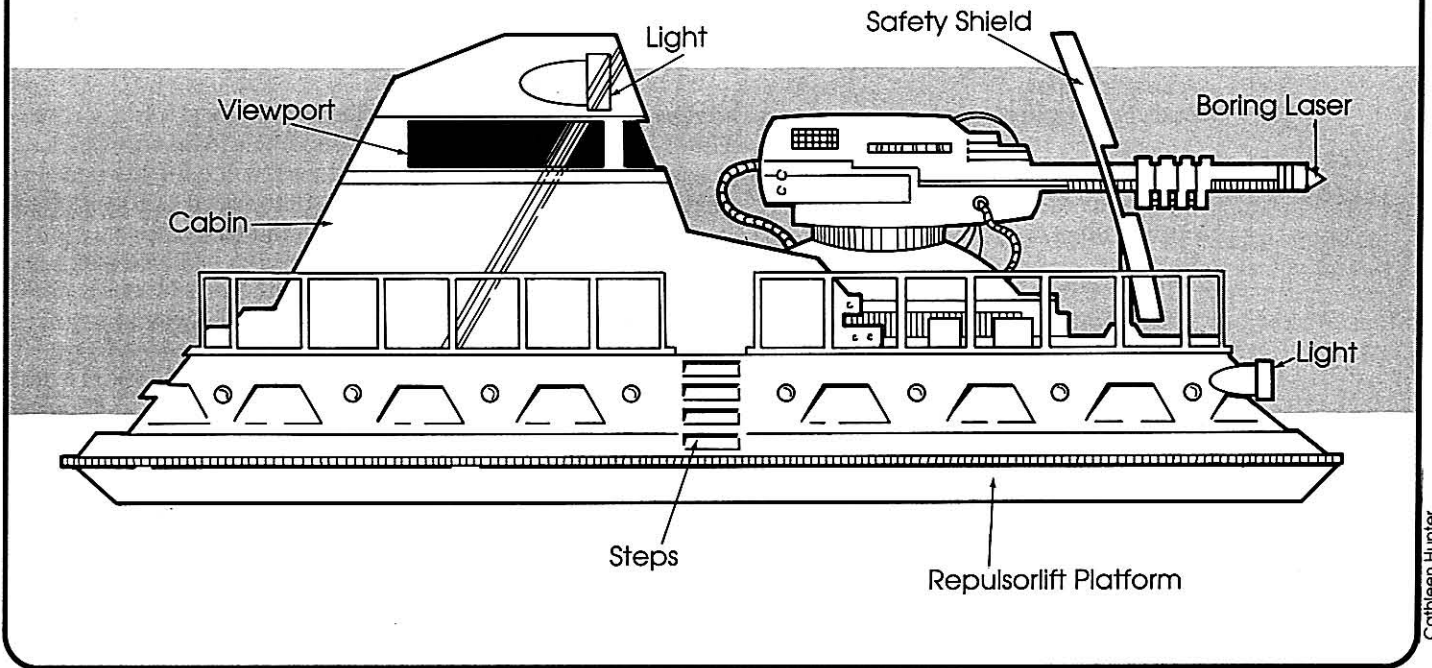
Even with every surviving Quarren miner working feverishly to repair the mines, they will be out of commission for at least a year. That will cost the Rebellion the equivalent of two Calamari Cruisers in the Fleet.

To accomplish this, all they have to do is get by a few puny Rebel scum ... one Imperial drives the laser down the corridor toward Area A; the others cling to the outside of the vehicle to fend off the Rebels.

### The Mining Laser

As the Rebels might expect, the mining laser is used to burn holes in rock. It is extremely power-

## GAMEMASTER DIAGRAM: Mining Laser



Cathleen Hunter

ful, roughly similar to the smaller lasers used on starships. The operator sits in a heavily-shielded cabin behind the laser.

To all intents and purposes, the mining laser is a tank. It's virtually impervious to the Rebels' weapons. The only way to stop it is to hop aboard, open the rear hatch, and capture or kill the driver inside. To do this, they will have to clear off the Imperials on the outside of the laser. (See the diagram below).

### Running the Final Battle

This is a more or less standard infantry (Rebels) versus tank battle. If the infantry are caught out in front of the tank, they are not real effective: their weaponry cannot get through the tank's front plating, and they are susceptible to the tank's weapon.

Make this very clear to the Rebels. If they fire at the tank from the front, their shots literally bounce off. The tank's shot, in return, bubbles the wall behind the firer. Though the Imperial piloting the platform is not very good with heavy weapons, and the laser is not designed to fire at moving targets, a near miss superheats the air, burning the targeted Rebel with a damage code of 2D.

The laser platform moves inexorably down the corridor, heading back to the docks off of Area A. The Imperials riding on the outside of the tank try to keep the Rebels from swarming over the vehicle and hitting it from where its gun cannot return fire.

If the Rebels think to direct the Borer Droids against the platform, they will have to pass a Moderate *command* roll to convince the dubious Droids to attack a mining vehicle. If successful, two Droids will repulse over to the vehicle and begin boring into its hull with their own lasers. Though the Droids' weapons also have a die cap of three on them when attacking the tank, their damage code of 6D gives them a chance. At the very least, they will distract the Imperials riding aboard the platform.

If the platform reaches Area A, it will swivel around to face down the long corridor leading to the docks. It will open fire — in exactly four rounds, it will breach the walls of the mine.

There are four Imperial spies left alive at this juncture. See page 46 for their statistics. Lieutenant Huv is driving the laser; the others cling to its sides and rear.



## **T**he Mining Laser Platform

**Craft:** Quarren Mining Laser Platform

**Crew:** One

**Passengers:** One

**Speed Code:** 1 (the laser platform has a top speed of 10 meters per round)

**Scale:** Speeder

**Body Strength:** 6D front; 4D sides, top and rear (remember that, when firing at a speeder-scale vehicle, hand weapons have a die-cap of 3 on their damage code; see *Star Wars Rules Companion*)

**Weapon:**

**One Drilling Laser**

*Fire Control:* 0D (the Imperial has a *heavy weapons* skill of 2D+2).

*Damage:* 5D (again, this is a speeder-scale vehicle: Rebels have a die-cap of 3 when resisting the laser's damage)

The laser platform is entered through a hatch on the vehicle's rear bulkhead. Once inside, the Imperial driving the vehicle burned off the hatch's controls. To burn through the hatch, the Rebels must do 20 cumulative points of damage at point-blank range (remembering the die cap on their weapons' damage codes).

The three Imperial officers clinging to the outside of the vehicle will, of course, do their best to prevent the Rebels from burning through the hatch.

## Epilogue

When the guard finally arrives, the astonished Quarren realize that they have been duped, and pledge their full support to the Alliance.

Overcome with guilt after hearing of the near-destruction of the mine, Kelmut Wolg turns himself over to the Rebels, confessing his part in the sabotage and promising to provide whatever information about his Imperial allies that might be useful.

If the Assistant Manager is forgiven his transgressions, Wolg will become a loyal supporter of the Rebellion and a strong voice for his people.

The Rebels each gain up to seven skill points for successfully completing this adventure.

In addition, one of the Q-4 Borer Droids decides to join up with them and help fight the evil Empire. It will follow the Rebels no matter what — there is no way, short of violence, of making it stay behind. The Rebels can trick the poor Droid, but it will have a very poor opinion of the Alliance from then on.

## NPC Templates

### Kalbrac

Template Type: Mon Calamari Mediator

DEX 2D  
KNO 2D  
Bureaucracy 4D  
Cultures 3D  
MEC 1D+1  
PER 2D+1  
Bargain 3D+1  
STR 2D  
TEC 2D+1



**Physical Description:** Kalbrac is middle-aged and somewhat heavy for a Mon Cal. He wears voluminous robes and his symbols of office with pride and grace.

**Equipment:** Data pad, com unit.

**Background:** When the Empire first contacted the Calamarians, Kalbrac was part of the diplomatic team which welcomed them with open arms. As the situation turned bad, Kalbrac struggled to make things right and, when he found he could not, he joined the Rebellion to make restitution for his past misdeeds.

**Personality:** Even-tempered and good-natured, Kalbrac is a skilled diplomat and negotiator and has been invaluable to the Alliance in his role as liaison to the Quarren people.

**Quote:** "It is best not to disturb the still water before the storm."

### Moren Chonk

Template Type: Typical Quarren

DEX: 2D  
Brawling  
Parry: 2D+2  
Dodge: 2D+1  
KNO: 1D+2  
Bureaucracy: 3D  
Streetwise: 2D+2  
MEC: 2D

PER: 2D+1  
Bargain: 3D+2  
Command: 2D+2  
Con: 3D  
STR: 2D+1  
Brawling: 3D  
Swimming: 4D  
TEC: 1D+2



**Description:** Chonk is portly and sloppy, dressed in expensive clothing spattered with goo from his last meal.

**Equipment:** Data-pad.

**Background:** Chonk was elected Chief Manager because of his success at running the Morjanssik Sanitation Bureau. Unfortunately, he's reached his level of incompetence here, and he knows it. He's just hoping to serve out his term with no disasters, and he relies heavily upon the advice of his Assistant Manager, Kelmur Wolg.

**Personality:** Official and pompous, obviously covering a deep-seated suspicion that he's in way over his head. Rather friendly, if you can convince him you're not going to cause him any trouble or paper-work.

**A Quote:** "Yes, yes, all very interesting, I'm sure. But enough talk of business. You're not eating your quaffles. Try them: they're quite good. First you bite their heads off to stop them from squiggling around so much ..."

### Walif Merv

Template Type: Quarren Street Hustler

DEX 2D+1  
Blaster 3D  
Brawling  
Parry 2D+2  
Dodge 3D  
KNO 2D+1  
Streetwise 3D+2  
MEC 1D+1

PER 2D+1  
Bargain 3D  
Con 4D  
Gambling 3D  
Hide/Sneak 3D+1  
STR 2D+1  
Brawling 3D  
TEC 1D+2  
Security 2D



**Physical Description:** Walif is a scrawny, scruffy-looking Quarren who at first glance is little different from the thugs who frequent the bars where he plies his trade.

**Equipment:** Heavy pistol (damage code, 5D).

**Background:** Unwilling to devote his life to mining, Walif has always searched for the easiest path to wealth and comfort. He has discovered that the easiest path is often at odds with the law, and has decided that risking arrest is preferable to living in the prison of an oppressive occupation.

**Personality:** Cunning and resourceful, Walif has lived his life on the edge for years and has learned to survive outside the law.

**Quote:** "What do you mean, 'what will it cost'? You insult me! Price is not at issue, especially considering how little I charge..."

### Kelmur Wolg

Template Type: Quarren (PC level)

DEX: 3D  
Blaster 3D+2  
Dodge: 3D+2  
KNO: 2D+2  
Bureaucracy: 3D  
Streetwise: 3D+2  
MEC: 3D

PER: 3D+1  
Command: 3D+2  
Con: 4D  
STR: 3D+1  
Brawling: 4D  
Swimming: 4D+1  
TEC: 2D+2



**Description:** Wolg is a thin, spare Quarren, with piercing eyes and a perpetual sneer on his lips.

**Equipment:** Data-pad, blaster pistol (damage code 4D), truncheon (damage code 4D+1).

**Background:** Wolg worked his way up through Quarren society to his current position as Assistant Manager of Morjanssik. Along the way, he picked a good deal of cunning, and a terrible dislike for Off-Worlders. Wolg has decided that the Alliance is not to be trusted; he has taken up a temporary alliance of his own — with the Empire — to get Calamari free of the pestilential Rebellion.

**Personality:** Almost pathologically xenophobic. Hates and mistrusts the Rebels; this is in stark contrast with his devotion to job and his people. There's a good person inside there somewhere.

**A Quote:** "Mining experts, my left gill! They're spies, I tell you. Do not trust them, I implore you, Chief Manager!"

## Captain Generet

Template Type: Imperial —  
Destabilization Branch

DEX 2D+2	PER 3D+1
Blaster 5D	Con 4D
Brawling Parry 4D	Hide/Sneak 4D
Dodge 5D	STR 3D
KNO 3D	Brawling 4D
Cultures 4D	TEC 3D+2
Languages 4D	Comp. Prog./Repair 4D
Streetwise 4D	Demolition 4D
MEC 2D+1	Security 4D



**Description:** This Imperial agent has been surgically altered to resemble a Calamari. The disguise is almost perfect — the skin temperature is a bit low, and the agent's voice is raspier than a normal Calamari's, but, other than that, it's impossible to tell the difference (Very Difficult *Perception* roll from a distance; Difficult from nearby; Easy if the examiner can poke & prod the agent, open his mouth, etc.).

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (damage code 5D); truncheon (damage code 4D).

**Background:** Captain Generet lives to serve the Empire and the Destabilization Branch. This mission involves a high degree of risk, and the surgery involved in his disguise was painful, but he volunteered the moment he heard of it.

**Personality:** Cold, calculating, but a fanatic, none-the-less. Hates the Rebellion as much as he loves the Empire.

**A Quote:** "Die Rebel Scum! Die slowly!!"

## Agent Flodon

Template Type: Imperial —  
Destabilization Branch

DEX 2D+2	PER 3D+1
Blaster 4D	Con 4D
Brawling Parry 3D	Hide/Sneak 4D
Dodge 4D	STR 3D
KNO 3D	Brawling 3D+2
Cultures 3D+1	TEC 3D+2
Languages 3D+1	
Streetwise 3D+1	
MEC 2D+1	



**Description:** Same as Captain Generet's.

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (damage code 4D), truncheon (damage code 4D).

**Background:** Flodon is a killer. He doesn't really care about much else — Empire, Rebellion, career advancement — nothing's real important as long as he gets to butcher people from time to time. If he were a civilian, he'd probably be certified insane, but Destab has a special need for people like Flodon. If he lives, he'll go far there.

**Personality:** He has none. He's completely blank, completely passive. The only time he appears to take any interest in his surroundings is when there's a prospect of blood being shed.

**A Quote:** "Die."

## Lieutenant Huv

Template Type: Imperial —  
Destabilization Branch

DEX 2D+2	PER 3D+1
Blaster 4D+1	Con 4D
Brawling Parry 3D+1	Hide/Sneak 4D
Dodge 4D+1	STR 3D
KNO 3D	Brawling 4D
Cultures 3D+2	TEC 3D+2
Languages 3D+2	Comp. Prog./Repair 4D
Streetwise 3D+2	Demolition 4D
MEC 2D+1	Security 4D



**Description:** Same as Captain Generet's, above.

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (damage code 5D), truncheon (damage code 4D).

**Background:** Huv despises the Rebellion as much as Generet does, but he's more interested in personal power than he is in the greater good of the Empire or the Destabilization Branch. He joined this mission because it was high-profile: if it's successful, everyone involved in it will be up for big promotions.

**Personality:** Arrogant, superior. Liable to overestimate his abilities and underestimate other people's.

**A Quote:** "Those Rebel Scum couldn't find their rear ends with both hands — they'll *never* find us!"

## Agent Limeren

Template Type: Imperial —  
Destabilization Branch

DEX 2D+2	MEC 2D+1
Blaster 4D	PER 3D+1
Brawling Parry 3D	Con 4D
Dodge 4D	Hide/Sneak 4D
KNO 3D	STR 3D
Cultures 3D+1	Brawling 3D+2
Languages 3D+1	TEC 3D+2
Streetwise 3D+1	



**Description:** Same as Captain Generet's, above.

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (damage code 4D), truncheon (damage code 4D).

**Background:** Limeren began his career in the Compnor Education Branch, where he was so appalled by the incompetence and corruption he found there that he became an informer for Imperial Intelligence. His ferocity and cunning were so admired in Imperial Intelligence that, when his cover at Education was blown, he was given a job in Destab. He's done quite well there, ever since.

**Personality:** Like a friendly shark. Limeren will happily buy a man a drink, shake his hand, kiss his children, and then stab him in the back.

**A Quote:** "I must kill you now: no hard feelings, I hope?"



# The Quarren

*The following is an extract from Alliance Diplomatic Corps training holo, number 2311.76.01: Calamari Personality Profiles*

## The History of the Quarren

Though most Outsiders see the Quarren as dour, unpleasant individuals, this is not really an accurate representation of the race. To each other, the Quarren are as caring, friendly, and open as any other race — possibly more so than many. It is only when dealing with Outsiders that the Quarren appear to be hostile. Racially, there are very good reasons for this hostility. And that they have managed to overcome their xenophobia to the extent that they have is quite an impressive feat.

## The Long War

Millennia ago, long before the Empire, long before Calamari had been visited by anyone from another planet, the world was occupied by two races — the Mon Calamari and the Quarren. The Mon Cals were coastal-dwellers, living on both land and sea with equal ease. The Quarren were deepwater beings, rising to the surface only occasionally, and only with great difficulty.

Because they lived in two worlds — air and water — the Calamari were able to take the best of both worlds and make it their own. They had fish and algae from the sea; they had fire and wood from the land. They developed writing and manufacturing. They charted the stars; they mapped the waters of their planet. They created for themselves a vibrant, healthy culture.

The Quarren, however, were not so lucky. Living deep in the recesses of their planet's oceans,



they were unable to harness fire. They were unable to build anything save the most primitive and simple tools. They had no paper, no ink, no writing. Their culture unable to advance, they remained savages while their cousins acquired Civilization.

Though the Cals mostly ignored the Quarren — even then, the Cals were pacifists who felt no need of conquest — the Quarren were unable to ignore the Cals. From their ocean homeland, they saw the Cals' development — ships, of fine workmanship (often mistaken for magical), sank in their territory. Cals, clad in armor, dove into the deepest parts of the ocean, where even the Quarren feared to venture. They were like gods. The Quarren grew to fear the Mon Calamari, then to hate them.

Unlike their sad-eyed cousins, the Quarren *were* warlike and proud. Unable to tolerate their cousins' success, forseeing their doom in the Cals' growth, they attacked the Cals. And they were defeated. Repeatedly.

It was almost a kind of mass insanity. Though badly outmatched by the Calamaris' superior technology and tactics, the Quarren kept on fighting. They *always* lost. Countless thousands — hundreds of thousands — died. And not just Quarren warriors either: all Quarren, young and old, joined in the fight.

The Quarren fought their brothers until they were all but extinct. The Mon Cals were unable to reason with them, unable to stop their assaults. For the Quarrens' own protection, the Cals began imprisoning captured Quarren warriors in floating prison ships.

The fighting continued for weary decade after decade, even the women and children Quarren joining in the combat and being imprisoned, until there were few free Quarren left. And eventually, there were none.

### The Time of Separation

After the War ended, the Mon Calamari found themselves with over 1,000,000 Quarren prisoners on their hands. They didn't want them, yet they feared to let them free: though the Calamari won almost all the battles, they had suffered tremendous casualties in the war and they were loath to free the Quarren to start the fighting up again. As the only alternative they could see to unending war or genocide, in perhaps the greatest social experiment their planet has ever seen, the Calamari decided to civilize the Quarren.

The first step was hard — cruel, almost — but necessary. The Quarren young were separated from their parents and moved to education centers inland. There, often at gunpoint, Calamari

teachers taught the Quarren youth literacy, science, mathematics, philosophy, and the other foundations of civilization. They taught them how to build. They taught them medicine. They even taught them how to make war. The Calamari made no attempt to break the youths of their hatred; they made no attempt to foster the Calamaris' philosophy of peace on them. They just taught the young Quarren everything they knew.

Ten years later, the young Quarren were reunited with their parents and all were set free.

### The Great Power Struggle

The Mon Calamari's strategy was ruthless, but brilliant. As they expected, the young Quarren found that they had nothing in common with their elders. The older Quarren were set on a course of self-destruction for the entire race; the younger Quarren had — despite themselves — learned that they did not need to hate the Calamari for being better than they: the Calamari had given them the tools to be as good as they were. They had learned to respect the sad-eyed beings who had had the chance — and the excuse — to exterminate their enemies, and, instead, had taught them.

The elders saw the younger Quarren as brainwashed monsters; the younger saw the elders as hopeless savages. The conflict was inevitable: so was the outcome.

Within fifteen years, the young Quarren, armed with the knowledge of the Calamari, had defeated their elders and assumed control of the Quarren civilization. Within twenty, they had opened relations with the Calamari, trading their labor for the Cals' technology. Within thirty years, the two races had amalgamated.

Though they never completely shed their deeper inferiority complex toward the Calamari, for centuries, the Quarren and Calamari have lived in — albeit sometimes uneasy — peace.

The events since the coming of the Empire and the revolt of Mon Calamari are recounted elsewhere (see *The Star Wars Sourcebook*).

### The Quarren Today

Though by law, both races are equal, and a Quarren has the same rights and privileges as a Mon Calamari, in the Quarrens' minds, the Mon Calamari have always dominated life on the planet. The Calamari were the first to be civilized, the first to have a viable culture, and the Quarren have never quite caught up emotionally.

The Mon Calamari provide the planet's scientists, spacefarers, doctors, and other professional beings; the Quarren provide its laborers. This is not due to discrimination on the part of the Cals



or incapacity on the part of the Quarren: simply, the Quarren have never seen themselves as suited toward intellectual pursuits, and feel insecure about competing with the Mon Calamari in these areas. For a race as proud as the Quarren, this rankles deeply. And that the Calamari are quite apologetic about it only serves to annoy them more.

The Quarren are the sea farmers and miners of the planet Calamari; the Mon Cals the professionals, the starfarers, the administrators. The planet is heavily socialized, and all adults earn roughly the same amount for their labor, keeping the wealth equally spread between the two races.

Most of the floating cities on Calamari are fully integrated, with roughly sixty percent Mon Calamari and forty percent Quarren inhabitants. The Quarren maintain most of their dwellings and places of business in the lower levels of the cities, the Calamari the upper levels.

#### The City of Morjanssik

The city of Morjanssik was designed, built, and populated almost entirely by Quarren, who wish to discover whether or not they can survive on their own as a civilized people, without the help of the Mon Calamari. Still feeling a deep-seated inferiority toward their cousins, the Quarren need to establish their independence in the community of races.

The Mon Calamari are not against the Quarrens' experiment: on the contrary. They hope desperately that it succeeds. Most of the internal conflicts on their planet have grown from the Quarrens' need to prove themselves the Mon Calamaris' equals. If they are finally satisfied on this point, Mon Calamari may eventually be a much better place to live — for both races. If Morjanssik fails, on the other hand, the conflict between the two races may never be fully healed.



## G

# amemaster Notes: Morjanssik City

As discussed before, Morjanssik City is the Quarrens' attempt to live on their own, without the help of their Calamari cousins. Built over 20 standard years ago, the city is old enough to have most of the original bugs worked out. To its inhabitants, it has become a home, not just a social experiment. However, it still has some of the planners' original idealism — existing in uneasy combination with the more rowdy elements of a mining boom town.

## Geography

Morjanssik City is located in the southern hemisphere of the planet Calamari, roughly 200 kilometers from the nearest appreciable landmass. It is situated directly over a kilometer-deep trench running down the middle of the southern ocean. The trench is a rich source of farium, a heavy metal used in starship hull construction.

## Weather

Morjanssik is in the southern temperate zone of Calamari. Average winter temperature is 15° Celsius (60° Fahrenheit). It rains one day out of every four, and violent winter storms are not uncommon, occurring about one per month.

Average summer temperature is 20° Celsius (70° Fahrenheit). It rains about one day out of six; summer storms are less frequent than winter storms but, when they occur, can reach hurricane proportions.

## Population

Morjanssik is populated by approximately 75,000 Quarren and several hundred Calamari. There are virtually no offworlder residents in the city. Roughly 40 percent of the population lives in the main city dome. The remainder inhabit smaller "satellite" domes scattered around the main dome.

The Quarren population is 53 percent male, and 47 percent female. Median age is 22, quite young (Quarren live to an age of around 79 galactic standard years).

## Government

Morjanssik is governed by a Chief Manager, who is elected every two years, and an Oversight Committee, who are elected every five. Voting is by secret ballot, and all adult Quarren (save those convicted of a major crime), are eligible to vote.

The Chief Manager is directly responsible for virtually all aspects of life in the city. All government offices report to the Chief Executive. Within the city, the Chief Exec's powers are virtually unlimited — except for the balancing force of the Oversight Committee. The Chief Exec also appoints the city's representative to the Council of Calamari, the ruling body of the planet Calamari.

The Oversight Committee (with five members) has no direct power in the day-to-day running of the town. Instead, it convenes once a week and reviews the actions of the city's Exec in the previous eight days. If they disagree with one of the Exec's decisions, the Oversight Committee can ask him to change it. If he refuses, they can call for a vote of confidence: the question is put to the populace, and, if the Exec loses, he is forced to resign and a new election is held.

## Economy

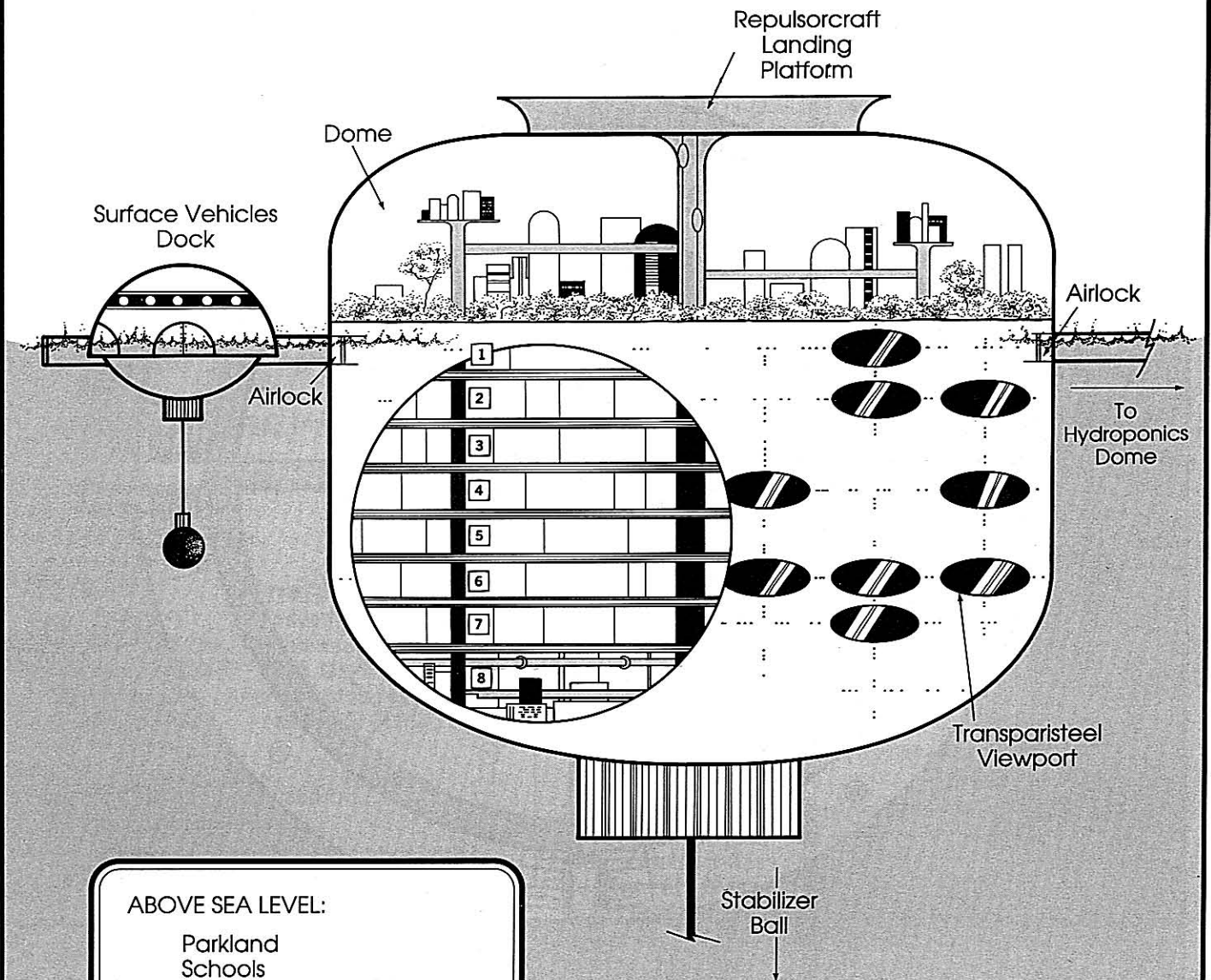
Morjanssik is a mining city. Over sixty percent of the population is involved in mining, processing, or shipping farium. The remainder of the citizens are engaged in support services — food production, vehicle and city maintenance, entertainment, defense and security, and so forth.

## Crime

The majority of the Quarren are law-abiding citizens, working their jobs, paying their taxes, and raising little Quarren, and the only criminal activity they engage in occurs while celebrating a little *too* wildly on payday. However, Morjanssik is a boom town. The miners earn quite a bit of money for their labor, and, wherever there is excess cash, there is crime.

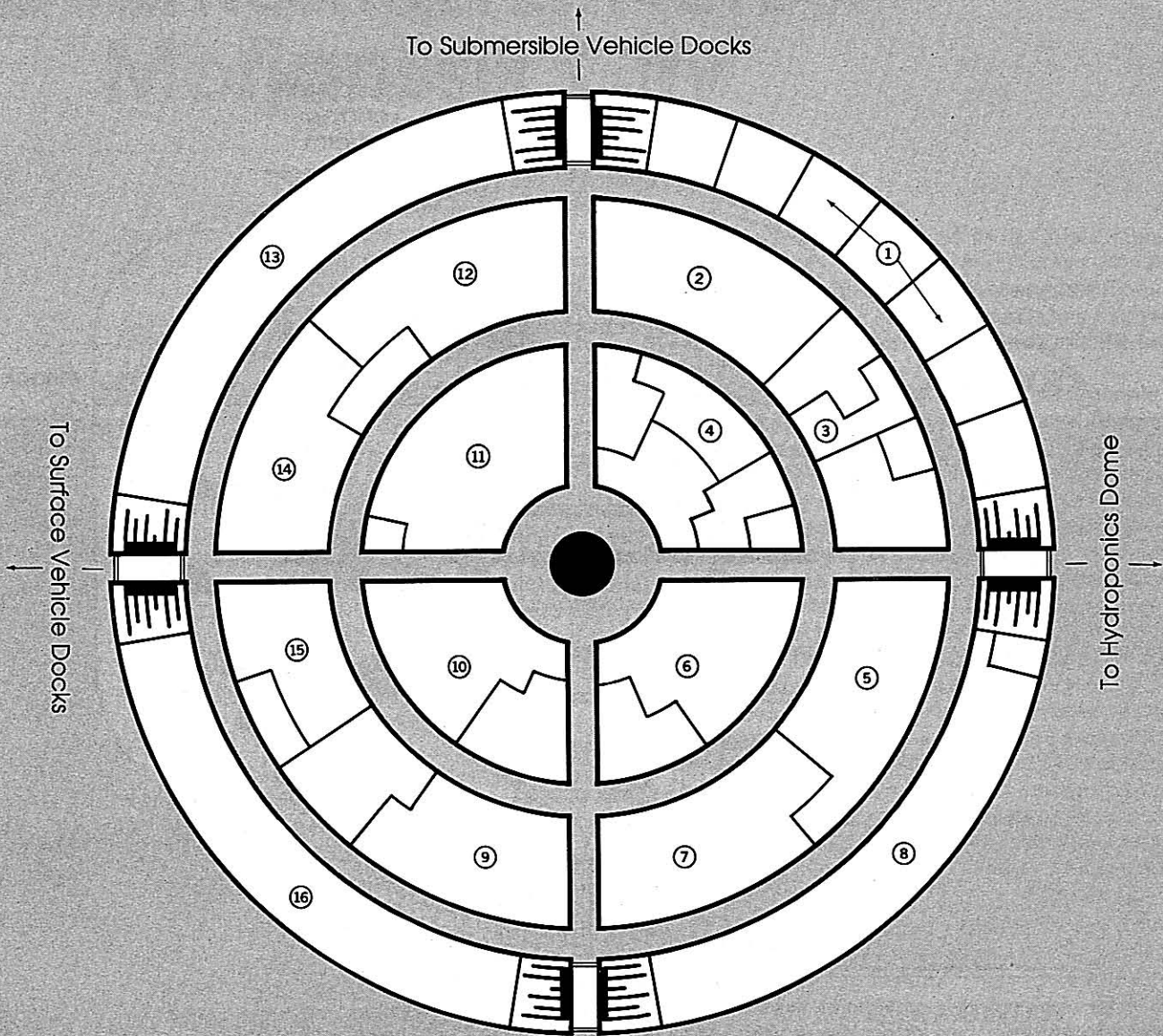
Morjanssik City has a thriving underworld. It is mostly concerned with providing miners with entertainment unavailable through normal channels: illegal drugs, high-stakes gambling, black-

# GAMEMASTER DIAGRAM: Morjanssik Main City Dome



- ABOVE SEA LEVEL:**
- Parkland
  - Schools
  - Museums
  - Hospitals
  - Wealthy Dwellings
- BELOW SEA LEVEL:**
- 1 Administrative Level
  - 2-4 Living Levels
  - 5-7 Manufacturing Levels
  - 8 Maintenance

**GAMEMASTER MAP:  
Morjanssik Administrative Level (Top View)**



- |                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Executive      | 9. Education         |
| 2. Defense        | 10. Finance          |
| 3. Security       | 11. Labor            |
| 4. Transportation | 12. Health           |
| 5. Sanitation     | 13. Environment      |
| 6. Communications | 14. Maintenance      |
| 7. Commissary     | 15. Arts             |
| 8. Power          | 16. Mining Authority |

Cathleen Hunter



marketeting, and the like. Profits from these activities are extremely high, and so is public tolerance: though officially condemned, little is actually done to stop them. As long as the underworld avoids arousing the public's ire by engaging in more violent, high-profile activities such as extortion, blackmail, and murder, Security is happy to leave them to their own devices.

However, despite the relative civility of the underworld, there is a growing problem of violent crime in the city. In recent years, a number of gangs have sprung up from the poorer segments of the city's population; these hoodlums have no compunction against the more violent crimes. When they aren't fighting turf wars with each other, the gangs routinely engage in theft, murder, extortion, and other violent acts against the citizenry. If the gangs ever manage to stop killing each other and band together, they could be a serious threat to both the underworld and the City government.

Security takes the gangs *very* seriously indeed.

## Morjanssik Non-Player Characters

Following are a number of characters the Rebels can meet if they wander around Morjanssik City on their own.

### Typical Quarren

The average Quarren can be quite pleasant to others of his kind, but tends to be suspicious of outsiders. If a Quarren encounters the Rebels on the streets of Morjanssik, he will stop what he is doing, and stare at them until they go away. This can be quite disconcerting, particularly when the Rebels are in areas crowded with Quarren.

If the Rebels can overcome the Quarrens' suspicions, they will find the aquatic people to be friendlier than many races, but with a deep-seated inferiority complex which makes them quick to take offense at any implied insult to their race.

### TYPICAL QUARREN

**Template Type:** Quarren

**Loyalty:** To the Race

**Height:** 1.5-2.0 meters

**Sex:** male or female

**DEX:** 2D

**STR:** 2D+1

**KNO:** 1D+2

Brawling: 3D

Streetwise and/or

Swimming: 4D

Bureaucracy: 2D+1

**TEC:** 1D+2

**MEC:** 2D

Profession-related

Profession-related

skills: 2D-3D+2

skills: 2D+1-4D

**PER:** 2D+1

Bargain, Command, Con and/or

Gambling: 2D+2-3D+2

**Description:** Grey-skinned humanoids with four tentacles on their heads. Quarren tend to dress in somber grey cloaks with few decorations.

**Equipment:** Quarren money, datapad, other miscellaneous items. A few might carry clubs or vibroknives for personal protection (Quarren require licenses to carry projectile or energy weapons).

**Personality:** Dour and suspicious on the surface, surprisingly friendly once you get to know them.

**Quote:** "You off-worlders are all alike! You come to our planet, steal our jobs, get us embroiled in some damn fool war against other off-worlders, and then — say, your glass is empty. Bartender, set this guy up with another Vlizz-kick! Now, where was I?"

### SECURITY OFFICER

**Template Type:** Quarren

**Loyalty:** To the Race

**Height:** 1.5-2.0 meters

**Sex:** male or female

**DEX:** 2D

**PER:** 2D+1

Blaster: 3D

Search: 3D+2

Brawling Parry: 2D+2

**STR:** 2D+1

Dodge: 3D

Brawling: 3D

**KNO:** 1D+2

Swimming: 4D

Bureaucracy: 2D+1

**TEC:** 1D+2

Streetwise: 2D+1

Security: 3D+1

**MEC:** 2D

**Description:** Quarren security officers dress in dark grey leather and wear plastic helmets with laser-flash visors.

**Equipment:** Blaster (damage code 4D); truncheon (damage code 3D+1; restraining cuffs (strength 6D; opposed roll to break free); comlink.

**Personality:** Efficient, coldly polite to off-worlders.

**Quote:** "Yes sir. I heard you. They were trying to kill you; you were only defending yourself. I still need to see your carrying permit for the blaster, sir."

**THUG**

**Template Type:** Quarren

**Loyalty:** To Gang

**Height:** 1.5-2.0 meters

**Sex:** male

**DEX:** 2D

Blaster: 2D+2

Brawling

Parry: 3D+1

Dodge: 2D+2

Melee Parry: 2D+1

Melee: 3D+1

**KNO:** 1D+2

Streetwise: 3D

**MEC:** 2D

**PER:** 2D+1

Hide/Sneak: 3D

**STR:** 2D+1

Brawling: 3D+1

Swimming: 4D

**TEC:** 1D+2

**Description:** Greasy, dirty, wearing garishly-colored leathers and with tattoos on all exposed portions of their bodies.

**Equipment:** Vibroknives (damage code 4D); about half carry blasters (damage code 4D).

**Personality:** Coarse, violent, rapacious. Kill to make money; kill anyway even if there isn't any money to be made.

**Quote:** "What color's your blood, anyway, dryfoot?"

**URCHIN**

**Template Type:** Quarren

**Loyalty:** To Him- or Herself

**Height:** 1.2-1.6 Meters

**Sex:** Male or Female

**DEX:** 2D

Dodge: 3D+2

**KNO:** 1D+2

Streetwise: 4D

**MEC:** 2D

**PER:** 2D+1

Bargain: 3D+1

Con: 3D+2

Hide/Sneak: 3D+1

**STR:** 2D+1

Swimming: 4D

**TEC:** 1D+2

**Description:** Young Quarren street urchin, wearing raggedy clothes with holes in the knees; often with some squishy pet bumping around inside the child's pocket.

**Equipment:** Squishy animal; string; spitballs; tacks; slingshot (damage code 1D).

**Personality:** Bold, rude, unafraid of anyone or anything. Lives on the street; likes it that way. Knows everyone who is anyone; will do anything for a fast credit (except take a bath).

**Quote:** "Yeah, I can take you to where you can buy a couple of blasters — but it'll cost ya, see?"

**GANGSTER**

**Template Type:** Quarren

**Loyalty:** To Underworld Boss and a Healthy Profit Margin

**Height:** 1.5-2.0 meters

**Sex:** male or female

**DEX:** 2D

Blaster: 3D

Brawling

Parry: 2D+2

Dodge: 3D

**KNO:** 1D+2

Bureaucracy: 2D+1

Streetwise: 2D+1

**MEC:** 2D

**PER:** 2D+1

Search: 3D+2

**STR:** 2D+1

Brawling: 3D

Swimming: 4D

**TEC:** 1D+2

Security: 3D+1

**Description:** Quarren gangsters dress in snappy grey business suits with white shoes and cravats.

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (damage code 3D+1); Quarren credit card.

**Personality:** Polite, cheerful. Will offer to sell Rebels illegal entertainment goods — liquor, gambling game, so forth. Looks astonished and insulted if Rebels ask for weapons.

**Quote:** "I'm afraid we just don't deal in such things any more, my good fellow."

## Creatures of Morjanssik

Following are game statistics for some of the common water denizens in and around the city of Morjanssik.

### FLAILER

**DEXTERITY:** 2D+2

**PERCEPTION:** 4D

**STRENGTH:** 2D

**Speed Code:** 3D

**Size:** 2 meters across.

**Description:** Flailers are round, flat creatures inhabiting the surface layer of the southern Calamari ocean. They are jet black and quite shiny; when still, they can be easily mistaken for oil slicks. The edge of the flailer's body is ringed with tiny, razor-sharp teethlike appendages. The flailer rakes its teeth across its victim, and then ingests the resultant blood from the water. On its own, a flailer is not likely to be much of a threat to a human-sized opponent; however, blood spilled in battle is likely to draw much more dangerous creatures to the area ...

### LAMPFISH

**DEXTERITY:** 3D

**PERCEPTION:** 1D

**STRENGTH:** 8D-12D

**Speed Code:** 1D

**Size:** The average lampfish is 10 meters in length, though specimens as large as 40 meters in length have been recorded.

**Description:** The lampfish live deep under the ocean surface of Calamari. These bizarre creatures are all mouth: huge head, jagged teeth, beady eyes, and little tiny body. Living in perpetual darkness, the lampfish lure their prey to their doom with their brightly-glowing tongues: their victims, mesmerized by the light, literally swim right into the lampfishes' jaws.

The lampfish is not particularly aggressive by nature — it hunts by swimming lazily around with its mouth open. However, the beasts are territorial, and they will fight to drive others of their type off of their hunting grounds. Unfortunately, the short-sighted creatures have been known to mistake lighted bathyspheres for other lampfish ...

### CHOARN

**DEXTERITY:** 3D

**PERCEPTION:** 2D+1

**STRENGTH:** 2D-6D

**Speed Code:** 3D-7D

**Size:** 1m-8m

**Description:** The Choarn is the scavenger of the Calamari oceans. A blue, eel-like creature with row upon row of sharp teeth inside its gaping maw, the fearless Choarn will attack anything that moves. The scent of blood drives Choarn into killing frenzies; blood-crazed packs of the creatures have been known to batter themselves to death against the clear windows of Quarren cities, attempting to get at the tender Quarren morsels within.

The Quarren make halfhearted attempts to keep the Choarn population down around their cities, but, as the Choarn are an important part of the Calamari ecosystem, the Quarren have been unwilling to exterminate them. (Besides, Choarn make good eating.)



# New Player Character Templates

Following are six new player character templates, for use with *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*. The characters are Quarren and Mon Calamari.

Though a welcome addition to any group of Rebels, these characters would be especially useful if the gamemaster is contemplating a campaign on the world of Calamari, or on any aquatic world, for that matter. The Evil Galactic Empire does not confine its efforts to space and land, after all: it seeks to dominate the seas — and beneath the seas — as well.

## The Quarren

The Quarren are generally regarded to be reluctant Rebels, fighting because they see it as the only way to help ensure their people's survival, rather than for any more esoteric reasons like "freedom" or "justice." However, that is not to say that they are bad warriors for that.

The Quarren have been fighters for all of their recorded history. They fought against the terrible creatures which live in the deep reaches of their ocean. They battled against each other for wealth, honor, and control of territory. They fought against the Mon Calamari until they were all but extinct. No one should take their courage and their (sometimes bull-headed) determination lightly.

- The "Quarren Street Hustler" is useful in any group of Rebels who venture into society's dark underbelly. The backstreets are his home, and he swims through them as effortlessly as he does through Calamari's oceans.
- The "Quarren Miner" is a strong, violent character, short on tactfulness, but an extremely good being to have at your side in a brawl.
- The "Quarren Deep Hunter" is a well-rounded character, well-suited for survival in the outdoors — kind of an aquatic Dan'l Boone. A bit "techy", perhaps, and undereducated by the standards of the galaxy, but he knows how to live off of the ocean, and he fears nothing.

## The Mon Calamari

The Mon Cal are well-known for their brilliant contributions to the Alliance. Their mighty ships

make even the vaunted Imperial Navy thoughtful, and they are even better crewmen than they are shipwrights.

There is another side to the Calamaris' contribution to the war effort, however, one that is often overlooked. The Mon Cal are about the most even-tempered, thoughtful race in the Alliance. They are not swayed by anger or fear; and their council is as important to the Alliance as is their ships.

- The "Calamari Mediator" character is useful for situations where the Rebels must deal with alien races. He's a diplomat, and a good one. He's also able to fight, if need be.
- The "Calamari Technician" is useful in virtually all circumstances and environments. He's a good, all-around mechanic.
- The "Calamari Pilot" offers a flyer with a different personality from the "Brash Pilot" and other existing templates. A dangerous Calamari to cross.

## Aquatic Beings

### Mon Calamari

The Mon Calamari are able to descend to depths of up to 30 meters below sea level without requiring breathing or pressure apparatus. They do not need to decompress when returning to the surface.

The Cal can stay beneath the water's surface for an indefinite length of time, though they cannot sleep underwater for various physiological and psychological reasons.

### The Quarren

The Quarren can descend to depths of up to 200 meters without requiring breathing or pressure apparatus. However, when they descend to 50 meters or deeper, they must return to the surface slowly, to allow their bodies to readjust to the lower surface pressure. When coming up to the surface, they must spend as much time decompressing as they spent at depths below 50 meters.

# Mon Calamari Pilot



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Player Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
 Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee \_\_\_\_\_

## KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 Technology \_\_\_\_\_

## MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

## PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Gamble \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_

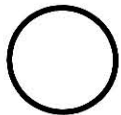
## STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lift \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swim \_\_\_\_\_

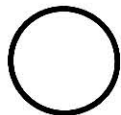
## TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Demolition \_\_\_\_\_  
 Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Medicine \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

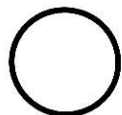
## Equipment \_\_\_\_\_



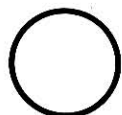
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

# Mon Calamari Mediator



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Player Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
 Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee \_\_\_\_\_

## KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 Technology \_\_\_\_\_

## MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

## PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Gamble \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_

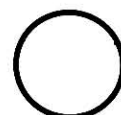
## STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lift \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swim \_\_\_\_\_

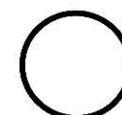
## TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Demolition \_\_\_\_\_  
 Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Medicine \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

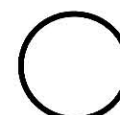
## Equipment \_\_\_\_\_



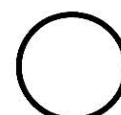
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

## Mon Calamari Mediator



### Equipment

blaster pistol  
comlink  
1000 credits standard

---

**Background:** So this is what it all comes to, eh? Your people's great strides against the power of ignorance, against the brutal hatreds that lie deep within every being's soul, against the everlasting darkness? All of your people's energies turned to the business of war?

The irony of it is tremendous. For all of their history, the Mon Calamari have been struggling to distance themselves from their primitive existence, to get away from war. You tamed your world. You quested for peace and enlightenment among the stars.

And what did you find out there? Another war, this time against creatures more brutal, more evil, than anything your ocean world ever produced. You kind of wish your people had never left home.

Still, you do your small best to help. You are a mediator, specially trained to communicate with other beings. In the Alliance, you have found great need for your services: there are a lot of different races out there, and the chances of misunderstanding between them are tremendous.

You look forward to the day when you can talk about art, about literature, about the eternal verities, but, for now at least, you spend most of your time talking about troop movements, commissary arrangements, and design tolerances.

**Personality:** You're sort of a combination ambassador, interpreter, and psychologist. You have a deep understanding of and empathy for other beings. You're sympathetic and caring. Which can get to be a bore, particularly when dealing with Quarren or Wookiees, but you're far too polite to ever mention it.

**A Quote:** "Come, let us reason together."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have interpreted for any Rebel character in the Government or Military High Command. You might have accompanied a Quarren/Mon Calamari trading mission to the Alliance.

## Mon Calamari Pilot



### Equipment

blaster  
vacuum suit  
medpac  
1000 credits standard  
x-wing starfighter

---

**Background:** You are a warrior among a people embarrassed by the profession. The moment the Imperial soldiers landed on your planet, you knew, deep down in your bones, that they would have to be destroyed. Though they attempted to hide it, your warrior's senses knew, somehow, that they were enemies. You tried to tell your people, tried to warn them, but they wouldn't listen.

You, at least, were not surprised when the Imperials took over your world. You fought against them as best you could, but your world had few starfighters; the enemy had many and your ship was quickly overwhelmed. You spent most of the Occupation years in an Imperial prison.

Since the Imperials were pushed off your planet and you were freed, you have been fighting for the Alliance, doing what you do best: flying small starships. The designs have changed a bit since you last were in space — you're somewhat older, perhaps just a bit slower, as well — but the job's still the same: your mind and your skills against the enemy's. Kill him; survive if you can.

Your people may not understand or appreciate you, but that's not important. You're a warrior, and they need you: that's all that matters.

**Personality:** Quiet, almost sedate. You do what needs to be done, with little fanfare, little emotion. You're a killer, but you take no pleasure in it: it's just what you are.

**A Quote:** "No prisoners, gentlemen. No place to hold them; nothing to feed them. Right flank in first, left flank follows in two minutes. Let's go."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have been imprisoned with another Calamarian or Quarren; you might have served in the Alliance Fleet with an Offworlder.



# Quarren Deep Hunter



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Player Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_  
Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee \_\_\_\_\_

## KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Technology \_\_\_\_\_

## MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

## PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Gamble \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_

## STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_  
Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_  
Lift \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swim \_\_\_\_\_

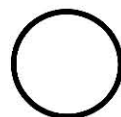
## TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolition \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Medicine \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

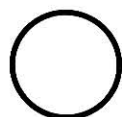
## Equipment \_\_\_\_\_



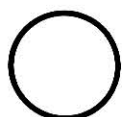
Force  
Points



Dark Side  
Points



Wound  
Status



Skill  
Points

# Mon Calamari Technician



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Player Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_  
Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Gamble \_\_\_\_\_  
Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee \_\_\_\_\_

## KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Technology \_\_\_\_\_

## MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

## PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Gamble \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_

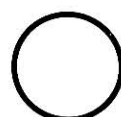
## STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_  
Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_  
Lift \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swim \_\_\_\_\_

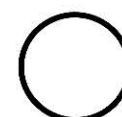
## TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolition \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Medicine \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

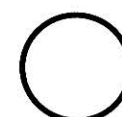
## Equipment \_\_\_\_\_



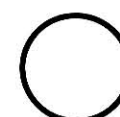
Force  
Points



Dark Side  
Points



Wound  
Status



Skill  
Points

## Mon Calamari Technician



### Equipment

toolkit  
thermal detonator  
blaster pistol  
1000 credits

**Background:** You're an honors graduate of the hardest technical school on Calamari. You know your way around the engines of virtually every ship in the Alliance Fleet. You can tear down and rebuild a twin heavy blaster cannon in your sleep. You are an important and valued member of the Rebel Alliance Support Services.

So how come you're so bloody bored with your life?

You served with distinction in the Calamarian Revolt against the Empire, maintaining weapons and engines at the very front line of battle. You liked the sound of blasters tearing up the air around you. You liked the close camaraderie you developed with those around you.

It just wasn't the same in the Fleet. Of course, you recognize that the Fleet is the most important component in the Alliance military, that keeping her running is crucial to the war effort, that, someday, the Fleet will have to face the ships of the Empire in a battle which, in all likelihood, will decide the fate of the universe.

But until that battle occurs, the job's nothing but routine — tedious routine. For a veteran of the Revolt, one who has fought the Empire's lackeys face-to-face, it's *dull*. Let's face it: you've become a danger-junkie.

So you've pulled a few strings and wrangled a position in the field. Your chances of promotion are much smaller, your chances of death much higher, but, what the heck: it's gonna be a lot more fun.

**Personality:** Cheerful, intelligent, but rather excitable for a Calamari. You enjoy the thrill of battle.

**A Quote:** "Let's rush them!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could have fought with other Quarren or Calamari in the Great Revolt; you could have served aboard an Alliance Fleet vessel with any Offworlder.

## Quarren Deep Hunter



### Equipment

speargun  
deepsuit  
two-man submersible vehicle (unpressurized)  
1000 credits standard

**Background:** For years beyond memory, your people have hunted the creatures at the bottom of the oceans. They fought the huge lampfish, the ravenous blutfish and the cunning squiges with the strength of their arm, the speed of their legs, with simple spear and net. In the old days, they had none of the weapons and equipment you have. The Quarren have gotten soft, your old da would say, soft and weak. If so, it's the Calamaris who are to blame. They've *civilized* the Quarren — ha. *Tamed* them, more's the truth.

It is the Calamari who brought the Offworlder trouble to your planet, as well. They *had* to go into space — as if there wasn't enough bounty right here, in the rich oceans of Mon Calamari, for everyone! And it's you and your people who have had to suffer for their greed.

When the Empire came, they polluted your waters. They humbled your parents. They treated the Quarren like animals. They *dishonored* your people. In the old days, your people would have preferred death to dishonor.

You, at least, still do. You've fought this new enemy with all your skill, with every tool at your command. Though it was hard, you even made peace with the Cal — it *was* their fault that the Empire came, but you've seen them fight the Empire, and they are good. Other Offworlders — those in the *Alliance*, whatever that is — too fight well.

Not as good as the Quarren, of course, but quite acceptable for Offworlders. Even your old Da would have had to give them that.

**Personality:** You're a hardy backwoodman — though your backwoods are the deepest reaches of the ocean. You're the quiet type: you let your speargun do your talking for you. You are very touchy about honor; you have nothing but contempt for those who bow to the enemy.

**A Quote:** "You'd better smile when you say that, stranger."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could have acted as guide/guard to an Offworlder undersea expedition; conversely, you could have confronted anyone who unknowingly entered your hunting grounds.

# Quarren Street Hustler



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Player Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_  
Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Technology \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Gamble \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

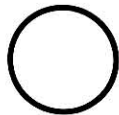
Brawl \_\_\_\_\_  
Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_  
Lift \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swim \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

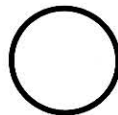
Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolition \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Medicine \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Equipment \_\_\_\_\_

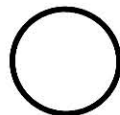
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



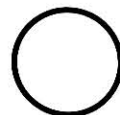
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

# Quarren Miner



Character Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Player Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_  
Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## KNOWLEDGE \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Technology \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## MECHANICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## PERCEPTION \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Gamble \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## STRENGTH \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

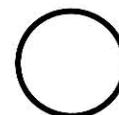
Brawl \_\_\_\_\_  
Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_  
Lift \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swim \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## TECHNICAL \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

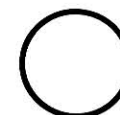
Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolition \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Medicine \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Equipment \_\_\_\_\_

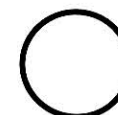
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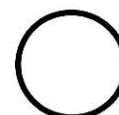
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

## Quarren Miner



### Equipment

club  
heavy blaster pistol  
1000 credits standard

**Background:** Mining's hard, dangerous work — the toughest job in the galaxy, you figure. The hours are long, the working conditions terrible; chances are, you'll wind up crippled or dead before your time is due.

But it's all you've ever known. Your family has always worked the deepmines. Your mother was killed in a decompression accident in the south mines shortly after you were born; your grandfather died of the wetlung at the age of 32; your father at 36. But it's the only life you know.

When the Offworlders — the Empire, that is — took over, things got even worse. They cut your pay and worked you even harder; they killed you if you gave them any lip. All of the gains the miners had made over the years — the union, the better working conditions, the danger pay — were washed away when the first Imperial ship landed.

Everyone *knew* the south mines were unsafe: they had been closed for years, ever since the accident which killed your mother. But the Offworlders forced them opened again, forced you and your fellows to work there. It was only luck, pure, blind luck, that the water seal blew while you were off-shift. Fifty-seven of your brothers weren't so lucky. That's when you said "enough." That's when you decided that those murderers weren't fit to live. You and your brothers chased them off this planet; you'll not stop until they're erased from the galaxy.

**Personality:** Bitter, silent, consumed with hatred for the Empire, you have great loyalty to those you work with (though you can never express it with words). You don't shirk from hard work or danger, and you *never* give up.

Your one weakness is for drink: you go without for months, then, for no reason, you may go on a heroic binge which lasts for days. You're a mean drunk.

**A Quote:** "Give him a pickaxe, tell him there's ore down there, and a miner'll dig his way to hell. It may take him some time, but he'll get there, I promise you."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have met the Hustler in jail after one of your binges; you might have trained an Offworlder in deepmining techniques.

## Quarren Street Hustler



### Equipment

blaster  
vibroblade  
500 credits standard

**Background:** You've been on the streets since you can remember. Never went to school; never had a job — never paid any taxes either, come to think of it. That was the life! You ran errands for the Underworld Big Fish, hustled the tourists — particularly the Mon Cals: you loved taking *their* money! — and, when unavoidable, did piece-work (information-selling, mainly) for the government.

Things got a whole lot less fun when the Imperials came, though. Suddenly, it became *illegal* to work the streets, and not having a job made you bait for any two-cred lieutenant who needed to up his arrest record for the month. You were no longer a hustler (an honorable profession, to be sure): now you were a hunted criminal. You took up the fight against the Empire not for any foolish *cause*: you fought them to survive.

Now that they're gone, you've tried to go back to your old way of life, but it's not the same, somehow. Though you'd never admit it, you *enjoyed* the struggle to drive the Empire off of your planet. You liked the danger, liked being part of something important.

As long as the war goes on, you can't be satisfied with taking money from Calamaris. You're after bigger fish.

**Personality:** Bright, quick-witted, ready to take advantage of any opportunity. You're at home in the back-streets of any city in the universe. Easygoing and pliant on the surface, you're remarkably hard to push around. Getting even is second nature to you — getting ahead is first nature.

**A Quote:** "We'd better watch our step around here: not all the choarn live in the ocean."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have acted as tourguide to any Offworlder visiting a Quarren city; you might have worked with a Quarren or Mon Calamari character in the Resistance to the Empire's Occupation of Calamari.



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# STAR WARS®

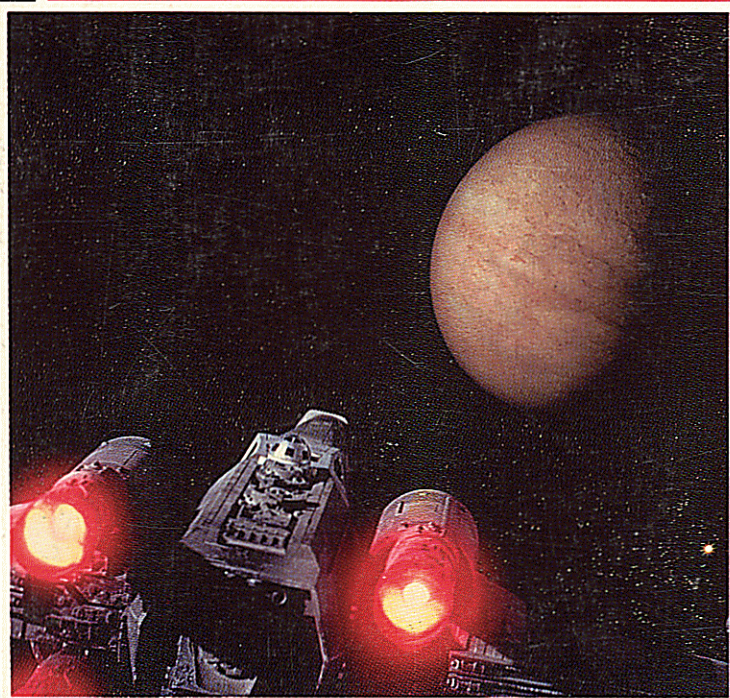
## Death In the Undercity

by Michael Nystul

The mighty Mon Calamari Cruisers are the cornerstones of the Rebel fleet, and the key to victory over the massive Imperial Navy. These powerful starships are supplied by the citizens of Calamari, a planet entirely loyal to the Alliance — at least on the *surface*.

Beneath the surface of Calamari's majestic oceans, the fireless Quarren labor to provide ores crucial to the construction of Mon Cal Cruisers. Recently, a series of bizarre mining accidents has slowed production to a near standstill. It's up to the Rebel agents to discover the source of the problems.

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