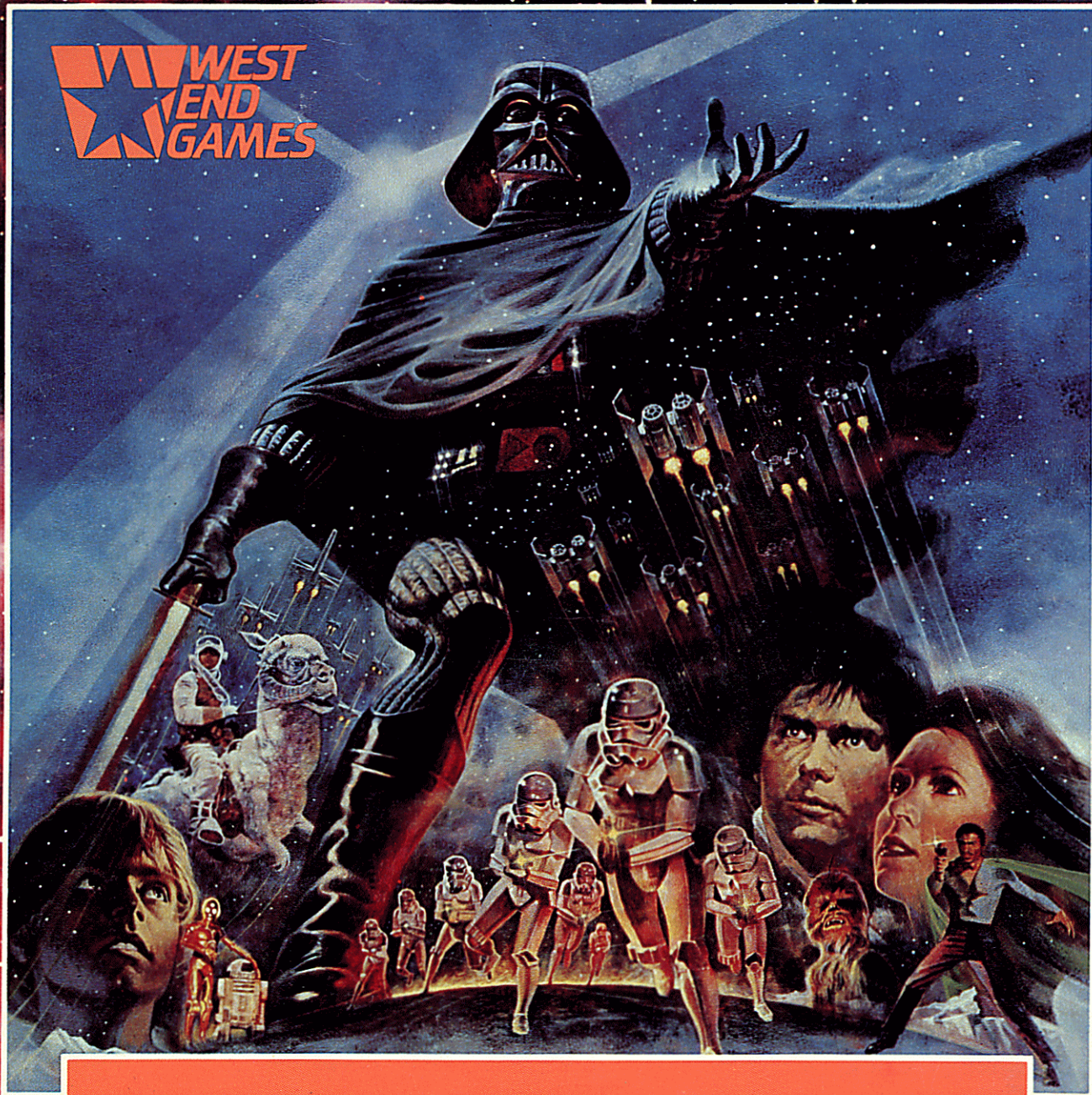


STAR  
THE  
**EMPIRE  
STRIKES BACK**  
TM  
WARS

**GALAXY GUIDE 3**



Character profiles for use with  
*Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*

# STAR WARS®

## GALAXY GUIDE 3

### The Empire Strikes Back™

by Michael Stern



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



**It is a dark time for the Rebellion. Although the Death Star has been destroyed, Imperial troops have driven the Rebel forces from their hidden base and pursued them across the galaxy.**

**Evading the dreaded Imperial Starfleet, a group of freedom fighters led by Luke Skywalker has established a new secret base on the remote ice world of Hoth.**

**The evil lord Darth Vader, obsessed with finding young Skywalker, has dispatched thousands of remote probes into the far reaches of space ...**

# I ntroduction

Do you remember the first time you saw *The Empire Strikes Back*? The familiar faces of the characters were revealed to you one at a time as the second movie in the *Star Wars* trilogy progressed. They appeared in turn, gradually creating a comfortable feeling of being at home again — at home with old friends in an exciting galaxy far, far away.

The young farm boy Luke Skywalker pulled open his scarf, and we saw a face that wasn't quite so young or quite so innocent any more. We were reintroduced to the roguish Han Solo, who sounded a shade more responsible than he did in the first movie. And we were also reacquainted with the hard-working and beautiful Princess Leia, the loyal Chewbacca, and the resourceful Droids R2-D2 and C-3PO.

These characters were the constants, the framework around which the *Star Wars* saga was built. We followed the growth and development of Luke, Han and Leia, and we got involved in their adventures.

Now, with the *Galaxy Guide* series of *Star Wars* supplements, you can once again get involved with the heroes you know so well — and with the lesser players who flesh out the background of the story of Empire and Rebellion.

This portion of the saga opens with a spectacular battle between Rebel soldiers and Imperial forces, culminating in the devastating attack of the AT-AT walkers. But Han Solo, Princess Leia, and Chewbacca survive, only to fight a running space battle with Star Destroyers through asteroid fields. Meanwhile, Luke Skywalker seeks out Yoda, the ancient Jedi Master, to continue his training as a Jedi Knight. This is the stuff of legends.

This segment of the *Star Wars* saga brought together all of the elements that made the crowds return to the theaters again and again three years earlier. Brave heroes battled grand villains against a galactic backdrop; larger-than-life action sped across the giant screens. And new aspects were explored, new characters introduced, new excitement presented. We met Lando Calrissian, Yoda and Boba Fett. We watched romance bloom between Han Solo and Princess Leia. We heard Darth Vader say those terrible words, "I am your father."

In this book you'll find all the heroes and villains from *Star Wars V: The Empire Strikes Back*, brought to life in fascinating profiles and stories. This book is not only intended to provide *Star Wars* fans with rare facts, statistics and information, but also to give players and gamemasters of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* starting points for adventures and exciting non-player characters to use in their campaigns.

If you are simply a fan of the movies and have never tried anything even resembling a roleplaying game, *Star Wars* would be a great place to start. It is a familiar setting, full of wondrous people and images. You already know the characters and the lines and the basic story. And *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* is designed with the new roleplayer in mind. The rules are clear and simple, and the game plays fast and furious — just like the movies it is based upon.

If you enjoy this and other supplements, why not give the roleplaying game a try. With it, you can battle the Galactic Empire whenever the mood strikes you, adding your support to the Rebel Alliance.

But for now, let's return to that place that exists a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away ...

# The Odyssey Continues

## Prologue: First Words

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

From: Lieutenant Voren Na'al, Assistant Historian

Regarding: Continuing research into the events following the evacuation of the Hoth base.

Your praise of my work and your request for a continuance of my mission came as a great surprise to me, since I still consider that sample of my work to be a pointedly biased piece. That bias was largely due to my growing personal involvement in the lives and stories of those I attempted to portray objectively. I have found this a painful and difficult mission, but it is my duty to continue, and with a growing sense of drive and purpose, I shall perform that duty.

Forgive me if my enthusiasm seems diminished since my last report, but the dark tragedy of recent events has lent a certain air of impending doom to my life and work. The Empire's might lies like a great weight on the shoulders of those gathered here at the rendezvous. We have seen and felt the full force of the Empire's destructive power, and now many of us wait resignedly for the next crushing blow. Some fear it will come with the stubborn inevitability of a dying star.

Perhaps there is a greater sense of hope and optimism among the Alliance fleet than I personally feel. Most of those who are involved in the Rebellion have not followed the stories of the heroes of the Battle of Yavin as I have during these past years. Worse, I have seen the results of the last few weeks of conflict with the Empire. Had our people known of the horrible torture of those who knowingly accepted the heavy mantle of heroes, had our people known of the maiming of Commander Skywalker or of the tragic loss of Captain Solo, they might find hope and optimism to be as fleeting and futile as I now do.

But these rag-tag soldiers and starship pilots seem to feed off of and grow strong with the stalwart courage and character of Commander Skywalker and Princess Leia. In their presence, I

too feel a certain sense of hope for the future. For, if two people who have been through as much as Leia and Luke have over these past few weeks can remain hopeful and optimistic, then anyone can, even I.

And they have been through much: devastating attacks, narrow escapes, cold betrayal, mystical revelation, even a bit of romance. I still marvel at the grand adventure of it all, and yet the tragedy of recent events keeps things in painfully clear focus. But let me back up to the incident that so clearly marks for me the start of this series of reports. Let me begin with the planet where the Empire finally caught up with the Alliance. Let me begin with Hoth ...

## An Icy Beginning

This second and darkest phase of my continuing report begins on the frigid, unforgiving snow plains of the planet known as Hoth. This report differs from the first, since, in this case, I was not following in the wake of those great heroes of the battle of Yavin while attempting to recreate the astounding events in which they participated. Rather, this time, in this battle, I lived those events right along with them.

Since I was on Hoth anyway, and my assignment was a chiefly passive one, General Rieekan decided that he needed every available hand he could get, and I was put to work. I was actually grateful and enthusiastic about the enforced activity, since I had been feeling a bit useless watching, merely observing, while these brave men and women toiled to create an operational base out of an icy cavern. The work I was given to do was not very glamorous, but it made me feel as if I were contributing to the effort in some manner. As a great lady once told me, "We all serve the Rebellion in our own way."

Initially, the com units were not operational, since all of the equipment had to be adjusted to the low temperatures of Hoth, communications systems being particularly sensitive to cold. I was given the task of running messages between various high officials spread throughout the newly-tunnelled caverns of Echo Base. During this time I had good opportunity to see each

member of the Echo Base command team in action, and needless to say, I quickly developed a tremendous respect for each of them.

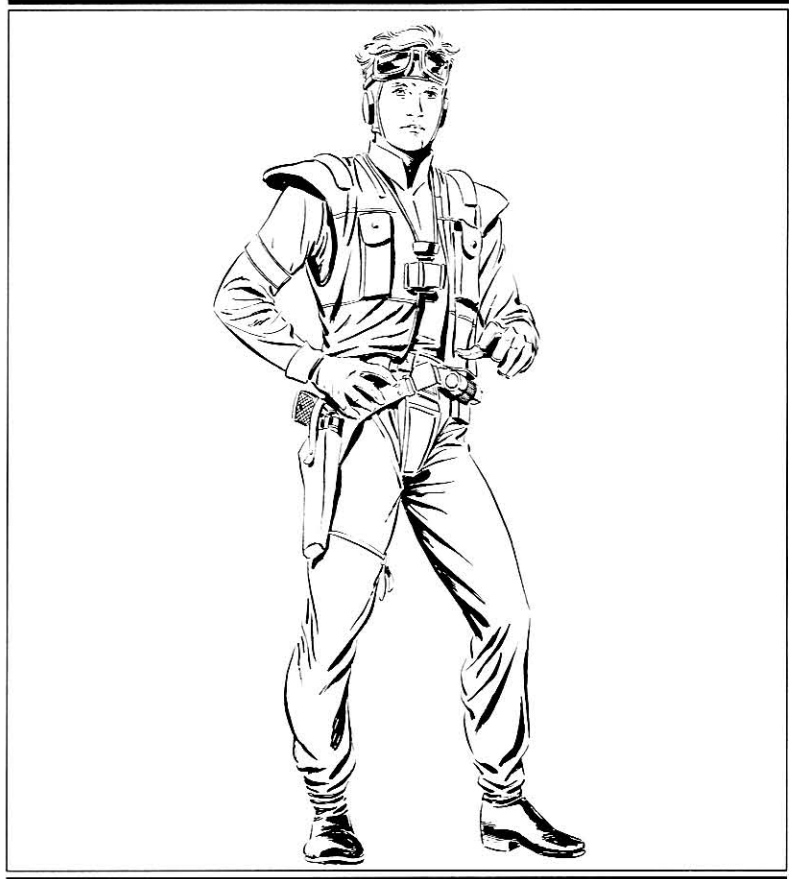
Soon, though, communications were functioning, and I was assigned new duties. Not being a true soldier or scientist or technician or pilot, my duties were never on the level with those tasks undertaken by Skywalker or Solo. But I did my part to carve out Echo Base, and I got to see the people of the Alliance from a new perspective. I was glad for the work as it brought me into contact with almost everyone on the base, and in a certain sense made my real job, my mission, easier.

For all of the hardships involved in their construction, there was a peculiar beauty about the icy caverns of Echo Base, and there was an overwhelming sense of pride at the accomplishment of creating a place to live on a world that wasn't considered habitable. I think we were most proud of the fact that we didn't march in and obliterate the landscape as the Empire undoubtedly would have done if faced with the same task. Instead, we worked hand-in-hand with the natural elements of that frozen world and created something which was almost a part of Hoth itself. In a way, I feel we truly belonged.

### Voren Na'al

Once a reporter for the Galactic News Service, Voren Na'al now serves the Rebel Alliance as an historian. Specifically, Na'al works under Arhul Hextrophon, gathering information and recording the events surrounding those individuals now called "the Heroes of Yavin."

After witnessing the true evil power of the Galactic Empire, Na'al decided he could either



quit reporting and ignore the increasing acts of tyranny, or he could expose the New Order for what it was. Before he became reckless, however, a chance meeting with Arhul Hextrophon provided him with a better option. Na'al joined the Alliance.

#### Voren Na'al

**Template Type:** Armchair

Historian

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "That's very interesting, but what does it really mean?"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer

Programming/Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

# Hoth Profiles

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

The following character profiles are drawn from various sources, including my own personal involvement in the events concerning these personalities. My stay on the ice planet Hoth was a particularly arduous one, but I feel it served to enlighten me as to the plight of the people I have been writing about. Having lived through the same experiences as they, I now feel very close to them.

Still, there were a great many sources of a less personal nature that contributed to the information presented herein. Data files, background checks, and interviews — both formal and informal — all played an integral part in the collection and retrieval of this information. Working side-by-side with the men and women of Echo Base, I was able to question them casually, indeed almost invisibly, about their comrades, co-workers, and even their enemies. I was lucky enough to be present when Captain Solo brought the remains of the self-destructed probe Droid back to base for memory scan. The techs and I managed to piece together a great deal of valuable information from the battered remains of that Droid.

Beyond my work and experiences on Hoth, there were other avenues of research that I pur-

sued after the base had been evacuated. The trans-system data storage library on Halowan provided me with a good deal of background information on the Hoth system and on the geography of Hoth.

Living on the ice planet for the period of time I did, I knew only the bitter effects of the elements, not the scientific reasons behind those effects. I became aware that the Wampa was not an entirely unknown creature as we had originally thought, but that similar beasts, perhaps related to the Wampa, had been quite sufficiently documented by scientists and big-game hunters.

For this mission, unlike my former report which dealt with the heroes of the Battle of Yavin, I worked not after the fact but during the events that occurred. Most of what you are about to read is drawn from my own “on the scene” observations. The occasional, substantial gaps of logic and information that sometimes occur during the heat of action have been researched and filled in when I found the time for reflection and study. The combination of these two seemingly opposed elements of my work balance each other. The excitement and emotion-tinged “on the scene” observations are brought into sharp focus by the hard facts of my later research. Try to read these profiles as being more than just informational, however. Read them as if you were there, knee-deep in the numbing snow of Hoth’s frozen wastes. Read these reports as if you were seeing these people close up and at eye-level.

## Imperial Probe Droid

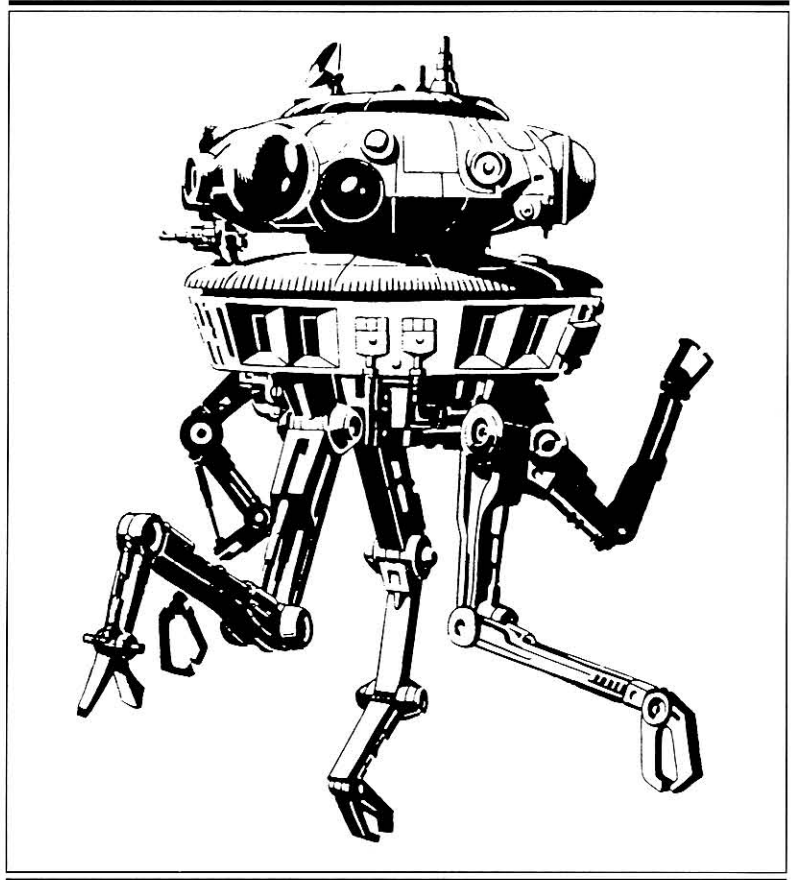
In the days of the Old Republic, the probe Droid — or probot — was a tool of peace, an important technological advance that changed the face of the exploration being carried out deep in the unknown reaches of the Galaxy. Developed by Galalloy Industries to search planets and asteroids for metal to fuel the processing plants of the then-booming alloy industry, probots later helped to expand the Republic's frontiers. Today, most probots serve military functions for the Empire.

Early remote probes had been equipped with onboard computers, but never before had a probe been designed with Droid intelligence. The first probe Droids were marvels of technological achievement, a single unit being capable of doing the work of a team of scientists. Incredible amounts of unexplored territory were thoroughly mapped and charted by these machines during the days of the Old Republic.

Since deep-space exploration has been put on hold by the Empire, probe Droids have been retooled and reprogrammed for search and patrol missions. Probe Droids are almost perfectly suited for this sort of work. Certain modifications had to be made to the units, however.

Originally, probe Droids were designed to gather data and return to a designated base of operations to report their findings. The Emperor did not care for such a time delay and, therefore, ordered each unit to be equipped with high-frequency transmitters, giving it the capability of being able to report its findings immediately.

Other added features included advanced scanning equipment, visual and audio monitoring systems, stealth sensor scramblers, a blaster cannon, and built-in self-destruct programming. These probe Droids were the originals, the converts. But with the emergence of the Rebel Alliance, and the Rebel's ability to seemingly "disappear" into the vastness of space, the Empire



began to design new probe Droids specifically conceived to seek out the Rebellion's hidden bases. These state-of-the-art hunters, dubbed the *Arakyd Viper* series, are even more effective than their converted predecessors.

These new units are designed to be launched with a specific destination in mind from Imperial Star Destroyers. The probe Droid is carried in a streamlined shell which it sheds upon landing on the designated world. The Droid's advanced transmitting equipment then works in combina-

### Probe Droid

**Template Type:** Probe Droid

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** —

**Race:** Droid

**Equipment:** Blaster Cannon (damage 4D+2), sensor array.

**Quote:** "Bzzz crackle crackle bzzz."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1



tion with the Star Destroyer's extremely sensitive receiving equipment, allowing for clean communications from astoundingly long distances.

If the Empire perfects this new, devastatingly effective information-gathering resource and begins to employ the abilities of the probe Droids to the full extent that they are capable of being used, the Rebellion's days of running and hiding may be coming to an end.

One such probot made its way to the remote ice world of Hoth. Here it discovered a hidden Rebel base and transmitted its findings back to its Star Destroyer. While the Rebels found the probe Droid, they were not able to destroy it before it could send its encoded message back to the Imperial fleet. It completed its programming by self-destructing before the Rebels could capture it.



**T**he Probing Eye of the Empire

*From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.*

So badly did Lord Darth Vader want to find the location of the new Alliance base and, in particular, the location of Luke Skywalker, that he dispatched thousands of remote probes out into the farthest reaches of space to search for the fugitives. But for the thousands of searching probe Droids, there were a thousand, thousand worlds upon which the Alliance could then have been based. It is testament to the uncanny mystical abilities of the Dark Lord that one of his probes soon found that which it sought, landing with a snow-cushioned thud on the frozen surface of Hoth.

Although this particular probe Droid was an *Arakyd Viper* model, and among the Empire's most effective and efficient probes, it was forced, in the end, to self-destruct. Fortunately, its self-destruct programming must have been at least marginally affected by the frigid Hoth temperatures. Although it was almost completely destroyed, there was enough left for me and the base technicians to piece together some of the Droid's memory circuits and learn some of the fascinating details concerning this particular machine's mission experiences.

To start with, there is reason to believe that this particular probe Droid was the reason for Commander Skywalker's diversion from his normal patrol route, and the reason for his subsequent encounter with a Wampa Ice Creature. The Droid's memory display shows that, almost immediately after landing on the planet's surface, it scanned a faint signal that it interpreted as possibly originating from Commander Skywalker. Since it had not yet gathered enough conclusive evidence to report, the Droid moved away from the nearby signal in order that it might avoid contact until such time as self-preservation no longer became necessary.

The "meteorite," which reportedly motivated Luke to divert from his planned route in order for him to examine it must have been the probe Droid. Had the Commander not then been attacked by the Wampa, he might have found the Droid sooner and been able to disable it, thus avoiding the unfortunate events to come.

Soon after moving away from its first contact, the probe Droid vectored-in on the detected signal's probable destination point, triangulating from its last known position. There was a long period in which the probe made no contact whatsoever, until finally the Droid crested the rise of a snow bank in zone 12. Immediately upon its first sight and analysis of the Alliance power generator, the Droid began audio-visual recording of the contact. Following its programming, the Droid then beamed, on omnisignal unicode — a transmission concerning its find. The signal was undoubtedly received by the Imperial fleet shortly thereafter, and the Skliffin was out of the sack for the Rebel Alliance.

Once the initial contact had been made and reported, the machine progressed to the next step in its programming and began moving in for closer examination of its discovery. During this period it made recordings of troop movements and positions. It mapped out the Echo Base defenses meticulously, including the surrounding trenches, artillery emplacements, and even the size, model, and location of the ion cannon. All of this information was no doubt useful to General Veers and his Imperial assault commanders, and it explains much about the Empire's preparedness for the battle and its efficiency in wiping-out all Rebel resistance.

But before things got completely out of hand and the Droid had a chance to begin its "sabotage and disruption" programming, the Echo Base command center's sensors scanned the Droid. Captain Solo and the Wookiee, Chewbacca, were dispatched to deal with the spy machine, and deal with it they did. The Droid scanned the approach of its two enemy assailants. But the two seemed to know what they were doing, and trapped the Droid despite its evasive maneuvers. After a quick and lethal game of "decoy," Solo and his furry companion blasted the confused Droid. Captain Solo's shot was only meant to disable the Droid's motor functions, since he hoped to take the Droid "alive," but override programming kicked-in and the probe Droid immediately self-destructed.

## General Carlist Rieekan

The men of Echo Base considered General Rieekan a serious man. Some of them would even call him grim. The common jokes often bantered about the command center purported that the General's brows were in a permanently furrowed state due to excessive worry. But it was not without reason that the General worried so. Nor was it without a sense of the ultimate responsibility that he bore that he went about his daily work.

Perhaps, the men of the Hoth base would not have made light of the General's mood had they known of his background. Having and growing up with the innate mentality and predisposition of a military man on the quite unmilitary and serene planet Alderaan is a lot like being a fisherman on the deserts of Tatooine.

Alderaan was a planet devoted entirely to peace. It had no weapons, no army, no strife. To most men, such a world would be paradise, but Carlist Rieekan was always a fighter. He was a staunch idealist, who believed in fighting for those ideals. But attitudes such as his were frowned upon on Alderaan, and it was difficult, if not impossible, for Rieekan to keep his feelings hidden.

If he had known that there were others growing up on Alderaan who believed as he did, he might have stayed on his homeworld. But those elements of his society remained hidden to Rieekan, and he left his home planet at the age of 17 to join the Army of the Republic. The young Rieekan was a natural leader who quickly moved up through the ranks and then entered Officer Candidate School. Being an idealist, it was natural that the young, newly-appointed officer would fall in with others who held similar beliefs, such as his close friends, Jan Dodonna and Crix Madine.

And so, when the dark times came and the New Order began to take shape, Rieekan naturally chose to follow what he believed in, becoming one of the original founders of the Rebel Alliance. Once the Alliance was formed, Rieekan was quite surprised to find that many of the people of his



homeworld did hold the same beliefs as he, only they had had the foresight to see what was happening and to protect themselves by keeping their feelings hidden through the years.

At the forefront of the surprising revelations that confronted Rieekan were the true feelings of the Royal house of Organa, always chief proponents of the way of peace. Now, Bail Organa and his daughter were both key figures in the Alliance, and Rieekan found joy in this discovery.

It was quite natural then that Rieekan, being Alderaanian, would be put in command of the covert Rebel operations in and around the

### Carlist Rieekan

**Template Type:** Alliance General  
**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion  
**Height:** 1.7 meters  
**Sex:** Male  
**Race:** Human  
**Equipment:** Blaster pistol, comlink.  
**Quote:** "We'd better start the evacuation."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
 Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
 Military History \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Battle Tactics \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2  
 Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
 Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1  
 Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D  
 Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

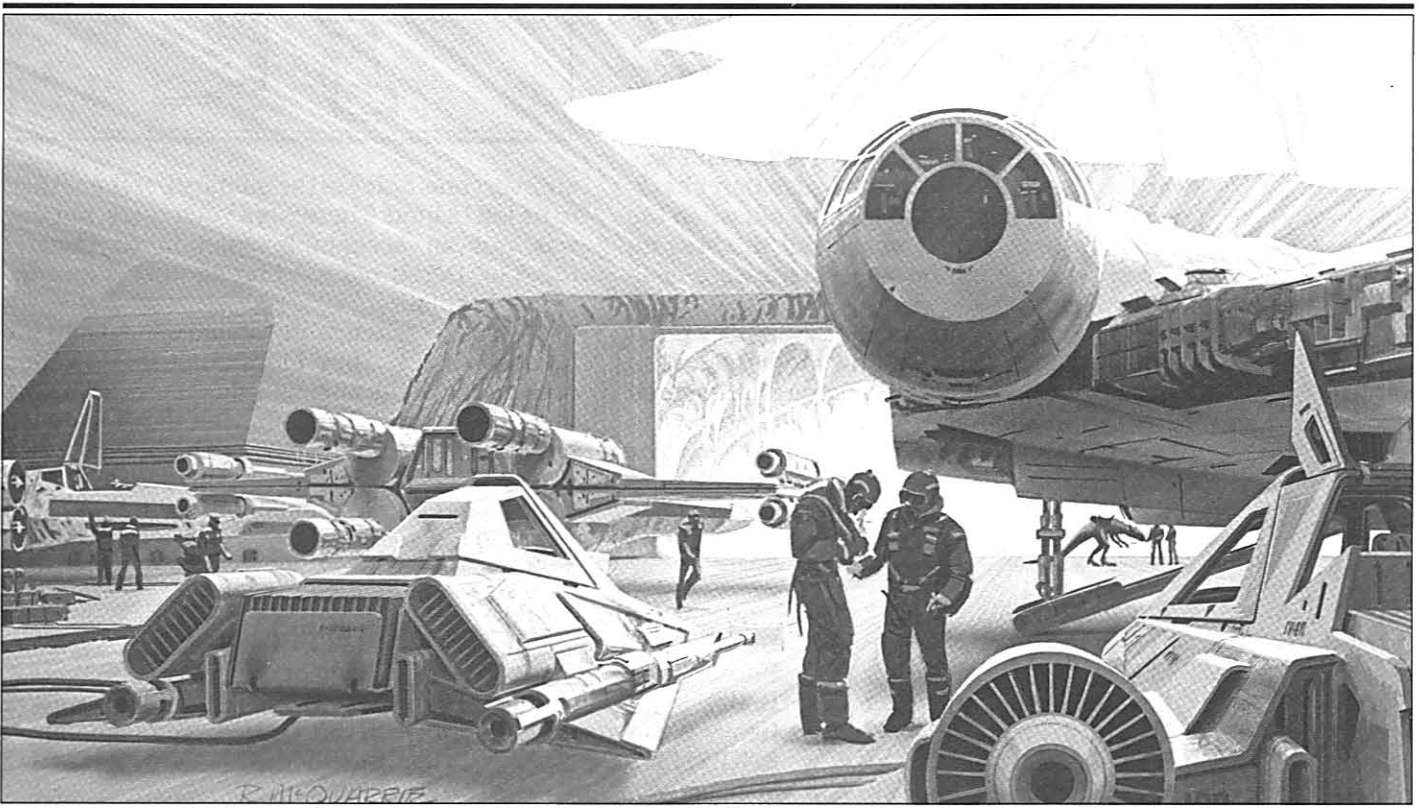
Alderaan system. Bail Organa, being a public figure, could not be seen to handle that Alliance-connected responsibility, and Rieekan seemed to fit the bill perfectly. But it was circumstances that occurred during Rieekan's tenure in this position that caused the general so much grief and guilt, turning his once familiar traits of aggression and optimism into the caution and worry he now displays.

He was inspecting the new satellite transmission station in a far orbit around Delaya, a sister world of Alderaan's, when the great disaster occurred. The people of Alderaan had learned through covert operations about the Empire's new ultimate weapon, the awesome Death Star. So, when that battle station appeared in orbit around Alderaan, the panicked calls came in to Rieekan almost immediately. They urged immediate and total evacuation of the planet. But Rieekan feared that evacuation at that time would be admitting the Alliance's knowledge of the Death Star to the Empire; that if they saw thousands of starships suddenly lift off from the planet, the Imperials would surely confirm the

planet's Rebel connections. No, he thought. We'll sit tight and hope this is all a bluff, or some kind of display of force meant to scare the planet into submission.

He has never regretted a decision as much as that one. The planet was vaporized. Countless lives were instantly extinguished. Never again would Rieekan underestimate the ruthlessness of the Empire. After that dreadful incident, for Rieekan, it became caution before subtlety, and aggression and worry before confidence and action. Never again would he gamble with the lives of those under his command.

On Hoth, Rieekan was given the rank of theater commander in charge of all Rebel ground and fleet forces in the Hoth system. He designed the halting defense that allowed Alliance personnel to escape, but even this action was not without pain. He knew when he gave the orders that many brave beings would die so that the bulk of the Alliance forces on Hoth could live. Yet another command decision that will haunt him, but not until the war is over. Not until the job is done.



## Major Bren Derlin

“Your Highness, there is nothing more we can do tonight. The shield doors must be closed.” Those were the most difficult orders that Bren Derlin ever had to give. Skywalker and Solo were valued members of the Alliance, but more than that, they were his friends. A great respect had grown between Derlin, the officer in charge of Hoth base security and operations, and Skywalker and Solo, the two commanding field officers. Getting Echo Base up and running was a constant battle, waged chiefly against the harsh, unforgiving elements of the ice planet itself. Derlin still holds a fond admiration for those two famous field officers, because they were out on the planet’s surface every day. But that admiration is mutually shared, as Commander Skywalker will be the first to tell you.

It was a quiet, thankless, behind-the-scenes battle that Major Derlin fought. The battle to organize, to administrate, to take an icy cavern and a mountain of snow, and build from it a safe, efficient, effective, complete base of operations. Not an easy task by any stretch of the imagination.

Major Derlin was put in charge of the base’s security and operations after being promoted by General Rieekan. Captain Derlin had served under Rieekan for quite a while, seeing campaign action in numerous skirmishes across the Galaxy. But it was at Nentan that Derlin truly earned and was awarded the rank of Major. The Nentan checkpoint base was barely two months old when the evacuation orders were given. But this was no ordinary evacuation, because there were civilians involved.

Nentan had become a major stop-over point for liberated civilians waiting for transport to Rebel safeworlds. When the Empire discovered the base’s location, the bunkers were at close to total capacity. Naturally, the civilians were to be evacuated first, but because they were so numerous, there were not enough transports to evacu-



ate everyone. Some of the military personnel had to be left behind. There were volunteers, but this was not an acceptable solution to General Rieekan. Derlin offered him another, more acceptable solution.

He led an “expendable” squad of men into the Nentan wastes. They hid among the towering rock spires of the ancient ruins there. When the Imperial troops arrived, they hit the abandoned base with their full force, as Derlin knew they would. It was the Empire’s style to throw everything they had at an enemy in as impressive a

### Bren Derlin

**Template Type:** Alliance

Major

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** “A little extra effort never hurt anyone.”

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_ 5D3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

show of force as possible. Derlin gambled on this being the case, and the gamble paid off.

When the Imperial troops swept down into the valley to level the base, they left their transports under minimal guard. It was relatively easy for Derlin and his men, who approached through the natural cover behind the landing area, to capture one of the Imperial transports and rocket off the planet before the Imperials knew what was happening. Even the commander of the Imperial Star Destroyer orbiting the planet was taken by surprise, figuring the transport was merely moving

prisoners or captured equipment. The stolen ship was into hyperspace before the Imperials could so much as ask for a code clearance.

With his well-documented heroics at Nentan behind him, newly-promoted Major Derlin was an obvious choice for head of security and operations at the Hoth base. "There is no one else I would even consider," was the response from General Rieekan when asked about his choice for the post. There are very few members of the Rebel Alliance who would disagree with Rieekan's decision in this case.

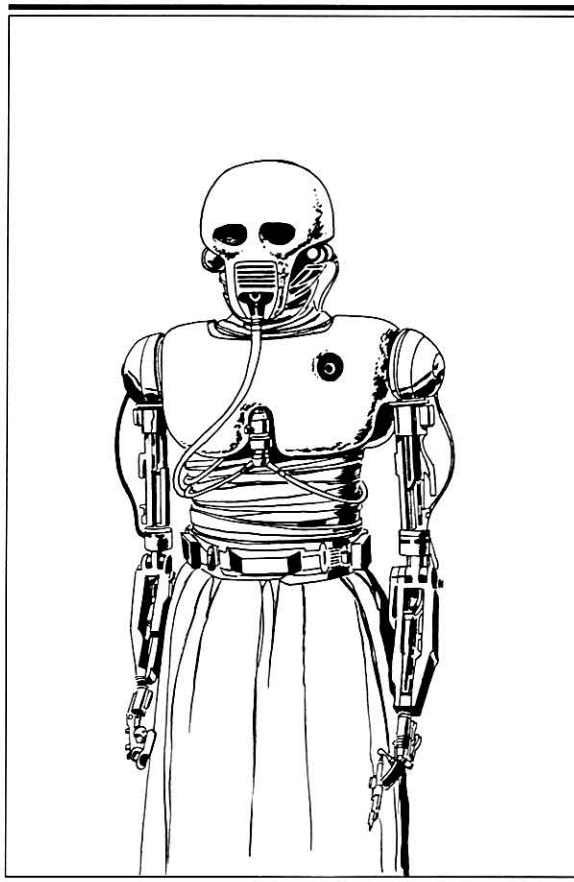
## Too-Onebee

The Alliance subsists on the courage and dedication of its members, and often forgotten among those members are the Droids. Certain of the Rebellion's mechanical members were purchased by the Alliance, and others were brought in when their owners joined the Alliance. But there are some Droids who have actually volunteered for the Rebellion and literally enlisted themselves.

Among these rare independent mechanicals is Too-Onebee (2-1B). This highly sophisticated medical Droid belongs to an older, yet remarkably astute series. Because of their intellect, many of these Droids are fiercely independent, and Too-Onebee is no exception. He joined the Alliance after a stint on Firro, where he was busy patching up the populace after the planet was subjugated by the Empire. Numerous atrocities were committed on the people of Firro, and Imperial medical Droid Too-Onebee was left with the nearly insurmountable task of trying to medically help those people.

After months of Too-Onebee's treatment of an almost unceasing flow of casualties who labored under a great deal of pain and suffering, the number of wounded began to decrease, as the Empire settled in for a long occupation of the humbled planet. At about that time, the newly proclaimed Imperial Governor of Firro, one Lord Cuvir, witnessed the efficiency of Too-Onebee while on a visit to a crowded relief station. Seeing the Droid's skill and determination, Cuvir placed his own desires above the needs of the wounded and took Too-Onebee on as his "personal physician."

Too-Onebee was distressed over having to leave the still large number of wounded on Firro, but the loyal Droid had little choice and was forced to accompany Lord Cuvir off-world. Al-



though he disapproved of the overbearing Cuvir and his methods, Too-Onebee served him faithfully for some time, obeying his overriding programming directive — to heal living beings no matter whom they might be. Deep down, however, Too-Onebee longed to be able to serve those he thought were on the side of "right," and before long, that chance came to him.

Too-Onebee accompanied Lord Cuvir on a visit

### Too-Onebee

**Template Type:** Medical Droid

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.5 meters

**Sex:** —

**Race:** Too-Onebee Series

Surgical Droid

**Equipment:** Medical diagnostic computer, analytical computer, multi-purpose micro-surgical appendages.

**Quote:** "Commander Skywalker is in dormoshock, but is responding well to the bacta treatment."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D**

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bacta Tank Use \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Diagnostics \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D**

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ **9D**

to Wor Tandell. While examining the medical facilities at the governor's mansion, Too-Onebee heard a blaster shot. Thinking that his assistance might be needed, the Droid rushed to the source of the shot. When he arrived, Too-Onebee found a governor's aide standing over the lifeless body of Lord Cuvir. A recently discharged blaster pistol lay discarded on the floor at the aide's feet. Although Too-Onebee had witnessed countless atrocities committed by Cuvir and considered him to be the most truly evil being he had ever encountered, the noble Droid was true to his programming and tried to save his fallen master.

The skilled Droid's efforts proved fruitless, however, as the stricken Imperial Governor was beyond repair.

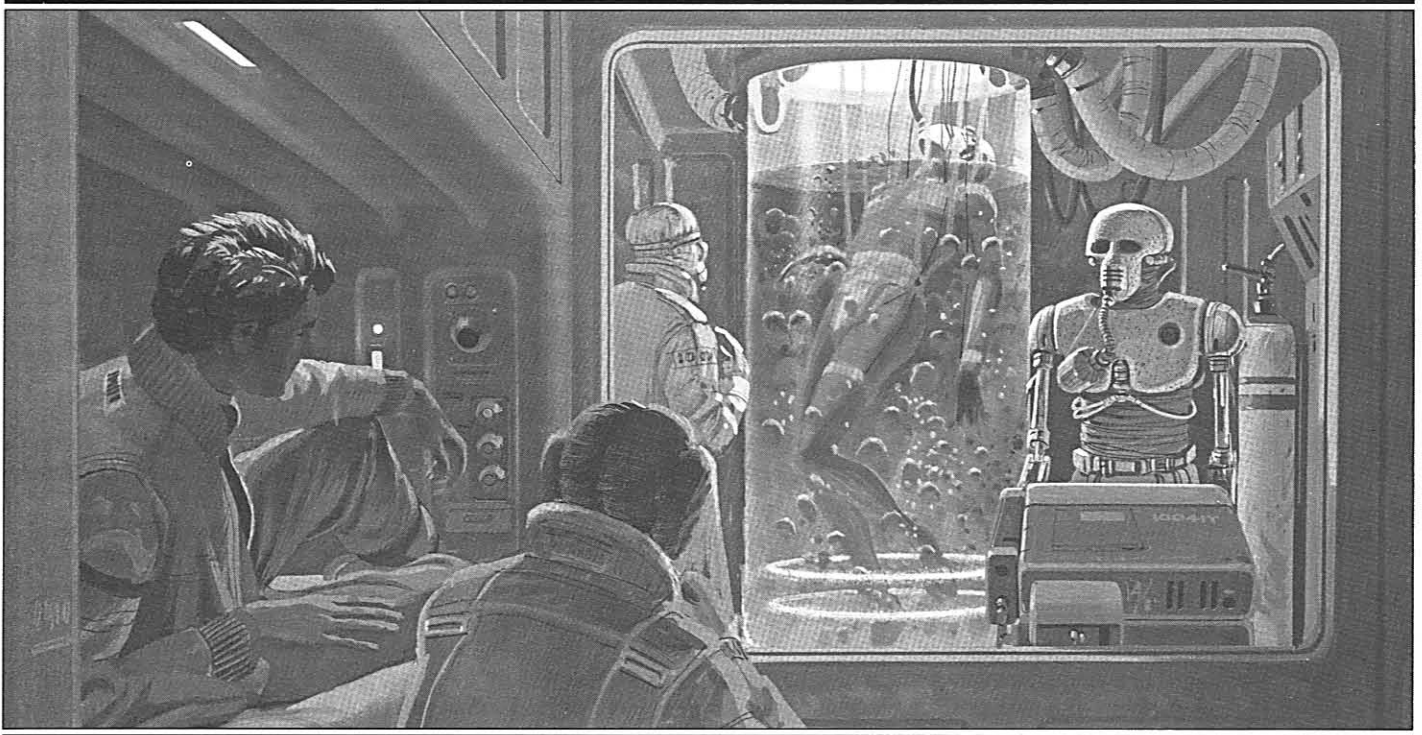
Much to Too-Onebee's surprise, the aide did not order the Droid's memory wiped for having witnessed the terrible events. Rather, he asked for the Droid's trust and silence on the matter, telling him that the killing was unintentional but also unavoidable. The aide identified himself as Tiree, a Rebel agent working in the Imperial Governor's mansion. Lord Cuvir had discovered Tiree preparing a coded datapad full of Imperial fleet movements in the Tandell system, and was about to arrest him under suspicion of being a

Rebel when a scuffle ensued. Tiree did not want to kill Cuvir, but he also did not want his mission undermined. Too-Onebee believed Tiree, for the Droid had long thought about the rumored rebellion.

Too-Onebee decided to jump ship and join the Rebel Alliance. After a few adventures at Tiree's side, the Droid was assigned as chief of surgery for the newly-opened Rebel base on the ice planet Hoth. He has performed brilliantly for the Alliance, saving the life of many men including the life of one of the Rebellion's greatest heroes—Luke Skywalker.

That event is still talked about. After Commander Skywalker suffered grievous wounds at the claws of a Wampa and then spent an extended period in the sub-freezing temperatures of Hoth's wilderness, he was brought in for ministrations by the medical Droid. Too-Onebee used all his skill and training — and a fully prepared bacta tank — to bring Skywalker back to health in record time.

Later, after Skywalker returned to the fleet, Too-Onebee was again called upon to administer to young Skywalker. This time the Droid had to equip the commander with a cyborg replacement for his severed right hand.





**T**he Horror By Night

*From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.*

I tell you this story in my own words, for I was there, in the frozen caves of ice, living that nightmare along with the rest of the men and women at the Hoth base. I think the main reason for the incident being so frightening to the people involved was that it came without warning. Markers had been placed, kilometers of territory scouted, and a blanketing sensor array set up, but all the signs were the same. Aside from the few passive Tauntauns we encountered, or the occasional Snowmouse, there were no life forms on this Force-foresaken planet. Or so we thought.

With this in mind, a feeling of security seemed to settle over the people of Echo Base. Everything had gone almost flawlessly so far, and aside from the frigid elements of this world, there seemed to be very little danger. Perhaps it was this feeling of security that caused the abandonment of some of the usual safety precautions. Standard Operations Procedure dictated that mounted scouts were to be sent out in pairs, so that they might be better prepared in case of unforeseen danger. But the lack of any apparent danger soon had scouts traveling by themselves. They reasoned that they could cover twice the territory this way.

The first sign of trouble came when Commander Skywalker failed to report in after placing his sensor beacons. Captain Solo went out into the deadly cold night after his friend, a seemingly suicidal act due to the lethally low temperatures on Hoth after sundown. It was a dark and sleepless night for everyone, but it thankfully ended with a sun-drenched morning and the rescue of both Skywalker and Solo. But the disturbing result of the near disaster was that Luke had been attacked by *something*. His face was deeply gashed and his cheekbone crushed. The symmetry of the cuts suggested claws — very large, very sharp claws. Something *was* out there after all.

When Luke revived from the bacta tank, some questions were answered. He was apparently attacked by some sort of creature, a full three meters in height, with deadly claws and a nasty temperament. He had only seen one of the beasts, but where there's one there must be more. Immediately base security was stepped up. Major Derlin ordered regular perimeter patrols, and scouting expeditions went back to the buddy system.

There was no way for anyone to have known what would happen next. True, all of us became a bit more cautious after Commander Skywalker's experience, but no one knew the true extent of the problem. No one possibly could have guessed. That is until the following evening.

It started with the howling. Not an unusual noise, due to the high, whipping winds of Hoth, but this night it was stronger than usual, and somehow more chilling. Next came the attack on Bervin, and a brief, panicked comlink call, abruptly cut off by a bellowing inhuman roar and a horrified, distinctly human scream.

I was in the command center that night with Major Derlin when the call came in. We rushed to Bervin's perimeter post only to find the signs of a struggle, but no sign of Bervin himself. Blood was spattered against the far wall of snow, where a large cave-in had occurred. The blood trail followed the shallow trench where Bervin's body had apparently been dragged out through the caved-in wall and into the icy-cold night of Hoth.

Before long the calls began to come in. Reports of attacks all along the perimeter, following the same pattern as this one, streamed in to command. They all sounded ominously the same: a lone sentry, attacked and dragged off into the darkness. We made preparations to ready the speeders for night action, but there was no need. The beasts came to us. Crashing through our carefully carved walls of ice and snow as if those walls were made of so much flat-foil, they came. With claw and fang glistening with the blood of a fresh kill and howling their blood-curdling howls, they came.

But the beings of Echo Base had all seen much worse than this in the fanged, howling monsters of the Empire. They held off the beasts with courage, determination and with some heavy artillery. The creatures fled. They must have had their fill of heavy blaster fire, for we never saw them again. But more chilling than any of this was the apparent intelligence of the beasts. They worked together, in coordinated attacks, probably to defend themselves from what they perceived as an invasion of their territory. Had we remained longer on that frozen world, I have no doubt that we would have had more nights filled with their horror.

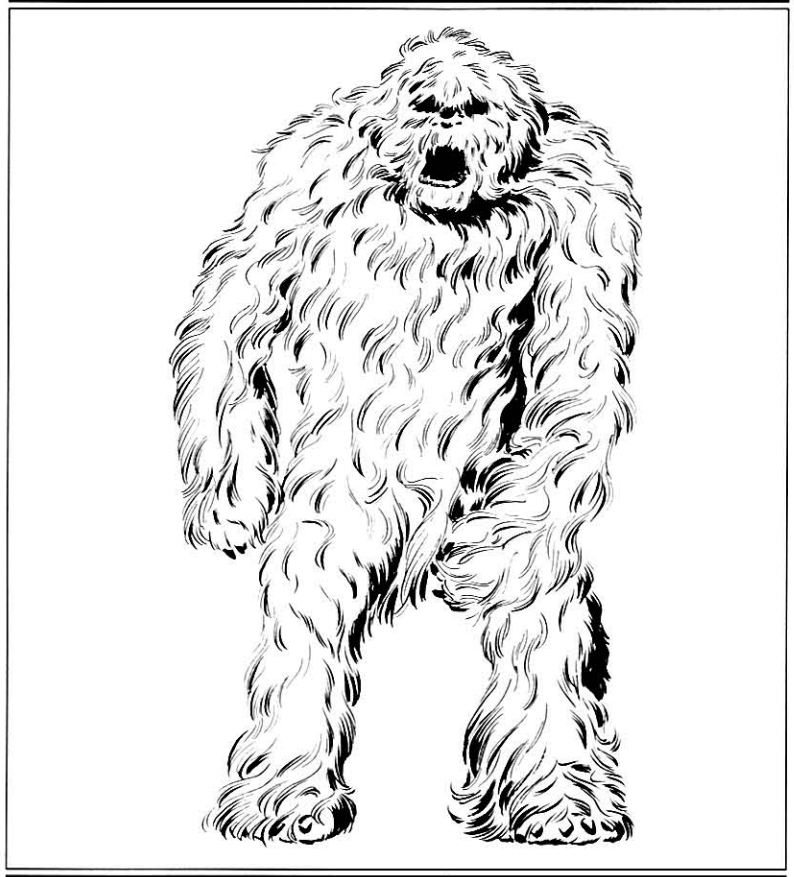
## Wampa Ice Creature

The gusting winds of Hoth howl with an echoing ferocity. It is a howl which cause heads to turn warily and fingers to curl around triggers. Not for fear of the icy wind itself, but rather for what that howl may truly be — the dread Wampa Ice Creature. The howl is one of the Wampa's greatest natural gifts, for it blends in almost imperceptibly with the planet's whipping winds. Only the creatures themselves seem to be able to tell the two sounds apart. Thus, the howl provides the Wampas with a highly efficient form of communication which often proves lethal to disoriented prey.

The Wampa are fearsome beasts, standing almost three meters in height and possessing razor-sharp claws and a deadly, fanged maw. Aided by an acute sense of smell and a well-camouflaged coat of thick, white fur, they roam the icy plains of Hoth and prey on near-helpless animals, such as the peaceful Tauntaun. Commander Skywalker's close, and nearly fatal, encounter with one of these ferocious beasts has provided much information about the species.

The Wampas apparently make their home in the myriad ice caverns beneath the mountainous regions of Hoth. After disabling their prey, they drag it off to their cave-lair, suspending the fresh catch from the ceiling. The exact method for doing this is unknown, but it is believed that the Wampa first melts the ice in the cave's ceiling by breathing heavily upon it, and then places the victim's paws or feet into the melted area so that the ice then forms around them, leaving the victim suspended from the cave's ceiling. The victim is rarely ever dead at this point, as the Wampas apparently prefer fresh meat when they can get it.

There is no evidence to support the fact that Wampas live communally. Wampa lairs that have been discovered thus far have obviously been used by a single beast, pointing to the frightening fact that the huge amounts of stored prey discovered in each lair were killed by a single Wampa — a creature which must be the ruling predator over most of the planet's surface.



Even more frightening than this is the theory that the beasts must possess at least rudimentary intelligence. Through extensive research into the records of past expeditions to ice planets similar to Hoth, and where Wampalike creatures had been discovered, evidence has been found that suggests mass coordinated attacks made by these monsters. In some cases, these attacks laid waste to entire outposts of colonists. The Alliance's experience with the beasts bears out this theory.

Research has revealed the existence of a certain sub-class of big game hunters who specialize in the "sporting" hunt of the Wampa or of creatures like it. Expeditions to most ice planets have been few and far between, however, causing a Wampa pelt or head to be a rare and prized trophy among hunters. Wampa "souvenirs" and even clothing made of Wampa fur have been known to command a high price at Galactic trading posts. There may be a few members of the Rebel Alliance who would take great pleasure in purchasing some of these souvenirs, just for the fleeting feeling of revenge that it might give them, knowing that somewhere a Wampa had been made to pay for its viciousness.

### Wampa Ice Creature

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

**Speed Code** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**Combat:** Attacks through brawling and with claws and teeth.

## The Assault on Hoth

*From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.*

Before Hoth, my combat experience had been extremely limited. Oh, there had been some tense moments and even a firefight or two in the past. In fact, situations like that are almost impossible to avoid while traveling with the Rebel Alliance. But nothing for me, or for that matter, for almost any of the other personnel at Echo Base, had come close to what we experienced beneath that blanketing blockade by the Imperial fleet. Nothing will ever silence the echo of the thundering footfalls of those massive Imperial war machines rumbling through my memory.

When I first heard the distant thumping of those monstrous mechanical feet on the soft snowy surface of Hoth, I thought that it was merely the dull thumping of a headache. But the sound grew steadily louder. The ominous comlink call from our scouts on the North Ridge, which ended with an abruptly cut-off sentence and the eerie crackle of a forcibly closed channel, confirmed my worst fears. At the thought of Imperial walkers my heart sank into my ice-covered boots that were quaking on the numbing, frozen floor of a snow trench.

It might have been coincidence (although perhaps not, knowing Commander Skywalker) that the tight, snowspeeder formation of Rogue Group roared overhead at that very moment, prompting an inspired cheer from the nervous troops dug in all around me. We had seen our snowspeeder pilots perform maneuvers every day in the simulators, before the speeders had been adapted to the cold. But we had never seen the full squadron in flight, and it was a heartening sight. I'm not sure, but I think I remember seeing the lead speeder give a confident, if barely perceptible, waggle of his wings as it went by, almost as if to say "sit tight — we'll handle this."

But for all the confidence and heroics in the Galaxy, nothing could have stopped the Empire on that day. They were simply overpowering. It was all we could do to beat a successful retreat. The plan had never been to repulse the Imperial troops, or even to hold against their might. But there were moments in the early parts of the battle when we all felt as if we had a chance. I was there, in that trench, only as an observer. I arrived with a holorecorder in one hand and a data pad in the other. But before long I found myself shamelessly abandoning those seemingly useless tools for the cold comfort of a blaster rifle.



## Echo Base Troops

Throughout the Galaxy there are many brave beings, but none braver than the troops of Echo Base. There is such a thing as persevering in spite of insurmountable odds. Beyond that, there is standing with nothing more than a handful of low-level artillery pieces and blaster rifles against a full complement of Imperial All-Terrain Armored Transports. Some might think that facing such a decidedly no-win proposition would completely demoralize a unit. But then they would not be thinking of the beings of Echo Base.

These troops stood staunchly against the odds, meeting an unstoppable Imperial force with grim determination and unswerving loyalty typical of Rebel forces, but at a higher level of dedication than ever seen before. Some of these beings were veterans of many galactic campaigns, but on Hoth they fought shoulder-to-shoulder with green recruits, who were sweating out their first action against the Empire. There was no brilliant tactical decision behind this mixture of experiences, just necessity. These beings were all the Alliance had, all they could muster against the fully-armed might of the Empire.

The overall plan, as outlined by General Rieekan, was a simple one: delay the approach of the Imperials long enough for all of the transports to get safely away. The specific plan, as outlined by field commander Colonel Firest, was a bit more complicated. Firest knew that the perimeter could not be held long, and that although the Rebels had no hope of stopping the Imperial advance, they might be able to manipulate it slightly to their advantage. The Imperials, Firest surmised, would first attack the power generator, with their most likely approach coming from over the North Ridge. This being the case, he would let the Imperials have what they wanted, letting them think that the generator was what they were trying to protect.



If the Rebels had not misdirected the Imperials, the real crux of their attack would have been the highly-vulnerable evacuation staging area, where the transports and their fighter escorts were lifting-off.

Following this plan, a relatively lightly defended corridor that led straight to the generator was created. Heavier gun emplacements were off to the side, in effect funneling the Imperial advance down the path the Rebels intended them to take.

### Corporal Kelsome

**Template Type:** Rebel Soldier

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (damage 5D), grenades (damage 5D), comlink, macrobinoculars.

**Quote:** "You want to live forever?"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+2**

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D**

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D+1**

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D+1**

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D+2**

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

The entrenchments were prepared, and there was no doubt the Imperials already had a good deal of information gathered by their probe Droid. First would need to give the impression that the Rebel defenses were as they appeared in the Droid's transmissions, when in fact they would be altered just enough to lead the Imperials the way he wanted them to go.

The mammoth AT-AT walkers plodding determinedly toward the power generator would be clustered in a relatively small grouping. That the AT-ATs stayed together was imperative if the snowspeeders, the real key to the Rebel defense, were to have any effect at all. By necessity, the walkers' fire would be somewhat restricted by the possibility of their hitting each other, while the speeders zipped between them in close formation. At the same time, all of the Rebel's concentrated defense kept the Imperials from deviating toward the evacuation staging area.

As for the soldiers themselves, their orders

were terrifyingly simple: "Empty your magazine, fall back, reload, and do it again. When you've retreated back as far as station 3-7, sprint for the evacuation area and find transport. And hope that none of those mechanical monsters arbitrarily decides to pick on you in the process." A simple procedure, but one that few of the courageous soldiers followed to the letter, especially after witnessing Commander Skywalker single-handedly take down one of the metal giants with only a lightsaber and a land mine.

Astonishing acts of individual bravery were performed that day. The rallying cries of Rebel courage echoed across the valley as intrepid Rebels literally threw themselves at the supposedly unbeatable Imperial forces. Although few of these moments of heroism had any effect on the ultimate outcome of the battle, they served to show the overconfident Imperials what can be done with a handful of artillery pieces, a few blaster rifles, and courage.



## Snowspeeder Pilots

Imagine that you are flying a tiny, wedge-shaped air speeder perilously skimming an icy plain at over 600 kilometers per hour with heavy laser flack bursting all around you. And imagine that you are heading straight for an advancing AT-AT walker in the hopes of wrapping a steel cable around its legs and tripping the massive machine. Got to be a little crazy you might think. Well, yes and no. There is a fine line between crazy and courageous, and the beings of Rogue Group toed that line with enthusiasm and determination.

Rogue Group was a squadron of starfighter pilots who, in times of need, were pressed into service as snowspeeder pilots. The squadron was the brainchild of Luke Skywalker, who not only led the squadron, but trained these men in the effective use of an airspeeder. The combat snowspeeder model flown by Rogue Group was converted from the cockpit of a Y-wing fighter, and not unlike the old T-16 that Luke and most of these men had flown in their youth, so the transition was a relatively easy one. The biggest differences between the vehicles were the heavy armor and weaponry, and of course the often unusual and extremely dangerous attack patterns employed against their designated foe, the AT-AT walker.

Working with noted Rebel tactician Beryl Chiffonage, Commander Skywalker developed attack patterns designed specifically to defeat the Imperial All-Terrain Armored Transport, a weapon which they knew would be the main thrust of any Imperial attack upon the Rebel base on Hoth. Chiffonage had conceived the idea of using harpoons and tow cables to entangle the legs of a walker, effectively tripping the massive machine and bringing its own weight crashing down upon itself. Commander Skywalker then developed specific attack patterns which could turn Chiffonage's theory into hard, killing reality.

Attack pattern "Delta" employed the basic



approach vector, involving a straight strafing run against the target. During the assault on Hoth, it was discovered that the strength of the walkers' armor would force Rogue Group to abandon this attack. Instead, they were forced to employ the very dangerous and untested harpoon and tow cable attack. This complex and perilous strategy involved first hitting one of a walker's legs with a power harpoon, making multiple passes completely around the walker's legs, and finally detaching the tow cable after the legs were sufficiently entangled. Because this

### Tenk Lenso

**Template Type:** Rebel Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "Just give me one clean shot."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_ 2D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Airspeeder Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D+2

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

attack required action by both the pilot and the gunner, many of the speeders in Rogue Group were unable to use this strategy, due to the loss of gunners.

It was one of the Alliance's top pilots, Wedge Antilles, flying Rogue Three, and his gunner Derit Janson who proved that this strategy was not only possible, but devastatingly effective. They performed the first successful power harpoon and tow cable attack with stunning success, causing the complete destruction of a walker in full view of both attacking and defending lines.

Up until that point, the battle had gone poorly for the Rebel forces, and it seemed that the mammoth walkers were virtually indestructible. But after witnessing that first destruction of a walker, a great cry of approbation rose up in the Rebel trenches, and any perceived invulnerability of the walkers on the part of the Rebel soldiers vanished. The Rebels were inspired by the sight of the fallen behemoth, and found the means to down several more of the giant machines before the day was out.

But the job of Rogue Group was not finished once they had climbed out of the cockpits of their battered snowspeeders. They were still needed to fly starfighter escort for the vulnerable transports. The escort mission was only supposed to last long enough for the transports to break through the blockade of Imperial Star Destroyers which were in low Hoth orbit. The mission was to be made easier by the surface-to-space cover fire of Echo Base's powerful ion cannon. But the ion cannon was captured by invading Imperial snowtroopers, and many of the flights of fighter escort became nearly suicidal missions.

The men of Rogue Group performed much more than admirably that day. They performed with a courage and determination never before seen in the history of this vast Galaxy. The commemorative plaque now hanging in the crew lounge of the Alliance command frigate is only a small token of appreciation for the heroics of Rogue Group, but perhaps it will serve to remind younger generations of pilots of the true meaning of courage in the face of overwhelming odds.

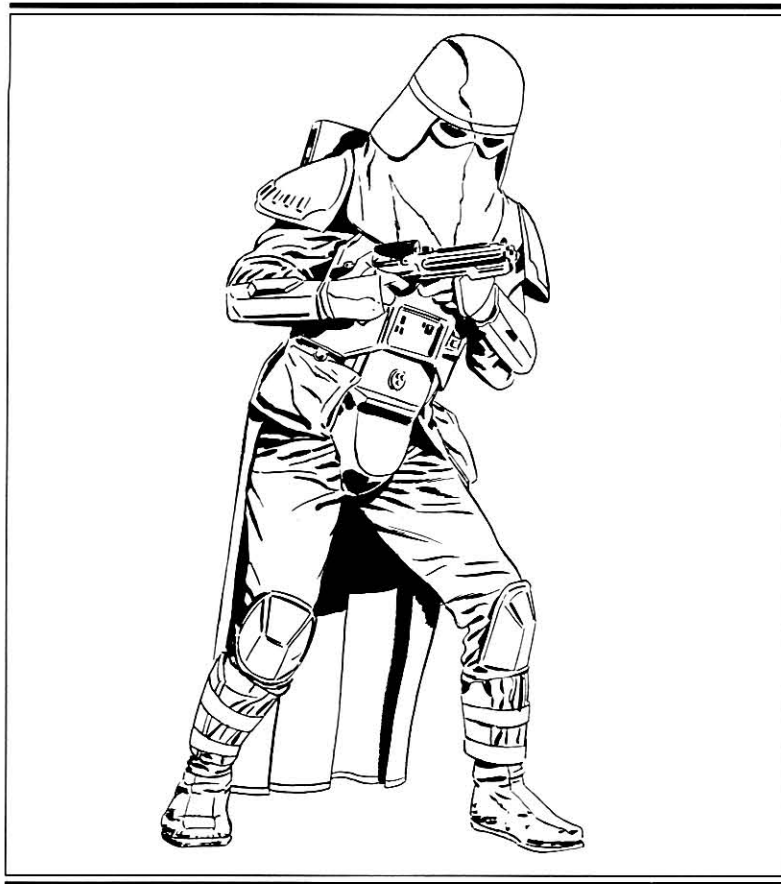
## Cold Assault Stormtroopers

The Imperial troops who invaded the Rebel base on Hoth were no ordinary soldiers. They were part of an elite corps, assembled by General Veers when he was put in charge of the troop contingent attached to Lord Vader's fleet. The Emperor would take no more chances with a Rebellion which was growing both in size and effectiveness. Because of the destruction of the Death Star, the Emperor was looking for a quick and final resolution to the Rebel problem, one which would show the rest of the Galaxy the price of disobedience.

To this end, Veers brought together many of the most ruthless and efficient men from every branch of Imperial service to form his elite corps, but in particular he wanted stormtroopers. They symbolized the Empire's official presence on countless worlds throughout the Galaxy, and Veers felt it was they who should be the official instrument of the Rebellion's destruction. The stormtroopers gathered by Veers were the Empire's best, one of the most efficient fighting forces ever assembled by the Empire. They were a special stormtrooper unit designated Blizzard Force.

As soon as Lord Vader discovered that Hoth was the destination for his fleet, he ordered General Veers — commander of the ground assault forces for Vader's fleet — to assemble the necessary units and equipment for cold environment fighting. Veers decided to use the Blizzard Force stormtrooper unit because of their reputation, their ability, and their proximity. The fleet was able to pick them up on the way to the Hoth system with only a minor deviation to the jump coordinates.

Blizzard Force stormtroopers — or snowtroopers, as the regular Army calls them — are trained to work in tandem with AT-AT walkers. This made them the perfect choice for General Veers, who based much of his military style on the use of walkers and other armored assault vehicles.



Subjugation by large metal weaponry was his tactic of choice.

A special detachment, under the personal direction of Lord Vader himself, was given an important assignment. They were to quickly infiltrate, secure and neutralize the Rebel base, while Veers's men were cutting off all possible avenues of the Rebels' escape from the ice caves. Strangely, however, Vader's troops were given orders not to fire unless personally directed by Lord Vader. Apparently, the Dark Lord was hoping to take prisoners, and it was reasonable to believe that

### Imperial Cold Assault Stormtrooper

**Template Type:** Snowtrooper

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human?

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

**Quote:** "Halt, Rebel scum!"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D\*

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D\*

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 3D\*

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D\*

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 3D\*

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D\*

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

\*These codes reflect armor adjustments



Commander Skywalker and his friends were the primary prey that Vader was seeking. Captain Solo, Chewbacca, and Princess Leia were, in fact, nearly caught by the special detachment led by Vader. They probably would have been had it not been for one of the infamous “special modifications” on Solo’s equally infamous ship, the *Millennium Falcon*.

The Blizzard Force stormtroopers wear the typical black, two-piece temperature control glove worn by other stormtroopers. Over this is an 18-piece outer shell which has been altered to include more powerful heating and personal environment units, and an airtight fabric oversuit for additional protection from the cold. To facilitate breathing in bitter climates, a breather hood envelops the snowtrooper’s faceplate and feeds into the suit liner.

There is no stealth involved in Blizzard Force tactics. They are trained to hit a planet fast and hard — like a blizzard — crushing any opposition quickly and completely. In tandem with an AT-AT assault force, they are a much-feared branch of the Imperial military, as their actions on Hoth

attest to. Once walkers secure an area, they kneel to disembark the snowtroopers who then go about clearing any pockets of resistance.

Like all snowtrooper units, Blizzard Force wears slightly modified and personalized armor to reflect their designation. Each trooper is equipped with terrain-grip boots, a standard utility belt containing high-tension wire, grappling hooks, ion flares, additional blaster ammo, a survival kit, and food and water packs. They carry a personal blaster pistol, a blaster rifle, and two concussion grenades.

The speed and efficiency with which Echo Base was captured was something that Alliance High Command had not expected. The Rebels had rarely encountered troops of this quality and, for once, being outnumbered and outgunned was not counterbalanced by inferior Imperial troops. The stormtroopers of the Blizzard Force more than lived up to Veers’s expectations and, in the process, may have quelled the overconfidence of their Rebel counterparts and done appreciable damage to Alliance morale.

## AT-AT Walker Pilots

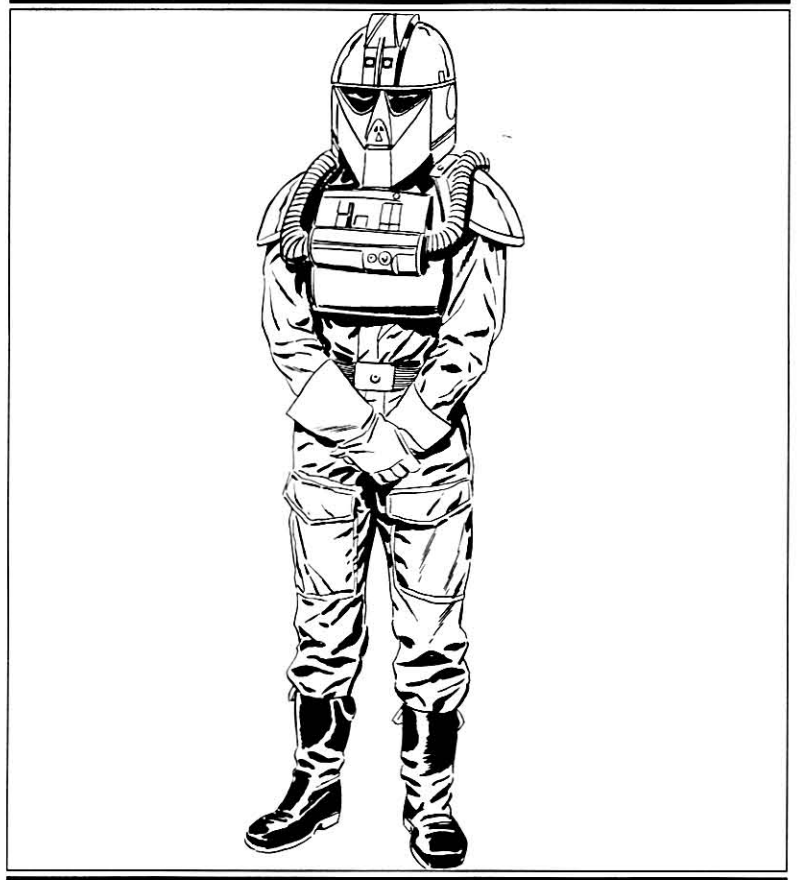
Driving an Imperial All-Terrain Armored Transport is a lot like operating an entire garrison bunker on legs. It is a complex, multi-faceted piece of equipment with sensitive control systems and tremendous mass and weight. Being able to balance these factors (not to mention balancing the walker itself) is a skill which requires extensive training and practice, and is nearly impossible to master. Because these massive machines operate under diverse, often hazardous terrain types, each step that a walker takes requires its own precise adjustments.

It takes a special blend of skill and instinct to make a walker pilot. These "ground pilots" train in teams of two, learning to operate the huge mechanical beasts in tandem with a combat coordinator. One pilot actually drives the walker, while the second pilot serves as an assistant, a navigator and a gunner. The combat coordinator is the commander of the individual walker, issuing orders and directions from his station behind the seated pilots.

When assembling his legion of "Hunters" to destroy the Rebellion in a planet-based invasion, Veers was given access to the best-trained, best-equipped troops in the Imperial Army. He selected only the top of this list to join his Thundering Herd AT-AT walker squadron.

These pilots were trained to operate their walkers in many different terrain types. Like all AT-AT crews, each team lives and works in their walker over much of each mission. They even get involved in some of the maintenance, helping to reinforce the theory that the crew is an extension of the walker and vice versa.

The command crew that pilots each walker works in the compact, crowded cockpit — the head of the mechanical monster. The walker's weapon emplacements are also located in this section, giving the crew a wide field of vision through a viewport of armored transparisteel. Electro-rangefinders, targeting computers, sen-



sor arrays, and holographic projectors give the pilots a 360-degree computer-painted line of sight whenever necessary.

The crew is trained to use their walkers for blatant "shock" attacks, landing at great distances but in plain sight of their enemy.

It was this same group of flawlessly trained walker crews who carried out the assault on Hoth. The success achieved by the Empire in that dreadful battle is as much a monument to the thorough efficiency of these men as to the tactical wizardry of General Veers.

### Lieutenant Nyrox

**Template Type:** Imperial  
AT-AT Combat Coordinator

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (damage 4D+2), battle armor, comlink.

**Quote:** "Full forward. Flatten those soldiers."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

AT-AT Walker Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

AT-AT Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D

AT-AT Walker Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**R**unning The Gauntlet

*The following is an excerpt from the personal memoirs of Wedge Antilles, used by permission of the author.*

The pain in my right arm was throbbing as I pulled the nose of my X-wing up and away from Hoth. Janson and I were forced to ditch our snowspeeder after taking a hit and losing our starboard stabilizer, but luckily neither of us were seriously hurt. The pain in my arm disagreed with the previous statement, but at least it was nothing Too-Onebee wouldn't be able to patch up later.

I caught a glimpse of Janson sitting in the gunner's position of the Y-wing that dipped into view on my right. He winked at me with what appeared to be forced optimism, as Hobbie pulled the Y-wing into formation with my starfighter. We were among the last to lift-off, but it was reassuring to know that two such able men were flying on my wing.

The dire straits of our circumstances abruptly clicked into my awareness as the commander of the transport that we were escorting checked in over the comlink. I confirmed his escape vector and ran a fast blanket scan. Naturally, my worst fears were confirmed. An Imperial Star Destroyer sat directly in our escape lane!

Having seen what was left of the ion cannon earlier, I knew we had no hope of surface-to-space cover fire. We were on our own. "Two fighters against a Star Destroyer," just as Hobbie had said at the briefing. I smiled at the thought of how Luke might have reacted to Hobbie's comment had the commander been to that particular briefing. He probably would have said something about Beggar's Canyon and his old T-16.

The laser flack began to fly thick and heavy as the flat, wedge shape of the giant Imperial ship grew steadily larger. We needed a plan, something radical, something that would surprise those predictable, Imperial, computer-controlled guns. I knew just the thing. "Transport Commander, this is Leader One. Adjust to course 2-7-5," I transmitted. The ship's captain probably wondered what I was up to, but he apparently knew me well enough not to question the order.

Hobbie had no such reservations, however, and he buzzed in over the comlink. "What's the idea, boss? Why do you want him hangin' back like that?"

Confidently, I replied, "Trust me."

But I could hear the trepidation in his voice. "Okay. It's your show, but I hope you know what you're doing." So did I.

There was a rapid-fire barrage of "What do you think your doing?" and "Are you out of your mind?" from Hobbie when I pulled in directly behind his Y-wing, my nose cone barely two meters from his cylindrical nacelles.

"Just hold her steady and sit tight," was my less-than-effective attempt to calm him down. I knew he would catch on once he stopped to think about it, and I was right, although he still sounded more than a little disturbed by the idea. "A Tallon split? But that's just a hot-shot training maneuver. It's never been done in actual combat." I didn't bother to reply, so he did it for me. "I know, I know, there's a first time for everything. Let's just hope we live to brag about it."

The Tallon split was a simple maneuver in theory, but in practice it was difficult and dangerous, requiring split-second timing and uncanny reflexes as we flew so close together that the computer-controlled batteries on the Star Destroyer would read us as one vessel. Then, when we got close enough, I would dart out from behind Hobbie, cutting at a 45 degree angle beneath him. In theory, it would take the automated batteries on the Star Destroyer a full five seconds to lock on me. And five seconds was all I would need to Nerf's-eye one of the giant vessel's sensor globes and give the transport enough time to slip neatly into hyperspace. This was all theory, of course.

I wished to the Force that my arm would stop throbbing as I readied myself for the maneuver. I just had to put it out of my head, like Luke did with the Death Star. The thought of that miraculous shot reassured me. I may have even smiled as I remembered it. Then, an all-too-close blaster cannon bolt flashed by, and I knew I couldn't wait any longer. It was now or never, or maybe both.

With a quick throttle movement, I cut out from behind Hobbie. A quick laser burst, and the globe disintegrated before me. As I passed overhead I could here Hobbie's triumphant cry over the comlink, "Yeah! Transport Away!"

As I entered hyperspace I thought I heard a familiar voice say, "Good shooting, Wedge," but it didn't sound like Hobbie. In fact, it didn't seem to come from over the comlink at all. As I think about it now, it sort of sounded like ... Luke.

## General Veers

General Maximilian Veers is the most effective combination of cunning, ruthless efficiency, and loyalty to the Empire that the Imperial Army has ever produced. His rapid advancement through the ranks attests to this fact. What has made his career history even more noteworthy, however, is the large number of former superiors who have placed themselves on record as being in support of him. Because of this, Veers appears to be the prime example of an Imperial officer in every sense of the word, or an extremely clever man who has helped his career with numerous incidents of blackmail and assassination.

Veers started in the Army, soon opting to join the assault armor division. He decided that the great mechanical monsters that were the All-Terrain Armored Transports were the vehicles for him. He took to this training with ruthless abandon and surprising intellect, never simply following orders if he felt to do so would be suicidal. But fear never entered into his equation: he could not continue to serve the Empire if he were dead, that was just a fact of life.

His superiors found him both very good and very dangerous. So he received a promotion to combat coordinator of an AT-AT crew, then was shipped out to an out-of-the-way world where he could either excel or perish. On Culroon III, Veers made the first major step up the military command ladder when he and his crew saved a stormtrooper detail from the machinations of a foolish general. He was promoted to major, and then the rest came quickly.

It was just after his promotion to colonel when dark questions began surfacing with regard to his methods of career advancement. But the Battle of Yavin, with the devastating destruction of the Death Star and ensuing power vacuum, provided Veers with yet another opportunity for promotion. This time it was a blatant leap over the heads of several High Colonels, straight to his assignment as General in charge of ground forces



for Lord Vader's fleet. Whether Veers's reputation was the deciding factor in his being granted this position, or the premeditated idea on the part of his superiors that such a promotion would mean Veers would be interacting directly with Lord Vader (not exactly the most enviable of assignments) isn't clear. Nevertheless, not a single High Colonel questioned this unorthodox promotion, and the dark questions concerning Veers quickly faded.

This appointment was the pinnacle of success for someone in Veer's position, and he lost no

### General Veers

**Template Type:** Imperial General

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.9 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Combat armor and helmet, heavy blaster pistol (damage 5D).

**Quote:** "The shield will be down in moments. You may start your landing."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

AT-AT Walker Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

AT-AT Walker Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

time in proving himself. A few weeks after the promotion, Veers had his forces pared down by 10 percent, yet efficiency was upped by 50 percent. His timing was impeccable, as events unfolding in a remote planetary system known as Hoth were soon to demonstrate.

Veers is the Imperial officer generally credited for the devastating success of the Hoth campaign. He managed to turn what was initially a strategic blunder for the Imperial Navy into proof that his unprecedented promotion was warranted. When the Imperial fleet came out of hyperspace too close to the Hoth system to gain the advantage of surprise, a space-to-surface bombardment became out of the question, since the Rebels were able to raise their planetary defense shield. So, a ground assault was launched and led by Veers, who masterfully executed the attack using an assault group of AT-AT walkers and support troops. This single attack almost brought an end to the Rebellion there on those

frozen fields of snow. If it were not for the constant state of preparation in which the Alliance held itself, there is little doubt that hope for the future of freedom in the Galaxy would now be but a fast fading memory.

Today, Veers continues to gain respect and influence among his peers. Should his career continue unabated, (and there is no reason to suggest otherwise) there is little doubt that he will yet ascend even higher within the Empire's rigid command structure. Veers might be the only sane officer in the Imperial Armed Forces without an all-consuming fear of Lord Vader's presence. This is not to suggest that he lacks a healthy dose of cautious respect, but he seems to be favored by Lord Vader, as is any officer who shows such ruthless efficiency and cunning. As far as the Alliance is concerned, Veers is one of the most dangerous obstacles to the restoration of freedom in the Galaxy.

## Zev Senesca

It was particularly difficult for Luke Skywalker to watch Zev Senesca's snowspeeder burst into a ball of flame. Just days before his death during the assault on Hoth, Zev had flown the patrol that had spotted and rescued Commander Skywalker and Captain Solo, both of whom had been stranded overnight on Hoth's frozen, snow-covered wastelands. Luke felt as if he owed Senesca some kind of debt. This was a feeling shared by Han Solo, who, in a rare display of gratitude, actually thanked Senesca for the rescue. These heroics and countless others, earned Zev his reputation as a courageous pilot.

Zev was born and raised on Kestic Station, a free-trader outpost near the Bestine system. Kestic was a stop-over point and occasional home to free traders and asteroid miners of a distinctly non-guild, non-regulation, non-Imperial bent. Zev's parents were dealers in just about anything, including, in their later years, arms for a then-fledgling Rebellion. Although these were technically black market dealings, Zev's parents felt that they were doing the right thing. They continued this practice, eventually becoming a vital link in the Alliance's supply chain.

Growing up in such a free environment and surrounded by people of such high ideals, Zev was a natural candidate for recruitment by the Alliance. His parents encouraged him toward this end, and he left Kestic to join the Rebellion. Soon after that, he became an orphan.

Rebel supply lines had been traced back to Kestic and to Zev's parents. Without stopping to take prisoners or ask questions, the Imperial Star Destroyer *Merciless* sliced the station to bits. All aboard were killed, including Zev's parents. Zev's response to this atrocity was not grief, but anger. He blamed the Alliance for the destruction of Kestic Station, and for the death of his parents. And so, after no more than a year of fighting for the Rebellion, he left the Alliance and headed for



deep space and a life as a free trader like his parents had been.

Fortunately, Zev came to realize that the Alliance was not at fault, he was. He had trusted this "friend," and the leak in the security of the supply line was, therefore, his fault. This realization gave the adventurer a new attitude toward the Rebellion he had once blamed for the death of his parents. It wasn't long after this that Zev Senesca chose to rejoin the Alliance and fight the true enemy — the Galactic Empire.

### Zev Senesca

**Template Type:** Brash Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "I've found them. Repeat, I've found them."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Airspeeder Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

## Wes Janson

Manning a gunner's station requires a great deal of skill and nerve, a little luck, and a lot of faith in the ship's pilot. Whether it be in a Y-wing fighter or in a snowspeeder, the situation is the same. The gunner faces backwards in a vessel flying at incredibly high speeds. He has absolutely no control over the ship and only a single, high-powered weapon between him and any attacking enemies. His responsibility is protecting the ship's stern, and he hopes that the pilot won't suddenly swerve and swoop just as he is lining up a clean shot. And, of course, the gunner always hopes that the pilot will remember the gunner is back there and won't leave him exposed to enemy fire.

Wes Janson is one of these half courageous, half crazy men who ride in the rear of high-performance vehicles, playing a high-tech, life-and-death game of "tag" with expertly-trained Imperial pilots and gunners. His is a special breed, and he wears his True Gunner's insignia with dignity and pride. True Gunner is the highest order of gunnery awarded within the ranks of the Rebel Alliance, and Lieutenant Janson earned his through "consistent excellence and superior performance as an officer and a gunner," or so said General Dodonna at the awards ceremony at Tierfon Fighter Base.

Janson had operated out of Tierfon for most of his enlistment with the Alliance. During that time he flew with some of the top Rebel pilots, racking up an impressive kill record and a tremendous reputation. Among the pilots who flew with Janson in his early days at Tierfon was Janson's close friend Jek Porkins, one of the heroes of the Battle of Yavin who sacrificed their lives during that epic conflict. Janson still speaks very highly of Porkins, and often tells some rather tall tales of those days back at Tierfon.

But it is most often with sadness that Janson



recalls his old friend, since the situation surrounding the death of Jek Porkins is one which Janson feels could have been avoided. In the early days of Tierfon, the base was used primarily for training missions. These were technically "active" missions, but not of the most hazardous variety. Most new recruits were sent to Tierfon so that they might get some combat experience under their belts without having to face extremely difficult situations. Among these green recruits

### Wes Janson

**Template Type:** Brash Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.65 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "Cable out! Let her go!"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Airspeeder Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

were Janson and Porkins. Coming out of the same training class, the two became good friends and worked very well together.

The next step up from Tierfon was "full active" duty on a high-security system base such as the one on the fourth moon of Yavin. With the destruction of Alderaan and the impending threat of the Death Star, Tierfon's status was boosted to "full active." But the fighter contingent on the base was significantly reduced, with other less protected bases in need of greater fighter cover. Among those in need of immediate help was the Yavin base, and when the emergency transfer list was posted, Janson's name was on it.

Having come down with a case of Hesken Fever on a recent scouting mission, Janson was laid-up at the time of the transfer. But someone would still have to fill his slot on the transfer list, even though the ailing Janson vainly insisted on going. That someone was Jek Porkins. He never returned from Yavin, and to this day, despite obvious rationalizations that it was not his fault, Wes Janson will never forgive himself.

On Hoth, Janson worked as he does these days, flying to make amends to the memory of his friend. Hopefully, in his own mind, his heroics during the assault on Hoth put to rest at least a little of the guilt he has been feeling.



## Derek "Hobbie" Klivian

Hobbie was known as the skeptic of Rogue Group. With such optimistic, upbeat wingmen as Luke Skywalker and Wedge Antilles, Hobbie's cautious pessimism (or "realism," as he referred to it) provided the counterbalance that helped mold Rogue Group into such an effective fighting force. When Luke and Wedge talked of "aggressiveness" and "attack posture," Hobbie inevitably brought up "evasiveness" and "defensive posture." But it was more than just being opposite for the sake of opposition, since the other members of Rogue Group respected Hobbie's opinions as much as anyone else's.

The reason for Hobbie's predominantly negative attitudes stems from his days at the Imperial Academy. When he entered the Academy, Hobbie was a typically impressionable youth, star-struck and eager to climb into the cockpit of a starfighter. The political ramifications of joining the Imperial Navy were, at that time, irrelevant to Hobbie, who thought only of jockeying across the stars at dizzying speeds and melting women with his dashing figure as a young, handsome, smartly-uniformed pilot. But some of the friends that Hobbie made at the Academy soon changed this attitude. Prominent among these friends was a fellow recruit, a young, handsome, and overly-enthusiastic pilot named Biggs Darklighter.

These two wide-eyed youths and a score of other cadets began to see the Galaxy as more than just the Empire. They met secretly and, in their youthful naivete, planned how they would single-handedly overthrow that Empire. The meetings were more brave talk than anything else, actually harmless in effect. But the Academy Commander thought otherwise. He found out about the meetings from an informer and immediately apprehended the participants. Much to their surprise, Hobbie and Biggs were not taken into custody. They had been absent for that particular meeting, so were not on the informer's list. Additionally, the others had not



revealed Hobbie and Biggs as members of the group. But many of their friends were taken. Those cadets were never seen again. At first, Hobbie and Biggs thought that it was simply a prolonged period of punishment or isolation. Then they thought their friends had been transferred to another unit. But gradually the cold reality of the situation made itself evident to them.

Hobbie and Biggs never truly learned what the Empire did with the young men they had taken, but the effect on the two surviving cadets was

### Hobbie Klivian

**Template Type:** Brash Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.75 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "Two fighters against a Star Destroyer?"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Airspeeder Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

profound. No longer did they talk childishly of overthrowing the Empire. Now, they talked seriously of deserting to join the rumored Rebel Alliance. Wisely, the two quietly bided their time until after graduation, at which time they were both fortuitously assigned to the same ship — the space-freighter *Rand Ecliptic*. It was a relatively small ship, so both of the youthful officers were given important assignments aboard it. Biggs was made First Officer and Hobbie Ship's Exec.

The exact story of their "jumping ship" to join the Rebellion is detailed elsewhere. The result was, however, that they were able to find the often elusive Alliance and join it, eventually becoming two of the Rebellion's most talented pilots and valued members. Although Hobbie and Biggs were inseparable comrades, circumstances eventually parted them. At that time, graduates of the Imperial Academy and valued leaders such as these were extremely rare in the ranks of Rebel pilots, and General Dodonna had little choice but to assign them to outposts where they could be most effective.

As with Jek Porkins, the random luck of being assigned to Yavin Base proved ultimately fatal to Biggs Darklighter. Hobbie went on to run guns out of the Sullust system, until his assignment to the Rebel base led by Princess Leia and General

Rieeken eventually brought him to Hoth. Before the incidents on Hoth, Hobbie distinguished himself with superb flying and starfighter tactics. His abilities and skills, combined with the other pilots such as Wedge Antilles and Luke Skywalker, saved the constantly-relocating base group from numerous close calls with all manner of galactic informers, bounty hunters, local system governments, and minor Imperial skirmishes. Every time the Rebels found a planet to set up their base, something showed up that required them to evacuate yet again. In most of these cases, it was the pilot corps — including Hobbie — that provided the time for the transports to escape.

During his early days of duty with the Rebel base, he learned of the death of his friend from a boyhood comrade of Biggs, Luke Skywalker. Together they exchanged stories about their late companion, and eventually Luke and Hobbie became good friends, flying together in the newly-formed Rogue Group.

But the sudden shock of the disappearance of his Academy buddies combined with the tragic death of his best friend has left Hobbie with his characteristically skeptical outlook on life. Add to this his recent experiences in the devastating battle on Hoth, and one must wonder if his attitude will ever change.

**M**utiny on the *Rand Ecliptic*

*Voren Na'al overheard the following story in the crew lounge of the Rebel medical frigate. It was being told by Hobbie to a highly curious and nostalgic Luke Skywalker, during an exchange of stories concerning their late mutual friend, Biggs Darklighter. The story is used here by permission of both parties involved and in the honored memory of Biggs Darklighter.*

Officially, our mission to the Bestine system was to deliver a consignment of rubindum ore — a substance integral in the construction of hyperdrive engines — to the newly-established Imperial Navy Yard in that system. Unofficially, Biggs and I had a mission of our own. My old friend Lindy was stationed on Bestine, and in his last holotrans he had told me of his new friends — members of the Rebel Alliance. We were both anxious about what we thought we should do. When we got to Bestine, we were going to jump ship, find Lindy, and join the Rebellion. At least, that was the plan.

Everything seemed to go well at first, almost too well. The captain, in a stroke of sheer luck for us, had ordered Biggs and I to leave the *Rand Ecliptic* and make contact with the shipyard personnel who were to take possession of the ore consignment. Captain Heliesk was an extremely efficient officer, who usually went strictly by the book, so it worried us that he would send both the ship's First Mate and its Executive Officer on a mission like this. It was contrary to his usual policy of at least one of us always staying on board at all times, and we wondered if he suspected anything.

Although we were nervous, we tried to look at the bright side of the situation. We wouldn't need to jump ship after all, and since our orders were to seek out and find someone, we could "officially" spend our time looking for Lindy.

Our uncanny luck continued, and Lindy found us almost immediately. He ushered us into an empty hangar where he introduced us to several of his friends. They were all secretly working with the Rebellion, smuggling starship parts and raw materials out of the system for use by Alliance shipbuilders. He was awaiting the arrival of a new Rebel contact, known to him only as "Starfire."

This contact, according to Lindy, would help us jump ship and join the Rebel Alliance. The situation was not promising, but Biggs's eternal optimism managed to keep me from calling the whole thing off. But when the main hangar door was flung open and a squad of Imperial

stormtroopers flooded into the domed shell, I wished to the Force I had.

The stormtroopers quickly surrounded us and, as we had feared, they were led by Captain Heliesk. He smirked confidently as he approached to greet us. There was a long, painful pause as he looked deeply into the faces of each of the captured men, finally finishing with Biggs and myself. The silence was abruptly broken as he addressed Biggs and myself. "Good work. Take this Rebel scum back to the ship. Hold them in the starfire suite." He winked at me then, and dropped a rank cylinder into my sweating palm.

The rank cylinder served as a key to the captain's quarters, and once the trooper escort left us, we headed straight for them. Captain Heliesk wasn't far behind us. "Boys," he grinned, "you're taking the ship."

His plan was a simple one. The Alliance needed our cargo, but since he was still a valuable spy who had a good deal of authority within the Empire, the captain couldn't afford to be exposed as an Alliance sympathizer. The perfect solution was a mutiny. Biggs and I would feign revolt and capture the bridge. From there, we could use the threat of setting the ship to self-destruct to force the rest of the crew to leave. But the problem was what might happen once we lifted off of Bestine. This was an Imperial Navy Yard, and there were bound to be quite a few TIE fighters they could scramble to chase after us.

The first step of the plan went well, and the crew had no choice but to abandon ship. With the help of Lindy and his friends, we were able to fully man the bridge and get the *Rand Ecliptic* and her valuable cargo off planet. The next step was the tough one. The Empire did have a healthy squadron of TIE fighters based on Bestine, and they were after us almost immediately. There were too many of them to fend-off with the *Rand Ecliptic's* feeble weaponry, but we only needed to buy enough time to make the calculations for the jump to light-speed. Biggs had that familiar gleam in his eye.

Turning the ship's starboard hold toward the incoming swarm of fighters, he dumped half of the ore consignment directly into the path of the approaching ships. This created a small-scale asteroid field which most of the fighters crashed into. Scattered explosions and ricocheting debris filled the space behind us. The few fighters that did get through were not enough to stop us from entering hyperspace and a new life with the Alliance.

## Dak Ralter

It is unfortunate that the highest price paid in this bloody civil war is often that of the lives of the young. They do not even remember the days of the Old Republic and the peaceful beauty that accompanied them. The young only know the Galaxy as a place of fear, oppression, and Empire. And yet they still feel the need to fight, to resist, to rebel, despite having nothing but old tales of "better times" upon which to model their dreams.

One such idealistic dreamer was Dak Ralter, a valued member of the fabled Rogue Group who, before his death at the hands of the Imperial ground assault forces on Hoth, was the gunner in the snowspeeder piloted by Luke Skywalker. Dak's parents were children of the Old Republic. Many of the days of his youth were filled with stories of the wonder and delight that existed in the Galaxy before the coming of the Empire. These stories were just about all that kept him going during most of the time he spent in the labor colony on Kalist VI. He was born there, in captivity, the child of political prisoners with little hope of a life outside the confines of the huge transparisteel dome.

But little hopes should be kept alive at all costs, for someday they may come to fruition, as they did with Dak. He was a mere 17 Standard Years old when he was given his chance at freedom, and he took that chance with an energy born of a lifetime of pent-up anger and aggression. A new prisoner had come to the camp, and being just a bit older than Dak, the two became fast friends. His name was Breg, and he was a Rebel pilot who was downed while on a recon mission. The Empire did not know of Breg's Rebel affiliation, otherwise he'd have faced an Imperial Interrogator Droid, or worse.

Breg was a free spirit, and the impressionable Dak was quite taken by the newcomer. Together they planned an escape from Kalist VI. Dak's parents encouraged their son in this venture,



knowing that this might be his only chance for a life beyond captivity. They also knew that they would only hamper their son's plans by trying to go with him, and they insisted he go without them. It was a difficult choice for the young Dak, but he listened to the words of his parents and decided to heed their wishes.

While waiting for the arrival of the prison barge, Breg and Dak vaulted the inner power fence of the camp, shorted the outer fence and managed to make it past the sentries. Once a few slightly-

### Dak Ralter

**Template Type:** Brash Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.62 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "I feel like I could take on the whole Empire myself."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Airspeeder Piloting \_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer Repair \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

used Imperial guard uniforms were “borrowed,” gaining access to the landing area was relatively easy. With the triggering of a false reactor alarm and a prearranged power outage, the two fugitives were able to board the prison barge and clear all moorings. But before they could lift off, an Imperial stormtrooper, who was stationed in the area, saw what was happening, boarded the ship, and tried to stop the two youths. Breg was shot before Dak could blast the trooper. The Rebel fugitive lay wounded and dying on the cockpit floor.

With both their lives at stake, Dak was forced to take the ship’s controls. He had had no previous experience with any technology more so-

phisticated than a laser drill, and Breg, still able to speak but not move, had to talk him through takeoff. Dak displayed a natural affinity for piloting. Under Breg’s guidance they were off world and preparing to enter hyperspace. Breg’s condition was worsening. By the time they arrived at Tierfon Base, Dak was forced to land the ship unaided. It wasn’t the prettiest of landings, but it was in many respects miraculous. Despite Dak’s heroic efforts, Breg died shortly after landing.

Before his own death during the assault on Hoth, when asked about his natural piloting and gunnery talents, Dak would reply, “I had a good teacher.”

# I mperial Fleet Profiles

It is rather obvious that after the destruction of the Death Star, the Empire gave a great deal more credence to a Rebellion that was, up until that stunning victory, considered relatively insignificant. The sudden demise of the Empire's "ultimate weapon" left those who had backed the project with a good deal of Jemian yolk on their faces, and it gave the "old school" Imperial military traditionalists the ammunition they needed to return to the days of the great fleets.

Until the commissioning of that massive battle station, the fleet had always acted as the strong arm of the Empire and as the crushing fist of the Emperor. But with the destruction of the Death Star, the Empire's need for an even greater show of force became not a return to the days of the great fleets, but the dawning of the day of the greatest fleet. The flagship of this fleet was the unparalleled *Super-class* Star Destroyer *Executor*.

After designing the mighty *Imperial-class* Star Destroyer, brilliant engineer Lira Wessex turned her talented eye toward pleasing those who had welcomed the coming of the Death Star and toward those who had mourned its passing. She created the ultimate compromise between ship and battle station. The *Executor* had actually been planned and ready to go before the Battle of

Yavin, under the private support and guidance of the Emperor.

Darth Vader, never a proponent of the Death Star project, knew its flaws and foresaw its ultimate downfall. So, when his foresight proved prophetic, the Emperor granted the Dark Lord a virtually free hand in forming the ultimate instrument of the Rebellion's doom, presenting him with *Executor* as a gift.

The project began with *Executor* and grew from there, gathering many of the most infamous and formidable Star Destroyers and commanders from across the Galaxy. But they were all just window dressing for the mighty *Executor*, which was built as much for intimidation as for efficiency. In addition to changing his overall military policy toward crushing the Rebellion, the Emperor also changed his attitudes concerning security. The forming of the Imperial Fleet became a public event, and a position of command within that fleet became the Empire's highest military accolade.

In the Emperor's eyes there was no longer a need for secrecy. He hoped to intimidate and crush the spirit of an Alliance which still basked in the fleeting glory of a decisive, but solitary victory.

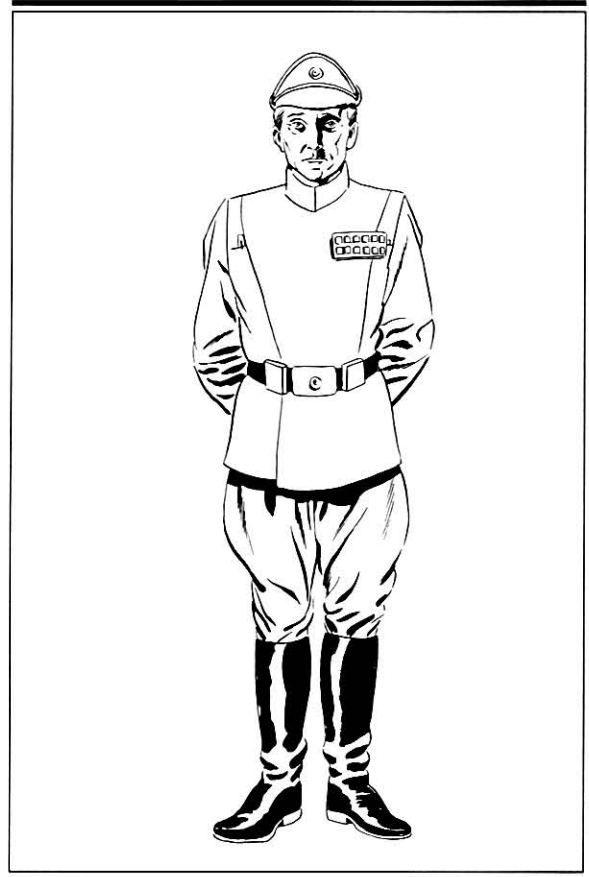
## Admiral Piett

Promotion within the ranks of the Imperial Navy is usually slow, sometimes nepotistic, and almost always political. None of these things hold true within the ranks of Lord Vader's fleet, however. Promotion within this fleet is largely due to attrition brought on by outright failure and executed, quite literally, by the Dark Lord himself.

Vader obviously feels that fear is the greatest motivating factor, but the overall performance of his fleet has proven him wrong. In this case, fear is a distracting element, creating pressure and tension which lead to mistakes, and to a subsequent series of senseless executions. There was one man, however, who was able to mask and divert the results of his mistakes and rise to command the entire fleet. This man is Admiral Piett, a man who deftly avoided the Dark Lord's wrath several times during his continuing tenure as Admiral of the fleet.

But it was not without some effort that Piett achieved this pinnacle. His career appears, on record, to be a nearly flawless one. While, in fact, he made many mistakes during his ascent through the positions of command. But being able to cover your mistakes is as much a talent as not making them in the first place. Perhaps, in the eyes of some, discretion is the better part of ability.

Starting his career as a commander in a small patrol squadron on the Outer Rim was not the most auspicious of beginnings for a young officer, but Piett made the best of it. In his tenure there, he amassed a tremendous record of "arrests and suppressions," making his sector one of the most secure in the Empire's wild, and often uncontrollable, Outer Rim. His military record while in those far reaches was flawless, and soon spread inward to the Imperial top-brass. They chose him as one of the elite group of commanders gathered to lead the fleet assembled to aid Lord Vader in his search for the new Rebel base.



When this fleet was first formed, Captain (his rank at that time) Piett's commanding officer was Admiral Ozzel. At first, most officers in the fleet saw Ozzel as Vader's equal in power and in the command of the fleet, but Piett knew better. He had heard stories of Vader's arbitrary "punishments," and he vowed not to become one of the Dark Lord's victims. Piett's initial assignment was the dispatch of and information retrieval from the many thousands of remote probes sent out across the Galaxy in search of the Rebel Alliance.

### Admiral Piett

**Template Type:** Imperial Admiral

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "Bounty Hunters. We don't need that scum."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Computer \_\_\_\_\_

Programming/Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Ozzel did not think much of this operation, and relied very little on the probes. But Vader's outlook was different. He trusted machines more than he did people, and constantly demanded updates on the progress of the probes. Piett was acutely aware of this fact, and tried to use it to his advantage. When the initial signal came in from the probe Droid that had reached the Hoth system and actually found the Rebel base, Piett did not immediately report it to Admiral Ozzel. He knew that the Admiral would ignore the signal, as was his usual response, calling it "reaching for evidence."

And so Piett waited until Lord Vader was on the bridge before he approached Ozzel with the news. As expected, Ozzel dismissed the report saying that he wanted "proof, not leads." But with his uncannily acute senses, Lord Vader overheard the conversation, as Piett had planned. The Dark

Lord overrode the Admiral's authority and commanded the fleet to set course for the Hoth system.

Piett's scheme had worked to perfection, making Ozzel look bad to Vader, while at the same time making himself look sharp and attentive. When Ozzel ordered the fleet out of hyperspace too close to the Hoth system, allowing the Rebels to raise their planetary defense shield, it was his last mistake. Lord Vader immediately and permanently "removed" Ozzel, while at the same time promoting Piett to the rank of Admiral and giving him command of the fleet.

But Piett has since learned that being responsible for the fleet is not necessarily the best of all possible positions in which to be. Although he remains in this position, it may only be a matter of time before Piett, too, fails the Dark Lord and pays the price for that failure.





## Admiral Ozzel

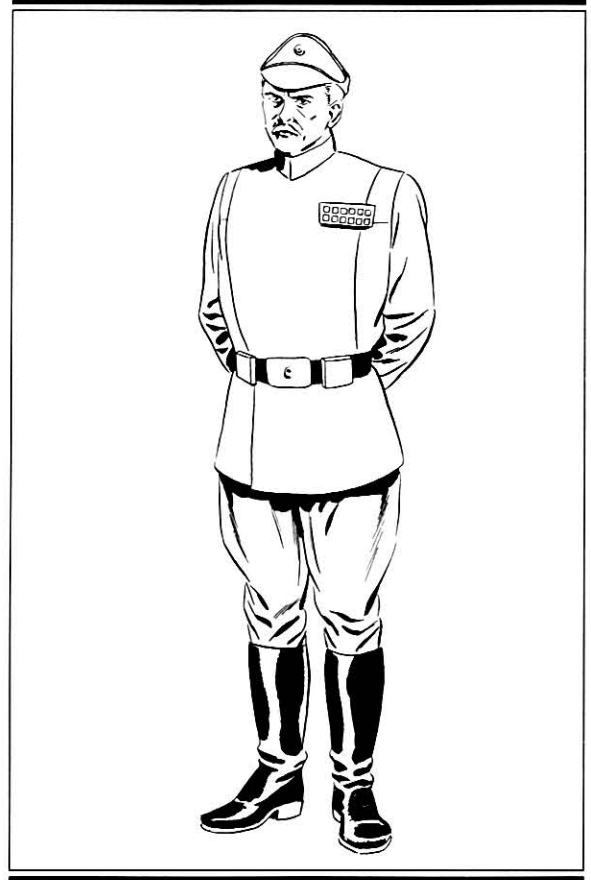
Many of the officers of the Imperial Navy have refused to accept the true meaning and nature of the Emperor's "New Order." Consequently, many of these men, intoxicated with delusions of power and control, have, in the end, met with dire circumstances. The "New Order" has more to do with true power than with military standing, particularly where a certain Dark Lord is concerned.

Darth Vader is the embodiment of the Emperor's will, and as such is second in power only to his evil master. But Vader has no rank within the Empire's military, and those who do possess official rank often feel resentment toward the Dark Lord. Quite often, before long, they feel his evil wrath as well. One such foolishly prideful Imperial officer was the late Admiral Ozzel.

Many speculated that certain older ties between Military Command and Ozzel's bloodline were responsible for his appointment as commander of the fleet which was to hunt down and destroy the elusive Rebellion. Another theory seems more credible, however. This fleet was the personal instrument of Darth Vader, but it had to be given an official military commander in addition to the Dark Lord, in order to appease the high-ranking members of the general staff.

Regardless of the reasons behind the appointment, Ozzel was given the command. His official mission was to hunt down and destroy the Rebel Alliance, using whatever means he deemed necessary. But despite the tremendous resources at his disposal, Ozzel preferred a more personal approach to the problem. He followed up any substantial leads personally. This often meant diverting the fleet on less than productive forays.

Lord Vader did not put up with these personal indulgences for long, however. He began to restrict Ozzel's personal involvement, and began to force him to rely on outside resources — such as the intelligence network and the remote probe operation, which was a personal plan of Vader's. It was this operation which did eventually find



the Rebel stronghold in the Hoth system. Ozzel had repeatedly and publicly denounced the operation. Because of this and his own personal failure to find the Rebel base, Vader now had a good enough excuse to "dispose" of the inept admiral and, at the same, time show the rest of the command personnel the true price of failure.

When Ozzel had the fleet emerge from hyperspace too close to the Hoth system, Vader punished him for alerting the Rebels to their presence. "He is as clumsy as he is stupid," said Vader. With this event, Admiral Ozzel failed Lord Vader for the last time.

### Admiral Ozzel

**Template Type:** Imperial

Admiral

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Comlink, blaster pistol (damage 4D), data pad.

**Quote:** "I want proof, not leads."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Computer

Programming/Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

## Captain Needa

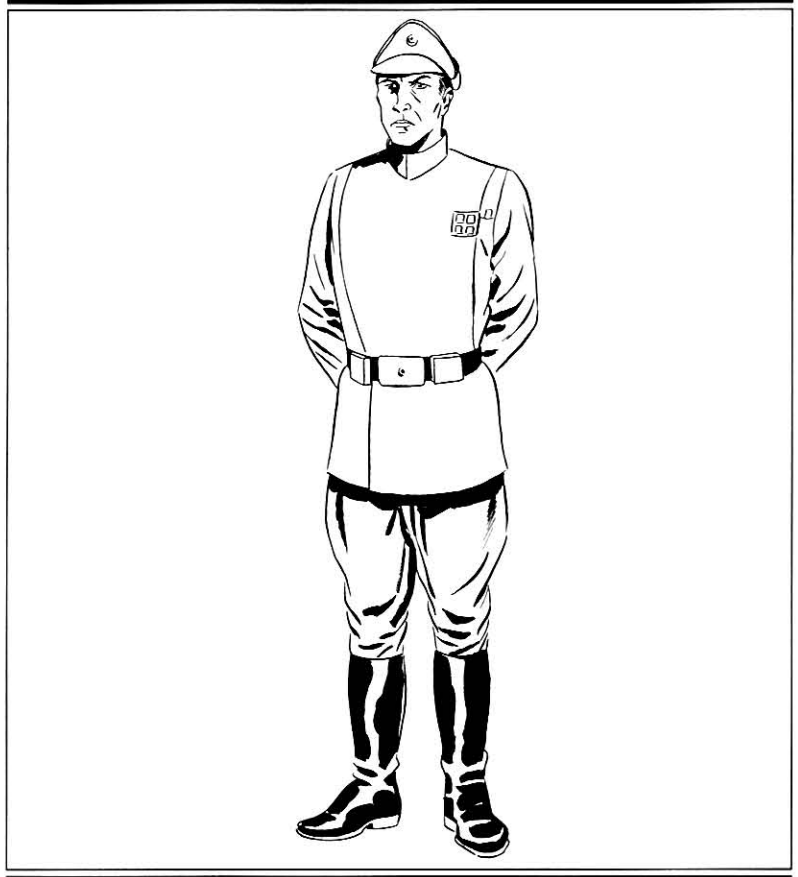
“Captain Needa, the ship no longer appears on our scopes.” Those were quite possibly the most frightening words that Needa had ever heard in his life. The Empire’s forces had chased the *Millennium Falcon* through an asteroid field, and it was obvious how much capturing that smuggler’s ship meant to Lord Vader.

Needa’s ship, the Imperial Star Destroyer *Avenger*, had been given the prestigious “point” position in the most powerful space fleet ever assembled. It was not without good reason that the *Avenger* was granted this honor. For some time, Needa and his ship had performed brilliantly in quelling Outer Rim uprisings. Needa was a ruthless and efficient commander, the ideal “point” commander for any fleet.

But it was not the Dark Lord who made the appointment, it was Admiral Ozzel. Consequently, Needa became one of Ozzel’s closest advisors within the fleet. He was often given independent assignments by the admiral, assignments which sent the *Avenger* off on its own to follow up on certain leads. This lasted only as long as Admiral Ozzel’s command, however. The Dark Lord was wary of all of Ozzel’s most trusted advisors, and each of these men was given very little leeway by Vader. One mistake, one *failure*, and they would be permanently “relieved” of duty by Lord Vader.

Needa’s lone and singularly fatal mistake came in the form of overconfidence. He had plunged headlong into the asteroid field in pursuit of the *Millennium Falcon*, just as Lord Vader had commanded. The damage sustained by the *Avenger*’s journey into the asteroid field was substantial, and the gunnery crews were kept constantly busy attempting to shoot down all of the rocky debris in the *Avenger*’s path. So, when the *Millennium Falcon* was finally flushed out of the deadly field, Needa and his ship were not properly prepared.

Still, Needa felt confident that he had the freighter trapped. But when Captain Solo swung



his ship around to attack its far larger and better-armed pursuer, Needa was caught off-guard. His first instinct was to reduce the tiny attacker to particles, but Lord Vader had made it quite clear that he wanted the ship and its crew intact.

In retrospect, Captain Needa’s idea to “personally apologize” to Lord Vader for losing the *Millennium Falcon* may not have been the most prudent way to handle the situation. The apology was “accepted” by the Dark Lord, who in return for Needa’s honesty, introduced the humbled captain to power of the Dark Side of the Force.

### Captain Needa

**Template Type:** Imperial Captain

**Loyalty:** To The Empire

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** “They can’t have disappeared. No ship that small has a cloaking device!”

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

## Darth Vader

When the Death Star battle station exploded into a thousand shards of light, it was thought that the threat of Darth Vader was lost to the endless void. But Vader, miraculously, survived. He returned from his unwanted sojourn into the limitless wastes of space even stronger, more powerful, than he was before.

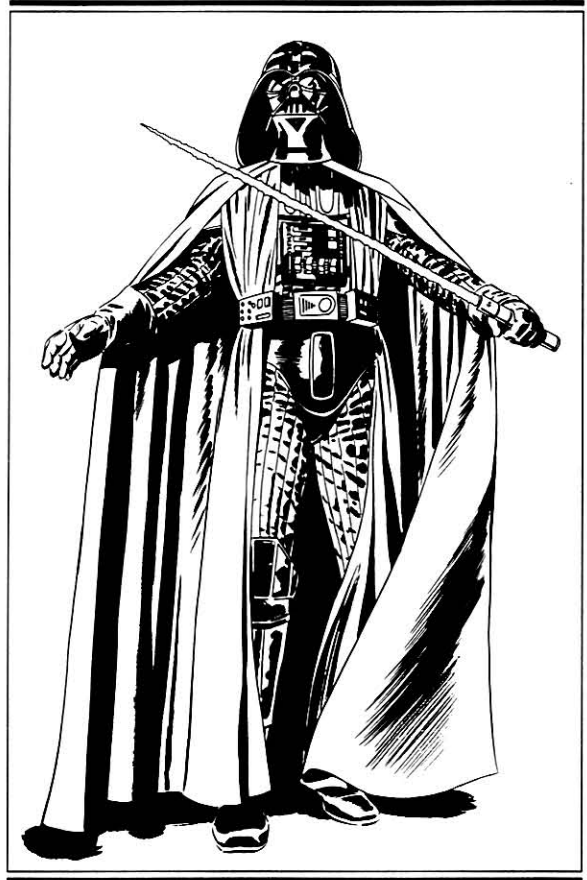
Darth Vader, the Dark Lord of the Sith, has been quite busy since the unexpected destruction of the Death Star battle station. The Rebellion had indeed been underestimated, but both Darth Vader and his evil master have vowed never to do so again. The threat of outright rebellion throughout the Galaxy had never been as great as it was during those hopeful (for the Alliance) days after the Battle of Yavin.

But the threat of the Rebellion being entirely snuffed out has never been as great as it is now. This is largely due to the efforts of the Dark Lord and his awesome fleet, the combination of which has struck devastating blows to a relatively young Rebel Alliance. With the embarrassment of the Battle of Yavin behind them, the Emperor and his trusted servant made plans for the complete and total destruction of the Rebellion once and for all.

Vader was assigned the task of personally hunting down and destroying the Rebels. To aid him in accomplishing this task, he was given an awesome weapon of such size and power as had never been seen before. The mighty fleet assigned to do Vader's bidding was, and still is, the most powerful fleet ever assembled in the history of the Galaxy. Considering the relative size and strength of its Rebel counterpart, this fleet is a shining example of Imperial overkill and inefficiency.

While it is true that the Rebel base may have been moved to any of a thousand, thousand worlds, the amount of resources available to Vader and his fleet in their attempt to find this microcircuit in a stack of electronic scraps is, in itself, staggering. In light of this, it is somewhat remarkable that it took the Empire as long as it did to find the Rebel base on the ice planet Hoth, even though the Rebels had only been there a short while. This can undoubtedly be attributed to the upper-echelon feud between Vader and the fleet's military commander, Admiral Ozzel.

While the grand scheme of entirely eliminating the Rebellion was foremost on the minds of Vader and his Emperor, there remains a more personal aspect of this quest that they have set themselves upon. In addition to searching for the Alliance in general, Vader specifically sought out



Luke Skywalker and his heroic friends. The true reasons behind this seemingly personally motivated manhunt are unknown as of yet, but it undoubtedly has something to do with the special abilities and the belief in an ancient religion that Vader and Skywalker share.

Captain Solo, Princess Leia, and the Wookiee Chewbacca, separated from Luke, their Force-wielding friend, during the assault on Hoth, were pursued by the entire Imperial fleet. Vader chased them unceasingly until they were trapped, captured, and hideously tortured in order to provide bait for Vader's primary target, Luke Skywalker. The bait was indeed taken, as Vader had planned, and Luke Skywalker came face to face with the Dark Lord on Bespin's majestic Cloud City.

Miraculously, Commander Skywalker survived his encounter with the Dark Lord, although not entirely unscathed, both physically and mentally. But the determination and energy with which Darth Vader pursued Luke and his comrades indicates the emphasis that both the Dark Lord and the Emperor have put on capturing the would-be Jedi.

**Darth Vader**

**Template Type:** Lord of the Sith

**Loyalty:** To the Emperor

**Height:** 2.02 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Lightsaber, body armor.

**Quote:** "I do not want the Emperor's prize damaged. We will test it... on Captain Solo."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_ 11D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien races \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 9D+1

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 11D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+1

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+1

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

**FORCE SKILLS**

Control \_\_\_\_\_ 11D+1

Sense \_\_\_\_\_ 12D+1

Alter \_\_\_\_\_ 11D

## Star Destroyer Officers

The life of a Star Destroyer officer revolves around a single, fundamental concept — competition. Imagine being one of hundreds, sometimes even thousands, of officers aboard a single vessel. The command structure of such a ship is conducive to tremendous amounts of head-to-head competition.

With many officers not being truly sure just where they fit in the grand scheme of the chain of command, power struggles and conflicts of every type abound. This is just how the top Imperial brass want the situation to be. They figure that greater amounts of competition between Star Destroyer officers is a positive thing, inducing more careful work habits and fewer mistakes.

Because these huge ships spend so much time out in deep space, without constant or immediate supervision from the Imperial High Command, their commanders often take liberties with their crews that they would otherwise be unable to take. This is, of course, especially true of Lord Vader's fleet, in which the Dark Lord has absolute power over his crew, and often expresses his own, rather severe form of punishment.

For this reason, among others, Star Destroyer assignments are not especially coveted positions within the Imperial Navy. The fact that Star Destroyer officers have the fastest promotion ratio and, yet, the worst service records and lowest life expectancies among all branches of the Imperial officer class is well known among members of the military elite. Star Destroyer officers are also known as nervous, insecure men, who have little chance for successful military careers.

But having a commission aboard a Star Destroyer, with all of its ruthless competition, can be an extremely prosperous and beneficial environment for a "clever" man.

Suffice it to say, there is no "gray area" aboard a Star Destroyer. An officer either succeeds or he



fails, period. Those of nimble mind and strong purpose will prosper, while those without these qualities are doomed to failure. The problem is that there aren't enough clever officers in the Imperial Navy, and the ranks of Star Destroyer officers are starting to be depleted by the violent and demanding attrition rate. In fact, the Imperials have begun promoting non-commissioned regulars in order to fill the voids in the officer positions. Procedures such as this bode well for the survival of the Rebellion.

### Lieutenant Venka

**Template Type:** Star

Destroyer Officer

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** "Snap to it, soldier."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

# T he Bounty Hunters

*From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.*

The personal plight of Captain Han Solo is a particularly fascinating and tragic story. It still astounds me just how widely-known this man has become in not only private circles, but in underworld and Imperial circles as well. It seems that half the beings in the Galaxy want this man's hide for one thing or another, and the other half of them would gladly sacrifice themselves to help Solo keep his rather shopworn smuggler's hide.

But alas, the hands that Han Solo eventually fell into happened to be particularly evil. After personally witnessing the elusiveness of his prey, Lord Vader decided that he had better call in some experts. This was done partly to accomplish the task at hand, but also, he hoped, to put a spark into the lackluster performance of his command personnel. In any event, the call was sent out, and the response was, as one would expect, staggering.

Bounty hunters, mercenaries, assassin Droids, and blasters-for-hire the Galaxy over responded to the call, but Vader only wanted a select few. From among the horde of applicants, Vader's personal staff selected a small number of specialists whom they felt were right for this particular

job. The reasons for their selection were varied. Some of the hunters were hired simply because of their reputations, while others had had personal run-ins with Solo in the past and were, therefore, familiar with his particularly frustrating methods of operation and evasion, or had a score to settle with Solo.

Whatever the reasons, Vader gathered his collection of killers and set them to work. But, interestingly enough, not as a team. The deadliest beings in the world also happened to carry with them the largest egos, and Vader knew that they could never work together. Also, a fact I have become rather acutely aware of during the writing of this report is that the Dark Lord is a firm believer in the benefits of "healthy competition."

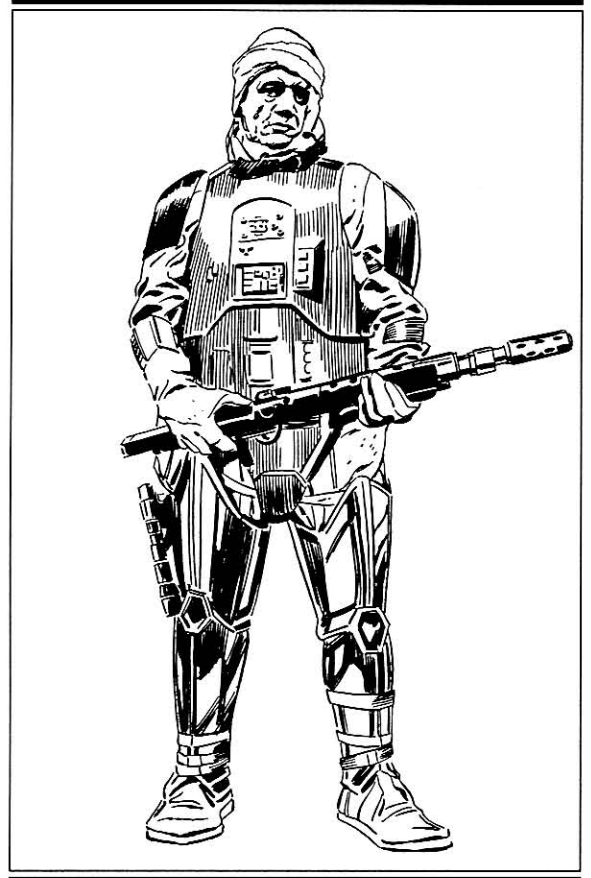
Once again, the call for bounty hunters was a relatively public one, in underworld circles at least. Through some of my less reputable connections, I got wind of the news relatively quickly. These same sources continued to feed me reports on the progress of the hunt, even after the capture had been made. The following profiles contain much of that information, along with a good amount of undercover research, which I myself performed.

## Dengar

In matters of extreme import, Darth Vader seldom misses a trick. All of the bounty hunters that the Dark Lord invited to aid him in his search had impressive reputations. All that is, save Dengar. But Vader wanted this Coreellian hunter for an entirely different reason. A much more personal reason. The research performed by Vader's personal aides concerning the candidates for the job revealed something quite interesting in Dengar's background. Many Standard Years ago, during a rather tumultuous early adulthood, Dengar sustained severe and debilitating head injuries at the hands of Han Solo.

Before trying his hand at assassination and bounty hunting, Dengar was a successful Swoop jockey on the Ferini team. He had been racing these dangerous repulsorlift bikes since his childhood, and he became somewhat of a cult hero in the Coreellian system. Before long, he had joined the well-known Ferini team, and he began to reap the endorsements and financial benefits of being a top Swoop jockey. But in spite of all of this, Dengar was not happy. Professionally, he was a champion racer and the public respected him for it, but privately, he really wasn't the best Swoop jockey in the Galaxy.

There are two distinct circles in the Swoop racing sub-culture. The professional tour, sponsored by the local and Imperial governments, and the private tour, ruled and run by the popular and often notorious Swoop gangs. They are two entirely different styles of racing: one controlled and esthetic; the other wild and dangerous. Although the makeshift races held by the Swoop gangs are illegal, they are far more exciting and dangerous than the pro competitions and, therefore, have spawned even greater stories, legends, and heroes than their tamer counterparts.



One such cult hero was a young Swoop jockey by the name of Han Solo. It was Solo to whom the public constantly and unfavorably compared Dengar, no matter how great Dengar's accomplishments. And this shadow darkened the life of young Dengar like a funeral pall, until he finally decided to do something about it. He challenged Solo to a race. Not just any race, however, but a winner-take-all rally across the the incredibly

### Dengar

**Template Type:** Bounty Hunter

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (damage 5D+2), concussion grenades (damage 7D), vibroblade (damage 4D), flexi-steel binding wire.

**Quote:** "Go ahead. Try it. I've got nothing to lose."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Swoop Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

dangerous crystal swamp of Agrilat. Although, at the time, Solo had already pledged his commission to the Imperial Academy, he could not and did not refuse the challenge.

So, with virtually everyone in the Corellian system breathlessly watching, the race was on. And it did not disappoint even one of the many observers. It was the most thrilling Swoop racing the Galaxy has ever seen, and the race was tightly contested until the final stretch. Solo was slightly behind, and in a risky maneuver he decided to take a lower altitude approach through the deadly crystal underbrush. Seeing his opponent's daring maneuver, Dengar decided to do him one better by taking an even lower approach. Remarkably, both men survived the last stretch of swamp and were racing neck and neck. But when Dengar cleared the last bit of foliage, he could not see that Solo was directly above him. He pulled up right into Solo's main repulsor fin.

Dengar was burned badly and suffered serious cranial trauma as a result of the impact. To add insult to injury, he was permanently banned from professional Swoop racing for engaging in the illegal race. Eventually his injuries healed to the point where he could function normally once again, but the wound to his pride has never healed. Dengar became a bitter man, who continued to endure hearing stories of the legendary Han Solo even after he left the Corellian system.

It was the Galaxy-wide notice of the bounty that had been placed on Solo's head many Standard Years later that prompted Dengar to become a bounty hunter. He started in the employment of Jabba the Hutt, obsessively seeking out the elusive Solo. It was this continuing obsession that Lord Vader purchased, hoping it would drive Dengar to his prey with the Dark Lord not far behind.



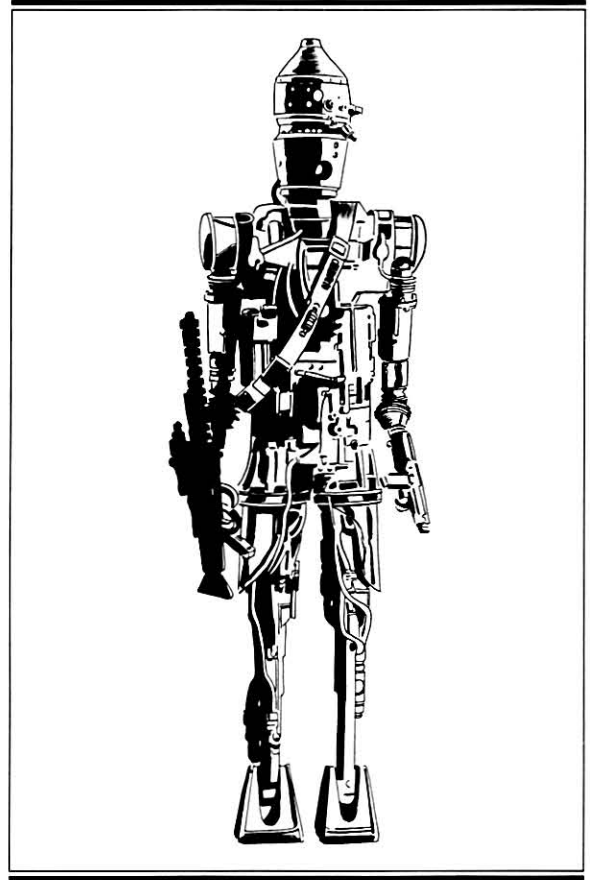
## IG-88

The fact that assassin Droids are probably the most fiercely independent Droids in the Galaxy is not surprising, nor is it particularly comforting. The strength and sophistication of most assassin Droid programming naturally lends itself toward independence.

And so, although these dangerous mechanicals are always rigged with multiple safeguards and restraining bolts, many of them achieve complete independence, often at the expense of their short-sighted designers and unsuspecting masters. Of course, one suitable trade for a renegade assassin Droid to ply is the time dishonored profession of bounty hunting.

The Galaxy's most infamous mercenary assassin Droid, IG-88, exemplifies such a case. The IG line of assassin Droids was created during a particularly naive period, when scientists and engineers delved into programming technologies that they could not fully comprehend. The IG series was given the most sophisticated combat programming yet developed, and along with that programming the series units were given an unprecedented autonomy of action.

Within moments of their initial activation, all five of the IG prototypes escaped the high-security Holowan laboratories, killing 23 staff members in the process of the escape. Never before had a Droid rebellion happened so quickly, and never again, since legislation was immediately passed banning the implementation of programming of an even remotely dangerous nature, and making the construction of assassin Droids illegal throughout the Galaxy. Of course, the Empire does very little to enforce these laws, nor has it ceased using assassin Droids for its own purposes.



Since that infamous escape and massacre, only two of the IG series assassin Droids have been positively identified. Both of them have taken up bounty hunting and the pursuit of the Imperial credit as their new primary programming. IG-72, the initial, and therefore slightly less effective model, has been sighted along the Outer Rim

### IG-88

**Template Type:** Assassin Droid

**Loyalty:** To Itself

**Height:** 2 meters

**Sex:** —

**Race:** Assassin Droid

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (damage 5D), sonic stunner (stun damage 4D), grenade launcher (damage 6D), flamethrower (damage 3D), sensor array.

**Quote:** "I have come to bring you death. You may prepare yourself in any way you wish."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D+2

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Territories, usually in connection with one or another underworld figure. This ruthless machine was last seen on Tatooine, where it took part in the manhunt for Alliance hero Adar Talon. It has not been seen since, but its more infamous and apparently more efficient "cousin," IG-88, has.

Unlike IG-72, IG-88 dared to work in and around the Galactic Core, often in a bold and obvious fashion, almost daring the authorities to try to stop him. To date, the deadly Droid is held officially responsible for upwards of 150 deaths, including those of its designers, whom it systematically hunted down for fear of someone getting hold of the Droid's original plans and finding a weakness somewhere in its design.

A "Dismantle On Sight" order has been issued for IG-88 in over 40 systems; frightening testimony to the fact that this Droid has not only become one of the most ruthless and efficient

bounty hunters in the Galaxy, but that it has also become quite mobile. One can only surmise that it has developed considerable starship piloting skills as well. IG-88 was an obvious choice for Vader's squad of hunters, since the Dark Lord has always had far more trust in machines than in any of the sentient beings of the Galaxy.

To the command personnel of the Imperial fleet, Vader's obvious disregard of the illegalities of hiring IG-88 was another example of the Dark Lord's lack of concern for official procedure. That disregard was another reason for the command personnel to become extremely anxious for their own status and well-being. Vader had his own personal agenda, and it was clear that he had the Emperor's tacit approval.

In a way, IG-88 and its most recent employer are quite similar. They are both renegades in their own way, but no one is stupid enough to try to stop them.

## Bossk

Bossk was another of the hired killers who answered Vader's call and had crossed paths with Han Solo in the past. Being a Trandoshan, Bossk has always had a dislike for Wookiees, as most Trandoshans do. The fact that the generally peace-loving Wookiees occupied the same sector of space as they did infuriated the war-like Trandoshans. In fact, it was a Trandoshan dignitary who first sold the idea of enslaving and selling to the Empire the populace of the Wookiee homeworld, Kashyyyk, rather than leveling it through bombardment.

After the planet's Imperial subjugation and subsequent occupation, many Trandoshans gladly volunteered to hunt down and bring to justice any and all renegade Wookiees who might have escaped enslavement. Among the Trandoshans who were hunting the Wookiees was the renowned bounty hunter, Bossk, who soon developed quite a reputation as a Wookiee hunter. But for all of his success, the great and elusive Chewbacca was always foremost on Bossk's mind.

The fact that a Wookiee could become so respected in underworld circles disturbed Bossk greatly, and he vowed to bring to justice the Wookiee he thought of as "the hairy braggart." The bounty hunter got his chance during a visit to Gandolo IV. Bossk had heard that a small colony of renegade Wookiees had set-up a safe retreat on this remote, Outer Rim world. And so, fully-armed and properly paid in advance by the Imperial governor of the sector, the giant lizard-like alien traveled to Gandolo IV, only to find that the chance to make his greatest dreams come true had been granted.



Not only was there a small group of poorly-armed Wookiee settlers on the rocky moon, but helping them establish their settlement on this remote hide-away was the great Chewbacca himself. Not only would Bossk have a chance to

### Bossk

**Template Type:** Bounty Hunter

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 1.9 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Trandoshan

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (damage 6D), grenade launcher (damage 5D), flame thrower (damage 4D), binders.

**Quote:** "You can have Solo, but leave the Wookiee to me."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer Programming 4D+1

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

catch his nemesis, but he would have a chance to prevent him from carrying out this disgusting charity.

Using flawless methods of stealth and preparedness that only a lifetime of Wookiee hunting can teach you, Bossk and a handful of hirelings managed, with relative ease, to surround and capture the Wookiee camp. The hunters greatly outnumbered their furry adversaries, and managed to almost completely surprise them. It was to be Bossk's finest day, or so he thought. What the bloodthirsty lizard failed to take into account was that dealing with Wookiees is one thing — dealing with certain famous Corellian smugglers is quite another.

Han Solo had dropped his Wookiee co-pilot off on the barren moon while he went off to make a quick "personal call" on a certain distressed damsel in a nearby system. Upon his return, Solo's scanners detected the bounty hunters' ship from near orbit, and he sensed that something was up. Acting as he so often does on the spur of the moment, Solo swept planetward in the *Millennium Falcon*, coming in low over the Wookiee camp and buzzing the startled bounty hunters. Scrambling in characteristically disorganized fashion, Bossk and his men boarded their ship, thinking that they could easily shoot the Corellian smuggler from the skies in their larger, better-armed craft. As Han Solo probably would have stated at the time, "Think again, lizard breath!"

In a typical flash of brilliance, seasoned with a sprinkle of bravado and a pinch of recklessness, Solo pulled off a magnificent coup. Just as the last of the hunter rabble had filed into their ship and the entry ramp was quickly raised, Solo pulled the *Falcon* directly above the bounty hunters' ship, lowered his landing gear, and proceeded to land directly on top of the grounded vessel. The landing gear of the hunters' ship immediately caved in with creaking groans, followed by geysers of steam spewing from the crushed hydraulics, and by a satisfying internal explosion. This was followed by the even more satisfying sound of baffled crewmen trying vainly to blow the crumpled emergency hatch.

Taking their cue from Chewbacca, the Wookiees broke free of their binders and easily overcame their startled guards. What started as a day of celebration for Bossk ended as a day of utter and complete humiliation. With another display of contemptible mercy, Chewbacca and his Corellian friend did not kill Bossk and his cohorts, but rather they just left the bounty hunters there, trapped inside a crushed shell that used to be a starship, with only blasters and a few hand torches to cut their way out.

It took one week before Bossk and his men were picked up by a small out-world hauler carrying a load of Nerf manure.

When Vader called for bounty hunters to catch a certain smuggler and his hairy companion, it took but one second for Bossk to decide to answer the call.

## Zuckuss

The only hired hunters who decided to team up for the Solo assignment were Zuckuss and the Droid, 4-LOM. The two had worked together before, and it seemed reasonable that working as a team on this job might give them a better chance at catching such elusive prey. Logically, they balance each other nicely. 4-LOM, the mass of sophisticated circuitry and fact-based programming that he is, is a perfect partner for Zuckuss's uncanny "hunches".

Zuckuss, a Gand "findsman" by trade, has continued certain practices and techniques of bounty hunting which have been passed-on through his family for several standard centuries. Being a findsman is a time-honored profession on Gand, and has been practiced there since the establishment of that system's totalitarian monarchy centuries in the past. Being a largely gaseous planet, the Gand civilization evolved in a series of "pocket colonies," separated by endless kilometers of thick gaseous mists.

The findsmen of Gand belong to a highly superstitious and religious sect. They worship the planet's enshrouding gaseous mists, looking to them for signs and omens which will lead them to their prey. When the Empire took over the planet's slave trade, they no longer had a problem with runaways, as their sophisticated scanning equipment easily pinpointed fugitives in the mists. The findsmen, with their ancient ritualistic ways, suddenly became obsolete.

Many of them, such as the renegade Vytor Shrike, turned to other trades. After seeing what the Empire did to those he brought back to captivity, Shrike denounced his findsman trade and joined with some of the Galaxy's freedom fighters. But a few findsmen decided to keep their ancient sect alive. They turned to the stars, where their special talents could be put to use.

Foremost among these highly successful, new bounty hunters was Zuckuss. Although his alien physiology requires him to wear a special breath-



ing apparatus while away from his homeworld, Zuckuss is a tireless tracker who has, while in pursuit of quarry, braved virtually every environment and type of terrain in the known Galaxy. In his travels, Zuckuss has come to be known as "the uncanny one" by his sordid peers.

Zuckuss has accumulated an impressive list of captures to go along with a list of quite a few "accidental kills." His fees are exorbitant, and it is obvious that by hiring this alien, Lord Vader would spare no expense in his quest to catch a certain smuggler and his companions.

### Zuckuss

**Template Type:** Bounty Hunter

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 1.5 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Gand

**Equipment:** Protective armor, blaster pistol (damage 4D), vibroblade (damage 5D+1), 3 stun grenades.

**Quote:** "The mists will show you the way."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

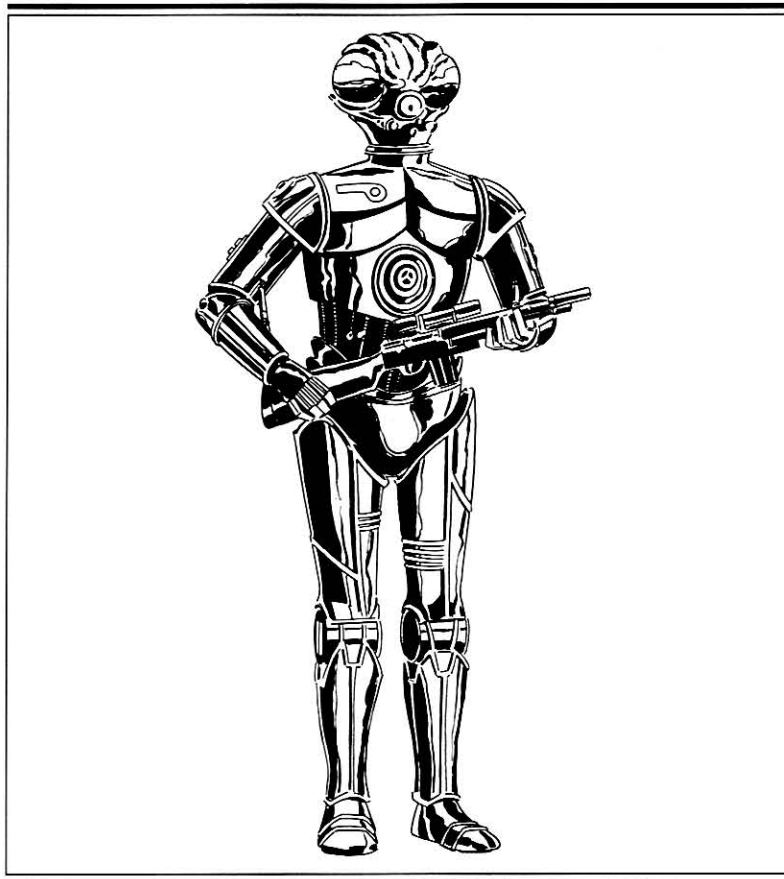
## 4-LOM

It is very rare that a Droid will override its own programming and adapt an entirely new data sequence, but such is the case with 4-LOM. This strange story is made all the more bizarre when you stop to consider the degree of transformation which this Droid achieved, and that it did so entirely on its own.

Unbelievably, before becoming a ruthless bounty hunter 4-LOM was actually a late-model protocol Droid, known for benevolence and passivity. 4-LOM served aboard the passenger liner *Kuari Princess* as a valet and human-cyborg relations specialist. Among the Droid's specific tasks was acting as an interpreter between the passengers and the ship's main computer. It was this tenuous relationship that authorities now believe led to the transformation of 4-LOM. Through the computer, this clever Droid was able to keep tabs on all of the passengers at virtually all times.

The problem was that this began to get a bit out of hand. This remarkably intelligent Droid started to keep tabs on where the passengers kept their valuables and how he might steal them. It started out as a game, a sort of simulation played between 4-LOM and the ship's computer, but it is believed that the two mechanicals somehow reprogrammed each other during the process. What started out as game soon became a reality, as a rash of "unexplained" thefts began to occur all through the ship.

No one, of course, suspected 4-LOM, since it just was not part of a Droid's programming to perform such crimes. And so, for months 4-LOM carried out these persistent pilferings, until finally the Droid, so utterly transformed by now, became bored with the "slim pickings" offered by the *Kuari Princess*, and jumped ship to begin a new and exciting life of crime.



With his astounding intellect, 4-LOM soon became an extremely successful thief and information broker. Always, however, the Droid remained removed from violence of any sort. It just was not built for combat, and its remarkable brain always found other ways of carrying out the Droid's criminal business. Still, there were greater heights of avarice yet to be reached. Those heights were soon brought to the Droid's attention by crime lord Jabba the Hutt.

### 4-LOM

**Template Type:** Bounty

Hunter

**Loyalty:** To Jabba the Hutt

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** —

**Race:** Protocol Droid

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (damage 4D), stun gas blower, data pad, sensor array.

**Quote:** "Please place all of your valuables on the floor so that I might kill you without damaging them."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ **7D**

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ **6D+2**

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Heist Coordination \_\_\_\_\_ **8D**

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Con \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ **6D+1**

Security \_\_\_\_\_ **7D+2**

Jabba realized how effective this Droid would be as a bounty hunter. When 4-LOM raised obvious objections concerning his lack of combat capability, Jabba offered to refit and rebuild the Droid in exchange for his services. Seeing the obvious financial benefits of such an arrangement, 4-LOM agreed to the deal, and a partnership was formed. Still, even with his new combat capabilities, the most profitable and efficient use of the Droid's capabilities had not yet been attained.

In answer to this, Jabba often teamed the Droid up with other, less-intelligent bounty hunters and blasters-for-hire. 4-LOM would do all of the planning, and often a good deal of the "undercover" work, while the thugs took care of the

messy parts. 4-LOM's most successful teaming was with Zuckuss, the Gand findsman. Zuckuss was not as dim-witted as most of 4-LOM's usual partners, and moreover Zuckuss had that uncanny ability to outguess his opponents. This ability seemed to work well in combination with 4-LOM's analytic skills. The merger of logic and intuition proved to be a fruitful one.

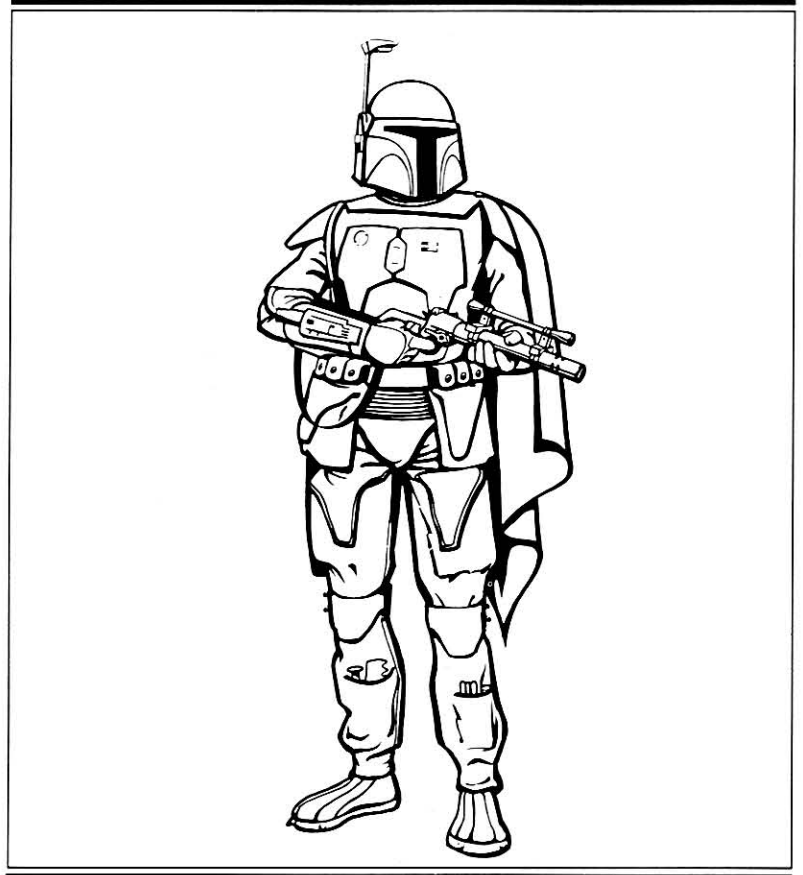
It was for this reason that Jabba sent the two to Lord Vader as sort-of "non-official emissaries." Jabba saw Solo as kind of a combination of these particular traits as well, and he planned to fight the smuggler's own persistently annoying fire with fire of his own, in the persons of Zuckuss and 4-LOM.

## Boba Fett

Had Han Solo known that Lord Vader had hired a deadly bunch of bounty hunters specifically to track Solo down — in addition to the hunters tracking him for his debts to Jabba the Hutt — he might have altered his plans slightly. But had Solo known that Boba Fett was among the hunters, he probably would have changed his strategy entirely.

Fett is known galaxy-wide as one of the deadliest, most efficient hunters in existence. The teaming of this man with probably his only superior in shrewdness and personal power, Darth Vader, made Solo's eventual capture inevitable. Solo didn't find out about Fett's involvement until the doors of Cloud City's Grand Dining Room slid ominously open to reveal the evil visage of Vader, with the notorious bounty hunter at his side. Then, suddenly, everything became quite clear.

Still, it surprised Solo that Fett was involved. When they first heard of the price on their heads, Solo and his Wookiee companion had checked into just which hunters might be on their trail. Solo was specifically worried about Fett, and was quite relieved to find out that the dangerous mercenary had not taken Jabba the Hutt's offer. This, of course, was just what the hunter wanted Solo to believe. Lord Vader further enticed Fett



### Boba Fett

**Template Type:** Bounty Hunter.

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Unknown

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (damage 6D), wrist lasers (damage 5D), rocket dart launcher (poison-tipped), turbo-projected grappling hook (with flexi-steel lanyard), flame projector, concussion grenade launcher, jet pack, combat armor.

**Quote:** "What if he doesn't survive? He's worth a lot to me."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Armor Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Speeder Bike Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+2

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Armor Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

\*There are no penalties for wearing this armor.



by offering him a substantial bounty for finding Solo for the Empire first and guaranteeing that the smuggler could then be turned over to Jabba for that bounty as well.

The promise of further work for the Empire and the chance to work with a man whom he actually admired apparently lured Fett into taking the job, in addition to the sizable reward and the chance to take down the infamous Captain Solo.

One of the most remarkable things about Fett is that witnesses actually claim to have seen him stand up to the Dark Lord — and live through it. The mutual respect between the two men is obvious, although, despite Fett's objections, Vader still hired on a deadly assemblage of other bounty hunters. But that just made the final capture all the more satisfying. The prestigious catch was Fett's, and at the same time he managed to upstage Bossk, Dengar, Zuckuss, even the consistently efficient IG-88. All of them were renowned and infamous in their own way, but none were in the same class as Boba Fett.

The fact that it was the great Han Solo whom Fett had trapped so easily made the feat all the more impressive to the rest of the bounty hunting community. Solo had eluded similar traps on Tatooine and Ord Mantell with a certain confident ease that had made several big names look very bad — and very dead. But Fett studied the mistakes made by these others and came to the conclusion that they simply were not thinking as Solo does. That was the key to catching him, and Fett used that method to perfection.

The coincidental inclusion of Lando Calrissian in the trap was an added pleasure. Fett knew of Solo's past friendship with Calrissian, and Fett used this friendship to exploit the aspect of personality that separated Solo from himself — the ability to feel and care for others. Deep down in his psyche, Solo trusted his old friend. This trust would be his undoing. Fett harbors no such feelings for anyone or anything in the Galaxy. Trust is something he cannot afford to have in anyone or anything, not even in his blaster rifle. He always has to have a backup, and then a backup of the backup, and so on — just in case.

It is doubtful that anyone will ever know just how many "backups" Fett carries on his person or in his ship, just as they will never know the depth of his ultimate paranoia. What they can know is that whatever the number, there are that many reasons not to cross this man's path.

Boba Fett wears a weapon-covered armored spacesuit similar to those favored by a group of warriors from the Mandalore system who were defeated by the Jedi Knights during the Clone Wars. It is unknown if Fett was actually a member of that group, or if he later found and adopted the armor as his own. The armor contains, by all accounts, a macrobinocular viewplate, infrared scope, sensor array, and microcomputer. It serves as protection and is loaded with built-in weapons and hidden devices. Those most obvious include wrist lasers, rocket darts, miniature flame throwers, and concussion grenade launchers. Several Wookiee scalps hang from his shoulder as evidence of his deadly abilities.

**SLAVE 1**

**Craft:** Kuat Systems Engineering's limited-production, high-speed *Firespray*-class

**Type:** *Slave 1*

**Length:** 21.5 meters

**Crew:** 1

**Passengers:** Maximum of 6

**Cargo Capacity:** 40 metric tons

**Consumables:** 1 month

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** [x1]

**Nav Computer:** [Yes]

**Hyperdrive Backup:** [Yes]

**Sublight Speed:** [3D+2]

**Maneuverability:** [1D]

**Hull:** [4D+2]

**Weapons:**

**2 Twin-mounted Blaster Cannons**

(fire separately)

*Fire Control:* [2D+2]

*Damage:* [5D]

**Concussion Missile Tube Launcher\***

*Fire Control:* [3D]

*Damage:* [4D]

**Ion Cannon\***

*Fire Control:* [2D]

*Damage:* [3D]

**1 Tractor Beam Projector\***

*Fire Control:* [2D]

*Damage:* [5D]

\* Rumored weaponry.

**S**lave I

Boba Fett's ship is an intricate piece of personally customized technology built around a relatively obscure and somewhat outdated starship design. Very little remains of the original model, the Firespray-31, an early Kuat design which had a very brief production run some standard years ago. Very few of these almost unique vessels can be found traveling the space lanes today. When you do find one, it is likely to be as highly modified as *Slave I*.

The Firespray has become somewhat of a specialty craft with smugglers and gun runners, since it is easily stripped down for pure speed and stealth. Two-thirds of the ship's total hull area is dedicated solely to the engines, which accounts for its speed and also for its initial lack of popularity, since there is not much room in the vessel for much of anything else. This is particularly true of *Slave I*, which has been, over the years, almost completely stripped down and retooled by Boba Fett.

The outer hull of the vessel has been given a good amount of reinforcement plating and contact ray shielding, which to a large degree makes up for the ship's overall lack of adequate deflector shielding. Only a pair of twin-mounted blaster cannons are visible on the ship's exterior hull, but several eye-witnesses corroborate stories about other weapons, which are supposedly concealed beneath the added outer plating. It was particularly difficult to find eye-witnesses, as Fett is generally rather efficient with this kind of "loose end," but legends talk of a pair of Droxine freight haulers who saw Fett immobilize a much larger vessel using a relatively small, yet obviously sufficient, concealed ion cannon.

In addition to this verbal evidence of the ion cannon are several other, less-reliable stories of space-to-ground concussion missiles and a remarkably powerful tractor beam. What is definitely known is that Fett uses homing beacons which are mounted onto dummy proton torpedoes in order to track his prey. The torpedo itself does nothing more than penetrate the target vessel's deflector shield, while the homing beacon attaches itself magnetically to

the target vessel's hull. Fett can then track the target ship when it returns from hyperspace to normal space, using a universal transceiver implanted in his cockpit's control panel.

The ship's engines have been boosted to give *Slave I* a remarkable initial sublight thrust. While this ability does sacrifice some of the ship's overall maneuverability, Fett undoubtedly opted for this modification because it allows him to get close enough to his victims to use any of his immobilization techniques before the victims have a chance to escape. *Slave I*'s hyperspace capabilities are rather impressive as well. The ship's hyperdrive was given particularly special attention by Fett due to the fact that he is often called upon to "head off" his quarry, arriving at a prescribed destination before a target vessel.

Most of this remarkable ship's stealth comes from a highly sophisticated sensor-jamming array built in to the vessel's hull. The hull itself is magnetically polarized, and acts as an antenna for any and all electronic signals and pulses within a 100 kilometer range of the ship. These magnetically attracted pulses of power tend to jam and scramble enemy sensor scans, reading usually as some sort of ion storm rather than as a starship. In addition to this, Fett has dampened *Slave I*'s particle vapor trail, so as to make the ship nearly untraceable.

No one is certain of this fact, but the cargo hold of *Slave I* has been rumored to have been converted into a top-security holding area, complete with force-cages and hull reinforcements. Knowing Boba Fett, the ship's interior is probably as replete with concealed weaponry and equipment as is its owner. Unfortunately, very few survive to tell of the ship's exterior, let alone the interior. Prisoners brought aboard by Fett are usually unconscious or made so specifically to keep them from observing any of the ship's hidden equipment and capabilities.

All-in-all, the *Slave I* is a highly effective and efficient craft, perfectly suited to its owner. The ship is as infamous as Boba Fett himself.

# T he Swamp Planet Dagobah

*From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.*

The evacuation of the Hoth base forced us to scatter in every direction in order to evade the blanketing Imperial blockade above the embattled ice planet. Particularly harrowing were the narrow escapes of the heroes of Yavin. Lord Vader seemed to have a specific interest in capturing the *Millennium Falcon*, and he set his entire fleet to the task of bringing in the famous Corellian freighter. This action probably contributed to our relatively easy escape.

The *Falcon* and her heroic crew were chased into a deadly asteroid field. Only the dazzling piloting skills of Captain Solo kept the battered freighter from being pulverized by the deadly asteroid swarm. The TIE pursuers were not so skilled at piloting, or so lucky.

Having eluded his immediate pursuers, Solo and his Wookiee co-pilot set the *Falcon* down within a deep cavern on one of the larger asteroids. He reasoned that the Imperial fleet would be crazy to follow them, but Lord Vader was not concerned with the damage his mighty fleet would sustain. He ordered the fleet into the asteroid field, heedless of the danger. The Dark Lord had his sights set on the *Falcon* and nothing would stand in his way.

After realizing that he had set the *Falcon* down inside the belly of an enormous space slug, Solo was forced to leave the asteroid field and head straight into the lap of the waiting Imperial fleet. Once again, it was only Solo's skill and cunning that saved the group from sure disaster. He pulled an old smuggler's trick, turning to attack the much larger lead Star Destroyer and making an extremely fast magnetic landing on the giant ship's conning tower as he streaked by.

The Imperials assumed that he had entered hyperspace, and they set out to follow the *Falcon's* last known trajectory. In another shrewd move, Solo let the *Falcon* drift away from the Imperial fleet, hiding among the fleet's garbage, which is routinely dumped before a ship enters hyperspace.

Meanwhile, Luke Skywalker had decided not to head straight for the Alliance fleet rendezvous after leaving the Hoth system. Rather, he set his course for the little-known system of Dagobah. To this day, the commander will not speak of his experiences on the swamp world. Even Artoo-Detoo, Luke's astromech Droid, is uncharacteristically silent concerning the time the pair spent on the out-of-the-way world ...

## Yoda

The following section, detailing Luke Skywalker's encounter with the Jedi master, Yoda, on the planet Dagobah, was added by Arhul Hextrophon, Executive Secretary and Master Historian for the Alliance, after the original filing of this report by Voren Na'al. It appears only in Hextrophon's personal record. Whether he shall ever feel safe or free enough to share this information with the rest of the Galaxy remains for the future.

Yoda, the Jedi Master, is a mysterious individual whose origin is lost in the distant past. For over 800 years, this small, wizened, green being has trained young Jedi in the use of the Force, that power which binds all things together. Since the fall of the Jedi, he lives on a swampy planet in the Dagobah system, hidden to all but a few.

Many think of Jedi as great warriors, but Yoda is quick to point out — in his strange dialect — that “wars not make one great.” Appearances, it seems, can be deceiving. When first encountered, Yoda seems a curious, grinning little jokester from some unknown star. His short stature, green skin, pointed ears and thin, long white hair only serve to reinforce this misconception. But Yoda's power is vast and his inner strength as steel, for the Force flows strong in him. With Yoda there is no try — only do — and for him nothing is impossible, for the Force is his ally.

His tiny mud house on the swamp planet is a simple, spartan affair. But like Ben Kenobi on Tatooine, Yoda does not need fancy technology or powered machinery. He is one with his world, with the entire Galaxy, bound to it through the Force. He has no need to tame the wilderness around him, but instead draws power from its primeval strength.

The modest means by which the Jedi Master



lives are a testament to his reliance on the Force alone, rather than upon material possessions and technologies. The teachings of Yoda are clear in their conceptual simplicity, yet complex in the depth of their scope. He teaches passivity over aggressiveness, understanding over assumption, and knowledge rather than force. The Jedi, he explains, is a vessel for the channeling of the

### Yoda

**Template Type:** Jedi Master

**Loyalty:** To the Force

**Height:** .65 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Unknown

**Equipment:** Walking stick.

**Quote:** “Try not. Do. Or do not. There is no try.”

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 9D+1

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**FORCE SKILLS**

Control \_\_\_\_\_ 14D

Sense \_\_\_\_\_ 13D

Alter \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

positive energies of the Force. This power is not something which is derived or conjured, however, but ever-present in the Galaxy.

With the demise of the Jedi by the Emperor's decree — and the treacherous actions of Darth Vader — Yoda has remained in seclusion, simply watching for the coming of the Galaxy's new hope. Then Luke Skywalker arrived, sent by a message from his friend and first teacher, Obi-

Wan Kenobi, who appeared to young Skywalker while he was dying in the frozen wilderness of Hoth. Yoda began the training that would bring Luke Skywalker the knowledge and power of a true Jedi Knight. But, for all his power, Yoda could not force the young man to stay and complete his training while the Empire threatened to destroy his closest friends.



**A Droid's Eye View**

*The following passage is the personal account of Artoo-Detoo's experiences on the planet Dagobah, as (rather loosely) interpreted by Arhul Hextrophon some time later.*

When Luke first informed Artoo that they were not going to rendezvous with the fleet, but that they were going to someplace called the Dagobah system, the tiny Droid was naturally upset. He became even more disturbed when he accessed the X-wing's astrogation computers and got what little information they had on the remote planet. All indications pointed to the fact that it was no place for Droids, and despite Luke's reassurances, Artoo was worried.

A crash-landing didn't help matters much, nor did falling into a swampy bog. It was dark and murky, but Artoo's sensors compensated and allowed him to move freely. Of course, he took the opportunity to tease his master a bit, letting him sweat it out a little before popping his sensor scope up out of the water. Artoo should have known better than to fool around like that, for the next thing he remembered was being swallowed whole by some sort of muck creature. Luckily the creature didn't care much for Artoo's power grapplers or his arc welder. The giant beast promptly spit the Droid out, launching him well beyond the murky pool and onto the soft soil of the jungle.

The black ooze of the rancid lagoon had seeped into Artoo's circuits, and he was relieved when Master Luke suggested a thorough cleaning. Naturally, with the way the Droid's luck was running, Luke never made it through the cleaning job. He was interrupted by the arrival of an "annoying little alien," who made a mess out of their camp, rummaging through it like a Jawa through a scrap pile. When Artoo tried to stop the little being from stealing a power lamp, the moody alien began to beat at the Droid with his walking stick. Artoo was about to show this little pest just how tough a Droid could be, when Master Luke made him back off and let the annoying little being go about his business.

Artoo never did fully understand his master's behavior on this particular trip, and that worried the loyal Droid. Naturally, when Luke wandered off with this alien, Artoo became alarmed. An order from Luke to stay back and guard the camp didn't help matters much. Within hours, it began to rain. Actually "tor-

rential downpour" was more how Artoo described it. Even for a resourceful Droid, maneuvering on the surface of the swampy planet was nearly impossible. In the rain, the frightening yowls of Dagobah's indigenous lifeforms sounded even more menacing, and Artoo decided it would be most prudent to follow his master.

Creeping up to the window of the tiny clay hut into which his master had crawled, Artoo tried his best sympathy whistles in an attempt to make Luke take notice of him, but the young Rebel was occupied with other thoughts. So, the troubled astromech was resigned to endure the wet evening. Things began to look a bit more cheerful as the weather actually improved over the next few days. Still, Luke was acting strangely, and the reason for he and Artoo being on Dagobah was still unclear to the little Droid. Also unclear were the reasons why his master suddenly began undertaking physical training under the tutelage of the tiny green alien.

Things really started to get out of hand when Master Luke decided to use Artoo in one of his mystical experiments. He nearly dislodged the Droid's dome by dropping the Droid from where he had him levitated about five meters in the air. Soon, however, Artoo could only marvel at the remarkable feats performed by his master. He began to encourage Luke in his mystical endeavors. Once, when Artoo whistled his encouragement to a distraught Luke, who had just failed a difficult test, Yoda, now perceived by Artoo as being somehow wiser and more important, turned and winked at the Droid.

In that moment, Artoo saw Yoda for what he truly was, and Artoo knew that this trip was not a useless waste of time, but rather an essential quest on the part of Luke. It was a mission, and as such, it made Artoo feel important to be included in its accomplishment. Everything began to make sense to the tiny Droid toward the end of their stay on the bog world. He had seen a change come over his master, both physically and mentally.

The youthful exuberance that Luke had once evinced had been replaced by a seriousness and sense of purpose. Naturally Artoo was excited about finally leaving that awful place, and the Droid had gained an understanding about his master, and his master's place is in the Galaxy.

# Bespin Profiles

*From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.*

The trail of the *Millennium Falcon*, after a hasty departure from the embattled Hoth system, led through a deadly asteroid field and a handful of narrow escapes to the majestic spires of Bespin's Cloud City. And to betrayal. Stranded without hyperdrive in the remote Anoat system, Han Solo happened upon the curious coincidence of his old friend Lando Calrissian being Baron-Administrator of an established mining colony in the nearest inhabited system. If I didn't know better I would almost suspect Lord Darth Vader of having arranged the entire situation.

Regardless of the reasons behind this coincidence, the heroes made for the city in the clouds, but without hyperdrive it was relatively easy for Boba Fett to calculate their destination and arrive at Cloud City before the *Millennium Falcon*. The shrewd bounty hunter had thrown off his competitors by planting false leads.

Fett knew the key to finding Solo was to think as Solo would if he were faced with this situation. While he had been staring out of *Executor's* observation ports at the conning tower of the nearby *Avenger*, the bounty hunter's theory had been proven correct. Naturally, eager to follow the *Falcon* and to take credit for Solo's capture, Fett did not inform Lord Vader of his discovery of the *Falcon* magnetically attached to the tower.

When he had determined Cloud City to be the *Falcon's* destination, Fett suggested the use of the former friendship of Calrissian and Solo as an effective tool in the capture. The Dark Lord took the plan to a higher level of complexity by forcing Calrissian to betray his friend after having gained his confidence. Vader did this in order to emphasize the hopelessness of Solo's situation, and to make the betrayal more painful to him.

In addition to this, Vader's own personal plans involving the capture of Luke Skywalker were easily served by the current situation. It is unclear just why Vader chose to set this trap for Luke, but I can only assume it had to do with the young Rebel's destruction of the Death Star, and the embarrassment of the Empire which Vader felt accompanied that destruction. Whatever the case, the plan worked to perfection, as Luke was particularly sensitive to the suffering of his friends.

Ultimately, Luke managed to escape the Dark Lord's trap, but not entirely unscathed. Luke's right hand had been savagely severed by Vader in what must have been a spectacular fight, and C-3PO had been blasted into scattered components.

But the most devastating casualty of all was the capture and carbon-freezing of Han Solo, who even now is being delivered into the clutches of the vile gangster, Jabba the Hutt.

## Lando Calrissian

Lando Calrissian has had a very difficult, confused, and desperate time since Lord Darth Vader arrived on Cloud City. Things were so much simpler before that arrival. This one-time gambler, rogue and interstellar con-man had settled down into a nice comfortable life as Baron-Administrator of Cloud City. Sure, there were pressures that came with the job — supply problems, labor difficulties and the like — but they were nothing compared to the kind of problems he used to encounter on a daily basis — jealous husbands, humiliated crime bosses, outraged government officials, etc.

As chief executive of the floating metropolis, Lando led a kind of double life. By day he was the responsible leader, settling disputes, appearing at charity luncheons and making appearances at other occasions of pomp and circumstance. Evenings on Cloud City were quite another story, however. Lando spent many of his nights in one disguise or another, milking the city's casinos for all they were worth.

Many of these "alter-egos" became quite famous around the glamorous Cloud City night spots, and few of the city's inhabitants seemed to notice that these highly successful gamblers and womanizers were hardly ever seen during the daylight hours.

One of Lando's aliases was particularly suc-



### Lando Calrissian

**Template Type:** Gambler

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.77 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (damage 4D), comlink, sabacc card deck.

**Quote:** "This deal is getting worse all the time!"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Hold-out Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogration \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Cloud Car Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+2

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 9D+2

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2



cessful. He was known only as “the old man” by those at the Royal Casino. Nightly, for a stretch of about three standard months, this mysterious gambler literally bankrupted the Royal. But, each night, he would make one final bet before leaving; he would bet everything he had won that night on a single spin of the *Greehu* wheel, or on one single-drop toss. He never won that final bet. The casino owners would breath a long, heartfelt sigh of relief, and the old man would leave in exactly the same financial condition in which he had arrived, but with the thrill of having won and lost a fortune.

It was a good life, and it seemed as far away from the current galactic civil war as Lando could hope to be. But the arrival of Lord Vader changed all that. Everything that Lando had built on Bespin hinged on this distressing deal, which centered around selling out an old friend, Han Solo.

In a way, Lando considered Solo a better friend than the Corellian smuggler might know. It was Solo who won the famous *Millennium Falcon* from Lando in a rather well-documented sabacc match and, as it turns out, it was that moment which prompted Lando to give up his travels as a galactic rogue and settle down.

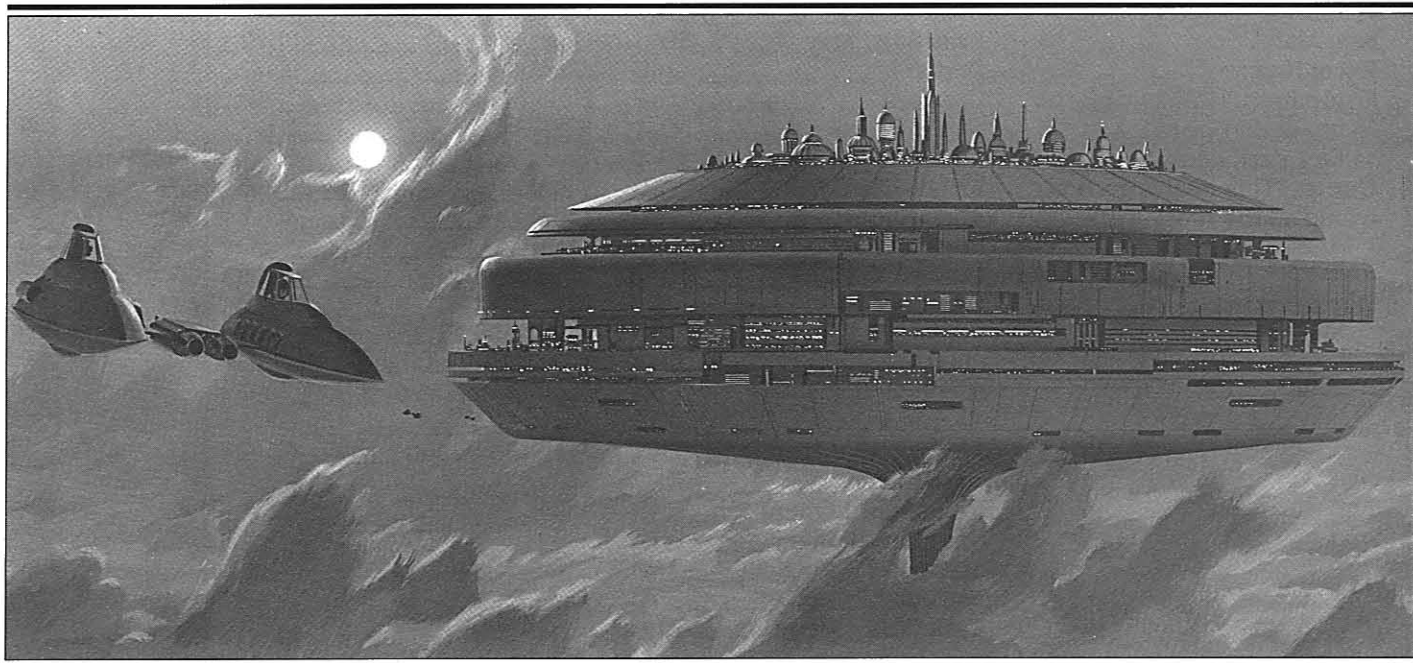
Lando had always secretly thanked Solo for “presenting the opportunity,” but now he would have to betray that friendship in order to preserve what he had worked to establish over the past few Standard Years.

“No matter where you go, or how far from the Galactic Core you end up, it’ll always find you.” These were Lando’s expressed feelings when asked about finally joining the fight for freedom.

“I guess I was just kidding myself,” he continued, “thinking I could run away and hide from trouble when all I was really doing was not dealing with how I felt about everything. I have never had a love for the Empire, and I always felt I had been doing my part to fight it — in my own little annoying kind of way.”

Calrissian’s roguish smile faded as he finished his statement, “When I settled on Bespin, it seemed that everything I was doing was for myself. Everything that’s happened lately has been a test. Normally, I have my own special way of dealing with tests, but I couldn’t find one of those ways that would apply this time. There was just no way to cheat. It was a ‘true or false’ kind of question, with no ‘all or none of the above’ options. So, I guess you might say I tried one answer, and found that I wasn’t too happy with it, so I deleted that answer and chose another path of action.”

Now Lando has opted for the life of a Rebel, putting his days of ease and responsibility behind him to again take up the controls of the *Millennium Falcon*. He betrayed a friend, and that thought haunts him. Now he must rescue that friend or, if that fails, take his place with these brave freedom fighters. He does not know if he will fit in, if he will win a place in this family of friends, but he will do whatever he can to help them achieve their goals. The Empire has forced Lando Calrissian out of retirement, forced him to again take up his blaster. The Empire will regret the hand it dealt him — on that Calrissian has staked his life.



## M<sup>eeting</sup> The Dark Lord

*The following is a personal account of Lando Calrissian's first meeting with Darth Vader, as told by Lando.*

It was one of those incredibly bright, beautiful days when you know something's just got to go wrong. Of course, when I'm talking about something going "wrong," I'm usually talking about a brawl down in Port Town or a Cloud Car accident or a union dispute. But when I was informed that an Imperial shuttle carrying Lord Darth Vader and a platoon of Imperial stormtroopers had arrived, "one of those days" became "that day" that I've always feared would come.

I wasn't exactly sure how to greet him as I strode across the landing platform to meet the Dark Lord. What do you say to someone like that? "Are you here for business or pleasure?" didn't sound quite right to me. Anyway, I hoped the right words would come to me, and I hoped that this was just some kind of inconsequential visit. Whatever the reason for Vader's coming, I had Lobot and a squad of Wing Guards nearby, just in case.

I wasn't sure whether or not Vader was aware of the fact that Cloud City was not a member of the Imperial Mining Guild, or whether or not he knew that we were not an officially registered colony at all. But my worries about this being an official visit were quickly relieved as I saw Boba Fett step out of the shuttle just ahead of the Dark Lord. There was nothing "official" about this killer. Where he was involved, the situation was either personal — very personal — or profitable. I had run into this bounty hunter once before, and I wasn't eager to run into him a second time.

Vader stepped from the entry ramp and strode past everyone to come chest-to-face with me. He was a giant of a man, if he even was a man. I could feel the heat issuing from his helmet as he spoke. I felt a certain tightness in my throat. "Are you Calrissian?" he asked flatly.

"I am," was my only reply.

He took a few seconds to study me, and it seemed as if he were peering directly into my thoughts. "I would speak with you," he said.

"Be my guest," was my smug answer.

I felt tightness around my esophagus once more as he responded, "In private."

The Dark Lord gestured and spoke as he began to stride across the platform. "An honor

guard will not be necessary," he hissed. Apparently, he knew where my men were hidden. "I am here about a personal matter. A matter which may prove ... mutually beneficial."

I was trying my best not to be intimidated, but failing miserably. "Sounds interesting," was my all-too-cool reply. "Why don't you step into my office?" I turned to face him then, "Leave the bounty hunter behind. His kind makes me nervous."

I didn't know how Vader would react to that, and, surprisingly, he answered with, "As you wish."

Behind me, I could hear the sound of Fett's wrist lasers powering up, but I didn't even turn around. There would be another time and place for that.

It was obvious after my initial, tentative probing, made during our first discussion, that Vader was prepared to make certain allowances in order to achieve his ends, and I would try to take advantage of that fact. He had apparently done research into my background, since he mentioned my former friendship with Han Solo. I had heard that Han had a price on his head, but I didn't know the Empire was after him. The old pirate was certainly hip-deep in it now. It wouldn't do any good to deny that I knew Han, so I tried a different approach. "That lousy, no-good swindler still owes me quite a bit," I snapped. Naturally, that gambit backfired. "Good," the Dark Lord replied. "Then, I'm certain I will have your complete cooperation in this matter."

My heart sank when the Dark Lord hit me with the deal. It was the life of an old friend in exchange for total security. My initial impulse was to turn Vader down. But staring into that black, lifeless mask, I knew that I really had no choice in the matter, and that I should take what I could get, while I could get it, and while I was still alive to get it. After all, a lot of people's livelihoods were at stake here. Perhaps, I could help Han somehow when he arrived, without Vader knowing about it. I had Lobot and the Wing Guard to help me, but I wasn't sure what good they would do against this mystical servant of evil and his powerful Empire.

The deal smelled rotten from the very beginning, but I would have to play along with it, at least until something better came along. Eventually, it did. In the form of a Princess, a Wookiee, two Droids, and a lost cause.

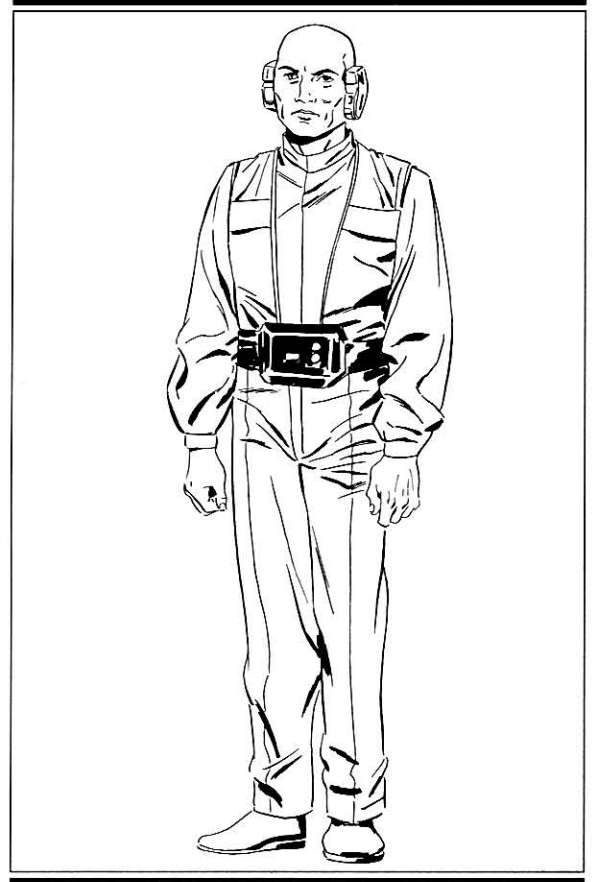
## Lobot

The position of Baron-Administrator has changed hands numerous times throughout the storied history of Cloud City, but the position of Administrator's Chief Aide has not. When the city in the clouds was first built, it was designed around a central computer core, which could almost solitarily run the systems operation of the entire city. This allowed the Administrator to keep a personal watch over the various systems, rather than having to rely on the dozens of specialists that would otherwise be necessary for the operation of each system.

But bureaucrats are not usually technofiles. So, after many Standard Years of struggling to operate the city's extremely sophisticated computer systems, it was determined that a computer liaison officer was needed between the city's central computer and the Baron-Administrator. It was also decided that this liaison, with an integral link to the computer, would also take over as the city's chief administrative aide. But who could qualify for such a job? As it turns out, a young vagabond and ex-slave formerly held by a band of pirates — and just then convicted for robbery on Cloud City — was the answer.

The youth's name was Lobot, and at the time of his arrest, he had no money, no future, and no hope. However, Ellisa Shallice, the Baroness-Administrator during the incident, thought that the young man did have the potential to turn his life around — if given the proper chance. She suggested that, rather than serving a lengthy prison term, Lobot should indenture himself to the city, as a borg who would become the new computer liaison officer. Of course, this opportunity for the young man would involve a series of operations in which Lobot would be given advanced, brain-enhancing, borg implants which would allow him to communicate directly with the city's central computer.

It wasn't until Lando Calrissian took control of the city that Lobot's full potential was reached. Lando used Lobot's unique abilities in ways they



had never been used before. Mostly, these new uses revolved around clandestine operations.

Working with Lando Calrissian, Lobot saw what a resourceful man might accomplish if he put his mind to it. But to Lobot, Lando seemed rather self-possessed. And when the two finally became caught in the battle between Rebellion and Empire, it was Lobot who urged his leader to help the Rebels.

It is unknown what happened to Lobot after the *Millennium Falcon's* escape from Cloud City, but it is believed that, whatever his fate, the Alliance still has an ally on the city in the clouds.

### Lobot

**Template Type:** Borg

**Loyalty:** To Cloud City

**Height:** 1.75 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Brain-enhancing borg implants, portable data storage facility.

**Quote:** Lobot rarely talks, but his glaring looks speak volumes.

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Cloud Car Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

## Bespin Guards

The blue-clad Bespin Guards, or “Wing Guard” as they are more commonly known, are the Baron-Administrator’s “strong arm of the law,” and they are a symbol of the city’s commitment to better living. They patrol the sun-drenched avenues of their fair city in an effort to keep the peace in an otherwise tense situation. There are many “undesirables” and fugitives who pass through the city, and some of this ilk even make their homes there. But for all of the city’s derelicts and criminals, there are just as many honest men and women who deserve protection and a chance at a peaceful life.

The Wing Guards are under the direct control of the Baron-Administrator, although they are a separate entity unto themselves. Cloud City Security is more than just a branch of the city’s government, it is also a thriving business. The Wing Guards are paid in direct proportion to the level of success they have over a certain period of time, as determined by a poll of the city’s populace. This extreme example of an incentive program was conceived and implemented by Lando Calrissian after he was sworn in as the city’s new Baron-Administrator.

When Lando first took the post, the Wing Guard was a corrupt, disorganized unit, run by thieves and greedy bureaucrats. Private citizens of Cloud City paid for protection and efficient service. Those who could not afford to pay went without protection and service entirely.

Under the new arrangement, the Wing Guard was still under private ownership, but now it was under the complete control of the Baron-Administrator. In addition to this, the populace as a whole would pay for and receive the services of Cloud City Security. Individuals would no longer be paying for their own special treatment. In order to keep rates competitive and allow for the rewarding of outstanding work, Lando made the pay scale variable.

Under the personal direction of Lobot, who also serves as special liaison to the Wing Guard, several important investigations have been



undertaken. By concentrating on several mining union leaders with questionable personal portfolios and on a few number-running organizations which operate out of the big-name hotels, these investigations threaten to expose some of the city’s worst corruption.

These operations would have been impossible under the old system. But thanks to the perseverance of Lando Calrissian, the city has reached a pinnacle of respectability, shedding a reputation for corruption and underhandedness, and gaining a new reputation as a reputable mining and resort colony.

### Jerrold Blendin

**Template Type:** Wing Guard

**Loyalty:** To Cloud City

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

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

**Quote:** “Step away from the Cloud Car, ma’am.”

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Cloud Car Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

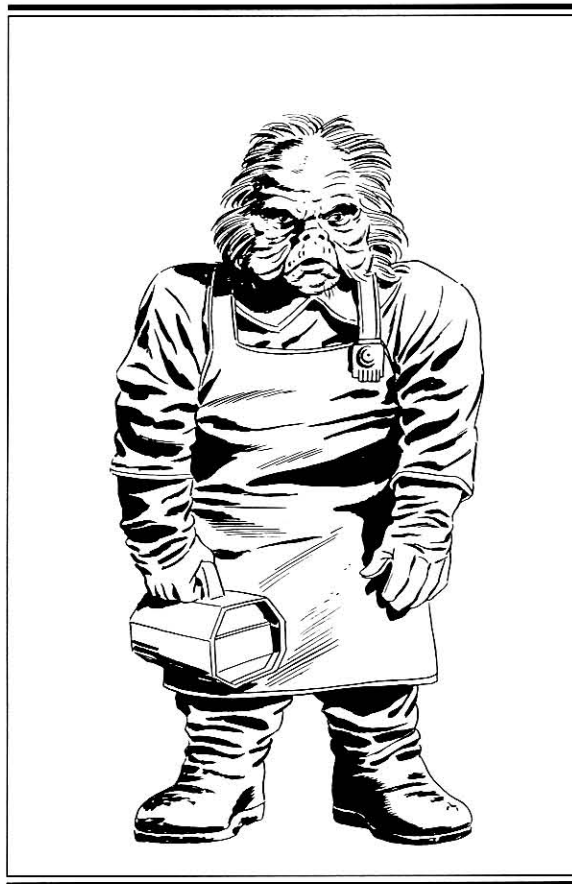
## Ugnaughts

Ugnaughts make up Bespin's largest non-human population. These small, pig-like aliens are originally natives of the planet Gentes in the remote Anoat system where they lived in primitive colonies spread throughout a stretch of barely-habitable land. Long ago, when Cloud City first began operations, the less-than-reputable leadership of the city, headed by a greedy eccentric named Lord Figg, searched the nearby systems for a cheap source of manual labor.

Figg and the others didn't have to look far; the Ugnaughts were found and they were eager to work for next to nothing. The wonders of the city in the clouds encouraged a huge immigration of Ugnaughts, and soon the city's leadership was forced to cut-off the flow of immigrants. The aliens were turned away in droves, leaving those who had already made the city their home as a sort of Ugnaught mining elite. But these "primitives" were not quite as dim-witted as the leaders of Cloud City had thought, and they protested the turning away of their brethren, as well as their own poor treatment within the city.

Threatened with a devastating miner's strike and eager to keep the Ugnaughts appeased, the city's leadership allowed the further immigration of Ugnaughts, and let the alien workers form a miner's coalition. Secretly, however, the Administrator at that time had the mining companies make things extremely difficult for the Ugnaughts. As more and more of the aliens arrived, their work hours decreased, as did their pay. The mining companies gave the Ugnaughts the illusion that their continued immigration had created a labor glut.

The Ugnaughts believed this, and soon the flow of immigrants dwindled to a minimum. Also, while many of the Ugnaughts who had originally come to Bespin stayed on, others left. The original Ugnaught settlers raised families on the city in the clouds and, rather peacefully, these families became part of the Cloud City community. Over the years, the city's administration became more benevolent, and the Ugnaughts gained a



special place of their own in Bespin society. They still used as cheap labor, but no longer were they restricted to the Tibanna mines.

Many Ugnaughts have since taken up positions in waste disposal, maintenance, and even in security. For all of their various occupations, it seemed that Ugnaughts had a special affinity for waste disposal, in that they love to collect stuff. It is not truly stuff of course, but junk. Several Ugnaughts who had worked in waste disposal collected enough junk to quit their jobs and go into business for themselves as "sellers of rare antiquities."

### Ugloste

**Template Type:** Ugnaught

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 1 meter

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Ugnaught

**Equipment:** Force pick, laser spade.

**Quote:** "Throw me that Droid head!"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D+1

## Citizens of Cloud City

The city in the clouds is populated by a diverse group of citizenry. But the one thing that holds this mixture together is mining. Cloud City is first and foremost a mining operation, and everyone in the city, in one way or another, is in the mining business. Whether they are hotel managers, Wing Guards, shopkeepers or Cloud Car mechanics, they would not be in business without the Tibanna gas mining which is this city's lifeblood.

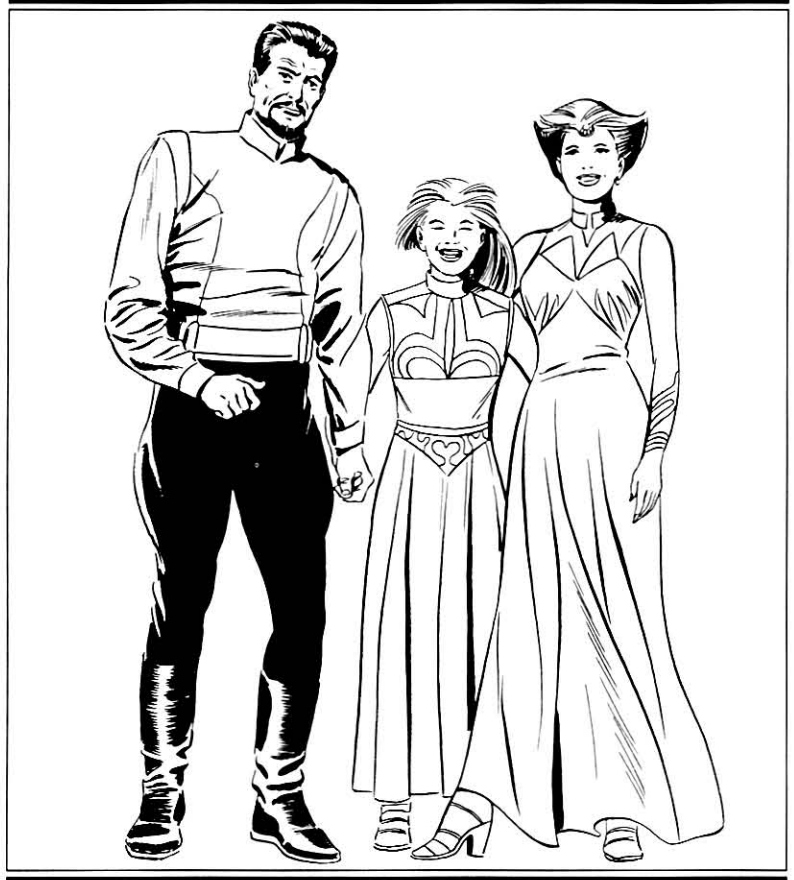
The populace of the city has changed drastically from its early "wild" days. Now legitimate business people actually outnumber the criminal element. This is due mostly to the tourist trade, a relatively new concept on Cloud City.

When Lando Calrissian took office as the city's Administrator, he saw the potential that tourism on the city in the clouds held for its citizens. It was a remarkably beautiful place, and in Lando's mind there had to be a way to exploit that beauty.

Turning to many of his old acquaintances from his gambling days, Lando invited big-time hotel and casino owners to join him in transforming Cloud City into a fabulous resort. The response was tremendous, and before long the tourist trade on Cloud City was thriving.

Lando's biggest job was to keep the still-numerous seedier elements living on Cloud City away from the tourist facilities. He did this by keeping the "undesirables" below the city's surface, and by situating the ritzy hotels and casinos in the spires and upper levels of the city. The division was a natural one. Below the city's upper levels was Port Town, a haven for small-time criminals and thugs. Lando allowed Port Town to grow and prosper, since he felt that as long as these people kept largely to themselves, Port Town was a good outlet for their aggression.

Meanwhile, the city's upper plaza and dazzling towers became a sparkling paradise of striking architecture set off by stunning sunsets. Along with this creation, came many wealthy "investors" eager to get in on the action. But although the tourist trade is relatively lucrative, mining is still the city's primary source of income, and the



majority of the families living on Cloud City were mining families. These were no ordinary miners, however, they were union-breakers, picket-line-crossers, and idealists, who were all fugitives of the tyrannical Imperial Mining Guild.

On Bespin was the promise of a union run by the miners, for miners, and with all of the profit going to the miners. It was a fleeting dream, however, since the Empire did eventually catch up to Cloud City, despite the efforts of Lando Calrissian to keep that confrontation from happening. Now, the miners are refugees once again, searching for that one place in which the Empire won't be able to find them.

### Danta Belissa

**Template Type:** Merchant

**Loyalty:** To his family

**Height:** 1.65 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Credit changer.

**Quote:** "Ah. It is a rare antiquity from the days of the Old Republic."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Galactic History \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Cloud Car Operation \_\_ 3D+1

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

**L**ittle Girl Lost

*The following was told to Voren Na'al by young Allania Jakien, and later corroborated by several other eyewitnesses.*

"Attention! This is Lando Calrissian. The Empire has taken control of the city. I advise everyone to leave before more Imperial troops arrive."

It was unfortunate for 11-year old Allania Jakien that she was off playing in the Ugnaught tunnels when this announcement was made. Her parents were both be at work at the time — Dad in the Tibanna gas refinery all the way on the other side of the city, and Mom 10 levels up in the Holiday Towers restaurant.

Allania was supposed to be at class, but she and her friends had decided to play hooky today, having sent in sick messages for each other as a cover. So when the announcement was made, there was no way for her mother and father to reach her, and very little chance that she could get to them before the panic started.

One of Allania's companions, a fair-haired boy named Handy, turned to her as the com-link abruptly switched off:

"What do we do now, Allie?"

Handy had always looked to Allie as the leader of their little expeditions into the Ugnaught tunnels, as had the other children. This was mostly because Allie had befriended a young Ugnaught child who spent time showing her around the complex maze of passages, leaving Allie with a pretty fair knowledge of how to get around down below the city.

Allie was remarkably composed for her age, especially in moments of crisis such as this.

"Better head for the big tunnel," she ordered smoothly. Handy simply nodded and followed her on hands and knees into a cramped pipeline. When they reached the "big tunnel," a central juncture point connecting some 20 smaller tunnels, they could hear the sounds of panic and fear echoing up through the pipeline from every direction.

The sounds of clattering armored boots could be heard distinctly above the din, and from what Allie's father had told her about Imperial stormtroopers, this sounded like them.

Allie knew that if the stormtroopers were invading the city, it would be a while before they could reach the lower levels. With this in mind, she decided not to ascend and try to find her mother, but rather to cut across the city's

innards, in an attempt to reach the Tibanna gas refinery and her father.

The Ugnaught tunnels stretched across the interior of Cloud City, but they were slow going, and the young fugitives were soon forced to take to the corridors for speed's sake. Everywhere they saw the sights of pandemonium as people fled in every direction. But Allie and her frightened young friend thought it best to keep to the shadows and avoid contact with grownups wherever possible until they reached her father.

Allie became more and more confident as she went on, but all she managed to do in reality was get herself lost. So lost that she took a terribly wrong turn and wound up face-to-face with a squad of stormtroopers!

Allie imagined that they were probably smiling beneath their hideous masks as she darted beneath their legs and scrambled for a ventilation shaft at the far end of the corridor. As she turned to see if Handy had made it past, she saw the lead trooper pick her friend up by his elbows, but he payed for it as this position allowed the feisty young tyke to kick the trooper repeatedly in the face.

The other troopers laughed at this, but Allie didn't wait around to see what happened next. Handy was done for, and it was up to her to reach her father alone now.

Leaving the stormtroopers far behind, Allie found herself in a section of the city that she had never seen before. It was dark here, and somehow sinister, as deep shadows spilled eerie shapes out into the metallic ventilation shafts. A strange buzzing sound seemed to be emanating from somewhere nearby, something that Allie had never heard before.

As the noise grew louder, she saw bright blue and red flashes of light dancing on the metal surface of the shaft, its origin just around a bend ahead. She knew somehow that this was probably a mistake, but there was something hypnotic about the noise and the light. Something which drew her around the corner despite her better judgment.

Upon rounding the bend, the little girl was witness to a startling sight. Through a metal grating she saw two men locked in some sort of unusual combat. They carried swords of bright colored light, and slashed at each other with a grace and power which reminded Allie of some sort of ritual dance.

The larger man was a fearsome sight, swathed in black cloak and armor and tower-

ing above his adversary. But the smaller man was brave and determined, and he didn't let his armored assailant get the better of him. So skilled was this seemingly overmatched hero, that he managed to surprise the black-clad figure with his ferocity, and the larger man lost his balance and fell over the edge of the platform upon which they had been battling.

The hero turned off his sword of light and went down after his armored enemy. Allie, awed by this titanic struggle, followed the sound of the hero's footsteps until she found the vent which led to where he had gone. He was squared off against the armored one again, but this time the black cloaked figure didn't bother to duel his opponent. Instead, he began hurling heavy objects at his enemy using some sort of evil magic.

The young hero was stunned, and he stumbled backward toward a giant viewport. Bombarded from all sides, the hero did his best to deflect the projectiles. Finally, a heavy object careened into the hero, sending him flying through the glass viewport.

Allie gasped, a lump forming in her throat. Quickly, she scrambled to find out what had become of the fallen hero. Before long she found the right shaft and came to a grating which overlooked Cloud City's massive central wind tunnel. Far below, on a gantryway which lead across to a wing-shaped structure, lay the hero. Miraculously, he had survived the fall, and now he heaved himself up onto the catwalk and moved to the entrance of the wing-shaped structure.

Only a few moments passed before both figures emerged from the structure and battled their way out onto the gantry. The armored figure had somehow managed to get out into the wing-shaped structure ahead of the hero.

The two battled fiercely, but the dark one, seemed to have the upper hand. He pinned the hero down to the floor of the catwalk, but did not kill him. The hero seemed to sense this somehow, slashing out at the dark one's shoulder, which flashed a shower of sparks. Enraged by this, the evil one viciously slashed back at the hero, forcing him to the edge of the gantry, and striking a savage blow which took the hero's hand off in one, deadly slash!

The beaten hero backed away from his adversary, climbing out onto the edge of the gantry. He was sobbing now, and Allie cried with him. She heard the echoes of their words carry through the shaft.

"There is no escape," the dark one said, "Do not make me destroy you."

But then his tone changed. He was trying to reason with the hero! "You do not yet realize your importance. You have only begun to discover your power. Join me and I will complete your training. With our combined strength, we can end this destructive conflict and bring order to the Galaxy."

Oh no, Allie thought, the dark one wants to corrupt the hero. But the hero answered, "I'll never join you!"

Allie missed portions of the exchange at this point, but her heart sank as the hero explained that the dark one killed his father.

Then another shock hit Allie and the hero at the same time. "No", said the dark one, "I am your father."

This was more than the hero could take. He leaned over the gantry and let himself drop.

Allie could not see what ultimately happened to him, but the look on the hero's face just before his hopeless plunge somehow told Allie that he would be all right. The dark one watched his foe disappear into the recesses of the tunnel, and then turned, with a barely perceptible sigh.

As he began to stride from the gantry, the armored figure stopped in his tracks. Allie's heart began to race as he lifted his head and looked directly at her! Without hesitation, she bolted from the spot, running blindly, heading in a general direction of upward, regardless of the situation above. Anything was better than being caught by the dark one.

Eventually, she came to the upper plaza, running hard all the way, and never looking back for fear that the dark one would be right at her heels. Luckily, she ran directly into Bent Gavler's trading post. Bent was a friend of the family and upon seeing the tattered little girl, swept her up into his arms and calmed her sobbing.

Allie, finally reunited with her family, left Bepin in a crowded transport. A common freighter passed by the viewport where she was sitting, and the sight of it somehow stopped her shivers and calmed the strange sensation that she was feeling. The hero was alive. She knew it.



# The Heroes of Yavin

*From the data-journal of Voren Na'al.*

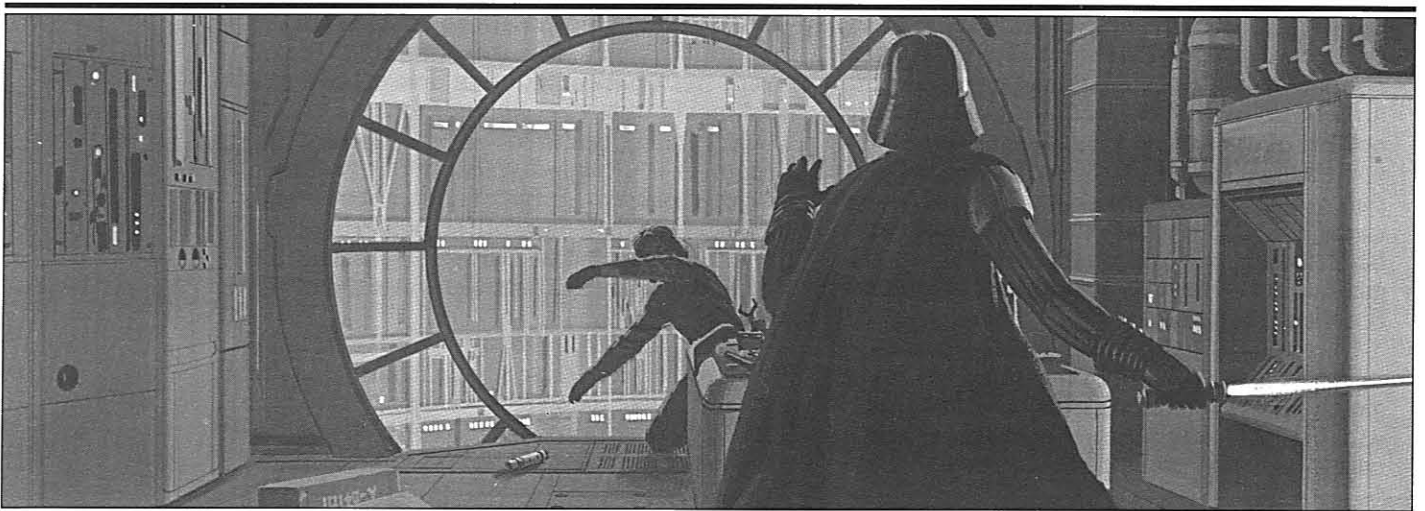
To conclude this report, I will review the experiences of each of the heroes of the Battle of Yavin since their arrival on Hoth and my commencement of this assignment. It is with some trepidation that I do this, however, as the experiences and current status of these great heroes are neither pleasant nor inspirational. But then, neither is this report, which differs in that important respect from its predecessor.

This report reflects the somber reality of our experiences since the battle at Echo Base and the escape from Hoth, rather than the boundless hope and idealism which was evident after the destruction of the Death Star. All of us have changed since then, as has this bloody civil conflict. There is no greater example of this change than in the heroes of Yavin who, since leaving Hoth, have endured tremendous hardship.

They were once shining examples for the rest of us, and they continue to be examples, but not of the energy and the spirit that they once exemplified. Now, they are examples of what can, and has, happened to all of us, examples of the fact that no one remains untouched by the Empire's clenched fist.

I had originally intended to interview each of these heroes, as I had done in my first report, but upon their arrival at the Alliance fleet they were in no shape or state of mind to indulge me. I did manage to speak informally with the Princess and even with Commander Skywalker, although both of them were distant and not particularly responsive. Lando Calrissian was much more cooperative, but he was forced to make a hasty departure, setting out with Chewbacca for Tatooine in search of their captured companion, Han Solo.

Both Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio, aware of my assignment and relatively unfazed by recent events, were very helpful in filling in many of the gaps in an otherwise comprehensive report. Having accompanied their fugitive masters in their astounding adventures following the assault on Hoth, the Droids were able to provide certain insights into the events which took place. My problem was in sorting and interpreting some of the clearly Droid-centered perspectives that each of them had, particularly Threepio, where the behavior of Leia, Han and Luke was concerned.



## Princess Leia Organa

Apparently, some of the assertions I made during my initial report on the heroes of Yavin have proven true. Among them is the alleged “more than professional” relationship between the Princess and a certain Corellian smuggler. Admittedly, my information on this matter is largely derived from a questionable source - the rather colorful observations of See-Threepio.

That Droid may not have the best grasp on the intricacies of human behavior, but I was able to piece together, from what he told me, certain definite clues concerning the alleged relationship.

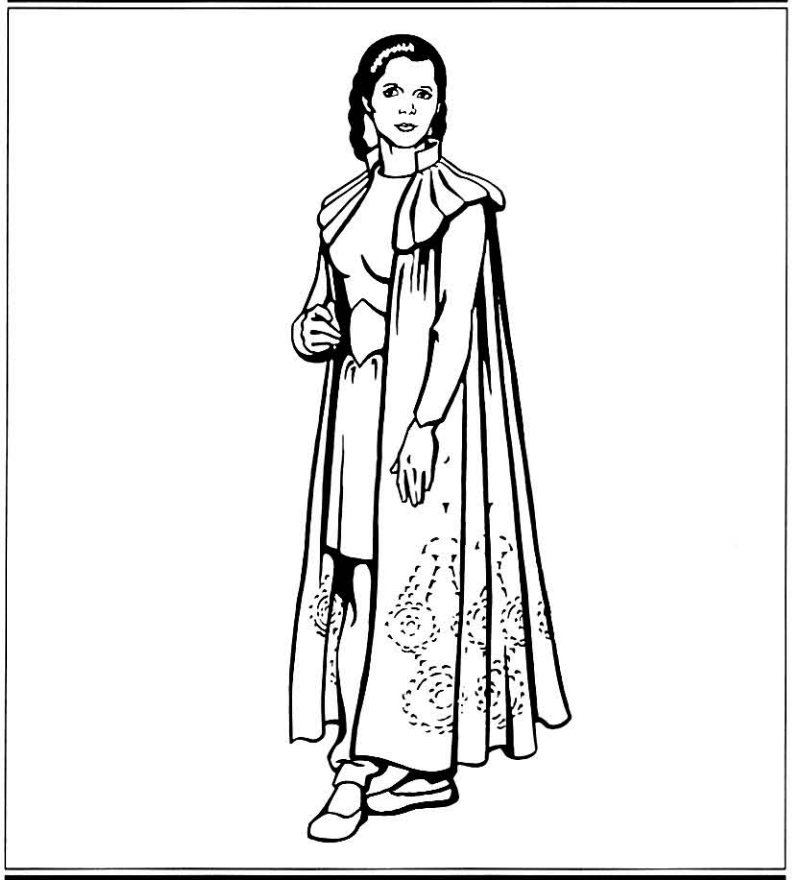
What Threepio described as a “shared breathing exercise of some kind” I can only interpret as a kiss, and an apparently passionate one at that. Add to this the fact that they engaged in this “breathing exercise” several times, the last one being right before the bound and captured Solo was about to be put into carbon-freeze, an act which Threepio was at a loss to understand.

During their time on Hoth, Leia and Han were constantly at each other’s throats. It was certainly apparent to most of the Echo Base personnel that something was up between them, since almost everyone had been “bombarded” by Leia’s and Han’s constant bickering at one time or another. Down in the south passage of the tunnels, I myself was privy to the end of one of their most colorful spats. Something about Leia “rather kissing a Wookiee” than Solo, and him being able to “arrange that.” Great stuff, really.

There is little doubt that Solo, in one manner or another, affected the Princess from the start. I believe it must have something to do with his wild, roguish, uncontrolled — yes, possibly even charming — behavior. This aspect of Solo’s personality must somehow remind Leia of herself. Or at least, it reminds her of a certain part of herself that — because of her life as a Princess of Alderaan, Imperial Senator, and now Rebel leader — has been kept locked away inside of her, with no hope on her part of it ever reaching the surface. But Solo has brought out some of these hidden aspects, and has rejuvenated some long dormant qualities of the Princess in the process.

All of her closest friends and associates concur that they have never seen her become this angry with anyone before, and that, to them, is a good sign of her normal health and temperament.

But, even as I write this, Han Solo is being



delivered into the clutches of Jabba the Hutt, and the Princess is understandably distraught. But despite all she has been through, even this latest devastating loss, the Princess has simply become more determined than ever. She is determined to right the wrongs committed on the people of the Galaxy by the Empire, determined to find Solo, no matter where he is, and bring him back. Most of all, she is determined to gain complete control of her own life and to shape her own destiny.

Of this last matter, I have little doubt. For in this great lady I have seen certain nascent qualities which lead me to believe that she has yet to realize her full potential. I’m not sure what it is exactly; the crystal clarity of her eyes, the strength and purpose of her stride. But whatever it is, it is something which I have seen in only one other person in the Galaxy. And that is how I know that Leia Organa is destined for greatness — because that other person is Luke Skywalker.

### Princess Leia Organa

**Template Type:** Young Senatorial  
**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion  
**Height:** 1.5 meters  
**Sex:** Female  
**Race:** Human  
**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (damage 4D), comlink.  
**Quote:** "I am not a committee!"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1  
 Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**  
 Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 9D+1  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 9D  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
 Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 9D  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1  
 Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**  
 Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2  
 Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2  
 Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
 Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**  
 Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_ 10D  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**  
 Computer Programming/  
 Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
 Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

### Han Solo

**Template Type:** Smuggler  
**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion  
**Height:** 1.8 meters  
**Sex:** Male  
**Race:** Human  
**Equipment:** Modified blaster (damage 6D+2), comlink.  
**Quote:** "Never tell me the odds!"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 10D  
 Blaster Rifle \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1  
 Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1  
**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**  
 Alien races \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2  
 Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 9D  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2  
 Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**  
 Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2  
 Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1  
 Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 9D  
 Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 11D+1  
 Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
 Swoop Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
 Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2  
 Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**  
 Computer  
 Programming/Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
 Droid Programming/  
 Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 9D  
 Weapons Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

## Han Solo

Having a price on your head in this Galaxy will eventually catch up to you, no matter how careful you are, and no one is more careful than Han Solo. But ever since his life became intertwined with a certain group of Rebel heroes, “carelessness” has slowly crept into his style of operation. There was a near-miss with a deadly bounty hunter on Ord Mantell. Everything had gone very well up until then and Solo started to relax a little, perhaps not taking the price on his head as seriously as he should have.

But after his run-in with the bounty hunter, Solo’s attitude shifted. He saw how lax he had become while basking in the false sense of security that traveling with the Alliance held for him. There was still a Galaxy full of hunters out there waiting for a chance to collect the bounty on his head. By joining the Alliance he was only running away from his troubles, rather than facing them head-on, as was his usual style. What was it then that was holding the Corellian smuggler? Why hadn’t he left as soon as he got the reward for his heroic actions in the Battle of Yavin?

Han Solo became involved in a situation that took him off the track his life was on and set him upon an entirely new one. The original track held a confrontation with the crimelord Jabba the Hutt, a powerful being who was angry that a shipment of spice Solo was smuggling had to be dumped in space. Jabba wanted Solo to pay for the dumped shipment — as well as for a dead employee, lost revenue, bounty hunter fees, and incurred interest. But now Han Solo and his partner Chewbacca were on a different track. This one left the concerns of Jabba the Hutt and smuggling behind, concentrating instead on matters of galactic import, morals, and lasting friendships.

Undoubtedly Solo’s feelings toward Princess Leia and Luke Skywalker played a part in his staying with the Alliance for as long as he did, but I think his motivation runs in deeper and more complex channels. The hardened, galaxy-roving smuggler who was hired to transport an old man, a farm boy, and two fugitive Droids to the now-destroyed planet Alderaan has changed a great deal since that day Han met Luke and Obi-Wan in a Mos Eisley cantina. And what he probably once would have considered to be “carelessness,” like falling for a feisty former senator and helping with “humanitarian” causes, Han Solo may now regard differently.

Solo has found a new ideal, and it is something that strikes a sympathetic emotion within the psyche of this seemingly simple, but actually complex, man. He has more than a dislike for the Empire and the tyranny it has brought to the Galaxy, and now he has found a way to do some-



thing about that tyranny. Chewbacca, who has been closer to Solo than anyone over the years, confirms this belief. Chewbacca has seen visible changes in his long-time partner, and he welcomes these changes.

Like the Princess, these traits are a part of Solo, but he has previously and consistently ignored them. Now, however, he has been surrounded by people who represent the best that humanity has to offer, and these people with their ideals have brought out the best in Solo.

In the end, it was not carelessness which led to Solo’s eventual capture, but loyalty and sacrifice. The determination of Solo’s friends to find him and to free him will, with hope, someday show him that this kind of sacrifice goes both ways. He may also learn that there is more to life than living strictly for oneself. This concept of a galaxy-wide community of beings living in equality and without oppression is what the Alliance is all about.

Currently encased in carbonite and in the clutches of the bounty hunter Boba Fett, Han Solo will soon be in Jabba the Hutt’s hands. What the crimelord has in store for this man who has caused him such trouble can only be speculated, but the Hutt has never been known for his humanitarian actions.

## Luke Skywalker

The name Skywalker means a great many things to a great many people. Not too long ago, it had been nearly forgotten however, linked only to the memory of an old hero who fought in a forgotten war ages past. But since the fledgling Rebel Alliance achieved its greatest victory at the fabled Battle of Yavin, the name Skywalker is once again on the lips of beings across the Galaxy.

Since that miraculous shot which destroyed the Empire's most fearsome war machine, the adventures of Luke Skywalker have taken a more serious and somber turn. This new phase in the life of the former farm boy began, as with all of the heroes of Yavin, on that frozen planet called Hoth. Luke's welcoming committee came in the form of a vicious Wampa Ice Creature, which attacked the young Rebel and dragged him to its lair. To date, Luke has been quiet about how he escaped the lair and his subsequent time exposed to the harsh elements of the ice planet.

It was the timely arrival of his close friend Han Solo, however, that allowed Luke to survive that frigid night on Hoth. Solo seems to be making a habit out of last-moment rescues where Skywalker is concerned.

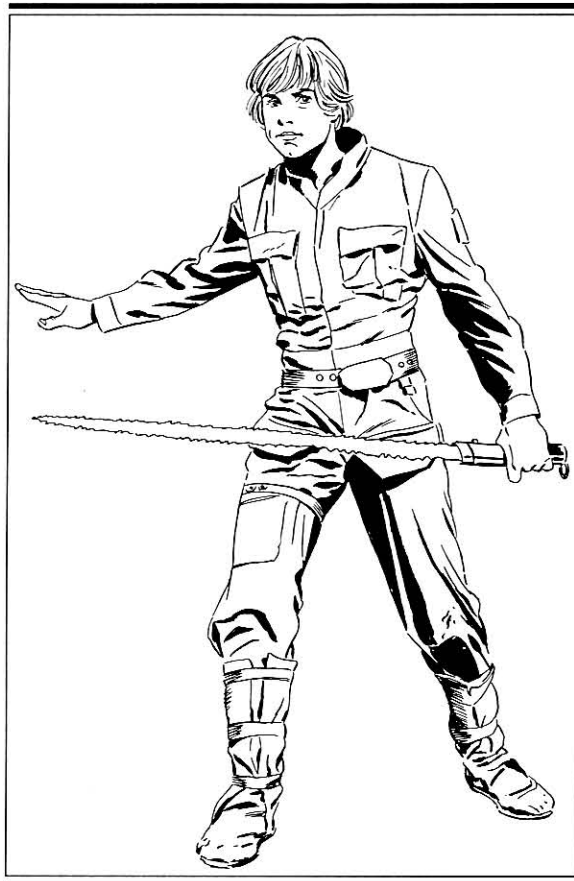
The legend of Luke Skywalker grew considerably in response to his exploits during the assault on Hoth. This is due primarily to the fact that nearly two dozen Rebel troops witnessed Commander Skywalker single-handedly bring down an Imperial All-Terrain Armored Transport. But after his escape from the Hoth battlefield, Luke did not link up with the rest of us at the designated rendezvous.

Rather, he took an unscheduled detour to a system called Dagobah. Luke's stay on that planet seems to have changed the young Rebel's life forever.

While on this mysterious side trip, Luke became concerned about the welfare of his friends and companions. He somehow sensed — using those powers that he claims come from the Force — that Princess Leia, Han Solo, and Chewbacca were in terrible danger. Worse, he felt that the danger was his own fault.

So Luke and Artoo traveled to the place of his dark vision, to Cloud City. Here he fell into a trap set by Darth Vader, a trap set specifically to capture young Skywalker. And to bait this deadly trap, Vader used Skywalker's friends.

Beneath the polished halls of Cloud City, far down in the bowels of the floating metropolis,



Luke Skywalker confronted the Dark Lord. Using every bit of strange power he possessed — indeed, these powers seemed to have increased since the Battle of Yavin some three years earlier — Luke escaped the carbon freeze trap that Vader had hoped to capture the fledgling Jedi with. In what was an epic clash of flashing lightsabers, Luke was finally, painfully defeated when Vader sliced off Luke's right hand. Skywalker lost both his hand and his lightsaber in that deadly battle.

While he failed to save Han, Luke's actions — and actions taken by Lando Calrissian — enabled the Princess, Chewbacca, and the Droids to escape in the *Millennium Falcon*. In fact, it was Leia who received Luke's telepathic call for help and brought the *Falcon* around to pick him up after he barely escaped from Vader. At the mention of the Dark Lord, Luke's face contorts in pain. Something passed between these two foes, something that seems to have struck even deeper than Vader's lightsaber.

**Luke Skywalker**

**Template Type:** Brash Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.72 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (damage 5D), lightsaber, comlink.

**Quote:** "You'll find I'm full of surprises."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Lightsaber Technology 7D+1

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 9D+2

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Airspeeder Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**FORCE SKILLS**

Control \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

Sense \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Alter \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**See-Threepio**

**Template Type:** Protocol

Droid

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.67 meters

**Sex:** —

**Race:** C-Series Protocol

Droid

**Equipment:** human-sounding voice, humanlike mannerisms and gestures, limited creativity circuits designed to keep his translation embellishments to a minimum (these circuits may have been enhanced).

**Quote:** "Stormtroopers? Here? We're in danger. I must tell the others. Oh, no! I've been shot!"

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+2**

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+2

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 12D+1

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

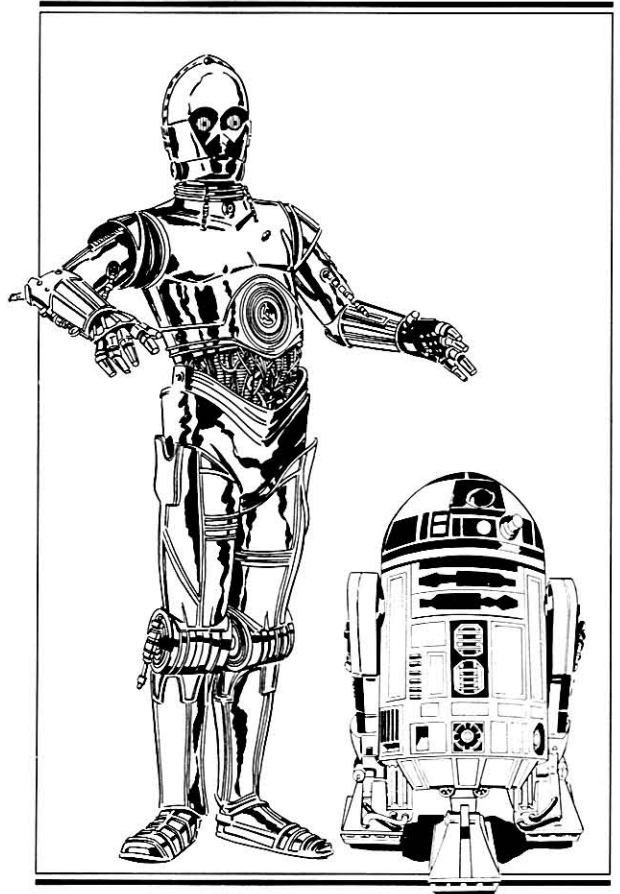
## Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio

Since I began following the exploits of the heroes of Yavin, there has been one constant throughout all the adventures: the Droids R2-D2 and C-3PO. They played an integral part in the events of those weeks leading up to the destruction of the Death Star. Since that time, they have been slightly less important to the overall success of the Alliance, but just as well traveled.

On Hoth, each of the heroic Droids had a good deal of responsibility, mostly because they were assigned to personally assist the Princess, and everything that the Princess was involved in at Echo Base was important. For the most part, Artoo-Deetoo and See-Threepio, pulling much more than their own weight in the accomplishment of tasks in the ice caverns of Echo Base, lived up to their reputation as, probably, the most respected mechanicals in the Alliance.

There were mistakes, however, most notably the drenching of Princess Leia's chambers after, at Threepio's indirect suggestion, of course, Artoo turned up the heat in her rooms and melted the chamber walls. This is a particular problem that I can Empathize with, having experienced my own share of "melt-downs" during my tour of duty on Hoth.

As was the case with virtually everyone involved, the assault on Hoth separated these two companions. Artoo "manned" Commander Skywalker's X-wing fighter during the evacuation, while Threepio accompanied the crew of the *Millennium Falcon* during her harrowing escape from the ice planet. Threepio did not do this



willingly however, as he had planned on accompanying the Princess on her transport but was cut-off by a cave-in, along with the Princess. In

### Artoo-Detoo

**Template Type:** Astromech Droid

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** .96 meter

**Sex:** —

**Race:** R2-Series Astromech Droid

**Equipment:** Infrared receptor, electromagnetic-field sensors, register readout, logic dispenser, computer sensors, holographic projector, information storage/retrieval jack for computer link-up, fire-fighting apparatus, auditory receivers, grasping claw, laser welder, circular saw.

**Quote:** "Beep, whistle, beep."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**  
Electroshock Prod \_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**  
Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_ 9D  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**  
Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 11D  
Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_ 4D+1  
Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
Starship Shields \_\_\_\_ 4D+1

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
Command \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
Con \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2  
Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1  
Search \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**  
Computer Programming/  
Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+2  
Droid Programming/  
Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2  
Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_ 4D+1  
Security \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

fact, the golden protocol Droid had no wish to fly in the *Millennium Falcon* ever again, after his rather harrowing past experiences with the smuggling ship and her reckless pilot.

But if Threepio thought that his travels aboard the *Falcon* had been harrowing, he was in for quite a shock at what was about to happen to him. I'm sure that diving headlong into a deadly asteroid field was not part of Threepio's ideal travel itinerary, nor was nearly being trapped in the maw of a giant space slug, nor single-handedly attacking an Imperial Star Destroyer, nor being blasted to bits by stormtroopers.

As far as Artoo is concerned, his trip to the mysterious bog-planet, Dagobah, was a relatively uneventful one, at least compared to Threepio's experiences. But there was a lot happening that Artoo perhaps might not have understood very well. His master was undergoing a very rare and ancient ritual, and Artoo was the unknowing witness to it all. I'm not sure whether Artoo is truly aware of the gravity and cosmic significance of what he saw, but I do know that he

perceived the changes taking place in his master, and, perhaps, he even felt the changes taking place in himself.

Once reunited with the others on Cloud City, Artoo immediately jumped in to help them escape the stormtrooper patrols. It was also Artoo-Deetoo who finished repairing See-Threepio and who saved the *Millennium Falcon*. By talking to Cloud City's central computer, Artoo knew that the hyperdrive engines were deactivated. He raced to the proper panel and activated the circuit, allowing the *Falcon* to escape to lightspeed.

All-in-all, the contributions to the cause of the Alliance made by Artoo and Threepio since the time they left Hoth were significant mostly because Artoo and Threepio are significant in and of themselves. If a Droid can grow and mature just as their human counterparts do, then these two have done so. The experiences they have shared have given them a kind of wisdom seldom seen in Droids. Because of this they are invaluable assets both to their masters, and to the Rebellion itself.



# I t is a Dark Time ...

To: Arhul Hextrophon  
From: Voren Na'al  
About: Yavin Report Continuation

As I sit here on the observation deck of the medical frigate, watching the tiny speck that is the *Millennium Falcon* disappear into the vastness of space, I am overtaken by a newfound clarity of understanding and perspective concerning the events on which this report is based.

This is probably a result of the somewhat false security provided by the surrounding Rebel fleet. Or perhaps, this is the first time I can actually look back on these events and truly feel that they have run their course. But the image of the *Falcon* and its crew departing on a quest to rescue their captured, carbon-frozen captain should demonstrate that certain events are still running their course, whatever that course may be.

Why, then, do I feel a certain sense of completeness at this moment? Perhaps it is the end, not of the story itself, which continues onward at breakneck pace, but of an important phase of that story. A phase in which the Empire, having suffered its most humiliating defeat, has rebounded to deal the Rebellion a seemingly devastating blow.

This blow is devastating not merely for its effect on the endless quest for a permanent Alliance base, or for the tremendous loss of life and resources in that fateful battle on the icy plains of Hoth. It is most devastating for its effect on the great Rebel heroes, and consequently on the very morale of the Alliance itself. For those heroes are the meterstick with which the tide of this bloody, galactic conflict is measured. Somehow, the fates of these brave few seem to mirror the fate of the Rebellion itself. When the heroes are most triumphant, the Alliance shares their triumph. But when they are defeated and distraught, the flame of rebellion in the Galaxy seems

to sputter and to threaten to be extinguished forever.

And so, if I were to characterize this most recent phase of our continuing story, I would have to paint a dark picture. We have reached what seems to be our lowest ebb, and what was once a rising tide has faded into the harmless rippling of an almost stagnant pool. I do not know, however, if the Empire perceives recent events in this way. Is it experiencing the triumph of driving us from Hoth and defeating our greatest heroes, or is it frustrated at letting us get away? More likely, it is the latter that is felt by the Empire.

It is this aspect of our current situation that we should look to for inspiration. The Emperor and his evil servants had us right where they wanted us and yet, we still managed to escape. It is failure that the Empire has experienced, not victory. The destruction of the Death Star must be viewed as an anomaly, carried out only in our self-defense. At this point in the brief history of the Alliance, our plan should not be aggression, but self preservation, and therefore we did succeed at Hoth. We managed to slip between the fingers of the Empire's clenching fist, and in so doing, we have been able to keep the hope of freedom in the Galaxy alive for a while longer.

This is our task, and we have accomplished it. What can be said of the Alliance can, as I have mentioned, be said of its greatest heroes. They have not been defeated, but rather they have triumphed, simply by remaining alive when faced with certain death, time and time again. And although I can characterize these latest great adventures as a dark time for the Rebellion, I must also point out that darkness is merely the absence of light. In this case, that light has not been completely extinguished. Therefore, it can only grow brighter once again, to fill the darkest corners of the Galaxy with its dazzling brilliance.

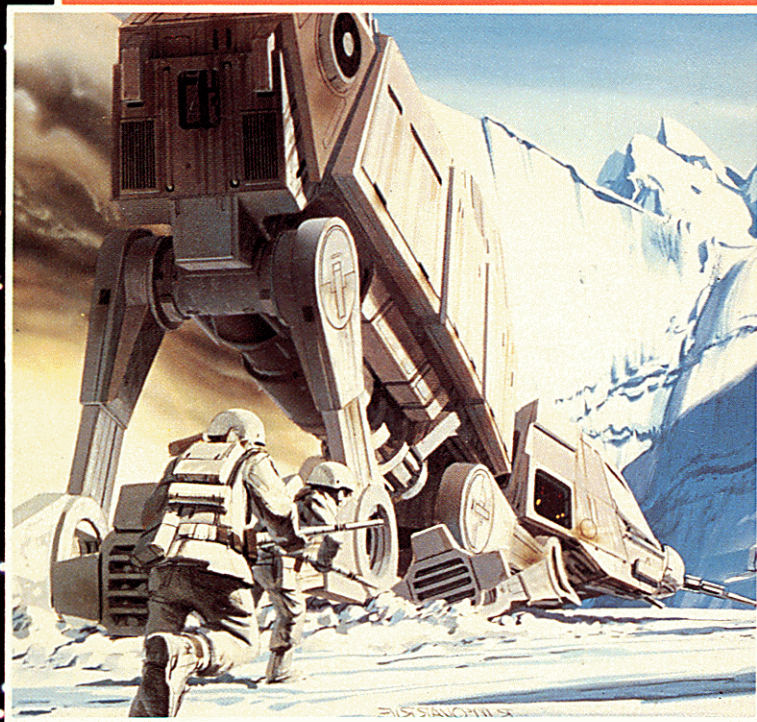
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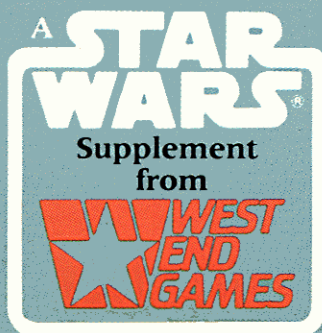
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ISBN 0-87431-127-6



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