

STAR

Alien Races

WARS

GALAXY GUIDE 4



Alien profiles for use with
Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game

STAR WARS®

GALAXY GUIDE 4

Alien Races

by Troy Denning



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I ntroduction

Imperial Communique #46553.27h

To: Lord Darth Vader
From: Major Herrit, Imperial Intelligence
Regarding: Obo Rin and his *Catalog of Intelligent Life in the Galaxy*

Lord Vader:

Enclosed you will find the first installment of the survey commissioned on your behalf by Lieutenant Pandur. I must reiterate and strongly emphasize the fact that the Imperial Bureau of Resource Research employs dozens of experts qualified to evaluate the potential contributions of alien species. I can assure you that these experts are far more qualified, competent, and thorough than Obo Rin could ever hope to be.

Furthermore, though Obo Rin's work appears competent, Rin himself is a fraud. The Academy at Sab Rufo, from which Rin claims to hold two doctoral degrees (and at which he claims to be the current Director of Sentientology), is nonexistent. In fact, Sab Rufo itself is nonexistent. Rin's other advanced degrees and post-doctoral studies are equally worthless. The Three Rings University of Social Sciences, where Rin claims to have studied sentientology under the famed Ditwar Logas, is a compu-order diploma house, and the Maxet Institute of Technology is a vocational school, accredited on its own level of education, but certainly not of the stature of institutes qualified to grant the terminal degrees allegedly in the possession of Rin.

In addition, Rin's expense vouchers are outrageous: 10,000 credits for one night's lodging on Barab I; 37,200 credits for an audience with a Duinuogwuin; and 152,317 credits for passage to the Kaelta system. All told, these charges and the remainder of Obo Rin's vouchers total nearly 1,000,000 credits. I have emphatically instructed the Office of Budgetary Control not to reimburse him.

In conclusion, as it is apparent to me that Obo Rin hopes to bilk the Empire out of millions of credits, I must again request that you allow the

Imperial Intelligence to handle this survey.

I remain your faithful servant,
 Major Herrit, Imperial Intelligence

Imperial Communique #46553.28v

To: Major Herrit
From: Captain Solistein, aide to Lord Vader
Regarding: Unsolicited Opinions

Major:

Concerning communique #46553.27h, Lord Vader asked me to relay the following:

1. Request denied; when Lord Vader wants help from Imperial Intelligence, he will ask.
2. Concerning Obo Rin's qualifications — Lord Vader did not order you to perform a background check. (FYI: Lord Vader has visited Sab Rufo.)
3. Continue handling this matter through Lieutenant Pandur. See to it that Obo Rin's request for an escort is granted, and that he is immediately reimbursed for his expenses — all of them.
4. Get a Duinuogwuin cadaver for Obo Rin to dissect. To reward you for your zeal, which caused you to bravely and totally disregard the chain of command, Lord Vader "suggests" that you handle this item personally.

Yours in the Empire,
 Captain Solistein

Obo Rin's Prologue

To: The Honorable Lieutenant Pandur, Imperial Liaison Officer to Korfo II
From: The Humble Obo Rin, Sentientologist
Regarding: *Catalog of Intelligent Life in the Galaxy*

Dear Lieutenant Pandur:

Following this brief note is my first installment of the *Catalog of Intelligent Life in the Galaxy*. It is difficult to express my delight in the fact that

Lord Vader found my modest proposal to be of some small use to the Empire. Enclosed are voucher chips for my expenses. Please have reimbursement transferred to my personal account in the Imperial Bank of Korfo II.

As you will no doubt realize, I have made but a small dent in the work to come (I fully expect to spend several standard years completing this project). While the number of intelligent species in the galaxy is assumedly limited, the number of non-intelligent species is virtually limitless. Further, even for a highly-trained sentientologist such as myself, it is not always easy to tell intelligent species from non-intelligent species. There are as many definitions of sentience as there are sentient species.

For the purpose of this report (which I assume to be the identification of possible annoyances and benefits to the Empire), I have defined an intelligent species as one being capable of communicating abstract thought. Or, put another way, an intelligent species is capable of discussing an object's qualities without discussing the object itself. I can take no credit for the second and widely accepted part of this definition. Most sentientologists consider the ability to perform abstract thought to be the primary earmark of intelligence. Abstract thought allows species to create tools, to contemplate methods of achieving what appears to be impossible, and to develop and to utilize philosophical approaches to their lives.

However, the astute stipulation regarding communication is my own addition to the definition. The particular brilliance of this qualification arises from this: without communication, intelligent beings have no means of organizing themselves into societies. Species which lack societies can cause little inconvenience to the Empire.

But intelligence is still not an easy thing to describe or identify. Before truly understanding it, one needs to grasp the qualities which separate living organisms from sets of random molecules. In order to make this complex subject understandable, I have gone to the considerable trouble of creating a universal definition of life. Simply put, life possesses certain characteristics. These are:

- **Organization:** Every living organism has a distinct form and appearance.
- **Irritability:** Living things respond to stimuli, such as physical or chemical changes in their environment.
- **Metabolism:** All organisms harness and utilize energy in order to stay alive. This process usually takes the form of chemical reactions.
- **Reproduction:** As a species, living organisms create more living organisms (via a series of

chemical reactions).

- **Adaptation:** Organisms adapt to changes in their environment. Some even cause the changes to which they must adapt.

Despite what other theorists say, I have determined that organic compounds possess the two things needed to develop the properties of life: carbon and water.

Simply stated, carbon atoms bond with many other elements, with up to four other atoms at once, and they form long molecular chains and rings—the backbones of organic molecules. The only possible rival for the role of carbon in biology is silicon, which shares some of the same properties found in carbon. However, silicon can only bond with two other atoms. This limiting difference is an important one, for silicon-based life is extremely rare, and despite all my searching, I have yet to encounter an example of intelligent silicon life.

The second building block of life is water. Where there is life, there is water—though it may not be apparent. Water's unique molecular structure gives it several unusual properties necessary to the chemical reactions that sustain life. (These properties include: its ability to dissolve chemicals, how easily it absorbs and redistributes heat, its high surface tension, and the fact that it expands when frozen.) Although other liquids can substitute for water (and many organisms use substitutes in limited manners), no liquid is as versatile as water, and few organisms exist without it.

As a corollary, I must note that most forms of life rely upon oxygen compounds for respiration. Oxygen releases energy when exposed to certain enzymatic agents, and organisms utilize this energy in their metabolic processes. However, many gases possess similar qualities and could substitute for oxygen. In my opinion, oxygen is the preferred fuel for respiration only because it is necessary for the creation of water. Wherever there is water, there is bound to be an abundance of oxygen.

This is not to say that life cannot exist without oxygen, carbon, or water. However, life has a much higher likelihood of developing where water and carbon are present, and the greater the likelihood and the abundance of life, the greater the chance of some of that life evolving into intelligent species.

But once life exists, how does it become intelligent? What developmental path separates a mindless crustacean from its intelligent cousin, the lyra? What is the difference between a mindless food processor like the Rancor and ferocious, cunning hunters like the Barabels?

These are the questions that concern sentientologists. The answers invariably spring from the manner in which the creature meets the challenge of its environment. It is this evolutionary process which sentientologists must struggle to interpret. To understand an intelligent species, you must first understand its environment and how the species evolved as an animal. Only then can you understand the species with regard to its intellect.

As you can imagine, Lieutenant Pandur, it takes great talent and determination to gather this information. Rest assured that I have made every effort and spared no expense to insure the accuracy of my data. My reports are based upon scholarly information available from the indigenous populations, first-hand observations, and, where possible, dissections of samples from the

species. (Please note the enclosed request for a small escort of stormtroopers. They would prove of great utility in helping me gather samples for dissection.)

Entries are arranged to facilitate an easy grasp of the aliens and their culture. To aid in field identification, each entry begins with a short description of the species. Next, I describe the home environment and follow with a discussion of the alien's nature as an animal. The narrative ends with a discussion of the species' intelligence and culture. A short, statistical description of the species' abilities concludes each entry.

I have not rigidly formatted the entries, however. In describing the divergent intelligences of so many species, I have found it wise to leave ample room for flexibility.



Aliens

Abyssin

Humanoid bipeds with long limbs, Abyssin have only a single, slit-pupilled eye situated in the middle of the forehead. They stand two meters tall, with thin, well-muscled bodies and swarthy, weather-beaten faces. Their upper and lower jaws protrude slightly, giving their mouths a vaguely spherical appearance. The teeth of the Abyssin are rather large and white in comparison to the rest of their face, but are those of a typical omnivore, being comprised of a combination of incisors, canines, and molars.

Byss, the homeworld of the Abyssin, is an arid but sporadically fertile planet located in binary star system of Byss and Abyss. The planet Byss has a peculiar figure-eight orbit that carries it between its two stars. (The span separating the stars is great enough that Byss suffers no devastating gravitational effects.) During the time Byss is passing between its suns, a time known to the Abyssin as "the Burning," there is no night, weather patterns become quite erratic, and the climate grows unbearably hot.

Because there is normally little surface water on Byss, and even less during the Burning, most plants on Byss have developed extensive tap root systems to extract ground water. Therefore, the one benefit resulting from the Burning is that plant life undergoes a spurt of accelerated and uncontrolled growth as it is bathed in intense solar radiation from two suns.

Animals on Byss can obtain moisture from the plant life, but their primary sources of water are artesian springs sparsely scattered around the world. Of course, competition for water at these oases is keen, so most animals have developed sophisticated water retention systems, such as storage humps and liquid-trapping layers of fat, that allow them to go for long periods of time without having to visit an oasis and compete for the water supply.

The animals of Byss have developed a wide array of other adaptations for dealing with the harsh nature of their environment. Some of the



native lifeforms hibernate during the Burning, while others live underground throughout their lives, burrowing to the plant roots that serve them as sources of food and water. Many animals can simply withstand dehydration far past the point where most lifeforms native to a less harsh environment would die.

Like the other animals of Byss, the Abyssin have had to adapt to their world in a number of ways. One of their most interesting adaptations is the ability to regenerate. When an Abyssin is hurt, the injury heals rapidly (providing the Abyssin has not been killed). Depending upon

Abyssin

Template Type: Abyssin

Height: 2 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D+2

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D+1

STRENGTH: 3D

Regeneration: 3D+2

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: The Abyssin are a rough and tumble bunch given to ripping limbs and

stomping heads. However, they generally don't mean any harm. Their *regeneration* skill allows them to check once each round to see if the seriousness of any wound they have suffered lessens by one step: make a *regeneration* roll (treat a Mortal Wounded as a Difficult action, Incapacitated as a Moderate action, Wounded as an Easy action).

Quote: "Stop complaining; it'll grow back!"

the severity of the inflicted trauma, wounds will heal in a time span of a few minutes (as in the case of knife wound) to a matter of days (as in the loss of an entire limb). Rapid regeneration reduces the loss of precious fluids in the event of an injury — a useful trait in the desert.

Abyssin regeneration is based upon their high rate of cell growth and replacement. Each cell in the Abyssin body is replaced with a new one every three or four standard days. The old cells are recycled back into the digestive system and used as raw materials for the creation of new cells. In a certain sense, and to a limited degree, the Abyssin are like the legendary hoop serpents that survive by consuming their own tails. Abyssin bodies are constantly consuming their own mass and rebuilding cells from that “raw material.”

Another fascinating Abyssin trait is the fact that they have smaller organs than other creatures of comparative size and less organ redundancy. An Abyssin has only one eye, one lung, one kidney, and so forth. No doubt, this is a corollary of the fact that if an Abyssin organ is injured, it will quickly be repaired through regeneration. But the lack of organ redundancy is also an evolutionary measure used to conserve water by not wasting it on duplicate systems.

The Abyssin function as well with one set of organs as most races do with two. The Abyssin eye, for example, contains a twin set of lenses and dual focal planes. Therefore, they can perceive the relative distance of objects, though their depth perception is not as keen as that of most other races with true binocular vision.

One of the most striking features of the nomadic Abyssin society is the amount of violence it condones. This accepted, even encouraged, violence is a direct result of the Abyssin ability to regenerate. Since even the most grievous injury will heal in the space of a few days, the Abyssin have little fear of the physical consequences of fighting.

Not surprisingly, Abyssin tribes are ruled by the fiercest fighters. These tribes roam the vast deserts of Byss, herding their flocks of Gaunts (oxlike creatures whose meat, hides, milk, and bones provide many of the tribes needs) from one water hole to the next. When two tribes meet, usually at a spring that both wish to use, one of two things occurs. If water and food are plentiful, the chiefs might agree to a Trade. During Trades, Gaunts, weapons, females, even children are swapped back and forth between the tribes.

If there is not plentiful water or food, however, a “Blooding” ensues. Bloodings are battles to the

death, usually fought for water rights, on a tribal level. The victorious chief may do what he wishes with the losing tribe’s survivors — kill them, take their belongings and set them free, absorb them into his tribe, etc.

Bloodings do not occur only between tribes, however. Most Abyssin fights end when one of the participants is beaten senseless. Occasionally, however, two Abyssin bear each other such enmity that they agree to or insist on a personal Blooding, in which the fight does not end until one of the combatants dies. As in tribal Blooding, the victor wins the loser’s property.

Perhaps the only facet of Abyssin life that is not ruled by violence is courtship and mating. Twice each year, the Abyssin hold a *Ja’Fai*, or mating race. Females who have just completed the rites of passage into adulthood are given a running head start, and young bachelors are allowed to chase them. The first male to catch a female wins her, and they become mates for life. It should be noted, however, that females are generally faster runners than males, and a young female’s feelings toward the closest male behind her may influence how fast she runs.

Late in their lives, which are up to 300 standard years long, Abyssin lose the ability to regenerate. Usually, an unregenerative Abyssin voluntarily enters the desert, going knowingly to his death. Occasionally, an old Abyssin refuses to adhere to this practice. In such cases, the “ancient one” is viciously and ritually stoned. If his body regenerates, he is allowed to stay with the tribe. Otherwise, he is ostracized by the rest of the tribe and regularly stoned until he walks into the wastelands, or until he dies.

At first, Abyssin regarded spacefarers as rival tribes, which greatly confused early visitors to the planet. If a tribal chief judged water to be scarce at the artesian spring where off-worlder met Abyssin, he declared a Blooding. If water was not scarce, the chief declared a Trade. Eventually, however, traders began to figure out the logic and motivation behind Abyssin behavior and landed only at oases that had water in abundance.

Abyssin entry into the mainstream of galactic society has been somewhat shaky. The Abyssin are generally considered a “rough and tumble lot” by those given to gross understatement. As a cautionary note, it should be added that the surest way to provoke an Abyssin into a personal Blooding is to call him a “monoc” (a short form of the insulting term “monocular” often applied to Abyssin by binocular creatures having little social consciousness or grace).

Altorians

There are two species of intelligent Altorians, the Avogwi (known to off-worlders as "Altorian Birds") and the Nuiwit (known as "Altorian Lizards"). Their cultures and biologies are so intertwined that it is impossible to describe them independently of each other.

The Avogwi are large, predatory birds standing two meters tall. They have powerful, hooked beaks and large keen eyes. Avogwi tongues are long and tubular, ending in conical spikes. Their bodies are covered from head to tail with feathers that range in color from pale to deep orange. Each of the two powerfully muscled legs of the Avogwi, however, is covered by red scales and ends in two sharply taloned claws. They commonly have wing spans of four to five meters. In the middle of the leading bones of each wing is an elbow which allows the wing to bend when not being used for flight. On the exterior of the elbows are three fingers, each opposable to the others, that serve as hands.

The Nuiwit (Altorian Lizards) are bipedal/quadrupedal reptiles approximately 1.5 meters high when standing. Tiny, horny scales entirely cover their bodies. These scales, normally ranging in color from golden yellow to dark brown, have some variations of gray-green. Often, a Nuiwit is mottled with several different colors. Their eyes are mounted in sockets protruding from the sides of the head. They have no visible ears, and their narrow, beaklike jaws are lined, bottom and top, with rows of rounded teeth. Like the Avogwi, they have long tubular tongues ending in tough conical spikes, but Nuiwit tongues are completely prehensile.

Altorians inhabit an arid world of rock and sand known as Altor 14. Altor 14 orbits the Roti-Ow



binary star system, which consists of one orange and one white star (Roti and Ow, respectively) orbiting a common center of gravity. Aside from tinting the sky orange and making Altor 14 a hot world, the Roti-Ow binary has little affect on the planet. The distance from Altor 14 to Roti-Ow is

Avogwi

Template Type: Altorian Bird

Size: 2 meters tall

DEXTERITY: 2D+2 **PERCEPTION:** 2D+2
KNOWLEDGE: 1D+2 **STRENGTH:** 3D
MECHANICAL: 1D **TECHNICAL:** 1D

Roleplaying Hints: The Avogwi are a proud, savage species that places a low value on life. They react violently to anyone suggesting they are biologically related to the Nuiwit, and they treat with amused disdain anyone who suggests it is immoral for them to hunt their sentient planet-mates.

Quote: "Of course he's dead; didn't you see me kill him?"

Nuiwit

Template Type: Altorian Lizard

Height: 1.5 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+2 **PERCEPTION:** 1D+2
KNOWLEDGE: 2D+1 **STRENGTH:** 1D+2
MECHANICAL: 2D+2 **TECHNICAL:** 2D

Roleplaying Hints: The Nuiwit are an affable species with mild manners and a genuine desire to please visitors. However, they are completely dedicated to destroying the Avogwi, though they lack the aggressive instinct to complete the job.

Quote: "Go looking for Avogwi? You must be crazy!"

nearly 1,500,000,000 standard kilometers, great enough so that Altor 14 orbits the center of gravity of the binary stars rather than Roti or Ow individually.

Altor 14 has a rotational period of 94 standard hours. One side of the planet bakes for 47 standard hours beneath its twin suns, then cools off for 47 hours while turned away from Roti-Ow. Consequently, standing water on Altor 14 evaporates during the day. Plant life deals with this problem in one of two ways: by tapping water sources protected from the blistering heat, or by collecting water vapor when it becomes available during the night.

Copses of cactuslike trees dot Altor 14's rocky wastes. These copses grow near underground water sources, which each tree reaches via a long tap root. In especially large groves, these tap roots can extend for several kilometers. Because these trees with the water they have collected and stored are a primary source of fluid for animal life, they have developed formidable defenses — such as hard silicate bark, poisonous needles, and exposed razor-sharp roots.

Other plants take advantage of the temperature differential between Altor 14's blistering days and frigid nights. During the day, water on the surface of the planet evaporates in the dry heat. As soon as the suns go down, however, the temperature drops, eventually reaching 14 standard degrees. The water vapor in the air condenses and settles to the ground as the temperature falls.

A whole class of "tarpaulin plants" has evolved to take advantage of nocturnal condensation. During the day, these plants resemble balls of wadded green cloth ranging from one to as much as 30 meters across. Usually, four broad leaves are spread out to collect sunlight for photosynthesis. At night, however, in order to collect water and nutrients, the green wads unfold and spread out over the ground like tarpaulins, covering up to 1,000 square meters. As water vapor condenses during the night, the tarpaulin catches it and funnels it back to the body of the plant.

Tarpaulin plants are the main source of water for many of Altor 14's species of animals. At night, thirsty animals lap up some of the collected moisture. At first glance, this might appear detrimental to the plants, for water is too precious a commodity to lose to thievery. However, many species of tarpaulin plants benefit from being a water supply. Animals guard water so jealously that a tarpaulin rarely has more than a single animal drinking from it, and most plants can afford to lose the amount of water required by one animal. More importantly, animals leave droppings which the plant uses as a source of nutrients.

The Avogwi utilize tarpaulin plants as water sources. Like most avian species, the Avogwi have high metabolisms, which are needed to produce the tremendous amount of energy required for flight. Their digestive tracts are extremely efficient, processing amounts of nutrients equal to 60 percent of their body weight each day. The Avogwi's method of processing so much food, however, requires a tremendous amount of fluid.

The Avogwi have adapted to their needs in resourceful ways. For instance, before eating their prey, the Avogwi inject their hollow tongues into the meal's veins. They then drink its blood as a source of fluid.

To lessen the weight of their bodies and make flight less arduous, the bones of the Avogwi, like the bones of many other avian species, are tubular and honeycombed with supportive struts. With their sharp eyes, Avogwi can distinguish prospective prey at a distance of several kilometers. Orange feathers make them difficult for prey to see against Altor 14's orange sky. The Avogwi disperse excess body heat through their scaly legs; during heavy physical exertion, their scales become hot enough to blister the flesh of tender-skinned species.

Though neither species will tolerate the concept, the Avogwi are probably descended from the same ancestors as the Nuiwit. Most avian species have evolved from reptilian forebears, and there seems little doubt this evolutionary fact is also true on Altor 14. In addition, the Avogwi beak bears a striking resemblance to the narrow jaw of the Nuiwit. Their tongues are remarkably similar, though the Nuiwit use theirs for piercing cactus-trees in search of water, instead of drinking blood. They both coat their eggs with a waterproof enzyme to prevent moisture loss during incubation — which lasts precisely 11 standard months in both species.

Of course, there are also many differences between the Avogwi and Nuiwit. The Nuiwit are herbivorous, subsisting on a diet of cactus-tree fruit and tarpaulin leaves, while the Avogwi are completely carnivorous. The Nuiwit have a primitive sense of smell which they utilize by flicking their prehensile tongues, and the Avogwi have no olfactory sense at all. Obviously, the Avogwi have feathered bodies and the Nuiwit are scaled, but it should be noted that Avogwi feathers are simply an adaptation of horny scales, as is the case in many other avian species.

The Nuiwit are ectothermic, or cold-blooded. This limits their range of activity to between five and 30 standard hours after dawn, when Altor 14 is not yet too hot, and between five and 30 hours after dark, when it is not yet too cold. Nuiwit are quadrupeds that have developed the ability to

stand upon their rear legs in order to reach cactus-tree fruit, and they have developed hands on their forelimbs, enabling them to avoid the poisonous needles of the cactus-trees. The Nuiwit can lose or detach their tails and regrow them, but it is impossible for a Nuiwit to balance in a standing position without the aid of a tail.

The Nuiwit continue to possess detachable tails and bulging eyes largely because of the Avogwi, who find the Nuiwit better tasting than any other of their sources of food. The Nuiwits' bulging eyes provide 360 degrees of vision, which is useful in keeping a constant watch for predators. Their detachable tails are often lifesavers when an Avogwi is missed until the last moment. The attacking predator grabbing the tail and having it come loose in his claws may be satisfied with that tail as a meal and not further pursue the fleeing Nuiwit.

The predisposition of Avogwi to prey upon the other creatures of their planet has been a source of conflict between the Avogwi and the Nuiwit. The two species have fought thousands of wars, the Nuiwit try to eradicate the Avogwi while the Avogwi attempt to subjugate the Nuiwit. It appears to be a simple accident of nature that they have not completely destroyed each other: the Nuiwit lack the predatory instinct to hunt down and destroy their enemy, while the Avogwi lack the technology to force the Nuiwit into servitude.

Despite the great cunning and intelligence of the Avogwi, their society is based upon hunting and water gathering. Their hands are poorly suited to technology and tool-use, being barely adequate for grasping prey, vessels, primitive weapons, etc. In fact, Avogwi use their beaks and flexible necks more like hands than their true hands. (For example, when drinking, the Avogwi hold the drinking vessel stationary, then crane their necks to the vessel, inserting their tubular tongues to suck up the liquid.)

Avogwi mate and reside in pairs, forming larger groups only when there is a state of war between them and the Nuiwit. Each Avogwi pair establishes an eyrie atop a cliff, where intruders will have a difficult time disturbing them or their eggs. The pair claims all territory within 50 kilometers as a hunting reserve. Often, such eyries are inherited from parents, but they can also be acquired in duels (aerial fights to the death), games of chance, or trade. When no eyrie is available through one of these methods, the unlucky couple must fly off on their own, searching for an abandoned eyrie or a location suitable for establishing an eyrie. Such journeys are dangerous, however, for the couple is never sure whether or not it is encroaching upon another pair's territory.

In contrast to the primitive and lawless nature of Avogwi society, Nuiwit society is highly structured and harmonious. The need to defend against Avogwi predation has forced the Nuiwit to form tightly-knit communities that gain strength in numbers. The development of agriculture followed the creation of stable communities. The Nuiwit have developed several strains of needle-free cactus-trees, and are quite advanced in the science of agronomy.

In fact, the Nuiwit nearly wiped out the Avogwi through the strategic use of agronomy. The Altorian lizards developed a hardy tarpaulin plant which secreted a potent enzyme resembling water condensation. When the Avogwi landed on the plant to drink the water, they discovered the "water" was a powerful glue that kept them firmly locked onto the tarpaulin. Their struggles to escape triggered a motion sensor, causing the tarpaulin to close with them inside. The plant would then digest its catch. Nearly 30 percent of the Avogwi population fell victim to this trap before the Avogwi learned to avoid this strain of plant.

Fully developed hands have also aided the Nuiwit in developing other forms of technology. Nuiwit technicians use seismic readings to locate underground water supplies, and they use mechanical drills to open these hidden reservoirs. The water is used to supply large cities and farms. The Nuiwit have also developed mining, ceramics, and even primitive robotics industries.

The only thing saving the Avogwi from genocide is Nuiwit ineptness at aggression. The Nuiwit realize that by destroying the Avogwi, they would eliminate their only predators on Altor 14. However, the idea of organizing an army to go out and systematically destroy the Avogwi and their eyries is incomprehensible to them, as they lack any form of predatory instinct. Instead, the Nuiwit concept of war is setting traps and allowing the Avogwi get themselves killed.

Less than 15 standard years ago, a scout from the Rego Mineral Company discovered Altor 14. After negotiations of considerable length, the Nuiwit agreed to the establishment of trade relations with the Rego Mineral Company for the purposes of mining the silver, gallium, and selenium ores available in territories controlled by their communities. Though Rego has attempted to establish a similar relationship with the Avogwi, the Altorian Birds possess no clear notion of owning or selling minerals, exhibiting little interest in the ground at all — save that they object strenuously and violently to the invasion of their eyrie territories.

Aqualish

The Aqualish are a walrus-faced people with smooth skin, large eyes, and inwardly-curved tusks. They have two distinct races among their population, easily recognized by the configuration of their hands. The prominent racial characteristic is the cupped finlike hand. It has no fingers, but does have an opposable thumb. The less prominent race is distinguished by five-fingered, fur covered, clawlike hands. Why nature took such a course and formed the Aqualish like this is yet another evolutionary mystery in a galaxy filled with such puzzles. Further research, if deemed necessary, could come up with reasons, but few have wanted to study the Aqualish for extended periods.

Although on some worlds these differences would lead to prejudice, hatred and outright war, the Aqualish do not turn their angers upon themselves. Instead, they have turned their natural aggressions toward space and the races that they consider alien — which include all beings not from the Aqualish's home planet of Ando.

Ando is a world covered by water, swampy islands, and rocky outcroppings. There is little solid land anywhere on the large blue planet. But nonetheless the Aqualish emerged from the watery depths and developed a society that quickly became technological in nature.

But the Aqualish are a people with nasty, belligerent dispositions. Their society almost collapsed when this belligerent nature led them into wars among themselves. It was the timely arrival of a spaceship from some other planet that ended the wars and suggested the goal that the Aqualish have taken as their own.

Some believe that the visiting spaceship belonged to the Corellians. Others have suggested it was an early exploration ship from the Duros. Whether one of these or some ship from an as yet unknown planet, the Aqualish put aside their differences and directed their hatred and anger at these powerful beings from the sky. The Aqualish craved the ability to use and build their own ships, so they attacked and destroyed the visitors. But they were careful to leave the ship that



brought them relatively intact.

For the next few decades and more, the Aqualish turned their skills toward learning how the ship worked. Eventually they were able to build their own ships, and then the Aqualish took their hatred into the stars. The blasted surface of Ando's sister planet suggested that there was the first place they brought their war.

The galaxy as a whole was saved from these marauders by the fact that they were not advancing the technology they had. Whenever they came upon a starfaring race with better equipment than they had, the Aqualish would adapt the technology to their own. But this was a slow process that left them with a patchwork technol-

Aqualish

Template Type: Aqualish

Height: 1.85 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D+1

PERCEPTION: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+1

STRENGTH: 2D

MECHANICAL: 2D+2

TECHNICAL: 1D+2

Roleplaying Hints: Most Aqualish encountered by Rebel characters are similar to the Aqualish that picked a fight with Luke Skywalker in the Mos Eisley Cantina. They are aggressive, rude, and looking for a fight. Most are either bounty hunters or mercenaries, working for whoever has the most credits or whoever can offer the most interesting job.

Quote: "Negola dewaghi wooldugger."

ogy. Then the Aqualish ran into the Old Republic.

It was during the time of grand expansion, when the Old Republic was inviting every alien race it encountered to join their republic of the stars. But the Aqualish would have none of that. They attacked the Republic ship viciously and without warning. The Republic ship, better built and more powerful than the Aqualish patchwork craft, blasted the attacker to pieces. A short war followed, ending when the Aqualish sued for peace.

The terms of Ando's unconditional surrender to the Republic included that no offensive weaponry would be mounted on Aqualish hyperspace capable ships, that the world government would accept teachers and advisors assigned by the Republican Senate, and that the planet and its people would become a ward of the Republic working toward full membership in the expanding galactic community. The Aqualish accepted.

Under this arrangement Ando thrived. Its people learned new skills and techniques, as well as

more productive ways to focus their aggressive natures. Those who could not change their perspectives toward life left the planet to find what they were looking for elsewhere. These individuals became mercenaries, bounty hunters, pirates, body guards, and other occupations where violence and hatred were considered benefits. With the abundance of work for these individuals throughout the galaxy, these Aqualish thrived as well.

Today Ando is under the watchful eye of the Empire. If the race ever appears to be returning to its aggressive ways, it is sure that the Empire would step in to slap them down — and do so with more flare than the Old Republic ever did. While the Aqualish once considered themselves the masters of warfare and aggression, they now bow to the true masters — the Empire. Some Aqualish whisper about the sorry state of their planet. The once proud and warlike people have been reduced to common laborers and slaves of the Galactic Empire. But saner heads go about their business, preferring any life to no life at all.

Arcona

Scaleless reptiles, the Arcona are limbed snakes. They have flat, anvil-shaped heads with clear, glittery, marblelike eyes. In place of a nose, a diamond-shaped bulbous organ sits between their eyes, and their skin ranges in color from mahogany through gray to ebony and bears a resemblance to fibrous wood.

Arcona inhabit Cona, a hot, dense world orbiting the blue giant Teke Ro. Cona has no axial tilt, and its orbit is perfectly circular, so the planet has no seasons. Cona's atmosphere is an efficient thermal distributor, with strong winds carrying heat out of the equatorial mountains toward the cooler poles and cooler air from the poles to the equatorial regions in a constant circulatory process.

Cona's atmosphere is rich in nitrogen and hydrogen. Most oxygen, however, remains locked in bedrock. Consequently, although the air contains a great deal of ammonia vapor, free water is rare. A few primitive plants capture and use ammonia as a poor substitute for water. But more advanced plants have developed acids that they secrete and drip onto bedrock in order to free latent oxygen. The plants suck the liberated oxygen into gastric pods in their root systems. At the same time, the leaves of the plants collect ammonia vapor from the atmosphere and draw it down the plant stems into the gastric pods. Here, the plant breaks the ammonia molecule into hydrogen and nitrogen. The hydrogen mixes with oxygen and water is produced. The free nitrogen is taken back to the crown of the plant, where it combines with more ammonia vapor to create amino acids essential for life. Needless to say, the chemistry required for such a complex process is far from typical, botanically speaking.

All animals on Cona have a high ammonia tolerance, because everything they eat contains ammonia. Most of the animals also utilize ammonia to create enzymes necessary to their survival. This is certainly true of the Arcona, who



utilize ammonia in a supplementary circulatory system that eliminates waste, disperses body heat, and carries nutrients to their thick hides. Arcona also need water for their primary circulatory systems. Since the only reliable source of free water on Cona is the gastric pods of plants which convert ammonia to water, the Arcona must collect water from these underground caches. To get to these pods, the Arcona dig through the ground with their powerful talons.

Other interesting Arcona adaptations include the bulbous growth between their eyes. Although

Arcona

Template Type: Arcona

Height: 1.7 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D+1 **PERCEPTION:** 2D+1
KNOWLEDGE: 1D+1 **STRENGTH:** 2D+2
MECHANICAL: 1D+2 **TECHNICAL:** 1D+2

Roleplaying Hints: Arcona males tend to be more responsible and wise than the females, who comprise a slight majority in the number of salt-addicts. Non-addict Arcona males treat all off-worlders with suspicion, and often attack on sight those carrying salt. Addicts, on the other hand, will go to any length for a few grams of salt.

Quote: "Let me have some salt, human."

it resembles a nose, this bulb has nothing to do with olfactory functions. That job is carried out by the flicking tongue, which catches molecular samples and inserts them for analysis in the long nasal passages above the Arcona mouth. The bulb, however, is an acutely accurate heat sensing organ, useful in sensing the approach or the location of another creature, and as such, is a useful supplement to the Arcona's weak eyes.

The glittery, sparkling eyes of the Arcona are composed of thousands of individual photoreceptors, each designed to detect a specific color or shade and alert the Arcona to even the tiniest of movements. However, Arcona eyes cannot distinguish shapes; the world looks like a multi-colored blur to them. So they must rely on their senses of heat and smell to bring the picture into an understandable focus.

Arcona reside in loose communities composed of collections of family nests. These communities resemble a primitive hunting society in social structure and size. Arcona society arises from the need to ensure the safety of the young, for Cona is a dangerous place for the immature and uninitiated. For instance, many species of plants have evolved ways to defend their water supplies, and it is quite possible for unwary hatchlings to drink poison, trigger a thorn trap, or be converted into fertilizer by a carnivorous plant. Therefore, Arcona parents look after their hatchlings until they have learned the ways of the jungles of Cona.

Because of the long-term commitment involved in hatching a brood, Arcona do not lightly enter into parental partnerships. Generally, Arcona

make their nests within 20 kilometers of a clearing known as a "Grand Nest," where they meet every 20 days or so. Despite all the talk about who is going to be the community leader and what the Grand Nest in the next valley is doing, the true purpose of these periodic meetings is to select mates. Unlike many other species, the Arcona males are the ones who are finicky during this selection process.

As is apparent from Cona's high density, the planet is rich in heavy metals. Many companies have established mining operations on Cona. Originally, they bought mining rights in return for water paid to the Arcona. However, prospectors quickly learned that small quantities of sodium chloride (salt) have a strange effect on the peculiar chemistry of the Arcona. Salt interacts with their optic nerves to create an intoxicating, hallucinatory array of colors. Unfortunately, the salt also has a side effect—it destroys the Arcona's ammonium-utilizing pancreatic organ, which converts ammonia vapor into a water-conserving enzyme. Arcona so affected become permanently addicted to salt, a condition easily discernible because it changes the color of their glittering eyes from green to gold.

Despite the poisonous effects of salt, prospectors have continued to import it. The reason is obvious; small quantities of salt are cheaper to import than large quantities of water. The Arcona communities have banded together and have enacted strict planetary legislation prohibiting salt-dealing, but this has not stemmed the tide of salt arriving from off-world.

Barabel

The Barabel are vicious, bipedal reptiloids generally standing between 1.75 and 2.5 meters tall. Horny black scales of keratin cover their bodies from head to tail, and needle-like teeth, often reaching lengths of five centimeters or more, fill their huge mouths.

They inhabit Barab I, a dark, humid world in close orbit around the red dwarf Barab. Spice smugglers, Rebels, and other criminals occasionally use Barab I as an emergency refuge, and there is a steady traffic of sport hunters. Otherwise, Barab I rarely receives visitors, which may explain why the Barabel are not widely known throughout the galaxy.

Because of Barab I's proximity (less than 45,000,000 kilometers) to its star, the planet is bathed in intense ultraviolet, gamma, and infrared radiation during its day, which lasts 60 standard hours. During the day, all the free water on the surface evaporates, leaving Barab a humid and hazy world.

Unable to survive the intense radiation, most animals, and even some mobile plants, take refuge in deep caves, rock crevices, or other types of shelter. Plant life typically wraps itself inside highly reflective, impenetrable cocoons. Visitors arriving during the day may suspect Barab I's inhabitants have abandoned the planet, leaving behind millions of mirror-like bulbs, stalks, and pods.

After dark, however, Barab I becomes a different world. During the day, Barab I's rocky land has absorbed tremendous amounts of heat from its nearby sun; at night, it radiates this heat back into space. As soon as the sun goes down, the plants open their reflective cocoons and spread out a carpet of dark leaves. These leaves capture some of the heat being radiated back into space, converting it to chemical energy the same way normal plants photosynthesize light.

A few minutes after the plants open up, the animals crawl out of their protective burrows to begin feeding. Their variety is as endless as one might expect (though it should be mentioned that all animal life on Barab I is cold-blooded). Swarms of insects strip whole fields of plants down to reflective shells. Great lumbering herbivores rip plants, roots and all, from the rocky



soil. And, of course, there are carnivores, wading through insect hordes and sucking them up by the thousands, or chasing down slow moving prey and devouring it in messy, prolonged feasts.

This cycle of life continues for approximately 40 standard hours, when the water burned off during the day begins to condense and return to the planet in the form of rain. By the time the downpour truly begins, the surface has cooled off to the point that most of Barab I's cold-blooded inhabitants are growing lethargic. They return to their shelters to take refuge from the rain and the intense radiation that will follow.

The Barabel evolved as hunters, and are well-adapted to finding prey and killing it in their nocturnal world. Their slit-pupiled eyes collect electromagnetic radiation ranging from infrared to yellow, allowing them to use Barab I's radiant

Barabel

Template Type: Barabel

Height: 1.75 to 2.5 meters tall

DEXTERITY: 2D+1

KNOWLEDGE: 1D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D+2

STRENGTH: 4D

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Barabel are pragmatic, impatient, and independent. The surest way to get eaten by one is to attempt ordering him around.

Quote: "Dinner time!"

heat to see in the same manner most animals use light. (However, the Barabel cannot see any light in the green, blue, or violet range.) The black scales serving as their outer layer of skin are insulated by a layer of fat, so that, at the end of the night, their bodies retain their ambient heat for a few hours longer than other species. Their long, needle-like teeth are well suited to catching and killing tough-skinned prey. (These teeth fold up toward the roof of the mouth when a Barabel closes his jaws.)

On the defensive side, the Barabels' scales are composed of a sturdy, protein-based keratin, providing them with a natural body armor resistant to punctures and blows. (They have been known to shrug off light blaster bolt hits at short range.)

But the Barabels' greatest asset, defensive or aggressive, is their intelligence — a fact which Planetary Safaris Inc. conveniently overlooked when they discovered the planet. Planetary Safaris, as the name implies, specializes in organizing hunting expeditions to exotic worlds. After one of their scouts discovered the Barabel 20 standard years ago, Planetary Safaris began running regular trips to the planet, ignoring and actively suppressing evidence that Barabel are intelligent.

Eventually, some of the Barabel, who are by nature solitary creatures, realized the magnitude of the threat to their species. Shaka-ka, a great leader, organized the Barabel into armies capable of overwhelming and destroying Planetary Safari ships and expeditions.

Word of the slaughter of the hunting parties on Barab I reached the sector governor and, under

the Dangerous Species Act, he sent a Star Destroyer to Barab I. Captain Alater took it upon himself to investigate and discovered the true nature of what Planetary Safaris had been doing. He saw to it that Barab I was admitted to the Empire and its sentients given the full protection of Imperial Law — providing, of course, they paid their Imperial taxes.

After Captain Alater saved the Barabel species from eradication, Shaka-ka founded a permanent city, Alater-ka, and built a spaceport. Alater-ka is the only city on Barab I, and it consists of nothing more than an interlinked network of caverns surrounding the spaceport.

Although Alater-ka's facilities are crude, the prices are outrageously expensive. Still, the city's tourist accommodations and hunting lodges do not lack for customers. The Barabel are not the only ferocious creatures on Barab I, and Shaka-ka has worked out an agreement with Planetary Safaris to run expeditions in pursuit of game as dangerous as Barabel themselves. Of course, instead of serving as prey, the Barabel are now porters and guides. According to Planetary Safaris, the arrangement is more than satisfactory.

Barab I is still far from what one would call a tame world, however. It does not seem unlikely that the vast majority of Barabel have never heard of Planetary Safaris Inc., Alater-ka, or the Empire — and would not care if they had. Aside from Shaka-ka's spaceport, which was probably built only for the purpose of collecting the money needed to pay Imperial taxes, there is no indication that the Barabel intend to create a civilization at all.

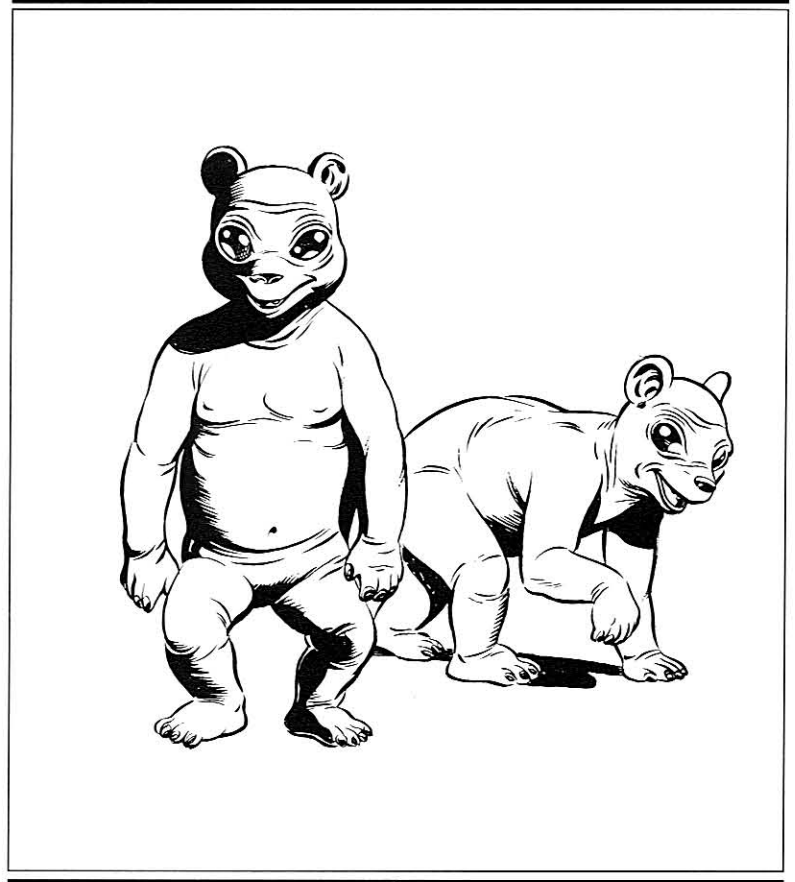
Bilars

Standing a meter tall and being more or less bipedal, Bilars are often considered the cutest aliens in the galaxy — or the most grotesque. Compared to their bodies, Bilars' arms are long and gangling. By tilting their torsos slightly forward, Bilars can change their method of locomotion from walking on two feet to scurrying on four. Their bodies are completely hairless and covered with pink, wrinkled skin. A pair of round ears sits atop the spherical head, and two dark eyes hang beneath the angelic brows. In the center of the face, a black wet nose protrudes from a short muzzle. The thin lips are turned upward in a constant grin.

Bilars are found on Mima II, a small, tropical world orbiting the orange sun Lar. Mima II has a relatively fast rotation (15 standard hours) and a short year (103 standard days). Due to Mima II's proximity to Lar, Lar's gravitational influence draws the planet's tectonic plates over its molten core in much the same way a standard planet's moon draws tides across its oceans. As Mima II orbits its star, the plates are pulled in different directions, constantly raising new mountain ranges, forming new land masses, opening new seas, creating new volcanoes, and so forth.

All of this geologic activity has released an abundance of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and many of the other building blocks of life. The intense electromagnetic radiation from Lar has acted on these elements to create a plethora of organic molecules. The result is a world that literally teems with life. Great jungles of yellow, blue, and even green plants tower hundreds of meters above the ground, creating a biosphere with dozens of distinct levels. Hanging vines and clinging lianas cascade down the steep slopes of Mima II's youthful mountains. Where the oceans are too deep for plants to root, buoyant carpets of yellow moss blanket the surface.

Amazingly, the kings of Mima II's jungles are the Bilars — peculiar, pink primates equally at



home scurrying through the dense brush or swinging by their gangling arms through the jungle canopy. Their naked skin is an adaptation that allows for the dissipation of heat; Mima II is an extremely warm planet. Living their whole lives in the shade of the heavy jungle, Bilars have no need to shield themselves from the sun. Their ears, which are quite sensitive in the infra- and ultra-sonic wavelengths, can be rotated like sensor arrays to listen simultaneously in different directions. Their noses are useful for only three things: breathing, smelling food, and sensing the pheromones other Bilars emit. The large

Bilars

Template Type: Bilar

Height: 1 meter

DEXTERITY: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 1D*

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 1D*

STRENGTH: 1D

TECHNICAL: 1D*

* Per Bilar in a claqas.

Roleplaying Hints: Bilars are fun-loving and carefree, willing to give anything a try. Although they understand the concept of danger, it never stops them from doing what they want.

Quote: "Part of me says yes, and part of me says no."

black eyes are adapted to vision in the murky, jungle environment, gathering and utilizing a large portion of the available light. Bilars can even see into the infrared bands.

As useful as these adaptations are, they would hardly allow a species to dominate its environment. Bilars are timid vegetarians whose primary defense is to flee the danger presented to them. If the enemy approaches on the ground, the Bilars climb into the trees; if the enemy is swinging through the trees, the Bilars drop to the ground and scurry away. Bilars have even been known to jump into raging rivers to escape Riams, vicious flying snakes that swallow Bilars whole.

The source of the Bilars' success can lie only in their social natures. In order to survive, Bilars learned early to eat and sleep in groups so that they would have more eyes and ears to watch and listen for enemies. This behavior quickly became encoded into their genes, and it was not long before Bilars born within a few days of each other developed special affinities and became lifelong members of defensive communities. Within a few generations, the Bilar reproductive cycle adjusted itself to maximize each individual's chance of bonding with as many other Bilars as possible. Most Bilars are conceived and born within a few hours of one or more other Bilars, and small groups of expectant mothers stay close so that their children would be born in physical proximity.

Eventually, this bonding instinct became so entangled with their genetic makeup that it went one step further. Individuals born within a few minutes of each other began to develop mindlinks that allowed them to share thoughts and which multiplied their intelligence. In essence, Bilars developed group minds called *claqas*. (The exact process is still not understood completely; it seems to involve pheromones, physical contact, and an unexplained ability to read the thoughts of other group members.)

It was not long before these claqas learned to

use tools and coordinate individuals in order to defend themselves. For instance, instead of jumping into a raging river to escape marauding Riams, a claq might develop an elaborate net trap. When a Riam showed up, one Bilar would act as bait and lure the Riam into the trap, then the other members of the claq would drop the net on the predator.

The effects of this strange intelligence are incredible. Normally, a single Bilar (now a rare occurrence) is about as intelligent as a rodent. When two Bilars bond, they are twice as smart, somewhere in the neighborhood of domesticated canines or equines. Three Bilars are twice as smart again, having the intelligence of low primates. Four Bilars achieve what is normally considered sentience; that is to say, they are able to think abstractly and utilize tools. By the time seven Bilars mindlink (not as rare as one might think), they are a genius by the standards of any species in the galaxy. There is even a recorded case of a 10-unit claq, named Unni Yerudi, an interplanetary con-artist who, at one time, owned several clubs on Cloud City and eventually became the richest being in his sector.

Most claqas of five units or more prefer to live in cities (located in the central portions of Mima II's tectonic plates in order to minimize damage from plate movement and collision). They have established a sophisticated technological society in a short time. This may be due to the fact that Bilars expend little effort preparing or harvesting food. Mima II is so rich in plant life that even in large cities, all hungry Bilars need to do is go to a park, climb a tree, and pick something to eat.

Unfortunately for Bilars, most merchants avoid commerce with Mima II. Given the unpredictable nature of the Bilar group-personality, the bargaining advantage of their claqas, and the fact that Mima II has nothing to offer that cannot be found elsewhere, merchants simply prefer to do business where they stand a chance of turning a profit.

Bith

The Bith are bipedal craniopoids, highly evolved humanoids with enlarged craniums. They have large, lidless eyes with black irises that are almost as large as the eye itself and make it appear as if the Bith lack pupils in their ocular organs. Their noses recede. Baggy epidermal folds hang beneath their eyes, covering their faces down to the lower jawline. The Biths' mouths are small, oval-shaped orifices nearly concealed beneath their cheeks and the epidermal sacks.

The Bith homeworld is Clak'dor VII, a small planet orbiting the large white star Colu in the Mayagil Sector. Clak'dor VII is rich in carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and its temperature hovers between 68 and 94 standard degrees year round. This data suggests that Clak'dor VII should be a garden world — and it was, at one time. However, it is presently a wasteland inhabited only by remnants of the Bith civilization.

It is difficult to guess the type of species from which the Bith are descended, because they have advanced so far along the evolutionary track that their bodies no longer contain even the slightest trace of their original ancestry. As one might guess, their oversized heads are indicative of large and complex brains, far evolved beyond the galactic average. The regions controlling abstract skills such as language, music, art, scientific reasoning, mathematics, mechanical aptitude, and so forth are extremely large and well-developed. On the other hand, areas controlling aggression, reproduction, fear, and other instinctual behavior are small and atrophied. These peculiarities reflect the fact that the Bith have lived in a highly organized society for so long they have nearly lost the ability to function on animalistic levels.

The Bith have five-fingered hands, with the thumb and small finger being fully opposable. This is no doubt a contributing factor to their having developed as a tool-using species, and the dexterity of their hands is, no doubt, a reflection of the importance of tools to creatures who rely upon technology for their every need. Their large eyes have also adapted to a technological lifestyle; they are capable of focusing upon tiny



details, such as microcircuitry, for long periods. The Bith lack eyelids because they have evolved past the need for sleep; their huge brains, which always have an abundant supply of oxygen, are seldom strained to the point of exhaustion.

One of the most interesting aspects of Bith physiology is the Bith respiratory system. The tiny nose located between their eyes is useful only as a respiratory intake passage. After inhalation, the air drawn into the the single lung is transferred directly to the bloodstream. Waste gases are passed from the center of the body outward, then expelled directly through the skin — but only after every last useful molecule has been scavenged from the air.

Because of this peculiar respiratory pattern,

Bith

Template Type: Bith
Height: 1.7 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D **PERCEPTION:** 2D+2
KNOWLEDGE: 2D **STRENGTH:** 1D
MECHANICAL: 2D+2 **TECHNICAL:** 2D+2

Roleplaying Hints: Generally, Bith are benevolent pacifists. They will aid those working toward worthy goals, but only if doing so does not endanger life or the safety of their homeworld.

Quote: "I know who you are and what you want from me."

the Bith sense of smell is not located in the nose. Instead, the epidermal folds beneath the eyes are lined with pheroreceptors that constantly trap and analyze air molecules, sending a constant stream of chemical analysis information to the powerful Bith brain.

All of these adaptations point to a creature that has progressed so far along the evolutionary track that it can hardly be called an animal. To beings reliant upon technology for survival, the importance of well developed brains and hands need hardly be pointed out. What might not be so obvious, however, is that the lack of animalistic instincts makes the Bith reliant upon a highly specialized society. Technology requires systematic cooperation, and systematic cooperation requires social organization.

There can be little doubt that the Bith are completely adapted to social life. The lack of aggressive instinct on their part is a reflection of their mastery over the environment and their confidence in the security they have attained within their society.

Perhaps mating provides the clearest example of their complete reliance upon technological organization. For the Bith, reproduction is entirely a matter of rational selection. Each prospective parent takes a sample of his or her DNA to a Computer Mating Service (CMS). The CMS then analyzes the sample and compares it to samples presented by members of the opposite sex. From these comparisons, CMS develops a series of computer models (called child-patterns, or CPs) projecting the outcome of a union between the customer and a dozen suitable mates.

After examining the CPs, a prospective parent ranks each CP according to their preferences with respect to the child or children he or she wishes to have. A meeting is then arranged between clients who have selected the same CPs in approximately, if not exactly, the same order. At this meeting, the prospective parents or their agents go through a lengthy set of negotiations concerning how many offspring the parents will create and how many offspring each parent will receive. The problem of the liability for imperfect children never arises, because Bith procreative technology has progressed to the point of eliminating birth defects.

Once agreement is reached, the parents send the necessary cells to a Reproduction Center for fertilization and incubation. A year later, the appropriate children are delivered to each parent.

As peculiar as this method of reproduction may seem, Bith society is not unique in its capability to conceive "artificially." What makes Bith society unique is its absolute reliance upon these techniques; the Bith not only prefer the certainty and convenience of breeding done through the Reproduction Center, they could not reproduce any other way. The organs necessary to reproduce organically have atrophied past the point of being able to function procreatively.

Bith reliance on technology has nearly been their undoing. Several generations ago, a conflict arose between two Bith cities, Nozho and Weogar, concerning the patent rights to a new stardrive. In accordance with the laws of their society, the two cities submitted their claims to a neutral arbitrator.

An agent from Nozho uncovered some compromising information about the arbitrator and blackmailed him. Subsequently, Weogar's mayor learned of the blackmail and refused to honor the arbitrator's decision. Both cities began producing the stardrive, resulting in severe trade competition and in the first Bith war in nearly a million years.

Unfortunately, when such sophisticated technology as that available to the Bith is involved, wars are almost of a genocidal level. Nozho launched a chemical attack against Weogar, wiping out 90 percent of the city's population and guaranteeing the Weogar industries would no longer be capable of producing stardrives. In retaliation, Weogar unleashed against Nozho a biological agent that altered the basic DNA structure of anything it contacted. The unforeseen result was a planet-wide wave of evolutionary degeneration and mutation that left this garden world a monster-filled wasteland.

The surviving, untainted Bith were forced to construct and retreat into hermetically sealed domes, where they live to this day, afraid to venture onto the surface of their own planet. They now survive by importing raw materials from primitive worlds and exporting sophisticated technological instruments.

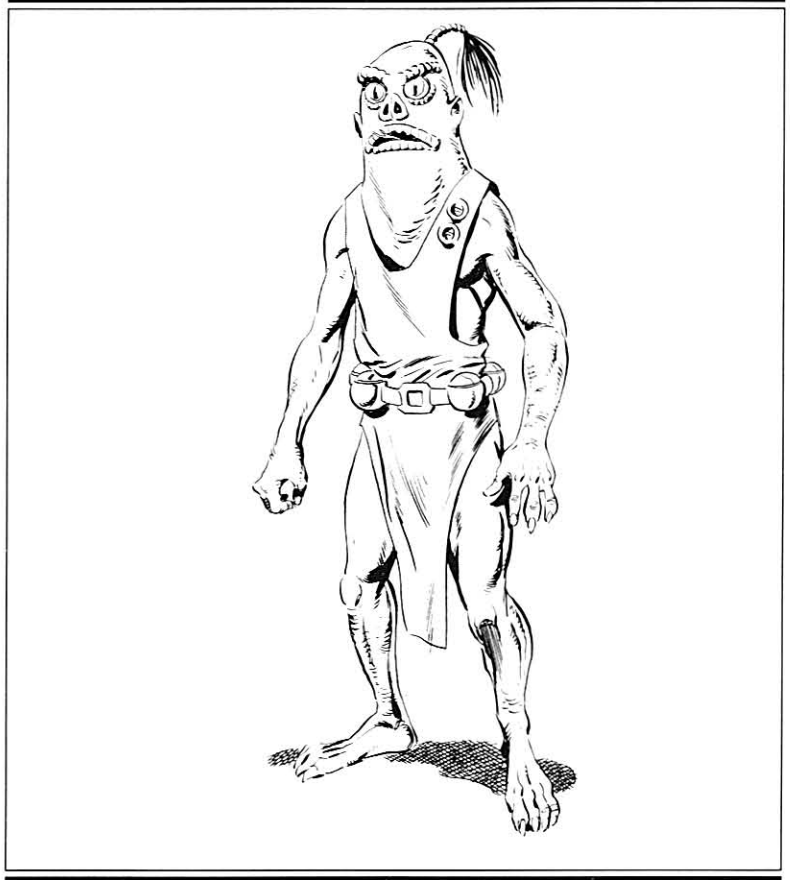
Brubbs

Strong, sturdy, and resilient, Brubbs are bipedal reptiloids standing between 1.5 and 1.7 meters tall. They have pitted, knobby hides that can range from dusty yellow to grayish green, depending upon the dominant color of their surroundings. Their faces are vaguely humanoid, with bony brows, a flat, triangular nose, and a narrow, frowning mouth. Usually, but not always, the males have at least one tuft of coarse black hair growing out of the back of the head.

Brubbs come from Baros, a large world orbiting the blue star Bari. Baros is typical of most human standard planets, save for its unusually large size and heavy gravity (equivalent to 2.9 standard gravities).

Baros is a dry, arid world of dust and rock. Though solar radiation is plentiful, organic nutrients are not, so plant life is sparse and meager. The Brubbs originally evolved as herbivorous lizards feeding upon the planet's most common form of vegetation, the prickly avabush. In order to defend themselves from Cags — particularly vicious, predatory marsupials — the Brubbs developed a dense, tough hide and the ability to change color to match the surrounding rock. This defense mechanism works so well that it is nearly impossible to detect a motionless Brubb in a rocky environment.

Although they have vestigial ears, Brubbs are nearly deaf, as the only thing to hear on Baros is the howling wind. Transparent membranes protect their eyes from blowing sand and dust. In addition, their narrow eye-slits can be completely covered by eyelids every bit as tough as the hide covering the rest of their bodies. The tufts of coarse, black hair growing out of the back of the heads of the males once grew in a stiff, entwining manner and formed sharp spikes affording protection to the back of the head, but have since evolved into simple tufts of hair that are braided and play a significant part in the Brubbs' mating ritual. The Brubb's flat, triangular nose is useful only for respiration. Their sense of smell is con-



finied to the forked tongue that occasionally darts and flickers from between their thin lips.

Early in their evolutionary history, the Brubbs began using their forelimbs to remove the dagger-like needles of the prickly avabush, enabling the Brubbs to reach the tender fruits of the avabush. It did not take long for these limbs to develop into hands, and for the Brubbs to begin using tools. Shortly afterward, they developed full sentient intelligence.

Because of the great biological investment involved in the procreation of intelligent creatures, Brubb females lay only a single egg each

Brubbs

Template Type: Brubb

Height: 1.5 to 1.7 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D **PERCEPTION:** 1D+2
KNOWLEDGE: 1D **STRENGTH:** 3D+1
MECHANICAL: 2D+1 **TECHNICAL:** 1D+2

Roleplaying Hints: Brubbs are social creatures who enjoy good company. Generally, they are loyal to whoever is paying them, but they have been known to betray a master who treats them badly. On their homeworld, they treat visitors as honored guests, and the only demand they make is that the visitor regale them with stories of his exploits off-world.

Quote: "I was almost accepted at the University Haba, you know."

Barosian year (567 standard days). Therefore, a female selects her mate with great care, carefully examining the length and number of his hair braids before inviting him to a fertilization dance.

After the dance, both the male and female remain with the nest to protect the egg. Occasionally, a male will engage in a fertilization dance with more than one female. Of course, this results in some females being forced to protect an egg by themselves. Having to guard an egg alone bears such a stigma of disgrace that it is often considered a legitimate excuse for the deserted female to murder the philandering male.

Most couples elect to make their nest in a *haba* of 10-10,000 couples. These *habas* offer additional protection from Cags, which continue to prey upon Brubbs to this day.

After the egg hatches, the male and female go their separate ways, and the hatchling becomes a ward of the *haba* until he matures. Brubb civilization is centered around the *habas*. All children are considered property of the *haba*, and every adult takes responsibility for rearing each child. When the children mature, they are traded to another *haba* for an equal number of children, thus avoiding the likelihood of inbreeding and also guaranteeing a homogeneous population.

Habas are generally governed by a council of the 10 oldest Brubbs. Because of the stress of "egging," females usually die at a younger age than males, and so most *habas* are in fact governed by males. In many of the larger *habas*, females have organized to protest this form of discrimination, demanding that the composition of the council be changed to the five eldest males and the five eldest females. As yet, however, they have not been able to garner the necessary political clout to enforce their demands.

The latest strategy employed by the females may prove more effective. In the interests of prolonging their lives, an increasing number of females are refusing to egg. Aside from contributing to the tension between the sexes, this strategy is resulting in a decline of hatchlings that threatens to leave the *habas* short of children for trading.

In modern Brubb civilization, each *haba* dedicates itself to a specific function. The largest

number of *habas*, by far, is dedicated to avabush cultivation. These *habas* are usually located in the center of a farm covering up to 100,000 acres of barren ground. The denizens of the *haba* wander the lands of their farm, harvesting the avabush plants. Other *habas* are dedicated to manufacturing, mining, vacation resorts, and so forth.

There is a special sort of *haba* dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge. Unlike normal *habas*, these "universities" do not maintain their populations by trading children. Instead, each of the other *habas* is allowed to propose one candidate for admission to a university *haba*. If, after careful examination, the candidate is deemed worthy of admission, the university accepts him or her as a life-long member. The *haba* that proposed the candidate is then obligated to provide the university with an allowance for the candidate's living expenses for the rest of his or her life. Usually, such allowances are quite generous, for it is a great honor to have a candidate accepted to a university. In return, the candidate is expected to pass on knowledge that might be useful to his home *haba*.

It was through one of these university *habas* that Baros came to the Empire's attention. Postulating that their planet was not the only civilized world in the galaxy, a group of astronomers began beaming coded messages into space. One of these messages was picked up by a cargo freighter and reported to the sector governor, who dispatched a light cruiser to investigate its source.

Although the Brubbs have established a spaceport *haba*, Baros does not see much interstellar traffic. Because of the amount of energy required to escape the planet's gravity well, the Brubbs have not been able to find a commodity of sufficient value to lure traders to their home.

The one exception to this is the Brubbs themselves; because of their strength, which is the product of evolving on a high-gravity world, and their concomitant tenacity, they make excellent guards and mercenaries — even though they are expensive to recruit. The famous underworld figure, Jabba the Hutt, is reputed to have hired several Brubbs to serve as guards aboard his sail barge.

Chadra-Fan

The typical Chadra-Fan is a small, quick-witted creature that looks like an anthropoid rodent with a flat face. Large, flappable ears frame the face, which has two dark, round eyes and a flattened circular nose. The Chadra-Fan's body is roughly a meter tall. Dense, gleaming fur covers it from head to toe, excluding the oversized hands and feet. Chadra-Fan walk erect, but with their long, thick fingers and agile toes, climbing is a natural skill.

Chadra-Fan inhabit Chad, the fourth and only populated planet circling the blue-white star of the same name. Chad's rays warm the planet's surface to an average of 89 standard degrees, though readings as low as 20 and as high as 122 standard degrees have been recorded. The planet has an almost circular orbit which allows the climate to stay fairly uniform with little seasonal change. Water covers three quarters of the planet's surface. Of the remaining fourth, only the narrow mountains might actually be considered dry. Nine small moons cross the planet's vivid turquoise skies. Like conductors in a celestial orchestra, the moons lead a gentle, pulsing system of tides, creating a vast, "breathing" world laced with bayou, marsh, and bog.

The bayou is the Chadra-Fan's habitat. They make themselves at home in the area from the spongy hills of the red gum-tree forests to the endless waterways below towering, long-haired cyperill trees. They are most active at dawn and dusk, riding the waterways in odd methane-powered vehicles or traveling "on foot" by leaping from tree to tree. At midday (and midnight) they sleep in swaying, open-walled, multi-compartmented structures suspended in the branches of the cyperills, high above the water. Structures of a more solid nature are futile. Hurricanes born far out at sea can strike the bayou with little notice.

Chadra-Fan legends tell of at least five "death waves" in their recorded history — great walls of water spawned by quakes in the ocean floor. The



last such wave struck the heart of Chadra-Fan civilization just 10 standard years ago. Much of the primitive civilization was destroyed, and today the remaining Chadra-Fan are working to rebuild their society.

Chadra-Fan have seven senses. Five resemble those of most humanoids: ultraviolet sight, touch, taste, hearing and smell. In addition, they have two other means of interpreting their surroundings: infrared sight and an advanced chemoreceptive smell. The latter two senses, combined with keen hearing, help make the night on Chad come "alive" to a Chadra-Fan.

Chadra-Fan

Template Type: Chadra-Fan

Height: 1 meter

DEXTERITY: 2D+1

KNOWLEDGE: 1D

MECHANICAL: 2D+1

PERCEPTION: 3D

STRENGTH: 1D

TECHNICAL: 2D+1

Roleplaying Hints: Chadra-Fan are earnest in only one thing: the pursuit of pleasure. Otherwise, they tend to be flighty and have short attention spans. They love tinkering with technological items — which usually means taking them apart and putting them back together in strange variations that cause bizarre malfunctions.

Quote: "I don't know what it does — that's the beauty of it!"

The Chadra-Fan nose has four nostrils. The outer pair detects water-soluble odors much as the humanoid nose does. The inner nostrils contain more specialized chemoreceptors.

Chadra-Fan do not have physically overt sexual characteristics; visual stimuli play only a small role in relations between males and females. Instead they communicate by releasing chemical hormones. Some of these hormones are involuntarily released, producing a natural "aura" that Chadra-Fan use to display and distinguish sexual attractiveness, as well as family lineage. Many of these pheromones, however, are released at will to send a message of arousal, repulsion, anger, or fear. The message can be complex — and even confused when voluntary and involuntary messages conflict.

Not surprisingly, smell is of utmost importance to a Chadra-Fan. They can detect a spawning underwater creature up to two meters away (a primitive hunting ability that still proves useful today). They may also detect subtle chemical changes in several other intelligent species. (When a Chadra-Fan says, "You smell good," it is a great compliment.) Combining their infrared sight and hypersensitive sense of smell, Chadra-Fan have an uncanny ability to judge and even predict the true intentions of other races.

To a primitive zoologist, the batlike face of a Chadra-Fan might suggest abilities of echolocation. While the Chadra-Fan's ancestors appear to have had this skill, it is rarely evident among today's population of Chadra-Fan. Most young Chadra-Fan can produce and hear sounds above the frequencies heard by humanoids, but they do not use this ability as a form of echolocation.

Chadra-Fan live together in large clans, so closely related that it is difficult to say where one family begins and another ends. In fact, the Chadra-Fan cannot abide solitude. If left alone for

any length of time, a Chadra-Fan often dies. These creatures rarely travel by themselves, even outside their home system. Self-enforced solitude is often the method a Chadra-Fan uses when he wants to commit suicide.

Children form the center of the Chadra-Fan community; they are adored and cared for by all. A Chadra-Fan child leaves its clan only to marry (a bond which lasts until death). The married pair resides with and bears children for the clan that currently has the fewest infants.

To an untrained ear, Chadra-Fan speech is little more than squeaking. Yet, the language is a complex system, using pitch, rhythm and duration of tone. Keen hearing is a must; tone-deaf Chadra-Fan are essentially deaf-mutes.

The Chadra-Fan's metabolic furnace burns at a rapid rate, and their mental and physical activity levels are correspondingly high. Consequently, they seldom have a sense of satisfaction lasting for any length of time. Each waking hour seems devoted to seeking food, water, or some form of entertainment. "Entertainment" usually means tinkering. Chad is rich in methane fuels, which the Chadra-Fan use to power all manner of strange contraptions (most of them useless). Sleep for the Chadra-Fan — snatched in brief naps at noon and midnight — rarely lasts more than two or three hours.

Chadra-Fan grow to full height in five standard years, reach sexual maturity at 15 standard years, and often live to the ripe old age of approximately 40 standard years. Their high metabolism helps them adapt easily to other environments, provided the atmosphere contains sufficient amounts of methane. The race is basically omnivorous, with one feeding habit of note: methyl alcohol is the drink of choice, as water would be to a humanoid.

Charon

Resembling a biological cross between arachnids and humanoids, Charon are thin, multi-limbed sentients. They have mandiblelike chelicerae on the sides of their small mouths, and they have bulging, slit-pupiled eyes.

The Charon come from a dimension termed "otherspace", a region beyond the confines of this galaxy. The Charon's homeworld (name unknown) orbits an unknown star that is slowly being dragged into a huge black hole.

Beyond this small piece of information, the nature of the Charon's home planet remains a mystery. Being close to a black hole, however, the planet is probably a cold, dark place, for the gravity of black holes is so great that even light is pulled into them.

Like true arachnids, Charon can spin sticky silk strands and form webs that serve to trap victims and to provide latticework structures that allow the Charon to climb from place to place. Charon are divided into at least two classes. The two most important of these classes are bioscientists and warriors. Bioscientists are more intelligent and fervent than warriors, who tend to be aggressive and single-minded. It is the bioscientists who keep Charon technology running. This technology is based on biology rather than mechanics, which never developed on the Charon homeworld. Bioscientists use their extensive knowledge to create motile, thinking biological constructs which lack the blasphemous free will and variability of true lifeforms.

The black hole has certainly affected the culture of the Charon. In the face of the imminent destruction of their entire planetary system, a death cult has risen to explain the apparent futility of existence. Basically, the premise of the death cult is this: the Void is the way of the universe. Eventually, everything will return to it. However, life seeks to triumph over the Void, refusing to acknowledge its primacy.



The followers of the Charon death cult believe it is their responsibility to help life along on the unavoidable journey to the Void. Since this is the only purpose Charon can see in the seeming irony of their existence, the death cult is very popular with them. Both warriors and bioscientists employ their skills solely in the service of delivering life to the void.

Ironically, shortly after the death cult became influential on the Charon's homeworld, they developed a stardrive. Instead of utilizing the

Charon

Template Type: Charon bioscientist

Height: 2.1 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 4D

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 4D

STRENGTH: 2D

TECHNICAL: 4D

Template Type: Charon Warrior

Height: 2.3 meters

DEXTERITY: 4D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 4D

STRENGTH: 4D

TECHNICAL: 2D

Roleplaying Hints: All (surviving) Charon believe unfettered life is a blasphemy. They plan to send all life, including themselves, to the Void. Bioscientists are slightly more curious (in a sadistic way) than warriors, who are merely murderous.

Quote: "The Void is all, and all shall be with the Void."

drive to escape their doomed world, however, Charon death worshipers destroyed their home planet and all non-believers in the futility of life. They then used the stardrive to travel into deep space. According to the tales, the Charon spread throughout their galaxy and eradicated life wherever they found it. Luckily for our galaxy, the Charon possess neither hyperdrive capability or the capability to leave their galaxy and come to realspace. If they ever did develop such abilities, then more than a civil war would be raging through our galaxy.

Note: *I must admit to never having seen a Charon in person, and this is speculation and*

rumor at best. The above report was obtained from a drunken trader in a run-down cantina on Duron. (I have put in a chit for reimbursement for the bribe and the cost of the drinks.) Having such a dubious origin, the report may be spurious in any of its details. In fact, the entire report may very well be fictitious. However, the looks in the eyes of the companions of the drunken trader led me to believe that he was revealing something better left unrevealed. And since those companions (descriptions to follow under separate cover) had the air of being sympathizers of the Rebel Alliance, my curiosity and Imperial zeal became further piqued. Consequently, I decided to include the report on the Charon and let you decide its truth and worth.

— Obo Rin

Columi

The Columi are craniopoids, highly evolved bipeds with huge cranial cavities. Typically, Columi are 1.75 meters tall, carrying at least a third of this height in their hairless, noseless heads. They have immense black eyes that lack eyelids. Throbbing, worm-like veins line their temples. Columi are puny, with vestigial arms and legs no longer capable of supporting the weight of the rest of their bodies. These vestigial limbs end in atrophied hands and feet that are no more than useless lumps of flesh.

The homeworld of the Columi is Columus, a small human standard world. With a solid core composed mostly of sodium, magnesium and aluminum, Columus's density is only slightly greater than that of the standard gas planet. The planet is geologically stable; there are no mountain ranges, rifts, or depression basins on its surface. In addition, like many low-gravity planets, Columus has a relatively low atmospheric pressure.

The net result is that Columus is a flat, muddy planet with weak winds of insignificant erosional force. Without erosion to wear away the rock, Columus has developed only a shallow soil layer. Water tends to sink into this shallow layer and penetrate no farther, because the bedrock beneath the soil has few cracks in its almost monolithic structure. Therefore, plant roots penetrate no farther than one meter of soil. Despite this limitation of soil depth, the flora of Columus developed into as many varieties as on human standard worlds with greater depths of soil. The larger plants and trees, instead of driving deeply anchored root systems, sent their roots horizontally through the soil, often covering wide areas and providing a solid support structure.

Like most other animals on Columus, the Columi evolved to make the best use of this muddy world. Their ancestors were herbivorous lizards that, with the aid of a rather buoyant belly, crawled through the marsh on four webbed feet. Soon, the lizards developed the ability to stand on their hind legs in order to pull fruit and leaves



out of the trees. The next evolutionary step of the Columi, which followed only a few thousand years after their learning to walk semi-erect, was the laying of their eggs in the trees. Following that development, the Columi, to better "roost" and protect their eggs, began living almost entirely in the trees, developing hands in place of claws and evolving a prehensile tail in place of the heavy, balancing caudal appendage that they had dragged around as quadrupeds.

It was only a matter of centuries before they learned to use tools. After that, they began a rapid series of evolutionary developments, becoming in the process an increasingly intelligent species. Eventually, they learned to mine metals

Columi

Template Type: Columi

Height: 1.75 meters

DEXTERITY: —

KNOWLEDGE: 6D

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 5D

STRENGTH: —

TECHNICAL: 5D

Roleplaying Hints: The Columi have nearly evolved out of their bodies. The concept of physical labor is repulsive to them. They look down on all other species as being inferior beings. Columi are secretly terrified of the feral natures of primitive species, and will do anything to avoid a physical confrontation.

Quote: "Your chance of survival is — wait a minute, I'd like payment in advance."

and other raw materials from the bedrock. And they started building cities supported on great pylons and, therefore, above and out of the ubiquitous mud. Shortly afterwards, the Columi began walking completely upright and lost their tails.

Over the next few thousand years, Columi technology advanced as rapidly as had their evolution. They were one of the first races to develop interstellar travel. They sent scouts out to explore the far corners of the galaxy.

What the Columi found was terribly disappointing to their hopes of finding a species with which they could share the galaxy. Because the Columi were one of the earliest races to develop a complex civilization, they found nothing but barbarians (or barbarian precursors) on the planets they visited. In addition, the Columi, who had never been a hardy race, found the gravity on standard worlds prohibitive. They gave up interstellar travel and remained on their home planet, content to improve, in isolation, their society and their bodies.

The Columi spent the next millennia devoting themselves to meditation, science, and an attempt to increase the powers of their minds. Eventually, the species evolved into the Columi of the present day, highly specialized organisms in which the brain is 10 times larger than any other organ in their body. Their brains now have four cerebrums and over a hundred lobes (each dedicated to an independent function). It is not unusual for Columi children to have several additional lobes, or even a fifth cerebrum.

However, they have paid a high price for their evolutionary advancement. First of all, the bodies of the Columi have deteriorated to the point of uselessness. At present, their arms and legs are boneless appendages that cannot support their own weight — even in the low gravity of Columus. Their bodies function merely as repositories for their lungs, hearts, and other indispensable organs. The evolutionary trend is that

these vital organs are drawing up into the cranial cavity.

In fact, the only organs (aside from their brains) which are becoming more, instead of less, important are their eyes. The eyes serve as the only contact between the Columi's highly evolved brain and their world. Therefore, these organs have become much more than photoreceptors. In addition to seeing all wavelengths in the electromagnetic spectrum, the Columi can "hear" through their eyes by detecting and analyzing the frequency of sound waves. This ability also extends into radio frequencies. However, the eyes do not compensate completely for the lack of other organs. Columi have no sense of taste or smell, and only a vague sense of touch.

Columi technology is so advanced that they no longer require the use of their hands or legs. All physical work is done by machines. Columi communicate with their machines via radio wave transmission, which they generate in their brains and focus through their eyes. In a very real sense, Columi have substituted the infinite variability of technology for the limits of their bodies.

This mechanistic development has impacted upon Columi society in several ways. First, without physically useful bodies, they have lost many of their physical instincts. Columi no longer have any predisposition toward aggression, locomotion, or physical contact. Even reproduction has become a technological process.

Unfortunately for the Columi, their isolation did not continue forever. Eventually other races developed civilization, technology, and finally interstellar travel. The day came when an Imperial scout landed on Columus and, of course, determined that the peaceful and immobile Columi could be of value to the Empire.

The Columi moved into galactic society by placing their considerable intellects at the disposal of anybody who needs an advisor or soothsayer — people such as planetary rulers, generals, desperate criminals, and so forth.

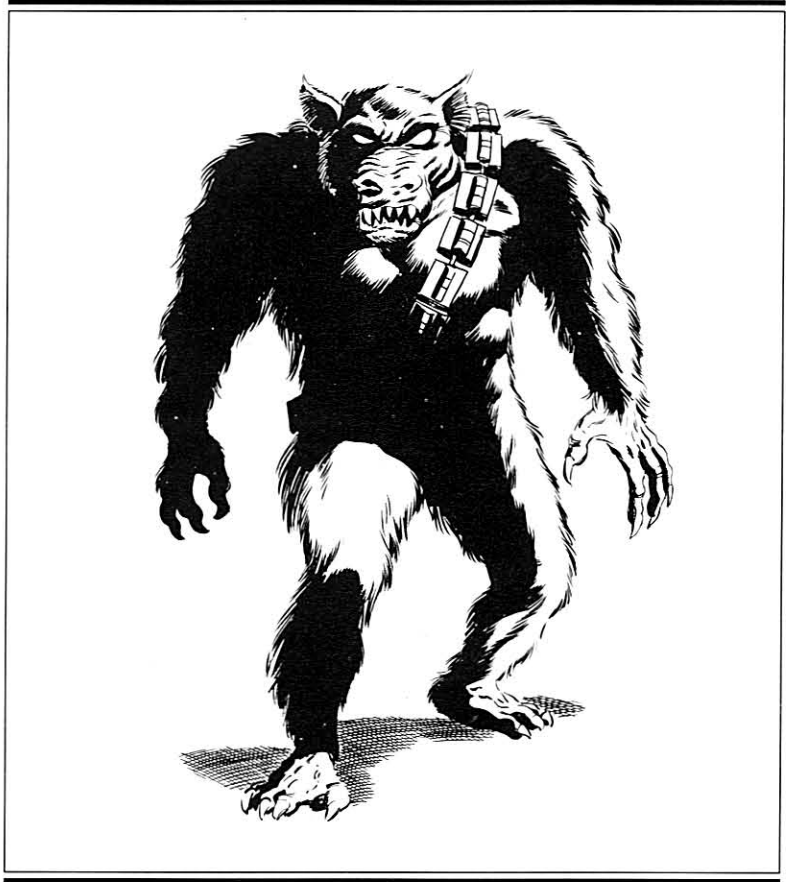
Defel

Defel, sometimes referred to as “Wraiths,” appear to be nothing more than bipedal shadows with reddish eyes and long white fangs. In ultraviolet light, however, it becomes clear that Defel possess stocky, furred bodies ranging in color from brilliant yellow to crystalline azure. They have long, triple-jointed fingers ending in vicious, yellow claws; protruding, lime-green snouts; and orange, gill-like slits at the base of their jawlines. Defel stand 1.3 meters in height, and average 1.2 meters in width at the shoulder.

The Defel inhabit Af’El. This large, dense world orbits the ultraviolet supergiant Ka’Dedus, which burns so hot that most of its light is not normally visible. Af’El is a large, human standard planet with a high gravity. Because of the unusual chemistry associated with its thick atmosphere, Af’El has no ozone layer and ultraviolet light passes freely to the surface of the planet. However, the other gases in the atmosphere block out the non-ultraviolet light that Ka’Dedus does emit, so the only light that reaches Af’El is ultraviolet.

Therefore, life on Af’El responds visually only to light in the ultraviolet range. Thus, the Defel, like all animals on their planet, are completely blind to any other wavelengths. An interesting side effect of this adaptation is that Defel simply absorb other wavelengths of light, giving the Defel the appearance of shadows. This is a biological adaptation allowing the Defel to hide from a now extinct predator that produced light in the ranges below ultraviolet in order to locate prey.

Defel live in well-maintained, underground cities, because the ravages of terrible storms spawned by Af’El’s thick atmosphere preclude surface dwelling at the Defels’ level of technology. Defel are excellent miners and metallurgists, but due to Af’El’s climate, have never developed agriculture.



Because of the tremendous escape velocity needed to lift off from Af’El, the planet is seldom visited. However, Af’El is the only known source of naturally occurring Meleenium. So, Vulca Minerals, a mining corporation, does send a freighter to the planet once each standard year.

Defel

Template Type: Defel

Height: 1.3 meters

DEXTERITY: 3D

KNOWLEDGE: 1D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D

STRENGTH: 4D

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Defel are tough, independent beings who stand by their word. A Defel that makes a promise will do everything it can to keep that promise. On the other hand, they will not have anything to do with a being that has broken a promise to them.

Quote: “Do I have your word on that?”

Devaronian

Devaronian are humanoid, mammalian bipeds that average 1.8 meters in height. The males of the species have a pair of dark horns on their heads, are completely hairless, and have red-tinted skin. Females are covered with a mat of thick fur ranging in color from white to brown, do not have horns, and are larger than the males. The teeth of the males are all incisors, but females also have molars and prominent canines.

The Devaronian inhabit the temperate world of Devaron, a world covered by low mountain ranges, deep valleys, and shallow lakes. The planet is laced by almost a million navigable rivers, but lacks any true oceans or seas.

Life on Devaron evolved in its many shallow lakes and rivers. The Devaronian themselves are descended from a species of horned, mountain-dwelling primates, which evolved from horned reptiles, which were in turn evolved from a species of amphibians that used their horns as a defensive weapon against birds of prey. It is unclear why Devaronian males have retained these horns through so many evolutionary stages, though it may be related to their mating habits. Males of the species are inordinately proud of their enzymatic growths of dead cells, the horns, taking great care to wax and polish them.

Devaronian females prefer life in the mountains, where they live in comfortable homes and raise their young in large villages. These villages are the industrial centers of Devaron; consequently, females are the ones who work in the mines, factories, foundries, etc. Devaronian Males, however, suffer from wanderlust, and are drawn to the planet's myriad rivers as boatmen, merchants, fishermen, or as any sort of itinerant laborer. The nearly constant separation of male and female seems to be an adaptation to the basic incompatibility of the Devaronian sexes. Generally, females are overbearing bullies, while males are usually irresponsible vagrants.

Given the wanderlust of Devaronian males, it



only seems natural they were one of the first races to develop star drives. Since then, they have become adept galactic traders and explorers. You can find the male Devaronian in spaceports and aboard freighters the galaxy over. Once a Devaronian leaves his planet for the stars, he rarely — if ever — returns. Instead, he takes pleasure traveling from system to system, meeting new people and learning new things.

Devaronian

Template Type: Devaronian

Height: 1.8 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 3D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D+2

STRENGTH: 2D+1

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Devaronian males tend to be henpecked and badgered, Devaronian females demanding and pushy. Is it any wonder that Devaronian males are always ready to begin a journey and never ready to let it end?

Quote: "It can't be time to go home. We've just left 15 years ago!"

Duinuogwuin (Star Dragons)

“Star Dragons,” or Duinuogwuin, are huge, snake-like multipeeds with gossamer wings. The average size of a Star Dragon is 10 meters, but legends persist of some over 100 meters in length. They are covered with large, enzymatic scales that give the Dragons a reptilian appearance. Yet, their floppy, external ears are distinctly mammalian; their sharply keeled sternums and over-developed pectoral muscles are avian; and their segmented bodies are arthropodal.

On the average, Duinuogwuin have one pair of legs for every one-meter segment of body, and their diaphanous wings are attached to the upper portion of the body segments. The wing spread of Dragons is usually one and half times their length. Duinuogwuin hold erect the body segment closest to their head, and the legs on this segment have evolved for use as arms and hands.

The scales on a Star Dragon’s face are so fine that they resemble pebbly skin. The irises of a Star Dragon’s eyes sparkle as though covered with glitter, while the shapes of the pupils of the eyes are irregular and vary according to a Dragon’s moods.

The body scales of the Duinuogwuin are basically gray in color, but this coloration varies greatly within that tone, from dirty white to silver to pale blue or even to black. The skin and scale coloration of a Duinuogwuin is constant and never varies. A dragon born silver remains silver throughout its life.

Dragons are so ancient a species that nobody knows the location of their homeworld, except possibly, the Duinuogwuin themselves — but if this is the case, they are not about to reveal that information. However, they have adapted to environments on a great variety of worlds and are often encountered where one least expects to find them. There are documented reports of Star Dragons inhabiting the dark, humid world of Barab I, the steaming, ammonia-filled jungles of Cona, and the vast pylon cities of Columus. There are even recorded and verified cases in which



Star Dragons have been encountered flying through deep space, millions of kilometers from the closest planet and without apparent protection from the vacuum of that environment (hence the name Star Dragons).

Unfortunately, no Dragon has ever been dissected. They have steadfastly declined invitations to donate their bodies to science. Also, they refuse medical treatment for even the gravest of injuries, and forbid any close study of their anatomy. For several reasons, efforts to obtain deceased Dragon bodies through other channels have met with failure.

The Duinuogwuin rarely die in public, preferring

Duinuogwuin (Star Dragons)

Template Type: Duinuogwuin (Star Dragon)

Size: 10 to 110 meters in length

DEXTERITY: 3D	PERCEPTION: 3D
KNOWLEDGE: 4D	STRENGTH: 5D
MECHANICAL: 1D	TECHNICAL: 2D

Roleplaying Hints: The Duinuogwuin are a sad and noble species given to championing lost causes. They invariably provide what aid they can to player characters pursuing wor-

thy and difficult goals. Star Dragons are secretive about their past and the nature of their existence, and they treat inquiries into their natures with polite indifference at best. Due to the cosmic nature of their contemplations, many Duinuogwuin tend to be absent-minded and preoccupied. Duinuogwuin have a tendency toward the Force.

Quote: “What you ask is impossible. When do we begin?”

to go to an uncharted planet they refer to as the "Graveyard of the Dragons." (Even if a sentientologist knew the location of this planet — an event with a high degree of improbability — it would be suicidal to violate the Duinuogwuin's wishes and invade that final resting place of their species without a full Imperial fleet as backup.) Attempts to capture or kill Star Dragons without destroying them always end in failure or death for the hunter.

However, it is possible to offer some conjecture about their physiological nature. It can be easily noted that with the segmented bodies and gossamer wings of insects, the scales of reptiles, and the ears of mammals, Star Dragons are evolutionary hodgepodes. Instead of evolving into new types of creatures in answer to the demands of changing environments, they have remained essentially the same throughout their evolutionary development, adding adaptations as the need arose to acquire new traits. In other words, instead of *evolving* to meet environmental demands, as most creatures do, Star Dragons have *accreted* toward a desired state of physical perfection — perhaps the one they have already reached, and perhaps not.

One of their most interesting adaptations is the Star Dragons' ability to fly. On any world except a world with extremely low gravity, it would prove impossible for the delicate wings of the Duinuogwuin to take the strain of lifting their huge bodies into the skies against the pull of gravity. Therefore, it seems likely that their bodies conceal some organ that functions as a repulsorlift mechanism. Despite the difficulty of visualizing how such an organ might function, there is no other explanation for their being able to safely traverse the void of space — where there is no air for their wings to beat and where any internal "gas bag" containment of lighter-than-air gases would surely burst in the vacuum.

No other trait better illustrates the adaptability of Star Dragons than their ability to fly through space. In order to brave the vacuum without protective equipment, they cannot be coldblooded, as their reptilian appearance suggests that they are, because the cold of deep space would certainly freeze them. On the other hand, it is possible that their scales are photosensitive and produce the energy needed to warm their bodies in extreme situations, and the energy to cool their bodies when that need arises. Star Dragons must also be capable of recycling or producing oxygen and water, as well as hermetically sealing their bodies against the loss of these necessities of life while in vacuum. This would explain their great adaptability, because physiologically self-sufficient creatures need hardly worry about any unpleasantness a planet's environment might present.

On occasion, Star Dragons have also been observed to exhale superheated gases capable of scorching or melting anything short of plastisteel. The ability to generate such heat suggests the Duinuogwuin have a highly unusual method of generating immense amounts of energy — but, of course, this should come as no surprise considering everything else they can do. As a matter of pure speculation, some sort of organic cold fusion process would account for this ability and for many other of the abilities unique to the Duinuogwuin. Cold fusion in a biological entity is not as unlikely as it sounds. All it would require is the ability to turn ordinary hydrogen into deuterium, and some sort of gizzard made from pure palladium.

The societal behavior of the Duinuogwuin is as mysterious as their physiology. One thing seems clear, however; they have a deep-rooted (if misplaced) sense of morality.

That fact may also suggest that they have a genetic predisposition for utilizing the Force. Modern Duinuogwuin deny the existence of such a predisposition, claiming that if it ever existed, it died out long ago.

Another curious aspect of Star Dragon behavior is their self-imposed isolation from their own species. Although Star Dragons are gregarious creatures who enjoy living with other races, they make a point of never living within a sector occupied by another Dragon. This is certainly not because they dislike each other. On the rare occasions when two or more Star Dragons have been encountered together, they have enjoyed one another's company immensely.

Rather, the exile may have something to do with an unfortunate genetic flaw (so, perhaps they have not yet reached perfection in their development). When two Star Dragons mate, the chance is great that the offspring will be unintelligent. Such children become ravaging monsters that the parents themselves are, by their moral sense, obligated to destroy. (The Krayt Dragons of Tatooine may be an offshoot of an unfortunate accumulation of unintelligent Duinuogwuin offspring.) Given the alternatives of a self-imposed hermitage or of being forced to hunt one's offspring, it is not surprising that the Star Dragons have chosen to avoid each other.

This assumed genetic flaw may also hide the reason why so many Star Dragons become scientists and invariably specialize in research into the Unified Matter/Energy Theory. If the hypothesis concerning organic cold fusion is anywhere near the truth, it seems likely that the cure for the Duinuogwuin's hereditary infirmity may lie in the realm of nuclear physics rather than in the biological genetics.

Duros

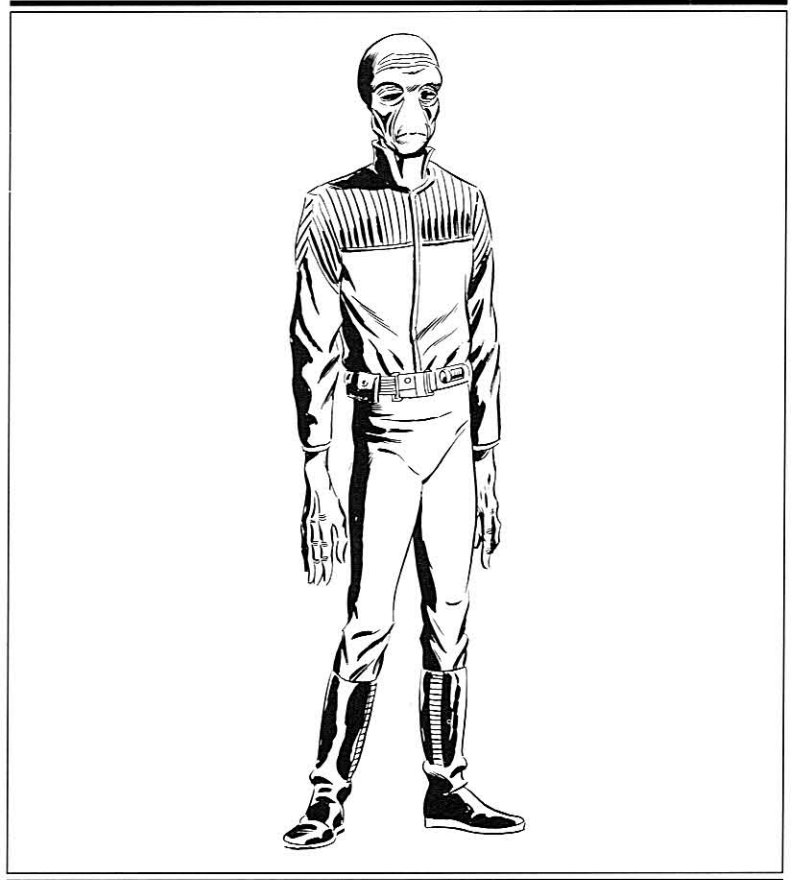
Tall, thin aliens with large eyes, a slit mouth, and no nose, the Duros hail from the Duro star system. The Duros people have long been traveling the space lanes. Setting out from their planet relatively early in the galactic scheme of things, the Duros quickly established a series of space stations and docking ports all through their star system. Soon those stations became cities in space, with Duros living equally well both on the planet and in the orbiting stations. It wasn't long before they developed hyperdrive and began exploring the galaxy.

Meeting other early star traveling races such as the Corellians, the Duros began trade routes that are still in use today. While other races build better ships, few can boast of more capable pilots and navigators than those produced throughout the space cities of Duro.

Visiting the Duro star system, tourists and business people rarely ever go planetside. Most find what they are looking for in the dozens of orbiting stations, space docks, and shipyards. The main commerce of the Duros remains shipping and exploration. Under Imperial contract, the Duros construct huge cargo carriers to haul trade goods and supplies between Imperial worlds. Under Imperial law, however, these cargo ships can carry no armament. Instead, they must rely upon the Imperial fleet and planetary patrols for protection from pirates and smugglers.

In addition, whenever new routes need to be opened, faster lanes developed, and unexplored space needs to be charted, companies from Duro are usually called to handle it. They have a reckless nature when it comes to space travel, and sometimes this recklessness is needed to try something new.

As with any spacefaring people, the Duros build their own ships. They use orbiting shipyards and employ people from all over the galaxy to build their giant cargo carriers and system defense craft. They are prohibited from constructing any hyperdrive-capable ships with armaments, however.



Today Duros can be found piloting everything from small freighters to giant cargo carriers, as well as serving other shipboard functions on private ships throughout the galaxy. While the planetary government has not made any formal break with the Empire, or has even shown signs that such a break is being considered, the Empire has nonetheless set up "observation posts" both on the planet and in orbit around a few of the larger space docks. This has been done to discourage any possible dealings with those enemies of the Empire that are seeking able bodied pilots and ships.

Duros

Template Type: Duros

Height: 1.8 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D

PERCEPTION: 1D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+1

STRENGTH: 2D

MECHANICAL: 3D

TECHNICAL: 2D

Roleplaying Hints: The Duros are a brave, sometimes rash, people who love space travel.

They are usually encountered in spaceport cantinas, telling stories of their travels to any who will listen. A few have begun to get involved with the Rebellion, but most have remained openly neutral to the whole civil war affair.

Quote: "I made the Kessel Run even faster than that!"

Flakax

Data pads used as guides to intragalactic travel often contain a warning concerning the Flakax and a description of them similar to the following: If you see a solitary Flakax, beware. A physical description of the dangerous creatures include the following: Humanoid-sized biped; black insectoid body with distinct head, thorax, and abdomen; two arms with three-fingered pincers; compound eyes; four mandibles; small beak utilized for piercing and sucking; the abdomen of the creature may glow or give off flashes of light.

The Flakax sound harmless enough, and, generally, they are — in groups of 100 or more. In large numbers Flakax pose a danger only to those who seriously threaten them. But a solitary Flakax is completely unnatural, and its actions are inevitably unpredictable.

Flakax owe their name to their native planet, Flax, in the Ptera system. The planet's highly active plate tectonics has created a multi-faceted topography, which includes mountains of staggering proportions and vast plateaus. Seas cover half of the planet's surface. About a third of the land receives almost none of the moisture that evaporates from those seas into the atmosphere, however, and is covered with desert. The Flakax live in the sand of the deserts.

Flakax live in huge colonies beneath the dunes. In centuries past, the Flakax survived by leaving the hivelike colonies at dusk to hunt. Today, they work for Imperial companies, harvesting steam and minerals from the bedrock below their home. This, too, is a matter of survival. Flakax lands are now owned by the Empire. If the Flakax did not mine them, the Empire would rightfully drive them out in order to more profitably exploit the natural resources.

Flakax do not seem to resent this new arrangement. They are, and have always been, a race of dronelike creatures devoted solely to a sense of duty owed to the hive. They show no emotion — no fear, no joy, no hate, no love. They are the perfect Imperial work force.

Females are rare and in command of the society; one, and only one, female rules each commu-



nity and produces all of its young. The sole job of the males is to aid in reproduction. Once the males have performed this function to the "queen" Flakax's satisfaction, she eats them.

Despite their narrow and colorless life on Flak, most Flakax will never leave home. Like many insectoids with a rigid social order, their physical and emotional well-being depends on remaining in the colony. Individuals who "escape" — usually males scheduled for extinction — tend to become psychopaths or dysfunctional idiots. Therefore, it is this solitary escapee from hive society that is the dangerous creature mentioned and warned against in galactic travel guides.

Flakax

Template Type: Flakax

Height: 2.3 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 2D

STRENGTH: 2D

TECHNICAL: 1D+1

Roleplaying Hints: Flakax have no emotions as most races know them. They are completely amoral and pragmatic. In their native colonies, they pose little threat to visitors. When encountered alone, however, they are invariably insane, usually dangerously so.

Quote: "I serve the hive. The hive serves the Empire."

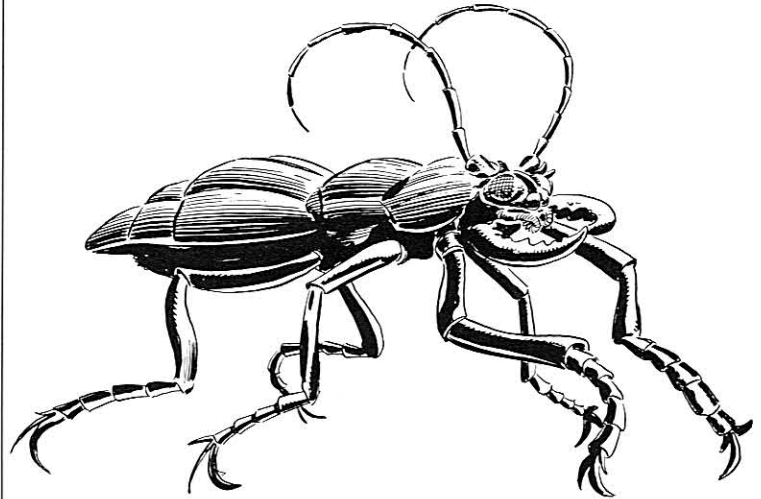
Fefze

The Fefze are meter-high arthropods that resemble beetles. Their bodies are divided into three distinct sections: head, thorax, and abdomen. A chitinous, black carapace covers the backside of the thorax and the abdomen. The carapace is split lengthwise along its middle and attached to the upper thorax by strong tendons and muscles. Fefze have two compound eyes, one on either side of the head, with antennae extending from the brows. Two mandibles protrude from beneath the oral openings.

Fefze come from Fef, a moderately large human standard planet orbiting an orange-yellow star also named Fef. The gravity on the planet Fef is .95 standard, and it has a slow period of rotation (52 standard hours). The planet has a thick atmosphere that is rich in hydrogen, oxygen and carbon. This atmosphere traps and holds thermal radiation from the star Fef, raising the planet's temperature to a "balmy" 104 standard degrees. Given the high temperature and the abundance of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, it is not surprising that Fef is a hotbed of organic chemistry.

On Fef, life is either rapidly growing, or it is rotting away even more rapidly. A typical tree grows half a meter during a standard month, eventually reaching a height of 120 meters or more. When that same tree dies, a mere 25 or 30 standard years later, it decomposes to mulch in just a few standard weeks.

Fefze evolved to take full advantage of the rapid life cycles on the planet. They can digest any form of carbon-based organic matter. Before eating, they cover their prospective food with a powerful enzymatic acid that frees all carbohydrates present in the food. The Fefze then lap up the resulting paste and assimilate the carbohydrates. Food material other than the carbohydrates is converted into a protein-rich paste that many other species find nourishing. This is apparently an elaborate defense mechanism on the part of the Fefze. When attacked by a hungry predator, the Fefze simply secrete this protein gruel and flee. The predator is then faced with a choice: stop and eat the gruel, or continue pursu-



ing its prey. More often than not, the predator takes the sure meal.

The two antennae above the Fefzes' eyes serve a triple purpose. Extremely sensitive to vibrations, the antennae are similar in function to the tympanic membranes in the auditory organs of many species, relaying sound waves to the brain for interpretation. The antennae also collect and analyze molecules from the air, providing the Fefze with a primitive sense of smell. Finally, the Fefze communicate via a seemingly abstract auditory code produced by rubbing and clicking the antennae in intricate combinations.

The black carapace is a complicated defensive mechanism. Composed of hard, enzymatic pro-

Fefze

Template Type: Fefze

Height: 1 meter

DEXTERITY: 1D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 3D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 3D

STRENGTH: 2D+1

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Fefze are completely devoted to their swarms. They believe that as long as the swarm survives, they themselves will never truly die. Very much aware that other races look down upon them as migrant workers, Fefze are defensive, cliquish, and petty where money is concerned.

Quote: "It'll cost extra."

teins, it is an effective shield against teeth and claws. (Fefze carapaces have been known to deflect blaster bolts.) When caught by a predator, the Fefze pull their heads and legs beneath the carapace. The predator must then roll its prey over to reach a vulnerable spot. At this point, the powerful digestive acid of the Fefze becomes a weapon. The attacked Fefze spits the acid into the predator's face, either blinding or stunning his would-be devourer.

While the predator is occupied with the damage done by the acid, Fefze right themselves and flee. Usually, they simply scurry away. However, if the situation seems especially dangerous to them, they fly. The two carapace halves on their backs can be opened and flapped in a figure-eight motion, lifting the Fefze off the ground and carrying them up to 200 meters. This mode of flight is hardly ideal. After landing, the Fefze are so exhausted by the massive amounts of energy used during the short flight that they must rest for at least a minute before doing anything else.

Despite their defensive mechanisms and incredibly adaptive digestive systems, Fefze live only approximately 10 standard years. Such short life spans may inhibit the assimilation of experience needed to develop a sophisticated sentience. The Fefze have overcome this problem by evolving an intelligence that is separate from and not dependent on their short-lived bodies and that utilizes as a database the accumulated experiences of all individuals within a hive.

The Fefze are one of the rare species with true hive intelligence. Studied individually, they are no smarter than the average insect found on a million worlds — they know how to eat, reproduce, and more or less how to avoid danger. But studied as “swarms” (groups of 10 to 100), Fefze are as shrewd and adept at abstract thought as any normally intelligent species.

Fefze swarms are difficult things to comprehend. A swarm invariably begins as a group of hatchlings from a single egg globule, although the eggs within the globule usually come from a variety of mothers. The hatchlings mature together, playing and feeding as a group. During this time they develop the ability to perceive each others' moods, desires, and thoughts through a combination of body posture, antennae rubbing, body scents, and sounds. By the

time they reach adulthood (in half a standard year), the hatchlings lose their individual identities and operate with one mind — a mind that has access to the thoughts and experiences of each swarm member.

Individual Fefze function in much the same way cells function in brains. Each individual is given, or takes on, the responsibility for storing certain memories or performing specific mental functions. When the swarm requires that information, it is retrieved from the Fefze possessing it.

If that was all there is to swarms, they would not be difficult to understand. However, swarms live for hundreds — sometimes even thousands — of standard years. This is possible because the swarm survives independently of any individual member. After a swarm forms, one of its highest priorities becomes recruiting additional hatchlings in order to prolong its life and spread its mind base.

This is usually accomplished through a “swarm dance.” Swarm dances are ritualistic, joyous gatherings in which swarms meet for the purposes of propagation. Males from each swarm fertilize the eggs of females from other swarms. Each swarm then creates its own globule of protein paste. Two thirds of the females lay their single eggs in the globule belonging to their own swarm. These globules are taken to the home territory of the hive for hatching.

The two swarms then work together to create a third globule belonging to neither of them. One third of the females from both swarms lay their eggs in this globule. This globule is abandoned in the hope that it will mature into a new swarm. In this manner, both swarms create new members to perpetuate themselves, and the race is perpetuated through the formation of the new swarms.

The lack of true hands has prevented the Fefze from developing an advanced, physical technology of their own. However, after the Fefze were discovered by the New Horizons Development Corporation, lack of technology has not stopped the Fefze from spreading to every corner of the galaxy. Because they can turn any type of organic, carbon-based matter into nourishing food for other races, companies such as New Horizons often strike favorable deals with the Fefze in order to recruit them as colonizers and food producers.

Givin

Givin appear to be the animated skeletons of a humanoid race. Unlike most vertebrates, they carry their bone-white skeletons on the exterior of their bodies. Their large, triangular eye sockets dominate their faces, giving them perpetually sad, anguished expressions. A small, frowning mouth only adds to this impression. Though the Givin are generally humanoid in shape, they are rather thin and tubular, with oddly working body joints that make it necessary for them to carry their arms and legs away from their bodies in a fashion more common to reptiles than mammals.

The Givin inhabit the small, dense world of Yag'Dhul. Yag'Dhul has three large moons which orbit each other around a common center of gravity. At the same time, the three moons circle Yag'Dhul — or, more accurately, because the mass of all three moons is roughly equivalent to 70 percent of Yag'Dhul's mass, the planet and the three moon system orbit each other around a second common center of gravity, much as the moons orbit each other. This pattern seems crazy and erratic because each individual moon and the planet itself influences the orbital path of each of the other bodies in this complicated arrangement. Consequently, Yag'Dhul suffers the severest tidal effects known in the galaxy — even its atmosphere is pulled from one side of the planet to another.

In addition, Yag'Dhul's rotation is retrograde (backwards) with a period of 175 standard hours. It takes Yag'Dhul and the moons only 53 standard hours to orbit each other. So, Yag'Dhul's month is 122 standard hours shorter than its day as expressed in standard hours, and the planet spins in the direction opposite the orbit of the moons. The result is that Yag'Dhul's oceans and atmosphere flow from one side of the planet to the other in a pattern predictable only through the application of advanced mathematics.

To understand the evolution of the Givin and their world, it is necessary to fully appreciate the effect of the planet's enormous, unpredictable tides. A being might be standing next to a serene pond, gazing contemplatively at floating flowers



and frolicking water mammals. An hour later, the lake might be rushing past under the tremendous pull of Yag'Dhul's three moons, carrying with it the flowers, the frolicking mammals — and even the surrounding air. Within two hours, all that will remain of the lake is a frozen plain exposed directly to the vacuum of space.

Life on Yag'Dhul has adopted two basic survival strategies to deal with the unpredictable environment. The first method is to remain mobile, so that when the water and the air rush to the other side of the planet, the organism is carried along. The advantages of this are obvious, because under these conditions, the organism is never exposed to the harsh conditions of

Givin

Template Type: Givin

Height: 1.75 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 2D+1

MECHANICAL: 2D+2

PERCEPTION: 1D

STRENGTH: 1D+1

TECHNICAL: 3D

Roleplaying Hints: The Givin deal in a world of precise thought and measurement. They view species that have subjective outlooks as lazy and slovenly. Givin will go to great lengths to avoid the sight of exposed flesh.

Quote: "Greetings. In the equation $A = (\pi/1012 \times 16,072)(RxR)(E\infty)^2$, can you tell me what the value of A is?"

a vacuum. On the other hand, due to the unpredictability of the tides, it becomes difficult to establish regular cycles for breeding, feeding, photosynthetic activity, etc. In addition, the tides may carry the organism to the frigid polar regions one day, then to the sultry equatorial areas the next — and surviving rapid changes between such extremes presents its own challenges.

The other survival strategy is for the organism or being to seal itself against the vacuum. This is the strategy employed by the evolutionary ancestors of the Givin. Their exoskeleton is actually an organic vacuum suit composed of impermeable bone plates linked together by flexible membranes (also impermeable). Each bodily orifice on a Givin can be sealed by similarly impermeable membranes. While inside their skeletons, Givin have no need for respiration. They derive all the energy they require from burning stored fats.

This solution has not solved all of the Givins' problems, however. As the Givin have become more complex physiologically, their energy requirements have increased, and it has become more hazardous to simply wait inside an exoskeleton for the air or any suitable environment to return. While a cold-blooded reptile can shut down its bodily systems for an indeterminate time, it is not so easy for a warm-blooded mammal like the Givin.

Therefore, the Givin have evolved a sense of barometric pressure that gives them several standard hours notice before the tide goes out. This allows them to gorge food and gather their young before being exposed to the vacuum.

But even this sense has not proved completely satisfactory. Barometric pressure can predict the arrival of a tidal outflow, but not its duration. The Givin might gorge themselves in preparation for an exposure lasting just a few standard days, while the tide might be out for weeks, and thousands of Givin might perish because they have not eaten enough to sustain them through this lengthy period.

As the Givin have grown more intelligent, they have realized it is not entirely impossible to predict the tidal patterns. Using the complicated formulas of advanced mathematics and the data concerning the orbits of the moons and the planet, they have found it is possible to predict the exact time, direction and duration of tidal flows. Not surprisingly, the study of mathematics has be-

come a religion for them, and mathematical law has become the code by which they live.

Mathematicians are the most powerful and revered members of Givin society. The most intelligent of the Givin young compete in mathematical contests for the right to enter monasteries dedicated to the study of mathematics, where through ardent investigation and the assiduous application of quadratic equations, quantum theory, and computational complexities of non-linear systems, they hope to be graced with a glimpse of π 's final decimal place and the meaning of life as expressed mathematically — or, at the very least, they hope to become a leader of their community.

For several reasons, the Givin are markedly distrustful of outsiders. When confronted with exposed flesh, the Givin feel as though they are talking to someone who lacks the sense to seal his orifices before an oncoming tidal flow. Although Givin are generally polite enough to overlook appearances, they also find strangers to be extremely rude. When greeted, outsiders almost always react rudely by refusing to solve simple quadratic equations used as introductions in polite Givin society.

Of course, guided by the absolute insights of mathematics, Givin society has developed advanced technology. They now reside in cities comprised of hermetically sealed buildings capable of withstanding even the severest ravages of the planet's tides. Their priests can predict the tides with such accuracy that, at low tide, the Givin routinely mine the deepest ocean floors. Some priests are even experimenting with "transcendental mathematics" and the development of formulas which foretell the future — though most Givin consider transcendental mathematics little more than multi-valued logic slight-of-mind that is an amusing pastime at best.

The Givin possess some of the sleekest, fastest starships in the galaxy. However, these ships are of little use to other species; the Givin take full advantage of their peculiar anatomy to save weight and increase cargo space, and their ships are pressurized only in the sleeping quarters. Other species also find it impossible to use the highly proprietary Givin navigational equipment. All available space in the computer is dedicated to data storage, because the Givin make their navigational mathematical computations — even for hyperspace jumps — in their heads.

Gotal

Gotal are large bipeds with two cone-shaped protuberances on the tops of their heads. They have gray-brown, coarse-skinned faces with knobby brows set over red-tinted eyes. Their noses are flat, not protruding more than a centimeter or so from their facial plane, and their mouths are filled with sharp incisors. Shaggy gray fur covers the rest of their bodies.

Gotal come from Antar 4, the fourth of six moons orbiting the gas giant Antar in the Prindaar system. The diameter of Antar 4 is 10,432 kilometers measured from pole to pole, and it is composed primarily of silicon, nickel, and iron, with large magnetite deposits located throughout its crust. Water covers 60 percent of the surface, and the moon's unusual rotational pattern prevents the formation of icecaps.

Antar 4's rotational axis is almost parallel to its orbital plane, so that seasonal climatic fluctuation is extremely pronounced. This fluctuation is further complicated by the moon's bizarre day/night cycles. At times, both sides of the planet experience "daylight" simultaneously (due to the planet Antar's highly reflective surface). When Antar 4 is completely hidden in the shadow of Antar, neither side of the moon experiences daylight. Sometimes, Antar 4's sister moons illuminate its night and, occasionally, Antar 4 even has fairly typical day/night cycles.

These changes play havoc not only with the moon's weather cycles but also with the rhythmic patterns and sensory apparatus of all manner of lifeforms. The erratic seasons and climate prevent the establishment of any type of growth patterns for plants. Therefore, plants are constantly seeding and growing whenever conditions are favorable. Animals on Antar 4 rarely rely on sight as their main sense. Some employ echo-location; others rely almost entirely on smell; and still others utilize hearing.

The Gotal themselves have the most unique set of senses on Antar 4. Because of the electromag-



netic radiation from Prindaar and Antar and because of the magnetic concentrations of magnetite in the crust of the moon, Antar 4 is "alive" with emanations invisible and undetectable to most species. The cones atop the Gotals' heads are filled with nerve endings and receptor cells especially adapted to detecting fluctuations in magnetic fields, infrared emanations, radio waves, neutrino bombardment, and practically any form of any energy emission. (They detect the Force as an unintelligible buzzing.)

The Gotal also have eyes and ears, but these

Gotal

Template Type: Gotal

Height: 2 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 1D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 5D

Split Second Notice 6D

STRENGTH: 2D+1

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Because of their ability to "read" other creature's minds, the Gotal are diplomatic and polite. They always speak in

dull monotones. The combination of these two things makes many species mistrust them. In combat, their *Split Second Notice* skill allows them a chance to know what an opponent is going to do before he attempts it, thus enabling the Gotal to counter the move before it begins. If they make a Difficult roll, the Gotal gets to declare actions in a round after his opponents.

Quote: "I know what you're thinking, and it won't work."

sensory organs are primitively developed compared to the cones on top of their heads, which can detect and analyze signals of which most beings will never be aware. The only sense the Gotal lack is a sense of smell — but it hardly seems they need one.

As hunters, the Gotal use their cones to sense prey, primarily Quivry herds, at distances of up to 10 kilometers. Without seeing the target, the Gotal can determine the number of animals present, their type, and even pinpoint the locations of weak and infirm members. At closer ranges, the Gotal can sense the prey's electromagnetic aura, which provides the Gotal with valuable data regarding the animal's mood and awareness. Needless to say, such abilities make the Gotal some of the most successful hunters the galaxy has ever seen.

But the Gotal have also put their cones to other use. They monitor each other's subtle electromagnetic auras for clues as to moods, desires, thoughts, and so forth. By utilizing such data, they can easily avoid angering, or even irritating, one another. Among themselves, Gotal speak aloud to convey abstract ideas, but never to express emotions. Because the Gotal have no need to express emotional content with their speech, their vocal cords allow them to speak only in monotones.

This sensitivity to other Gotal has also served the Gotal well in mating and rearing young. Because they read each other so well, they have eliminated the elaborate courtship rituals most other species find necessary. On Antar 4, love at first sight is the rule rather than the exception, and the relationships based on this love usually last. Gotals mate for life and bear children as soon as their lifestyle permits.

Because their cones are sensitive from the moment of birth, Gotal children are overwhelmed by all of the data flooding their minds. They are entirely helpless — and constantly upset — until they learn to filter out unwanted signals, which usually requires about a standard year. After this time, the babies begin learning about life in earnest. Gotal walk by an age equivalent to two

standard years, talk by three, and mature at 12.

Many species are uncomfortable in the company of the Gotal. This is because the Gotal read electromagnetic auras so successfully that they often appear to have supernatural powers. Many individuals claim Gotal can read minds. While this is not accurate, it is true Gotal can use data received from their cones to make educated guesses as to what the activity levels in certain areas of a creature's brain might mean. Of course, this ability makes them formidable opponents in business, politics, and gambling. It is rumored that the finest gamblers in the galaxy learn to bluff by trying to trick Gotal acquaintances.

Sensitivity to so many forms of energy input can be a hindrance in some situations. Their senses become overloaded in the presence of Droids or other high-energy machines. This fact has kept the Gotal from utilizing modern technological advances, as well as from developing them.

Another problem common to Gotal is interpreting the intensity of emotions in alien races. They often mistake affection for love, anger for imminent violence, envy for murderous intent. It is rumored that a Gotal once tried to bury a Jedi knight, mistaking meditation for death. With sufficient exposure to alien life, most Gotal overcome this handicap.

Gotal make excellent lead men on combat teams, as they are rarely fooled by sophisticated traps or camouflages. They can be found in mercenary bands and in the Rebel Alliance. Along these same lines, they make excellent bounty hunters and trackers.

Unfortunately, only a handful of Gotal are willing to work for the Empire. As a race, they mistrust the Emperor's intentions — despite repeated assurances from diplomats that Imperial intentions are both honorable and peaceful. If the Gotals are ever to be persuaded to aid the Empire, envoys visiting their planets must be screened carefully for the content of what they think the Emperor wishes to do and their sincerity in believing his wish to be of benefit to the Gotal.

Ho'Din

Ho'Din means "walking flower" in the native tongue of the Ho'Din, and that name suits this species well. A rubbery hide sheathes the lanky, bipedal form of the Ho'Din, who can reach to three meters in height. Their color and their slender shape make the Ho'Din look like a blades of wuppa grass swaying in the wind, but the crowning touch of the Ho'Din's appearance is their full head of snakelike tresses that are covered with gleaming scales in shades of red and violet.

Ho'Din believe they evolved from plants, but such a claim seems unlikely. They are cold-blooded, oxygen breathing reptiles with two dark, bulging eyes and a wide, lipless mouth. Their snakelike "hair" is actually a multitude of skin-covered appendages. Each lock of this hair ends in a tiny thermographic (heat-sensing) pit to help the Ho'Din monitor the ambient temperature. Their four-fingered hands are equipped with ridged suction pads to aid in climbing. A small bit of webbing (often clipped for vanity's sake) between their fingers and between their toes suggests an amphibious past.

Ho'Din live on the planet Moltok in the Dartibek system. Only 100,000,000 kilometers separates Moltok from its yellow-white star, and the days on the planet are relatively short (11 standard hours). Such a close, swift orbit would make temperatures intolerable even for the Ho'Din, were it not for the planet's dense atmosphere. Active volcanoes fill the sky with ash, shielding the planet from the sun's harsh rays. At dawn and dusk, the dust-laden skies turn a brilliant shade of crimson, which fades to a gray haze when the sun is high.

A high degree of axial tilt renders the northern and southernmost regions of the planet inhospitable to the cold-blooded Ho'Din. Instead, this species populates the rain-drenched forests of the lower latitudes. Temperatures climb to as high as 113 standard degrees during the day and drop gently during the night. Up to 10 meters of rain falls each year. Cold spells are rare, but not unknown, and can send the Ho'Din into a deep, almost hibernating sleep.

Ho'Din construct their dwellings above and



within the canopy of the huge trees that make up the world-covering forest on Moltok, literally "growing" their houses from the native flora. These creatures are master botanists, and creating a home and garden of great size and beauty provides a means of achieving status. Huge aerial vines, both dead and alive, are crafted into walkways and structural supports. Petals of enormous flowers adorn the interior and exterior walls of Ho'Din dwellings, which the botanists of the species often weave from knife-shaped leaves.

Ho'Din gardens contain plants found nowhere else in the galaxy. Flowers several meters across, in colors from the palest pinks to pitch black, are not uncommon. Most gardens grow on several levels, according to each plants' need for light. On the higher levels of their gardens, Ho'Din cultivate leafy greens that are a dietary staple. On

Ho'Din

Template Type: Ho'Din

Height: up to 3 meters

DEXTERITY: 3D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D+2

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D+1

STRENGTH: 2D

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Ho'Din are nature worshippers and will always react negatively to anything that adversely affects a world's ecosystem. Where their appearance is concerned, they tend to be vain and easily insulted.

Quote: "Technology is an affront to Nature."

lower levels, carnivorous plants act as “sentries” to prevent insects from gaining access to the home.

Though Ho'Din strive to cultivate beauty, their greatest contributions are as pharmacologists. Through the ages they have studied and cultivated medicinal plants in ways known to no other species. Ho'Din medicine is recognized as a legitimate and effective treatment for diseases that plague a variety of species.

Ho'Din know of technological achievements on other worlds, but today, on Moltok, they limit that type of development, which they deem “unnatural.” Roughly three centuries ago, the arboreal ancestors of the Ho'Din moved to the forest floor and began widespread clearing of the surface for the purpose of mining, farming, and low-tech manufacturing. This period, known as the “Great Rape of the Land” (a rough translation), led to a virulent plague that nearly exterminated the Ho'Din. The forest floor on Moltok teems with organisms that accelerate the process of decay, quickly replenishing the soil of the forest floors to nourish the huge trees of the forest. As the land was cleared and the flora disappeared, some of the decay organisms adapted themselves to a new “host” — the Ho'Din. Living within the Ho'Din's digestive track, these parasites literally drained the Ho'Din of nourishment. The Ho'Din retreated back into the trees. After decades of research, they developed herbal therapies to rid themselves of the parasitical organisms plaguing them. This therapy (still used today), combined with the eventual restoration of the natural ecosystem on Moltok, allowed the Ho'Din to survive as a species.

The Ho'Din's close bond to the environment is fostered by their most prevalent religion, nature worship. Ho'Din believe their primal ancestors sprouted from the planet as mobile plants. As punishment for their sins against Nature, these early Ho'Din were changed into animals. Today's Ho'Din believe that by acting as good stewards for the flora and its environment, they will eventually complete the Virtuous Circle of Nature, and be reborn as plants.

Such beliefs are mirrored in Ho'Din customs. Ho'Din deposit their dead on the forest floor so the soil can reclaim them. They celebrate the harvest as a sign of Nature's forgiveness. The sun and rain symbolize fertility, and in the right combination can be powerful aphrodisiacs for the members of this species.

Ho'Din mate for life. Reproduction is blessed only if the church carries it out. A priestess acts as an intermediary, distributing the “seed” of life, which she has “gathered” from the male, to the female, in imitation of the manner in which insects play a part in the fertilization of plants. Children born without the sanction of this ceremony are drugged into sleep and sacrificed to the forest floor, where Nature can purify their soul. Parents rarely make such a sacrifice, however, since the Ho'Din are masters of herbal birth control.

Ho'Din children are born blind and without the snake-like locks their parents revere. Sight comes within a few standard days, but the locks do not appear until the child is approximately seven standard years old. The locks emerge as green sprouts, slowly growing about one centimeter each standard year. At about 30 standard years of age, a Ho'Din reaches sexual maturity. The locks cease to grow and turn to their final shade of red or violet.

Genetic code determines the color and size of Ho'Din locks, but the species does exert some control over these appendages. When they want to look virile or more intimidating, mature males can thicken their locks very slightly, making them stand out from their heads. Mature females, instead of thickening, can lengthen their locks to make themselves more appealing to the males. Ho'Din live 120 standard years or more. When traveling to other worlds, they must usually take an oxygen supply. Eventually, they can adapt to atmospheres less oxygen-rich than their own, however, and some of the more adventurous Ho'Din take up residence on other planets. Their great beauty (appreciated by many, though not by all, species) often leads to successful careers in modeling or entertainment.

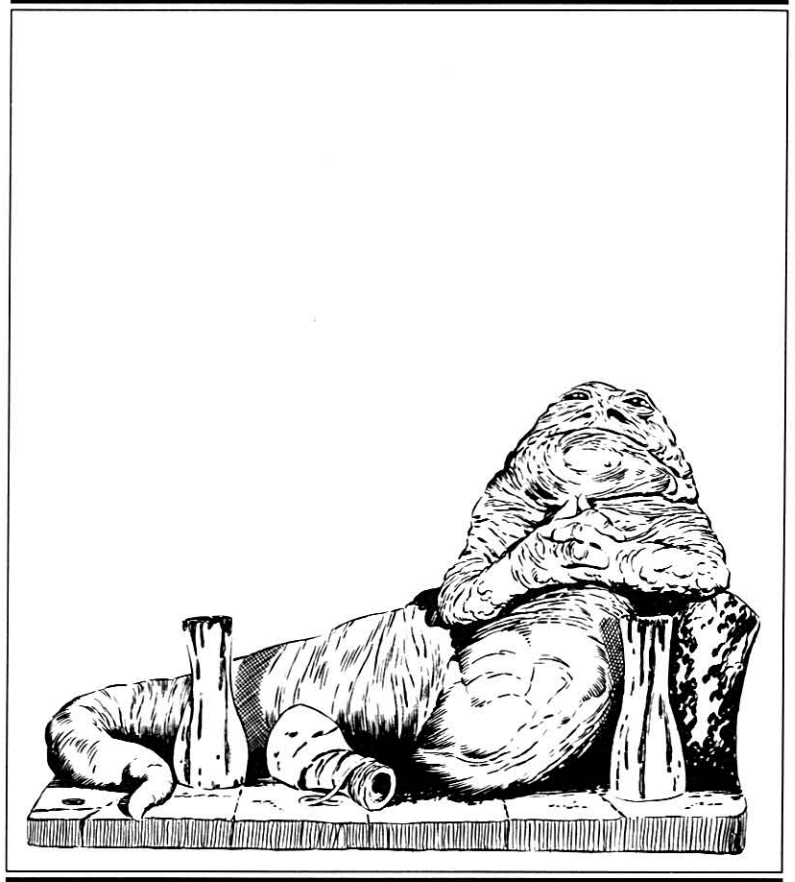
Hutts

Hutts are often described as “beasts only a dotting mother could love,” but such comments are highly subjective. For those who appreciate fluidity of form, a Hutt can be beautiful indeed. The great, bulbous head — up to three meters across — widens and spills into a series of blubbery folds. The base of the body widens even further, becoming a puddle of bloated flesh, then gradually tapers to a muscular tail. No legs disturb the purity of this form, but Hutts do have two small, swollen arms of limited use. A sparse layer of hair sometimes creates a decorative vertical path down the billowing belly.

The Hutt’s head commands greatest admiration. Two enormous reptilian eyes — yellow, cold, and noble — protrude from the surface of the face. The lipless mouth spreads broadly from ear to ear. Salivary glands seem well-developed; a Hutt’s drool supply seems endless. The wide, meaty tongue protrudes no more than 50 centimeters, but slides easily across the slavery mouth.

Hutts evolved on Varl, a barren, pock-marked planet circling the white dwarf, Ardos. They are Varl’s oldest inhabitants, and offer a romantic account of their system’s history. According to Hutt legend, both they and the planet Varl are the only surviving witnesses to a great celestial tragedy. Varl was once a lush, forested world whose azure skies were crossed by two suns, Ardos and Evona. More than suns, the pair were also lovers and gods in the Hutt mythology. These gods ruled the system in peace until Evona was lured into collision with a tiny black hole. The union proved fatal. The other planets mourned her death; they collided violently, crushing each other into asteroids, many of which crashed into Varl’s surface. Ardos, in agony over the loss of his mate and the destruction of his children, began to self-destruct. He ejected his gaseous shell, searing Varl in the process. Eventually Ardos condensed into the white dwarf he is today, a god no longer worthy of the Hutt’s respect.

That story offers important insights into the Hutts’ exalted view of their own species. Evona died; the Hutts survived. Ardos withered; the



Hutts survived. Fire, heat, and meteoric rain nearly destroyed their own planet; still, the Hutts survived. Surely this proves their greatness, say the Hutts. Surely this means that they are destined to be gods, more powerful than the gods before them. Imperial astronomers point to the impossibilities inherent in the Hutts’ legend, but this much is true: Varl, and only Varl, orbits the dwarf star, Ardos.

Asteroids riddle the system, making travel difficult and sometimes impossible. They frequently strike the planet’s surface, and are the likely cause of its pitted crust. A fossil layer confirms that plants once grew abundantly where now only sand and shallow, rocky seas remain. But no

Hutts

Template Type: Hutt

Size: 1 centimeter to 5 meters long

DEXTERITY: 1D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 2D

STRENGTH: 3D

TECHNICAL: 2D

Roleplaying Hints: Hutts are nasty megalomaniacs who believe themselves comparable to gods. They are tough, resilient, and completely immoral beings who enjoy exercising power over others.

Quote: “What you did or did not do is of no consequence; I have decided it is time for you to die.”

accredited scientist believes that the mythic death of Evona led to such devastation, or that the Hutts could have survived such a radical change in ecology. Most scientists who have studied the matter assert their findings that the Hutts evolved in the aftermath of some system-wide destruction, and that they evolved from primitive snails, worms, or slugs.

In many ways, Hutts are a biological hodgepodge. Like annelidian worms, they are hermaphrodites, containing both male and female reproductive organs. However, when bearing and raising young, Hutts resemble marsupial mammals — nursing their newborn in a specialized pouch. The Hutts' eyes protrude like a reptile's. The slitlike nostrils seal tightly when underwater like an amphibian's. Lungs, not gills, bring oxygen to the blood, as in many land-dwelling vertebrates. And like a serpent, Hutts can open their jaws to miraculous widths, allowing them to swallow almost anything whole.

Despite this variety, Hutts do seem most closely linked to gastropods. Their form is muscular; the entire base of the body can act as a slow, creeping foot. They have no skeleton, but produce an internal mantle that supports and shapes the head. A specialized radula, deep in the throat and acting like tiny teeth on a rotating conveyor belt, shreds food.

A Hutt's skin is its greatest defense. The epidermis resists all but the harshest chemical corrosion. Mucus and oily sweat make the surface slippery and difficult to grasp. When an enemy does take hold, or even punctures a Hutt's skin, a heavy layer of muscle and blubber protect the vital organs.

Many of these traits no longer seem necessary for survival on Varl, where life is sparse. Only a few score of the Hutts remain. They live at the edge of Varl's many small, dying seas. By day, they bask in the shallows like large, bloated water creatures. Tiny parasitic mites cover their body. Fist-sized crustaceans, the largest life form on Varl aside from Hutts, are drawn to the mites.

Like a cleaning crew, the crustaceans crawl onto the Hutts to feed. In ironic thanks for this service, the Hutts devour the crustaceans.

At night, Hutts coat themselves with mucus and burrow into the sand. As temperatures drop, they drift into nightly "hibernation," slowing internal functions to conserve energy.

A newborn Hutt weighs less than 100 grams — only one ten-thousandth of the mass it can one day achieve. The blind, thumb-sized creature, which looks like a furry slug with a fat tongue and tiny hands, claws its way instinctively toward the parent's brood pouch. The journey is slick and treacherous, aided only by occasional hairy tufts along the way. Once it is safely within the pouch, the tiny "Huttlet" feeds on milk supplied by its mother/father.

With each passing standard year, the baby Hutt increases in size and cunning. Humanoid parents are often dismayed when a child stays at home past the age of 21 standard years. Hutts, by comparison, may remain in the brood pouch for over 50 standard years. At this age, they weigh up to 70 kilograms, and measure over a meter from head to tail. After five standard decades of eavesdropping, they have the intellectual capacity of a 10-year-old humanoid. In all respects, they are still children.

Hutts are one of the longest-lived races in the galaxy, reputed to live at least 1000 standard years. By the time they have passed 130 of those years, they have attained both the height and intellect of an average humanoid, and weigh roughly 500 kilograms. A Hutt the size of the infamous Jabba on Tatooine is probably 600 years old, tipping the scales at 1,000 kilograms.

Like Jabba, several other Hutts have chosen to leave Varl, securing passage with galactic explorers. The Hutts presume they can better exercise off-planet their "godlike" capacities. With their impressive ego, size, and intellect, elder Hutts often do achieve considerable power.

Ishi Tib

With rough, leathery skin, Ishi Tib are green, amphibious bipeds that stand 1.8 meters tall. Their faces are shaped in the pattern of an “X,” resembling a four-pointed star canted at a 45-degree angle. A yellow, lidless eye sits at each end of the two upper points of the face, while the lower points flank a hooked beak. Above this beak, in the center of the face, are two broad nostrils.

The Ishi Tib have thick, muscular arms ending in stubby hands. These hands have two leaf-like fingers and two opposable thumbs (one for each finger). Like their arms, the legs of the Ishi Tib are thick and muscular, terminating in two flat feet that vaguely resemble fishlike fins.

The Ishi Tib come from Tibrin, a world of moderate size completely covered by a shallow ocean. Tibrin circles Cal, its yellow star, and has one lifeless moon, Plah. Plah completes one revolution around the planet every 72 standard hours. Tibrin’s axis is perpendicular to its orbital plane and its orbit is almost perfectly circular, so the planet has no seasonal variation. The currents of Tibrin’s briny, world-wide ocean act as planet-sized thermal pumps, transferring solar heat from the equatorial regions to the cooler polar areas. In addition, the ocean floors are littered with geothermal vents that also produce convective currents.

The result is that Tibrin has a tropical climate over most of its surface, with an average air temperature of 95 standard degrees and a water temperature of 86 standard degrees. These temperatures vary only slightly during Tibrin’s night, which lasts seven standard hours.

Though Tibrin has no land as such, a number of coral reefs and sand bars dot its watery surface. Many of these reefs protrude above the water even during high tide, their reef-forming colony creatures having adapted to life in the air.

Ishi Tib evolved in the shallow waters near these reefs. Their ancestors were large, bony fish that had well-developed forefins and tapering flukes. In order to escape predation, they began venturing onto the exposed portions of the reefs.



Since the reefs were devoid of vertebrate life, this survival strategy worked well. Gradually, the ancestors of the Ishi Tib developed the ability to spend prolonged periods out of the ocean. Their fins and flukes grew stronger, evolving into arms and legs with true hands and feet. In order to retain moisture, they developed leathery layers of epidermal tissue that is resistant to the evaporative effects of the sun.

As the Ishi Tibs’ bodies evolved, so did their minds. Although they had effectively escaped predation by moving to the “land,” their new environment presented other challenges — such as finding shelter from variations in weather and harvesting food without exposing themselves to the dangers of the sea. As they learned how to

Ishi Tib

Template Type: Ishi Tib

Height: 1.8 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D

STRENGTH: 2D

TECHNICAL: 3D

Roleplaying Hints: Ishi Tib are patient, thoughtful beings not given to rash acts. However,

once an Ishi Tib is angered, he will not calm down until the source of his anger is destroyed.

Quote: “According to my calculations, we should reach Ord Mantell in exactly 13 Standard Days and 12 hours — and if we don’t, I’m going to scrap this bucket of bolts and every being that crews her!”

solve these problems, the Ishi Tib developed rational thought, the ability to use tools, and they also developed cooperative communities.

Before discussing Ishi Tib civilization, however, it is best to describe several traits which had their origins in primordial times on Tibrin. When the Ishi Tib were sea dwellers, the peculiar shape of their head and their coloration provided camouflage in the vast beds of seaweed that fill Tibrin's shallows. This camouflage enabled the Ishi Tib to hide from their predators, while taking their own prey by surprise. Their sensitive nostrils, which function equally well on land or in the water, allow them to smell prey (or predator) at a great distance.

The Ishi Tib's sharp beak is a powerful weapon, equally capable of puncturing scaly skin or snapping off small appendages such as tails and fingers. In combat, the Ishi Tib are ferocious. Whether they are cornered or are pressing the attack, they become uncontrollably frenzied, attacking their opponent until it dies — or they do. Ishi Tib, given the opportunity, almost always eat the bodies of those they kill in battle.

Ishi Tib have never adapted to life completely away from the water. Their skin and lungs, which are really internal gills capable of processing air and water, are sensitive to the loss of moisture and vital salts derived from sea water. Therefore, approximately every 30 standard hours, Ishi Tib must submerge themselves in a briny solution similar to the water found in the oceans of their homeworld. If they fail to do so, their skin and lungs dry out, eventually cracking open and causing the Ishi Tib to bleed to death (both internally and externally).

On their home world, Ishi Tib live in cities built upon carefully cultivated coral foundations. Though they live on land, they no longer have reason to fear the sea, for they have domesticated or driven off even their most ferocious predators. They cultivate edible seaweed in vast, underwater fields, maintain huge schools of fish bred especially as food, and harvest crustaceans and shellfish from immense beds reserved for

producing these particular foods, which are delicacies to the Ishi Tib.

Ishi Tib civilization is communal in nature, with the good of the many considered above the needs of a few. These communities or "schools" range in size from schools having only a few hundred members to those having more than 10,000 members. These schools are governed in accordance with ecological law by representatives elected to terms lasting one standard year. To prevent the concentration of power in any individual or group's hands, representatives may never serve more than one term in the government.

Ishi Tib mating rituals are communal in nature. They have no spouses and mating is governed by momentary desires on the part of the Ishi Tib. Once fertilized, eggs are laid in sandbar hatching areas. Each community has its own hatchery, and many sites have been used since the beginning of recorded Ishi Tib history.

The number of fertilized eggs allowed to mature is determined by the population requirements of the school and the resources of the area in which the school lives. Once the young hatch, the responsibility for raising them falls to the school as a whole, and nobody ever knows which children came from which parents.

Ishi Tib strive for harmony within their aquatic environments. Their cities are not so much constructed as grown from living coral. Because what pollutes one part of the ocean pollutes it all, they utilize no technology which can foul their environment, and they make a practice of patiently testing each scientific discovery for environmental impact before legalizing its use.

As might be guessed from their approach to technology, Ishi Tib are meticulous planners capable of executing large, sophisticated projects. This makes them excellent tacticians, executives, and comptrollers. Ishi Tib are highly sought after by industrial concerns needing to fill managerial positions.

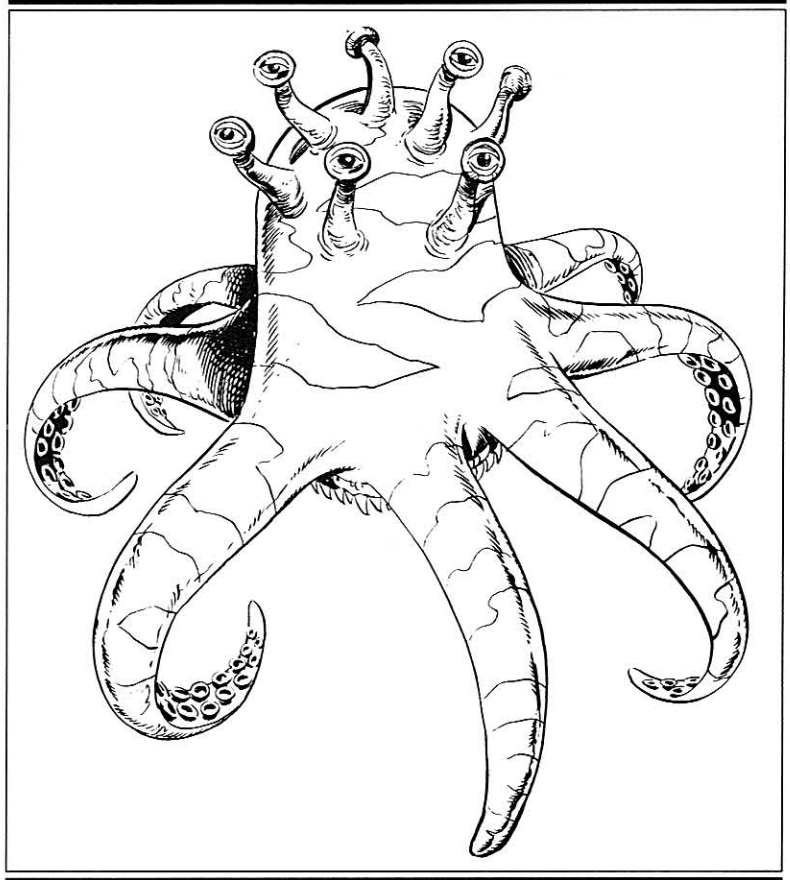
lyra

The lyra are large, multi-limbed cephalopods. Their bulbous bodies, approximately one-meter in diameter, contain many of their organs: brain, heart, lungs, digestive tract, and so forth. On the bottom sides of the Lyra's bodies, their many limbs surround a rasping mouth. Their leathery-looking skin has an elastic quality that allows their boneless forms to contort into peculiar shapes, and they can vary their coloration to match their environment. The number of tentacles the lyra have varies with their age and social position, though they always have at least four. For each tentacle, a lyra has one eye growing from a slim stalk on its upper body.

The planet of the lyra, F'tral, which translates as "Water," is a large world orbiting the blue-white star, F'la Ren. Clear, freshwater covers 93 percent of the planet's surface. In some places, this vast ocean is as deep as 11 kilometers, and in others it is merely an immense, shallow tidal pool. The little land that does exist on F'tral is located in chains of volcanic islands that form where the planet's tectonic plates collide. F'tral's atmosphere is thin, composed primarily of oxygen, carbon dioxide, and sulfurous fumes emitted by the volcanoes.

The volcanic islands are covered with lush plant life. Because the soil is poor in organic enzymes, most plants have developed alternative sources for securing the proteins and other nutrients required for survival. In many cases, these alternate resources have resulted in hostile and predatory flora. Many "hunter" plants possess sophisticated methods of capturing prey. Fisher plants, for example, trail long wriggling tendrils off the shores of their islands. When a water-dwelling animal touches one of these tendrils, the plant quickly entwines the prey in the tentacle and drags it ashore for use as food. Other plants use sweet smelling nectar to lure prey into the tangles of stems and vines. As the victim feeds on the nectar, the vines and stems slowly close around it, eventually strangling the creature to death.

"Cannibal" plants prey upon the hunter plants



by using crude forms of locomotion to roam about the land and feed on their stationary cousins. Some cannibal plants place themselves next to hunters, sinking a system of roots into the ground. These parasitic roots fuse with the hunter's roots, then begin drawing nutrients out of the hunter plant. In other cases, the cannibal plant simply envelops its victim in a system of large leaves and secretes digestive acids. Although they survive primarily upon hunter plants and other forms of plant life, cannibal plants will prey on animal life whenever possible.

With such fierce competition for nutrients, it is little wonder that animal life never developed beyond the insect and reptilian stages on land.

lyra

Template Type: lyra

Size: 1 to 2 meters in diameter

DEXTERITY: 2D*

KNOWLEDGE: 2D+1

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 1D

STRENGTH: 2D

TECHNICAL: 2D+2

* Subtract 1D when out of water.

Roleplaying Hints: The lyra are wise but pompous beings with a real knack for offending other species. They are extremely class conscious and cannot understand why so many four-limbed species labor under the misconception of being equal in status to the lyra.

Quote: "How dare you speak to me like that! You don't even have your fifth tentacle!"

Mammals failed to evolve at all, either on land or in the sea.

The versatile cephalopods evolved to fill the ecological niche left vacant by the absence of mammals. With their muscular, warmblooded bodies and the ability to adapt to variations in temperature, pressure, and other environmental vicissitudes, cephalopods quickly established themselves as the dominant lifeform in F'tral's oceans.

Because of their size and their large cranial capacities, the Lyra evolved into the dominant form of cephalopod. They retain the grasping, many-suckered tentacles of their ancestors, and their many eyes are sensitive and well adapted to vision in the water. Lyra move via a combination of muscular contraction and water-jet propulsion. Because they absorb oxygen through their skin, Lyra can survive on land. But out of the water, they are awkward creatures who must resort to flopping their tentacles forward and then dragging their bodies along.

Lyra society evolved technologically because of the Lyra's ability to use their tentacles to create tools and manipulate their environment. Today, this fact is reflected in the Lyra's rigid caste system, which is intricately linked to the number of tentacles possessed by individual Lyra. The greater the number of tentacles an individual has, the higher his status in Lyra society.

In most societies, caste systems create inequity and resentment. However, this is not the case in Lyra society. Newborn Lyra have four tentacles. As they mature, they grow more (and a corresponding number of eyes). Lyra continue growing extra tentacles and eyes throughout their life, so that individuals are guaranteed that their position in life will continue to improve as they mature. Consequently, most Lyra regard the caste system as a beneficial institution which ensures that the oldest, wisest individuals will hold positions of responsibility.

Limbs lost to accident or combat result in a corresponding loss of status (the Lyra believe that an individual who loses a limb cannot be

very wise). Individuals who lose a limb must destroy a corresponding eye. Those who lose eyes, however, are not required to destroy limbs. Instead, they retain their caste, but without the privilege of dominance over those of the next caste down.

Although disagreements between Lyra of different caste are non-existent (the individual with the higher caste is always considered right), conflicts between Lyra of equal caste are common. If such conflicts cannot be resolved through debate or discussion, the Lyra result to dueling. Such duels rarely result in a duelist's death, however. The removal of a limb lowers a combatant to an inferior caste and makes him subservient to his opponent, who is by definition the victor of the duel.

Twice a year, males and females of the same caste gather at the breeding grounds. The males use their camouflage ability to produce a startling array of colors in their skin, and females perform elaborate, courtship swimming maneuvers. When two individuals are attracted to each other on the basis of their courtship performances, the male fertilizes the female's eggs internally via a specialized mating tentacle. In time, the egg hatches inside the mother's body, and she releases it into the sea to be cared for by the four-limbed caste, among whose functions is the rearing of the young.

The Lyra live in vast, submarine cities on F'tral's ocean bottoms. Using the heat of undersea volcanoes to smelt ores, they have developed many forms of technology, including interstellar travel. Their corrosion resistant alloys are valued throughout the galaxy, as are products of their hydraulic, magnetic, and fusion technologies.

The Lyra trade aggressively with other species in the galaxy, though they prefer to visit planets with marine docking facilities. Although the Lyra have little trouble finding buyers for their wares, they seldom make favorable deals with other races. Most species find Lyra merchants arrogant and distasteful. This is no doubt due to the Lyra's inbred prejudice against beings who possess fewer than five limbs.

Jenet

The Jenet are ugly, quarrelsome bipeds that have pale pink skin, red eyes and stand 1.5 meters tall. A sparse white fuzz covers their thin bodies. This fur becomes quite thick and matted above their pointed ears. Long stiff whiskers grow on both sides of their noses, which twitch briskly when the Jenet speak. The Jenets' lanky arms end in dexterous, long-fingered hands with fully opposable thumbs.

The Jenet inhabit Garban, one of the seven life-bearing planets in the Tau Sakar system. Tau Sakar is an unremarkable red-orange star. Each of the seven planets is gifted with an oxygen and nitrogen atmosphere, an abundance of carbon, and an adequate supply of water.

The fourth planet from Tau Sakar, Garban's climate is temperate, though its axial tilt of 17 degrees results in significant seasonal variation over the planets entire surface. Because of the amazing chemical and climatic resemblances between Garban and its six sister worlds, planetologists suspect that, sometime in the distant past, an unknown species planetsaped the entire system.

Evolution on Garban followed conventional galactic patterns. Organic molecules formed as a result of the reaction of ultraviolet light shining on chemical-rich seas. The molecules became unicellular protozoans and simple algae. These simple lifeforms evolved into increasingly complex organisms, some of which left the oceans and began inhabiting the planet's land masses. Eventually, lush, green plant life covered Garban's entire land area, and a wide variety of animals evolved to feed on it.

Garban's food chain was peculiar in that it had a rather horizontal structure. On most worlds, a relatively small predator feeds on a smaller herbivore or omnivore. This predator is then the prey of a larger, fiercer predator, who is in turn preyed upon by even larger and more ferocious animals, and so on until the top of the food chain is reached. On Garban, however, a few predators fed directly on a wide variety of rapidly-reproducing herbivores and omnivores. For the most



part, the predators did not compete and lived in peace with each other.

The Jenet have evolved from the fertile ranks of the prey. Descended from rodent stock, Jenet have short gestation periods (equivalent to 90 standard days) that usually result in litters of four or more children. Individuals among the Jenet mature quickly. Two months after birth, Jenet young can walk and forage for themselves. They reach full maturity within one standard year. This quick rise to self-sufficiency leaves Jenet females free to bear more children. Therefore, the time between litters seldom exceeds a standard year.

As omnivorous scavengers, the digestive system of the Jenet is quite versatile and can process

Jenet

Template Type: Jenet
Height: 1.4 meters

DEXTERITY: 3D **PERCEPTION:** 2D+2
KNOWLEDGE: 1D+2 **STRENGTH:** 1D+2
MECHANICAL: 1D+1 **TECHNICAL:** 1D+2

Roleplaying Hints: With their incredible memories and irascible personalities, the Jenet

hold grudges for a long time. Upon being introduced to a stranger, they may remember some offense he committed against a friend's distant cousin's sister's husband, then they deride the stranger about this offense in public. Needless to say, this does not make them popular party guests.

Quote: "Say, do you remember Als Somda?"

a wide variety of foods ranging from wild fruits to decaying flesh. Although the Jenet are omnivores, they are not predators and must rely solely upon finding dead animals for meat. To accomplish this, the Jenet have developed keen senses of smell and sight.

In addition to smell and sight, the Jenet rely on their acute hearing to alert them to the presence of predators. Once a predator was sensed, Jenet avoided it by fleeing in the opposite direction. They are fast runners, prodigious leapers, excellent swimmers, and proficient climbers. In an emergency, they can even squeeze through openings as small as 12 centimeters in diameter. This is accomplished by disjuncting the limbs and separating the cranial plates. Because their whiskers are exactly as wide as the thinnest possible diameter of their bodies, the Jenet know that if their whiskers do not fit into or through a space, neither will their bodies.

The most valuable assets of the Jenet, however, are their intelligence and incredible memory that allowed them to establish a well-organized civilization. The first Jenet warrens developed in caves beneath the planet's surface. Though primitive Jenet left no written or pictorial record of their life, archaeologists have learned a great deal by studying their elaborate refuse piles.

Even modern Jenet never discard anything. Everything they acquire is either secreted away in their personal quarters, or stored in a Community Heap. Considered community property, the heap is located in an easily accessible area and consists of discarded food, containers, broken tools, and so forth. One of the favorite Jenet pastimes is rummaging through the Community Heap. As the old saying goes, "One Jenet's trash is another Jenet's treasure."

By analyzing primitive heaps, archaeologists have determined that early Jenet spent most of their lives huddled in their caverns, fearfully venturing outside only in search of food. Gradually, the caverns became overcrowded and the Jenet moved to Garban's surface. They began a systematic campaign to destroy the predators that preyed upon them, eventually wiping out every species higher than themselves in the food chain.

Despite their status as Garban's masters, the Jenet remain scavengers, having little aptitude

for agriculture or animal husbandry, but enough to keep the other, less intelligent animal life from overpopulating the world.

Although most other intelligent species find the Jenet quarrelsome and distasteful, the Jenet are supremely cooperative among themselves. This is due to a complex and highly structured social order based on their incredible memories. When a Jenet is introduced or discussed by another Jenet, a complete history of the accomplishments (sometimes dubious) of the Jenet being discussed or introduced is included as part of his name. This catalog of accomplishments implies a position in the society's strict hierarchical structure, and any Jenet present immediately know whether or not they must, or want to, cooperate with the individual. Although status is constantly being adjusted by an individual's deeds, accomplishments resulting in upward mobility must be witnessed by two other Jenet to become part of a name. In order to avoid fraud, Jenet are never allowed to introduce themselves.

Jenet society is presided over by a Premiere and his Council of 127. The Premiere and the Councilors are not elected, and it is unclear how they are selected. Jenet citizens know by an individual's name when that individual is a Premiere or Councilor.

In order to make the greatest use of sentient resources and insure the security of the state, the Jenet have established a huge bureaucracy. This bureaucracy consists of millions of Jenet whose only job is to remember everything they can about as many citizens as they can. Government employees utilize this information in making work assignments, solving problems, and awarding resources.

After becoming the undisputed masters of Garban, the Jenet quickly overpopulated their planet. In order to relieve the pressure, they colonized the other worlds in their system, then developed a stardrive and went forth to explore the galaxy. They found the Empire.

Currently, the planet and its colonies have been subjugated by the Empire and turned into labor camps for the Imperial military. The Jenet are used to mine the rich veins of ore that run through the seven planets, a job they find utterly repulsive and contradictory to their nature. To other races, the Jenet's long memory seems rather quarrelsome, boring, and petty.

Kitonak

Kitonaks may look a bit like a lump of yeast culture, but they are one of the toughest species in the galaxy. Standing between one and one and a half meters tall, this chubby species sports a tough, leathery hide that can withstand all but the roughest abrasions. It is a natural armor that can cover the Kitonak totally, because all body openings can seal completely. In fact, nothing of significant vulnerability protrudes from the blobby body, with the exception of arms and feet.

Kitonaks have two pudgy arms, each ending in four short, stubby, yet surprisingly nimble fingers. They stand on three wide, circular feet, with no legs to speak of, and the blubbery belly often droops so low that the feet are hidden beneath its sagging folds. Their mushroom-cap heads have two eyes, ears, and a mouth, none of which is obvious to the casual observer.

Kitonaks are perfectly adapted to life on Kirdo III, their native planet. This hot, desert world contains vast seas of white sand, oceans of red, cracked mud, and escarpments of craggy, yellow-orange hills. Kitonaks live among the white, sandy dunes, where the winds sometimes reach speeds up to 400 kilometers-per-hour. In milder storms, with winds whipping at 200 kilometer-per-hour or less, the Kitonaks simply anchor their feet, and lean their aerodynamic heads into the wind. Even as the blowing sand forces other animals to take shelter, it is not unusual to find hundreds of Kitonaks standing stalwart against the wind like a forest of thick fingers. But when rocks start to fly, even Kitonaks “dig in,” burrowing into a dune to await the storm’s end.

Kitonaks are as easy-going as their skin is tough. They rarely do anything in a hurry. It is not that they are lazy; they simply excel at waiting. With an extra set of lungs designed to store oxygen, they can put off normal breathing for three or four standard hours. Their ample fat storage system enables them to go without food for weeks, and even then finding food is a matter of simply standing still and waiting.

To feed, a Kitonak stands motionless, mimicking the sulfaro plant that is favored by near-sighted and dim-witted Chooba Slugs as a food-



gathering location. At dawn, the half-meter-long, yellow slugs rise from their burrows in the sand and set out to find a sulfaro. Eventually a Chooba will climb the patient Kitonak, heading toward the Kitonak’s gaping mouth, which resembles cavities in the sulfaro plant that are often used by birds as nesting sites. The slug hopes to find a bird’s nest to plunder for breakfast. Instead, the slug becomes breakfast. One Chooba can supply a Kitonak’s nutritional requirements for up to a standard month, provided the Kitonak digests the slug in its naturally patient manner.

The nomadic Kitonaks wander the desert in small tribes of roughly 100 members, following the migrating slugs. But the slugs migrate slowly, so the Kitonaks follow slowly. Kitonaks can move

Kitonak

Template Type: Kitonak

Height: 1 to 1.5 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+1

PERCEPTION: 2D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

STRENGTH: 2D+1

MECHANICAL: 2D+1

TECHNICAL: 1D+1

Roleplaying Hints: Kitonak are so patient that the only thing which makes them angry is the impatience of other beings. If rushed, they will resolutely slow down to a pace even slower than their normal plodding, just to make whoever is rushing them wait that much longer.

Quote: “What’s the hurry?”

while prone by progressing in a sort of humped slithering across the sand. A similar locomotion helps them burrow into the sand. But the form of locomotion preferred by the Kitonaks is "walking." Kitonak feet are actually muscular pads. To "walk," they place one pudgy stump before the other and move along by stretching and contracting the well-ridged bottoms of their feet. Progress is slow, but Kitonaks seldom hurry.

It is not certain how this race follows its food of choice, but it would appear that their olfactory organs are in the bottoms of their feet. Their sense of pressure (also located in their feet) is remarkably developed. It allows them to detect subtle vibrations in the sand, as well as the imminence of desert storms.

Kitonaks have no natural enemies on the surface of Kirdo III and fear only two things: quicksand and caves. Quicksand harbors creatures simply waiting for a tender morsel such as a Kitonak to "drop in." The caves harbor something worse. Kitonaks believe that the cavern openings, with their acrid, cool, outflowing breath, are gateways to the Kitonak mythological underworld. No Kitonak who has ventured into one of these caves has returned.

A typical Kitonak day is as follows: waiting for slugs in the morning, burrowing into the sand for a nap at high noon, wandering from dusk until midnight, then setting up camp for the "Telling of the Story." Usually only one story is told per night, but it can last for hours, as each member of the tribe takes a turn, adding some new twist to the plot. The stories help Kitonaks instruct their young in the virtues of patience and in the concept of taking life slowly.

About once in a decade, Kitonaks cast aside their leisurely attitude. Because once in a decade, rain comes to the Kurdan desert, the great desert that encircles Kirdo III. The rain falls in torrents, turning the cracked mud to raging rivers and dotting the sands with briny pools. Seeds that have lain dormant for years may suddenly sprout, unfolding for a short but blooming life. And just as suddenly, Kitonaks become extremely active.

At the first signs of rain, Kitonaks migrate toward the dry, cracked river beds for the "Great Celebration of Life." As the water rises, the lumpy figures plunge into the river and submerge. This activity is the Kitonak dance of love, part of their mating ritual.

Hours later the Kitonaks emerge from the water, far downstream from where they entered. Some have infant Kitonaks in tow. Uninformed observers often conclude that Kitonak reproduction is a rapid affair with practically no gestation period. In truth, the Kitonak gestation period is about 10 standard years. Females who emerge from the river carrying an infant were fertilized during the last celebration. For the Kitonak, the process of fertilization is the last step in the gestation period and triggers the birth sequence.

Young Kitonaks never stray far from their mother's side. For about a year, they cling to her adequately droopy folds of flesh, nursing while they listen to her tales.

During storms, Kitonak young stand sheltered in the mother's wind-shadow. In time, the children begin to test their ability to withstand the gales on Kirdo III. Cautiously, they step out from their mother's leeward side, and point their own heads into the wind. Some attempts at independence fail, and the little Kitonak is thrown tumblingly downwind until a member of the tribe can catch it and return it to the safety of its mother.

Kitonaks mature fully in about nine standard years, in time to take their own turn at adulthood in the next Great Celebration. When the population of the tribe becomes too high, however, a few of the more adventuresome nine-year-olds leave the tribe. They wander the sands alone or in small groups, in search of a tribe whose population is low. At night, these lonely nomads busy themselves by hollowing out chidinka plants and creating a flute-like instrument. With their tremendous breath control, Kitonaks make excellent woodwind musicians. The songs they play proclaim their desire to find other Kitonaks. Occasionally, the attempt backfires: off-world slavers hear their music, capture them, and put them to work as jizz wailers in unsavory space station lounges.

Kubaz

Stocky bipeds standing 1.8 meters tall, Kubaz have humanoid bodies and limbs. However, the fingers on their hands are broad and stubby, and they have only two large toes on each foot. The most striking feature of the Kubaz face is the short prehensile trunk that serves as a nose. Kubaz have rough-textured, greenish-black skins, and bristly hair grows from the tops of their heads. Kubaz eyes are extremely large and sensitive to the red wavelengths of light, so they wear protective lenses in most environments other than their own.

Kubaz are natives of Kubindi, a large world circling a blue giant named Ku'Bakai. This star is known among astronomers for its magnificent solar flare displays, which have withered its four closest planets into little more than scorched, barren balls of rock. Even at a mean orbital distance of over 500,000,000 kilometers, Kubindi, Ku'Bakai's fifth planet, also suffers some of the effects of the solar flares. It is an arid world given to unpredictable storms and oscillating weather patterns. With an equatorial diameter of 24,000 kilometers, Kubindi is large as human standard worlds go.

Kubindi's flora and fauna have adapted in many interesting ways to the planet's severe climate and to Ku'Bakai's unpredictable bursts of radiation. Insects, which are quite adaptable to radiation of all types, thrive on Kubindi, and several new mutations and an occasional new species appear after periods of intense flare activity. Other lifeforms have developed thick epidermal layers of dead cells to shield them from excess stellar radiation. Still others dare to venture on the planet's surface only at night.

After a bright flare sears their leaves, small Kubindi plants often shed all of their parts above the roots and regrow themselves. In some cases, Kubindi trees have developed thick, dead-celled bark similar to the protective skin of animals, while other trees shield themselves with reflective bark. (Galactic horticulturists and mythologists would certainly be interested to learn that



the legendary Silver Forest of Dreams does exist and is, in fact, located on Kubindi.)

The abundant insects on Kubindi range in size from microscopic mites to giant sun-beetles as large as Banthas. Kubindi hive and colony species such as Romites, Tans, and Ebs have been especially successful, because their nests provide shelter against many of the effects of unpredictable solar flares.

The herbivorous forerunners of the Kubaz started eating insects when a nasty solar flare burned Kubindi's plant life away. Faced with starvation, the Kubaz began opening hives and lapping up the insects inside. They were well-

Kubaz

Template Type: Kubaz

Height: 1.5 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+2

PERCEPTION: 3D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

STRENGTH: 1D+2

MECHANICAL: 1D+2

TECHNICAL: 2D

Roleplaying Hints: Kubaz are cultured beings who place a high value on tradition and the

sanctity of the family. They enjoy art, music, and other forms of sophisticated entertainment, though insect banquets are their favorite. Although they will not be insulted if a guest does not join them for an insect feast, they will certainly conclude he lacks culture and a discriminating palate.

Quote: "May I offer you a tray of live squirmylegs?"

suiting to preying upon such insects, for they were strong enough to smash the hives, had a thick leathery hide to protect them from stings, and their forelimbs ended in sharp, broad claws perfect for digging. In fact, they were so well adapted that even after the plants returned, the Kubaz supplemented and eventually replaced their vegetarian diet by continuing to prey upon the delicious morsels inside the hives. Eventually, the Kubaz developed prehensile snouts and sticky tongues to make feeding upon the insects much easier.

For thousands of generations, the Kubaz wandered Kubindi in family herds, foraging for insects. Eventually, their population became so large that nests of insects were becoming rare. (A single family ate as many as a dozen hives a day.) To survive, the insects had to become more clever with regard to hiding their nests. In response, the Kubaz became more cunning about searching out the insect nests. Eventually, the Kubaz began utilizing simple tools to unearth deep hives, and their intelligence began to develop.

The Kubaz soon realized it would be easier to farm insect hives than to forage for them. They eventually abandoned their nomadic way of life in favor of insecticulture, developing highly efficient methods of cramming large numbers of hives into small amounts of growing space.

In early Kubaz society, hive-rustling was common. One hive looked more or less like another, and proving that a particular one belonged to a particular family was nearly impossible. The Kubaz learned the art of fighting in the resulting hive-wars. Eventually, however, the Kubaz found a better solution to their problem. They developed designer insect strains, giving each family a particular design for their insect herds. Consequently, proving theft on the part of an unscrupulous insect-herder became much easier. This development in insect identification allowed the Kubaz to hang up their splatter pistols and dedicate themselves to other pursuits.

The sensitive Kubaz palate quickly grew tired of the same old designer insect. To increase the variety of their meals, families began to exchange hives (with the queens carefully removed, of

course), and a worldwide trading community soon evolved.

The development of trade led to more technological advances, and Kubaz society became increasingly complex. They developed rapid-transport methods for delivering hives from distant locals, computer technology for keeping track of accounts, and the ability to reproduce exotic environments in order to keep hives fresh in transport and storage. Eventually, they developed space travel, and the Kubaz currently farm insect delicacies on the sixth, eighth, and eleventh planets of the Ku'Bakai system.

Kubaz family members usually live in close proximity to each other, though each couple has an apartment of its own. They share their apartments with their infants, but children go to live in a family creche when their age is equivalent to five standard years. At the creche, they are cared for by single adult females. Because of intense family pressures, Kubaz tend to stay married for life.

Although Kubaz are not common sights in galactic spaceports, they have been in contact with the Empire for many years. Admiral Spitar P'Ton discovered Kubindi when his cruiser was forced out of hyperspace near Ku'Bakai by a malfunctioning ion flux stabilizer. While his crew repaired the stabilizer, Admiral P'Ton visited the planet and ate in one of the local restaurants.

A man of exotic tastes, the Admiral was quite taken with the cuisine and immediately "hired" the chef, Kalro Mear (and a dozen assistants). The Admiral currently enjoys entertaining guests with Kalro's creations, and frequently sends a small cargo ship back to Kubindi to purchase fresh hives. To Admiral P'Ton's dismay, Kubindi cuisine has become quite popular among the upper echelons of the Empire. Several other Imperial officers have bribed some of P'Ton's men and learned the identity and location of Kalro's homeworld. They have also "hired" Kubaz chefs.

But to others in the galaxy, the Kubaz are simply unknown aliens from some unknown star system. One member of this race now lives on Tatooine and makes a decent living spying for anyone who will pay — including the Empire.

Laboi

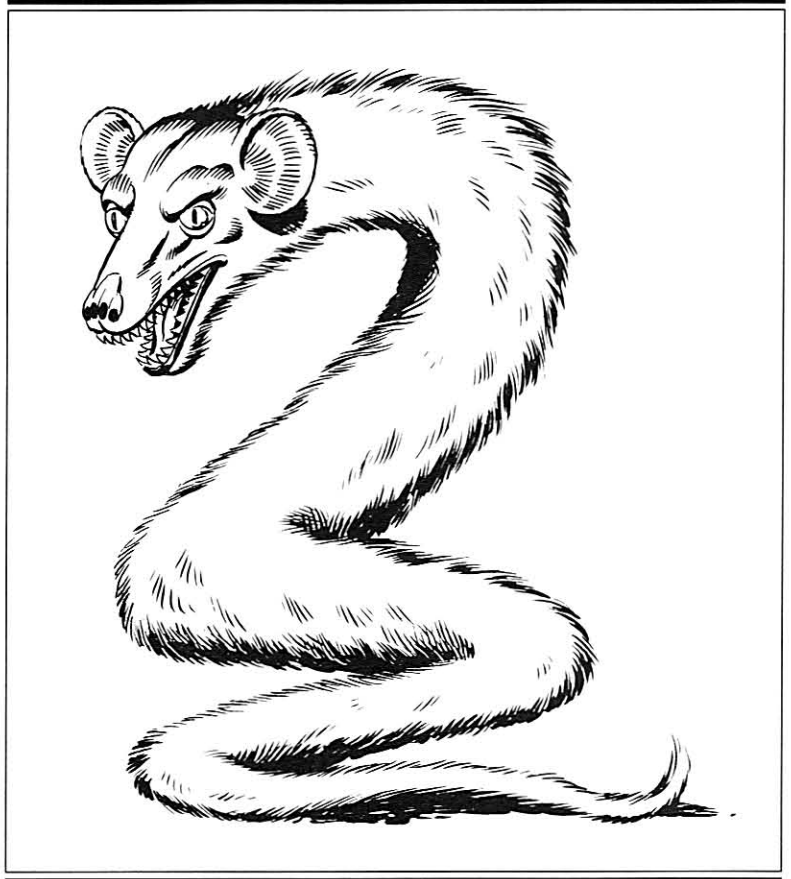
The Laboi are mammalian, snakelike beings who range in length from two to six meters, and in girth from one to three meters. Like reptilian snakes, they lack hands, but their bodies are covered with thick fur that varies in color from brilliant red to royal blue. Their eyes have slit pupils, and circular ears protrude from their heads. With long snouts and mouths full of canine teeth, they appear quite menacing.

Laboi inhabit Laboi II, a small world in close orbit around the red giant Er'Dox Kaan. Laboi II's period of rotation is 4,040 standard hours, which is just 10 standard hours less than its year. Normally, this would mean that one side of the planet constantly faces its sun.

However, Laboi II's rotation is retrograde, or backwards. Instead of turning toward Er'Dox Kaan, Laboi II is always turning away. The result is that each side of the planet faces the nearby sun for almost 2,020 standard hours at a time. During these long, red days, the surface of the planet becomes so hot it melts many types of rock, while during the 2,020-hour night, the surface cools to sub-zero temperatures. Despite the low density of Laboi II's atmosphere, the huge temperature differential between the night and day sides creates a fierce wind. This wind redistributes heat, keeping the planet's night side from becoming too cold, and helping to cool the day side.

Because a large percentage of the surface melts and reforms every day, soil formation is impossible on Laboi II. As a result, there is no plant life. But many forests of brilliantly colored mineral crystals form when molten lakes of rock begin to cool.

Despite the lack of plants, Laboi II is rich in different forms of animal life, all of which have interesting strategies for surviving the extremes of their harsh environment. Insects on this world, for example, have developed life cycles that take advantage of Laboi II's long periods of heat and cold. They hatch at dusk, when the hot day is just



beginning to cool. They spend the next several hundred hours gorging themselves, then build a protective shelter (such as a cocoon or a hive). Inside this shelter, they hibernate through the night, until their side of the world turns to face Er'Dox Kaan again. Shortly after dawn, they emerge in their pre-adult form, grow to adulthood, mate, lay their eggs in sheltered areas which will (hopefully) not melt during the day, then die. The heat of the day incubates the eggs, which hatch at dusk to begin a new generation.

Some higher forms of life spend their lives migrating into the slowly advancing twilight zone,

Laboi

Template Type: Laboi

Length: 2 to 10 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+2

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D

STRENGTH: *

TECHNICAL: 1D

* Laboi *Strength* varies with size. It is 1D+1 at lengths of up to two meters, increasing 1D for every two additional meters of length. A 10-meter Laboi has a *Strength* of 5D+1.

Roleplaying Hints: Although the Laboi philosophically recognize the value of sentient life, they also recognize the value of a good meal. They are inclined to eat visitors to their planet, taking the time for a philosophical discussion first. While they won't mind losing a few young Laboi, they will be quite angry should one of their large, adult Laboi be killed.

Quote: "First tell me, are you good to eat?"

feeding on insects, while others have biologically adapted to the extremes of Laboi II's climate. The Laboi fall into the latter category. The long fur on their bodies serves as an insulating layer during the cold night. Between dusk and dawn, the fur is colored brilliant red, blue, or green to camouflage the Laboi in the mineral forests.

During the hot day, the fur turns white to reflect heat. It also helps cool the Laboi in other ways. Because the air on Laboi II is constantly circulating to and from the night side, it can be up to 100 degrees cooler than the surface of the day side. When the Laboi inhale, they transfer the heat from their bodies into the air. Instead of exhaling this hot air back through their lungs, the respiratory systems of the Laboi simply force, or "exhale," the air out through the hollow cores of their fur.

The Laboi snout ends in four large nostrils and contains a complex of sinus cavities solely dedicated to the olfactory senses. Like all life on Laboi II, the Laboi are carnivorous. With noses located so close to the ground, it makes sense that they are adept trackers that can follow even the faintest of trails. Because their sense of smell is so well developed, the Laboi are finicky eaters. Their favorite food is the Ovolyan, a Bantha-sized, reptilian quadruped. The Ovolyan's favorite food is, coincidentally, Laboi — but only those small enough to swallow whole. The Ovolyan lacks teeth and cannot chew prey into digestible bits.

Laboi society is organized around the hunting packs that pursue the Ovolyan. The largest male Laboi is always the "pack leader," though it would be an exaggeration to say packs are dominated by the strongest. Rather, Laboi have a deep and abiding respect for age. In their species, which continues to grow throughout its adult life, size is the best indicator of age. The pack leader is responsible for orchestrating the defense of the pack, and is also in charge of sending out "hunts."

Hunts are led by a "chief," the largest available male who is not the pack leader. The chief is aided by smaller Laboi, who track down the Ovolyan, lure it into an ambush, and engage in the actual physical combat. The chief enters

combat with the Ovolyan only if it appears the prey might escape or defeat the hunting party.

Of course, killing Ovolyan is dangerous and many Laboi perish while on hunts. As might be expected, Laboi songs are filled with tales of heroic chiefs, mysterious disappearances, and chilling battles.

The Laboi deal with the high mortality rate of hunts in two ways. First, any Laboi under two meters long are considered expendable and their loss is not mourned. Second, the litters of Laboi females grow larger as the mothers increase in size. For example, a young female of two meters might bear only a single "worm," while an ancient female of eight meters might have as many as 20 worms. This is why large females are never put at risk by sending them on hunts.

Though the lack of manipulatory appendages has prevented the Laboi from advancing technologically, they have a rich and varied cultural life. During the night, the packs of Laboi live in carefully tended, multi-colored crystal gardens. They cultivate these gardens through selective agitation of minerals in molten rock pools. Laboi originally used their tails to grasp simple, rock stir-sticks. However, many Laboi, especially older females, have a limited ability of telekinesis. Using telekinesis to agitate the molten rock, they achieve results far more beautiful and subtle than possible with mere physical manipulation.

The source of the Laboi's telekinetic abilities is not clear. Perhaps it is a result of electromagnetic properties held by certain mineral crystals, but it may also be related to the Force. Despite their primitive lifestyle, the Laboi are extraordinary philosophers and theorists. Many of them follow a mystical religion that hints at the existence of the Force. It is conceivable that some of them have developed a certain small ability to tap the powers of the Force.

Despite the cultural advancement of the Laboi, visitors to Laboi II must be careful. The Laboi's evaluation of a being's right to life may depend more upon how the being tastes than upon his sentient qualities.

Mon Calamari

The Mon Calamari, or Calamarians, are an intelligent, bipedal, salmon-colored amphibious species with webbed hands, high-domed heads, and huge eyes.

These amphiboids are from the watery world of Calamari. While water covers most of this planet, there are rare islands and tiny continents, but even these contain large bogs, marshes and lake chains.

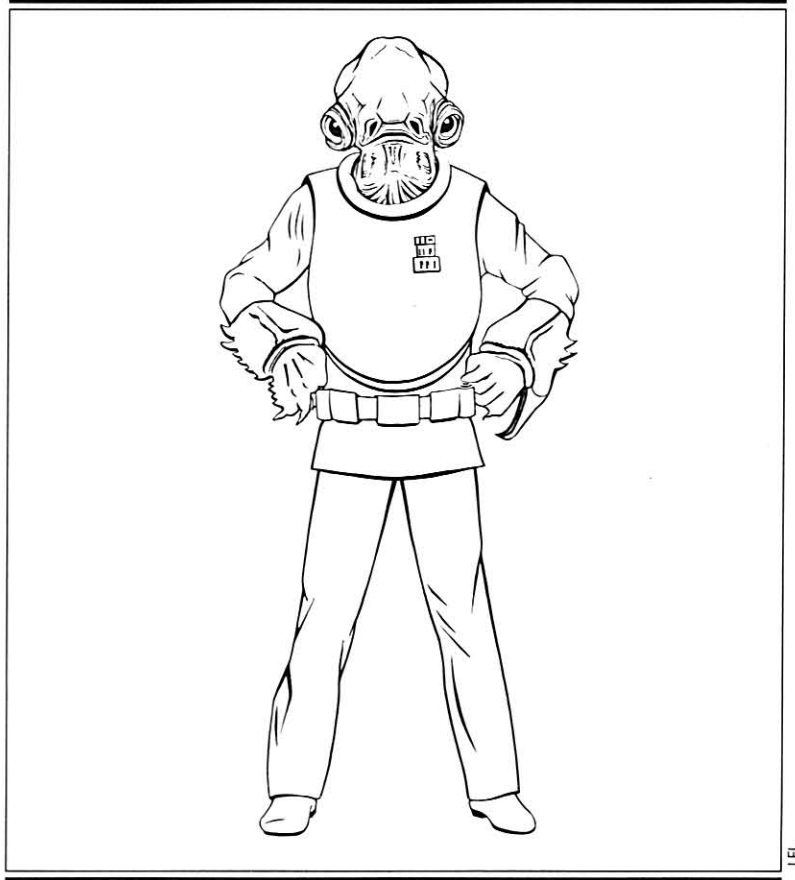
Calamarians have adopted the common language of the galaxy, and because of their recent history they can be found in Imperial labor camps and in the Rebel Alliance. They are generally a soft-spoken, gentle people, and even their dealings with the Empire have not altered this trait.

The Mon Calamari are shore dwellers, land creatures with an affinity for water. Their ancestors developed a rudimentary aquaculture system, farming fish and cultivating kelp. Technological advances were slow because of the difficult time the Calamarians had extracting metals from the planet's crust. Perhaps the slow development contributed to the peaceful history of the planet.

Today, floating cities dot the oceans of the water world, artificial continents resting above the constant sea. Calamarians have created a highly civilized culture. Art, music, literature and science are at a level of creativity unsurpassed in the known galaxy. Always, these gentle folk saw the stars as islands in the galactic sea. And as such, they reasoned that other beings inhabited those faraway places. They dreamed of finding other civilizations with which to share their hopes and aspirations. Instead they found the Empire.

The Empire did not see this new alien race as an advanced world with which to trade. The Empire saw an advanced world with gentle, and therefore stupid, beings ripe for conquest. It was decided to exploit this natural slave species to serve the growing Imperial war machine.

Initially the Mon Calamari tried passive resis-



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tance as a means of rejecting the Imperial invaders. But the Empire responded to the defiance by destroying three floating cities as an example of its power. The response from the Calamarians was unexpected. This peaceful race with no history of war rose up and destroyed the initial invasion force.

Now the Mon Calamari work with the Alliance, acting as its soul, as they help make the dream of freedom for the galaxy a reality. They have taken the cause to heart, pledging to fight until the Empire is destroyed—or the Calamari are erased from the galaxy.

Mon Calamari

Template Type: Mon Calamari

Height: 1.8 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

MECHANICAL: 2D+1

PERCEPTION: 1D+1

STRENGTH: 2D

TECHNICAL: 2D+1

Roleplaying Hints: These peace-loving, idealistic beings are gentle and soft-spoken. But they have learned what war is, and are now committed to restoring peace to the galaxy. In the Alliance they have found the vision of a peaceful congress of many races that they sought. Now they are fighting to make the vision real.

Quote: “The Empire sought to teach us to be slaves. Instead, they taught us war.”

Ortolans

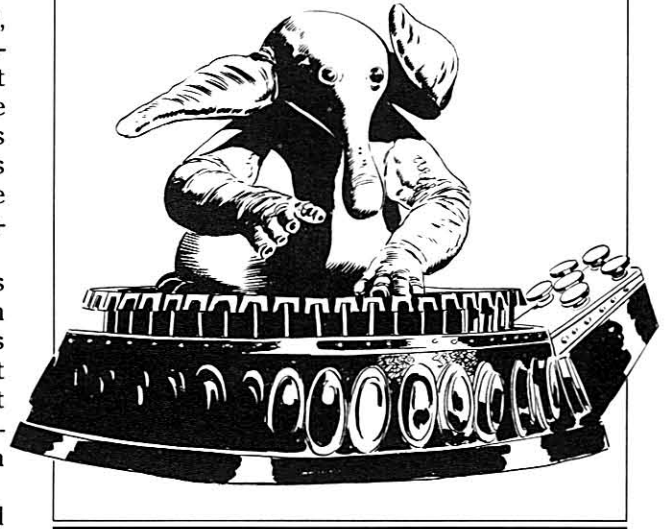
Ortolans are heavy, squat bipeds with long, trunklike noses and beady black eyes. They have floppy ears and rather small mouths, which are, nevertheless, well adapted for eating. Each hand ends in four chubby fingers and thumb that is not quite opposable. A thick, baggy hide, covered with soft fuzz resembling velvet, hangs off their rotund bodies.

Ortolans come from the planet Orto in the Orto system. The planet is a cold world orbiting its red dwarf star in a highly elliptical pattern. Orto is a small planet. Its year is 589 standard days long, and its rotational period is slightly over 24 standard hours. Water is plentiful, though much of it is frozen in the form of snow or ice. As might be expected of a small world, Orto's atmosphere is fairly thin, though it is rich in oxygen — which is a beneficial situation, since the food crops of the Ortolan are primarily composed of oxygen-dependent plants.

Due to Orto's elliptical orbit, its axial tilt, and its thin atmosphere, the growing season lasts an average of just 161 standard days and occurs only in latitudes near the equator, making it difficult for Ortolans to raise food crops that require a lengthy growing period. The non-equatorial regions of the planet are covered with glaciers and a thick layer of permafrost.

In its recent past, Orto was a fairly warm world with an abundance of food supplies for the lifeforms present on the planet. Using seismic instruments, geologists have discovered a tremendous crater buried beneath the northern polar cap. This crater suggests that the planet was hit by a large cometary, or possibly planetary, body in its recent geological past. This collision may have resulted in Orto's peculiar orbit and almost overnight transformed the climate of most of the world into an arctic wasteland.

Life evolved on Orto before the great climate-altering disaster. Even though much of the planet's fossil record is buried beneath its vast oceans of ice, it is apparent from paleontological studies that at least a few of the indigenous species were extremely hardy. It was that hardi-



ness that enabled them to survive the severely dramatic climatic shift that limited the food supplies so drastically. According to geologic records, so curtailed was the available food that all lifeforms massing more than approximately 200 kilograms and requiring large amounts of nourishment perished during that time of famine.

Primitive Ortolans were just small enough and ate little enough to escape extinction. The destruction of the primary species of large predator that preyed on the Ortolan and required more food than was available is one of the key factors that enabled the Ortolan to survive. Their large cranial capacities and well-developed brains also aided them, allowing them to create or find shel-

Ortolan

Template Type: Ortolan

Height: 1.5 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D+1

STRENGTH: 2D+2

TECHNICAL: 2D+1

Roleplaying Hints: The first concern of every Ortolan is food. So is the second. And the third. Fortunately, they can be persuaded to do something besides eating by promising them food later.

Quote: "Do we have time to swing by Tatooine for a quick bite?"

ter (both from the changing climate and from predation by the starving creatures of prey) or find alternate food sources at a time when most species were freezing and starving to death.

Originally nocturnal, the Ortolans retain many vestiges of their primitive lifestyles. Their large pupils are quite efficient in dim light, while bright light hurts their eyes. The Ortolans' floppy ears are extremely sensitive to sound waves, but their long snouts also have densely packed tympanic organs that channel low wavelength sounds through flexible eustachian tubes into their ears. Of course, the Ortolans' noses are useful for more than just hearing. These long trunks also contain olfactory passages that allow Ortolans to smell food up to two kilometers away.

The Ortolans also use their quite flexible (though not prehensile) probosces to generate sound. To the ears of most other species, Ortolans seem fairly silent, almost mute. However, beings capable of hearing into the subsonic range know otherwise. These beings claim that the galaxy holds few tortures more cruel than sitting in a roomful of Ortolans using their trunks to carry on endless subsonic conversations. Of course, Ortolans are also capable of communicating in normal sonic ranges when the need arises.

The heavy layer of blubber in Ortolan bodies serves as insulation, but it also serves as an auxiliary energy supply in case food becomes scarce. To maintain this abundant safety factor, Ortolans eat at every possible opportunity, which means whenever they are not sleeping and food is available. It seems evolutionarily ironic that the Ortolan have evolved away from the very trait that allowed them to survive the planetary disaster, and they have become voracious eaters who would not survive another such climatic shift.

Ortolan hands evolved out of a hoof-like foot, and they have never developed truly opposable digits. To compensate, their fingers have evolved suction pads that aid in tool manipulation and in climbing while foraging for food.

The Ortolan birthrate is low. When babies do come along, they are born with completely developed musculature and dental structure. Education of the offspring is the responsibility of the parents, who pass the knowledge and skills they learned from their parents on to their children.

Occasionally, a child shows extraordinary aptitude in a field that is beyond the parents' expertise. When they recognize such a situation, parents participate in an elaborate teaching swap. This involves asking another Ortolan family to teach the child in return for some other service. Parental obligations end when the children reach an age equivalent to seven standard years, at which time they are unceremoniously thrown out of the house to forage for themselves.

Because of their highly developed sense of hearing, the Ortolans' favorite form of entertainment (aside from dining) is music. They prefer concerts featuring the full spectrum of sound, from the subsonic to the ultrasonic. Ortolan concerts are held in spacious, dimly lit halls that feature easily accessible food bars. The concerts themselves tend to be rather loud, in order to drown out the cries of wandering food vendors and the noise of politely, happily munching audiences. Although Ortolans prefer concerts as their chief form of entertainment, it is well known that they are happy to attend any function featuring food.

One of the current fads among Ortolan youth is body coloring, which they learned when a Devaronian trader landed on Orto with a shipment of food dyes. The Ortolans could not imagine why anyone would want to waste time dyeing their food, but they did like the idea of tinting their velvety fur in outrageous colors. Young Ortolans feel that improving their coloration is in keeping with Imperial chic, but most older Ortolans feel the time wasted pouring food coloring in one's fur might be more wisely spent foraging for food, if not actually eating.

Ortolan society is highly industrialized, though not particularly advanced technologically. Beneath its thick ice caps, Orto is rich in heavy metals and radioactive fuels. The Ortolans mine much of the raw material which other species use to produce finished goods. Although this has resulted in the introduction of money into Ortolan society, their economy is still barter based. Ortolans prefer to trade for whatever they need and to save their newly discovered and acquired money — which, they have learned, can be used to buy food.

As long as these beings continue to agree to trade exclusively with the Empire, Imperial High Command is content to let them govern themselves.

Ossan

Ossan are fat, rodentlike bipeds standing 1.5 meters tall. The Ossan head has a cylindrical snout ending in a single nasal opening, a row of serrated teeth in the upper jaw that protrudes over the lower lip and obscures the bottom jaw, a bald, sloping forehead, beady black eyes and two teardrop-shaped ears (one ear hangs on each side of the head). The Ossan's gangling arms end in stubby-fingered, short-clawed hands, and their legs are short and stubby. When off their home-world, Ossan tend to be obscenely fat and spherical.

The Ossan come from Ossel II, a steaming world of bogs and swamps. The sky is tinged brownish green because of heavy sulfur and chlorine concentrations in the atmosphere.

The dim-witted Ossan are the favorite prey of the Cucul (large, hard-skinned amphibious carnivores). The Cucul resemble fallen trees and even the wildest Ossan occasionally mistakes one for a floating log. When hungry, Cucul will enter Ossan villages and attack the Ossan, which are juicy-looking morsels to the Cucul.

In response to the ever-present Cucul threat, the Ossan have developed spears, clubs, and nets, though they have yet to learn the art of making bows and arrows. Ossan villages are led by any Ossan foolish enough to want the job. The chief's main responsibility is defending the village from Cuculs, and he cannot always count on help from his subjects.

If a chief wishes to enforce his will against a recalcitrant member of the village, he must usually do so by resorting to unarmed combat with the offending tribesman. Such combats end when one party loses an ear.

Ossan are visited regularly by interstellar traders who "buy" quantities of resilient syp wood in return for "allowing" Ossan chiefs to serve a tour of duty on their trading ships. Although some traders have attempted to pay for their wood with credits or merchandise, the Ossan invariably



ably suspect them of fraud and insist that their chief be taken as a crewman instead. The Ossan have no understanding of the abstract concept of payment in the form of credits, and being slick negotiators themselves, they do not trust off-worlders to barter fairly.

Once off the high-gravity of Ossel II, the Ossan physique deteriorates into the fat mass most people associate with their race. Nevertheless, the space-faring chief is unperturbed by this deterioration. He feels it is a small price to pay for no longer having to fight Cucul and stubbornly uncooperative tribesmen.

Ossan

Template Type: Ossan

Height: 1.5 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+2 **PERCEPTION:** 2D*

KNOWLEDGE: 2D* **STRENGTH:** 2D+2

MECHANICAL: 1D+2 **TECHNICAL:** 2D*

* Ossan may never have more than 3D in *Perception*, *Knowledge*, or *Technical* skills.

Roleplaying Hints: The Ossan fancy themselves as wily negotiators and businessmen,

and tend to suspect any offer made in good will. When somebody attempts to take advantage of them, they are easily talked into anything — providing, of course, they think they are getting something in return (especially when they think they are getting something for nothing). Their payment cannot come in the form of credits. They have no concept of money.

Quote: "Who wants your stinking credits? How about letting me work in your cargo hold instead?"

Ranats

Ranats are small, but they are powerful pests — powerful enough to earn a place in this collection despite their “semi-intelligent” status. They may never be poets, philosophers, or scientists, but they certainly make cunning opponents. Other sentient beings gave these creatures the name “Ranat” because of their rodentlike appearance. They categorically reject the term, and call themselves “Con Queecon,” which translates as “the conquerors.”

These ugly bipeds stand approximately one meter tall. Their sinewy, fur-covered bodies are thin and partly flattened, like a Jerbwat that has been stepped on by a Wookiee. Their fur ranges in color from dirty yellow to rusty brown, and covers all but a scaly, wormlike tail. Long black whiskers flank their pale yellow noses. Their eyes are small, round and black. The pink, naked ears tend to be small and close to the head. Arms and legs are short but muscular, and have dexterous, clawed hands and feet. What one notices most, however, is a Ranat’s incisors — two yellowish brown, tartar-encrusted teeth that sprout from behind the lower lips like a pair of sabers.

Aralia, a tiny, semi-tropical planet in the Andron system, is the homeworld of the Ranats. They actually evolved on Rydar II, the second planet in the Rydar system, but several centuries ago, Rydan humanoids — who strongly disapproved of the Ranat’s propensity for collecting humanoid infants as food — attempted to eradicate the offending Ranat. The Ranat population on Aralia arose from three plucky survivors of the almost totally successful attempt at the extinction of a species. The trio, two males and a female, stowed away aboard a spice smuggler’s ship that had made planetfall on Rydar II. According to Ranat legend, the ship eventually crash-landed on Aralia after the three Ranats devoured the crew.

On Aralia, the trio of rodent “heroes” discovered a varied topography: rocky, coastal lands; mountainous jungles; and grassy, inland steppes. The “castaways” favored the jungles near the coasts. Most Ranats still live in these environs



today. As their numbers grow, however, the population is expanding farther into the mountains; many ranats now live at elevations high enough to receive a regular dusting of snow.

Ranats build their homes underground, using their tough incisors to scrape away soil and rock. The work wears down their teeth, but since Ranat incisors can grow as much as one centimeter in a standard hour, they quickly regrow the parts of their teeth that have been worn away. (Gnawing excites the hormonal growth glands in the Ranat’s jaw and causes their teeth to grow. As the teeth grow, the Ranats need to gnaw to keep the teeth from growing too large for their mouths. This vicious cycle would seem to explain the

Ranat

Template Type: Ranat

Height: 1 meter

DEXTERITY: 3D

KNOWLEDGE: 1D

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 3D

STRENGTH: 3D

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Ranats are cunning without being very intelligent. They’ll never win a spelling contest, build spacecraft, or be great statesmen; but they will always endure a catastrophe, find food when there is practically none to be found, and generally make nuisances of themselves.

Quote: “There’s nothing like a good fight.”

incessant gnawing done by this species.)

Each Ranat tribe — a group of about 100 — creates and defends its own “town.” Like a multi-level underground maze, a town may cover up to three square kilometers and include more than 50 kilometers of tunnels. As a safety measure, the tribe builds several exits, concealing them with leaves and brush. For living space, the tribe constructs large sleeping chambers, nurseries, and mess hollows. Other chambers serve as storage rooms and trash dumps. The tunnels do more than link the chambers; they help defend the town. Local residents know the maze well. But intruders often get lost. They can be easily lured into “dead end” traps where the natives stone the intruders to death and eat the remains.

Communal living helps ensure the survival of this race, which loves a good battle above all else. Ranats don’t bond with any particular mate or child. A female comes into “season” at least twice a year. During that time, she unites with as many males as possible. Roughly 120 standard days later, she gives birth to three or more young, and promptly moves them into a nursery. There, she and other mothers take turns providing minimal care to all the children of the town. This allows each female to spend maximum time hunting and fighting above ground. If a mother dies, her children will not miss her — they do not know her from the other nursemaids.

Only newborns remain in the nursery full-time. As soon as their feet and hands are capable of a firm grip, infants begin to explore the world above their underground town.

Prepubescent Ranats amuse themselves by shoving, kicking, and punching each other. Adults rarely interfere, and deaths among the young Ranats are not uncommon. Such fatalities rarely result from bites, however, since the deadly incisors emerge when a Ranat reaches puberty. Ranats become adults at an age equivalent to three standard years. If they are shrewd, they may live to 20 standard years of age.

These pesky rodent-beings can eat just about anything, but they prefer meat. Their favorite meal is Roba (a rare, giant-tusked porcine creature), which they track while in hunting packs of five or more. Once the Ranats find their prey, the fearless rodents encircle the beast and perform a “rip and run” assault. Each attacker dives in quickly for a piece of flesh, then retreats to dodge the Roba’s wickedly sharp tusks. Eventually, the 900-kilogram creature falls. The warriors eat their

fill, and then drag the remains of the kill back to town for storage.

Such a lust for flesh — mammalian flesh in particular — has led to a serious decline in Aralia’s fauna. It also accounts for much of the warring between Ranat tribes. A small hunting party, having exhausted itself in a kill, may find itself attacked by a group of Ranats from another tribe. To the Ranats, the concept of surrender does not exist. A Ranat must either escape or fight to the death. Any Ranats, attackers or defenders, who survive the conflict and make it back to their town may organize a vengeance party to redeem their “honor.”

Vengeance parties are gala affairs that every Ranat enjoys. Only a select few of the town’s members actually set out on the path of revenge, but everyone helps them prepare.

Until recently all Ranat tribes were inimical to each other, never cooperating in any way. But the Ranat’s world is changing. Two standard years ago, a group of entrepreneurs set out to build a planetary amusement park for intragalactic travelers. They saw Aralia, in its unpopulated state, as the perfect site for the park. The entrepreneurs negotiated with sector officials, and after agreeing to share the profits, Project Aralia was underway.

As the developers began construction, they discovered a problem — a species of large rodent-beings with an annoying tunneling habit. The developers hired “pest controllers.” Much to their surprise, the ferocious rodents organized armies and exterminated the would-be exterminators. News of this phenomenon spread, creating a legal problem more troublesome than the Ranats themselves.

Imperial law dictates that no intelligent race may be exterminated without a permit. The Empire only grants such permit if it deems a race useless and undesirable. The Ranat’s talent for savage killing would undoubtedly hinder such a decision. To placate environmentalists and avoid the scrutiny of higher officials, the sector government declared Ranats semi-intelligent, meaning the rodents have no rights to property, and can be killed in self-defense. The Imperial Military is now conducting tests to determine the worthiness of Ranat mercenary bands in combat against the Rebel Alliance.

The battle continues. The rodents’ obvious skill in warfare has led to a new sector law: it is illegal to arm a Ranat, especially on Aralia.

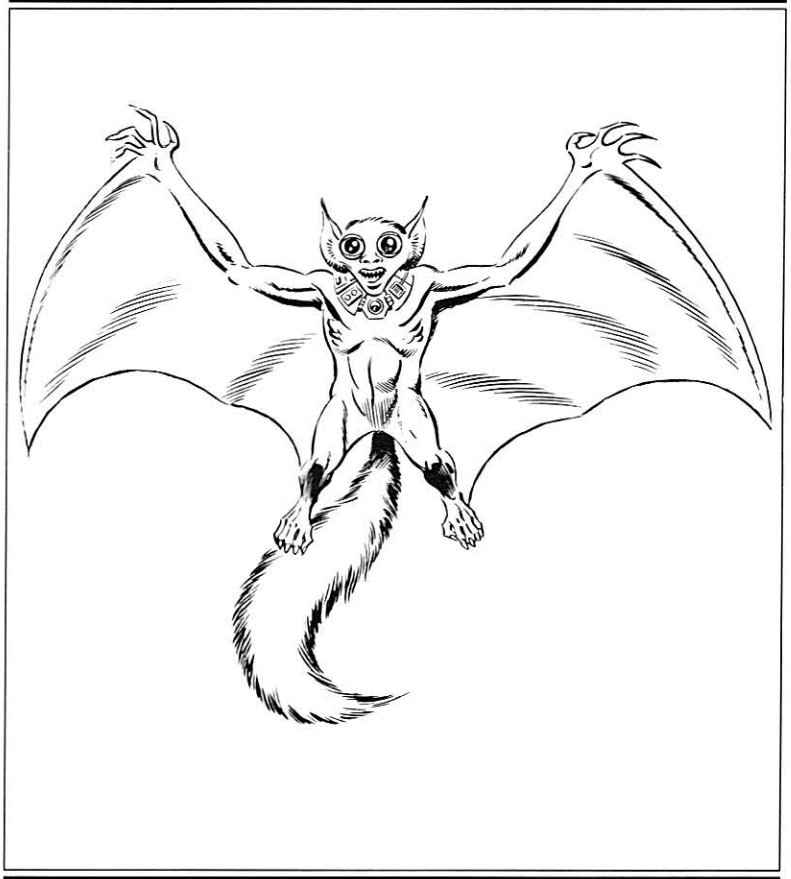
Ri'Dar

The Ri'Dar are flying, tree-dwelling primates approximately one meter in length. They have sloping foreheads with heavy brows, and large, red eyes with slit pupils. Their jaws are massive, the lower one slightly prognathic. A downy brown fur covers the Ri'Dar from head to foot, save that the gray skin on their faces is naked and expressive. The Ri'Dars' wings are triangular and attached to the back sides of their arms, extending from the armpit to the tip of the small finger. The wings are also attached along the length of the body, running from the armpit all the way down to the little toe. When the Ri'Dar spread their arms, these wings have spans of approximately three meters. Ri'Dar have six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. Their tails are long, broad, and flat.

The Ri'Dars' home is Dar'Or, though Imperial charts designate it as OM973. Dar'Or orbits the orange star of the Dar'Or system, located in the seldom-traveled Jospro sector. Dar'Or is a moderately sized world with a low density and gravity. The planetary atmosphere is abundant in oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon-dioxide. Water covers 60 percent of the planet's surface.

Over most of its surface, Dar'Or has a subtropical and humid climate ideal for its forests of waza trees. These conifers stand up to 200 meters tall, and may have as many as a thousand branches. Waza trees grow so thickly that their canopies effectively block the sun, plunging everything below the layer of their leaves into a state of twilight, even on the brightest of Dar'Or's days. Because of the lack of light, the floors of the waza forests lack green plants, but are covered with giant fungi.

An entire ecosystem has evolved in the waza forest's middle elevations. At heights ranging from 50 to 150 meters, networks of baloo vines catch and trap falling waza needles. Over the millennia, these baloo levels have developed, from the decomposing needles, a remarkably thick and fertile humus capable of supporting small plants. As a result, the interior of a waza forest resembles the conifer forests of other



worlds. But the trees on Dar'Or are much larger than standard conifers, and the forests themselves appear to have several different levels of forest floor.

The Ri'Dar evolved in this environment. At first, they resembled most tree-dwelling primates, with long gangling limbs and a spindly, prehensile tails. However, since food (nuts, fruits, berries, and fungi) was available on all levels of the forest, the Ri'Dar developed an ability of vertical ascent and descent which most tree-dwellers lack. They developed flaps of skin beneath their arms which were useful for gliding, and their spindly tails began to flatten out to serve as rudders when the Ri'Dar were in flight.

Ri'Dar

Template Type: Ri'Dar

Height: 1 meter

DEXTERITY: 3D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+1

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 3D

STRENGTH: 2D

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Ri'Dar spend most of their time eating, scurrying about, and mistrusting

their closest friends. Should anyone object to these habits, the Ri'Dar immediately cites the objection as proof that his concerns are well grounded. Whenever the chance arises, Ri'Dar will join a freighter crew for an opportunity to see the galaxy.

Quote: "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Eventually, the Ri'Dars' gliding flaps evolved into full-fledged wings, their tails completed their evolution into rudders, and the Ri'Dars developed true flight. On their home world, Ri'Dar are quick and graceful fliers. However, they find it difficult to do anything more than glide on worlds with higher gravity.

Ri'Dar flight was surely helped along by the threat presented by their main predator, the Sabretoothed Tree Sloth. The Sabretoothed Tree Sloth haunts the lower reaches of the waza canopy, feeding on lizards, insects, rodents, and anything else it can catch. The sloth's favorite meal, however, is young Ri'Dar. When it senses the proximity of a Ri'Dar warren, it will climb into the highest reaches of the forest canopy, seeking that warren. A single sloth has been known to wipe out an entire generation within one warren.

The only escape from the Sabretoothed Tree Sloth is flight, for the sloths are difficult to kill or chase away. They have thick, tough hides resistant to punctures and slashes, and their nervous systems are so primitive they perceive pain only as dim sensations. Armed only with spears and arrows, the Ri'Dar are no match for such ferocious predators. Still, the Tree Sloths presented no serious threat to the survival of the Ri'Dar species until a new predator arrived.

Several years ago, a group of zealous planetary ecologists transplanted the Elix Bird to Dar'Or. The Elix inhabited a forest world about to be destroyed by a supernova explosion. By transplanting this small bird of prey to Dar'Or, the ecologists hoped to save the species from extinction. The well-meaning ecologists missed one important ecological computation and, consequently, were not aware of the full implications of their actions.

Gravity on the homeworld of the Elix is 1.1 standard. As a result, the Elix are extremely powerful and swift on Dar'Or and have no natural predators themselves. Their population has grown considerably. These facts work against the natives of Dar'Or. Marauding flocks of Elix now haunt the upper reaches of the waza forests,

attacking anything that moves, especially anything that moves in the air. Now, when the Ri'Dar flee a Sabretoothed Tree Sloth in the air, flocks of Elix descend on them. These vicious birds of prey can strip a full-grown Ri'Dar to the bone in a matter of seconds.

With such formidable predators, it is a wonder the Ri'Dar survive at all. One of the factors that has saved them is their high birth rate. Ri'Dar mothers seldom bear litters of less than five, and the young mature quickly, requiring attention only in the first few weeks of life.

In addition, Ri'Dar have keen senses of sight, smell, and hearing that alert them to the approach of Elix birds. Often, they can vacate an area before the Elix birds arrive, avoiding danger completely. The fact that the Ri'Dar have begun hunting at night, when Elix birds are not active, has also helped reduce the Ri'Dar mortality rate.

The Ri'Dar have high metabolisms and must eat the equivalent of 50 percent of their body weight each day. Their diet consists of flying insects, fruit, and fungi caps. Most other species are astonished at the amount Ri'Dar eat and consider them rather gluttonous.

The simple society of the Ri'Dar developed out of their defensive needs. Each Ri'Dar family lives in a nest built in the middle branches of a waza tree. All of the families inhabiting a single waza tree comprise a warren, and all of the warrens grouped together in a particular section of forest make a city. Although up to 1,000 Ri'Dar may live in one city, cities are not particularly effective deterrents to the Ri'Dars' predators. A Sabretoothed Tree Sloth can wipe out an entire warren's young before the alarm is raised, and the Elix Birds are so quick and agile that their flocks cannot be destroyed no matter how many Ri'Dar join the fight.

Most species consider the Ri'Dar hyperactive and paranoid. Although other races may find these traits irritating, they serve the Ri'Dar well. Without them, the Ri'Dar would long ago have fallen to the double threat presented by Elix Birds and Sabretoothed Tree Sloths.

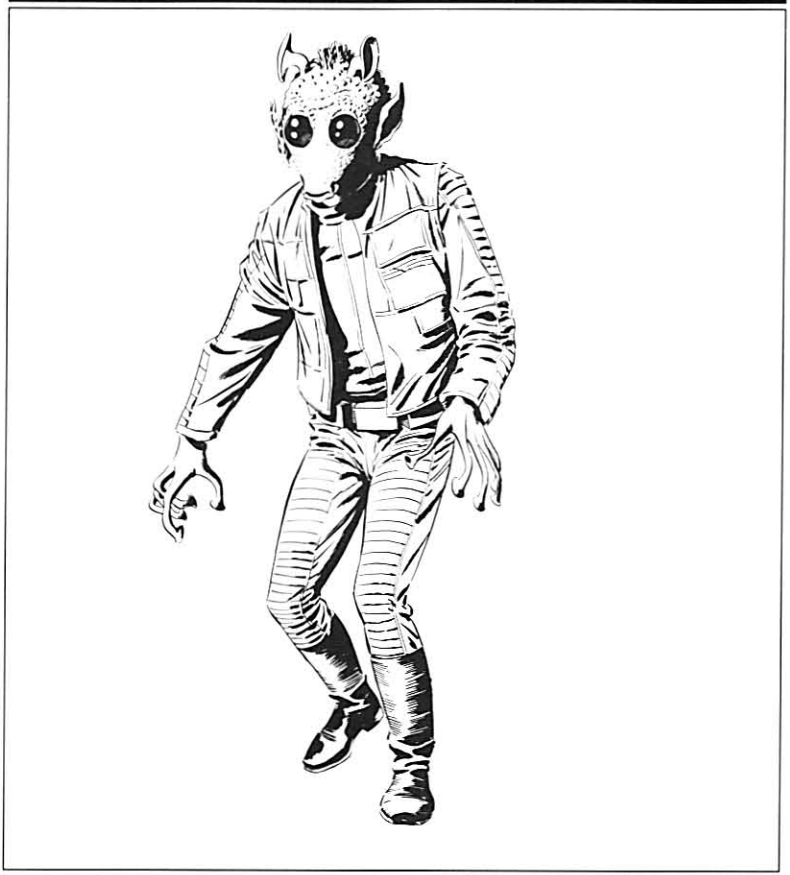
Rodians

Rodians hail from the planet Rodia, in the Tyrius star system. Rodians are a bipedal people, with multifaceted eyes, tapirlike snout, and a green complexion. A ridge of spines crests their skulls. Their fingers are long, flexible, and end in suction cups.

On Rodia, bounty hunting is an honored profession. Prizes are awarded annually for categories such as “the best shot” (on deceased catches only), “longest trail,” “most notorious capture,” and “most difficult hunt.” While this may seem initially similar to the way law enforcement is handled throughout the Empire, it is important to note that Rodians hunt for sport and not for the good of the general populace.

As such, Rodians take up the mantle of bounty hunting and go off into space to participate in the great contests the Empire sponsors. They cannot fathom that they are participating in law enforcement, not sport. Because of this, Rodian bounty hunters often “pad” catches, allowing their quarry to commit a number of additional crimes even after locating them. This substantially raises the value of the final kill or capture, bringing them higher status back home. Very few races respect or deal with these aliens on a regular basis, as the Rodians’ sense of justice and fair play is based on sport as opposed to law and order.

The history of Rodia is an interesting one and explains much about how and why Rodians think the way they do. The small, defenseless ancestors of the race eventually developed tools and weapons, as all civilized races must eventually do if they are to evolve further. But Rodia is a dense tropical planet, teeming with life, and the Rodians never found the need to develop agricultural skills. Instead, they hunted the food they needed. This became part of the race’s culture, and great Rodians were honored for incredible feats of bravery and hunting skills. This occurred during a time when the race possessed weapons no more advanced than spears and clubs.



Eventually, however, most of the great predators of the planet were hunted into extinction. There were no more challenges left to hunt. So the Rodians began to hunt each other. By arranging excuses for wars and beginning a series of gladiatorial contests which lasted for ages, the Rodians were able to perpetuate their way of life.

When the first Old Republic scouts landed on Rodia, the Rodians hunted them down. After the first few scouting parties were tracked and killed, the Rodian Grand Protector called a halt to this activity. He realized the possibilities for reviving the old ways of hunting true predators. With the help of the off-worlders, the Rodians would be

Rodians

Template Type: Rodian

Height: 1.65 meters

DEXTERITY: 3D

PERCEPTION: 2D

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+2

STRENGTH: 2D+2

MECHANICAL: 1D+2

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Rodians such as Greedo work for crimelords and Imperial personnel who have need of a blaster-for-hire. They usually appear as enemies for player characters, sent to capture or kill them by noted villains who they have foiled in the past. When a Rodian is on a person’s trail, the only way to shake him is to blast him before he blasts you.

Quote: “You have made this an excellent hunt. Prepare to die.”

able to prey upon a limitless universe.

Now the Rodians make frequent trips throughout the galaxy, often returning with notorious criminals or a prized citizen or two. The mix of assassinations and law enforcement has not gone unnoticed by the Empire, and Rodians with Imperial work permits are not uncommon. However, the Rodians have been warned not to involve Imperial personnel in their sport. Beyond this distinction, Rodians have the Empire's tacit approval to carry on their way of life.

Since Rodians receive large prizes when they return home with a kill, they often charge less of their employees if they are allowed to keep the

remains of their victims. These hunters prefer to use grenades and thermal detonators over other weapons. These forms of attack allow them to avoid getting too close to their prey and virtually assure destruction of the victim. There are usually ample witnesses to a grenade attack, and some remains of the victim left to verify the kill to the satisfaction of the Rodian Council of Justice.

Rodian bounty hunters can be found working for Imperial governors, crimelords, and other people throughout the Empire that need to employ persons with these skills. They charge less for their services than other hunters, but are usually better than the average blaster-for-hire.

Sedrians

Sedrians are sleek, aquatic mammals that average three meters in length. A fine slick fur, ranging in color from golden yellow to dark brown, covers their bodies from head to fluke. Beneath their large dark eyes, Sedrians have elongated snouts ending in black noses with prominent whiskers. They have a set of gills at the base of the jaw and tiny ear holes on each side of the head. Surprisingly broad and well-muscled, their torsos have arms ending in web-fingered hands. Sedrians have two stabilizing flippers located in the hip region, and they have tapering flukes instead of legs.

Sedrians inhabit Sedri, a small isolated world almost completely submerged in shallow oceans. Due to one of its peculiar inhabitants (Golden Sun coral), Sedri radiates intense gravity readings that make it appear as massive as a star. These readings cause automatic hyperdrive safety shutdowns, effectively isolating Sedri from casual visitors.

Because Sedri has no usable land, Sedrian evolution took a peculiar turn. On many worlds, mammals evolved from land-dwelling reptiles, who evolved from amphibians, who evolved from fish living in the oceans. In the case of the Sedri, where there is no land, the reptilian and amphibian stages of development never occurred. Therefore, the Sedrians never lost their gills, and can still sift oxygen from water. They also have lungs and can breathe air.

The sensitive whiskers on their noses serve a variety of purposes. The whiskers are thermal sensors, observing even subtle changes in water temperature. The whiskers also aid the Sedrians' ears in detecting and analyzing sound waves. Finally, the whiskers are also sensitive to electric current, which many types of fish, eels, and cephalopods generate as defense mechanisms or sensory aids.

Given the presence of gills, it is unclear why Sedrians also developed lungs. Perhaps their ancestors spent so much time frolicking on the surface of Sedri's oceans, or leaping after airborne prey, that it became necessary to breathe air. Or perhaps the development of lungs is somehow tied to the presence of Golden Sun.



However Sedrians came to possess lungs, it is indisputable that this is one of the more dramatic evolutionary developments in the galaxy.

Much less of a mystery, however, is how Sedrians came to possess torsos similar to those normally found only on land-dwelling bipeds. Once Sedrians evolved the ability to breathe air, they also developed other characteristics common to mammals and other air-breathers, such as being warm-blooded and bearing live young. With the increased metabolism of being warm-blooded came increasingly complex biological reactions and a development of the need to exert control over the environment. It was not long before Sedrians began to use tools, and they evolved hands out of their flippers, grew more intelligent, then finally developed true arms and a true technology.

Sedrians

Template Type: Sedrian

Size: 3 meters long

DEXTERITY: 2D **PERCEPTION:** 2D
KNOWLEDGE: 1D+2 **STRENGTH:** 2D+2
MECHANICAL: 1D+1 **TECHNICAL:** 2D+1

Roleplaying Hints: Sedrians abide by the tenets of their religion, worshiping the powers of Golden Sun and (for the most part) trying to live peaceful and reflective lives.

Quote: "Golden Sun will provide."

Despite the distortion of sound waves caused by water, Sedrians use their deep, booming voices to communicate verbally. They occasionally punctuate their speech with barks and whistles, especially when excited or distressed. Like most other species capable of abstract communication, Sedrians have established a complex society, and they live in underwater cities located all over Sedri. In Fitsay, the largest of Sedri's underwater cities, stands a sea-shell dome central to both the religious and technological aspects of Sedrian society. Within the dome lies the legendary coral cave that houses Golden Sun.

Golden Sun, an energy source unique to Sedri, is the center of Sedrian society. Their technology is powered by its energy, and they worship it as the source of all their blessings. Despite the great gifts Golden Sun bestows on its worshipers, the Sedrian high priest, and ruler of the Sedrian

people, is frightened of its power and keeps it confined within the seashell dome. He is content to learn about Golden Sun's abilities without delving too far into its nature.

Compared to Imperial technology, Sedrian technology can be considered backward and strange. Reliance on Golden Sun has caused the Sedrians to forsake other forms of scientific development (though it remains unclear what type of technology they would have developed in the absence of Golden Sun). Sedrians have no speeders, flying machines, starships, Droids, computers, or blasters. Instead, they rely on crystals of Golden Sun to power both their cities and their only weapons — simple rifles that stun, but do not kill. Golden Sun even cures those who are gravely ill or injured, providing the injured party is placed within the coral cave and left overnight.

Golden Sun

Golden Sun is a living, communal intelligence made up of thousands of tiny polyps inhabiting and creating the coral reefs of Sedri. The polyps draw sustenance from the ocean itself by allowing water to flow through their cells, filtering out bacteria for nourishment.

These coral dwellers have an affinity for the Force, although they know it as "the universal energy field." Their existence within the radiance of the Force, combined with power generated by the interconnection of thousands of minds, produces a nearly limitless supply of energy.

When the Sedrian high priest opens the dome housing Golden Sun, the coral's energy floods Sedri's oceans with glowing radiance. This radiant energy is also the source of the intense gravity readings that set off hyperdrive safety switches on passing starships.

The Sedrian high priest does not realize the coral is alive and intelligent. He merely sees it

as a great and powerful tool with which his race has been blessed, and keeps it locked inside the seashell dome. Because of this, the water flow feeding the coral is impeded. In essence, he is starving Golden Sun, as well as keeping it from sharing its radiance with the rest of Sedri. Needless to say, Golden Sun finds this situation undesirable and is attempting to correct it.

Ironically, it is the coral's attempts to communicate with the priest that frighten him. He often has dreams of the coral speaking to him. Although he tries to dismiss these dreams as the product of an overactive imagination, the high priest secretly fears he is losing his mind.

Force-users who attempt to communicate with the coral detect thousands of voices connected in maddening, joyous song. It may be something the Empire wishes to investigate further.

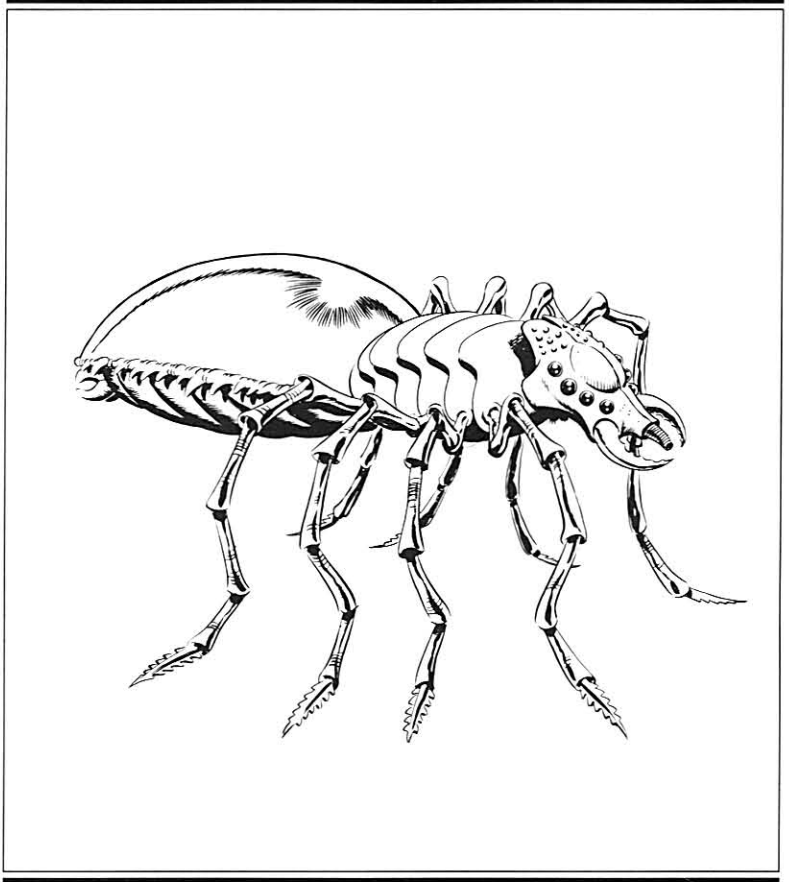
Sic-Six

Intelligent arachnids ranging from 1.2 to 2.1 meters in length, Sic-Six are generally black in color. Their bodies are divided into three sections: head, cephalothorax, and abdomen. A hard, chitinous carapace covers all three. A total of eight red eyes are arranged across the front and along both sides of the head. Two mandiblelike pedipalps sit on either side of the tubular mouth. The cephalothorax (the main part of the body) has four six-jointed legs on either side. The last body section, the plump abdomen, seemingly hangs in midair behind the cephalothorax, but is, in fact, supported by strong tendons and muscles. Four spinnerets protrude from the posterior end of the abdomen.

The Sic-Six come from the planet Sisk, which orbits a small red dwarf star of the same name. During the greater part of Sic-Six evolutionary history, Sisk was an orange star. However, it recently suffered a partial atomic collapse, cooling down and turning completely red.

This left the planet Sisk, which was once a lush, warm world, cool and desolate. The Sic-Six were forced to adapt. They changed from being patient web-lingerers into intelligent, sophisticated hunters who rely upon technology and cunning to survive and capture prey.

Toward these ends, they have developed several interesting adaptations. Their eyes are unusual in that two of them see light in the infrared range, two see red to yellow, two see green to violet, and two see into the ultraviolet range. In addition to serving as powerful rending instruments, their pedipalps are sensitive to a wide variety of smells. Their whole bodies serve as tympanumlike sound receptors, so they can hear even the tiniest noise up to several hundred meters away. The sensitivity of their hearing is also one of their greatest weaknesses. Loud music disorients Sic-Six, and the noise of nearby explosions can kill them.



Sic-Six can extend two fangs from their mouth to inject their victims with an organic poison manufactured in the Sic-Six body. This poison is merely an addictive intoxicant to most creatures that did not evolve on Sisk, but is deadly to any creature or being who did evolve on Sisk.

Due to the intoxicating properties of their poison, Sic-Six have become quite wealthy since developing interstellar travel. Even on worlds that have outlawed “fanging,” Sic-Six are in great demand to service the growing number of sentient who enjoy spider-poison delirium.

Sic-Six

Template Type: Sic-Six

Size: 1.2 meters to 2.1 meters long

DEXTERITY: 2D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+2

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 2D+1

STRENGTH: 1D+2

TECHNICAL: 1D+2

Roleplaying Hints: The Sic-Six have adapted well to Imperial society, and are fond of cultural entertainment such as art, music, and drama. However the collapse of their star has had a profound effect on their psyches. They are insecure and frightened of anything they do not directly control.

Quote: “There is nothing to fear but lack of control.”

Squibs

Squibs are small, furry bipeds with tufted ears and five-fingered hands and five-toed feet. Their eyes, located on the sides of their heads, are exceptionally large compared to their bodies, and may be yellow to brilliant red in color. Squibs have short muzzles ending in two black nostrils and containing a mouthful of sharp teeth. Their fur ranges in color from deep red to brilliant blue.

Squibs evolved on Skor II, a small, dense world orbiting Squab, a tiny red star. Skor II is a world of apparently unlimited resources. However, due to the varied nature of its climate and its planetary composition, these resources tend to be concentrated in different parts of the world. For example, wood is found in the temperate regions of the planet; salt is found in hot, coastal plains; and precious metals are found in mountainous regions.

As a result, early Squibs were fearless nomads who wandered from one part of the world to the next in pursuit of life's necessities. Their insatiable curiosity and acquisitive natures undoubtedly reflect the insecurity of a nomadic lifestyle. One interesting physical adaptation to their curiosity is that their fur serves as a sensitive smell and taste receptor. They can determine many properties of an item merely by rubbing against it.

Eventually, the Squibs' acquisitive instinct began interfering with their nomadic lifestyles. Some of them established permanent homes and substituted the excitement of the barter system for the freedom of limitless wandering as a means of procuring treasures from far places. Other Squibs continued to travel as nomadic merchants, stopping at every tiny settlement to strike bargains. As a result, Squibs have developed a gregarious nature and a cunning intellect that they use well in bartering with other species.

The first off-worlder to land on Skor II was a Dorcin trader. A prolonged round of barter ensued. In what may have been the greatest piece of haggling of the last millennia, the Squibs traded the mineral rights to a frozen wasteland for the secrets of starship technology.



The Squibs now roam the galaxy in reclamation ships, using tractor beams to salvage much of the treasure other races deem to be junk. They are the primary competition for the rubbish-worshipping Ugors.

Squibs are generally confident, uppity beings with an annoying penchant for curiosity. They tend to examine virtually everything around them, usually by handling it, regardless of any apparent danger.

The Squibs hold a few things sacred, which is more than can be said for their galactic rivals, the Ugors. Foremost among these is the love of haggling. Haggling, as defined by the Squibs, refers to any kind of conniving, hodgepodge of a deal that

Squibs

Template Type: Squib

Height: 1 meter

DEXTERITY: 3D

KNOWLEDGE: 2D

MECHANICAL: 2D

PERCEPTION: 3D

STRENGTH: 1D

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Without exception, Squibs are overconfident, overbearing, and overcurious. They examine anything by rubbing it against their fur, regardless of the danger involved. Squibs delight in trading, and usually get the best end of deals they make.

Quote: "Only good Ugor is ripped-off Ugor, you bet!"

lets both sides think (for a time, at least) that they got the better of the other. Everything else that other races enjoy—such as reproduction, exploration, conquest, or even acquisition — are all sublimated by the Squibs under the love of haggling.

Similarly, calling a Squib a good bargainer is the equivalent of telling a member of any other race that he or she is smart, rich, or sexy. Their favorite kinds of deals involve things that cannot

normally be compared easily, are resolved quickly, and are extremely complicated. To a Squib, a more intricate deal is a better deal. Sheer complexity reckons in a bargain as much as any of other consideration.

The only thing a Squib will stop at is outright stealing, although cheating a buyer (as the rest of the galaxy defines cheating) may be perfectly acceptable, as long as the Squib never actually lies while pursuing a deal.

Talz

Talz are a large, strong race from Alzoc III, a planet in the Alzoc star system. Thick white fur covers a Talz from head to foot, and sharp-clawed talons cap extremely large hands. The Talz have four eyes, two large and two small. Although fierce in appearance and immense in build, the Talz are a quiet, gentle race of peace-loving giants. However, they are all but unknown throughout the galaxy as they never developed star travel and are now confined to their planet by the Empire.

Alzoc III is a cold, frozen planet, but the Talz have adapted to the harsh climate. Their bulk and fur covering provide protection from the elements, and the Talz build primitive shelters to further protect them from the cold. Their eyes have developed to aid them from other environmental hazards. The large eyes shut during the day, when the glare of the powerful sun reflects off the frozen plains and can blind sensitive optical organs. The smaller set of eyes provide vision during these periods of glare, allowing the Talz to operate when other creatures cannot. At night, however, when the moonless planet is plunged into deep darkness, the large eyes open to provide excellent night vision.

When the Empire discovered this race, it immediately set up garrison bases and subjugated the planet. As the Talz were a primitive, non-violent people, this was easy to accomplish. They were never admitted into the Empire as a member race. They were never listed on the galactic registry. Instead, they were enslaved and put to work for the glory of the Empire.

Unlike the Wookiees, who were traveling the space lanes before their planet was enslaved, the Talz never left their planet. Although a few of these aliens have cropped up on Outer Rim worlds, the majority are not even aware of the vast civilization that exists beyond their star system. They know only the power of the white stormtroopers and the black-clad Imperials who



force them to labor in the mines of Alzoc III.

The Talz know nothing about rebellion or Empire. They remember when the great "rocks" fell from the sky like solid snow and the "others" stepped out of them. They remember the pain these beings inflicted. And now they know the constant toil that has become their way of life. Someday the rocks will fly away and things will return to normal, but until then they will use their great strength as slaves to the Empire.

Talz

Template Type: Talz

Height: 2.1 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D+2

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+1

MECHANICAL: 1D+1

PERCEPTION: 2D+1

STRENGTH: 3D+1

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Few Talz will be met in the galaxy, as their planet is off limits and the race is banned from leaving it. But some have made their way into society, such as Muftak on Tatooine. The rest are a slave people, even worse off than the Wookiees of Kashyyyk, working in Imperial mines on their own planet.

Quote: "Do not hurt us. We will do as you say."

Togorians

Feline bipeds standing up to three meters tall, Togorians would be impressive on any planet. With slender, fur-covered bodies and sinewy muscles, they appear equally suited to slinking through a forest or running across open plains while chasing their favorite prey. Their fingers and toes end in long claws, and the claws on their fingers are retractable. The Togorian face is almost completely feline in character, with long, twitching whiskers on the muzzle, slit-pupiled eyes, attentive triangular ears, but their mouths are full of needle-sharp canine teeth. Female Togorians are smaller than males and stand between 1.6 and 2.2 meters tall. Fur coloration in both sexes varies from gray-white to black, and distinctive markings are common.

The Togorians inhabit Togoria, a world in the Thanos system. Thanos is a large, blue-white star with two habitable planets, Thanos and Togoria. Thanos, the second planet, is a tightly-controlled Imperial shipyard. Togoria is the system's third planet.

Togoria is a world of endless, grassy plains and a few large forests. Since its tectonic plates are almost stable and move very slowly, the only mountain ranges on Togoria have eroded into low, rolling hills.

The Togorians evolved as nomadic night-hunters, preying on herds of Bist and Etelo. At the same time, they had to avoid being eaten by flying dinosaurs called "Liphons." Due to the fact that the survival of the Togorians as a species involved both the cunning required of those who hunt and the alertness necessary to those who are the hunted, the Togorians evolved true intelligence early in their history.

Early, intelligent Togorians quickly realized that their interests and the interests of another species, the Mosgoths, lay along similar lines. Like the Liphons, the Mosgoths are giant flying lizards. However, Mosgoths are smaller than Liphons. More importantly, next to Togorians, the favorite food of Liphons is Mosgoth eggs. Predictably, Mosgoth herds attack Liphons on sight, though the outcome of such battles is seldom certain.



Reasoning that if Mosgoths and Liphons were natural enemies, then Togorians and Mosgoths could become allies, ancient Togorians began defending Mosgoth nests against Liphon attack. Accordingly, the wild Mosgoths began making their nests near Togorian tribes. To make it easier for Mosgoths to nest near them, the Togorians began establishing permanent camps. Within a few generations, the Togorians had domesticated large numbers of Mosgoths, and could use them as hunting mounts.

After the Mosgoths were domesticated, the Togorian males began to yearn for a return to nomadic life. Unfortunately for Togorian culture, the females had grown accustomed to the luxury of permanent camps. They refused to leave the

Togorians

Template Type: Togorian

Height: Males, up to 3 meters; females, 1.6 to 2.2 meters

DEXTERITY: 3D
KNOWLEDGE: 1D
MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 2D
STRENGTH: 3D
TECHNICAL: 2D

Roleplaying Hints: Female Togorians are cunning and always willing to deal. Male Togorians are aloof and suspicious of outsiders, especially "White Shells" (stormtroopers) and "Metal Men" (Droids).

Quote: "White Shells make my fur crawl."

established villages, and the Togorian males refused to stay. In a species where one sex is weaker-willed than the other, this conflict would have been resolved in favor of the stronger-willed sex. But Togorians of both sexes are notoriously stubborn. In the end, the males returned to roaming their beloved plains. The females stayed behind and established cities, started domestic Bist and Etelo herding, and even developed a primitive industrial technology based on solar energy.

The result is that Togorian society is split along sexual lines. The males roam the plains in tribes ranging in size from 10 to 500 members, relying upon their winged Mosgoths for transportation. They spend most of their time hunting, competing in vigorous contests of prowess, or caring for their beloved mounts. The females live in villages and cities, the largest of which is Caross, the capital of Togoria.

Togorian government is simple and unobtrusive. All Togorians are ruled by the Margrave of Togoria, which is a hereditary office. He lives with a large tribe of males that roams the plain like any other tribe, save that it is considered a special honor to be invited to pitch a tent in the Margrave's camp. The Margrave rules female

Togorians through his closest female relative, who lives in an ancestral home in Caross. This arrangement works well, for even if the Margrave cares about his female subjects, he is incapable of understanding their concerns.

Despite the fact that the sexes do not live together, most Togorians are monogamous. About once a year, the males travel to the home of their spouse to visit for a week or so. During this time, the female ignores her normal responsibilities in order to spend as much time as possible with her mate.

Sometime during their lives, females often reward themselves with a few years of traveling to such resorts as Cloud City, Ord Mantell, or other exotic hot spots.

The males are generally repulsed by this entire idea, for they have no curiosity about anything beyond their beloved plains. In addition, their few experiences with strangers, mostly pirates and Imperial tax-collectors, have convinced them that off-worlders are as despicable as Rossor-worms. Any off-worlder found outside of Caross will be quickly returned to the city to be dealt with by the females. If an off-worlder is found outside of Caross a second time, he is staked out for the Liphons.

Ugors

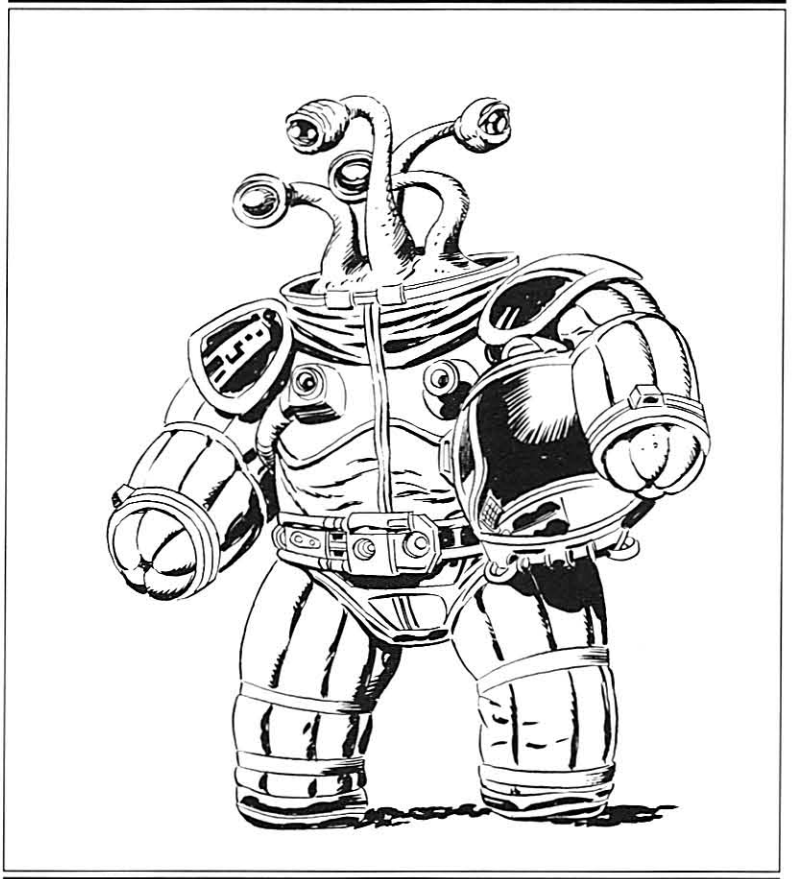
Ugors are large, unicellular protozoans with a radius of approximately one meter. They can extrude up to 30 pseudopodia at one time, several of which may contain openings and membranes appropriate for communication. Ugors normally move by oozing from one place to another.

The Ugors evolved on an unknown planet in the Paradise System. Though little is known of their home (the Ugors sliced apart every planet in their system to make the base for the most glorious junkyard in the galaxy), it must truly have been an idyllic world for the Ugors. A single-celled protozoan, like this species, would not have evolved to the Ugors' immense size without plenty of food and very few predators.

Despite their unicellular nature, do not assume Ugors are simple organisms. Multi-celled animals develop specialized cells in response to the environment's changing demands. Unicellular animals must develop new cell parts to meet those same demands, and the process is infinitely more complicated than growing new cells.

One of the most interesting aspects of Ugor biology is the development of a brain that is located in the nucleus of their bodies. The brains of most species rely on individual cells and neural networks to handle information storage and abstract reasoning. The Ugor brain, however, has adapted and relies upon individual molecules to perform cellular functions, making the Ugor brain faster and more adaptable than its multi-celled counterparts.

Consider the speed with which Ugors exude pseudopodia. Their bodies are covered with a gelatinous plasm. Within seconds, they can mold this plasm into 30 different limbs. An immense amount of information must be processed to



accomplish this task. A multi-celled brain would require several times as long to accomplish the same task.

The adaptability of Ugors has served them well, for the wealth of their world was a mixed blessing. After developing technology at an early stage in their philosophical evolution, they shortsightedly turned their home into a seething mass of poisonous by-products and overpopulation.

Ugors

Template Type: Ugors

Size: 2 meters in diameter

DEXTERITY:*

KNOWLEDGE:*

MECHANICAL:*

PERCEPTION:*

STRENGTH:*

TECHNICAL:*

* Ugors have a total of 12D of attributes. Because they are amorphous beings, they can shift around their attributes according to what they require at the moment. For example, forming pseudopodia into a bunch of eye-

stalks to examine something would increase an Ugor's *Perception*. No attribute may have more than 4D, and when one attribute is needed, the rest must also be allocated accordingly. Ugors have no skills, and cannot be player characters.

Roleplaying Hints: Ugors are adept at adapting their pseudopods to match the need of the moment. Instead of believing that gambling, bargaining, and cheating are a way of life, they believe these things are life.

Quote: "Hab you come to Paradise for a holy relic? 1,000 credibs, please."

Because of their inherent ability to alter themselves to fit new environments, instead of dying with their world, they adapted into forms that could live by using toxic garbage and filth as nourishment.

Shortly afterward, they began worshipping rubbish, then they turned their whole system into a galactic dump. They even arranged an exclusive contract with the Empire to clean up after Imperial fleets, which always jettison their garbage before entering hyperspace.

Ugors believe that gambling, bargaining, and cheating are a way of life. They are an unfriendly, isolated lot who hate everything that is not garbage. They rose to the top of their profession

through shrewd manipulation and outrageous religious claims, squeezing out smaller scavenger races like the Squib and Jawas, until the entire galaxy began to depend on the Ugor battlewagons to gather and store refuse. And, in an even shrewder financial move, the opportunistic sons of Ugor have opened up their mega-junkyard to any and all "pilgrims" who wish to "extract holy relics" from the great System of Paradise. Naturally a substantial "donation" is required to enter the system, and all "holy relics" must be paid for in full before pilgrims may depart.

Eventually, the Ugors came into conflict with the Squibs, another race of starfaring scavengers. The Ugors have been trying to eliminate their arch-rivals ever since.

Verpine

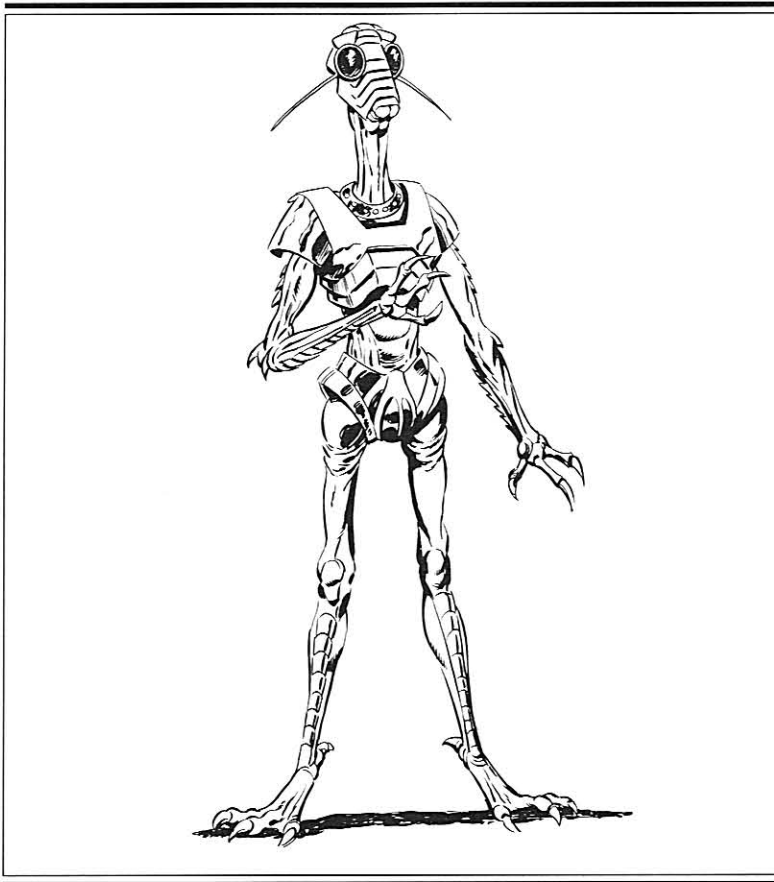
The Verpine are highly evolved, bipedal insectoids who stand 1.9 meters tall. They possess two arms ending in hands with fully opposable thumbs. Their bodies are thin and stick-like, with awkwardly articulated joints that give them an ungainly gait. Plates of a flexible, chitinous material cover their bodies. Two huge, black eyes dominate their faces, which have short snouts ending in small, toothless mouths. On the side of the head, behind each eye, where a humanoid's temples would be located, are two antennae, one to each side.

The Verpine inhabit the Roche Asteroid Field, a cluster of rocks orbiting a small yellow sun in the Roche system. Roche asteroids vary in size from tiny meteorites to large planetoids. The field is extremely old and rather orderly for a whirling storm of space debris. Each asteroid circles the sun of the system in a pattern that is almost regular. A countless number of Space Slugs and Mynocks make their home in the Roche asteroids.

So do the Verpine. However, it is obvious the insectoids did not evolve on asteroids. They breathe air and must go to considerable trouble to make their homes in the drifting hunks of frozen rock. Some rumors speculate they are the descendants of a nomadic race of spacefarers from another galaxy. Others suggest they evolved on a planet located in the Roche Asteroid Field's orbit, and that their world slowly disintegrated around them over the course of thousands of years. A third theory suggests the Verpine destroyed their home in a catastrophic civil war and must now live with the results of their racial foolishness.

Whatever their evolutionary history, it is clear the Verpine are descended from a line of hardy insects, despite lacking the many appendages common to insectoid species. Their bulging black eyes are superior adaptations of the traditional insectoid compound eye, and can see tiny, almost microscopic detail with amazing precision.

The two antennae behind their eyes are espe-



cially useful. They contain tympanic nerves that detect ordinary sound-wave vibrations and relay them to the brain. But the antennae are also sensitive to radio-wave transmissions, because Verpine can generate weak radio emissions (controlled via biological frequency modulation).

It remains uncertain whether the ability to generate radio waves is related to their nervous system's unusually powerful electromagnetic aura, or if that ability is a result of electrical energy released during the digestive processes. Whatever the physiological cause of these radio waves might be, Verpine can communicate silently and rapidly over distances of approxi-

Verpine

Template Type: Verpine

Height: 1.9 meters

DEXTERITY: 1D+1

KNOWLEDGE: 2D+1

MECHANICAL: 2D+2

PERCEPTION: 1D+1

STRENGTH: 1D+1

TECHNICAL: 3D

Roleplaying Hints: The Verpine have a child-like sense of wonder regarding new technology and insist upon examining any unusual piece of technology the player characters may possess. After expressing their wonder at the ingenuity of the item, they invariably offer to make it work better.

Quote: "It doesn't matter if it's not broken. I can fix it."

mately 100 kilometers. (Uninformed individuals often mistake this mode of organic telecommunication for telepathy.) By passing messages from one individual to another, the Verpine can instantly create a radio network spanning the entire Roche Asteroid Field.

The green, chitinous surface covering of the Verpine is one of their more interesting biological adaptations. This "carahide" is a thin, enzymatic protein capable of deflecting a slashing or stabbing attack (or even a glancing blaster bolt). This enzyme, which is attached to the epidermis like scales are attached to the skin of a reptile, retains the flexibility and elasticity of skin, and is composed entirely of dead cells (in the manner of a carapace or feathers). Carahide is a unique material, serving the defensive needs of insectoids, while simultaneously answering this intelligent species' demands for versatility and resiliency.

The Verpine are innate experts in nearly any field of technology, and continue to have a childlike sense of wonder where machinery is concerned. They have used their special talents to establish a highly advanced society in the asteroid tunnels of the Roche field. Most of these colonies, which are hermetically sealed against vacuum conditions on the asteroid surfaces, contain 20 to 100 inhabitants. Some of the larger "cities" in the heart of the field house up to 1,000 individuals. Each colony is self-sufficient, capable of producing all the energy, food and air the inhabitants need to survive. Repulsor-field shells envelope inhabited asteroids so that when collisions occur between occupied asteroids, the two asteroids simply bounce off each other's field and drift away unharmed. Unoccupied asteroids on a collision course with an occupied asteroid are simply repulsed by the field.

The Verpine have long possessed interstellar travel and are widely regarded as the finest ship builders in the galaxy. A large part of their skill is due to the location of their home. Traveling through asteroid fields is one of the greatest risks a pilot can run. The Verpine must face that risk every time they leave their home asteroid. Consequently, one of their earliest navigational developments was a ship stabilization system analogous to a gravity gyro. This system keeps the crew and passengers more or less stable

while the rest of the ship rotates to compensate for the hectic maneuvering involved in traversing asteroid fields.

The Verpine have applied this technology to the Rebel B-wing starfighter, the class that has proven so successful at raiding Imperial convoys. Despite their openly sympathetic attitude toward the Rebellion, the Verpine have stopped short of actually joining the Alliance. This is due more to their pacifistic natures than fear of the Empire or commitment to its cause, as they are rather naive idealists.

Their naivete concerning politics reflects the fact that their colonies are united under a single hive spanning the entire Roche field. This unification is possible because they have achieved a limited form of communal consciousness. Utilizing their organic telecommunicative abilities, the Verpine can consult their entire population and arrive at basic policy decisions nearly instantaneously. Because each member of the species has an opportunity to influence these resolutions, every member considers such decisions fully binding upon himself and his peers. This unique form of communication also allows nearly any Verpine to speak with complete authority for the entire hive.

Because Verpine are hermaphroditic, their mating, courtship, and child-rearing rituals are not complex. When the hive needs more members (due to normal mortality, the opening a new colony, or the loss of members during a disaster), several Verpine are asked to reproduce. The members assigned to egg production lay their eggs in colony incubators. When they have finished, the members assigned to fertilization provide the necessary sera. The hatchlings are cared for by the entire community.

At one time, hatchlings came in two forms: intelligent Verpine and subservient drones. A normal brood contained approximately 20 subsentient drones for every intelligent Verpine. As Verpine society grew increasingly technological, this mixture became undesirable. Therefore, the Verpine developed a special enzyme to eliminate drone eggs. Before reproducing, egg-layers ingest this enzyme so they will lay nothing but eggs containing embryos that will result in potentially intelligent adults. Worker drones are now produced by cloning, in limited quantities.

Whiphids

Other races often call a Whiphid “Tooth Face” — but rarely is this term used when speaking directly to a Whiphid, since Whiphids find the term insulting and react angrily.

Whiphids are hulking bipeds covered in long, yellow-white or golden fur. They stand up to two and a half meters tall, and weigh up to 400 kilograms. The Whiphid face, which has a prominent forehead and long, bowed cheekbones, is hairless — except for a few spiky hairs on its leathery lips and chin. Two upturned tusks sprout from the jaw. The eyes protrude slightly. The hands include three thick fingers with steely, flesh-ripping claws; and the feet have similar equipment. A stubby, furred tail bobbing along behind belies this carnivore’s otherwise ferocious appearance.

Whiphids live on Toola, a bitterly cold planet in the Kaelta system. A thin atmosphere and an orbit far from Kaelta account for Toola’s frigid climate. Summer does come to some regions for a few standard months of each of Toola’s years. During that time, the grasses grow and flourish, drawing half-starved Caraboose and hoary Mastmots onto the plains for grazing. But for most of Toola’s year, Whiphids know only glaciers, snow, and gleaming bergs of steel blue ice.

The Whiphids do not mind the temperature variations; they are built to handle extremes of climate. Their hollow hairs function well as an insulation layer for body heat, and their flesh is padded with fat that also works to preserve body heat. Their fur sheds water, enabling Whiphids to swim freely in their frigid seas. When summer arrives, the Whiphids cool off by shedding several inches of fur and burning off much of their fat. Their hollow cheeks also widen, creating a broader face to help dissipate heat.

Whiphids live in small nomadic tribes of three to 10 families. Each community builds a permanent shelter of rocks, skins, and Mastmot bones, to which they return each summer. During the winter months they migrate across the snow fields, following food and building temporary



shelters in the snow.

As carnivores, these furry hulks are masterful hunters and trackers. An experienced Whiphid can find a hibernating Ice Puppy simply by sniffing the air, and can kill a Sea Hog with nothing more than his hands and tusks. Today most Whiphids use spears, crude sabers, and clubs, however, and ride Tuggle-drawn sledges when tracking Mastmots.

Without outside influence, Whiphids probably would continue their simple existence. Currently, more advanced races from arid planets are visiting Toola to harvest ice. Such contacts will undoubtedly improve the Whiphids’ lifestyle.

Whiphid

Template Type: Whiphid

Height: 2.5 meters

DEXTERITY: 2D+1

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+2

MECHANICAL: 1D

PERCEPTION: 3D

STRENGTH: 3D

TECHNICAL: 1D

Roleplaying Hints: Whiphids are ferocious predators that have a true love of the hunt. They enjoy nothing more than tracking something down and killing it, but they also appreciate the luxuries that contact with the Empire brings to them. Most encountered away from Toola are bounty hunters.

Quote: “You want me to kill something? How much will it cost?”

Xi'Dec

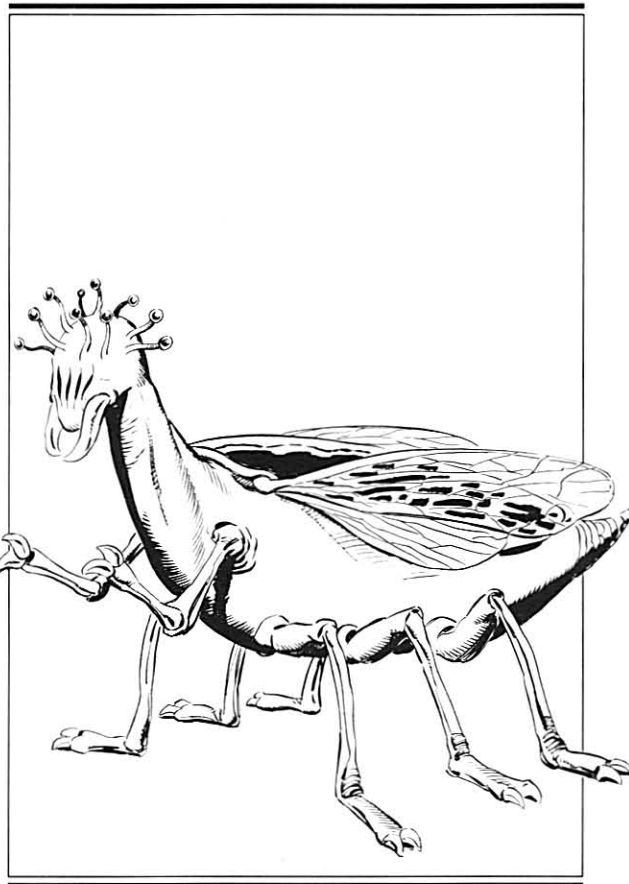
To date, sentientologists have cataloged over 180 sexes of Xi'Dec. Each is so different from the others that when the great sentientologist Randamar Parl contacted the Xi'Dec, he thought he had discovered a world teeming with a multitude of intelligent species.

The most common Xi'Dec sex, the Xi'Alpha (commonly referred to as "Stictex"), comprises almost six percent of the population. Xi'Alpha have eight legs, any two of which they can stand upon while using the other six like arms and hands. A shiny carapace covers the back of the cylindrical, Xi'Alpha bodies, and lacy wings project from slots in the carapaces. A dozen optic organs, on short, prehensile stalks protrude from the head. Six four-centimeter slits serve as olfactory openings, while articulated mandibles flank the jagged maws.

The other Xi'Dec sexes are just as bizarre in appearance, though less common in occurrence. It would be a monumental task to describe even a small percentage of these creatures. It is better, and far easier, to describe the reason for the abundance of sexual types. The Xi'Decs' planet, Stic, is a world of constant climatological, geological, and biological change. In order to survive, creatures on Stic must be highly adaptive.

The Xi'Dec answered this challenge by evolving an incredible number of sexes. The form their offspring takes is determined by the combination of parents involved in mating (young can be hatched, born live, grown in pods, split off a parent's body, ect.). The resulting gene-pool is incredibly complex, and Xi'Dec adapt to environmental changes with frightening rapidity.

During the long, involved evolution of their complex reproductive system and methods, the Xi'Dec became intelligent and developed a sophisticated civilization. Xi'Dec society is based upon the family unit, which consists of two or more members of different sexes (there is never more than one member of any sex in a family unit). Family units live apart from other family units, caring for their young within the confines of the family. Generally speaking, the larger the



family, the more prosperous and the more advanced technologically that family is.

Families will go to considerable trouble to attract a member of a sex that they do not already have present in the family unit. Consequently, members of rare Xi'Dec sexes are in high demand, and often command considerable concessions in return for joining a family.

It is not uncommon for visitors to Stic to receive hundreds of marriage proposals within a few standard hours of stepping onto the planet. Xi'Dec are so consumed by the complexity of their familial life and the genetically induced desire to provide an even broader breeding base for the survival of the species that they mistakenly assume that alien are rare Xi'Dec sexes.

Xi'Dec

Template Type: Xi'Dec (Xi'Alpha sex)

Size: .5 meters to 10 meters tall (or long)

DEXTERITY: 2D+1

KNOWLEDGE: 1D+1

MECHANICAL: 1D+1

PERCEPTION: 2D+1

STRENGTH: 1D+2

TECHNICAL: 3D

Roleplaying Hints: The Xi'Dec are devoted to their families and see all issues only in terms of how it affects the family's welfare. They care little about the Empire or the Rebellion.

Quote: "Rebellion? Empire? What does that have to do with my family unit?"

STAR WARS®

GALAXY GUIDE 4

Alien Races Character Profiles

by Troy Denning

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