

STAR

RETURN  
OF THE JEDI™  
WARS

GALAXY GUIDE 5



WEST-  
END  
GAMES

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

# STAR WARS®

## GALAXY GUIDE 5

### Return of the Jedi™

by Michael Stern



Ralph McQuarrie

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



**Luke Skywalker has returned to his home planet of Tatooine in an attempt to rescue his friend Han Solo from the clutches of the vile gangster Jabba the Hutt.**

**Little does Luke know that the GALACTIC EMPIRE has secretly begun construction on a new armored space station even more powerful than the first dreaded Death Star.**

**When completed, this ultimate weapon will spell certain doom for the small band of Rebels struggling to restore freedom to the galaxy...**

# I ntroduction

As we sat in the darkened theater waiting for the opening of *Return of the Jedi*, our thoughts drifted to the closing moments of *The Empire Strikes Back*. The familiar outline of the *Millennium Falcon* disappears into a swirling star field, but without its roguish captain at the helm. Han Solo is in the hands of the galaxy's vilest villain, and those in the *Falcon* are on their way to rescue him. Leia, the burden of command resting heavy on her shoulders, can only watch them go. Luke, grievously wounded in battle against Darth Vader — revealed as his father — too must stay behind. It is a dark time for the galaxy.

We had waited three years for this. Three years of wondering what the evil Jabba might have in store for our favorite Corellian smuggler. Wondering whether Luke would succeed in his quest to become a Jedi. And, above all, wondering what would happen in the climactic struggle between good and evil.

Now the waiting was over. And what unfolded on the screen before us made the wait well worthwhile.

*Return of the Jedi* is an exhilarating tale of high adventure. Han Solo is saved and reunited with his beloved princess. Luke triumphs over the Emperor and becomes a Jedi. Anakin Skywalker returns to the Light. The Rebel Alliance defeats the Imperial Navy and destroys the new Death Star.

This book examines the characters from that incredible movie: the heroes, the villains, the bit players and the stars. It looks at their backgrounds, histories, discusses their strengths,

weaknesses, and personalities. Here you will find the scum of Jabba's court, the intrepid Rebels who threw themselves against the Empire's ultimate weapon, the equally brave Ewoks, and most of the other characters from the film.

How did Jabba the Hutt rise to power? What exactly is the Sarlacc? Who are those robed figures at the Emperor's side in his throne room? These questions and many more are answered in *Galaxy Guide 5*.

For the *Star Wars* movie buff, this information is priceless for its own sake. For the *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game* gamemaster, this information will help to flesh out your campaign and give it the look and feel of the *Star Wars* films. Meeting characters from *Return of the Jedi* will give your players a greater sense of "being there," in that galaxy far, far away.

The key to fitting these characters smoothly and logically into your campaign is to make good use of their backgrounds and histories. Try to interweave these characters' stories with those of the player characters.

For example, we know that Nien Nunb, Lando Calrissian's alien co-pilot, harbors a great deal of ill-will for the SoroSuub Corporation, which virtually owns his home planet. If the Alliance (you, that is) were to assign your players' characters to take on this corporate megapower, what would be more natural than for Nien Nunb to take part in the mission?

We hope that you will enjoy *Galaxy Guide 5: Return of the Jedi*, both as a supplement for *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*, and as a reference book about the characters of *Return of the Jedi*.

# A n Odyssey Concluded

## Prologue: First Words

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

**From:** Lieutenant Voren Na'al, Assistant Historian

**Regarding:** Continuing research into the events surrounding the Battle of Endor

Sir:

So here we are once more. This is the third report I will have the privilege of filing for you; I expect this to be the most enjoyable of them all. By all the gods, Arhul — *we've won!* Now that the deed is done and we are victorious, I can honestly say that I never really believed we'd do it.

Think about it. Despite our claims for a great victory in escaping the Imperial trap at Hoth, in fact, what took place there was no less than disaster. Most of our heavy equipment lost. Hundreds killed. The Alliance's entire command structure in disarray. Deity protect us from any more such "great victories."

Even worse, in many ways, the "heroes of Yavin," whom we had learned to look up to and revere, were as battered, disorganized, and demoralized as the rest of us. Han Solo imprisoned — maybe dead. The Princess Leia stumbling around in a haze of misery and despair. Commander Skywalker crippled and crushed under some great personal grief. I can assure you, morale aboard the Command Ship was none too high.

And now look at us, a few short months later! We sit around the campfire, wrapped in joy and surrounded by the laughter of Ewoks. Pieces of the broken Death Star hit and burn up in Endor's atmosphere, looking for all the world like a whole pack of shooting stars for us to wish on. By the gods — *we've done it!*

You must pardon my exuberance, Major Hextrophon. The heady brew of victory has made us all giddy as children — though perhaps a different brew — fermented grava berries presented us by our new Ewok friends — has something to do with it as well. But I assure you that my research will be as sober, complete, unbiased, and honest as were the previous two.

But, if you don't mind, I'll start tomorrow, okay? Somebody's taught the Ewoks the *Starfarer's Return*, and they want me to dance.

## Voren Na'al

After many years as a reporter for the Galactic News Service, Lieutenant Na'al serves the Alliance as an assistant to the Master Historian, Arhul Hextrophon. He has been assigned to follow and report upon those members of the Alliance commonly referred to as "the heroes of Yavin," a group which now includes General Lando Calrissian, though Calrissian was not at Yavin. (As Calrissian readily admits, "In those days, you wouldn't have caught me within a thousand light-years of Yavin once that Death Star showed up." He smiles. "You see, that was before I decided to give up a good job to become a savior of the galaxy. Now I eat Death Stars for breakfast.")

Na'al joined the Alliance several years ago, after a chance meeting with Arhul Hextrophon, his old journalism teacher. Hextrophon, who had been in the Alliance since its inception, convinced the young reporter that he could indeed make a difference in the galactic struggle.

Na'al took part in the assault on Hoth and the battle over Endor, as well as in many smaller confrontations. He has been wounded in action twice. His straight-forward reporting has earned him the respect and recognition of his peers in the Alliance.

# Tatooine Profiles

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

By now, everyone has heard of the daring rescue of General Han Solo from the clutches of Jabba the Hutt by Commander Luke Skywalker, the Princess Leia, General Calrissian, and the mighty Wookiee Chewbacca. This action, though I suppose small and unimportant in the galactic scheme of things, had quite a dramatic impact upon Tatooine. In many ways, the death of Jabba the Hutt has shaken up the desert planet even more than has the death of the Emperor.

I started out for Tatooine immediately following the victory celebrations on Endor (or, at least, as soon as my head stopped aching), and news of the Emperor's death had barely trickled down to the backwater planet. A rather motley Imperial Customs Frigate intercepted my ship when it went into orbit around the desert world; the Customs Official appeared completely ignorant of the death of his Liege and was as nasty, officious, and bullying as ever. I rather pitied him: I wondered what he and all the other small-minded bureaucrats would do when their precious Empire finally fell apart? It might go on twitching for a while, but the head was cut off, and die it must, sooner or later.

In any event, my cover held, and I made it down to the planet without any trouble. As usual I was working alone. I find that any added protection afforded by extra people is more than counterbalanced by the added risk of discovery. My identification listed me as a stringer for the Galactic News Service, a part I had no small experience in playing.

Mos Eisley was just as I remembered it: hot, dirty, and with an undercurrent of hidden menace which cut through the image of a sleepy, backwater village. If anything, the city seemed even more dangerous than usual. There were few civilians on the streets; those about moved quickly and furtively. Stormtroopers were visible in force. They traveled in groups of 10 or more; they were alert, and looked like they expected trouble. I saw two bodies before I was dirtside 10 minutes.

A full-scale gang war was in progress on Tatooine. Rival factions were battling to take control of Jabba's empire — jackals squabbling over a fat, juicy corpse — and things were getting messy. More than 50 people had been killed in Mos Eisley, and several buildings — including my favorite hangout in the city, the Cantina — had been firebombed.

The Imperial prefect of Tatooine was attempting to keep order, but lacked sufficient troops to oppose the gangsters. He was getting precious little in the way of assistance from the sector's Moff; I expect the Moff had more immediate problems on his mind.

I quickly concluded that there was little to be gained by tarrying in Mos Eisley — except possibly a slit throat — so I hired a repulsorcraft and left that unpleasant place.

Following the crude map sketched out for me by Commander Skywalker, I headed into the desert beyond the Dune Sea and into the Jundland Wastes. I knew that the Sand People were watching me, but, beyond one poorly-aimed potshot from extremely long range, they didn't molest me at all. I expect that my manner was too confident and my weaponry too formidable for the Tusken Raiders. After several hours' journey, I reached my first destination.

The abandoned hut of the late Obi-Wan Kenobi didn't seem like much to the naked eye — a violent sand-storm had broken windows and filled the main room with drifting sand — but the place had a certain majesty, as though great things had happened there. The feelings were particularly strong in the workplace where Luke Skywalker had skillfully constructed his own lightsaber and in the chamber where both men had meditated. The entire house was filled with unseen energy vibrating at a wavelength just beyond my ability to pick up.

It was an unsettling experience, to say the least. I felt perfectly safe, but an intruder, as if I were a beloved child who had wandered by accident into a king's audience chamber. I was welcome, but the grownups had important things on their minds and couldn't stop to play with me. It was quite humbling; I left as soon as I could.

From there I journeyed on to a much less exotic — but potentially more dangerous — location: the former palace of the also former Jabba the Hutt. The exterior of the palace was a shambles: scorch-marks and bloodstains marred the walls, broken bodies lay everywhere, and the stench of decay nearly made me retch. Fortunately, the fighting was at a lull, Fortuna's forces having gained temporary ascendancy, and my cover as a spice dealer gained me access within.

I spent nearly three days in Jabba's palace. During that time, I agreed to supply Fortuna with 50 kilos of spice a week, to help Ephant Mon overthrow Fortuna, and to help Ree-Yees kill both Mon and Fortuna. Somebody tried to poi-

son my food, and I was forced to kill a Gamorrean guard who attempted to behead me in a darkened hallway. All in all, an interesting trip — but one I am not particularly interested in re-experiencing.

In between plotting and avoiding being murdered, I talked to many of the survivors of Luke's purge, and, bit-by-bit, pieced together their stories.

I got the inside scoop on many of Jabba's most important courtiers, and a variety of amusing and/or disgusting anecdotes, the most palatable of which are included below. I was also able to reconstruct the immediate events surrounding the fall of the mighty Jabba and the rescue of Han Solo.



Ralph McQuarrie

## Bib Fortuna

Twileks are known throughout the galaxy as clever and resourceful, though ruthless, businessmen. Bib Fortuna is no exception. On his homeworld of Ryloth, Fortuna was an ambitious entrepreneur, one of the foremost “clandestine exporters” of the mineral known as ryll.

In other words, he was a spice smuggler.

After several years of successful, if unspectacular, freelancing, one of Jabba the Hutt’s agents approached Fortuna with a proposition: Mighty Jabba was looking to get into the spice trade, and he wanted Bib to come work for him as his production and transport agent. Fortuna would make a healthy “commission” on each load of spice he brought in — more than he was making now — and Jabba’s organization would handle distribution of the product.

It was dangerous to work for Jabba. The Hutt had a temper, and did not let mistakes go unpunished. And Fortuna liked being his own boss. However, the money was very, very good indeed, probably more than he could ever make on his own. Letting his greed get the best of him, Fortuna agreed.

Years passed. Fortuna became an important fixture around Jabba’s palace; he made a lot of money; everything was going very well. But then Fortuna had a streak of bad luck: several shipments were intercepted by the Imperial Navy. The whiteskins were vigorously interdicting the illegal transport of spice, and their officers remained frustratingly incorruptible. Fortuna accepted this as part of the cost of doing business, but Jabba was becoming annoyed.

To rectify the problems Fortuna knew would simply keep escalating, the Twi’lek decided to get out of that portion of the business. Instead, he approached Jabba for a more important position in the crime lord’s organization.

Much to the Twi’lek’s surprise, the Hutt agreed. It seemed Jabba appreciated fawning servants who also had more than a little talent. So what if Fortuna had to wave his head tails and bow constantly. So what if he had to agree with every



belch Jabba uttered. It was only business, after all, and Bib Fortuna wanted to make the most of it. He wanted to get ahead.

Jabba promoted Fortuna, making him one of the Hutt’s many lieutenants. With his organizational skills, management experience, and head for business, Fortuna quickly became one of Jabba’s chosen few. In fact, he seemed to be in line for the position of major domo of Jabba’s entire operation. The current major domo, one Naroon Cuthus, was getting old and losing his edge. He was even slipping up during reports to the crime lord. When such signs became apparent, it was only a matter of time before the Hutt retired you — permanently.

### Bib Fortuna

**Template Type:** Twi’lek

**Loyalty:** To Jabba

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Twi’lek

**Equipment:** Datapad,  
Hold-out Blaster.

**Quote:** “Ne Jabba no  
badda.”

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

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

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

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

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

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

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

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



Fortuna's chief competition for Naroon's spot was Bidlo Kwerve. Bib hated the Corellian pirate, constantly trying to decide what it was about the man that made him so dangerous to Fortuna's ambitions. It was beyond the Twi'lek, however, much the same way that other Corellian's talents were. Han Solo, Bidlo Kwerve, and other Corellians haunted the Twi'lek's thoughts. They were a lucky, annoying race, that was for sure.

As was his practice, Jabba constantly put the two competitors together on projects. The Hutt loved to watch rivals battle it out, and such battles often determined the best man. After all, Jabba reasoned, one day either Kwerve or Fortuna would come out on top, and on that day Jabba would know which of them was best suited to serve at the crime lord's side.

It is hard to say which of these two criminals actually won out in the battle for Jabba's favor. True, Bib Fortuna survived to become major domo and is now vying for complete control of the organization Jabba left behind. But Kwerve received an honor that may have been even greater in the crime lord's demented eyes.

It was Bidlo Kwerve who found the ruined ship that contained the monstrous creature known as the Rancor. But Bib Fortuna followed the Corellian on that day (as was his practice — he liked to

keep up on his rival's activities) and aided him in securing the beast for safe transport.

The two rivals for Jabba's attention decided to cooperate for the first time in their long association. Neither could handle the Rancor by himself, and even together it was going to be dangerous. So they buried their differences and worked together to get the creature back to Jabba's palace. Once there, they presented the beast to the Hutt as a birthday gift. They figured that such a present would move both of them higher in the syndicate. They were right.

Jabba showed both men the full measure of his gratitude. Bib Fortuna finally received the promotion he desired as Jabba announced that the Twi'lek would now serve as his chief lieutenant and major domo. Bidlo Kwerve, however, made history. He was given the honor of becoming the Rancor's first meal in Jabba's presence. Fortuna was glad that the "greater" reward went to his honored opponent.

On the day that Jabba took Han Solo and his companions out to the Sarlacc's pit for execution, Bib Fortuna remained behind to keep the palace in order. This was his punishment for allowing the young Jedi into the palace in the first place. Punishments have always seemed to work out for the Twi'lek. In fact, he has always prospered from the lessons he has been taught.

## Gamorrean Guards

Jabba employed nine Gamorreans as palace guards. Gamorreans are fierce and determined, if somewhat stupid, warriors, completely loyal to their employer. Occasionally Jabba would send them out into Tatooine to handle very simple assignments, such as strong-arming moisture farmers who were reluctant to pay protection, but mostly they remained within the walls of Jabba's Palace, at their bloated master's side.

The leader of this band of pig-like thugs was Ortugg, who Jabba put in charge after seeing him put up an impressive fight during the "employment test." The toughest and most intelligent of the lot, he and his right-hand man Rogua were assigned the very important position of front entrance sentry.

Ortugg was also given the private task of keeping an eye on Tessek, whom Jabba suspected didn't always have the crime lord's best interests at heart. Ortugg had clashed with Tessek several times, though the clever Quarren always backed down before risking the ire of the fierce Gamorrean or, worse yet, Jabba himself.

The other Gamorreans served as sentries throughout the palace. Jabba particularly liked to put them in charge of guarding uppity prisoners who, knowing to expect little mercy from the Hutt, would invariably try to escape. The resulting butchery gave His Eminence almost as much pleasure as watching his beloved Rancor swallow someone whole. Jabba had often toyed with the idea of dropping a Gamorrean or two into the Rancor pit — just to see what would happen.



### Ortugg

**Template Type:** Gamorrean

**Loyalty:** To Jabba

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Gamorrean

**Equipment:** Vibroaxe,

Force Pike.

**Quote:** "Snort, grunt, grunt."

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

Vibroaxe \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

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

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

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

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

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

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

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

**T**he Employment Test

*The following story is excerpted from the Data Journal of Voren Na'al. It was related by Ephant Mon, who participated in the event.*

When Jabba first conceived his vast and powerful criminal organization, he knew he'd need a lot of cheap muscle for protection, goons who would break heads without thinking twice about it, and who would not betray their employer. He needed creatures who were strong, vicious, loyal, and stupid. In short, he needed Gamorreans.

But needing Gamorreans and getting them to work for you are two entirely different things. These brutish mercenaries live by a strict code of honor which states that a Gamorrean will only serve someone who is a better warrior than he. Anyone who wishes to hire a Gamorrean must first defeat him in battle.

Now, Mighty Jabba knew that he would have no problem defeating a Gamorrean in single combat, but, considering the amount of Gamorreans that he wanted to hire, the fighting could soon become tedious. So the shrewd crime lord conceived of a plan which would not only secure him the services of a large group of Gamorreans, but would also earn him their eternal respect and admiration.

Jabba had a group of 12 likely candidates brought to his palace throne room to receive their "employment test." The Hutt's thugs ringed the room, the Gamorreans were herded into the center, and Mighty Jabba heaved himself off of his throne and faced his pig-like guests. His massive tail rose high in the air, casting a shadow over the Gamorreans. With great fanfare, Jabba's interpreter announced that the Mighty Hutt would take them on all at once!

But as the first of the brutes advanced, Jabba signalled him to stop. He clapped his pudgy hands, and a henchman brought out a handful of blindfolds. The Gamorreans bristled and made threatening noises at the henchmen, who wisely

scuttled around behind Jabba's huge bulk for protection.

The crime lord's interpreter then explained that this was the traditional Huttese way of doing personal combat — fighting by smell and touch and blind instinct. Among the Hutts, the interpreter explained, fighting with eyes uncovered was dishonorable and cowardly. Seeing Jabba allow himself to be blindfolded first, and not wishing to offend their prospective employer, the none-too-bright Gamorreans accepted the condition.

After all of the Gamorreans were blindfolded, the gong signalling the commencement of combat was chimed, and the Gamorreans advanced clumsily, swinging wildly with their axes and force pikes. Of course by then Jabba had slipped back onto his throne and 20 of his henchmen brandishing gaffi sticks and clubs moved in to replace him. Jabba's henchmen, who were of course not blindfolded, had little trouble pummeling the pig-like brutes into submission.

A cacophony of strange alien laughter surrounded the bewildered Gamorreans as they flailed wildly in every direction. Jabba's henchmen darted between the blind thrusts and slashes to deliver savage blows to the helpless Gamorreans. Most of the Gamorreans were easily dispatched, but a few of them, particularly the axeman, Ortugg, displayed remarkable endurance and determination, and by luck managed to down one of their tormentors. This was unfortunate, but Jabba reasoned that "that is the price you pay for good help these days."

When the combat was over, Jabba moved back into place, with a few cosmetic cuts and bruises added for effect. The blindfolds were removed, and the stunned and beaten Gamorreans gaped in awe at the giant slug-like creature who had singlehandedly defeated 12 Gamorrean warrior clansmen blindfolded. All nine of the surviving Gamorreans swore fealty to the greatest warrior they had ever known.

## Oola

Twilek women are known the galaxy over for their exotic dancing. It seemed to Bib Fortuna that this would be the perfect gift with which to appease his employer, Jabba the Hutt. The mighty crime boss was legendary for his amorous tendencies and his appreciation for a well-shaped head-tail; a captivating Twilek slave girl dancing at his court might distract Jabba's attention from Fortuna's schemings.

However, it was difficult to find just the right girl for the bloated Hutt. Most of the popular dancers were too common and ordinary to captivate Jabba the way that Fortuna wanted his "gift" to. No, he would never be able to find her — he would have to *make* her. For this he traveled out to the "place of twilight" on his half-light, half-dark homeworld of Ryloth, where there still existed many quaint, primitive clans, living in ignorance and peace. It took him two weeks to find the perfect woman.

He knew from the moment he saw Oola that she was the one. The daughter of the clan chief, Oola moved like a serpent and possessed the finest, most delicate head-tail Fortuna had ever seen. Fortuna had to have her.

During the night, Bib kidnapped the innocent girl and brought her to his smuggling complex. There he hired several famous Twilek dancers to tutor the young Oola in the ways of seduction and the dance. Four months later, he presented Oola to Jabba.

Jabba was instantly smitten with the young Twilek. To show his appreciation, he chained her to his throne, an honor he reserved for only his most prized possessions. Fortuna had done well.

It became evident before long, however, that Oola did not share the sentiment of her new



master. She didn't mind dancing for the court, but when the grotesque Hutt himself began to make his obscene advances toward her, she resisted. She was punished, and punished again, but still she held firm. Eventually Jabba tired of the game, and the young Twilek became food for his other "most prized possession."

### Oola

**Template Type:** Twilek

**Loyalty:** To Herself

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Female

**Race:** Twilek

**Equipment:** None.

**Quote:** "No wala wa!"

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

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

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

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D+2**

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

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+1**

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

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

## Jabba the Hutt

There are many, many stories about Jabba the Hutt: who he really was, where he came from, and how he became one of the most powerful underworld figures in the galaxy. Jabba is said to have been behind every single unsolved crime committed in the past 20 standard years; countless cheap hoods give themselves airs by claiming to have done a job with the Bloated One. Politicians across space have gotten themselves elected promising to “bring down the Hutt and all like him.” The Hutt has even achieved the status of galactic boogey man: mothers everywhere use him to keep ornery children in line — “You’d better go right to sleep or Jabba will get you.”

To dig through this muddled information to find “the truth” is impossible. One can only pick out the choicest bits and string them together to form some sort of reasonable narrative.

Jabba was a Hutt, a race of slug-like creatures said to originate on a planet called Varl, though that name does not appear on any Imperial star charts. Space lore has it that the Hutts all but destroyed themselves in civil war, and that only a small group of the most ruthless, cunning and hardy survive today. This is, of course, speculation, but the Hutts’ strength of personality and physical strength is well documented.

Jabba, in particular, was known for his keen wit and dominating force of personality. His great physical prowess no doubt had an important bearing on his meteoric rise to power, but ultimately it was his ruthless, scheming mind which brought him to the top of his chosen profession. Later on, when the excesses of his appetites for food, females and spice had taken their toll, leaving him a hairless, bloated slug, all but unable to move, the mind of the illustrious Jabba remained as nimble and sharp as ever.

Over the years, his underworld empire had grown to an almost unfathomable size. He had his pudgy hands in everything from spice running, to extortion, to a protection racket which alone could have supported the governments of an entire sector of space. Jabba amassed a vir-



tual army of beings from across the galaxy to do his bidding. His agents were everywhere.

Why then did Jabba choose the remote dust-ball of Tatooine as a base of operations? No one is truly sure. Speculation ranges from the idea that Jabba thought he would draw less Imperial attention in such a remote location, to a supposed deal Jabba had with the sector governor, to the story that Jabba actually owned the entire planet. For whatever reason, Jabba made his palace in the remote deserts of Tatooine the hub of his criminal empire. Unfortunately for the Hutt, he picked the homeworld of a young man who would become the last of the Jedis, and who would spell his eventual doom.

### Jabba The Hutt

**Template Type:** Hutt

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Size:** 3.9 meters long

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Hutt

**Equipment:** None.

**Quote:** “Bo shudda.”

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

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

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

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

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

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

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

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2

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

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

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

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

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

## Jabba's Palace

Out beyond the Dune Sea, past even the wild Jundland Wastes and the pit of Carkoon, there was an evil place. A place of corruption, of vile, contemptible goings-on the likes of which existed nowhere else on the planet Tatooine — or anywhere else in the galaxy, for that matter. This was the palace of Jabba the Hutt.

To reach it (if you are so foolish as to want to), you must first travel a perilous, ever-shifting road which leads through the scorching sands and parched canyons of Tatooine's most rugged terrain. If you survive the tender mercies of the Sand People and the Krayt Dragons, you will eventually get to your destination.

You had better have an invitation, however, for all approaches to the palace are watched. An extensive scanner network monitors the surrounding area to a distance of 10 full kilometers in all directions. Hostile-looking visitors are greeted by a contingent of Gamorrean guards before they even catch sight of the castle; those not appearing dangerous are allowed to approach, but monitored closely all the way.

If you approach the castle during the night, you may have the misfortune to meet the Worrts, a repulsive, toad-like creature with a lightning-fast tongue. The Worrts cannot harm human-sized visitors — though Jawas have been known to disappear mysteriously when wandering around the castle — but the Worrts are too stupid to realize this, and they attack anything they meet. If they attack you, you had better simply endure their disgusting, sticky, drooling caress: woe betide the fool who dares strike Jabba's little friend!

The palace is built of sandrock, the outer walls reinforced by Ditanium plating and reflective shielding. The architect was Derren Flet, a respected young star in his field who met an untimely demise when he failed to include a satisfactory dungeon in the original plans of the palace. He did, however, provide Jabba with just about everything else the Bloated One wanted,

and the palace served Jabba admirably as both stately manor and fortress.

The hub of the palace, around which everything else revolved, was the throne room. From his throne, Jabba could control everything from the trap door opening leading to the Rancor pit below to the lighting and climate control for the entire palace. Virtually all defense, communication and security systems could be monitored by Jabba personally. The throne room also served as living quarters for most of Jabba's "employees and associates" — to keep an eye on them, he forced them to sleep right there on the cold floor of the throne room, as he was forced to do by his deteriorated physical condition.

Beneath the palace were the infamous dungeons, which through the years housed an unending stream of beings unfortunate enough to have earned the Mighty Jabba's displeasure. Most died there: Jabba rarely forgave anyone and there was little chance of escape from the well-built hole. There was only a single entrance, guarded day and night, and the reinforced walls, ceilings and floors rendered any thoughts of tunneling out surely futile.

In addition to these features, the palace housed a massive garage, stable and repulsor-pool area wherein a variety of vehicles and beasts of burden were kept. A huge, domed docking area for Jabba's personal sail barge was situated directly behind the throne room, so that the ponderous Hutt might easily move to and from his favorite recreational vehicle. There were no facilities for starships within the grounds, as Jabba refused to let them within 50 kilometers of his palace for security reasons. All who approached the palace were forced to brave the treacherous Tatooine wastes.

In all, Jabba's Palace was an ideal base of operations for a criminal empire. Whomever is strong enough to claim this valuable property will have an indispensable tool with which to start his climb to the top.

## The Rancor

Much has been said and written about the Rancor owned by Jabba the Hutt. It was the only known creature of its kind, and, since its arrival on Tatooine, had spawned some controversy concerning its origin. The Rancor was given to Jabba as a gift by Bib Fortuna and the late Bidlo Kwerve, both then lieutenants of the crime lord. The two had found the creature in the wreckage of a ship that had crashed near the Dune Sea; being little interested in historical or xenobiological research, neither had bothered to examine the vessel for clues as to the beast's planet of origin.

Fortunately, others were more curious. Certain biologists who had seen the famous Rancor footage (since banned in most reputable areas of the galaxy), came to Tatooine to probe into the background of this unique specimen. They were of necessity quite circumspect when questioning Jabba's men, but, after several months, they were able to learn the location of the downed ship. Though Jawas and Tatooine's vicious sandstorms had not been kind to the battered ship, the xenobiologists were able to read the ship's registration number and begin a back-trace of the vessel.

It seems that the ship, registered to a Captain Grizzid, had last docked in the Tarsunt system, where a man by the name of Grendu, a dealer in "rare antiquities," had commissioned passage for himself and a special cargo. To carry the cargo, Grendu had ordered a special heavily-reinforced cage to be installed in the hold.

Just where this Grendu found the creature remains unclear. But Grendu's background perhaps gives a cryptic hint. Some years ago, Grendu was listed as a missing person after he and his family crash-landed somewhere in the Anoat system. Many standard years later, Grendu reappeared in Tarsunt system — along with his large, fanged captive.

Unfortunately, Grendu did not live long enough to answer questions. He, along with the ship's crew, were all killed shortly after the craft crash-landed on Tatooine.



The Rancor quickly became the crime lord's favorite pet. One of his favorite recreational activities involved feeding his favorite pet. It was most satisfying to Jabba and his collected throng when the Rancor swallowed its meal whole, and a good deal of betting took place on whether the meal would be a "one-biter," "two-biter," or, very rarely, a "three-biter."

To keep the Rancor happy and healthy at all times, Jabba hired Malakili, an expert beast keeper. He and his partner Lorindan (a reputed relative of Mos Eisley's Garindan "Long Snoot") supplied the beast with food whenever Jabba didn't send it a meal through the trap door. They were also responsible for maintaining the pit, not the most enviable of tasks.

After many standard months of taking care of the beast, Malakili and his partner became quite attached to it. They, along with the mighty Jabba himself, were devastated when their beloved Rancor fell victim to the "Jedi tricks" of Luke Skywalker.

### The Rancor

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 10D  
**Speed Code** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Attacks with claw [10D damage]  
 and bite [12D Damage].

## Salacious Crumb

If there was a jester in the court of Jabba the Hutt, it was Salacious Crumb. This despised Kowakian Lizard-Monkey served no other purpose than to amuse his bloated master. Crumb sat at the base of Jabba's throne, mimicking and cackling at all who addressed the illustrious Hutt.

There is a question among xenobiologists as to whether Kowakian Lizard-Monkeys are sentient. They show a certain facility with language — or at least with mimicry — but they build nothing, they have no art, no science, and no literature. The scientists' final conclusion is that they must be sentient: there's no way a mere animal could be that obnoxious.

Crumb was one of the only beings to ever cross Jabba and live to tell about it. While on one of his rare journeys off-world, Jabba stopped at Kwenn Space Station to settle an important debt. Salacious Crumb, an unwanted parasite on the station, scampered aboard Jabba's vessel while evading the Mantilorrian rat-catchers who were hot on its trail. With an unerring instinct for getting into the most trouble possible in any situation, Crumb decided to hide in Jabba's chambers.

When Jabba returned to the ship, he found Crumb hiding in, of all places, his feeding bowl! The enraged Hutt almost swallowed the Lizard-Monkey on the spot. But Crumb was too fast for him and darted up into the rafters, the bowl sitting on his head like a huge blast-helmet.

Just then, Bib Fortuna and his rival Bidlo Kwerve bumped into the room, arguing about something as usual. Crumb dropped the bowl on their heads, spreading green ooze all over the surprised creatures. Bidlo was angered and pulled his blaster, but the green ooze had gotten into his



equipment, and all he accomplished was to squirt a blob of green liquid directly into Fortuna's face.

By this time, Jabba was nearly delirious with laughter, and barely had enough of his wits about him to stop his lieutenants from killing each other. Since that day, Salacious Crumb was constantly at his side.

### Salacious Crumb

**Template Type:** Kowakian

**Loyalty:** To Jabba

**Height:** .7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Kowakian

**Equipment:** None.

**Quote:** "Hahahaha!"

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

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

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

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

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 1D+2

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

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

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 1D+2

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

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

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

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



## EV-9D9

With the exception of a few outlawed war and assassin models, a Droid's basic programming requires it to be friendly and subservient to all sentient beings of the known galaxy. However, there is nothing in a Droid's programming which dictates how a Droid should treat other Droids, and though some display affection, respect, and even love for each other, some do not. Some Droids actively dislike other Droids.

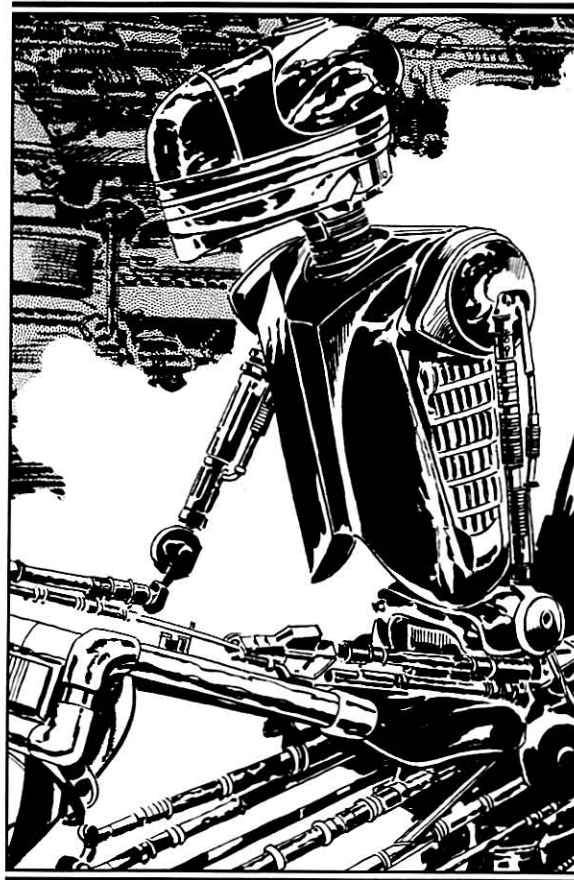
In the case of EV-9D9, its dislike for other metal beings approaches the pathological.

This peculiar character trait does not appear to be caused by a design flaw; other EV models do not show Ninedenine's sadistic tendencies toward other Droids. In the normal course of events, Ninedenine would be judged deranged and subject to memory-wipe and reprogramming. Unfortunately for dozens of worker Droids, Ninedenine found employment where its derangement was appreciated and encouraged.

Jabba's agents discovered Ninedenine supervising at the now-defunct GoCorp repulsor plant, while the Hutt was commissioning several sand skiffs. The Droid laborers at GoCorp were unbelievably overworked. The attrition rate was high, but production was well beyond what Droids are normally able to accomplish. But Ninedenine was able to drive the Droids far beyond their capacities.

Impressed by this, Jabba's agents bought the supervisor-Droid and put it to work in the palace. Ninedenine was a meticulous task-master who believed that it was its job to work the other Droids until they dropped. Those who disobeyed orders or failed to perform up to expectations were severely "disciplined" with a twisted array of mechanical tortures.

Some say that Ninedenine actually enjoyed torturing its mechanical brothers, as much as a



Droid can "enjoy" anything, others that it was merely carrying out what it considered its orders. Whichever was true, the Droid made existence for the other Droids at the castle a mechanical analog of hell. During his tenure, only two Droids ever escaped from EV-9D9 — a certain golden protocol Droid and his feisty astromech companion.

### EV-9D9

**Template Type:** EV-Droid

**Loyalty:** To Jabba

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** -

**Race:** Supervisor Droid

**Equipment:** Datapad,  
Arc welder.

**Quote:** "I think you will  
fit in nicely."

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

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

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

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

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

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

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

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Droid Prog. \_\_\_\_\_ **7D**

## The Pit of Carkoon

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

After my brief but enlightening stay at the castle of Jabba the Hutt, I moved on to the next important locale in the heroes' story.

The Pit of Carkoon lay many kilometers into the heart of the Dune Sea, in the middle of one of the most remote stretches of terrain on the planets; I was surprised and a little alarmed to note that there was a large vehicle of some kind, possibly military, surrounded by many beings. Proceeding with some caution, I moved closer to get a better look. The vehicle was a sand-crawler and the beings were Jawas, busily stripping the twisted wreckage of Jabba's sail barge of anything of value.

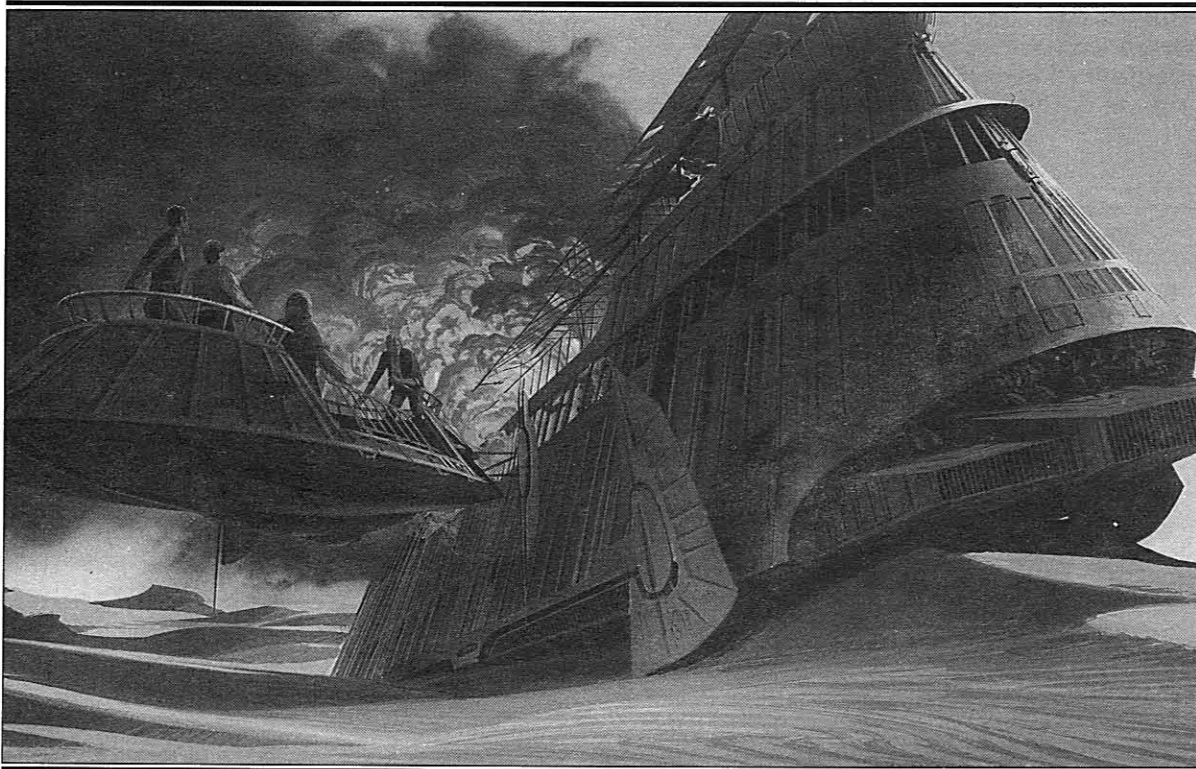
Jawas are harmless, unless you happen to be a Droid or are carrying valuable metal equipment; so I hid my repulsorcraft, and walked up openly. When they saw me approach, work temporarily stopped, and stubby Jawa blasters were drawn from beneath dusty Jawa robes. When they saw I was unarmed, the Jawas returned to their salvage work (except for the two who insistently kept trying to sell me a beat-up-looking blaster).

Remarkably, there was a good deal of salvageable stuff in among the wreckage, including the remains of Jabba's Kiliad marble throne, and the Jawas bickered constantly over who saw the choice bits first.

This very quickly became tiresome to listen to, and my attention soon diverted to the dread Pit of Carkoon itself. There the horrible Sarlacc stretched its pinkish tentacles out in the hope of snaring a tasty Jawa tidbit. It was a fascinating but horrid sight, and I could only bear to look at it for a moment.

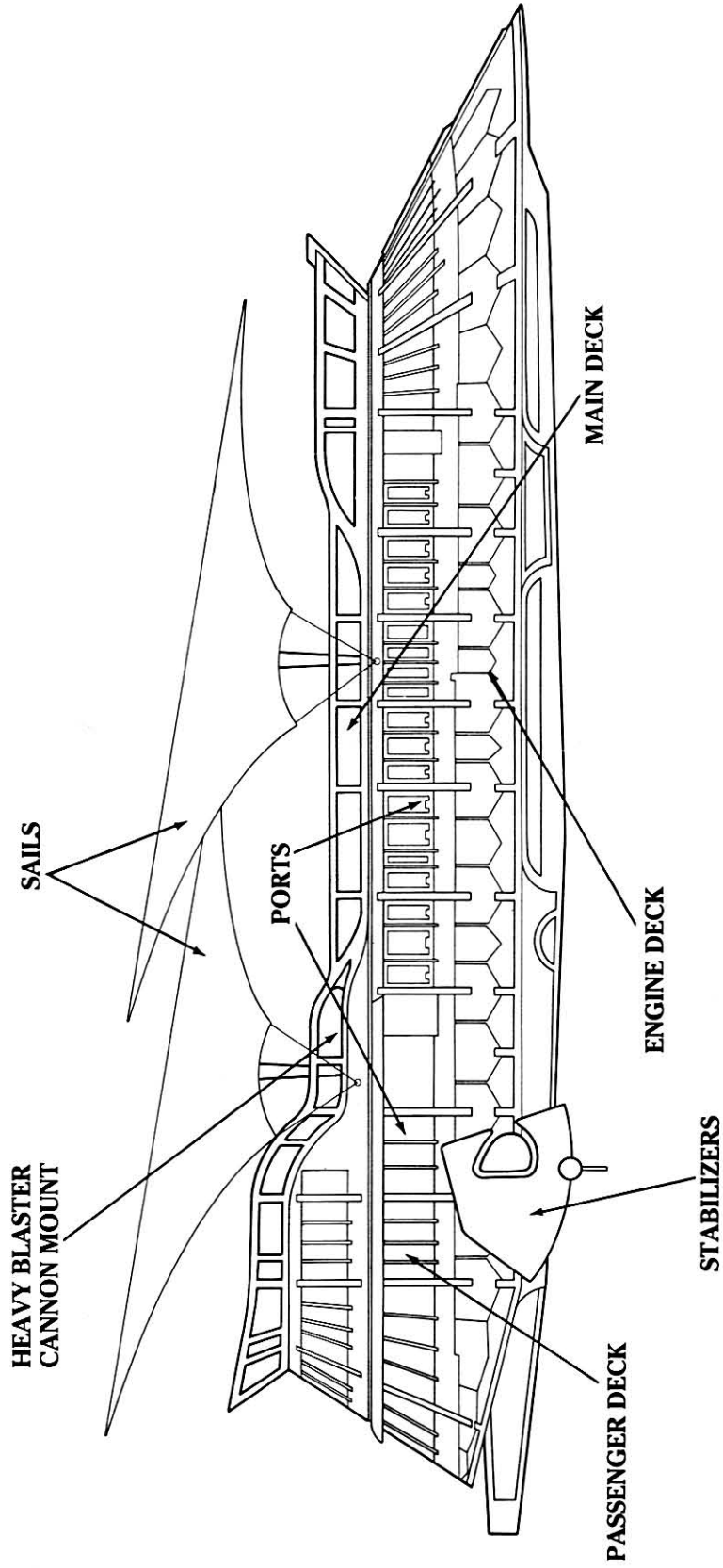
Just as I turned away, a bit of metal lying near the edge of the pit caught my eye. My curiosity aroused, I paid the Jawas to use their electromagnet to pull it from the pit. (The Jawas overcharged me hideously, of course, but I was not about to go anywhere near that slaving maw to get it myself.)

The piece of metal was flat and black, about 20 centimeters by 35 centimeters in size. One side of it was smooth, the other pitted as if from blaster-fire. I couldn't identify it, but later, when I showed it to General Solo, he recognized the object as a piece of the Mandalorian battle armor worn by the notorious Boba Fett.



Ralph McQuarrie

# Ubrikkian Luxury Sail Barge



**Barada**

Although they believed they were extremely important, Jabba rarely entrusted his officers at the court with any real power. Mostly, they sat around and “advised” His Eminence — basically, they kept him amused. One of the few members of Jabba entourage with actual responsibility was Barada, the alien in charge of the gang lord’s repulsorpool.

Jabba’s fleet of vehicles was primarily made up of skiffs, specially adapted to the arid climate and modified with superior hull plating and weapons emplacements. Barada was responsible for the procurement, modification, crew and care of these vehicles; he also captained the craft when they engaged in battle or when Jabba was aboard.

Barada, a Klatooine native, “joined on” with Jabba after the crime lord won his contract in a crooked game of sabacc. Barada was an indentured worker, having been sold into servitude by his family, as is Klatooine custom with disrespectful youth. When Jabba won his contract from Barada’s previous employer, a foolish garage owner who also lost his business to the Hutt, Barada became indentured to the Hutt.

According to the terms of his contract, Barada was bound to work for the owner of the contract for a set, very low wage, until he repaid the owner the amount the owner paid his family for him. Before Jabba, Barada had lived frugally and spent most of his wages paying off a good deal of the contract, and he was only two thousand galactic credits short when Jabba picked it up. By rights, Barada should have been able to pay the rest off in a year or less.

However, while scrupulously keeping to the letter of the contract, Jabba cheated Barada mercilessly. He paid Barada the amount speci-



fied in the contract, but then charged Barada exactly that amount for room and board. With no way to earn extra money, Barada continued in servitude until freed — in death — by the heroes of Yavin.

<b>Barada</b>		
<b>Template Type:</b> Manservant	<b>DEXTERITY</b> _____ <b>3D+2</b>	<b>PERCEPTION</b> _____ <b>2D</b>
<b>Loyalty:</b> To Jabba	Blaster _____ <b>4D</b>	Hide/Sneak _____ <b>3D</b>
<b>Height:</b> 1.7 meters	Brawling Parry _____ <b>4D</b>	<b>STRENGTH</b> _____ <b>3D+2</b>
<b>Sex:</b> Male	<b>KNOWLEDGE</b> _____ <b>2D</b>	Brawling _____ <b>5D</b>
<b>Race:</b> Klatooine	Survival _____ <b>3D</b>	Lifting _____ <b>4D+2</b>
<b>Equipment:</b> Heavy Blaster	<b>MECHANICAL</b> _____ <b>3D+1</b>	Stamina _____ <b>5D</b>
Pistol, Thermal Detonator.	Repulsorlift Op. _____ <b>5D</b>	<b>TECHNICAL</b> _____ <b>3D+1</b>
<b>Quote:</b> “Yes, my master.”		Repulsorlift Rep. _____ <b>6D</b>

## Weequays

No one is exactly sure whether these two beings were actually brothers, or whether Weequay was the name of their tribe or their species, or whether all in their tribe or species were named Weequay, or whether all were brothers. The only thing that anyone knew for sure is that they protected each other like brothers — and you didn't want to mess with either of them.

Employed by Jabba as enforcers, the Weequays were among the most feared of the great Hutt's servants. In battle, they worked together with an uncanny efficiency, as if they could read each other's thoughts (which, given the infinite variety of life in the galaxy, is not impossible). The Weequays never spoke to anyone, not even each other. These two killers preferred to let their force pikes do their talking for them, and over the years, their weapons spoke volumes.

Their ceremonial topknots were a source of great pride to the Weequays. To most, this was the only way of telling the two apart. Not that anyone ever needed to tell them apart: there was no other visible difference between them and both were always referred to as "Weequay."

During their tenure with Jabba, the Weequays were responsible for countless atrocities, including a bizarre spree of bantha killings. Apparently, they killed the banthas as part of some grotesque religious ritual.

Jabba was forced to put an end to the rituals when the Sand People began to get suspicious about the bantha deaths. The Tusken Raiders were by nature divided and solitary hunters, and usually no threat to Jabba. But Jabba feared that the deaths of their beloved mounts might unite the Raiders in a holy war against him, and even Jabba didn't care to face an army of infuriated Raiders.

Just to be on the safe side, Jabba's men killed a



moisture farmer and planted his body by the corpses of several mutilated banthas, to turn the Raiders' anger against those innocents.

In as fine a bit of poetic justice as one is ever likely to see in this galaxy, Luke Skywalker, hero of the Rebellion, nascent Jedi — *and* ex-moisture farmer from Tatooine — fought and killed the Weequays at Carkoon. It is doubtful whether the Weequays would have appreciated the irony.

### Weequays

**Template Type:** Merc

**Loyalty:** To Jabba

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Unknown

**Equipment:** Force Pike.

**Quote:** None.

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

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

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

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Weapons Rep. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

## Ephant Mon

When asked, Ephant Mon described his profession as “freelance,” though he never said what he freelanced in. Despite his constant presence at the court of the crimelord, Mon was not a member of Jabba’s staff, and Mon was one of the only non-employees the Hutt would tolerate. Exactly why Ephant was so privileged is open to speculation.

Though it’s hard to imagine, the Hutt may have considered Mon a friend. The two shared certain unsavory appetites; and it is possible that the Hutt simply enjoyed having one person around who was not a yes-man or toadie, who might dare offer a dissenting opinion now and then. Or perhaps not.

It is also possible that the Hutt tolerated the Chevin because of the many successful business ventures the two had combined upon. Ephant Mon was expert at the acquisition of certain special commodities, and Jabba had the necessary distribution network to sell them.

Ephant Mon was a gun-runner. Mon supplied arms to all manner of military organizations, from petty planetary guerrilla groups to the Rebel Alliance itself. No one is sure exactly where the Chevin acquired his merchandise, but the weapons were usually of Imperial manufacture, outdated, but still quite serviceable (Apparently, certain high-ranking Imperial military officers were willing to supply their own enemies to make a fast credit.)

Ephant Mon had come far from his rather humble origins. The Chevin are hunter-gatherers, following the wild backshin across the huge plains of their planet Vinsoth. Mon had been recruited by mercenaries when an adolescent; after serving with the mercs for several years, he concluded that it would be much more profitable (and a good deal safer) to sell arms than to use them.



Even though he had been out of the mercenary business for several years when he met Jabba, he was still a formidable warrior. But although he rather enjoyed a good fight, he enjoyed making money more. His basic credo was, “I will sell anything to anyone at any time — if there’s a profit in it.”

### Ephant Mon

**Template Type:** Chevin

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 2.5 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Chevin

**Equipment:** Vibroblade.

**Quote:** “We can do business, no?”

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

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

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

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

## Ree-Yees

The three-eyed, goat-faced Ree-Yees was without a doubt one of the more repulsive of Jabba's courtiers, both in visage and in temperament. This sleazy crook spent more time under the influence of Sullustan gin than he did sober, and he was an ugly, mean, nasty, slobbering drunk. He did not appear to serve any useful purpose in Jabba's organization; perhaps Jabba kept him around for his entertainment value.

Ree-Yees was a credit-ante thief who spent his time scamming money off of relatively easy marks such as Barada and Ortugg the Gamorrean. His primary competition in this pursuit was the Chevin, Ephant Mon. The two were constantly bickering about one thing or another, and they had come to blows on more than one occasion. Though Ree-Yees invariably came out the worse, Mon was growing tired of the feud, and Ree-Yees might have shortly found himself in the Rancor pit.

Even if he had avoided that unpleasant fate, Ree-Yees did not have long to live under any circumstances. Gran are highly social creatures; most never leave their home planet of Kinyen. Having committed the crime of murder — almost unknown on Kinyen — Ree-Yees had been out-cast from his people.

To Gran, this is a fate worse than death: most go mad or die of loneliness after a remarkably short period of time. Through a combination of insensitivity, self-centeredness, and excessive alcohol consumption, Ree-Yees had managed to keep himself alive and relatively sane, but the strain was beginning to tell. He had even attacked other members of Jabba's court in recent weeks. Why Jabba kept him around is unclear, but it was a practice of the crime lord to retain those people



and items which amused him.

The troubled Ree-Yees finally chewed off more than he could handle when he tried to stop Luke Skywalker and his companions from escaping Jabba's sail barge. He, and a host of other scum and villainy, lost his life because Jabba would not relent and let the Rebels go in peace.

### Ree Yees

**Template Type:** Petty Swindler

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 2.2 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Gran

**Equipment:** Portable Sullustan gin tankard, lockpick.

**Quote:** "Mon, you've got the brains of a pig guard — but you can't drink half as much!"

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

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

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

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

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

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

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

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

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

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

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

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

## Tessek

This Quarren is one of the few members of Jabba's court to survive the sail barge disaster. This is not particularly surprising; Tessek was one of the most clever of Jabba's employees, and one of the few who didn't scramble his wits through overindulgence in drugs, liquor, and the other vices enjoyed at the palace.

Tessek has only one vice — an all-consuming lust for power — and he was too busy plotting the overthrow of Jabba to waste his time on lesser diversions. He might have done it, too, if certain Rebel heroes hadn't beaten him to it.

Several weeks before the Hutt's untimely demise, Tessek, along with a few, carefully-chosen allies (who all happen to be conveniently dead at this moment) planned the murder of the illustrious Jabba and the overthrow of his criminal empire.

The plan involved a raid by the Empire on the Hutt's organization's main warehouses, hideouts, and legitimate business establishments, carefully timed to coincide with Jabba's assassination by Tessek and his associates. It was a complex, three-way deal that would rid the galaxy of Jabba and leave Tessek in control of the remainder of his operation. In return for the help of the Empire, Tessek would provide intelligence on Alliance activities and limit his illegal operations to worlds unfriendly to the Empire.

Considering the history of his race's relationship with the Empire, it seems strange for a Quarren to have any dealings whatsoever with the Empire. It is possible that Tessek had plans even beyond the three-way deal; he is quite capable of double- or triple-crossing if need mandates. Or, perhaps Tessek has no feelings whatsoever for his people's suffering. He might be willing to sell them to the Emperor himself — if the price is high enough.

Tessek was one of the few who took the young human claiming to be a Jedi Knight seriously. He



knew from the start that there was something special about this mysterious young rogue; while others laughed at the man's boasts that he would destroy Jabba, Tessek wondered how he might use him to his advantage.

It seemed odd to Tessek that the Jedi and his companions, who appeared to be of reasonably sound mind and body (though you never can be too sure about humans), would be so foolhardy as to allow themselves to be captured the way they had. Either they were completely crazy, or

### Tessek

**Template Type:** Quarren

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Quarren

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (damage 4D), datapad, comlink, vibroblade, sonic grenade (damage 5D).

**Quote:** "Laugh now mighty Jabba, but soon all this will be mine."

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

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

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

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

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

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

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

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

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2



they were playing a very deep game. The Jedi didn't appear to be crazy; there had to be more to this than was readily apparent.

With a bit of research and a quick check of the Imperial Most Wanted List, he discovered the identities of the prisoners: they were Rebels — and high-ranking ones, at that! Tessek began to get nervous. This was something more than a bungled rescue attempt. The same people who destroyed the infamous Death Star do not bumble into the palace of Jabba the Hutt and allow themselves to be captured without a fight. And those two Droids — how did they fit into the plan?

Tessek didn't know what was going on, but it was obvious that something big was going to happen. Perhaps an Alliance strike force was lurking just outside the palace's scanning range, awaiting a signal to sweep in, rescue the prisoners and wipe them all out. Or perhaps something even more devious was in the works. In any case, there were too many variables in the game; Tessek postponed his move against Jabba until the picture cleared.

Though clever enough to foresee the upcoming unpleasantness, the actual course of events took Tessek quite by surprise. When Jabba announced that the prisoners were to be executed at Sarlacc's pit, Tessek expected the "Rebel strike force" to make their move, hitting Jabba when he was vulnerable, outside the walls of his castle. Tessek didn't want to be around when the firing started; he arranged for an escape swoop to be hidden upon the sail barge. Once the Rebels hit, he would slip onto the swoop and let the strike force do his work for him.

Tessek was completely bewildered when the prisoners attacked on their own. The prisoners were doomed, that was obvious. Should he help finish them off to enhance his reputation with Jabba, or should he use the diversion to kill Jabba, claiming that the prisoners had done it? By the time he made up his mind — kill Jabba, kill the prisoners and blame Jabba's death on them — events had preceeded him. To his shock, the prisoners destroyed Jabba before he could. In fact, they seemed to be destroying everybody in sight!

Tessek quickly decided upon a different course of action: escape before the prisoners got around to destroying him. He slipped aboard his escape swoop and ran hell bent for leather back to the palace, where he locked all doors, activated all defensive measures, and hoped the prisoners wouldn't come back — if they did, he somehow didn't think the castle's walls would even slow them down.

After several very tense hours, Tessek began to relax. Apparently, the Rebels were going to postpone vengeance — for the moment, anyway. Still, he began to make rapid preparations to leave the palace permanently, for parts unknown. Things were getting just a little too hot. The Empire was probably annoyed at him for canceling their deal and the Rebels were probably annoyed with anyone from Jabba's organization. At the moment, he didn't have a lot of friends.

Tessek is gone now, no one knows exactly where. One expects that the galaxy will hear more from this character in the future; one can only hope that he has learned his lesson and decides to take up a different profession.

## Sarlacc

In addition to its burning temperatures, biting sandstorms and Bantha-swallowing dunes, there are several indigenous creatures which make the dread Dune Sea the most perilous place on the face of Tatooine. Most feared among these creatures is the great Sarlacc.

Resting at the bottom of the infamous Pit of Carkoon, the Sarlacc is a massive, omnivorous creature. It appears on the surface to be a gaping, pink hole, three meters in diameter, lined with three rows of inward-pointing, razor-sharp teeth. This is only the mouth of the creature. The body of Sarlacc, which scientists suspect may be as large as 20 meters in length, is buried deep beneath the sand.

A natural predator, the Sarlacc uses tongue-like tentacles to grab prey from the surface and drag them down into Sarlacc's gaping maw. These tentacles have been known to reach a full four meters beyond the Pit, snagging those who thought they were completely safe.

However, the Pit of Carkoon supplies most of Sarlacc's prey. Highly unstable and shifting constantly, a creature which slips into the pit is rarely able to escape without help from the outside. Its frenzied struggles serve only to send it deeper, dislodging sand and alerting Sarlacc to its presence. Once one of Sarlacc's tentacles wraps around the creature, it is almost surely doomed.

Immobile, living in the center of the parched and barren Dune Sea, the Sarlacc's prey comes few and far between. To compensate, the creature is equipped with a highly efficient digestive system. This system preserves the food for incredibly long periods of time, digesting it slowly,



and storing it until needed for sustenance. The victim remains alive for much of this time. Local legend states that the Sarlacc takes "a thousand years" to digest its prey, but reputable scientists find this quite difficult to — er — swallow.

### The Sarlacc

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D  
**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 1D  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
**Speed Code** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Attacks by grabbing prey with tentacles and pulling into maw [15D damage].

**T**he Pit

*The following story is a tale of Luke Skywalker's youth, told to Voren Na'al by the Jedi himself.*

Sandsurfing was one of the more exciting and stupid recreational activities enjoyed by the wild youths of Tosche Station in Anchorhead. It was created by a young man by the name of Fixer. Bested once too often at Skyhopper racing and womp-rat hunting by young Luke Skywalker and his daredevil friend Biggs Darklighter, Fixer came up with a sport of his own — something at which he could be better than anyone — even if he killed himself in the process.

The “sport” involved being dragged behind a sand skiff which was traveling at tremendous speeds. The surfer was connected to the skiff by a slim cord attached to a set of handles, and was supported by a pair of repulsor disks attached to his feet. When the skiff moved, the surfer would skim over the surface of the desert behind it, skipping on the sand and performing wild flips, twists and other fancy maneuvers on the sloping dunes.

Naturally, the best place for sandsurfing was the Dune Sea. Its great expanses of unobstructed sand and countless dunes provided the most challenging venue for the serious sandsurfer. Fixer, being as serious as they come, would only surf in the Dune Sea. Never the ones to back down from a challenge, Biggs and Luke took up surfing those slopes as well. The Dune Sea had the added virtue of being remote and virtually uninhabitable, seriously lessening the chances of being spotted by nosy adults.

Much to Fixer's dismay, Luke and Biggs were

good at sandsurfing. It seemed that Fixer's plan to create something he could embarrass “those two lucksters” with, had backfired severely. After Biggs performed three consecutive double-flips, even Cammie was impressed, and she hung on Biggs's arm at the victory celebration back at the station. This was more than Fixer could take. Cammie was his girl, and no show-off was going to steal her.

The next morning, Fixer made everyone pile into their skyhoppers and follow him out to the Dune Sea. He told them he was about to attempt the “greatest stunt of all time.” By the time they realized what he was up to, it was too late.

Fixer didn't use a driver; instead he pre-programmed the skiff's auto-pilot to drive itself. This was unusual, but not particularly so: If the programmer was good, he could get the skiff to perform maneuvers with accuracy and timing that few humans could match. Of course, the programmer could also program the skiff to perform maneuvers that few humans would be crazy enough to match...

Fixer's great run started out well. He hit the half-moon just right, and performed as neat a twisting half-gainer as you would ever like to see. He followed with several loops, and finally did a double backwards loop — something no one had ever done before.

His friends, watching from repulsorcraft high above, thought that this was the big finish to his run, and moved down to congratulate him. “That guy's crazy, but boy can he surf,” Biggs said admiringly, and Cammie's eyes were shining. Everybody was quite taken aback when the skiff suddenly sped up, took a sharp 45 degree turn, and headed straight for the Pit of Carkoon!

There was no time for anyone to stop him. As the skiff brought Fixer parallel to the infamous pit, the group could only watch in horror as the young fool angled himself for the jump.

It was obvious that Fixer had planned this from the beginning. A makeshift ramp of sand was hastily formed at the edge of the pit, providing Fixer with the lift he would need to clear the perilous expanse, and a similar ramp at the other end gave him a safe place to land. Fixer hit the take-off ramp perfectly, sailed through the air... everybody held their breath... and he fell half a meter short, slamming into the side of the Pit and disappearing into a giant explosion of sand.

The crash itself didn't particularly worry his friends — they had all survived worse with little more than cuts and bruises, and the sand in the pit was notoriously soft. It was what lay at the bottom of that infamous hole that had everyone swooping down on the crash site in a millisecond.

Cammie was there first, tears streaked across her worried face, and Luke had to stop her from diving head-first into the pit after Fixer. Biggs approached the pit more cautiously, flying directly above it, a good four meters in the air. After seeing to Cammie, Luke joined him in his skiff. Biggs pointed down grimly.

It was bad. Fixer was unconscious. He lay face-down in the sloping sand, and he was steadily slipping into the mouth of the Sarlacc. He was falling very slowly; perhaps there was still time to save him.

Suddenly, a disgusting pink tentacle emerged from the Sarlacc's mouth and began probing blindly at the sand! It was only a matter of seconds before it found Fixer's body.

Biggs acted without hesitation. Tying a cord around his waist, he tossed the other end to Luke, and began to rappel down the pit. The footing was just about non-existent — the shifting sand gave way beneath his feet — and he had to move with care to avoid pushing his unconscious friend in deeper.

Just as he reached Fixer, the tentacle reached the boy's body and wrapped tightly around his chest! Holding desperately onto the rope with one hand, Biggs drew his vibroblade and began slashing at the tentacle with all his might.

As Biggs worked, another one of those evil appendages began snaking its way up toward Biggs. Another one followed it. And another. And another. Sweating with fear for his friends, Luke tied the rope to his skiff and drew his punch gun. The angle was lousy, the range was too long, but they were just about out of options. He shut one eye, held his breath, and fired off one shot, neatly severing the tentacle around Fixer.

Shouting "Grab Fixer, Biggs!" Luke shot his skiff straight up into the air, dragging the two young men from the pit, milliseconds before the tentacles got there.

All things considered, Fixer got off easily. He suffered a mild concussion and a broken nose — the mild concussion from the crash, the broken nose from Cammie after he healed up from the concussion. He spent two weeks in the Anchorhead med-center, and the month afterward grounded at home.

Luke and Biggs readily admitted that they could not duplicate his stunt — he was the king of the sand surfers, and welcome to it. Somehow, that didn't make him feel as good as he thought it would.

## Boba Fett

The capture of Han Solo has given Boba Fett legendary status among bounty hunters. The slippery Coreellian had evaded the best hunters in the galaxy, but the ease and efficiency with which Fett captured this difficult quarry has earned him the title of “finest bounty hunter in the galaxy.”

In addition to the glory, which meant less than nothing to him anyway, Fett was amply rewarded in more concrete terms for Solo’s capture. Jabba paid him very well, indeed.

Though Fett didn’t come cheap, he was worth almost any price. In addition to his indisputed abilities to track down and capture prey, the infamous bounty hunter would be worth a fortune in prestige value alone. With this in mind, the crime lord offered Fett a huge amount of money to stay at the palace and work for Jabba full-time. After a good deal of bargaining, Fett accepted the offer on a month-by-month basis, employment to be terminated by either party at any time, without notice.

After negotiations were concluded, Fett went right to work. Jabba put him on a few “local” assassinations — trivial, really, for a hunter of Fett’s talents — but Jabba wanted to keep Fett near by until he was sure of his loyalty.

Fett knew what Jabba was up to, but as that fit in with his plans, he didn’t object. He knew that Solo’s impetuous friends would eventually attempt a rescue, and he wanted a shot at them. He didn’t need the money, true, but he had seen them in operation, and wanted to test his skills against them — particularly that dangerous young man who had tangled with Lord Vader and survived.

He got his chance at the Pit of Carkoon.

Until the moment Skywalker attacked, Fett had been disappointed with his quarries’ performance. Though he had been taken in by the Princess’ disguise as the bounty hunter Boushh, the ease with which she subsequently allowed herself to be captured had not improved his impression of the Rebels. And then the fool Skywalker marched right into Jabba’s flabby arms!

He was a bit more impressed at the pit, once Luke gained his lightsaber and began making chopped meat out of Jabba’s guards. Now this was more like it. That boy fought like a master — perhaps there was a challenge here after all. He activated his jet pack and moved to a better position. Skywalker, engaged with other guards, would be unable to parry Fett’s shots.

The bounty hunter allowed himself a small moment of triumph. Easy meat. The Rebels had courage, to be sure, and some skill, but little in



the way of brains. In battle, intelligence was the most important trait of all. If you didn’t have brains, all the courage and skill in the galaxy were less than useless — they just got you killed faster.

Just as he was about to pull the trigger, something impacted the back of his body armor. He stumbled, but was not particularly worried: Fett’s armor had stood up to direct hits from heavy blasters before, and this shot had felt nowhere near that powerful.

Then his emergency thrusters kicked on by themselves. He suddenly found himself heading straight for the mouth of the Sarlacc! In a fraction of a second he was gone, never to be seen again.

In the terrible days and weeks that followed, Fett had plenty of time to review the battle and to figure out what had gone wrong. He concluded that he had made all the smart moves; if he had it to do all over again, he would do exactly the same thing. It was just bad luck that he had failed: pure, blind, stupid bad luck.

He remembered his earlier thoughts on courage and brains, and ruefully decided that perhaps he would have been better off in the long run if he *had* been born stupid.

Dying fast looked better all the time.

**Boba Fett**

**Template Type:** Bounty Hunter

**Loyalty:** To Himself

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Unknown

**Equipment:** Blaster Rifle (damage 6D), wrist lasers (damage 5D), rocket dart launcher (poison tipped), turbo-projected grappling hook (with flexi-steel lanyard), flame projector, concussion grenade launcher, jet pack, combat armor.\*

**Quote:** "Put Captain Solo in the cargo hold."

\*There are no penalties for wearing this armor

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**  
 Armor Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 9D  
 Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**  
 Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1  
 Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1  
**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**  
 Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1  
 Repulsorlift Operation \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+2  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**  
 Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 5D  
**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**  
 Armor Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Computer Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 6D  
 Droid Programming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_ 8D  
 Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

## D ark Voyage To Tatooine

The following report was culled from Boba Fett's personal log. The log was found aboard Fett's ship *Slave I*, which was captured by the Alliance following the destruction of Jabba the Hutt's sail barge. Voren Na'al deciphered the log and turned Fett's dry, factual entries into a narrative story.

The Cloud City landing platform was bathed in the golden light of a Bespin sunset as Boba Fett strapped himself into the control seat of his starship, the *Slave I*. However, the feared bounty hunter took no interest in the beauty around him as he prepared for launch: his attention was absorbed by several other things, all far more important to him.

Foremost on his mind was his cargo. The carbon-frozen Han Solo would soon bring him great wealth from the coffers of Jabba the Hutt. This, in addition to the considerable fee already paid him by Darth Vader and the Empire would give Fett more money than he had ever made on a single job. This was truly a catch worth celebrating. But in his hard life of cold violence, Fett had long since lost the capacity to feel triumph or elation — or any other emotion for that matter. All he felt was grim satisfaction for a job well done.

He quickly suppressed that satisfaction; this job wasn't over yet. For a professional hunter, no job is over until the client has his body and the hunter his fee.

Fett went methodically through his liftoff checklist, keeping one eye on the Imperial stormtroopers guarding the platform at all times. It was unlikely that Vader would doublecross him so late in the game — the Dark Lord had much better opportunities earlier — but trust was a concept alien to Boba Fett.

Therefore, he was quite ready when the launch platform doors opened. Fett immediately ignited his lift thrusters and activated his weapon systems. He didn't like to be rushed, but he was even less fond of being caught unprepared. His foresightedness was proven out, as blasterfire lashed from the door and Imperial troops fell dead.

"Calrissian's double-crossed Vader," he thought calmly. "Interesting."

He carefully thumbed a control. Within seconds he was airborne.

As he fled into space, he saw the diminutive figure of a woman firing at his departing craft. Princess Leia Organa had somehow escaped Vader and a squad of stormtroopers to rescue Solo. This earned her Boba Fett's respect — few have ever escaped from Vader, and the woman had done it twice.

Fett had declined to hunt the Princess when the Empire had first posted a reward for her capture. At the time, Fett assumed that tracking and subduing one former ambassador in her early twenties would not be a challenge worthy of his skill. Now he would have to re-

evaluate that opinion.

Once in space, the *Slave I* glided effortlessly through the Imperial Fleet. One of the great advantages of working with Vader had been guaranteed protection from Imperial prosecution, though, even now, Fett did not trust Vader to carry out his part of the bargain.

As he approached the Star Destroyer *Avenger*, one hand fingered the hyperdrive control while another focused the blasters on the tractor beam generators of the Destroyer. He couldn't really harm a Star Destroyer, but his weapons were strong — far stronger than the Imperials imagined — and, if they tried anything, they would pay.

Fett did not enjoy passing under Imperial guns, no matter what the occasion. However, he had to clear the fleet before he could make the hyperspace jump to Tatooine. As four TIE fighters fell into formation around him, he increased speed to maximum. He was well aware that they were probably just a formal escort, a typical Imperial "courtesy," but he didn't allow ships to fly this close to him under any circumstances.

As the TIE's accelerated to match his speed, he thumbed a comlink tuned to a secret Imperial fighter emergency frequency. "Back off. Now," Fett intoned, his dead machine-like voice striking the same chilling chord the Imperial pilots were used to hearing from the Lord Vader.

The fighter escort slowed down and let *Slave I* streak on ahead. They still followed him, but from maximum range. Fett forgot them and went into hyperspace.

As the bounty hunter's ship disappeared, four very relieved TIE fighter pilots turned back to their normal patrol routes. Their relief was short-lived, however, as they received new orders. They were ordered to head off the *Millennium Falcon*, coming up fast from planetside.

"Isn't that the ship that wiped out Arnod's flight back in the asteroid field? The one from the Battle of Yavin?" asked Flight Lieutenant Rignik nervously as they formed for pursuit.

"Shaddup!" roared Flight Commander Mallop on the general comm line. "I mean, maintain radio silence!" In private transmission to Rignik, he hissed, "You're on report the moment we land!"

In hyperspace, Boba Fett slept. Since he was incapable of relaxing his guard, Boba Fett only slept soundly while aboard *Slave I*, and in hyperspace.

How soundly may a man with the blood of hundreds, perhaps thousands, on his hands sleep? We can only guess. While Fett was as free of conscience as any man who ever lived, it must be remembered that, in the end, even Darth Vader felt regret. Perhaps the ghosts couldn't find him in hyperspace.

One thing is sure: Boba Fett did regret his hurried exit from Bespin. As his ship emerged from hyperspace near Tatooine, a warning klaxon roared through the ship's

cabin. Snapping awake instantly, he discovered that a homing beacon had been insinuated into his navigation system — whenever the ship reached Tatooine system, the beacon would go off. *Slave I*, so carefully designed to be invisible to all electronic detection, was now sending a signal to some unknown enemy.

As he silenced the alarm and jammed the homing device, he wondered who could have done it. Vader? Jabba? Solo? Had Solo known all along that Fett would capture him and bring him here, setting Fett up for an ambush by his friends? Highly improbable. Must be someone new.

Speculation was futile. In any event, Fett expected he would learn soon enough. He activated the deflector shields and brought all weapons up to full, scanning space visually and electronically for approaching enemies.

He did not wait long.

He saw the starship rising out of planetary orbit at the same time his ship's systems did. The slim needle shape was instantly recognizable. It was a custom job, probably, Fett reflected, the only vessel in the galaxy whose only life-support system was in the small cargo hold. It was the *IG-2000*, the starfighter of IG-88, the Assassin Droid.

Its Droid pilot was second only to Fett as most feared bounty hunter in the galaxy. A military experiment gone wrong, IG-88 was programmed to kill. That was just what it had done, starting with its inventors. After they were destroyed, it killed for whomever could pay.

Hired, along with Fett, by Darth Vader to capture Solo, IG-88 had taken the precaution of installing a homing device on Fett's craft. The clever Droid had reasoned that the odds of catching the Corellian were in Fett's favor. If the Droid didn't find Solo first, perhaps it could steal him from Fett.

Unfortunately for IG-88, Vader had arrived before it could strike. Therefore, the next step was to go to Tatooine and await Fett's arrival there. If the bounty could not be collected from Vader, IG-88 would surely get the one offered by Jabba the Hutt.

"Interesting," thought Boba Fett as he watched the *IG-2000* streak toward him. "IG-88 must have some secret weapon or he wouldn't dare engage me out in the open like this."

Experimentally, Fett fired his blasters and performed an evasive maneuver that brought him out of the *IG-2000's* path. His shots exploded the oncoming craft. A decoy of some kind. He scanned for another craft but found nothing. "Not good," thought Fett.

Suddenly, another *IG-2000*, obviously the real one, appeared out of hyperspace, roaring at full speed, its blasters peppering Fett's craft. His ship rocking with the blasts, Fett admired the daring and skill of the attack. Not many ships or pilots could plan a jump with that

much precision so close to a planetary body. He wondered if it would work.

Fett turned *Slave I* into a steep dive for Tatooine, the *IG-2000* close on his tail. The Droid's blasts began to take their toll on the *Slave I's* deflector shields.

"Surrender your prisoner and you have a 30 percent probability of surviving this encounter," IG-88 declared calmly over the comlink. Fett did not deign to answer. He was busy diving his ship into the powerful gravity well of the planet below. *IG-2000* followed.

"I am far more capable of withstanding the gravometric pressures than you," IG-88 continued. "This tactic has a zero probability curve for success."

At that moment, Fett activated *Slave I's* unique inertial dampening system, abruptly halting the craft's speedy descent, though at the cost of destroying the ship's hyperdrive engines. The *IG-2000* swept past in an instant, directly into the path of *Slave I's* weaponry.

If IG-88 was ever surprised in his long bounty hunter career, that was the moment. *IG-2000's* forward shields were instantly vaporized by Fett's ion cannon. Attempting an evasive maneuver, IG-88 found his craft immobilized by the combined forces of a powerful tractor beam from *Slave I* and the strong gravitational pull of Tatooine.

His victim completely helpless, Fett dragged the *IG-2000* closer to him. He wondered if IG-88 could see the concussion missile tube pointed at his craft. He wondered if IG-88 could feel fear. He fired his missile, and the most ruthless assassin Droid from the Holowan Massacre became a shower of microscopic fragments burning up as they entered Tatooine's atmosphere.

Fett regarded the spectacle a moment, and then took his ship up to a more stable orbit, programming Mos Eisley spaceport as his final destination. He wondered if anyone would be willing to pay him for destroying IG-88. It was worth looking into once he landed.

Before he could land, however, an Imperial Patrol Frigate hailed him. As the larger ship came into view, Fett once again activated his defences and weapon systems. This time, however, he was sure they would not be needed.

"This is Imperial Patrol Frigate *Guardstar*. Please step down from defensive posture and transmit identification and authorization beams."

Fett did not bother with a personal reply. He merely activated a hologram transmitter that had been a gift from a recent business associate.

On the bridge of the *Guardstar*, the hologram of Lord Darth Vader suddenly appeared and spoke. "This craft travels under my personal protection. No Imperial Agency shall detain it or its pilot under any condition."

*Slave I* continued, unchallenged, on its way.



# R

## Rebel Profiles

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

There was no need for me to retrace the heroes' journey back to the fleet after their departure from Tatooine. You see, I was there when they arrived. It was one of the most inspiring moments of my life. As news spread throughout the fleet of the rescue of Han Solo, a wave of cheers swept from corridor to corridor, ship to ship, seeming to echo even across the impassible vacuum of space.

The men, women, and aliens of the Rebel Fleet had been given hope. The heroes of Yavin were the heart and soul of the Rebellion, and Captain Solo's tenacity, daring, skill and devil-may-care grin had come to mean much to us all. His tragic capture at Bespin had demoralized us far more than any liked to admit. But he was back now, and we needed him, for we were about to embark on the most important and dangerous mission of our lives.

Admiral Ackbar worked his crews hard to prepare for the attack on the new Death Star. He knew the odds we were up against. The destruction of the first Death Star had been easy by comparison: this one was bigger, stronger, and the Imperials were ready. If we were to survive, we had to be smarter, quicker, and more dedi-

cated than they. As Ackbar is fond of saying: "The Force only helps those who help themselves." The battle was ours — to win or lose.

If the heroes of Yavin were the fleet's heart and soul, then Mon Mothma was its backbone. She was calm, steady, and deadly serious. She represented all that was right in the galaxy, and within her you could see the dedication, the years of hard work, the legacy of tireless, selfless sacrifice. A smile and a quiet word from the Supreme Commander of the Alliance would rouse an exhausted crewman back to peak efficiency.

The mood throughout the fleet was of optimism, tempered by the veterans' intelligent acknowledgement of the risks involved. Victory was hoped for; defeat was very possible indeed.

Until Commander Skywalker returned from his cryptic visit to the bog planet Dagobah. He was changed. He was bigger, somehow, than when we had last seen him, and he had an aura of confidence and strength. Everywhere that Luke went, people stopped what they were doing and stared at him. The whisper spread throughout the fleet. "He has returned to us. The last of the Jedi has come home." Suddenly, defeat was no longer possible.

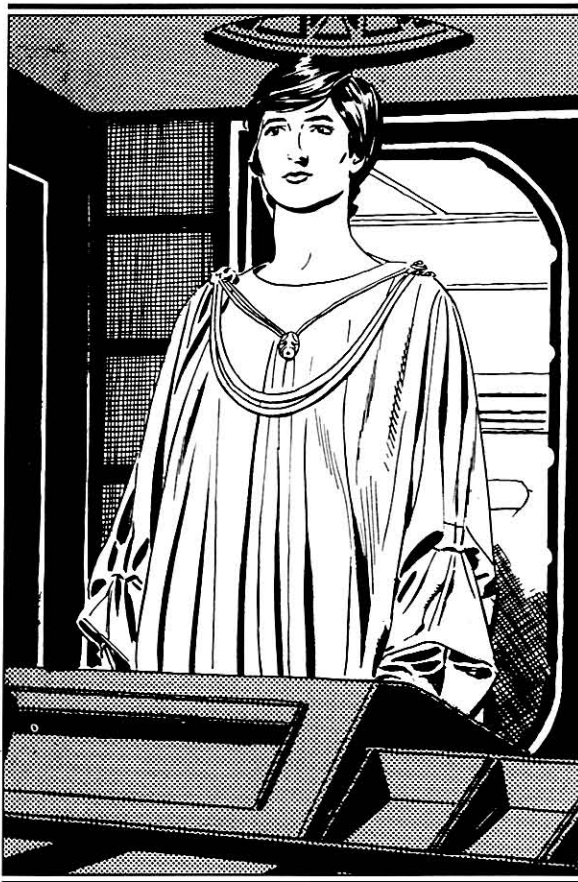
## Mon Mothma

This extraordinary woman was one of the original architects of the Rebellion, and, to this day, remains its leader and guide.

As a respected member of the Imperial Senate, Mon Mothma fought to retain whatever basic freedoms the beings of the galaxy had left, as the corrupt and evil Palpatine stripped them away, one by one. His methods were subtle, at first, hiding the true meanings of his mandates behind the facade of law and order. Mon Mothma and a few others saw through him, but they were unable to convince the other senators of the quiet, mild Palpatine's evil intentions. The Senate was torn, divided, and corrupt, easy prey to Palpatine's manipulations, and unwilling to listen to "prophets of doom" like Mothma.

And so it was that this visionary leader was forced to take her fight underground. Under Mon Mothma's leadership, the Rebellion grew from a rag-tag group of part-time activists into a viable and efficient fighting force. She designed the extensive communications network which keeps the Alliance one step ahead of the sluggish Empire; at the same time she used her talents as a statesperson and negotiator to recruit individuals, corporations and outlying worlds into the Rebellion.

Above all, however, Mon Mothma sees her most important duty to keep the Alliance focused, counseling patience and restraint, never allowing it to bite off more than it can chew. She is fully aware that, while more powerful today than yesterday, the Alliance is still extremely vulnerable. At this point, even a single, decisive



loss could destroy the Rebellion. Though she knows they must be aggressive and take the fight to the Empire, she will fight only when the chances of victory far outweigh the great dangers of defeat.

### Mon Mothma

**Template Type:** Senator

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Female

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** None.

**Quote:** "The Emperor has made a critical error, and the time for our attack has come."

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

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

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

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+2

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 10D+1

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 10D+1

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Planetary Sys. \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

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

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

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

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

Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

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

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+1

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

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

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

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

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

Comp.Prog. \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Droid Prog. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Starship Rep. \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

## Crix Madine

Some call him cocky, even arrogant. Others call him aggressive and confident. But regardless of how they perceive this controversial Corellian General, all admit that his record speaks for itself.

Crix Madine was an Imperial officer in charge of an elite army commando unit. With a bright future within the Imperial Army and at the height of his career, he decided to defect and join the Rebellion. The exact circumstances behind his defection are unclear, and his motivations remain unspoken. But that is the nature of the man, and those who know him respect his privacy.

Though it is often difficult for a high-ranking officer to defect — there is always the fear that he is acting as a double agent — Madine was readily accepted by the Alliance. Many of his friends and fellow officers from the Imperial Army were now respected members of the Alliance, and they, without exception, vouched for his character as well as his brilliance.

Among Madine's friends was General Rieekan, commander of the ill-fated Hoth base. The two had served together for some time, and it was Rieekan's backing, primarily, which convinced Mon Mothma that Madine was not a security risk.

Immediately upon joining the Alliance, Madine was assigned to the Advisory Council of the Alliance as Mon Mothma's Chief Military Advisor. This was an unorthodox move, as there were several candidates for the job with a far greater experience of the inner workings of the Rebellion than the brand-new recruit. But this was exactly why Mon Mothma chose him for the post. She wanted a fresh perspective, and Madine had no preconceived notions concerning the Rebel forces, how they worked, or what they were capable of.

In addition, his experience as a military commander who had himself faced Alliance troops several times in the past proved invaluable when



the Alliance was devising new and innovative battle strategies.

Among his better known plans was, of course, the commando raid which knocked out the massive deflector shield generator of the new Death Star — the cornerstone of the fleet's attack. The assault was daring, almost reckless, but planned with the meticulous attention to detail which is General Madine's signature. It was also successful — another of Madine's signatures.

### Crix Madine

**Template Type:** Alliance General  
**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion  
**Height:** 1.7 meters  
**Sex:** Male  
**Race:** Human  
**Equipment:** Comlink, Blaster pistol.  
**Quote:** "We have stolen a small Imperial shuttle."

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
 Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D  
 Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Military History \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
 Battle Tactics \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2  
**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2  
 Beast Riding \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_ 7D  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1  
 Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D  
 Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

## Admiral Ackbar

As commander of the Rebel Fleet, Ackbar has one of the most important and demanding jobs in the Alliance. The fleet is the Rebellion's most valuable asset, and its most important tool to challenge the overwhelming might of the Empire. In assigning Ackbar to this crucial post, Mon Mothma took perhaps the biggest gamble of her life.

It can be argued that the commander of the Rebel Fleet must generate more respect and inspire more confidence than any other officer in the Alliance. The Alliance is mostly comprised of humans. Why, then, did Mon Mothma choose an alien for this post?

The answer is simple: he was right for the job. His skills and character are above question. But even beyond that, Ackbar stands as a symbol to the rest of the galaxy: a symbol that the Alliance is fighting for everyone, no matter what their sex, race, color, creed, or planet of origin. All are welcome; all have a chance to help, no matter what they look like.

There are no aliens whatsoever in the Imperial officer corps, or for that matter anywhere in the Imperial armed forces. Aliens are not wanted, except as victims or slaves to be exploited and dominated. To the Empire, humans are the only beings which matter; all other races are scum. Regrettably, humanity has always had more than its share of narrow-minded bigots; the New Order's racism appeals to many.

The Alliance is an entirely different story, however. Though mostly human, beings from many alien worlds play crucial roles in the Alliance. The appointment of Ackbar to the position of Fleet Commander was Mon Mothma's way of showing the galaxy what kind of opportunities there are for anyone, regardless of race.

Though politics played a major role in Ackbar's appointment, only a fool would place a totally untried leader in a position of this importance even for political reasons — and Mothma is anything but a fool. Ackbar had proven his competence while commanding the Shantipole proj-



ect, which brought the valuable B-wing fighter to the Alliance. He was also extremely influential upon his home planet of Mon Calamari, and was largely responsible for that planet's decision to supply their precious Mon Calamari Cruisers, now the cornerstones of the Rebel Fleet, to the Alliance.

Although widely recognized as a fine tactician, it is more his organizational and administrative abilities which make Ackbar an outstanding leader. He is known for being rather conservative in battle strategy. But this aspect of his personality is nicely counterbalanced within the fleet's command structure by the innovative impetu-

### Admiral Ackbar

**Template Type:** Mon Calamari

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Mon Calamari

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad.

**Quote:** "Concentrate Fire on that Super Star Destroyer!"

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+1**

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

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ **7D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ **7D+1**

Planetary Sys. \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+1**

Starship Tactics \_\_\_\_\_ **7D**

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

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

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

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

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

Command \_\_\_\_\_ **8D**

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

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

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

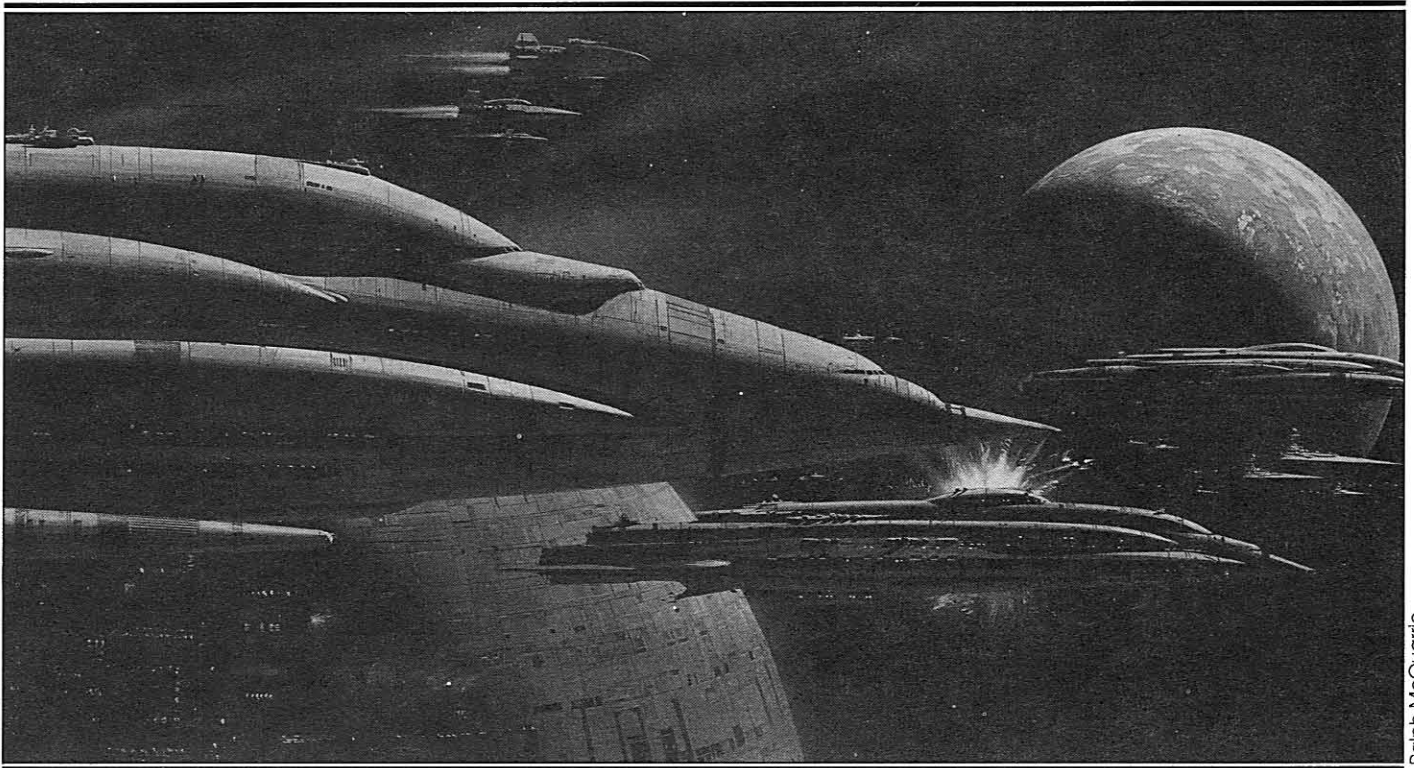
ity of his young officers.

A case in point would be the recent titanic battle over the Endor moon. When the Death Star suprisingly went operational and began systematically destroying the Rebel Fleet's most powerful vessels, Ackbar's first instinct was to call off the attack immediately. But General Calrissian pleaded with him to hang on a little longer, delaying the inevitable by moving in close to the Imperial Star Destroyers, in the hope that the

Death Star wouldn't be able to open up on them without hitting Imperial ships.

For all of his conservatism, Ackbar was open to, and saw the logic in, General Calrissian's radical plan. The gamble, as we all know, paid off.

The battle over Endor proved to everyone that Mon Mothma's choice for command of the fleet was perfect. It was the Alliance's shining moment, and Ackbar deserves a large portion of the credit.



Daniel McCullin

## Rebel Crewmen

The Rebel fleet is a motley assemblage of vessels of all types, sizes and configurations. Its crew is similarly varied in race, creed and experience — and some would say, equally motley. They would be quite wrong indeed. The crewmen of the Rebel fleet are the single best-trained group of warriors ever assembled in the galaxy.

The cornerstones of the Rebel fleet are the intrepid Mon Cal crewmen manning the Mon Calamari Cruisers. These highly-skilled aliens were hand-picked and extensively trained by Admiral Ackbar personally. Ackbar believed that Mon Cals would be ideal for these important positions, because the Cruisers' controls were specifically designed for use by the Calamari.

Many of the massive ships' most fundamental systems designs are conceptually geared toward Mon Cals. This is especially true of the holographic displays, which are designed to match the Cals' unusual eye configuration. To a human, the images seem warped and distorted, somewhat out of phase, but to a Mon Calamari they are crystal clear.

Further, many of the ships' controls are keyed to respond to subtle body motions of the bridge crews. To run a Calamari vessel, the crewmen makes certain body movements with the legs, feet, and waist, which are picked up by sensors in the special swivel chairs upon which they sit. This leaves the hands free to operate other controls. Naturally, these chairs are designed for Mon Calamari crewmen, and other races find the necessary movements difficult — if not impossible — to recreate.

Beyond the technical reasons, the Mon Cals were given these high-pressure, maximum concentration jobs because of their discipline and notoriously even temper. Mon Cals are able to focus completely upon the task at hand, rarely becoming affected by pressure or distracted by emotion.



The most sterling example of the Cals' ability was displayed in the battle over Endor. There, in the face of overwhelming odds, and with the distinct possibility of being trapped and cut to pieces by the mighty Imperial fleet hanging over their heads, the Rebel crewmen kept their composure and performed brilliantly. Quite a few Imperial Star Destroyers met their match that day, and even a mighty *Super Star Destroyer* was done in by the efforts of these talented crewmen.

### Lieutenant Sesfan

**Template Type:** Mon Calamari

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Mon Calamari

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad.

**Quote:** "Sir, we've got enemy ships in sector 2-7!"

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

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

Planetary Sys. \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

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

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

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

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

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

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

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

Comp. Prog. \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Starship rep. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

**G**ambler's Run

"We've got a problem here," Lando stated, as calmly as his thumping heart would allow, "We've got a big problem."

The *Falcon* was chasing a pair of TIE interceptors up toward the underside of an inconceivably massive *Super Star Destroyer*. His co-pilot, the Sullustan, Nien Nunb, had just polished off the last of the two when Lando realized what he had gotten himself, and everyone else aboard the *Millennium Falcon*, into.

In his eagerness to chase down the two retreating TIEs, Lando had brought the *Falcon* in close to the massive Imperial vessel. Too close. The laser flak was so heavy now that Lando could barely make out the cavernous hangar bay of the *Super Star Destroyer* which loomed above him. If he didn't do something fast, they were going to be cut to pieces.

It was too late to swing the ship around and gun it out of danger — all that would accomplish would be to bring them into the fire arcs of more weapons — they'd be scragged before they made two kilometers. And they couldn't stay where they were for much longer: eventually somebody would get lucky with a laser cannon or tractor beam, and that would be all she wrote.

They couldn't stay where they were, and they couldn't leave. What other choices did they have? Only one, really. Acting quickly, before he would have a chance to realize just how

crazy he was, Lando pulled back on the controls and sent the *Falcon* straight up — into the *Super Star Destroyer's* hangar bay.

There was no time for discussion, and Lando ignored the cockpit crew's gasps of shock and terror as he nosed the *Falcon* up into the mammoth hole which was the *Star Destroyer's* main hangar bay. As he had hoped, the laser flak ended and they were safe for the moment, but what now? It wouldn't be long before the command crew of the giant Imperial vessel figured out what happened and sent a geyser of TIE fighters to reduce the trapped freighter to particles.

Keep moving, Lando thought. Just keep moving and you'll think of something. While the rest of the cockpit crew threw switches, turned dials and adjusted scopes to compensate for the tight quarters Lando had just gotten them into, he concentrated on the task at hand. Gunning the throttle, Lando shot the *Falcon* down a tight access corridor running through the ship's myriad hangar bays.

The ship flew through the opening into what looked like a staging area of some sort. Lando could barely make out the blurred images of a ground crew, leaping for cover as he rocketed overhead. Another opening lay ahead, but a repair gantry was partially obscuring the entrance. There was virtually no time to react, but Lando managed to dip the *Falcon* slightly, avoid-

ing the worst of the collision.

A stunned Nien Nunb mumbled something in his peculiar language as the wrenching sound of the gantry scraping on the ship's upper hull reverberated through the cockpit. There's that scratch I promised Han I wouldn't leave, Lando thought. But the *Falcon* was only superficially damaged by the accident, which is more than could be said of the poor techs who were working on the gantry.

This was certainly enjoyable, Lando thought, but the problem of how to escape the Star Destroyer's batteries after leaving the hangar complex remained. They needed some kind of cover, some kind of diversion. The clock was running, and soon the TIEs would be here to smoke them out...

Hmmm. Smoke.

Again, Lando no sooner thought of a solution than he preceeded to act upon it. Up until now, he had avoided blasting away at the innards of the giant Imperial ship for fear of bringing something crashing down upon them. But the only way he saw to provide the *Falcon* with enough cover to escape out from beneath the Star Destroyer's guns was to create a fireball. A big fireball.

"Open up with everything we've got," Lando ordered, "Blast anything that looks important. Blast anything that doesn't, too."

Nien Nunb shot a quick glance at his partner.

He had silently run the idea of blasting away inside the hangar through his mind when they first entered the Star Destroyer, but he too had realized that it was entirely too risky. What was Lando up to?

The alien finally decided that Lando, figuring them for dead, wanted to make as much damage as possible before they went. Not having any better ideas, with silent apologies to his ancestors, he complied.

The alien immediately began raking the hangar ahead with the *Falcon's* forward guns, and Lando could feel the distinct vibrations in the *Falcon's* hull that meant that the two quad gunners were doing the same. The space around them became a chaotic inferno, as the ship's blaster cannons tore into the unarmored innards of the mighty Star Destroyer.

The gambler's grin on Lando's face revealed nothing of his own inner panic as he banked the *Falcon* over, back through the access corridor, and out of the giant hangar complex and into space, closely followed by the fireball the ship's guns had created. As he hoped, the fireball obscured the fleeing target from the Imperial gunners' sights for the crucial seconds it took to get the *Falcon* out of range.

The gamble had paid off, this time. But there would be a few more hands to play before this day was through, and Lando knew what a fickle mistress Lady Luck could be.



## Nien Nunb

Lando Calrissian had many fine pilots to choose from when picking a co-pilot for the *Millennium Falcon* prior to the battle over Endor. The choice was made simple for him when he learned that Nien Nunb was eligible.

Nunb was an old friend of a former associate of Lando's, and the Sullustan came highly recommended. Nien Nunb was quite a pilot, and he and his old stock light freighter, the *Sublight Queen*, had become quite well-known in and around Sullust.

At one time, Nien Nunb was a top trade runner for the SoroSuub Corporation, carrying minerals and other raw materials to the outlying systems. His ship was fast, and he was highly efficient at his job, which earned him a great deal of money and praise from SoroSuub.

But when the company decided to devote itself to fully supplying the Empire, and subsequently took control of the Sullust system from its people, Nunb quit his job. After a bit of soul-searching, he decided to turn his talents toward undermining his former employers.

Using skills learned through years of smuggling, Nien began snatching SoroSuub consignments out from under the company's nose and shipping them to the Rebellion. He did it publicly, and with a certain bravado, in the hope of inspiring his people, and rousing them into action. Soon others began to join him in this venture, and SoroSuub was unable to stop them.

Because they couldn't handle the situation themselves, the beleaguered company called on the Empire to solve the problem. And solve it they did — by sending a full compliment of Star



Destroyers to seek out and destroy the outlaws.

Unable to fight the Empire and unwilling to give up, Nien Nunb and his friends lost their ships and nearly their lives. The only real choice left was to join the Rebel Alliance full-time. Through them, Nunb could continue his fight.

### Nien Nunb

**Template Type:** Sullustan

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Sullustan

**Equipment:** Comlink, blaster pistol.

**Quote:** "Moobeah, Moobeah, eh?"

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

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

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

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

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

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

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

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

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

## Wedge Antilles

After the evacuation from Hoth, Wedge Antilles took command of the remnants of what was once "Rogue Group," at the request of Luke Skywalker. Since that time, he has formed them into the Rebel Fleet's elite starfighter squadron. As leader of the new squadron, Wedge was promoted to the rank of Commander. As a testament to their skill and elan, his squadron was directly attached to the Headquarters Frigate.

Although given an opportunity to equip his flight with the Alliance's top new fighters, the B- and A-wings, Wedge chose to stick with the X-wing. He felt that the X-wing was still a match for the new Imperial TIE interceptor, even though the interceptor had been designed specifically to defeat the X-wing. He also reasoned that it made more sense to let the newer pilots fly the more sophisticated Rebel fighters, giving them a better chance against the new TIEs.

In remembrance of his old squadron which had fought so bravely over the surface of the original Death Star, Wedge named his new squadron "Red Group." He and Luke were the only survivors of the original Red Group, and though Luke wouldn't be with them this time, Wedge felt that this squadron had the same fire and determination as the original. There were some new faces, as well as old Rogue Group veterans like Hobbie and Janson, making an effective combination of enthusiasm and experience.

During the battle over Endor, Red Group lived up to their billing as the Alliance's elite squadron. Many of the B- and A-wing squadrons were decimated by the tremendous onslaught of Imperial fighters, but Red Group, under Wedge's nimble command, piled up an impressive number of Imperial kills, while at the same time keeping themselves largely intact.



The survival of Red Group was crucial to the Rebel attack strategy. They, along with Gold Group, were scheduled to make the attack run at the partially-constructed battle station's power generator. As the whole galaxy knows, their attack run was successful. Wedge Antilles personally dealt the final, crucial blow that destroyed the massive station, and ushered in a new era for the galaxy.

### Wedge Antilles

**Template Type:** Brash Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol, Comlink.

**Quote:** "Lock S-Foils in attack positions!"

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

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

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+1**

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Planetary Sys. \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

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

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

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

Starship Piloting \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Computer Prog. \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Repulsorlift Rep. \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Staship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

**T** he Briefing of Red Group

*The following is a first-hand account of the Red Group mission briefing just prior to the attack on the second Death Star. It was told to Voren Na'al by Commander Antilles.*

The room was an odd mixture of excited buzzing and calm discussion, as was usually the case when Red Group's unusual combination of rookie and veteran pilots were receiving a briefing. The noise quickly died down as I entered, carrying a holo-disc and an electro-lite pointer.

I popped the disc into the projector, and a bright red holographic image of the new Death Star appeared in the center of the room. It was obviously still under construction, framed by structural girders and supports and with many large gaps in its superstructure. But that did nothing to reduce its awesome stature in the eyes of these young pilots.

However, the fact that a surviving veteran of the attack on the first Death Star was commanding their squadron seemed to soothe a lot of their fear and apprehension. Knowing what little I actually had to do with Luke's miracle shot, I wasn't quite as confident of my own abilities as they seemed to be.

Regardless, I spoke with the self-assurance that I knew they needed. "Most of you have studied the Battle of Yavin in your training programs. Forget it." I moved to face the holo image.

"This is an entirely different story."

Using the pointer, I highlighted the central trench which ran across the equator of the incomplete battle station, continuing to speak as I did so.

"In that battle, we ran down this equatorial trench in order to reach the small thermal exhaust port here," I flicked the pointer at a barely perceptible highlighted dot, "but the

Empire has solved that little design flaw.

"This time, we are not entering the trench, but rather the superstructure itself." A nervous muttering began among the pilots.

"We'll enter here," I continued, pointing to a circular opening in the station's surface structure, "and continue along this path until we reach the reactor core."

Hobbie, the traditional group skeptic, broke in. "It looks pretty tight to me, boss."

I raised my eyebrows quizzically. Hobbie always hates that. "I've seen you fly a snowspeeder between the legs of a moving AT-AT Walker, and you're telling me it's too tight?" The rest of the group chuckled.

Janson turned to Hobbie, "Just stick close to me and I'll nursemaid you through it, hotshot." More laughter. I continued the briefing.

"On the plus side, we expect that their turbo-laser batteries won't be active, and we're not sure what kind of fighter complement they'll be able to muster if we catch them by surprise."

I flicked a few switches on the transmitter and the Death Star image shrank to a third of its previous size, as a holo-image of a large, green world sprang up beside it.

"On the negative side, the entire battle station is protected by an energy shield which is projected from the forest moon of Endor." A bright yellow holo-image of the energy shield spouted out from the moon to surround the Death Star.

"A strike team led by General Solo and Commander Skywalker is responsible for knocking out the shield generator."

Randi, the youngest, greenest pilot in the group spoke up then: "What if we get there and the shield is still up? We'll be hung out to dry."

I simply smiled as I flicked off the holo-transmitter, "You don't know Han and Luke too well, do you?"

# I mperial Profiles

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

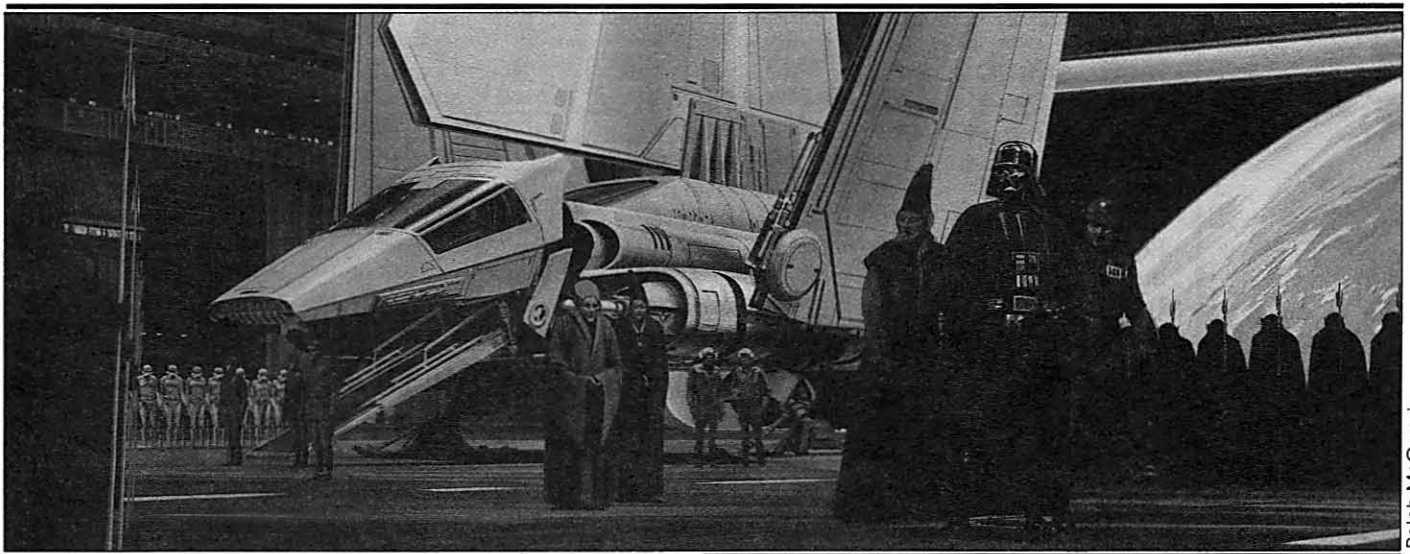
Typically, researching Imperial officials is not the easiest or safest of tasks. To be done properly, it often requires a good deal of dangerous undercover work — gaining access to restricted data files, impersonating Imperial personnel, and the like. Fortunately, the Alliance has a magnificent intelligence network; with their excellent assistance, I was able to gather the following data without undue risk.

My task was made slightly less difficult by the current disrupted state of Imperial affairs. Since the destruction of the second Death Star, the Imperial bureaucracy is in disarray. Standard security procedures are almost completely ignored, as the officials' attentions are diverted toward the far more important issues of personal survival and aggrandizement. Open warfare has not yet broken out between the various Imperial Moffs, advisors, and armed forces, but that is only a matter of time.

In the uproar, I was able to gain access to information which would normally be near impossible to get. I was provided an older security

code by Alliance Intelligence, allowing me unrestricted access to the complete memory capacity of the storage net on Halowan. I took the cover of a special agent for the Moff of Fakir sector. The Halowan security officers were suspicious — the code was outdated and I had no authority to the data I requested. But they were afraid to challenge me: Moff Lorin of Fakir has a lot of clout, and looks like a good bet to come out on top in the struggle to fill the vacuum left by the Emperor's death. The security officers hated to do it, but they gave me the red carpet treatment none the less. I got everything I was looking for.

The information I uncovered concerning the Emperor's advisors (which included a series of equally amusing and frightening holo-memos passed between them) helped paint a clear portrait of the utter paranoia of those surrounding the late Emperor. Though I turned up very little hard data about the Emperor himself, I did get some slight glimpses of the way he operated. Thank Deity that malign creature is erased from the face of the galaxy!



Ralph McQuarrie

## Moff Jerjerrod

When choosing a commander for his new Death Star, the Emperor vowed he would not make the same mistakes he did with the first one. There would be no power-wielding Grand Moff, no command triumvirate of Governor, General and Admiral.

With the first Death Star, the Emperor had entrusted his most important weapon to three men who each had their own private agendas for the battle station. They were entirely too willful, entirely too independent to blindly carry out their monarch's will. They bickered among themselves constantly and did not follow orders properly, with the result that the Death Star was destroyed and the hated Rebellion given a vital respite.

This time, there would be no mistake. The Death Star would have a single commander. He would be a weak man, made to think he was rather important, but in truth only a puppet. Jerjerrod was the perfect choice.

A competent administrator, yet possessing little creativity or drive, Jerjerrod was no threat to act against the Emperor's plans. He had ambition, like all good Imperial officers, but he lacked the vision and courage to act on it. Before this assignment, Jerjerrod was a desk general, who had risen through the ranks in Logistics and Supply. He was well-versed in administrative details yet had little actual military experience.

This was exactly the kind of man the Emperor wanted. He needed someone who could build the new battle station quickly and efficiently, but who would have no idea how to use the station when it became operational. Jerjerrod would follow the Emperor's wishes to the letter, leaving the Emperor in true command of the Death Star.



With the help of a little added incentive from Lord Vader, Jerjerrod got the battle station operational a good deal ahead of schedule. Although Jerjerrod never understood the Emperor's reasons for stepping up the deadline, they were integral to the Emperor's plan. Jerjerrod served his Emperor well — and paid for it with his life.

### Moff Jerjerrod

**Template Type:** Imperial Moff

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster

**Quote:** "We shall double our efforts!"

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

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

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

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

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

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

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

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

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

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

## **T**he Second Death Star

There were many differences between the original Death Star battle station and its newer, more sophisticated cousin. The new Death Star was bigger, more powerful, better shielded and more mobile. Perhaps the most important difference, however, was the elimination of a miniscule thermal exhaust port leading directly to the reactor core. It was this nearly imperceptible flaw which allowed the Rebel Alliance a one-in-a-million chance to destroy the original Death Star—a chance which they exploited brilliantly. They would not have that opportunity with the new Death Star.

The designer of both projects was a man named Bevel Lemelisk, a well-respected architect and designer of many of the Empire's most sophisticated space stations. The original concept for the Death Star came from Grand Moff Tarkin, a man of brilliant vision but almost no grasp of engineering. Lemelisk, along with a virtual army of subordinate architects and engineers, transformed Tarkin's vision into reality.

The Death Star project was one of the best-kept secrets in the Empire; even the Imperial Senate, whom the Emperor no longer trusted, did not know it was being built. To finance the project, the Emperor secretly and illegally diverted money from other sources, mainly space exploration and public works. The first Death Star was built almost entirely by prison labor, those unfortunates sentenced to a life of hard labor on one of the New Order's penal planets. No one knows exactly how many innocents died during the Death Star's construction.

After the first Death Star was destroyed, Lemelisk went into hiding. Knowing the price of failing the Emperor, he feared for his life. When Imperial Intelligence agents tracked him down at his remote retreat on Hefi, he thought surely he was doomed. He was quite surprised to discover that the Emperor did not want his head, but rather what was in it.

Specifically, the Emperor wanted him to design a new, more powerful Death Star battle station, this time without even the most minute design flaw. Amazed at his good fortune, Lemelisk went to work with a will. He would not disappoint the Emperor a second time.

The solution to the thermal exhaust port problem was rather simple. In place of one large port, Lemelisk included millions of millimeter-wide heat dispersion ducts. These ducts would serve the same function as the exhaust port, carrying the excess heat from the reactor core to the station's surface. But these ducts were entirely too small to be hit by even the most pinpoint blaster shot. Even if they were hit, the ducts were equipped with emergency baffles, designed to muffle any high pulse of energy before it reached the core.

With that problem solved, Lemelisk set out to improve the main weapon of the Death Star, or "super laser" as Lemelisk called it. The laser was quite strong enough already — Lemelisk couldn't conceive of any need to increase the power of a weapon which could vaporize a planet — but there was room for improvement in the weapon's targeting systems and rate of fire. At this, Lemelisk was highly successful. The powerful beam could now be focused much more finely and quickly, allowing it to fire at a moving target, such as a capital ship.

Lemelisk also increased the overall size of the station. This allowed much larger Imperial vessels to dock within the station; the previous Death Star had been able to accommodate nothing larger than a cruiser, bigger vessels being required to orbit the station.

To handle the possibility of attack by small, fast starfighters, Lemelisk increased the number of light anti-ship batteries nearly threefold, creating a nearly impenetrable blanket of anti-ship fire. The battle station's increased size allowed Lemelisk to add dozens of TIE fighter bays as well. If this Death Star were to fall, it would not be at the hands of a few lucky Rebel X-wings.

In fact, Lemelisk didn't believe that anything could defeat the new Death Star. When presenting the new design to the Emperor, Lemelisk boldly claimed that the only way the new Death Star could be destroyed would be if it were attacked while still under construction — once completed, it would be invulnerable.

Apparently, the Emperor believed him. So did Mon Mothma and Alliance Command. This, as we know, set the stage for the great battle of Endor and the destruction of the Death Star, the Emperor, and the New Order.

## Darth Vader

Until his confrontation with young Luke Skywalker on Bespin's Cloud City, Darth Vader had never failed. Getting shot out of the sky at Yavin had been unfortunate, but in war, anything can happen; that was simple bad luck, not a failure. But he had distinctly failed to convert his son, Luke Skywalker, at Bespin.

Failure was an entirely new concept to the Dark Lord, and although the Emperor was somehow not surprised by the outcome of events, it left Vader perplexed and shaken.

That his son was powerful was, of course, apparent. But why his son could not see the obvious benefits of his power was a mystery to Vader. Surely he could feel the call of the Dark Side? Luke had released his anger and his hatred, but somehow he still did not see the true way. Was this a failure of Luke or of Vader? Did Vader have some weakness that his son had exploited?

And what of the Emperor? He was mighty in the Force, perhaps the mightiest being who has ever lived. Did he know that Vader would attempt to use his son to overthrow him? Did the Emperor have another, more subtle plan to turn Luke, kept well-hidden even from Vader?

Oh, the Emperor was subtle: wheels within wheels within wheels was his way. The boy was doomed; nothing in the universe could save him. Somewhere within him, Vader felt a dim sense of regret.

And that disturbed him most of all.



### Darth Vader

**Template Type:** Lord of the Sith

**Loyalty:** To the Emperor

**Height:** 2.02 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Lightsaber, body armor.

**Quote:** "The Emperor will show you the true nature of the Force."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

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

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

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

Planetary Sys. \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

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

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

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

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

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

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

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

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

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

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

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

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Starship Rep. \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

### FORCE SKILLS

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

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

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

The Emperor had asked Vader on several occasions if "his feelings" on the matter of young Skywalker were clear. The Dark Lord assured him that they were, and their plans continued.

But the connection between Skywalker and Vader almost doomed the Rebellion. When Han Solo's strike team approached the moon of Endor in the stolen Imperial shuttle, one of its members became aware of Darth Vader's proximity. Luke Skywalker, sitting with the command crew in the shuttle's cockpit, immediately realized that Vader was aboard one of the orbiting Star Destroyers. In turn, it has been assumed, the Dark Lord detected him.

But Vader allowed the shuttle to continue down to the forest moon, remembering the prophetic words of his master. "In time, he will seek you out." On the moon, Skywalker actually surrendered to the Imperials, giving himself directly

into the hands of Darth Vader. The young man claimed to have felt "the good" within the black metal shell and had come to help lead the submerged Anakin Skywalker back to the light.

Aboard the half-finished Death Star, Skywalker was brought before the Emperor and once again faced Vader in combat. But this time the young Jedi was the victor. But he refused to deliver the death stroke of his lightsaber. He would not succumb to the temptations of the Emperor and the Dark Side. "I'll never turn to the Dark Side," declared Luke Skywalker. "I am a Jedi, like my father before me."

"So be it ... Jedi." And then Emperor turned his dark powers against him, seeking to destroy him.

But Luke Skywalker was right. The good man that was Anakin Skywalker did still exist. And the form that was Darth Vader proved it by hurling the Emperor to his doom and saving young Luke.



## Admiral Piett

Many wonder how Admiral Piett survived the Bespin debacle. He had clearly failed to capture the *Millennium Falcon* before she entered hyperspace, and few have failed Lord Vader and lived.

During his tenure as commander of the fleet assembled to find the new Rebel base, Vader had left a series of dead officers in his wake. Each had “failed” the Dark Lord one way or another, and punishment for failure was always a severely tightened esophagus. Why then did Admiral Piett survive his “failure?”

Perhaps, Piett reasoned, the confrontation with Skywalker had changed the Dark Lord somehow. Vader had returned to the Star Destroyer unusually silent, his normal aura of menace somewhat lessened. He almost seemed sad, though it was difficult to attribute that emotion to Vader.

Following the Bespin incident, Vader was reassigned from the fleet by the Emperor for unknown reasons. Piett was in true command for the first time, and, now that he was out from under the Dark Lord’s shadow, he was able to relax and hope that perhaps he would survive his promotion, unlike so many of his predecessors.

His fleet’s orders were to keep moving from system to system, using an unpredictable route, in the hope of bumping into the Rebel Fleet. Of course, the galaxy is unimaginably huge, and the chances of this tactic actually succeeding were remarkably small. Piett suspected that the Emperor had something up his sleeve; Piett knew better than to inquire.

Months passed. Eventually, the fleet was recalled to Endor and ordered to hide on the far side of the forest moon. Several tense days passed, and then the Rebel fleet arrived, believing that Piett’s fleet was still off chasing shadows. When the Imperial fleet moved out from behind the planet, surprise was absolute. And when the Death Star went operational, the Rebel fleet was clearly doomed.

Or so Piett thought, anyway.

Admiral Piett did not shine in this, his first,



combat command. The Imperial fleet was surprisingly overmatched by the Rebels, whom they outnumbered and outgunned. The Rebels fought with skill and determination. Even with the added strength of the Death Star’s super laser behind it, the Imperial fleet was driven back. When the Rebel capital ships actually closed with the Imperial fleet, to limit the usefulness of the Death Star, Piett was already a beaten man. In the end, Piett was no match for Ackbar.

At the climax of the battle, Piett’s flagship, the mighty *Super Star Destroyer Executor*, was destroyed by a ferocious Rebel fighter attack. Piett was lost along with his ship.

### Admiral Piett

**Template Type:** Imperial

Admiral

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad, blaster pistol.

**Quote:** “Increase forward firepower!”

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

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

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

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

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

Planetary Sys. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Computer Prog. \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

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

## The Emperor

Out of the corpse of an Old Republic, a man named Palpatine carved himself an Empire. It was almost frightening how easy it was, for he was both strong in the Dark Side of the Force and blessed with a subtle and dangerous mind. The Jedi were destroyed, the Senate was disbanded, and in almost no time, he was the undisputed ruler of the most powerful empire the galaxy had ever seen.

The Emperor knew that nothing could seriously threaten his rule — his old enemy Mothma was clever and strong and the Rebel Alliance was growing, but without the Force, they could never be a serious threat. In some ways, the Rebellion was a useful scapegoat, giving him an excuse to further undermine and corrupt the Old Republic's laws — “for the duration of the emergency only,” of course. Soon he wouldn't need them any more, and in the fullness of time, they would be attended to. All was right with the galaxy; the New Order was unstoppable.

But then the Emperor sensed a new current in the ever-flowing energy of the Force. It began as a subtle, barely perceptible power surge, but in a frighteningly short time grew into the bright light that he came to know as Luke Skywalker. Lord Vader had sensed it too, but he lacked the vision that the Emperor possessed. As soon as this new power became known to him, the Emperor began plotting to corrupt it.

He worked his scheme with the guile and cunning that were his trademarks. The Emperor's plans may have reached further back in time than anyone could possibly imagine, for his ability to foresee the future was astounding. Perhaps the Emperor did not destroy Obi-Wan Kenobi with the rest of the Jedi because he foresaw the old man taking young Luke under his wing some day in the distant future. Obi-Wan had failed once, and had created Vader, the Emperor's greatest servant. Perhaps the Emperor expected him to



fail again, giving the Emperor an even more powerful tool.

Perhaps he also foresaw the boy's part in the destruction of the first Death Star. Perhaps he knew that if Luke succeeded, his overconfidence in his newfound powers would cause him to make a mistake, to attempt to turn his father, to dare to beard the Emperor in his own den. The Emperor was fully capable of sacrificing the Death Star if it would gain him the last Jedi.

This is all merely speculation, for no one, not

### The Emperor

**Template Type:** Jedi Master

**Loyalty:** To the Emperor

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** None

**Quote:** “It is you who are mistaken. About a great many things.”

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

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

**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 12D

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Planetary Sys. \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

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

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

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

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

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

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

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

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

#### FORCE SKILLS

Control \_\_\_\_\_ 13D

Sense \_\_\_\_\_ 15D

Alter \_\_\_\_\_ 14D

even Vader, ever really knew what was going on in the black recesses of the Emperor's mind. It is clear, however, that the Emperor was not surprised that Lord Vader failed to turn his son to the Dark Side — he had, in fact, counted upon it.

Young Luke had tasted the power of the Dark Side through his anger and his fear. Doubt clouded his mind, and he was unsure he could survive another confrontation with his father. Yet he was also sure that there was still good in his father; he was willing to risk everything to attempt to bring it out. The Emperor counted upon this, as he thought, "mistaken" belief to draw the boy into his trap. Once Luke was in his power, the Emperor would destroy Luke's friends and loved ones. Then he would force him to kill his father. Luke would be his, and the last hope would fade from the galaxy.

Everything proceeded according to the Emperor's designs. Luke came, and the Alliance attacked. The Rebels on Endor were captured by the Imperial stormtroopers and failed to cut the shields. The Emperor's fleet and the operational Death Star surprised the enemy and began to decimate the Rebel fleet. The Emperor had young

Skywalker exactly where he wanted him — disillusioned, defeated, and ready to strike down his own father and take his place at the Emperor's side.

But then, suddenly, it began to fall to pieces. After taking great losses at first, the Rebel fleet held its own against the Imperial fleet and even managed to destroy a *Super Star Destroyer*. Worse, the Rebel scum on the planet below somehow cut the shields to the Death Star, putting it at great risk. Still, even these were not insurmountable problems: with the young Skywalker at his side, all could be made right again.

But the boy found it inside himself to rise above the Emperor's compelling power, and thwarted the Emperor's attempts to turn him to the Dark Side! In some baffling way, that young whelp was stronger than him! This was intolerable!

Enfuriated, the Emperor resolved to kill the young Jedi. But here the Emperor failed once more. Apparently, the boy had been correct: there was still good left in Darth Vader. As he watched the Emperor destroy his son, it came to life once more.

The Dark Lord saved his son from death. To do so, he destroyed the Emperor and himself.



## The Imperial Royal Guard

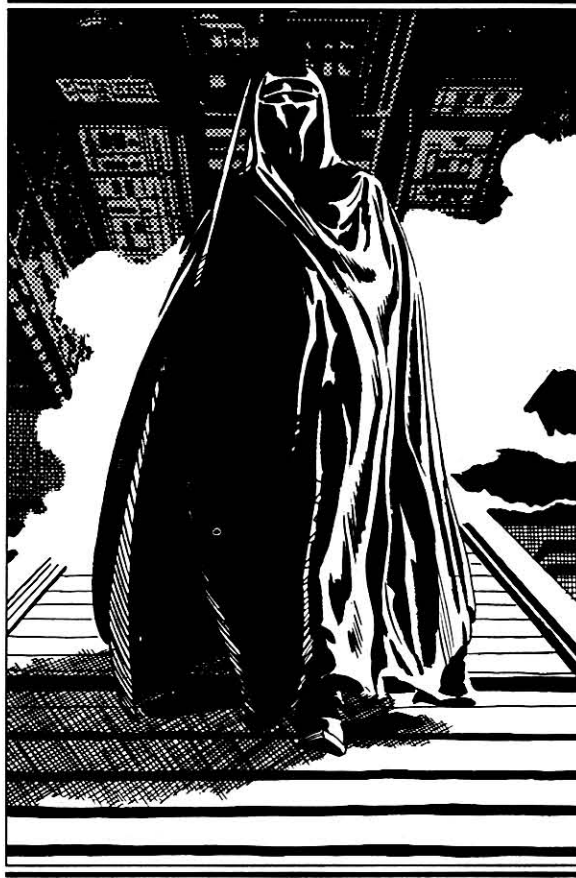
These dynamically outfitted troopers were a hand-picked, elite stormtrooper unit assigned to serve as the Emperor's personal guard. The Royal Guard accompanied the Emperor wherever he went, and at least two of them were within earshot of his majesty at all times.

The striking red armor of a Royal Guardsman is both ceremonial and fully functional in battle. The armor is a hybrid combination of the uniforms of the Mandalorian Death Watch and the Thyrus Sun Guards, both units famous for their ferocity in battle.

Few know exactly how many of these special troops still exist, because they have never fought together as a unit. Individual guardsman, as a matter of practice, join other stormtrooper units incognito, to keep fighting fresh. They also occasionally get a chance to test their skill in combat when suppressing assassination attempts. It is rumored that the Emperor used these skilled troopers to perform assassinations as well.

Troopers selected to join the Guard were screened for top scores in intelligence, strength, dexterity, and, in particular, loyalty. Once accepted into the Guard, a trooper was exhaustively trained in many forms of combat.

The primary weapon of the Royal Guardsman is the force pike. Although a modest weapon by most standards, in the hands of a Guardsman it is quite deadly. Of course, these elite troops are extremely proficient with blasters as well as other modern weapons.



### Imperial Royal Guard

**Template Type:** Royal Guard

**Loyalty:** To the Emperor

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Unknown

**Race:** Unknown

**Equipment:** Force Pike, Heavy Blaster Pistol, armor\*.

**Quote:** None.

\*Royal Guard armor does not reduce Dexterity.

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ **7D**

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

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

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

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

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

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

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

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

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Command \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+2**

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ **6D+2**

Search \_\_\_\_\_ **6D+2**

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

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ **6D**

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

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ **5D+1**

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

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

## Imperial Advisors

Dressed in lavish costumes derived from the histories of their homeworlds, the Emperor's advisors are a vain and politically divided lot. They are ever at each other's throats, but always ready to do his majesty's bidding. It is no coincidence that each of these men is politically insecure. In fact, the Emperor insists upon it.

Each advisor is assigned to keep tabs on the administration of a rival advisor's home system. This naturally cuts down on alliances between advisors, and actually serves to fuel the fires of competition and deceit between these high officials.

When not busy with administrative duties, the advisors are purposely kept isolated from one another. The Emperor sends them off on supposedly "important" missions to the other ends of the galaxy. As there are hundreds of these top bureaucrats to help the Emperor govern his vast Empire, he must create a great deal of these "information-gathering," "fact-finding" and "casual overseeing" missions for his advisors in order to keep them moving.

Another way that the Emperor keeps his advisors at odds with each other is by never seeing more than a dozen of them at a time. He dotes over a select few while the others wait and watch nervously, bringing new advisors into his circle and casting old ones out — or killing them — at whim. The Emperor feels that keeping these men insecure is far stronger a bond than simple loyalty. There is a lot that a man will do in order to survive.

The Emperor's policy of absolute rule through absolute terror has worked to perfection where



his advisors are concerned. Because of this, he never needs to fear those with the greatest amount of power beneath him. Once again he has managed to control the lives of all who surround him.

### Kren Blista-Vanee

**Template Type:** Imperial Advisor

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.6 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster.

**Quote:** "Anything to please your Eminence."

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

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

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

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

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

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

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

# E ndor Profiles

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

Following the trail of General Solo's strike team through the forests of Endor was perhaps the most enjoyable part of the research for this project. The lush greenery of this forest moon is a feast for the senses. And as I now have the pleasure of being stationed on this beautiful world, I could complete my research at my leisure.

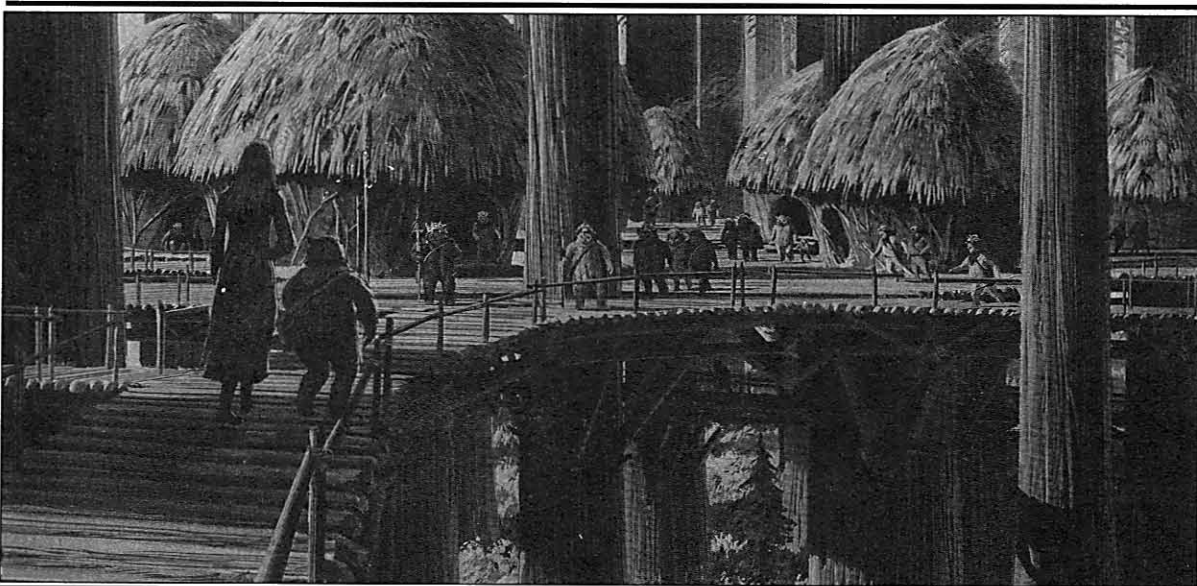
The last of the mop-up operations have ended, all of the Imperials are captured or have fled, and the celebration at the Ewok village continues. The sound of tribal drumming mixed with human laughter, Ewok chatter and the occasional growl of a triumphant Wookiee can be heard echoing throughout the wooded valley.

Upon my arrival at the burnt-out ruins of what used to be the Imperial base housing the Death Star's shield generator, I was greeted by Wicket, who was, as usual, extremely excited.

Grabbing my hand and almost yanking me off of my speeder bike, he proceeded to show me his last three days' work. Wicket and a few of his

furry friends from the village had woven leafy vines throughout the twisted metal of the former Imperial base. The arching branches of newly-planted hem trees formed the "walls" which jutted out from the twisted metal foundation. Thick, sappy logs provided structural support where it had been blasted away. They had transformed the Imperial base into a living, breathing part of the forest. The ruins seemed to blend as naturally into the foliage as the Ewok tree houses themselves.

Wicket had made himself a home there. He invited me to join him as he prepared a hearth fire in the fireplace he had constructed from the burnt-out husk of an AT-ST cockpit. He handed me an Imperial Biker Scout's helmet, lined with a large free-palm leaf, and filled with sweet berry juice which he had picked and blended himself. This was how the Ewoks celebrated their victory — by taking that which had invaded their world and making it belong.



Ralph McQuarrie

## Wicket

Wicket is a bit of a loner. He spends a great deal of time off on his own, exploring the forest world that is his home. Wicket's favorite spot is a glade just south of the Ewok village. There he has constructed his own tree house from the ruins of the Imperial base. He spends much time there, communing with the animals and building carved trinkets for the village children.

It was Wicket who first found the beautiful Princess Leia and brought her to safety in the village. When Leia's friends arrived, Wicket argued vehemently to have them released from captivity and spared Logray's barbaric ritual; he sensed that they were good and gentle beings like the Princess. But his cries were not heeded by Chief Chirpa, or any of the tribesmen. It took a clever trick by an amused Luke Skywalker to free the Rebels.

During the battle for Endor, Wicket proved himself to be a clever and resourceful warrior. All of the time spent out alone in the forest gave Wicket detailed knowledge of its every hill and gully. This was of tremendous help to the village warriors as they prepared numerous, well-hidden traps to stop the "walking beasts."

After the battle, Wicket was "promoted" to the rank of "lead warrior." Princess Leia personally presided over the ceremony, at the request of Chief Chirpa and the rest of the tribe. It was the happiest day in Wicket's life.

Finally, Wicket's people have recognized his many talents and achievements. He is a prime candidate for the position of tribal leader when Chief Chirpa retires. Several female Ewoks of the village have begun leaving small gifts — food,



clothing, weaponry and the like — at his hut, a sure sign of romantic interest. A confirmed bachelor, Wicket is not sure he likes all the attention, but Ewok women are notoriously tenacious — once they've set their sights on a male, his days of freedom are almost surely numbered.

### Wicket W. Warrick

**Template Type:** Ewok

**Loyalty:** To the Ewoks

**Height:** .8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Ewok

**Equipment:** Spear, medicinal herbs.

**Quote:** "Yub yub!"

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

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

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

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

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

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Con \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

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

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

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

## **T**he Ewok Defenses

*Voren Na'al interviewed Wicket following the Battle of Endor. This report is compiled from those stories, as translated by See-Threepio. The Ewok language being quite different from Basic, Na'al endeavored to remain faithful to the original story without subjecting readers to the somewhat bizarre grammar of Threepio's impromptu translation.*

When the first Imperials came, the tribe heard the roaring of their ship. Wishing to see what could make such a frightful noise, they sent warriors, including young Wicket, to investigate. The shuttle gave off an incredible stench unlike anything any Ewok had ever smelled. Chief Chirpa said it smelled like fire, only worse. The warriors had no trouble deciding which direction to go. They merely followed the smell.

Before they were halfway to the ship, they smelled something else. Something animal, mixed with something not-animal. Something that crashed loudly through the forest like a kurnbeast drunk on mattberries.

The Ewoks were afraid. Only a mad or wounded thing makes that much noise, fighting the jungle instead of passing through it. The first sight of the creatures dressed in hard white shells merely confirmed their fear.

Compounding their fears, these particular Ewoks had never encountered machinery before, and anything so brutally inorganic as Stormtrooper armor or an Imperial shuttle aroused the deepest distrust and ill feelings among them.

This is why they initially reacted to General Solo's team with hostility. (As to their reverence for See-Threepio, we are still investigating this phenomenon. There seems to be an ancient legend of a golden god that leads them in a holy war. However, it is difficult to tell if this is genuine, or if they are applying current events to old mythology. Ewoks have a difficult time separating fact from myth. This may be the great strength of their society.)

The Ewoks quietly observed the passage of the Imperial scouting party. There was something very disquieting in the way they walked through the forest: not afraid of being heard, not afraid of being followed. Their obvious contempt for their surroundings spoke of power and fearlessness.

Such fearlessness was frightening to the Ewoks. They decided that the Imperials must be prevented from reaching the Ewok city.

Following their successful redirection of the survey party, (see the sidebar titled "Imperial Scouting Party") the Ewoks never thought they would see the strange

creatures again; so they were shocked and overwhelmed when, some weeks later, hundreds of the creatures arrived, accompanied by huge, foul-smelling beasts. Forests were razed, the earth scorched, and huge not-animal creatures filled the skies.

The monsters' arrival caused much discussion around the council-fires. Up until that time, the Imperials had paid the Ewoks no attention. Some felt it was best to keep it that way. Maybe if they left the new creatures alone, the Ewoks would continue to be left in peace. Maybe the creatures meant no real harm.

They make war on the forest itself, others cried. Surely they are creatures of evil to fight the very trees that give life and shade! How can we trust such creatures to leave us alone?

Whenever this argument came up, Chief Chirpa would remind the tribe of the invaders' power. "They soar through the air, burn the forest with their staves, build fortresses no spear can pierce. We will not make war with them." Silence would fall around the fires. Talk would turn to other matters.

One night, Wicket brought the tribe important news.

"The other day in the forest, I saw something that may interest the Elders," he said. He was frightened—he had never addressed the Elders before—and to his shame, his voice quavered.

Chief Chirpa said, "Go on, young Wicket."

Wicket gulped and began. "It was one of the large, walking not-animals of the Invaders. It was walking near the base of the Yawari cliffs. There were many rocks, I thought that there had been a slide. The not-animal thing stepped carelessly on one of the larger rocks. It seemed for a moment that it had lost its mind, or was drunk. It jerked around, almost like dancing, and hit its head against the face of the cliff.

"Then it fell over sideways and its hard skin cracked and there were flames under the belly and inside its head. I could see the fires through its open eyes. And then it screamed, and its voice was an echo, like two voices screaming."

Chief Chirpa leaned forward. "What does this story say to you, young Wicket?"

"They can be hurt. Even the big not-animals die and feel pain. I think we could build traps for them, like any other thing we hunt. I do not say that we could attack their fortresses, but we could build defenses for our village. We could build many traps, traps to make them fall and crack. We could practice building them in preparation for the day when we must fight. We would no longer need to fear them so."

Chief Chirpa smiled. "You have done well, Wicket. It shall be so. We shall forget the shame of fear. Now tell us, brave one, which of our traps to use."



## Chief Chirpa

Although very old and a bit senile, Chief Chirpa is revered by the tribe. He has been the chief for 42 seasons, and during his reign, the Ewoks have known only tranquility and prosperity — that is, until the Imperials came.

The war between the Rebel Alliance and the Empire presented Chirpa with the most difficult decisions he, or any previous village chief, had ever had to make. Chirpa's tribe was violent and strong in the hunt, but not war-like, and it was very much out of character for them to become involved in a conflict such as this. But the Ewoks are also, for the most part, passionate and honorable, and they would fight on the side of what they believed in. It was up to the Chief to decide what that was.

When Wicket first brought Princess Leia to the village, and then her friends were brought in, Logray convinced Chirpa to use them in a sacrificial ceremony in honor of the "golden god." But when the strangers displayed their powerful magic, the Chief realized his mistake. Although very old, Chirpa is still very wise, and he decided it was in the interests of the tribe to listen to the story of the newcomers.

As told by See-Threepio, the story was perhaps the most exciting and tragic tale that the Chief had ever heard. Soon after hearing it, Chirpa convinced the village elders to make the newcomers honorary members of the tribe. It was apparent that they were on the side of good, and by joining them to the tribe, the Rebel fight became theirs.

The Imperials had killed many trees, and disturbed the hunting cycle with the building of their giant ground-sitting buildings. It was for these reasons, along with the plight of their new tribe members, that Chirpa decided to commit



the Ewoks to the fight against the Empire. Although the Imperials had far superior weaponry, Chirpa and the Ewoks did not fear them. They approached the battle for Endor as they would a difficult hunt. In the Chief's own words, "It might be a long and dangerous chase, but in the end we will triumph."

### Chief Chirpa

**Template Type:** Ewok

**Loyalty:** To the Ewoks

**Height:** 1 meter

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Ewok

**Equipment:** Pipe, ceremonial headdress.

**Quote:** "Nu chabba wa."

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

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

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Ewok Lore \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

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

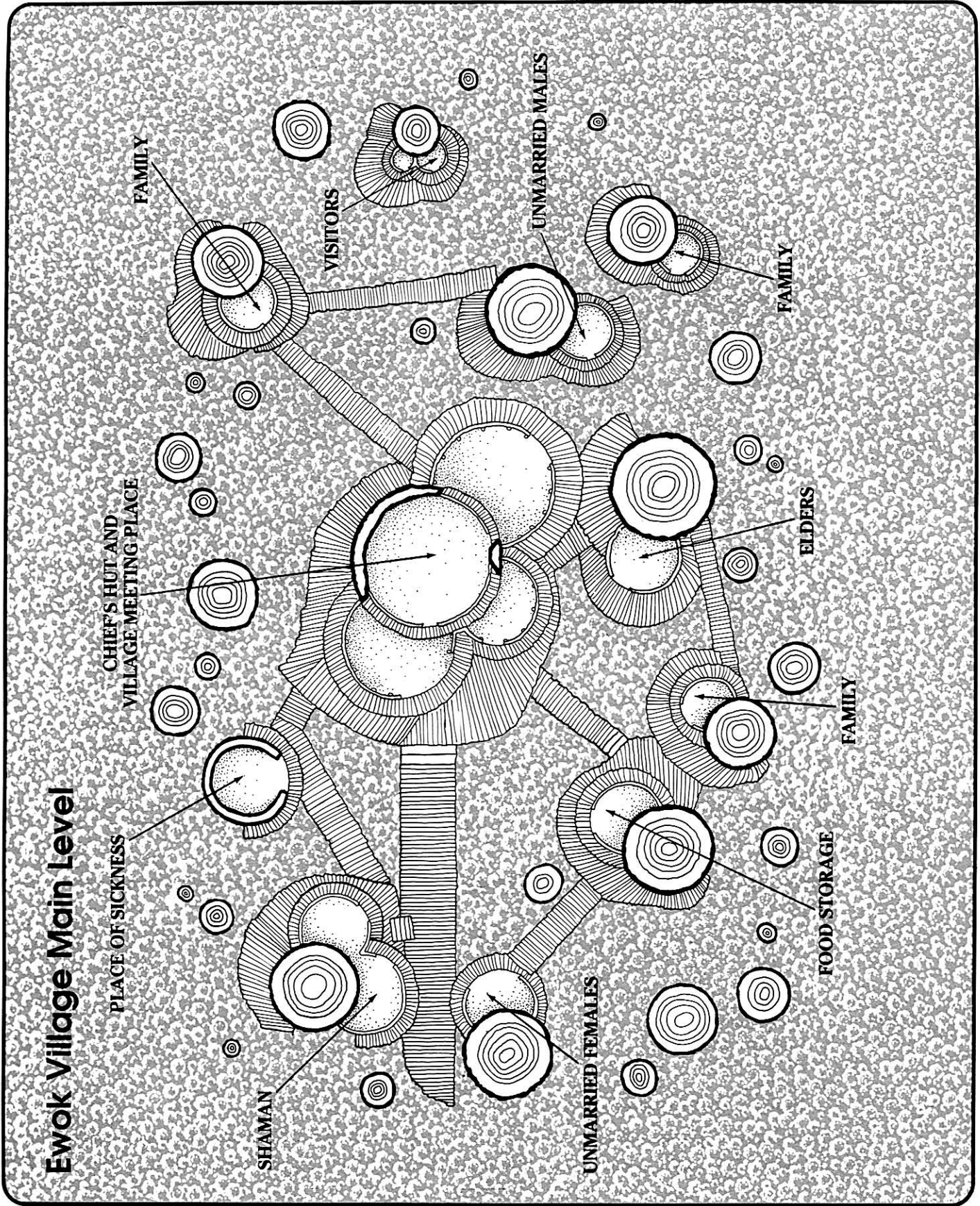
**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

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

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

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

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



## Logray

As medicine man (“Shaman”) of the Ewok tribe, Logray was both feared and admired by the Ewoks. The medicine man is called “guardian of the ancient rites,” and a large part of his job is to keep the tradition of the oldest Ewok rituals alive. Many of these rituals have been passed down, unchanged, for an incredibly long period of time. Because of this, some of them seem barbaric and silly to the members of the tribe today.

There is a certain amount of controversy surrounding the worst of these rituals, some involving the actual sacrifice of other living beings. But Logray had the backing of Chief Chirpa and the tribal elders, and the rituals were performed, regardless of the protests of the tribe’s youth.

One of Logray’s opponents was the loner, Wicket. But Wicket held very little sway with the tribe, and because of the constant abuse he took from Logray, the diminutive warrior generally stayed away from the village. Because of his refusal to take part in the Dark Rituals, he was banished from *all* rituals, including the more pleasant festivals of the rains and sun.

Very few Ewoks had the courage to stand up to Logray, and those who did were chastised and ostracized by the tribe. Chief Chirpa, largely senile, allowed it to continue until after the battle with the Imperials.

During the battle, the Ewoks saw Logray for what he truly was — a coward and a bully. After the battle, he was removed as medicine man, and Paploo was appointed to the post. Since that time, many of the ancient Ewok rituals have been “softened up.” The traditions are kept alive, but the torture and pain have been removed.

Enfuriated by the “blasphemy,” Logray cursed the village, prophesying doom and destruction for “those who dare mock the Dark Rituals.” The villagers were frightened and upset for several



days, until, in a brilliant stroke, Paploo convinced C-3P0, the “golden god,” to exorcise Logray’s curse. The bewildered and embarrassed Droid went through a complex ritual of dance and song (much to the amusement of the Rebels present). Following the cleansing ritual, Paploo announced that Logray’s power was vanquished forever.

Logray was banished, his name stricken from the village’s “songs of remembrance.” To the villagers, he never even existed.

### Logray

**Template Type:** Ewok  
**Loyalty:** To the Old Ways  
**Height:** 1 meter  
**Sex:** Male  
**Race:** Ewok  
**Equipment:** Bone club, secret potion, “telling beads”.  
**Quote:** “Akiata yo fa!”

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
 Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
**KNOWLEDGE** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**  
 Ewok Lore \_\_\_\_\_ 4D  
**MECHANICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2  
**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**  
 Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1  
**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

## Rebel Commandos

When General Solo volunteered to assemble a strike team for the highly dangerous Endor mission, he went with a known quantity — the men of Hoth base. Solo had worked beside these exceptional men on the frozen ice world. He had seen their loyalty and dedication in action; he knew they would have what it takes to get the difficult job done.

Luckily these same men had been stationed with the fleet since their evacuation from Echo base on Hoth. A quick call to Major Derlin, and Solo had his team assembled in no time.

They were all volunteers, eager to strike a blow against the Empire. The events which unfolded during the assault on Hoth had hardened them into a solid veteran unit, and they were itching for revenge. Solo told them that this was going to be an extremely dangerous mission, but they just smiled and shrugged, wondering if anything could be more perilous than what they faced on Hoth.

Their leader (next to the command crew, which consisted of Solo, Princess Leia, Luke Skywalker, and the Wookiee, Chewbacca) was Bren Derlin. He was a grizzled veteran, and Solo had seen what he could do back on Hoth. There were eleven men under him, formed into a “special missions” commando team by Major Derlin. They had been handling assignments delegated directly from General Madine, many of which were of the utmost secrecy.

That Solo was to lead them on this particular mission was of some consolation to the squad. Most everyone in the Alliance considered him one of those “charmed” people, who could and would survive at all costs, and be successful with any mission.

The strike team was equipped with basic commando gear, including standard comlinks, low-feedback scanners, sensor scramblers, heavily muffled blasters, and full forest camouflage



fatigues. There were two pieces of artillery, carried disassembled in the packs of four men. These were an E-Web heavy repeating blaster and a Caspel projectile launcher with dye, smoke and Cryo-Ban canisters.

An added element of danger to the mission was the large amount of explosives needed to blow up the shield generator. These were mostly thermal detonators, highly volatile stuff, carried by the two demolition experts, Junkin and Squalls.

### Bren Derlin

**Template Type:** Alliance

Major

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.7 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol, macrobinoculars.

**Quote:** “Stay low and move soft.”

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

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

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

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

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

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

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

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

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

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

Command \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

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

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

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

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

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

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

Repulsorlift Rep. \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

They were sealed in ray-shielded cases and stored in thermal-resist packs in order to prevent unpleasant surprises during a firefight.

After landing in the stolen Imperial shuttle, the team was to make their way on foot to the shield generator. This was expected to be rough going through dense underbrush, and therefore low-intensity jungle beam cutters were provided.

As it turned out, the beam cutters were never used to cut through the underbrush, but they were quite useful all the same. Because the Imperials didn't realize that they could be used as weapons, they didn't strip the team of them when they captured the Rebels. These neat little cutters came in quite handy when the Rebels made their escape from Imperial captivity.

## **T**he Battle of Endor

The Battle of Endor was the most decisive battle of the Galactic Civil War. Fought near the moon of Endor where the Empire had located its construction site for the new Death Star battle station, the conflict started as a trap for the Rebel Alliance.

By supplying incomplete and false information to Rebel spies, the Emperor lured the Alliance fleet to the system in order to destroy it. Unaware of the trap, the Alliance planned an all-out assault against this second Death Star.

The Rebel plans depended on a strike force making its way to the forest moon to destroy the shield generator that was protecting the uncompleted battle station orbiting overhead. The strike team, led by Han Solo, was to disable the generator in time for the arrival of the Alliance fleet from hyperspace. When the fleet arrived from its staging area around Sullust, it was to

commence attack on the unfinished Death Star.

But unknown to the Alliance, an Imperial legion awaited the strike team on the moon, and an Imperial fleet awaited the Rebel ships. Hiding on the far side of the moon, the Imperial fleet fell upon the Rebels as they emerged from hyperspace. Worse, the Death Star was not helpless — it was fully functional and armed with a new superlaser capable of targeting capital ships!

Engaging the Imperial Star Destroyers in unprecedented ship-to-ship combat was the only way for the Rebels to escape the deadly superlaser blasts. And on the forest moon, an unexpected ally helped the strike team win out.

With the aid of the Ewoks, the strike team knocked out the shield generator. Then, through the heroism of Lando Calrissian and Wedge Antilles, the Rebels destroyed the Death Star. The Imperial fleet scattered and the Galactic Civil War may finally be over.



Ralph McQuarrie

**N**ight Attack

*The following tale was told to Voren Na'al by Major Derlin.*

"Take the squad ahead. We'll rendezvous at the shield generator at 0-30." They were simple orders. Because they were given by General Solo, I was confident that he, at least, would be able to handle his end. My end was a different story.

Between our current position and the shield generator there would likely be a series of Imperial perimeter posts, not to mention patrolling biker scouts and who knew what else. But it was my job to see that we made it there alive, intact, and without tipping off the Imperials. No mean task, but one I knew that these men could handle.

The first afternoon passed without incident. We ran into several Imperial scouts, but were able to duck out of sight before compromising our position. Delevar, the only rookie in the squad, almost blew it by taking a pot shot at a passing speeder bike, but I managed to stop him in time. Chewed him out pretty good, too. I'd have to do something to boost his confidence later.

We made camp in a shallow ravine, which was well covered by underbrush, and would make us difficult to spot from a speeder bike. I posted two sentries, one at either end of the ravine, and set up a blanket grid using our scanning equipment. It was a good thing I did.

Before we had barely started our first sleeping shift, the scanners picked up something. It was about three clicks southwest of our position, and moving on an angle that might bring us within range of its sensors, depending on what it was. For all we could tell from the readings, it might have been a large animal of some sort, but I was afraid it was something else: something I had met on Hoth.

My suspicions were correct. It was an AT-ST. As soon as we saw the probing search lights in the distance, I knew for sure. It didn't seem to make much sense, though. What kind of an operation was this? The moon was protected by an Imperial fleet blockade. All of the indigenous woodland creatures on this forest world combined couldn't pose a threat to a single biker squad. What were they afraid of? I knew we hadn't given our position away, and there was very little chance that General Solo and the command crew had been captured. So what was an AT-ST doing patrolling at night this far from its home base?

Answers would have to wait. There was a more immediate problem to deal with, and it was moving rapidly in our direction. Without breaking camp, I had the squad fan out and take cover, in the hope that the giant machine would pass right by us without noticing any-

thing. No such luck.

The AT-ST moved directly into the ravine, entering from the south end. It would be mere moments before it trampled our camp, so I decided that the time for action was now. The first thing I did was have Beezer jam its transmissions, so that it couldn't summon help. I considered using one of the artillery pieces, but there wasn't enough time to set them up. I was also afraid that the resulting pyrotechnics might bring some more Imperials down on us.

With two quick blaster shots, Greeve, the squad sharpshooter, took the walker's searchlights out. With its visuals gone, the walker pilot began rotating the cockpit, trying to use his sensors to find the source of the attack. To counter this, I kept us moving, circling around the walker like buzz-bugs. What I was afraid of was that he might just open up whether he saw anything or not.

My fears were realized as the walker's blaster cannons began blazing away at random. If it wasn't stopped soon, someone was going to hear this racket. Something had to be done, and quickly.

As I pondered the solution, I caught a glimpse of a figure moving into the trench, just ahead of the AT-ST. It was Delevar, the rookie, and he was aiming the projectile launcher. My heart jumped, and I screamed at the kid to stop, but he didn't seem to care. Didn't he realize what a light show that thing would set off?

Before he could be stopped, Delevar fired the Caspel directly at the face of the walker. It was an amazing shot, directly into one of the walker's viewports. I braced for an explosion, but none came. Instead, billowing gray smoke began to pour from the walker's viewports. I could hear the sound of the two Imperial pilots coughing and wheezing. The next thing I knew they were climbing out of the top hatch with their hands raised, tears streaming from their eyes.

He had used a smoke canister to gas them out. It was a brilliant plan, and fearlessly executed. The rookie had done it. When the smoke had cleared, and a gunpoint check-in call was made by the walker pilot, I approached Delevar. He smiled as he saw me walk toward him. I was wearing my best top-sergeant growl, staring the youngster straight in the eye. His smile faded. "If you *ever* do anything like that again..." I barked, as he swallowed hard, "make sure you *tell* me first." I winked at him and slapped his shoulder. "Nice going, kid."

With a few more forced call-ins by the walker pilot, we were able to explain its absence to the Imperials back at home base. The next morning's movements passed without incident, and we rendezvoused with General Solo at the shield generator as planned. The rest, as they say, is history.

## Biker Scouts

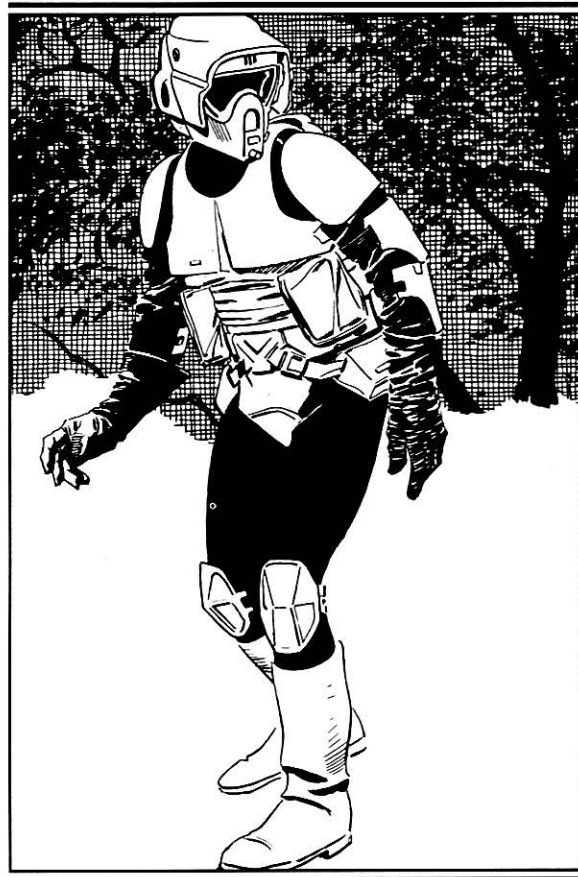
Scout troopers were undoubtedly the best-suited type of unit for the scouting and reconnaissance of the dense forest terrain of Endor. The thick underbrush of the forest moon made most vehicles impractical on Endor, although AT-STs and even AT-ATs were utilized in the cleared areas surrounding the shield generator.

The bulk of the vehicular patrol duty was handled by biker scouts. Although the tall Endor trees presented a definite hazard, the forest was criss-crossed by numerous trails which the speeder bikes could traverse safely. For additional protection, the Endor squad's speeder bikes were equipped with modified guidance systems. An extra sensor plate was added to the front control vanes of each bike, giving the driver a much clearer idea of what was beyond the row of trees directly ahead of him, so that a better course might be planned.

The Endor squad was split into squads of two bikes each. Each squad covered an assigned area which fanned out from the shield generator in all directions. A standard "weaving" patrol pattern was used so that more ground could be covered. In addition, the bikes kept as high off the ground as possible, for better long-range visibility.

Each scout was ordered to make continuous sensor scans and report in every 30 minutes. In the event of contact with an intruder, each scout was ordered to avoid conflict at all costs. They were ordered to get clear of the area so that a complete report could be made, even if it meant abandoning a partner.

The speeder bikes themselves were far more practical as scouting and recon vehicles than attack craft. The forest was far too dense to make effective use of the bikes' blasters. Even the primitive Ewoks were able to exploit the ineffectiveness of the speeder bikes as attack craft during the battle for Endor. Simple tripwires and slings felled nearly an entire squadron of bikers, who never figured as a real factor in the battle.



These were the Emperor's crack troops, designed to surprise and overwhelm the ill-equipped Rebel commando squad. They did neither. The biker scouts were dealt with as if they were no more than a mere annoyance, and the Emperor's plans were foiled. Had his majesty's tacticians foreseen the many logistical problems involved in fighting a forest battle, perhaps the speeder bikes would not have been counted on as an offensive weapon, and the Imperial garrison would have been equipped with more effective weaponry.

### Stormtrooper Scout

**Template Type:** Stormtrooper Scout

**Loyalty:** To the Empire

**Height:** 1.8 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** —

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster, Scout armor\*.

**Quote:** "Go get your ride and take her back to base."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Speeder Bike Op. \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

\*Scout armor adds +2 pips to strength code for damage purposes only. Does not reduce dexterity code or skills.

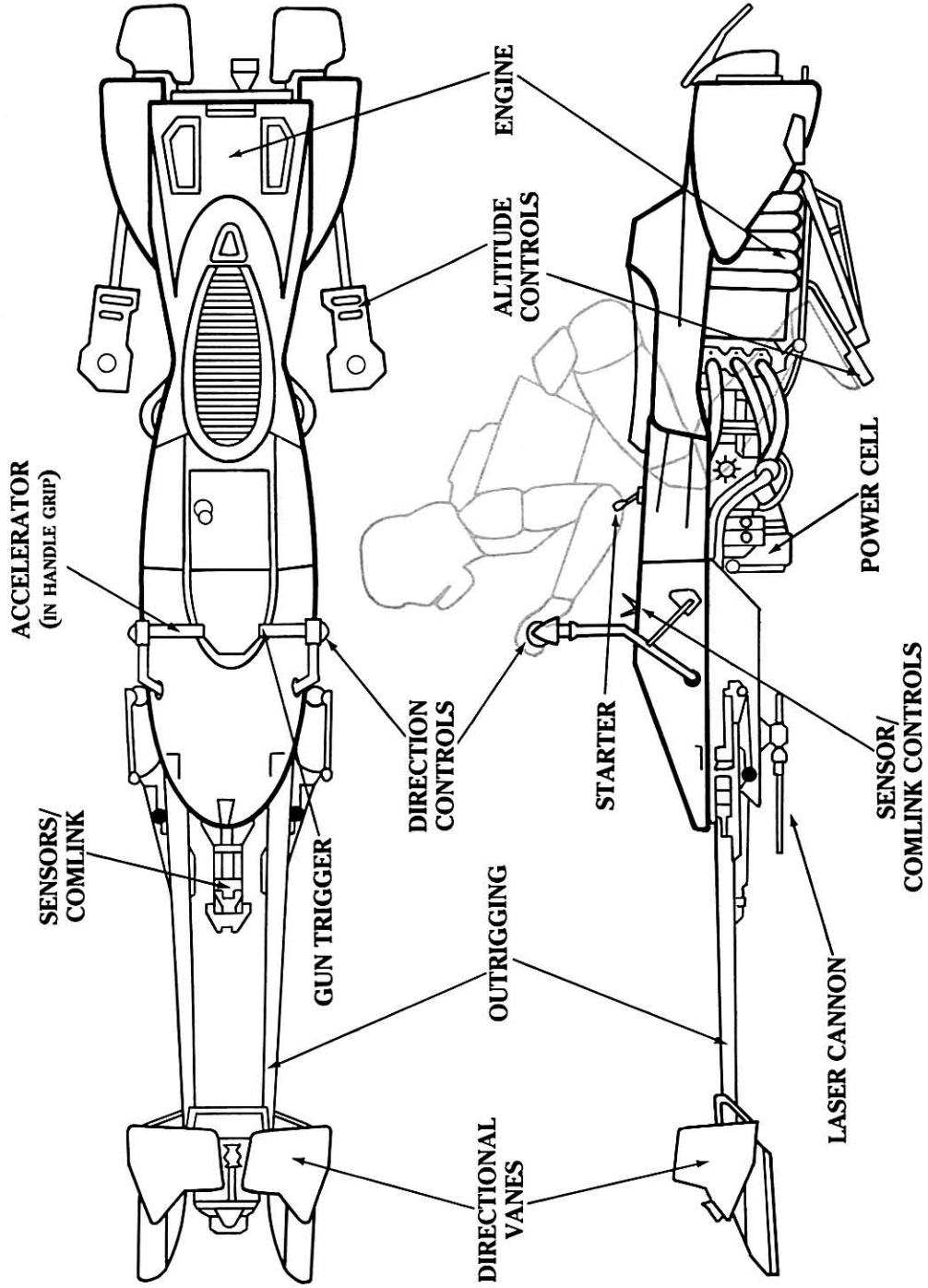
**PERCEPTION** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

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

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

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

# Aratech 74-Z Military Speeder Bike





## Imperial Scouting Party

*The following was reported by Imperial Survey Team IX3244-B, Second in Command, Lt. Kivielt, during his post-capture debriefing following the battle of Endor. Voren Na'al recorded his comments and set them down in the official data-journal.*

Whatever happens to me, they can't say I didn't warn them. This whole Ewok thing ... I saw it coming from the very beginning. It's not my fault.

When the Emperor decreed that there would be a new Death Star, thousands of Survey Teams were sent all over the galaxy to find a location for its construction. My team, under the command of Captain Toss, visited several other worlds before our Survey Frigate arrived at Endor's moon, far out on the fringes. Endor had been selected for its extreme remoteness, not only from the core systems, but from any Imperial Outposts. Lord Vader felt that the Rebellion would not expect us to hide a new base so far from the seat of power. In addition, the planet itself contained all of the materials needed to construct such a machine.

Establishing orbit, we began Imperial Survey Team Standard Procedure. First, the entire surface was visually recorded, as our scanners took readings for lifeforms and geological data. All data indicated an arboreal environment which could very comfortably sustain human life. This was precisely what Lord Vader was looking for.

Personally, I thought it would be more prudent to build the shield generator on some barren rock with low gravity and a poisonous atmosphere. No indigenous life to interfere with

the work; a dangerous environment and no cover for a Rebel commando operation. However, Vader was of the opinion that it would consume much-needed time and energy to construct life-support systems and domes for a simple shield generator outpost. He was confident that no indigenous lifeform could pose a threat to vastly superior Imperial Forces. My commanding officer, Captain Toss, agreed.

Neither asked for my opinion.

Well, anyway, our scans revealed thousands of lifeforms. The life seemed to be primarily of lower orders with no discernible higher intelligence, civilization or tools. All except one. There was one species that seemed to have a civilization of some sort. Scans showed a village of tree houses deep in the forest, inhabited by a race averaging roughly one meter in height. This required closer investigation.

Captain Toss being burdened with important duties on the ship, my team and I departed for the moon's surface via shuttle. Before we left I listened to the captain's holoreport. "IX3244-B reporting. Mission successful. Suitable previously unexplored system discovered. This forested moon fits Lord Vader's requirements perfectly. Only conceivable threat is presented by furred, dwarf bipeds. Their technology is laughably primitive. The spears, bows and slings of these pathetic savages pose no threat to disciplined Imperial stormtroopers. We can safely ignore these contemptible little fur-balls ..." If there was more, I didn't hear it.

We landed in a small clearing that was later to be the sight of the "back door" to the shield generator complex. Disembarking, we began the three-mile hike to the Ewok village.

Looking back, I find it amusing that we crept quietly through the forest to avoid spooking the natives. It didn't occur to us that the landing of our shuttle was probably the loudest sound heard on Endor since its prehistoric volcanic period. They knew we were there, all right.

So there we were, three men in light armor and two stormtroopers, all armed with blasters, creeping toward an encampment of creatures who barely had the hang of fire. We didn't make it to within a kilometer of the tree house city.

Somehow, the best scouts in the business kept losing their way. We went down one path, only to have it stop in a dead end. We traced our way back, but found ourselves in a clearing we hadn't entered before. We took readings and made map adjustments, then plunged down another path. It turned us right around and we wound up back by the shuttle.

It was as though the forest itself was conspiring against us. We were intruders here, aliens, and the forest was letting us know that we didn't belong. I don't know how they did it, but the Ewoks kept us moving in circles for over two hours.

When the sounds began in the dark woods around us, my team became spooked. We began firing our blasters randomly, in all directions, hoping to stop the pounding drums.

In my defense, I would like to note that I may be an Imperial Officer, but I am also a scientist. My blaster was set for stun. I had required the troopers to do the same. There were no visible targets, only the dense forest and the beating drums. One could dimly perceive shapes mov-

ing, but they offered poor targets. I fired stunbursts in a ragged circle around my besieged group.

As suddenly as it began, the noise stopped. Somehow, in some way, we were back at the clearing. There was our shuttle, safe and waiting for us. With a quick look at each other, we decided on our next course of action.

We swiftly retreated to the shuttle and the safety of our orbiting ship.

Once back aboard, I made my report to Captain Toss. His laughter only added to my own embarrassment.

The blind fool was pleased. Endor's moon would be perfect. Surely I wasn't put off by a few natives with drums? If they became a problem, he assured me that a swift genocide could be arranged. My report stated that the forest creatures of Endor's moon were a potential problem, deserving further study. He was in such a rush to get the credit for discovering the site for the new Death Star that he ignored it. Even my suggestion that forest camouflage be applied to all vehicles and armor was summarily dismissed.

Now, of course, events have proven me correct. You have won, and I think the Empire is doomed. It's probably just as well, too. I was getting sick and tired of surveying planets so that the Empire could exploit them.

Still, the Empire is big, and still powerful. I guess you've got a lot more work to do before your victory is complete. If you'll have me, I offer my humble services to the Alliance as a planetologist.

Just keep me away from those Ewoks, okay? They make me very nervous.

# T he Heroes of Yavin

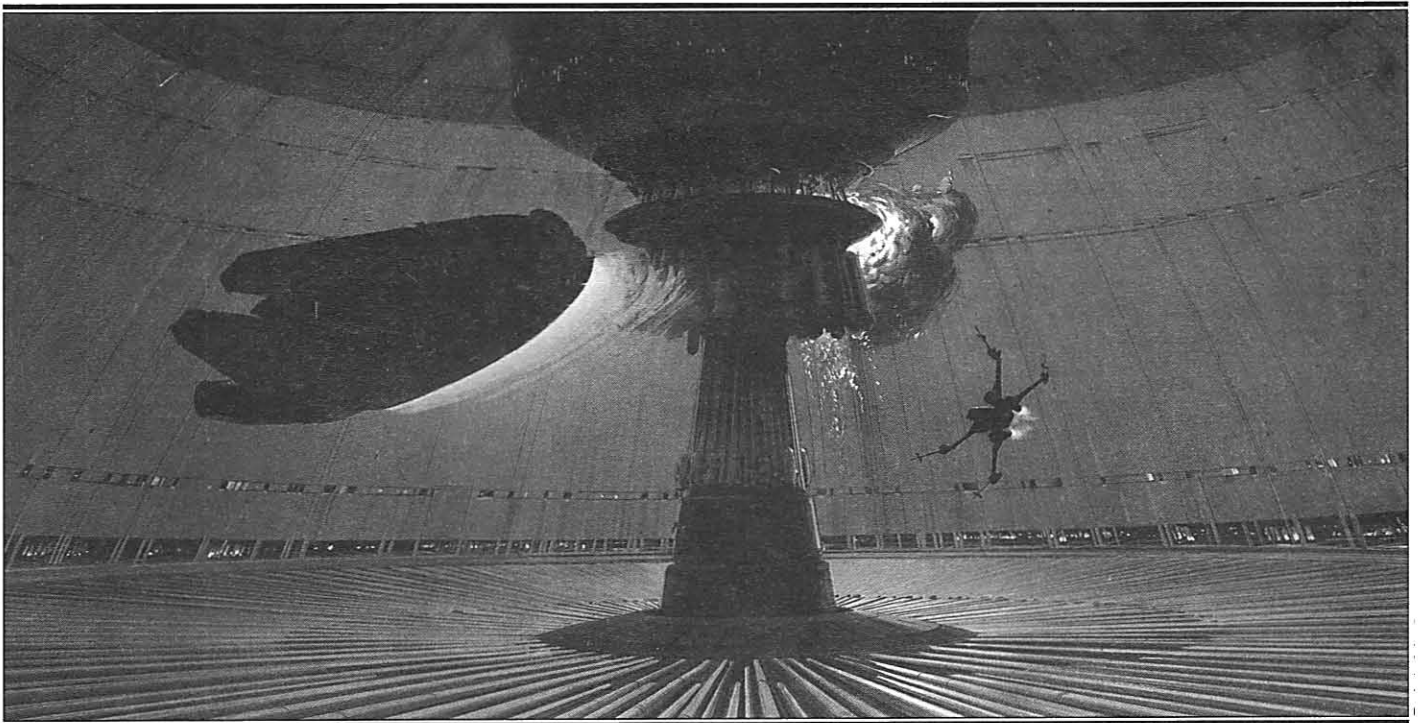
The story of the heroes of Yavin has been a long and difficult one. Unbelievably, as this story is coming to an ending, the events of these past few weeks have lived up to the kind of climax that their story deserved. And luckily, it's a happy ending.

The interweaving of the lives of these people has somehow brought them full-circle. None of them has failed to show profound visible changes in attitude and personality. The roguish Han Solo, once a self-possessed smuggler, is now a general of the Rebel Alliance, as is former gambling scoundrel Lando Calrissian. Princess Leia Organa, once cold and aloof, has discovered a deeper, softer side to her personality. But most profound of all, a former naive and wide-eyed Tatooine farmboy named Luke Skywalker is now a Jedi Knight.

But it wasn't without their share of hardship

that these heroes endured to face the challenges confronting them. Through it all they learned to rely on each other, as well as themselves, in moments of crisis. The rest of the Alliance watched this and learned from them. They are who the men, women and aliens of the Alliance look to for inspiration now. They are the Rebellion's new, dynamic, youthful leadership.

The heroes of Yavin bring with them an incredible combination of experience and enthusiasm, knowledge and fearlessness, skill and luck. But more than that, they have a fresh new perspective on the galaxy. A way of looking at the tumultuous civil conflict in which they are currently embroiled and seeing it in simple terms. Yes, it is a war to restore the freedoms of the Old Republic, and remove the Emperor's terrible stain from the galaxy. But it is also a basic fight for survival. A fight they know they are winning.



## Princess Leia Organa

Much has happened to the Princess since she watched the bounty hunter Boba Fett fly off into the Bespin sunset with her love, Han Solo, carbon-frozen in his cargo hold. Although the experience could have destroyed a lesser woman, she survived.

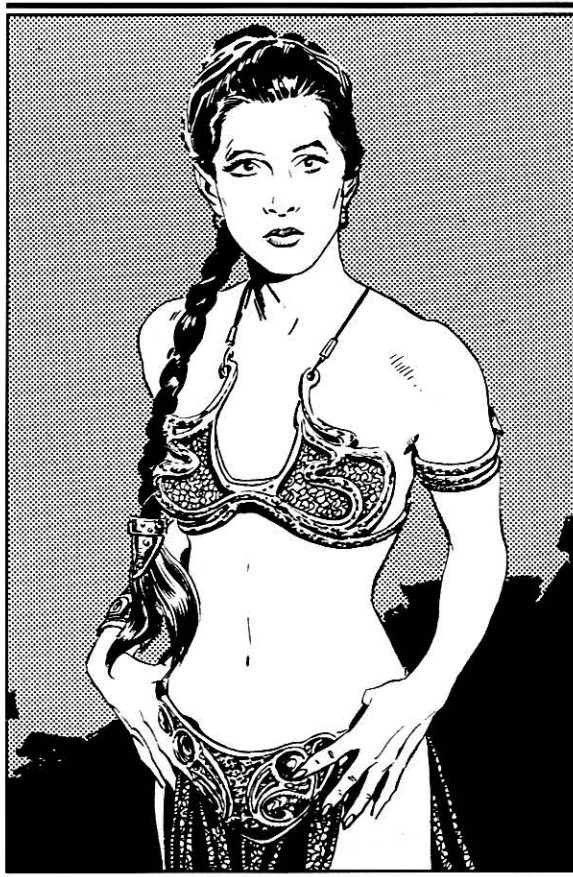
Though she owes a good deal to her own inner strength, she also owes much to the support of Luke Skywalker, her close friend and newfound brother. He himself had seemed to despair after his confrontation with Darth Vader in Cloud City; although Luke would never tell her exactly what had happened, the Princess could see his anguish and feel his pain. Somehow the two healed each other, making a vow to put aside their anguish to concentrate on the task at hand.

From that moment on Luke was a changed man. Leia took courage in the confidence with which he approached the rescue of Han Solo. It never entered her mind that the mission might fail, even when she was captured and chained to Jabba's throne. It was only a matter of how long the rescue would take, and when they would make their move. She could see it in Luke's eyes, and feel it in herself. This rescue would succeed — and succeed it did.

Her reunion with Han was an emotional release for Leia. She had openly admitted her love for him, and no longer needed to hide her feelings. She began to let go of the grim seriousness with which she had carried herself, allowing her youthful excitement and enthusiasm free reign.

It was the same enthusiasm she had felt in the early days of the Rebellion, before the destruction of Alderaan. Han showed that he was ready to commit to the Alliance — and her — full-time, when he agreed to become a general and lead a dangerous mission. It was something he never even would have considered a few years ago, and seeing the change in him made Leia's love for him grow to immeasurable heights.

But it was what Luke told her, beneath the swaying trees of the Ewok village on Endor, which changed her life forever. She was his sister. Even as Luke spoke the words to her, she knew it to be true. His confused and tragic ancestry, his personal power — those were hers now as well. Very suddenly, she began to feel all of Luke's pain and worry, and she could see why he had kept this from her until then. Especially the tragedy of their father.



But Leia was strong, and wise far beyond her years. She could handle this now, and Luke knew it. All the time he was away on the Death Star, Leia reached out with her feelings, and she could sense his fear. In a rapid shuffling of emotion, she felt his fear turn to pain and then to release, and then to sorrow. When Luke returned from his journey and explained everything to Leia, she understood those feelings.

She was a Skywalker, an heir to the traditions of the Jedi Knights. And she was the last surviving member of the Royal House of Alderaan, shaped and molded by the grand traditions and beliefs of Bail Organa. Finally, she loved Han Solo, and that brought out a side of her that she thought was not there. For all of these reasons and more, the Princess is a fine leader for the Alliance, and should prove to be an even better leader for the New Republic.

### Leia Organa

**Template Type:** Young Senatorial  
**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion  
**Height:** 1.5 meters  
**Sex:** Female  
**Race:** Human  
**Equipment:** Blaster pistol, comlink.  
**Quote:** "General, count me in."

<b>DEXTERITY</b> _____	<b>3D</b>	Starship Gunnery _____	4D
Blaster _____	7D+2	Starship Piloting _____	5D
Brawling Parry _____	4D	Starship Shields _____	5D
Dodge _____	7D	<b>PERCEPTION</b> _____	<b>3D+1</b>
Grenade _____	4D	Bargain _____	6D
Heavy Weapons _____	4D	Command _____	10D+1
Melee Parry _____	4D	Con _____	5D+1
Melee _____	5D	Gambling _____	4D
<b>KNOWLEDGE</b> _____	<b>4D</b>	Hide/Sneak _____	6D
Alien Races _____	7D	Search _____	6D
Bureaucracy _____	9D+1	<b>STRENGTH</b> _____	<b>3D</b>
Cultures _____	9D+1	Brawling _____	4D+1
Languages _____	7D	Climb/Jump _____	4D+1
Planetary Sys. _____	9D	Stamina _____	6D
Survival _____	8D	Swimming _____	5D
Technology _____	6D+1	<b>TECHNICAL</b> _____	<b>2D</b>
Streetwise _____	6D	Computer Prog. _____	4D+2
<b>MECHANICAL</b> _____	<b>2D+2</b>	Droid Prog _____	4D
Astrogation _____	4D	Medicine _____	6D+1
Beast Riding _____	3D+2	Security _____	4D+1
Repulsorlift Op. _____	4D+2	Starship Rep. _____	3D+2

### Han Solo

**Template Type:** Smuggler  
**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion  
**Height:** 1.8 meters  
**Sex:** Male  
**Race:** Human  
**Equipment:** Modified blaster, comlink.  
**Quote:** "I'm out of it for a little while everybody gets delusions of grandeur."

<b>DEXTERITY</b> _____	<b>3D+1</b>	<b>PERCEPTION</b> _____	<b>3D</b>
Blaster _____	10D	Bargain _____	8D
Blaster Rifle _____	5D+1	Command _____	6D
Brawling Parry _____	7D+1	Con _____	8D
Dodge _____	8D	Gambling _____	8D
Grenade _____	5D+1	Hide/Sneak _____	8D
Heavy Weapons _____	6D+1	Search _____	5D+2
Melee Parry _____	5D	<b>STRENGTH</b> _____	<b>3D</b>
Melee _____	6D+1	Brawling _____	7D
<b>KNOWLEDGE</b> _____	<b>2D</b>	Climb/Jump _____	6D
Alien Races _____	6D+2	Lifting _____	5D+1
Bureaucracy _____	5D	Stamina _____	7D+2
Cultures _____	5D+1	Swimming _____	4D+2
Languages _____	5D+2	<b>TECHNICAL</b> _____	<b>2D+2</b>
Planetary Sys. _____	7D+2	Computer Prog. _____	7D
Streetwise _____	9D	Demolition _____	6D+2
Survival _____	7D+2	Droid Prog. _____	5D+1
Technology _____	5D	Repulsorlift Rep. _____	7D
<b>MECHANICAL</b> _____	<b>3D+2</b>	Security _____	7D
Astrogation _____	8D	Starship Rep. _____	9D
Beast Riding _____	5D+2	Weapons Rep. _____	4D
Repulsorlift Op. _____	7D+1		
Starship Gunnery _____	9D		
Starship Piloting _____	11D+1		
Starship Shields _____	6D+2		

## Han Solo

Han Solo described carbon-freeze as “a big wide-awake nothing.” Until his release from that state of suspension by Princess Leia, Solo had lived that wide-awake nightmare as a hanging wall decoration in the palace of Jabba the Hutt. He was there to be laughed at and spat upon by the evil and disgusting creatures of his court. He felt nothing, he saw nothing, he heard nothing. But he dreamed, all the same.

During his hibernation in carbon-freeze, Solo played out his revenge in his mind countless times. He must have imagined his blaster ripping large, smoking holes in the armor of Boba Fett, and his own hands choking the life out of Lando Calrissian, a hundred-thousand times. But upon his revival, the Corellian was in no shape to exact his revenge, at least not yet.

Of course, his feelings toward Lando changed dramatically when Chewie explained to him what Lando had done for him and the Princess, and that Lando was a part of this very rescue attempt. Actually, Solo was not very surprised to hear of Lando’s change of heart. Deep down, he sensed that Lando would come through for him in the end — his friends always did.

But it was Luke who really came through for him. That same snotty-nosed kid, whose frigid carcass he had pulled out of the frozen Hoth tundra, almost singlehandedly wiped-out the entire entourage of the galaxy’s most powerful crime lord. The kid sure had changed. But then again, so had Solo. For the first time in his life he felt he had some sort of *direction*. And he liked the way it felt.

He had come through for the Rebellion before, but he always believed that he was simply returning the favors they had done for him — he was “paying his debts,” not doing it out of any foolish altruism. But he could no longer pretend that that was the case. He *wanted* to do this. He *wanted* to fight against evil, to do something worthwhile with his life.

And it wasn’t just the Princess who had brought about Solo’s change of heart, although she certainly played a major part in it. In fact, it wasn’t



really a “change of heart” at all. Solo had always felt this strongly about the Empire, ever since he was drummed out of the service, but he had always been too wrapped up in himself to do anything about it. The love shared between himself and his friends simply made him see himself as he really was.

After deciding to join the Alliance full-time, Solo accepted a generalship from Mon Mothma and her Advisory Council. He asked that they “keep a lid on it for a while,” however, because he really wanted to surprise Leia. And surprise her, he did.

Suffice it to say, the mission he volunteered to lead was successful. The second Death Star was destroyed, and the Empire was on the ropes. And Han had a family now, and a home.

## Luke Skywalker

Luke Skywalker is a Jedi Knight. Since the death of his mentor, Obi-Wan Kenobi, and of his father, Anakin Skywalker, he is the last of the Jedi. He bears that burden well. A mature confidence seems to pour forth from him; yet he retains much of his youthful enthusiasm. It is this combination which causes Luke to be so beloved by the men, women, and aliens of the Rebel Alliance.

It was an extremely arduous path which led Luke to where he is today. There were many obstacles standing in the way of his destiny, but through it all, the true nature of Luke's character shone through. He stands today as a sterling symbol of all that is right in the galaxy.

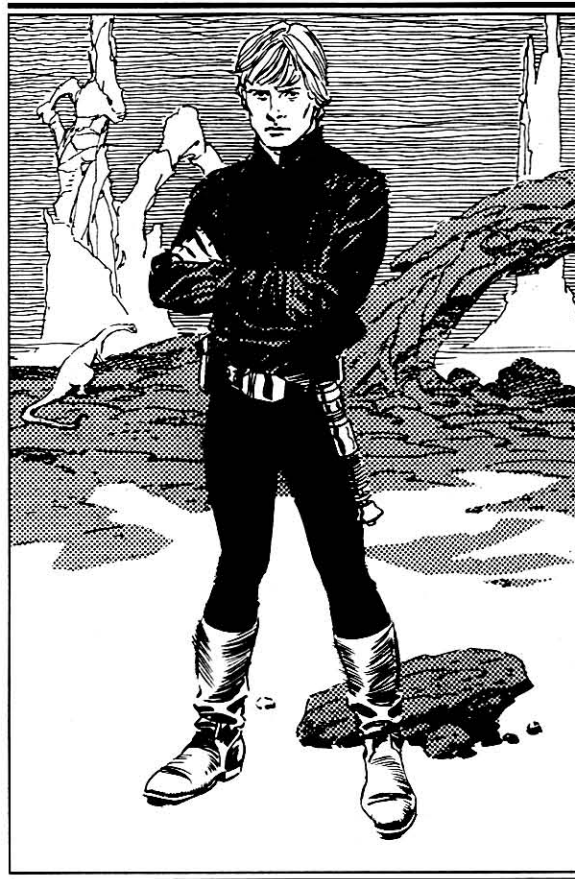
After his confrontation with Darth Vader on Cloud City, Luke was overcome by doubt and fear. But there was work to be done — important work — he put his troubles aside for a while. There was a friend in need, one who had come through for Luke countless times, and to whom he owed a great debt. And more than that, the galaxy itself was in need. And for both of these reasons, Luke Skywalker set about becoming a true Jedi Knight.

He had been taught well, first by Ben Kenobi, and then by Yoda, the Jedi master. Luke believed he knew what it took to become a Jedi, and he felt he was very close. There was one, final detail to take care of. Upon his return to his home planet of Tatooine, Luke took what he thought was the last step toward becoming a Jedi.

Traveling out into the Jundland Wastes, to the abandoned home of Obi-Wan Kenobi, Luke constructed a lightsaber. It was light and easy in his hands, and the beam, his own personal signature, a stunning, vivid green. Now he was a Jedi — or so he thought. He handed his weapon into the tender care of his faithful astromech Droid, Artoo-Detoo, and sent Artoo and See-Threepio into Jabba's palace.

Luke expected the rescue of Han Solo to be a relatively simple matter. All he needed to do was get inside — everything else was already in place. Artoo and Threepio had been given to Jabba as "gifts," and Lando and Leia, both in disguise, were inside as well. All he had to do was wait for the right moment, make sure that his friends were free of danger, and get his Jedi weapon from Artoo. The rest would be simple.

Well, the actual event didn't turn out to be quite as simple as Luke expected. Luke didn't particularly enjoy taking on the Rancor; Han and Lando



came within centimeters of becoming lunch for the Sarlaac; and Luke took a blaster hit to his artificial hand which came perilously close to incapacitating it at a very inconvenient moment. Still, with the help of the Force, he and his friends succeeded. Han was rescued, and Jabba's organization was destroyed.

After the rescue, Luke didn't rendezvous with the Alliance fleet with his friends. Instead, he journeyed back to a certain bog planet, to "keep a promise to an old friend" and to ask him a few questions.

At heart, Luke was still unsure whether or not he was truly a Jedi. At times he felt that he was — when confronting Jabba, for instance. And at times he felt like he wasn't — whenever he thought about his father. He needed Master Yoda's guidance.

When he arrived on Dagobah, Yoda, who was clearly dying, told him that his training was complete; to become a Jedi, all he need do was confront Darth Vader, his father.

**Luke Skywalker**

**Template Type:** Brash Pilot

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.72 meters

**Sex:** Male

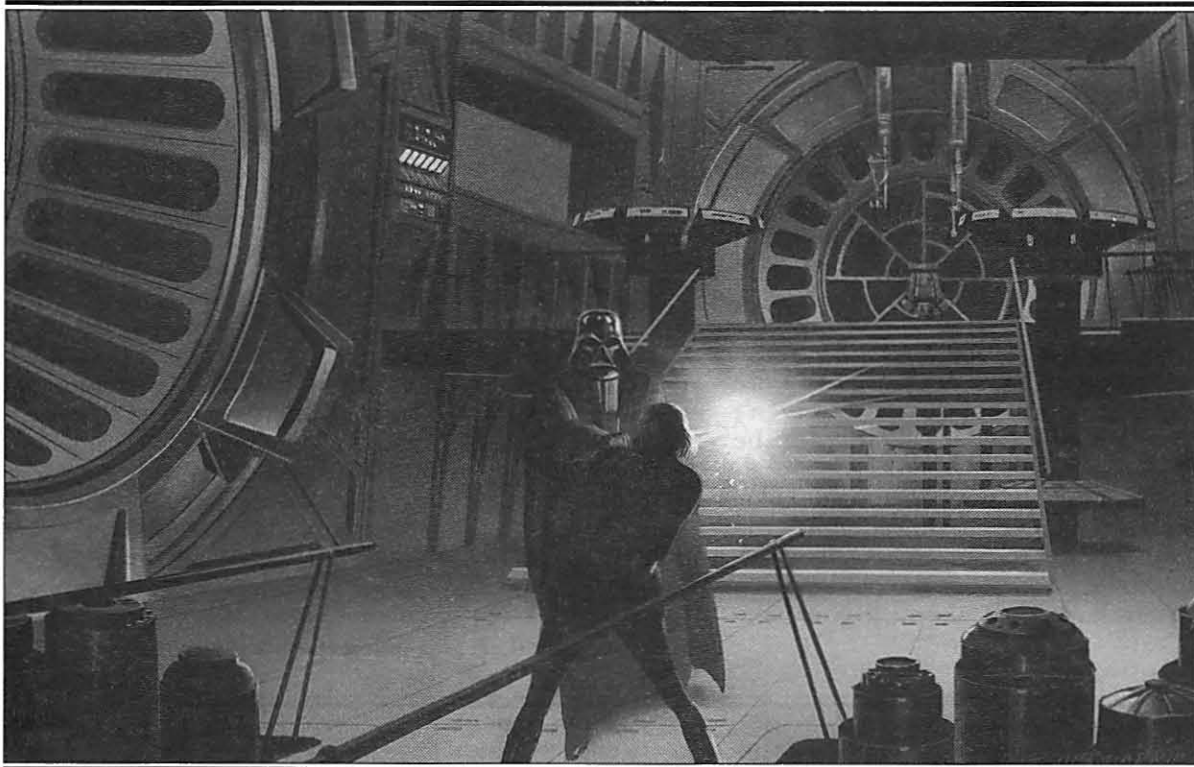
**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol, lightsaber, comlink.

**Quote:** "I am a Jedi, like my father before me."

<b>DEXTERITY</b> _____	<b>3D</b>
Blaster _____	6D+2
Brawling Parry _____	5D+2
Dodge _____	7D+1
Melee Parry _____	9D
Melee _____	4D
Lightsaber _____	8D+1
<b>KNOWLEDGE</b> _____	<b>2D</b>
Alien Races _____	4D
Bureaucracy _____	5D+1
Streetwise _____	6D
Survival _____	6D
Technology _____	4D
Lightsaber Tech. _____	7D+2
<b>MECHANICAL</b> _____	<b>4D</b>
Astrogation _____	6D
Beast Riding _____	4D+2
Repulsorlift Op. _____	8D
Starship Gunnery _____	7D+1
Starship Piloting _____	9D+2
Starship Shields _____	7D
Airspeeder Op. _____	8D

<b>PERCEPTION</b> _____	<b>2D+1</b>
Bargain _____	3D
Command _____	6D
Hide/Sneak _____	5D
Search _____	5D
<b>STRENGTH</b> _____	<b>3D</b>
Brawling _____	5D+2
Climb/Jump _____	6D+1
Lifting _____	4D
Stamina _____	6D
<b>TECHNOLOGY</b> _____	<b>3D</b>
Computer Prog. _____	5D
Droid Prog. _____	6D
Medicine _____	4D+2
Repulsorlift Rep. _____	7D
Starship Rep. _____	5D+2
Security _____	4D+1
<b>FORCE SKILLS</b>	
Control _____	10D
Sense _____	8D
Alter _____	7D



Ralph McQuarrie



## T he Capture Of Luke Skywalker

*This is a story that Luke Skywalker told Voren Na'al after the Battle of Endor. Na'al heard similar stories from captured Imperial troops, and here combines the various accounts in his data-journal.*

Deep in the forests of Endor, Luke departed the Ewok village without looking back. He knew that Leia, his new-found sister, would find some way to continue the struggle should he never return. Still, his thoughts were as dark as the forest that engulfed him. He was going to confront Lord Darth Vader, his father.

Luke had assured his sister that the spirit of his father, so long consumed by evil, could be touched and brought back to the light. But lurking in the back of his mind was the knowledge that even the great Obi-Wan Kenobi had failed at the same task.

And Luke knew that there would be no second chances. He would turn his father or he would die.

The immediate task at hand was not very pleasant either. Luke had to find some Imperial forces to surrender to; they would take him to Vader.

Surrender! The very word grated. For six years, as a member of the Rebel Alliance, he had evaded capture or death at the hands of the Empire. Now he was planning to walk right into their camp with his hands up. It seemed like madness. But Luke knew this was the only route to his father — if some over-eager stormtrooper didn't shoot him first.

Making his way through the forest, Luke saw a large clearing coming up. There were lights visible, and he could hear voices from within. From the edge of the clearing, he saw an enormous Imperial All-Terrain, Armored Transport — a walker.

Luke smiled grimly. The beast-like vehicles looked tough, but he knew their weaknesses. A plasma grenade in the right place — he shook his head, angry with himself. "Hold peace," he told himself. "This is not the time for fighting." He closed his eyes for a moment and cleared his mind. Taking a deep breath, he walked into the clearing.

A searchlight from the turret of the walker slowly scanned the perimeter of the clearing. Five stormtroopers were grouped around its base, talking. They were supposed to be on guard duty, but obviously weren't taking their job too seriously. What was there to be afraid of, after all?

"Just wait until tomorrow, boys," thought Luke. "You're in for a big surprise." Luke waited until the searchlight was coming near to him, then walked forward with his hands up. "I'm unarmed," he spoke clearly. "I am surrendering to you. You will take me to your commanding officer."

For a moment the troops regarded him in stunned silence.

"He's unarmed," said the first.

"He's surrendering to us," added the second.

"Let's take him to our commanding officer," offered the third stormtrooper.

The other troops all nodded in agreement as Luke approached them. Luke relaxed fractionally. As Ben Kenobi had once told him, "The Force has a strong influence on the weak-minded." And there were no weaker minds in the galaxy than stormtroopers. Luke let them take his lightsaber and shackle his hands.

"What's this thing?" asked the trooper holding Luke's Jedi weapon.

"It's a grenade of some kind," returned another.

"It's a lightsaber," countered a bored-sounding trooper. "Don't you know any history? The fanatical Jedi cult of mystical warriors used to carry them — until Lord Vader wiped them out."

The first trooper stopped and looked back at his comrades. "Does that mean this guy is one of them? He doesn't look old enough."

The bored trooper started to get interested. "Yeah, how did you get that thing, Rebel? And what are you doing all the way out here?"

At that moment they reached the commanding officer in the transport section of the walker. The troopers snapped to attention and presented Luke. They told their commander that he had wandered out of the forest and surrendered. They showed him Luke's lightsaber. Major Lesim peered intently at Luke for several moments without speaking.

"You know who this is?" he finally said. "Luke Skywalker. I've seen his face in Intelligence files. Soldiers, you have made a very lucky catch. I'll be made general for this."

"Luke Skywalker?" said one of the troops. "Isn't he the guy who . . ."

Luke felt the stormtroopers shrink away from him. Even with their blasters trained on him, they still felt fear in the presence of the Rebel who had destroyed the Death Star and crossed sabers with Darth Vader. The Empire had tried to quell stories about any particularly notorious Rebels, but Luke's achievements were rather hard to conceal. Lesim said, "Arno, go get my imager. I want a holo of myself with the prisoner."

"You should take me to Lord Vader at once," Luke said, once again employing the Force.

"We will take him to Lord Vader at once," commanded Lesim. "Prepare to move out. But don't forget to bring my imager!"

Luke sighed. It was going to be a long night.

## Chewbacca

The mighty Wookiee Chewbacca has been a faithful addition to the Rebel Alliance since the days of the Battle of Yavin. Strong, fearless, an able pilot and mechanic — these are but a few of his best traits. It was during the events on Bespin that perhaps the greatest changes took place for Chewbacca. Roaring in rage as the Imperials began to lower Han Solo into the carbon-freeze chamber, the Wookiee lashed out at the stormtroopers. Crazy with anger, it was Han himself that calmed his friend.

“Save your strength,” Solo called out, “there’ll be another time. The Princess — you have to take care of her.”

It was with this statement that Chewbacca realized there was more to his honor family than just Han Solo. But he didn’t forget his Corellian friend. With Lando Calrissian in tow, Chewbacca and the *Millennium Falcon* returned to Tatooine to await Luke Skywalker. He firmly believed that together they could save Han from Jabba the Hutt. He believed nothing could stop them.

His faith and belief in his friends continued through those war-torn days. Whether he was crushed inside a ship designed for beings much smaller than Wookiees, tied to a stake and at the mercy of fierce Ewoks, or battling a legion of the Empire’s best troops, Chewbacca knew that he and his friends would triumph.



### Chewbacca

**Template Type:** Wookiee

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 2.28 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Wookiee

**Equipment:** Bowcaster, ammo bandolier, equipment pouch.

**Quote:** “Arrruhh graagh!”

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

Bowcaster \_\_\_\_\_ 9D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+2

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

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

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Melee \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

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

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2

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

Survival \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

Technology \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2

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

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ 8D+1

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

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+1

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

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

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

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

Search \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

**STRENGTH** \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

Climbing/Jumping \_\_\_\_\_ 7D+2

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ 10D

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

**TECHNICAL** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_ 6D

Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 8D

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+1

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 6D+1

Security \_\_\_\_\_ 7D

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 10D+2

Weapon Repair \_\_\_\_\_ 5D+2

## Lando Calrissian

Lando Calrissian's life has changed drastically since Cloud City was taken over by the Empire. He had never cared for the Empire and its oppressions; he had always done his best to cause them as much trouble as he could without causing himself any. But after being pushed by Darth Vader into a deal he never should have made, a deal which the Dark Lord subsequently reneged on, Lando didn't care about his own troubles any more. They had overrun his city, his people, his life, and he declared war.

As the first shot in Lando's newly-declared war on the Empire, there was a bit of unfinished business to attend to. He had gotten his old friend Han Solo into a mess, and now it was up to Lando to get him out of it.

The first trick was to find Han. Though Jabba's palace was easy to find if you had the kind of contacts Lando did, there was no reason to believe that Han was still there: Jabba might have stashed his body anywhere — or, horrible as it was to consider, killed Solo already. Someone had to get inside and scout out the terrain. Lando knew he was the man for the job.

However, you don't just walk up to Jabba's front door and ask to take a look around — not if you want to ever walk out again, anyway. Lando knew he would have to work his way into the organization. It would take time, and no small effort, but it was the best and perhaps only shot they had.

The plan, as it stood then, was rather sketchy. Lando was to drop Chewbacca off in Mos Eisley, where he would attract the attention of Jabba's hired guns. But before any of them could get to the Wookiee, Leia, disguised as the bounty hunter Boushh, would pretend to capture him.

Meanwhile Lando, taking on one of his more effective criminal personas, would hit up an old contact in Anchorhead, who could get him a job in Jabba's palace. Luke had some errand to run in the desert; when he was finished, he would get into the palace on his own. When all of the players were in position, they'd wing it.

Actually, Lando didn't think a lot of this particular plan, which was conceived by Luke. But somehow, when talking it over with Skywalker, it all seemed to make sense, and he never could remember his objections until afterwards. (To tell the truth, that young man made Lando a little nervous.)

Aside from being nearly dropped into the mouth of the all-powerful Sarlacc, in whose belly he'd have been slowly digested over a thousand years,



the rescue went well. Jabba's operation was destroyed, and Han was safe and sound back at the fleet.

Lando was surprised at how well Han took the whole thing. He harbored no ill will toward Lando for what he had done, and in fact thanked him sincerely. The old pirate had changed some — but then again so had Lando.

For Lando, joining the Alliance was the final piece to a picture that had been building since he became Baron Administrator of Cloud City. He had learned how to deal with responsibility. Now he was learning to fight for what he believed in, and, believe it or not, to value friendship more than money. It was a more subtle change than Han's, although the fundamentals were the same. Both had become generals of the Rebel Alliance, and both volunteered to lead dangerous missions against overwhelming odds.

But the odds didn't matter any more to Lando: he was tired of playing them. It's not really gambling if you have nothing to lose.

**Lando Calrissian**

**Template Type:** Gambler

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** 1.77 meters

**Sex:** Male

**Race:** Human

**Equipment:** Hold-out, blaster, sabacc card deck, comlink.

**Quote:** "They must have heard about my little maneuver at the battle of Tanaab."

<b>DEXTERITY</b> _____	<b>3D+2</b>	<b>PERCEPTION</b> _____	<b>4D</b>
Hold-out Blaster _____	7D	Bargain _____	8D
Blaster _____	6D+2	Command _____	7D
Brawling Parry _____	5D+1	Con _____	9D
Dodge _____	6D	Gambling _____	9D+2
Grenade _____	4D+2	Hide/Sneak _____	6D
Melee Parry _____	5D+1	<b>STRENGTH</b> _____	<b>2D+2</b>
Melee _____	4D+2	Brawling _____	5D+1
<b>KNOWLEDGE</b> _____	<b>3D</b>	Climb/Jump _____	5D
Alien Races _____	5D	Lifting _____	4D+2
Bureaucracy _____	7D	Stamina _____	5D
Cultures _____	6D+2	Swimming _____	4D
Languages _____	5D	<b>TECHNICAL</b> _____	<b>2D+2</b>
Planetary Sys. _____	5D	Computer Prog. _____	4D
Streetwise _____	8D	Droid Prog. _____	3D
Survival _____	5D	Repulsorlift Rep. _____	4D
Technology _____	5D+1	Security _____	6D+1
<b>MECHANICAL</b> _____	<b>2D+1</b>	Starship Rep. _____	7D
Astrogation _____	6D+2		
Repulsorlift Op. _____	4D		
Starship Gunnery _____	7D		
Starship Piloting _____	8D		
Starship Shields _____	7D		

## Yoda

The death of Yoda was a stunning blow to Luke Skywalker, and it seemed to the young Jedi at the time that he was totally alone. Yoda had lived for over 800 years, and it was inconceivable that he could die, but die he did, and Luke felt that all hope was now lost.

But soon Luke realized that Yoda would always be with him. He could almost sense the Jedi master urging him on in times of need, as did his first master, Obi-Wan Kenobi. This reassured the young man greatly. Somehow Luke felt that he was a focus of all of the power of his two great masters.

It seemed to Luke that the Jedi master chose

the moment of his passing. It was as if Yoda had completed the last of his great tasks for the galaxy, and now he was allowing nature to take its course. It was entirely possible, Luke thought, that Yoda had kept himself alive for all these years through his own personal power, refusing to perish until he finished training the last Jedi. This meant that Luke's training was complete, and now he faced the ultimate test of confronting his father: Lord Vader.

With his final breath, Yoda warned Luke not to underestimate the power of the Emperor, and to mind what he had learned. And then Yoda became one with the Force.



### Yoda

**Template Type:** Jedi Master

**Loyalty:** To the Force

**Height:** -

**Sex:** -

**Race:** -

**Equipment:** -

**Quote:** "When 900 years old you reach, look as good you will not, hmm?"

**I** t is Dark

The creature sits quietly, listening to the sounds of the jungle through the open window. "Soon," the jungle seems to whisper. "Soon he will come, and then you may rest."

Old, he is. Old beyond reckoning. Like a mighty river the years have flowed, carrying him from his planet, his people, his family — he smiles at a sudden memory — to finally deposit him like a bit of jetsom on this planet.

Great and terrible things he has seen. The rise and fall of empires. The birth and destruction of civilizations. The life and death of hundreds — no, thousands — of beings. He has loved. He has hated (though that was long ago). He has killed. He has healed. He has laughed and cried. It is enough — more than enough — for one lifetime.

His mind is still strong, but his body fails. He is tired beyond imagining.

There is but one more thing before he can sleep. The last and best of his children returns to him. He kept his promise — that is good. A strong Jedi that one will make. If he has the courage.

But he sees great danger for the boy — even his young strength may not be enough against the corrupt power arrayed against him.

The creature sighs and shakes its head. Old fool you are, to worry. You are done with these things. It is his story now.

He cocks his head and looks into the sky. A streak of light flashes across the night.

"He comes," the jungle whispers. "Soon you may rest." The creature smiles.



Ralph McQuarrie

## Obi-Wan Kenobi

Although he is “with the Force” now, Obi-Wan Kenobi is still a major part of Luke Skywalker’s life. Since his encounter with Darth Vader on Cloud City, a single, tremendously important, unanswered question plagued Luke. This question centered around Obi-Wan Kenobi.

Darth Vader had claimed that he was Luke’s father, and Luke somehow *felt* that this was true. But Obi-Wan had told him that Vader betrayed and murdered his father. Could Obi-Wan have lied to him? It seemed inconceivable, but Luke couldn’t deny the truth of his feelings.

This question burned in Luke’s brain until his return visit to the swamp planet, Dagobah. There he was assured by Yoda that Vader was indeed his father.

So Ben had lied to him, then.

When he first saw the image of Obi-Wan shimmer into view, sitting in the Dagobah bog, Luke sprang on his former mentor with an anger he had never before displayed toward Kenobi.

Obi-Wan understood and forgave Luke’s anger with him. He calmed the youth by finally telling him the whole truth. Vader did indeed “betray and murder” Luke’s father, because when he turned to the Dark Side of the Force, the good man who was Anakin Skywalker ceased to exist. In a sense he was “murdered” by Vader.

But this was not the most important news that Luke received from Obi-Wan. Luke had a twin sister from whom he was separated at birth, in order to protect them from the Emperor. Luke was taken to his Uncle Ben on Tatooine; his sister was adopted by the Royal House of Alderaan. Leia was that sister, Luke suddenly knew it to be true.

Obi-Wan had cleared things up for Luke, but at the same time presented him with yet more problems. He had to protect Leia from the Emperor, and he had to confront his father and turn him back to the light. Luke’s destiny was also that of the galaxy: however Luke fared in his titanic struggle, so would the galaxy.

In the end, the boy did his first teacher proud.



### Obi-Wan Kenobi

**Template Type:** Jedi Master

**Loyalty:** To the Rebellion

**Height:** -

**Sex:** -

**Race:** -

**Equipment:** -

**Quote:** “Many of the truths we cling to depend greatly on our point of view.”

## Anakin Skywalker

For most of his life, Luke's images of his father came from what his Uncle Owen had told him back on the moisture farm on Tatooine. Owen said that Luke's father was a navigator on an ore freighter, and a simple working man. Despite Luke's attempts to learn more of him, his uncle never told him any more about Anakin Skywalker.

In fact, this was the sole reason that Owen decided to keep Luke away from the school in Anchorhead and have him tutored at home. Owen was afraid that Luke might grow up to be just like his father, an "idealistic dreamer." Knowing where that had gotten Anakin, he did his best to see that it didn't happen to Luke.

It wasn't until meeting Ben Kenobi out beyond the Dune Sea that young Luke learned anything more of his father. Ben told him that his father was "the greatest star pilot in the galaxy," and "a cunning warrior." Apparently, the two fought together in the Clone Wars. But of most interest to Luke was that Ben claimed his father was a Jedi Knight, and he presented the youth with his father's lightsaber to prove it.

The truth, as Luke soon learned, was a far more bitter pill to swallow. Anakin was a Jedi, but he had been corrupted by the Emperor, and he went over to the Dark Side of the Force. He had helped the Emperor to hunt down and exterminate the Jedi from the galaxy.

He became Darth Vader, the very epitome of evil.

But Luke believed that there was still some good in his father. And when he gave himself up on Endor, he staked his very soul on it.

As is well known, Luke was correct. When the Emperor failed to corrupt Luke and determined

to kill him, his father gave his life to save his son. It was a noble end, worthy of a true Jedi Knight.

Afterward, as the Death Star collapsed around them and Vader lay dying, he asked Luke to take off the black breath mask that hid Vader's mangled features. He wanted to look upon young Luke with his own eyes, not through the mechanical lenses and filters. He wanted to look upon his son.

His final words to Luke were a confirmation of the young man's faith. "You were right about me," Vader managed as his life slipped away. "Tell your sister ... you were right."

He had lived for many years as Darth Vader, epitome of the New Order's evil. But his last actions were that of the Jedi Knight he once was. He died as Anakin Skywalker. He died in the light.



### Anakin Skywalker

**Template Type:** Jedi Master

**Loyalty:** To his son

**Height:** -

**Sex:** -

**Race:** -

**Equipment:** -

**Quote:** "You were right about me."



# L ong Live the Alliance

**To:** Arhul Hextrophon  
**From:** Voren Na'al  
**Regarding:** Yavin report conclusion.

A ray of light has penetrated the dense evening foliage overhead as I sit here on the forest floor, among the swaying Endor trees. It illuminates the shadowed grove, and allows me to see the wood for what it really is, a place of wondrous beauty. In a way, it reminds me of the heroes of Yavin. They have illuminated a dark and shadowed galaxy, brilliantly exposing all that is right with it.

I shudder to think what might have become of the Alliance without them. I shudder to think what might have become of me, my family, my friends, and everyone I know.

All of this may seem like gross overstatement coming from a man who has spent a great deal of time following in the footsteps of these great heroes, and it may be just that. But I assure you, had you spent as much time doing so as I have, you would feel the same way.

We owe them quite a lot, these unlikely heroes. They have shown the people of the galaxy what kind of courage is possible when confronted with the awesome might of the Empire. And that there is an alternative to simply standing by while evil commits atrocity after atrocity. They have shown the people that it is possible to fight evil, but more than that, they have shown them that it is possible to win.

The destruction of the first Death Star was cov-

ered up with relative ease by Imperial propagandists. They called it sabotage, a violent terrorist attack. And the people of the galaxy, to a large degree, believed them. But what will they say now? Now that the main Imperial Fleet has been defeated. Now that the new, improved and reportedly "flawless" Death Star has been obliterated by those same "terrorists?" Now that Darth Vader, the Dark Lord of the Sith, has been vanquished from the galaxy forever. Now that the Emperor himself, the most powerful single being, in the galaxy, is dead.

There is nothing they *can* say. The Empire has lost its civil war. Although much of its power may still exist throughout the galaxy, and it may be a long time in dying, its spirit has been broken, and its master architect is no more. What I wouldn't give to see the people's reactions to the news as it spreads from system to system. There will be some who mourn the Emperor's passing, and some who fear the ultimate destruction of the Empire. But above all, I believe there will be joy. A galaxy-wide celebration — a wake, for the clammy carcass of the New Order.

As I look overhead now, a passing X-wing squadron puts on a dazzling fireworks display, which booms and crackles streamers of light down upon the slumbering forest. Ewok drums thunder forth the rhythm of victory, and everywhere there are the sounds of celebration.

The Empire is dead. Long live the New Republic.

# STAR WARS®

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