

Yara: The Unauthorized Biography

By By Morrie Mullins

The man sits in the center of a soundstage, wrapped in the flowing arms of a tall, white chair. A screen the color of early evening sky curves around him, lit by pale bulbs at the ceiling level. A shaft of pale light streams down on him. He smiles, and the smile has an edge to it. He isn't what you would consider a pleasant individual, in terms of his looks. His hair, somehow both slicked and stiff, is plastered in perfect furrowed rows toward the back of his head. His eyebrows are perpetually raised, as if whoever did his hair tugged too hard while applying the product and slid his forehead a centimeter too high. His eyes are the color of mynock flesh and about as appealing. He speaks.



Man: She has been a voice of reason during troubled times, a campaigner for Cularin's downtrodden. She has visited with crimelords and heads of state, with Jedi and with followers of the Sith. She has brought to Cularin a vision, her vision, of what it is the people of Cularin deserve to know. And she has done it with a complete lack of any sense of herself, or what is proper for one in her role. Good evening. I am Armistice Gluuc-Brendlheim, and I can be speaking of none other than Yara Grugara. Tonight, we will be speaking a great deal of Yara. I will share with you elements of her past that you might not have been aware of, facts about the woman that might cause you to think twice about whether she should now be, or should have ever been, one of Cularin's voices in the galaxy.

The screen behind Armistice shifts, and we see an image of Yara. It's an old image of a very young woman, with short red hair and freckled cheeks. She smiles self-consciously. The image zooms out, and we can see that Yara is dressed in a form-fitting mini-dress, holding what appears to be a double-dip Outer Rim rumdrop.

Armistice (voice-over): For her entire life, Yara Grugara has had a single love -- holorecorders. If anyone within a half-kilometer had a recording device and even the slightest intention of using it, Yara would get herself within range of the viewfinder. It's a talent she's always had, even when she was underage, even when she was engaging in behaviors not at all suitable for a young woman with her eye on a professional career.

The image shifts and we see Yara stumbling along a street. She's older, at least by a couple of years. Her hair is longer, and she's wearing make-up to hide her freckles. She's holding onto the arm of an older gentleman and laughing a slightly tipsy laugh.

Armistice (VO): The man in this film is Ren Voilis. Voilis was a producer for a variety of shows that aired on Cularin Central Broadcasting, including the one that gave Yara her start, "Eye on Cularin." This video was taken one week prior to Yara's first contract with Cularin Central Broadcasting.

As if on-cue, Yara stumbles into Voilis, sending him reeling into a wall. They stand for a long moment, leaning on one another. Then the would-be reporter stretches up and kisses her future producer full on the lips. The clip ends, and we are back to Armistice, who has folded his hands in his lap and is looking more than a little smug.

Armistice: Not the Yara you know and love? My friends, I have to tell you -- the Yara you know has never, ever, been the real Yara. I don't think even Yara knows who Yara is, any more. But we know who she's been. Oh, we know, and in our new three-hour documentary, "Yara Grugara: Unauthorized and Totally Real," we will share it all with you. Here are a few of the highlights.

The screen lights up once more, and we see Yara on set. She's screaming about something, from the expression and color of her face, but what she's screaming about, we can't say. She flails at a production assistant, brandishing a pink designer jacket made from nerf-hides as if it were a lightsaber. She catches him along the side of his head with the jacket, sending him sprawling against a camera, which falls over, which knocks out a wall of her set. Yara storms off the set.

Armistice (VO): Temper tantrums? Yara's had more than her share. It's widely known within the industry that she is one of the most immature, spiteful creatures to ever step in front of a holorecorder.

Yara pours a steaming brown beverage in the lap of a guest on her show. Yara, red-faced, stands up and kicks another guest in the knee. Yara, her face even redder than her hair, advances on a cameraman and throws his camera to the ground. We see two sets of feet -- one in workboots, the other in heels -- run past the fallen camera, then back again.

Armistice (VO): Hard to deal with? Try "impossible." The spoiled brat of the network, Yara was relegated to fashion and society. Her producers -- the ones with whom she'd never had any kind of relationship, of course -- decided that if she were intent on making a fool out of herself, she would be allowed to do so in the forum that would be most permanently damaging to her career. Outbursts like those she demonstrated her first few months on the job would lead her to ostracism and permanent unemployment.

Yara storms out of an office. The name on the door has been blurred (a caption reads: "To protect the innocent, some information has been excised from this promotional recording; the full recording, which may be purchased at [holonet node], is complete and unblurred"), but the Cularin Central Broadcasting logo has not. The sound kicks in and we hear Yara for the first

time. "You think this is going to stop me? I'll show you -- I'll be the best reporter in Cularin! In the galaxy! If you put me in fashion, I will become more powerful than you can possibly imagine!"

Armistice (VO): Strong words, from a young woman on the verge of being fired. But how close has she come to being right?

A montage begins, clips without sound of Yara interacting with everyone from Senator Wren, to Nirama, to Jedi Master Lanius Qel-Bertuk. We see her doing person-on-the-street interviews, laughing from the news desk. We see her in what many consider her finest hour, anchoring coverage of Operation False Horizon, reporting on the first battles of the Thaereian Conflict. Her hair askew, her make-up half-finished, she has never looked more poised, more self-contained, than she does in these clips. The image shifts back to Armistice.

Armistice: What has she done? I will tell you what Yara Grugara has done. She has bewitched Cularin! Yes, you heard me right. This woman -- who once suggested that the Jedi should be expelled from the system, only to later recant and play snide word-games with her own statements -- has brought all of Cularin under her spell. Millions tune in every night to listen to her. She has over three thousand nodes dedicated to her life and career on Cularin's holonet alone. She has been the subject of almost as many interviews as she's conducted, and recent rumors have several of the networks out of Coruscant vying for her services. And if Coruscant is interested in her, what else might Yara Grugara have her fingers in?

An image of Yara appears. She looks smug, satisfied, and very much as if she has something to hide. Behind her, her shadow stretches just a bit too high against the wall, the shoulders just a bit too broad. The smug grin on her face seems to stretch, though nothing else in the image is moving.

Armistice: Who are her allies? How has a young woman of such modest talents risen so far, so fast? If you believe, as I do, that there must be more to this story, you must order your copy of "Yara Grugara: Unauthorized and Totally Real" today. Trust me, my friends -- you will not regret the purchase.

Ordering information appears on the screen, as Armistice reads it in voice-over and we fade out . . .

Yara Grugara: Female Human Diplomat 4/Noble 4; Init +1 (Dex); Defense 15 (+4 class, +1 Dex); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 16/10; Atk +4 melee (1d3-1, unarmed) or +6 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +9; SZ M; Rep +7; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 18.

Equipment: Film crew, multiple recording sticks and datapads, datacards for twenty different languages and sets of customs, hovering translator droid, personalized vessel *Yara's Fortune* (subsidized by Cularin Central Broadcasting), multiple personal employees responsible for hair and makeup.

Skills: Bluff +20, Computer Use +8, Diplomacy +20, Entertain +10, Gather Information +13, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (Cularin system) +11, Knowledge (streetwise) +12, Profession (broadcaster) +11, Sense Motive +12; Read/Write Basic, Caarite, Ryl, Tarasinese; Speak Basic, Caarite, Ryl, Tarasinese.

Feats: Fame, Influence, Persuasive, Skill Emphasis (Bluff), Skill Emphasis (Diplomacy), Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistol, simple weapons).