

**STAR WARS®**

# The Template Collection Volume: I



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**Compiled By:** Battlestar

**Special Thanks:** KageRyu and everybody at rancorpit.com, you guys rock :)

**Content Courtesy Of:** West End Games

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Alien Student of the Force

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** 2D+1

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** 3D+1

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** 2D

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Spacetransports \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** 2D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** 3D

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** 2D

First Aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

*Control 1D, sense 1D, alter 1D.* You may select three Force powers.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** Yes \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ 2

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** One statuette, amulet or other trinket of obscure mystical import, 250 credits

**Background:** In its long and peaceful history, your species has learned much about the universe and the nature of existence. You yourself have contributed but little to this knowledge, but you have meditated long and hard on reality, and especially on that quality that some call the Force. You have some small degree of what humans call Jedi powers.

Your species prefers its solitary existence, and has never seen reason to have commerce with the rest of the galaxy. But you have decided to leave your native planet. Perhaps you seek the true Jedi, hoping to learn more about the Force from them. Perhaps you are simply curious. Perhaps the Empire has committed atrocities on your planet.

Choose any of these motivations, or invent another, but clear your motivation with your gamemaster if you make up your own.

Note: You may choose whatever appearance you wish. Your species is rarely encountered in the galaxy, so your appearance is not commonly known or identified. However, strange-looking aliens are common enough that your appearance is rarely remarked upon.

**Personality:** Think of yourself as a mystic, one of a tradition different from that followed by the Jedi, but of a similar nature. Like Yoda, Obi-Wan Kenobi or the fully-trained Luke Skywalker, you are calm, a little humble, and treat every living being with respect.

**Objectives:** To further your knowledge of the Force and to find a great teacher to further enlighten you.

**A Quote:** "I am a servant of the light and of the life which infuses it."

**Connection With Characters:** You might agree to accept a brash pilot or another character as a student. You might be eager to learn from a failed Jedi, minor Jedi or young Jedi. You might have befriended a laconic scout, smuggler, or gambler in your travels.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Alliance Agitator

**Gender/Species:** /Ishi Tib

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law Enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

**Beak:** STR+2D damage.

**Planners:** Ishi Tib receive 2D for every 1D spent on *bureaucracy, business, law enforcement, or tactics* skills (during character creation only; limited to 2D of beginning skill dice in a skill).

**Immersion:** Ishi Tib must immerse themselves for 10 rounds after spending 30 hours out of water. Otherwise they suffer 1D of dam-

age every hour that they stay out of water.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **9**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Street clothes, hold-out blaster (3D), chronometer, 100 credits

**Background:** You once had a home, friends, family and career on a colony world. Politics held no interest for you, until the Empire appeared in orbit over your world, and bludgeoned it into submission. When the smoke cleared, your home was destroyed, your friends were in irons, and your family was dead. Now politics interest you a great deal.

The Imperial military forces moved on after pacifying the local populace and setting up a puppet government, leaving you and your fellow citizens to pick up the pieces. Well, they may think they have knocked the spirit out of your people, but you are determined to prove them wrong.

You've dedicated your considerable organizational skills to planning and executing mass demonstrations, peaceful sabotage, and so on. You refuse to commit violent acts, however, and have resisted attempts to develop your organization into a Rebel cell.

**Personality:** Your type of loss can't be measured on a ledger sheet. You're no warrior, but you'll do your part any way you can.

**Objectives:** To give aid and comfort to the forces of the Alliance in whatever capacity you can.

**A Quote:** "The Emperor must be made to go on paying for a long time."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Alliance Liaison

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain: mediation \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Comlink, Alliance uniform, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D), 100 credits

**Background:** Back in the days when people still addressed Palpatine as "Senator," you traveled to many different worlds with your parents. Through them you learned to appreciate the cultural diversity of different civilizations, and translated your desire to communicate your ideas into a career as a teacher.

As the Emperor came to power and asserted his will over the worlds of the galaxy, you kept your grave doubts regarding his motives to yourself, hoping against hope that a fruitful union might emerge from the ashes of the Old Republic. Alas, the pro-human Empire began to persecute aliens, and after the gruesome demise of Alderaan, you realized you could never support the Empire.

Soon after that cataclysmic event, you resigned your teaching post, and offered your services to the Alliance. Now you help to coordinate logistics for the Rebellion, travelling from world to world meeting with cell leaders, smuggling those hunted by the Empire to safe worlds, and so on. Civil, military, or resistance personnel—you aid them all as best you can.

**Personality:** You have a dogged persistence about you that often wears your opponents down. Tact and guile are effective weapons but you prefer honest confrontation.

**Objectives:** To one day be among those who sign the document of Imperial surrender.

**A Quote:** "Of course we can work something out. How badly do you want to win?"

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudlow

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## Alliance Observer

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: Human \_\_\_\_\_

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** You're a 23'er. That means you've successfully completed 20 field assignments — against the 23% odds of survival. Now you're retired from field intelligence, but you still find ways to serve. Currently, you're on assignment as an Observer on board a Rebel privateer ship. It's not a glorious job, but it should be interesting living through a tour with these cutthroats. You're a little worried, though — that the real action is happening somewhere besides this ragtag ship.

Your mission is to observe the actions of the privateers you're assigned to, record prize values, and lend assistance as you are able. The crew doesn't like you and the

feeling is mutual.

**Personality:** You're certain, calm, professional. You're a very competent agent, and know it. It's not ego. Ego is for amateurs.

**Objectives:** To complete the assignment at hand (and not throttle any of these privateer-types in the process).

**A Quote:** "You're going to pull a Marg Sabl closure maneuver? Why not? It was a good idea ... a decade ago."

**Connection With Characters:** You're on assignment to this ship. You might find the captain a reasonable and competent fellow, but most of the crew are a bunch of amateurs.

**Equipment:** Comlink, communication encryption unit, datapad with safe port and contact information, 1,000 credits, spacer's chest, blaster pistol (4D).

**DEXTERITY** 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

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

Aliens species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**MECHANICAL** 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**STRENGTH** 2D+2Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_**TECHNICAL** 2D

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_**Special Abilities:** None**Move:** 10**Force Points:****Force Sensitive?:** ☐ Yes ☐ No**Dark Side Points:****Character Points:**☐ Wounded☐ Incapacitated☐ Mortally Wounded

Doug Shuler

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Annoying Squib

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Squib

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operations \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Collection of broken chronometers, huge shiny belt buckle, loud musical instrument that you don't know how to play (but *do* — badly — at all hours), hold-out blaster (3D+1), 300 credits.

**Background:** Born on the distant trading world of Skor II, you were a bit of a delinquent, even for a Squib. Your parents wanted you to join the Reclamation Fleet, and indeed, you were assigned to report to duty in the fleet, but you had other things on your — for lack of a better word — mind. You craved *adventure*.

You greatly enjoy the prospect of surrounding yourself with intriguing people who go to interesting places and do exciting (and often violent) things. They aren't nearly so thrilled to be in your company as you are to be in theirs, but no matter. You can make yourself useful enough to earn your keep. In theory.

Though you don't plan to tell anyone this, you are AWOL from the Reclamation Fleet. You avoid other Squibs like the plague, lest they somehow find out who you are and turn you in. You're having far too much fun to waste your time sorting through someone else's junk!

**Personality:** You are flighty, with little concern for what others tell you is important. You like collecting "neat stuff," whether it's useful or not. You don't really understand that other people's property is not yours. You tend to mis-remember stories and past events somewhat. You're not really *lying* exactly — you simply remember playing a much more heroic role in events than you actually did.

**Objectives:** The scope of your foresight extends only to your next meal.

**A Quote:** "Are you finished with that? Can I have it? Please? Can I?" (Repeat incessantly.)

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Pablo Hidalgo

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Armchair Historian

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Scholar: \_\_\_\_\_  
Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

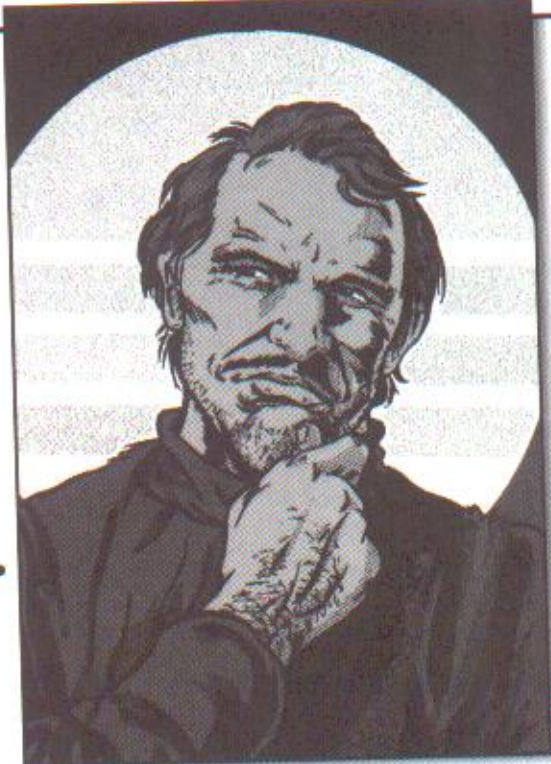
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Scott Neely

**Equipment:** Rebel uniform, blaster pistol (4D), com-link, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were a petty bureaucrat in a minor department of your planet's government until the planet was occupied by Imperial stormtroopers; a typical post might have been the Floater Vehicles Department. The Imperials purged the planetary government of anyone whose loyalty was tainted — including you, although you can't imagine why. You barely got warning in time to flee.

You're a military hobbyist. You've never seen action, but you've read everything on military history you could get your hands on, you've viewed all the popular vidshows on military affairs, and you've followed naval procurement policies closely. In your daydreams, you've always seen yourself as a leader of soldiers — a major contrast to the mundane dreariness of life in an overgrown bureaucracy. You're not particularly excited about the Rebellion — it doesn't look to you like they've got much of a chance — but, well, any port in a storm.

**Personality:** Dry, a little dull. Although deficient in weapons skills, you're likely to keep your head under fire, and may eventually become a useful soldier.

**Objectives:** You are floundering, wavering between your desire to be a leader and your fear of failure. You want to earn a place of leadership in the Alliance.

**A Quote:** "If Kreuge had only swept farther with the right wing at Salvara instead of turning when he did, the whole history of the Tenuutta Skirmishes would be different!"

**Connection With Characters:** You might have been a citizen of any noble's or senatorial's planet. You might have suspended a brash pilot's landspeeder license. You might have known an outlaw's family. You have a real love/hate relationship with any military individual, such as a merc or retired captain; you admire the person for his or her expertise, but you are convinced you know more about military strategy and can do better.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Arms Merchant

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Rodian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship \_\_\_\_\_

gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

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**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Business suit, personalized computer with arms inventory database, customized hold-out blaster (4D+2), stun cloak (5D stun), 200 credits

**Background:** You're the latest in a long line of arms dealers. Your grandparents dealt with the Old Republic, and your parents served the Empire. Now it's your turn to make your mark in the family business.

You don't deal with the Empire itself, of course. Only the big boys and girls (and all of them human), have the connections and resources to pull off contracts like that. No, your services are a bit more modest. You content yourself with arming various militant groups operating within the boundaries of the Empire. It's extremely dangerous work, of course, but what's danger to a Rodian? To you business is just a subtle form of the hunt.

You don't particularly care who you do business with. You would just as soon sell weapons to pirates as the Rebel Alliance. If a deal turns sour, you can always offer a bargain to the other side.

**Personality:** You are businesslike and professional at all times. You don't think much of most of your clients and customers, but you keep that to yourself.

**Objectives:** Opening exclusive markets where others failed to see them.

**A Quote:** "That's right, Mr. President, you look through those little cross-hairs out there, then you squeeze like this . . ."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Arrogant Imperial Noble

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Extensive wardrobe for both formal settings and life in the bush, comlink, blaster carbine (5D), sporting blaster (3D+1), portable bar, 5,000 credits.

**Background:** For many centuries, your royal house has been one of the pillars of Old Republic society. Your family moves only in the smartest of sets, and the "little people" cater to your house's every whim.

Unlike most of your relatives, you do not delight in the banal entertainments to be found in the Core, nor do you desire to follow your uncle and sister into the regimented life of the military. For you, the exploration and taming of the backwater worlds of the galaxy has the greatest appeal. You love the thrill of the hunt, and coaxing or forcing closely held secrets from primitive alien tribes.

Though you are perfectly willing to rough it when necessary, you see no need to suffer discomfort when it can be avoided. You bring civilization into the wild as much as possible, including climate controlled tents, servants, and complete larders. After all, it is your duty as a nobleman to show savages the benefits of civilization. In return, it is their duty to express their gratitude by obeying your every whim.

**Personality:** To those you consider your peers, you are polite, polished and urbane. You don't pay much attention to those beneath your station as long as they serve you well and know their place.

**Objectives:** To discover new species and worlds which may be exploited by the Empire. Your secret desire is to have a species named after you.

**A Quote:** "Pray be at ease, Moff Tendrum. I have come to this miserable world to explore its natural mysteries, not to sniff out your petty intrigues."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Arrogant Noble

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid \_\_\_\_\_

programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Several changes of clothing in the latest styles, hold-out blaster (3D), one melee weapon of choice, personal landspeeder, 2,000 credits

**Background:** That scum Palpatine. How he became Emperor is beyond you. Why, the man's an upstart! The idea that *Palpatine* should be *your* sovereign is completely intolerable. Everyone in your family shares your loathing for the power-hungry swine.

You joined the Rebellion as soon as you had the chance.

There are some drawbacks to the Rebellion, of course. All this "democracy" chit-chat is quite tiresome. It's really rather annoying to have all these aliens and members of the lower orders as your equals in the Rebellion's military hierarchy. Still, you must steel yourself to the task — it is the duty of your lineage and all that. It is unfortunate, though, that you'll miss out on this year's social season in the Core Worlds.

**Personality:** Gracious with those who acknowledge themselves as your inferiors; slightly to insufferably arrogant with anyone else. You follow a strict moral code — always to honor debts; always to fight fair; never to let anyone impugn your honor. You have no patience with commercial motives and cannot, yourself, be bothered to keep track of money or expenditures.

**Objectives:** To restore yourself to your rightful place of honor and respect. There is all that blather about the fight for democracy, but it will pass in good time.

**A Quote:** "My good man—I realize that cloaks of that cut are fashionable this season, but there is such a thing as *too much*."

**Connection With Characters:** Another senatorial — a relation, a long-time political ally (or enemy) — now united in hostility to the Empire. A loyal retainer might be your servant. You might know a retired captain by reputation.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Bacta Merchant

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_ Con \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2** **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_ Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_ Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_ Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ Computer program-

Communications \_\_\_\_\_ ming/ repair \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_ Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_ Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), 4 bacta geltabs, shipsuit, business suit, 700 credits, datapad (with shipping manifests and contracts), stock light freighter (equipped to handle small bacta shipments), 10,000 credit debt to a noble or corporation in Tapani sector

**Background:** You worked as manual labor aboard a bulk freighter on trading runs throughout Minos Cluster. One of the veteran spacers aboard the freighter took you under his wing and taught you how to work the Rimma Trade Route, how to make a deal, how to keep a ship running, and how to end a run with more money in your pocket than when you started.

You had an opportunity to purchase a ship and make modest bacta runs from Tapani sector to other Rimma systems and you took it with a glad heart. Your ship isn't military grade, but she's sturdy, reliable, and quick enough to suit your purposes. You began making trading contacts along the sector's bacta trade routes and you just know that a big, profitable shipment is just around the corner.

**Personality:** You are very businesslike and competent when it comes to running your ship. When dealing with clients (or even *potential* clients) you have enough charm to put a Corellian gambler to shame.

**Objectives:** Pay off the loan that allowed you to buy your ship.

**A Quote:** "You drive a hard bargain. I'll tell you what: because I trust you, I'll knock off five percent from the total cost...provided you take the whole load off my hands. Deal?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You may have decided to make some extra money by taking on passengers (who could be anybody: nobles looking to keep a low profile, JAN operatives on the run, or Rebels looking to establish some new shipping contacts into the sector).

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Bacta Pirate

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2** **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster _____	Bargain _____
Brawling parry _____	Command _____
Dodge _____	Con _____
Melee combat _____	Forgery _____
Melee parry _____	Hide _____
Running _____	Search _____
_____	Sneak _____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species _____	Brawling _____
Business _____	Climbing/jumping _____
Cultures _____	Lifting _____
Intimidation _____	Stamina _____
Planetary systems _____	Swimming _____
Survival _____	_____
Value _____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation _____	Computer program- ming/repair _____
Beast riding _____	Demolitions _____
Communications _____	First aid _____
Repulsorlift operation _____	Security _____
Space transports _____	Space transports repair _____
Starship gunnery _____	_____
Starship shields _____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), hold-out blaster (3D), threadbare clothing, vibroknife (STR+1D), com-link, datapad, blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy), glow rod, stun grenade (blast radius: six meters, 5D stun damage), stock light freighter (equipped to handle small bacta shipments)

**Background:** You made a living as a pirate for several years, until a turn of bad luck nearly grounded you for good. You found yourself destitute, without a crew, in a broken down ship. A Black Sun crimelord lent you some money to get back on your feet, but you just couldn't take enough prizes to do more than keep your ship running. Now the loan is coming due, and you need a quick way to make some cash.

In desperation, you've come to Tapani sector, hoping to make a couple of high-risk, high-profit bacta thefts and save your skin. You still need a crew, and your ship is hardly military grade, but maybe—just *maybe*—you can steal enough to pay off Black Sun and escape in one piece.

**Personality:** Nervous, edgy and paranoid. You are convinced that at any moment, Black Sun assassins will snuff you out like a candle.

**Objectives:** To steal enough to pay back your loans.

**A Quote:** "Come on! Give me the bacta and nobody'll get hurt! I don't have time to waste, so get moving!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** A bacta merchant may have placed a bounty on you, offering to rescind it if you work for him. A noble may have hired you to act as a privateer against the interests of a rival House's corporate interests. The holoivid gossip columnist may want to cover your exploits. You may have formed an alliance with the professional thief, splitting the profits of your combined efforts.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Bacta Smuggler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operations \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), hold-out blaster (3D), bacta geltab, comlink, datapad, glowrod, stock light freighter (with small shielded smuggling compartment for handling small quantities of bacta), 15,000 credit debt to a criminal moneylender

**Background:** There's always the potential for profit when you're a smuggler. You decided a long time ago that—while the profit margin is higher on items like guns and spice—bacta was a lower-risk cargo.

Borrowing enough money to fix up a battered light freighter, you traveled to Tapani sector, hoping to cash in on the region's lucrative bacta trade. Posing as a legitimate freight hauler, you specialize in moving small lots of the medical fluid to Rebels and JAN operatives (who are willing to pay handsomely for your product). You know where a couple of good hiding spots are in the sector, and thus far you've been successful at dodging official notice.

**Personality:** Unlike most smugglers, you don't fly for laughs. "Business is business," is your motto. You have acquaintances, not friends, and you tend to view others in terms of what they can do for you. If they can't lead you to more profit, you typically ignore them.

**Objectives:** To pay off your modest debt and make a killing without getting shot to pieces by the Imperials, the Tapani houses, or the Freeworlds.

**A Quote:** "The price we agreed on was 2,000 credits, grubber. I'm looking at half that. Cough up the cash or I make space right now."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You have contact with JAN operatives and Rebels who need your bacta. A house noble may have hired you (believing you to be a legitimate shipper).

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Marshall Andrews III

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Barabel Shockboxer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Barabel

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Robert Duchillinski

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Business \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

*Natural Body Armor:* +2D against physical attacks, and +1D against energy attacks

*Radiation Resistance:* +2D against radiation.

*Vision:* Can see in the infrared spectrum.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **11**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Shockboxing gloves (STR+1D stun), shockboxing armor (+1D physical), 1,000 credits

**Background:** On your homeworld of Barab I, shockboxing is a favored pastime, used for the training of warriors and to settle disputes that aren't big enough for wars. You turned your talents to the professional circuit, making a modest living boxing humans, Rodians and just about anyone else foolish enough to challenge you.

You've traveled the length and breadth of the legal boxing circuit, matching skills with some of the best fighters in the Empire. You've even taken part in a few underworld matches, where the gloves deliver randomized charges which can mean either a mild shock or spine-blasting death.

**Personality:** You've got excellent fighting instincts and they've pulled you through a lot of scraps. You always fight honorably, even when the fight is dishonest. To do otherwise would bring shame to your family.

**Objectives:** To gain the respect of your fellow Barabel, any way you can.

**A Quote:** "Let's settle this in the ring, bugeyes."

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

# TALES OF THE JEDI COMPANION

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Type: Battle Master

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_

Pulse-wave weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Astrogration \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Special Abilities:

Control 2D, sense 1D.

Control: Remain conscious

Control and Sense:

Lightsaber combat

Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer programming/

repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber repair \_\_\_\_\_

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_Yes

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## WOUND STATUS

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



PLAYER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Two lightsabers (5D), link armor (+1D physical, +2 energy, -1D Dexterity), robes, PTP link, pulse-wave blaster pistol (4D).

**Background:** As a child, you revered the Jedi Knights and longed for a chance to enter the ranks of this distinguished order. When the time came, you apprenticed with a Jedi Master who recognized your innate ability with the lightsaber and your natural talent for battle.

The road you walk is not easy; combat experts are more readily tempted to the dark side of the Force. Still, you have studied the texts of Jedi warriors who managed to walk that razor-edge without falling, and hope one day to prove that you are worthy of the title Jedi Master.

**Personality:** Brave and selfless, you are secure in the knowledge that the Force is with you. Despite your prowess in battle, you remain ever-mindful that the dark side of the Force is merely one aggressive act away.

**Objectives:** To serve the light side of the Force by defending those most in need of protection.

**A Quote:** "Move the first team around the hills to the southwest. The second team can flank from the east. I'll lead the charge down the center. Hopefully we can convince these deluded individuals to change their aggressive ways."

**Connection With Characters:**

# TALES OF THE JEDI COMPANION

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Type: Beast Master

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_ /Nazzar

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Pulse-wave weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Special Abilities:

Force skills: Sense 3D.

Sense: Beast languages, life  
detection, life sense

Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 12

Force Sensitive? \_Yes

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 2

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## WOUND STATUS

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



PLAYER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Equipment: Lightsaber (5D), link armor (+1D physical and energy, -1D to Dexterity), PTP link, Greff-Timms SnapShoot DT3 quick-draw pulse-wave blaster (3D, ammo: 3)

**Background:** You are viewed with more than a little suspicion on your homeworld; Nazzar who elect to leave home and willingly join groups of off-worlders are considered "ill" or even heretical. Still, despite Ulizran beliefs, your sensitivity to the Force led to your decision to venture among the stars. If your fellow Nazzar can't accept your choices, so be it.

Your affinity for animals of all types is disconcerting to the uninitiated; it isn't every day that a citizen of the Republic sees someone talking to a pack beast ... and then understand the response. Still, this ability has served you well, and has helped illustrate how life is intertwined with the Force.

**Personality:** Occasionally dour and homesick, you strive to keep your inborn zeal in check (though not always with success). You pour every gram of effort you can into the task at hand, often irritating those around you.

**Objectives:** To succeed at whatever task lies before you, no matter the personal cost.

**A Quote:** "The beasts know much that we do not."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Bimm Bard

**Gender/Species:** /Bimm

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Musical instrument \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion: storytelling \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Musical instrument

repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_ **8**

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Datapad with list of Jedi stories, three sets of clothing, musical instrument of choice, 500 credits

**Background:** You're known in a dozen systems for your style and ability at your chosen craft. You have created hundreds of poems and stories. Until recently, with the rise of the Emperor and the New Order, your services as a story-keeper of the Jedi Knights were welcomed in any home, on almost any planet in the galaxy. But now it seems that only the Empire wants you, and their motives are entirely too clear. So you've been traveling the galaxy in disguise, secretly passing your knowledge along.

**Personality:** Tales and songs are everything. You play and verbalize for your own enjoyment and for the enjoyment of others. You never stay around one place for too long; nomadic behavior seems to be the best way to avoid the Empire's attention.

**Objectives:** To recite your tales and those of the Jedi and to enlighten others in this time of restriction.

**A Quote:** "Young master, have you heard the tale of the Jedi Master Murrtaggh and the Dark Underlord?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Bith Musician

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Bith

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Artist \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Musical instrument

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Musical instrument

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Special Abilities

**Vision:** +1D to *Perception* with objects less than 30 cm away. -1D for visual based actions more than 20m away. Cannot see beyond 40 m.

**Scent:** +1D bonus to all *Perception* skills when pertaining to actions and people within three meters.

**Manual Dexterity:** +1D to fine motor skills.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Musical instrument, datapad with sound slugs, change of clothes, 750 credits

**Background:** You travel the galaxy looking for new and unusual musical styles that you can incorporate into your work. You seek the beat that will "make the Empire shake from the Core Worlds to the Outer Rim."

You've packed your bags and your instruments and hit the galactic music circuit. You won't catch the new sound by playing in some stuffy Core World lounge, so your agent books you into the galaxy's worst dives (as per your request). The pay stinks, the audience might kill you and the free drinks are watered down. But the sound feels alive and real, and so do you.

**Personality:** When trouble comes and fists start flying, you dive under the bandstand, and if someone pulls out a blaster, you head for the exit. It's hard to play well when you're dead.

**Objectives:** To find the inspiration for new music, and to live long enough to play it.

**A Quote:** "Normally I don't do requests, but if you put down the blaster I'll make an exception."

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: John Beyer

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## Boarder

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: Human \_\_\_\_\_

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** You are a tough, hard boarder, trained to charge into prize ships to seize them. You honed your skills as a small-time raider in a remote area, and stuck with it since it paid very well. You're not much of a thinker and you don't really want a promotion — you just like to fight and you are very good at it.

**Personality:** Nasty and violent, although not sadistic. You look forward to fights. You are loyal, though — you know how fast the captain is with a blaster, and you don't really want to antagonize him.

**Objectives:** To make money and enjoy life (particularly if you get to break a few heads along the way).

**A Quote:** "Throw down your weapons and you might live through this!"

**Connection With Characters:** You serve on a pirate ship, and often are assigned to protect potentially valuable "guests" (hostages).

**Equipment:** Armored vaccsuit (+1D vs. energy and physical), gaudy jewelry, comlink, 1,000 credits, spacer's chest, heavy blaster pistol (5D), two stun grenades (5D stun damage)

### DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

### KNOWLEDGE 2D

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tactics \_\_\_\_\_  
 Value \_\_\_\_\_

### MECHANICAL 3D

Rocket pack operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

### PERCEPTION 3D

Con \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive?:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_

### STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

### TECHNICAL 2D+2

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded  
☐ Incapacitated  
☐ Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Bounty Hunter

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Jet pack \_\_\_\_\_  
operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_  
operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/ \_\_\_\_\_  
jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** . \_\_\_\_\_ No

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

### Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Jackson

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), hold-out blaster (3D), blaster pistol (4D), thermal detonator (10D), 2 knives (STR+1D), protective vest (+2 energy, +1D physical to torso), jet pack, two medpacs, 1,000 credits

**Background:** Blaster for hire. That's you. You're still young at this game, but you've killed 23 people. The galaxy stinks but you've gotta make a living.

Some say you've got no morals at all. That's not true. You live by a strict code. A contract is a contract, that's all. You do your job. When someone hires you, you keep up your side of the bargain — no matter what it takes. Sometimes what it takes isn't pretty — but if you were squeamish, you wouldn't be in this line of work.

The Empire hired you. You did the job. A good man died. You fulfilled your side of the deal.

The Empire didn't. You could have taken them to court — but they own the courts. They laughed at you.

But not for long. Usually you work for a thousand a day. Plus expenses. But this time, it's personal.

You've got a contract. With the Rebellion. For the duration. Your pay is a credit a day.

And you fulfill your contracts.

**Personality:** You don't talk much. When you do, you mean what you say. You're dangerous. You're dependable. You're smart. You don't like being conned. If people play straight with you, you play straight with them.

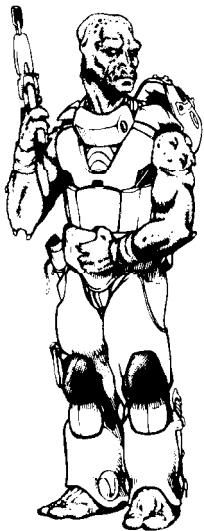
**Objectives:** To get even with the Empire. You don't care much for the Rebellion ... at least you *say* you don't care. But now you have a cause worth fighting for.

**A Quote:** "Don't try it buddy. I'm only going to tell you once."

**Connection With Characters:** Anyone could have hired you in the past — or perhaps you're employed by another character at the moment. You could have met any of the other "fringe" characters — smuggler, gambler, or pirate, for example — while attempting to apprehend them at one point.

# Bounty Hunter

Character Name:



Player:

Species: lotran

Sex: Age:

Height: Weight:

Physical Description:

**Background:** You learned early that you had a knack for brawling. And you always got the last laugh. You didn't make many friends, but you were respected — or feared — so it didn't matter much to you. You earn a living working for whoever pays. And you're one of the best. Track 'em, corner 'em, capture 'em — pretty simple actually. Dangerous for amateurs; easy for you.

**Personality:** Cold. Cunning. Ruthless. Not too many people like you, but you don't care as long as they pay in cold, hard credits. You're true to your word, which isn't easily given.

**Objectives:** To get rich before dying on a contract.

**A Quote:** "He'd better not die. He's worth a lot to me alive."

**Connection With Other Characters:**

## DEXTERITY

4D

## PERCEPTION

3D

Blaster

Command

Dodge

Investigation

Grenade

Search

Melee Combat

Sneak

Melee Parry

## KNOWLEDGE

2D+2

## STRENGTH

3D+2

Alien species

Brawling

Languages

Climbing/jumping

Streetwise

Lifting

Survival

Stamina

## MECHANICAL

2D+2

## TECHNICAL

2D

Astrogation

Armor repair

Beast riding

Blaster repair

Space transports

Starship repair

Starship gunnery

Starship wpn repair

Starship shields

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☒ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Jet pack (burst lasts one move and flies 100 meters horizontally or 30 meters vertically; has 10 bursts), protective vest (+2 to torso front and back to *Strength* to resist damage), two medpacs, 1000 credits, heavy blaster pistol (damage value 5D), light repeating blaster, hold-out blaster, knife

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Brash Pilot

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawlingparry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streewise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter \_\_\_\_\_

piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship \_\_\_\_\_

gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), Rebel uniform, medpac, vacuum suit, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You thought you'd never get off that hick planet! Ever since you were a kid, you've read about starships and generals and heroic battles. Ever since you can remember, you've wanted to be a fighter pilot. Your parents wanted you to be a farmer (or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a miner — who cares which?). But the Imperial Naval Academy has been your goal since the first time you heard of it!

Well, with this war on, it doesn't look like you'll ever get to the Academy — nor do you want to. When the Empire occupied your planet, everything fell to pieces. Friends and neighbors are dead. But you've got your chance to be a pilot! Sometimes things look pretty grim for the Rebellion — but you've got a hunch that your story is just beginning!

**Personality:** Enthusiastic, loyal, energetic and committed. You tend to get overly-excited on a regular basis. You also tend to brag when sometimes you'd be better off keeping your opinions to yourself.

**Objectives:** You want to be the best pilot in the Alliance! You dream about someday topping that Skywalker kid — all he did was get a lucky shot! You know you could have made that shot without a targeting computer ... blindfolded!

**A Quote:** "Heck, that flying wasn't so fancy! Back home, I used to outmaneuver XP-38s with my old Mobquet landspeeder!"

**Connection With Characters:** A senatorial or retired Imperial captain might have sponsored you for the Naval Academy. Almost anyone might be a brother or sister.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

## ■ **Brash Smuggler**

**DEXTERITY** 2D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** 3D+1

**MECHANICAL** 4D

**PERCEPTION** 4D

**STRENGTH** 2D

**TECHNICAL** 2D

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink, astromech droid, modified light freighter, 4,000 credits standard, 55,000 credits in debt to a loanshark

**Capsule:** "There's money to be made out in space." That's all your father ever told you as a kid. Sure, he'd gone broke years ago, but he wanted you to follow in his footsteps. He wanted you to be the famous and successful freighter captain he never was.

Now, several years and plenty of bad loans later, you've found your niche. You certainly aren't getting rich, but you're living the type of life you always wanted. Your ship is fast, your smuggling compartments well hidden, and your trigger finger is quick. You've taken on the worst the galaxy has to offer and come out with your chin held high. Smuggling is the life for you.

Brash, cocky and ready to take on anything. You're old enough to know better and daring enough to go for broke anyway. Someday, you'll make it rich for that kind of attitude — or die trying!

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Cautious First Mate

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, torso only), blaster pistol (4D), medpac, 500 credits

**Background:** You're a fugitive running away from a turbulent past. To get away from those on your trail, you joined a freighter crew. At the time you didn't suspect them to be smugglers. Perhaps that's best—their underworld connections can help you escape should your pursuers ever pick up your scent. You never stay in one place very long, and constantly move around to follow the lucrative cargoes.

You don't have much experience as a spacer, but you're learning quickly. You help out where you can, assisting the captain and helping with mundane ship-board duties. When you're in port, you watch everyone's back, especially your own. Nobody's as good as their word—everyone has motives other than the ones they're revealing. You never know when your pursuers will show up. You're quick with a blaster, and discreet enough to know when it's needed.

**Personality:** Living in fear has brought your caution close to paranoia. You don't trust anyone who isn't part of your crew. Half the time your hand is on your blaster.

**Objectives:** You have to keep moving to avoid those who want you captured. The more remote the system, the better.

**A Quote:** "I don't trust him, Captain. There's something going on here that smells like a set-up."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could have joined any freighter crew, but would associate more with those characters who exhibit cautious behavior like your own.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Classy Smuggler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon

repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), expensive clothes, hold-out blaster (3D), 5,000 credits

**Background:** Life on your parents' Core World estate was so boring. To break up the tedium, you decided to head out and teach those Outer Rim scoundrels how smuggling really should be done: with class and elegance. You'd bring the flame of civilization to the galaxy's barbaric frontier...and make a few credits in the process. You can become a successful smuggler without becoming a brute.

Although you've accepted this great task, it comes at a price. You're never too comfortable blasting the Emperor's minions, though you're told this is an occupational hazard. Smuggler life has forced you to accept less-than-adequate accommodations. You often find yourself longing for the cultured comforts of your homeworld: fine food and drink, a few moments to talk philosophy, a swoop ride through your estate, parties with important planetary dignitaries.

**Personality:** You're a friendly enough chap, but despite your refined demeanor, angry ruffians tend to pick fights with you for no reason. Perhaps their inability to accept your superior attitude and intelligence might have something to do with this...

**Objectives:** You want to become the perfect example of gentility and gracefulness in a profession which certainly needs some of those qualities. Still, you're not slow to act when your companions or you are in direct danger.

**A Quote:** "Goodness, you didn't have to blast those customs officials—I'm sure they would have cooperated had you given me a chance to reason with them."

**Connection With Other Characters:** Whether or not you own the freighter you're flying, you probably hired several of your fellows as crew, or are tagging along to observe (and hopefully change) their uncivilized ways.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Comm Slicker

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster _____	Bargain _____
Brawling parry _____	Command _____
Dodge _____	Con _____
Melee combat _____	Forgery _____
Melee parry _____	Gambling _____
Pick pocket _____	Hide _____
Running _____	Persuasion _____
_____	Search _____
_____	Sneak _____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2** **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species _____	Brawling _____
Bureaucracy _____	Climbing/jumping _____
Cultures _____	Swimming _____
Intimidation _____	_____
Languages _____	_____
Law enforcement _____	_____
Planetary systems _____	_____
Streetwise _____	_____

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1** **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation _____	Computer program-
Communications _____	ming/repair _____
Repulsorlift	Droid programming _____
operation _____	Droid repair _____
Sensors _____	First aid _____
Space transports _____	Security _____
Starship shields _____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D), 500 credits

**Background:** You have a gift. Open your mouth and you can convince almost anyone of almost anything. Most of the time. Whether you're face-to-face or yacking over the ship's comm, you make an honest impression no matter what kind of scam you're trying to pull off. At first, you used this gift to bilk people on your homeworld. When they caught on, you decided it was best to take your act on the road. You tagged along with a not-so-legitimate transport crew. At first they thought you were just annoying. But when you got the hang of the ship's communications equipment and started bluffing your way past Imperial Customs, they decided you had some worth after all.

Now you're working a much more lucrative scam than you ever could have managed on your homeworld. You can work the comm and sensors boards like nobody's business. Given half the chance you could convince Coruscant traffic control you're flying the Emperor's personal shuttle (or so you believe).

**Personality:** You're confident and mouthy. If you're not snowing some guy over the comm, you're blabbing to your mates.

**Objectives:** You try to get deeper into trouble, then fast-talk your way out of it. It's fun to con other people, especially when you and your smuggling crew can make more credits off it.

**A Quote:** "Sure, we'll let you come aboard for an inspection. But let me warn you, it'll take some time to get that vohis mold stink out of your airscrubbers. Whew! I've been on here so long I think the odor has rotted out my nasal cavity."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have hired on with any smuggler type. With your attitude, you'd certainly fit in well with a hot-shot pilot, classy smuggler or Wroonian captain.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** CompForce Assault Trooper

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ 2D

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

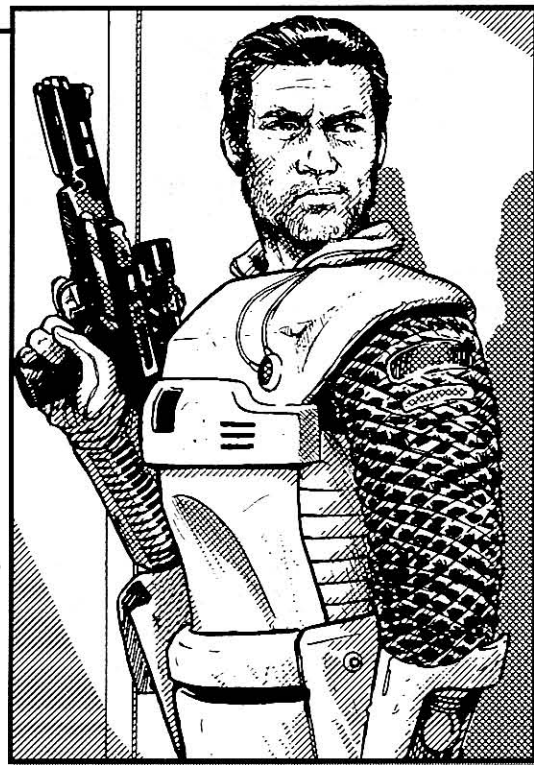
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** CompForce uniform, blaster rifle (5D), comlink, heat reflective power armor (+1D energy, +2D physical, -1D *Dexterity* and related skills), heavy blaster pistol (5D), knife (STR+1D), three grenades (5D), medpac

**Background:** You come from a part of the Empire few ever heard of and fewer still know much about. You left your family a long time ago, and haven't spent much time looking back.

CompForce has become a second family to you, replacing the one you never really knew. You live for the adrenaline high you get in combat, and so do the men and woman in your company.

It's only a matter of time before that blaster bolt with your name on it catches up to you, but no matter. For now, you've got your comrades, and the thrill of battle. You never really planned on living to a ripe old age anyway.

**Personality:** You don't know who is crazier: you or your fellow troops. If life gets too boring, you like to liven it up a bit by tempting death — playing catch with an armed thermal detonator, for instance.

**Objectives:** Accomplish the mission, no matter what. You're a breed apart. Being the best of the best is what it's all about.

**A Quote:** "They said I'd never make it. But I made it through where others never came back. Now that I'm through with basic training I'm ready for anything those Rebels can throw at me."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** COMPNOR Military Liaison

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** COMPNOR-issue blaster pistol (4D+2), custom-tailored Imperial uniform, comlink, datapad, EAR eavesdropping unit with five bugs (bugs can transmit up to 200 meters, within line of sight which are recorded in the unit's microcomputer), recording rod, 1,000 credits, Lambda-class shuttle

**Background:** Since joining COMPNOR, you have longed to find a hotbed of corruption and Rebel activity to root out—and now you've found it. Despite the best efforts of the nobility, Tapani sector is riddled with sedition and treason...which you intend to crush.

Your current rank is fairly low, though your position as a liaison between COMPNOR and several House Guard spies gives you access to a great deal of information and personnel. Your biggest headaches come not from anti-Imperials, however, but from the local ISB station. The sector ISB operatives constantly compete with COMPNOR for leads, and claim credit for your successes. If you are to complete your mission to Tapani sector, the ISB will have to be dealt with.

**Personality:** Official, bureaucratic and callous, you are the typical COMPNOR officer. But those who write you off as an arrogant dilettante are in for a surprise: you served with a COMPNOR assault team and know how to deal with traitors...personally.

**Objectives:** To crush the Rebel cells cropping up in Tapani sector, shatter the Justice Action Network, and expose any traitors you can find. (And if those traitors happen to be rivals, so much the better.)

**A Quote:** "I'm sure you realize that your taxation rate for that bacta shipment is 10 percent below that mandated by Imperial law, citizen."

**Connection With Other Characters:** As COMPNOR's military liaison to a planet in Tapani sector, you are in constant contact with the house's Navy and House Guard, as well as the nobles in your jurisdiction. A character playing the ISB agent template can be regarded as your own personal nemesis.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** COMPNOR SAGroup Youth

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Bows \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Jet pack operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **9**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

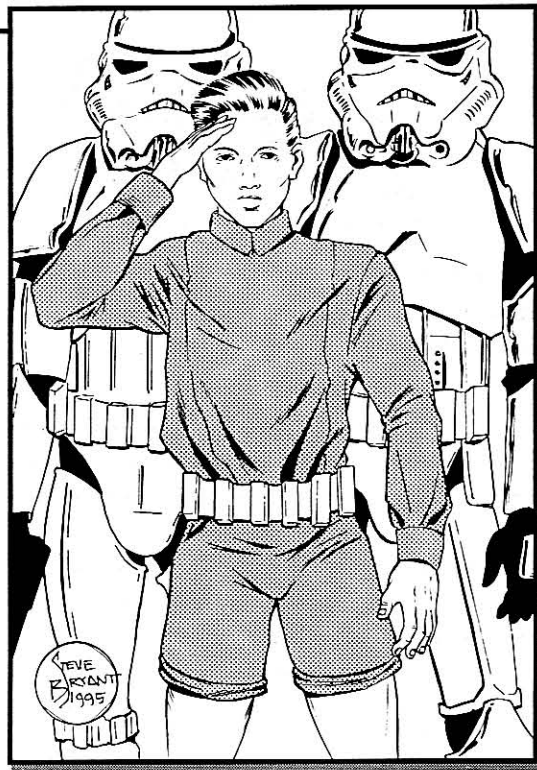
**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** COMPNOR SAGroup uniform, datapad of SAGroup Regulations, COMPNOR-issue stun blaster (2D stun), travel voucher (free passage on non-military Imperial spaceships), 300 credits

**Background:** You have always longed for a place where you could belong, and you found it in COMPNOR SAGroup. The Group builds you up and gives you an identity, and teams you up with comrades you can identify with and rely on.

You readily demonstrated leadership potential soon after joining, and cemented your path to the top by warning your superiors that your friend's parents were not attending the proper rallies.

As a senior member of your SAGroup squad, you have unlimited travel privileges throughout the Empire, and are on an extended sojourn to see as much of the Empire as you can before you return to school and prepare for the admissions test to the Academy. (You also have to write a long report on your travels in order to receive full COMPNOR accreditation, so you dutifully keep a journal of your day-to-day activities).

**Personality:** You are proud to be a loyal and active member of the New Order, and worship the ground the Emperor walks on. You see the world in black and white, and everything Imperial is white.

**Objectives:** To prepare yourself for Academy and military life by seeking action throughout the galaxy.

**A Quote:** "Hail to the Emperor, the Empire and the New Order. May its righteousness never falter." (This is accompanied by a stiff, precision salute that is almost comical coming from someone your age.)

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Con Artist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Variety of outfits and uniforms (suitable for playing such roles as a naive fop, a computer tech, or an Imperial commander), datapad, hold-out blaster (3D), 100 credits

**Background:** You grew up in abject poverty, and you swore that someday you'd better yourself. Well, you have, somewhat. Now you wear fine clothes, jewelry, and mingle with the very elite who once shrank back from you in disgust.

Of course, the clothing is stolen, the jewelry is fake, and the snobs are victims rather than friends, but that suits you just fine. There are plenty of marks out there with more money than sense, and you intend to lighten their purses a bit.

You are adept at taking on a variety of roles in pursuit of a good scam, and have set up some fairly elaborate stings in your day.

**Personality:** You like the challenge of long odds against you. You enjoy planning and executing your schemes. Nothing is better than a well-developed plan when it comes together.

**Objectives:** To pull off the scam of the century.

**A Quote:** "Naturally, as the Crown Prince of Hapuntep, it breaks my heart to have to part with the royal diadem, but my people badly need medical supplies, and you, kind sir, are our last hope."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Corporate Slicer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), portable computer (+1D to *computer programming repair* rolls), datapad, corporate credit voucher (2,000 credits)

**Background:** You used to slice into computer systems for fun...right up until the day you got caught by a Tapani corporate counter-slicing team. Recognizing your natural ability, they offered you a place on their team—a deal you could hardly turn down, since the alternative was a few decades in an Imperial penal colony. Now you work as a computer specialist, helping to prevent unauthorized intrusions into corporate systems.

Your "employers" also realized that you work well in the field, and occasionally send you into rival corporate offices to slice into their networks. It is dangerous—and highly illegal—work, but you enjoy it immensely.

If you mess up, it's a free ride to Kessel. But for now, as long as you perform well, you have a decent expense account, a nice place to live and a challenging job.

**Personality:** You are soft-spoken, attentive and highly intelligent. While you typically feel more comfortable with computers, droids and other machines, you also get along well with your corporate overseers.

**Objectives:** To avoid a sentence to Kessel, and to slice into the best-protected computer systems around.

**A Quote:** "Hmm...it looks like they have a double-helix gene sequence code protecting the key files, but I can slice that. No problem."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You may be on retainer to a noble, or employed as a freelancer by a merchant, scholar, or even Rebel or JAN cells.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Court Fop

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

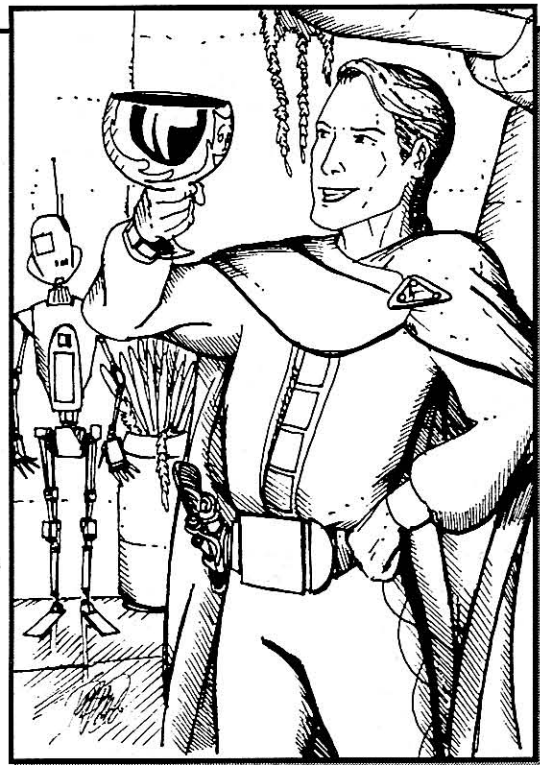
## Wound Status

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Wardrobe full of formal attire, sporting blaster (3D+1), comlink, datapad, personal secretary droid, 4,000 credits, landspeeder

**Background:** You thrive in the Imperial court, though it is a bit difficult to avoid the boring fellows who cluster about the Emperor. You can hardly fathom it; among all the splendor of Coruscant, all these dolts want to talk about are plots, battles, and politics! The fancy dress balls and social gatherings are far more to your liking, since they attract *your* kind of people — those with a sense of style, a knack for clever remarks, and all the right friends.

Of course, you wish you could spend all of your time at court, but Father is trying to mold you into some sort of "responsible person." Since it's important to amuse the old boy (at least if you want his title and money), you frequently find yourself being dispatched on family business. This could (and often does) take you to some fairly strange and alarming places. But it does stop the old boy from grumbling ...

**Personality:** You love social occasions. You already know most of the people *worth* knowing, so everyone else is bound to be beneath you (a situation you simply adore). Saving face and looking good are all-important.

**Objectives:** To win favor with as many court officials as possible, and have a good time. Which objective has the higher priority? Good question! Maybe you'll think about it after the Emperor's Masquerade Ball ...

**A Quote:** "Good day, Admiral. How is that 'battle-Rebel' thing coming along? Lovely... so nice to see you again. Why Princess Holobet, you look *lovely* today... of *course* these are *real* corusca gems, my dear."

**Connection With Characters:**

# Curious Explorer

Character Name:



Player:

Species: Near-Human

Sex: Age:

Height: Weight:

Physical Description:

**Background:** You come from a primitive planet, where only a few leave to explore the stars. Most people have to sign up for indentured service on a freighter. That's how you got away too. Now that you've seen the wonders of gas giants and Imperial Star Destroyers, you'll never go back to your home planet.

**Personality:** You are remarkably curious about all

of the wonders the galaxy has to offer. If people are looking for someone to go to unknown systems, or to establish a new trade route, you're among the first to volunteer.

**Objectives:** To experience everything and see it all!

**A Quote:** "What's it like on Kessel? Is it really *that* bad?"

**Connection With Other Characters:**

## DEXTERITY

2D+1

Blaster  
Dodge  
Firearms  
Pick Pocket  
Thrown Weapons

## PERCEPTION

4D

Bargain  
Hide  
Investigation  
Search

## KNOWLEDGE

3D+2

Aliens Species  
Bureaucracy  
Languages  
Planetary Systems  
Survival

## STRENGTH

2D

Lifting  
Swimming

## MECHANICAL

3D

Archaic Strshp Pltng  
Beast Riding  
Sensors

## TECHNICAL

3D

Demolition  
First Aid  
Ground Vehicle Repair  
Security

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded

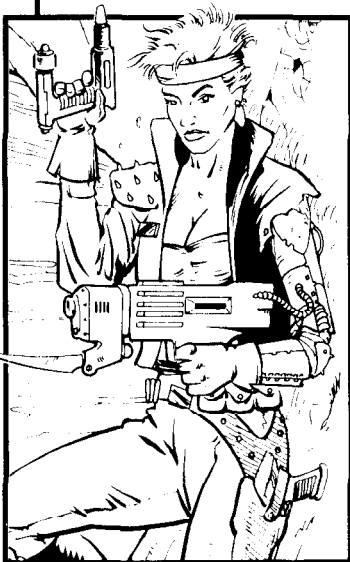
☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), black powder pistol (3D), sword (STR+1D+2)

## Cyborged Pirate

**Character Name:** .....



**Player:** .....  
**Species:** Human  
**Sex:** ..... **Age:** .....  
**Height:** ..... **Weight:** .....  
**Physical Description:** .....

**Background:** Before you knew it, your captain was ordering you and your friends to attack and plunder other ships, and you went along with it. You've since gotten away from that bloodthirsty bunch, but you are still a pirate, robbing ships for valuables. But at least you're not a murderer.

**Personality:** You enjoy the notoriety that the label "pirate" conjures up. You are

one of the harder folks in the galaxy — you can't take danger seriously and you *love* a good party.

**Objectives:** To get rich. (There's something more in life?)

**A Quote:** "Space 'em boys! Hah — no, really, if you just give me all of your money, I'll let you live! Really! (hearty laugh)"

**Connection With Other Characters:** .....

DEXTERITY	3D+2	PERCEPTION	3D
Blaster		Bargain	
Blaster Artillery		Command	
Brawling Parry		Con	
Dodge		Forgery	
Grenade		Gambling	
Melee Combat			

KNOWLEDGE	2D	STRENGTH	2D+2
Business		Brawling	
Intimidation		Stamina	
Languages			
Streetwise			
Value			

MECHANICAL	3D+2	TECHNICAL	3D
Astrogation		Armor Repair	
Capital Ship Gunnery		Blaster Repair	
Repulsorlift Ops		Demolition	
Space Transports		Droid Repair	
Starship Gunnery		Security	
Starship Shields			

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:** .....

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**Dark Side Points:** .....

**Character Points:** .....

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Flashy clothes, cybernetic arm (+1D to left arm to *Strength* to resist damage in combat), lots of gaudy rings and trinkets, comlink, vacuum suit, 2000 credits standard, blaster pistol (damage 4D)

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Cynical Free-Trader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Firearms \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Capital ship \_\_\_\_\_  
gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Capital ship piloting \_\_\_\_\_  
Capital ship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Capital ship repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Capital ship \_\_\_\_\_  
weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Computer program-  
ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship weapon \_\_\_\_\_  
repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Breath mask, heavy blaster pistol (5D), threadbare flight suit, 500 credits

**Background:** You've been running this free-trader business way too long. Smuggling has been your way of life for so long you've forgotten why you started. Fame, wealth, adventure...it all doesn't matter now. You've always been a decent smuggler. When you made some credits, you improved your ship and invested in more lucrative cargoes. It never paid off. No matter how hard you tried, you've always hovered on the edge of debt.

Your travels took you from one end of this galaxy to the other—several times over—and it all wore you down. Too much Imperial oppression. Slavers subjugating entire primitive species. Trade guilds cheating their clients and their members. Corporations polluting entire worlds. The poor and downtrodden overflowing the streets like forgotten trash. Yet you know there's little one person can do about it but pitch handouts to the needy.

**Personality:** You're tired of seeing injustice and poverty, but you know there's little you can do about it but toss credit chits at beggars and orphans. Right now your own survival is more important...and you feel guilty about that.

**Objectives:** To make enough credits to get out of smuggling. That might not be so easy, since you tend to help out others in need every time you have a few spare credits.

**A Quote:** "More stormtroopers. Is there any place in the galaxy where one can escape this constant oppression?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You've joined up with this crew hoping to make enough credits to get out of this business. They'll need your experience.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Cynical Scout

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: Ithorian

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_

Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_

Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** Now that the New Republic has control, they've opened up the galaxy to exploration. You are free to do what you knew you were meant for — exploration and first contact with planets and unknown cultures. You'll be happy just as long as the bureaucrats leave you alone.

**Personality:** You enjoy the solitude of space, the comfort of a new planet, and especially

those who share your appreciation for the unknown.

**Objectives:** To travel as much as possible with as little government interference as possible.

**A Quote:** "Keep your head low, kid. Where'd you learn about kethriak marauders, the zoo?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

### DEXTERITY

2D+2

Blaster  
Brawling Parry  
Dodge  
Melee Combat  
Melee Parry  
Running

### PERCEPTION

3D

Con  
Forgery  
Persuasion  
Sneak

### KNOWLEDGE

5D

Alien Species  
Languages  
Law Enforcement  
Planetary Systems  
Survival

### STRENGTH

3D

Stamina

### MECHANICAL

2D

Astrogation  
Communication  
Sensors  
Space Transports  
Starship Gunnery  
Starship Shields

### TECHNICAL

2D+1

Computer Prog/Rpr  
Security  
Starship Repair  
Starship Wpn Repair

**Special Abilities:** See "Ithorian" in Section 7.1, "Aliens."

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**Dark Side Points:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points:** \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment.** Any reasonable survival gear, scout ship (see page 123), blaster pistol (damage 4D), blaster rifle (damage 5D), vibroblade (STR+1D+2)

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Devaronian Grifter

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Devaronian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Blank deeds (phony), 3 fake IDs, briefcase, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D), expensive business suit, chronometer, 1,000 credits

**Background:** Life is one big scam for you. It's what you do, it's in your blood. You live life a day at a time, wandering the stars as the mood hits (or the mob chases) you.

You make a living by selling people what they want, even if you don't actually *own* it yourself. Since you are constantly moving from place to place, you always keep a few extra identities available for emergencies.

You've heard of the Rebellion against the Empire, but you are basically apolitical. Besides, you've got enough of your own problems to worry about, like getting out of your latest scheme alive.

**Personality:** Shifty and sly, you tend to think of yourself first and others later. You'd probably sell your own mother if you thought you could make a profit. (In fact, you proudly claim you've actually *tried* that particular stunt.) You ply your wares on the unwary and foolish. You give them what they want, even if you don't have it to sell. You never stay in one place for long, usually hopping the next transport out when the wanderlust hits you.

**Objectives:** To make that one big sting that will put you on easy street.

**A Quote:** "I'm telling you my friend, now's the time to buy this prime beachfront land on Tatooine — the ocean reclamation project starts next month, and then *everyone* will want in. Don't take *my* word for it; here's some documents that will verify what I've told you ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Disgraced House Guardsman

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary system \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Jet pack operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (5D), blaster pistol (4D), vibroknife (STR+1D), Blast vest (+1D physical), datapad, lightfoil (disguised as cane, Moderate *search* or Difficult *Perception* check to determine the weapon's true nature, 3D+2 damage), 50 credits

**Background:** You were at the start of a promising career, the son of a petty knight and a lieutenant in the House Guard, until you became romantically entangled with the fiancé of your superior officer. Your commander found out about the affair, and demanded a duel. You won the duel, but it cost you your career: the officer was a noble and his family ruined you.

You've drifted around the sector ever since, working as a mercenary, bodyguard, manual laborer—whatever jobs you can find. Unfortunately, your former commanding officer's family have made sure that you have trouble making a living.

**Personality:** You are extremely bitter, particularly where the nobility is concerned. Still, a tiny voice inside you—the shreds of your idealism, no doubt—reminds you that you once were a man of honor, and you secretly long to restore your name and return to your former status.

**Objectives:** On a day-to-day basis, you mostly want to make enough money to pay for your next meal. Someday, you hope to restore your honor and make up for your past misdeeds.

**A Quote:** "Son, a lord wouldn't know a *flarg* from a blue-tailed *flangh*-hound. That's what the Guard is for: to protect 'em from themselves. Who'll protect the Guard is another matter."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You take on any number of odd jobs, so you could easily be connected with any other type of character.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Disguise Artist

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports repair

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Disguise kit (+1D to con for 3D hours when in disguise), heavy blaster pistol (5D), blaster rifle (5D), various changes of clothing, three sets of false identification, civilian Y-wing starfighter with BoSS registration

**Background:** You once had aspirations to be an actor, and many commented on your uncanny ability to mimic others. After a short period of military service you trained with the ISB as an infiltration agent for Destab branch. After completing your training you decided that you were more interested in earning a living than slaving away for the greater glory of the Empire. Stealing a shuttle, you vanished into Tapani sector, where you operate as a freelance espionage agent serving the highest bidder.

**Personality:** In your private moments you are quiet and introspective, but when you are in the field, you are all business.

**Objectives:** To avoid capture by the ISB and to continue to operate as a freelance spy.

**A Quote:** "A spy's greatest weapon is his anonymity. When the opposition knows who you are, you're as good as finished."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could be posing as a noble employing the characters, or as a member of a Lord's entourage. You could be hiding among Rebels, pretending to serve their cause while you carry out your shadowy agenda. You could even be posing as a member of the House Guard or Navy, an effective cover for a spy.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Duro Merchant

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Duro

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Capital ship repair \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship

weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon

repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Skill Bonus:** +2D for every 1D placed in any *Mechanical* skill listed on this template.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), datapad, vacuum suit, 1,000 credits

**Background:** Growing up on Duro, you heard plenty of stories about your great grand-uncle, a famous spacer who flew illegal cargoes for the Hutts. You never met him, but he always seemed to be with you because you remembered the exciting tales of his smuggling adventures.

Now you've begun your own saga, sneaking cargoes past Imperial Customs and starport security. You've just started to tell tales of your own exploits. The legends about you will only grow with every smuggling run you make and every adversary you skillfully evade or defeat.

**Personality:** You're cool, calm and collected, especially when in the comforting confines of a starship. The only time you really get excited is when you're regaling your comrades with stories of your past exploits.

**Objectives:** Nobody's going to remember you unless you forge some legends of your own. You want to keep running on the edge of the law, blasting your way from one smuggling job to another. Anything that'll make a good story.

**A Quote:** So I'm dodging these TIE fighters, zooming through the orbital shipyards, when a massive container ship pulls right out into my flight path..."

**Connection With Other Characters:** Any smuggler crew might have accepted you for your piloting abilities, or to prove some of the tales you've been bragging about.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ewok

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Ewok

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bows \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling/parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2**

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Glider \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Primitive \_\_\_\_\_

construction \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Skill Bonus:** +2D for every 1D placed in *hide*, *search*, *sneak*.

**Skill Limits:** May not place skill dice in vehicle, starship or repair skills.

**Smell:** +1D to *search* when tracking by scent.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **7**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



John Lona

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Spear (STR+1D), leather backpack, a collection of shiny objects.

**Background:** You used to live on Endor, the "Forest Moon." Then, one day, a big shiny spaceship landed. You investigated. It was filled with fascinating, shiny things and good things to eat. All of a sudden, everything shook. You didn't realize it then, but the ship had taken off, and you couldn't go home.

At first, you were frightened. When you learned you couldn't go home, you were sad. But then you made friends with the humans on the ship. They were from something called the Rebellion, and they fight bad people called the Empire. Humans seem to find Ewoks cute. This is very useful; you've never had any problems finding food or shelter.

You've picked up a little bit of the human language. You don't really understand the strange machines they use, but you've become a little more comfortable with them. Life out here in the galaxy is endlessly fascinating and fun. You've decided to stay with your Rebel friends and help them out.

**Personality:** You like humans. You like good things to eat. You like playing with shiny things. You're cheerful, inquisitive and have a habit of getting yourself — and sometimes your companions — into more trouble than you (or they) can handle.

**Objectives:** To find an endless supply of fun things to play with. To help your human friends even though they seem to be a bit odd.

**A Quote:** "Kaiya! Gyeesh?"

**Connection With Characters:** Choose any other player character you like; you've adopted him or her as your mentor. You follow that person around and try to get them to play with you. If your mentor consistently ignores you, you can switch to another character later on.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ewok Shaman

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Ewok

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity 2D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Bows \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge 3D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Scholar \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical 3D+1

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Glider \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception 3D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength 2D+1

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical 2D+2

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Force skills:** Sense 1D.

**Force Powers:**

**Sense:** Life detection.

**Smell:** Ewoks get a +1D to their *search* skill when tracking by scent. This skill may not be improved.

**Skill bonus:** Beginning characters *only* get 2D for every 1D placed in the *hide*, *search*, and *sneak* skills.

**Skill limits:** New characters may not place skill dice

in any vehicle or starship except *glider*.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 7

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



**Equipment:** Spear (STR+1D), healing satchel (the equivalent of 10 medpac applications), venra root (+1D to *Perception* or *sense* when chewed, for one hour, moderate *stamina* roll required to avoid incapacitation).

**Background:** The Great Tree spoke to you during the Festival of Hoods, when you came of age. The village elders, and the medicine chief as well, said you had a great gift, and for many years you served as the healer, the seer and keeper of the stories in your village.

Now, your muzzle is graying, your mate is dead, and younger Ewoks are taking over the mantle of healer. Now that the Rebel tribes have left your woods, fewer and fewer stargliders visit Endor. You've spent your time with the trees, and now a greater spirit calls you. You accompanied the last star cruiser off planet to pursue that spirit.

Some aliens have the wrong idea about Ewoks, mostly since the Ewoks who have left Endor are young and impetuous. Those who make the same assumptions about you are making a critical error.

**Personality:** Cantankerous and gruff. You believe the old ways are the best, and still keep the faith alive by practising them.

**Objectives:** To pass healing throughout the galaxy. To learn of the other spirits and the other trees.

**A Quote:** "Of course I chan shpeek your language, hoo-man. Do not mishatke appearansh or vocal limitashunz for foolish mind."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ewok Warrior

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Ewok

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Bows \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ 2D

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Glider \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ 4D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ 1D+2

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Primitive construction \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Skill Bonus:** +2D for every 1D placed in hide, search, sneak.

**Skill Limits:** May not place skill dice in vehicle, starship or repair skills.

**Smell:** +1D to search when tracking by scent.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

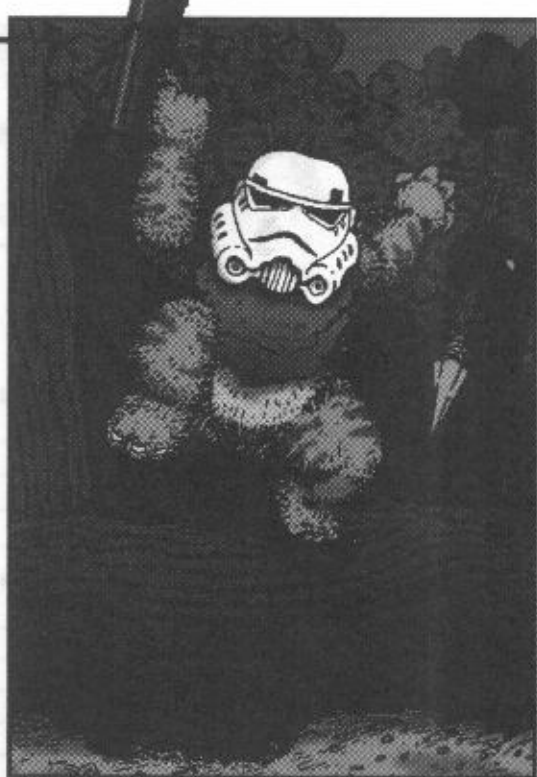
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Nielsen

**Equipment:** Leather backpack, several useless but very shiny objects, spear (STR+1D)

**Background:** You were one of the bravest warriors in your village on Endor. Then you began to hear tales of other Ewoks stowing away aboard shiny metal gliders that whisked them from the forest, up into the sky. When the opportunity came for you to stow away aboard a space vessel, you thought of it as a test of bravery and skill. Seizing the moment, you left Endor behind.

After being discovered aboard the freighter, you made friends with the crew. They think you're cute and funny, so they put up with you doing things like stealing small stuff and pretending you didn't know better. Of course, in return for accepting their strange and primitive ways, you are (moderately) willing to put up with the inevitable fawning and cooing that humans seem to lavish on you at every available opportunity. It was flattering at first, but now it's starting to get on your nerves.

**Personality:** You like humans, mostly because they have adopted you into their form of "clan." You are gruff and occasionally surly. You don't like new things that hurt you — like humans in hard, white suits. You tend to complicate things by being stubborn or just too inquisitive for your own good. When the chips are down, you'll do what you have to to protect those who have accepted you as one of their own.

**Objectives:** To see new things, and to protect those who have befriended you. (However, there are days where you are ready to begin the "Great Hunt" on the next human that pats you on the head and coos about how "adorable" you are.)

**A Quote:** "Grrrrrrr."

**Connection With Characters:** You have adopted the other player characters into your "family." Even if they wanted to, they can't get rid of you. Of course, you can't get rid of them either; you are required by honor to defend them ... even the ones that pat you on the head.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ex-Imperial Commando

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Hover vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Alliance commando uniform, blaster rifle (5D), blaster pistol (5D), knife (STR+1), three fragmentation grenades, (5D), two thermal detonators (10D), medpac, macrobinoculars, 500 credits

**Background:** When you enlisted in the Imperial military, you figured you'd be with the Army for life. You were proud to be a part of such a well-disciplined fighting force, and were honored to stand beside your fellow soldiers on the field of battle. That was before your sensed an ugliness festering among the leaders of the military, a sickness that became apparent when Alderaan was destroyed. Although official channels denied any involvement, word of the Empire's complicity in the disaster spread pretty quickly through the Imperial grapevine. Sickened to the core of your being, you defected to the Rebel Alliance, to see that tragedy on this scale never happens again.

Ever since you "came over" you've asked for the toughest assignments, the most daring operations. You've proven your worth and no one can question your abilities or your loyalty. Which is just as well, since you personally believe that the galaxy needs a strong Emperor. Just not Palpatine.

**Personality:** You know you can never go home again, no matter who wins the war. You're making the best of a bad situation.

**Objectives:** Do your part to end the war as soon as possible, and then pick up the pieces.

**A Quote:** "Beta team, hold here and target that AT-ST with the Plex; remember, wait for the signal and *don't be a hero*. Alpha team, move out. Let's see if we can take these armored dullards by surprise ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

# TALES OF THE JEDI COMPANION

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Type: Ex-rocket jumper

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Pulse-wave weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Rocket pack operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Special Abilities:

None

Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Pulse-wave weapons repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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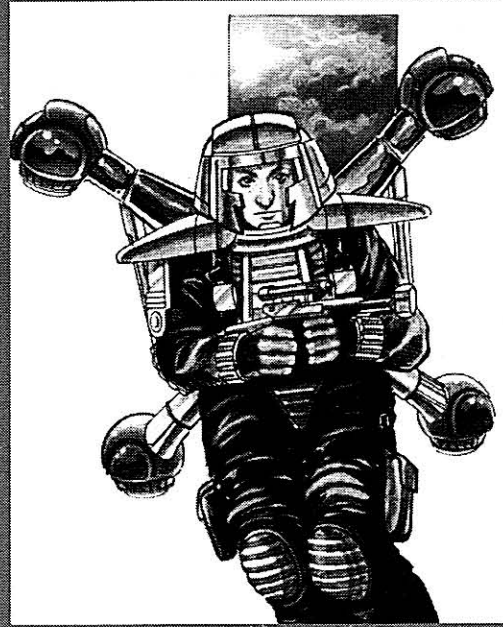
Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_



Christina Ward

PLAYER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Pulse-wave pistol (4D), pulse-wave rifle (5D), quick-draw pulse-wave pistol (3D, ammo: 3), durarmor (+2D physical, +2D energy, -2D Dexterity), PTP link, knife (STR+1D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were once a feared member of an elite Republic military unit until a training accident ended your career. The medics managed to patch you up pretty well, but not well enough for a medical tribunal: you were judged "unfit for duty" as a result of your wounds.

Still, the galaxy is a dangerous place, and you have skills that can help you pay your debts: quickness, toughness and ruthlessness. From the pirate-infested Stennes system to dens of iniquity hidden in the Core Worlds, you travel from system to system, a freelance "problem solver." Sometimes you act as a scout, other times as a bodyguard; one advantage of civilian life is that you get to cut your own marching orders.

**Personality:** Bitter and sarcastic, you still have some anti-Republic sentiment, though at heart you are still a loyalist.

**Objectives:** To once again feel like you belong to something important. If that means playing bodyguard to a corporate exec or acting as a bouncer in a seedy cantina, so be it.

**A Quote:** "It's not so bad ... I ran into tougher customers during the Quesaya Border Conflict."

**Connection With Characters:**

## WOUND STATUS

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Failed Jedi

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Control 1D, sense 1D.* You may select two Force powers.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **Yes**

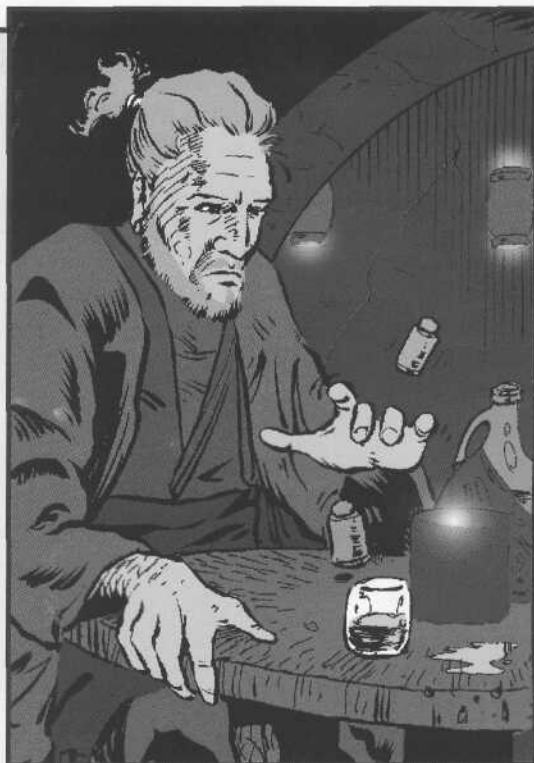
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **2**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



John Lona

**Equipment:** Lightsaber (5D), robes, bottle of liquor, 250 credits

**Background:** A long, long time ago, back in the days of the Old Republic, you were an aspiring Jedi. Sure, you remember Skywalker and Kenobi and all that crew. But you failed. You couldn't hack it. The dark side kept calling, and things never worked quite the way you wanted them to. You turned to drink, and things went downhill from there. Then, the Empire came, and suddenly it wasn't healthy to be a Jedi, or even to know anything about them.

You spent a lot of years drinking heavily. It's not very pleasant to remember.

Now, you've got one more chance. You've got a kid who wants to learn about the Force. You're not sure you can teach him much, but you can try ... try to do something worthwhile before you die.

**Personality:** Cynical, foul-mouthed and pessimistic — but with a heart of gold.

**Objectives:** To make up for your past mistakes by teaching a kid about the Force ... and perhaps somehow redeem *yourself* in the process.

**A Quote:** "Kids. Gah. Kids. You wanna learn how to use the Force? Listen when I talk to you. (Wheeze). Blasted kids. Where's the whiskey?"

**Connection With Characters:** Choose another player character as your student (by mutual agreement).

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## ■ Faithful Co-Pilot

**DEXTERITY** 2D

**KNOWLEDGE** 4D

**MECHANICAL** 3D+1

**PERCEPTION** 1D+2

**STRENGTH** 2D+1

**TECHNICAL** 4D+2

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), tool kits, utility belt, flares, 500 credits, datapad.

**Capsule:** Space was all you ever dreamed about. You wanted to explore the stars, and meet unusual people. You wanted to have no home other than the ship beneath your feet, and no allegiance beyond your captain. In time you learned that while you were a fair pilot — pretty good by most people's standards — your true abilities lie in fixing and tinkering with ships. You may not be able to fly full tilt through an asteroid field, but when it comes to patching together a busted hyperdrive with only tape and 20-year-old patch circuits, you're the best.

You are in many ways the opposite of your captain. He is flashy, bold, and overconfident — you are reserved and more cautious. He can always fly his way out of any trouble, and you specialize in keeping him out of it in the first place. Still, the two of you are a great team and best friends. You have a partnership that will last until the day you retire or strike it rich. Neither of which seems to be happening anytime soon.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Flamboyant Entertainer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Dance \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Artist \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Powersuit \_\_\_\_\_  
operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_  
operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer program-  
ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid program-  
ming \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Expensive street clothes, personal jewelry, stun stick (5D stun), recording rod, custom chronometer, 200 credits

**Background:** You've been in the entertainment industry since you could first walk. You started out as a child actor on the holovids, and graduated to pangalactic variety shows in your teens. You've starred in dramas and comedies, had a singing career, and even started a studio or two.

Having a trillion or so fans can be a lot of pressure, but it's all worth it when you hear those cheers. Your fame does make it hard to get away by yourself, though.

**Personality:** A lifetime of fame and media exposure has made you a bit jaded. You want something more than fame but you're not sure exactly what. Perhaps having an "adventure" of sorts might do the trick ...

**Objectives:** A quiet retirement someday, where you write your memoirs and bask in the rewards of fame.

**A Quote:** "You're happy to meet me at long last? But of course you are!"

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Rick Stuart/Paul Sudlow

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# TALES OF THE JEDI COMPANION

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Freedom Warrior

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Pulse-wave weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Astrogration \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Special Abilities:**

None

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Computer programming/

repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
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\_\_\_\_\_ 0

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ No

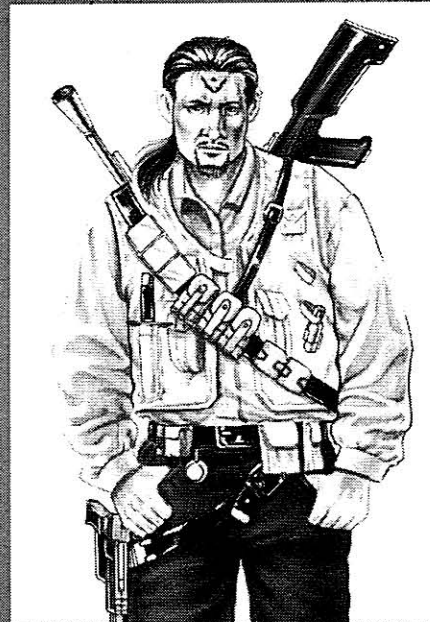
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## WOUND STATUS

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Christina Wald

PLAYER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Flex-armor(+1D physical and energy, -1D Dexterity), PTP link, modified pulse-wave blaster pistol (4D+2).

**Background:** The Freedom Warriors, though not a Force-using group, assist the Jedi Knights in the upholding of justice and peace throughout the galaxy. These fearless soldiers take up responsibilities too politically inconvenient for the Republic government or too resource-heavy for the Jedi to handle, given the coming conflict.

You joined the Freedom Warriors like your father before you, and his father before him. You believe in the Force and the goals of the Jedi Knights, and you now serve in any way you can. You have recently been assigned your first duties as a full-fledged Warrior, and you hope to eventually become the leader of your unit.

**Personality:** You yearned to join the Freedom Warriors your whole life. Now that you've passed all of the requirements for membership, you can't wait to prove your prowess.

**Objectives:** To serve the light side of the Force in any way you can.

**A Quote:** "The light side knows my destiny, and that is all that matters."

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Freeworlds Artist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ / Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception 3D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge 4D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Artist: sculpture \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength 2D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical 2D+1

Computer program-  
ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports  
repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tom Blundello

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), vibrochisel (STR+1D+1), sculpting tools, datapad, comlink, MrIssti flitter, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You grew up in a middle-class Freeworlds family, and displayed an artistic flair early on. Encouraged by your parents, you apprenticed yourself to a famous Herglic sculptor who worked for the Tapani houses. Your master taught you the fine points of sculpting, but just as he was reaching his prime, he was blacklisted by the houses eager to curry favor with the Empire by emphasizing human art.

Ironically, the blacklist did wonders for your own career. Even as your master and other alien artists were forced out of work, young talented humans like yourself experienced a windfall of contracts and sponsorships. Your master encouraged you to pursue these, but you still felt guilty doing so.

You have since succeeded as an artist, and have attracted a small but growing circle of fans among the artistically-inclined members of the Tapani elite. Still, you have misgivings about the Empire, and wonder when they'll decide that your art too is no longer desirable.

**Personality:** You are wildly creative and slightly eccentric. Fortunately, people expect artists to be a little strange, and your skill gives you leeway to be yourself. You tend to get intensely focused on a problem to the exclusion of all else.

**Objectives:** To become the most recognized and lauded sculptor in Tapani sector, and possibly beyond. To redress the wrong done to your master and his peers.

**A Quote:** "Fine lines in your face, Baron Balcomb—the noble brow of a second Shey Tapani. Wouldn't your descendants curse your name if you failed to leave them a bust of your dignified visage?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** Tapani nobles and Imperial elites are likely present or past sponsors. You might know anyone else from your days as a student or up-and-coming artist.

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Freeworlds Trader

**Gender/Species:**

/Herglic

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Special Abilities

**Natural armor:** A thick layer of blubber gives a Herglic +1D to resist physical damage.

**Gambling frenzy:** A Herglic who passes by a game of chance must make a Moderate *willpower* roll to resist joining in.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tom Biondolillo

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), stock YT-1300 light freighter (with Herglic-sized features), comlink, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were among those who resisted when the Empire invaded your homeworld of Giju. As a result, you lost everything—your family, business, and your homeworld.

You managed to escape with your life and freedom, but not much else. After a few years serving on a Sullustan merchant ship, you came to the Tapani Freeworlds Region, where you could live among Herglics who were still free.

Today you have a well-established cargo run among the Freeworlds, and even take occasional trips into the Expanse and to other sectors. But you are growing bored with your predictable life, and as you watch the Empire grow ever more influential in the Freeworlds, you think maybe it's time you got back into the anti-Empire business. Maybe with the Rebels, maybe with the JAN.

**Personality:** Most people expect Herglics to be docile and peaceful—there is nothing meek or passive about you. There never has been. You have learned to be more devious and subtle in recent decades to suit the stereotype, but only to achieve surprise at the appropriate tactical moment.

**Objectives:** To challenge the Empire and its anti-Herglic minions, and preserve Tapani sector as a safe refuge for Herglics. To keep your life interesting.

**A Quote:** "Hauum. Life gets a little dull if you can't crack a few Imperial heads now and again."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have met just about anyone in your wanderings as a merchant.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Galactic Big Game Hunter

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Bows \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Jet pack operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

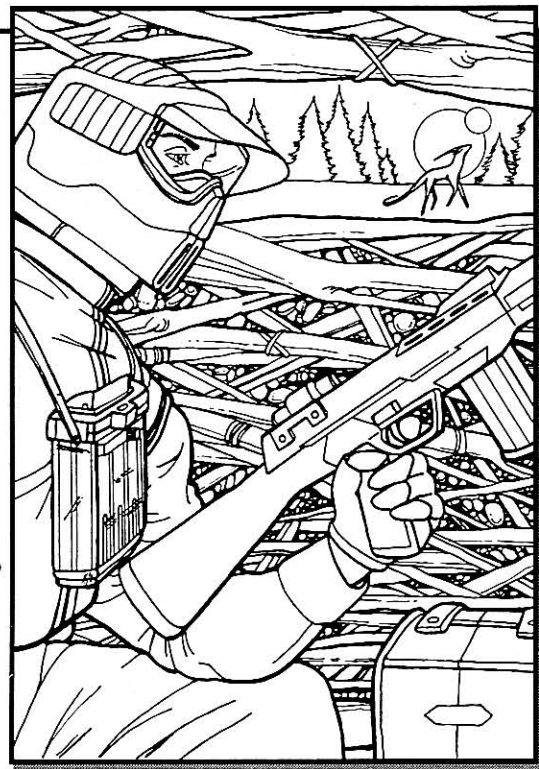
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchillinski

**Equipment:** Sporting blaster rifle (4D+1), sporting blaster pistol (3D+1), vibroblade (STR+3D), syntherope, water purification kit, macrobinoculars, medpac, survival kit, outdoor clothing, breather mask

**Background:** Hunting as a profession was not always your first career choice. For the first 15 years of your professional life, you were an accountant. It wasn't until a client invited you to accompany him on a wildlife safari that you discovered the intense thrill of the chase. Six months after returning to your practice, you quit, packed your bags, and caught a freighter bound for the Outer Rim.

Now you make your living in the hunt. Sometimes you go it alone or with other pros — to bag furs, pelts, live animals for resale, and eggs. Other times you hire yourself as a guide for amateurs looking for a good hunt. Though you are strict with your charges, you are never patronizing to them.

**Personality:** Each hunt for you is a unique experience: a battle of wits, a pitting of brute strength verses brute ingenuity. Someday you'll meet your match, but until then ...

**Objectives:** Making it into the record books is not what you're about. Surviving against the odds — now that's the ticket!

**A Quote:** "Oh, did I mention that tomorrow we're leaving the blasters in camp?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Gambler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



John Lona

Dexterity	3D+2	Perception	_____ 4D
Blaster	_____	Bargain	_____
Brawling parrv	_____	Con	_____
Dodge	_____	Forgery	_____
Melee combat	_____	Gambling	_____
Melee parrv	_____	Persuasion	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

<b>Knowledge</b>	3D	<b>Strength</b>	_____ 2D+2
Alien species	_____	Brawling	_____
Bureaucracy	_____	Lifting	_____
Business	_____	Stamina	_____
Languages	_____	_____	_____
Streetwise	_____	_____	_____
Value	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

<b>Mechanical</b>	_____ 2D+1	<b>Technical</b>	_____ 2D+1
Astrogation	_____	Droid program-	_____
Repulsorlift	_____	ming	_____
operation	_____	Droid repair	_____
Space transports	_____	First aid	_____
Starship gunnery	_____	Repulsorlift repair	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

**Special Abilities**  
 None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Deck of sabacc cards, hold-out blaster (3D), one week's worth of expensive clothes, 1,000 credits, datapad with rules for over 2,000 games of chance

**Background:** The galaxy is your oyster. You can go anywhere, do anything. You're never down and out permanently—all you have to do is find a (fairly) honest game of chance, and there's gambling everywhere. Money comes and money goes, but the game goes on.

Love 'em and leave 'em, that's your philosophy. You've never seen any point in settling down ... not when there's a starship leaving in an hour, a gambling table in the lounge and new worlds to explore at the other end of the journey.

It's a good life. There's always something new to do, always another game, always a fine meal or a top-notch wine. You've seen the cream of society and the dregs of the galaxy, and you're comfortable with both.

How'd you get mixed up with the Rebellion? Well, it's more that you got mixed up with the Empire. A little misunderstanding and presto! You're wanted on a few planets. (Okay, okay ... *more* than a few.) It's tough to handle.

The Rebellion looks pretty hopeless right now, but it's always got a chance ... hey, you're a gambler, right? Sometimes it pays to play the long odds.

**Personality:** Charming, unfailingly polite, insouciant, and insecure. You do extremely well with members of the opposite sex. Everybody either loves you or hates you ... but absolutely no one *trusts* you.

**Objectives:** To have a really good time wherever you're going. To set up someone for the big score, the con of a lifetime. And if your schemes inconvenience the Empire, well, so much the better.

**A Quote:** "It's a sure thing. Can't lose. *Trust* me. Hey, why are you all looking at me like that?"

**Connection With Characters:** You've kicked around the galaxy a lot, and could have become friends with—or swindled—any one of the other characters.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ground Assault Vehicle Commander

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Walker operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Walker repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

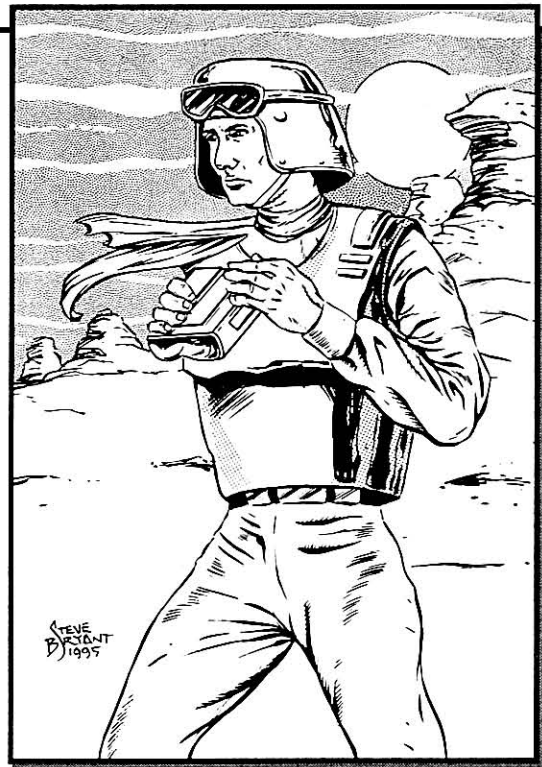
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Imperial uniform, blast vest (+1 physical, +2 energy), blast helmet (+1D physical, +2 energy), medpac, macrobinoculars, blaster pistol (4D), rations pack, 200 credits, Imperial GAV (options include Juggernaut, CAVwPK-10, PX4 Mobile Command Base, Flying Fortress, or Hoverscout; see pages 69-79 of *Imperial Sourcebook* for more information).

**Background:** You come from a family of warriors. For many generations, your family has served Coruscant with honor and bravery. You are not about to be left out.

After graduating from the Academy, you served for a time in the infantry before working your way into armored fighting vehicles. Now that you've found your niche, you intend to stay put for awhile.

You are career army, and though you are ambitious, the ideologies of the New Order do not much interest you. You make little effort to curry favor with New Order representatives. You are a soldier, not a politician. Besides, it isn't your place to judge the Empire — your ancestors did not question their rulers, and neither should you.

**Personality:** You live it up when on leave and are a great practical joker. On the battlefield you say little — you let your cannons do the talking for you.

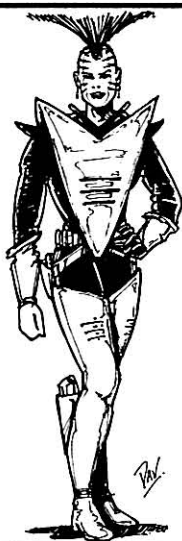
**Objectives:** Your job is to take out as many of the other side as possible. You'll go home after the last Rebel has laid down his arms at the foot of your vehicle.

**A Quote:** "Until the Rebels surrender, I'm here to stay."

**Connection With Characters:**

## Guild Bounty Hunter

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Terry Pavlet

Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: \_\_\_\_\_

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** You are among the best trained and motivated hunters in the galaxy. To date, you have an almost flawless performance record and your superiors are starting to take notice. You owe it to those who believe in you to show them that their time and credits have not been wasted.

**Personality:** You view yourself as a trained specialist who gets the job done better than

anyone else. Who and what you are you owe to your guild. Their interests come first.

**Objectives:** Retirement at age 45 or after your 100th acquisition, whichever comes first.

**Quote:** "Nothing personal, just business."

**Connection With Other Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

DEXTERITY	3D	PERCEPTION	3D
Blaster	_____	Bargain	_____
Dodge	_____	Con	_____
Grenade	_____	Forgery	_____
Melee Combat	_____	Gambling	_____
Melee Parry	_____	Hide	_____
Thrown Weapons	_____	Investigation	_____
		Search	_____
KNOWLEDGE	2D+2	Sneak	_____
Alien Species	_____	STRENGTH	2D+2
Cultures	_____	Brawling	_____
Languages	_____	Climbing/Jumping	_____
Planetary Systems	_____	Stamina	_____
Survival	_____		
		TECHNICAL	3D+2
		Armor Repair	_____
<b>MECHANICAL</b>	<b>3D</b>	Blaster Repair	_____
Astrogation	_____	Computer Prog/Rpr	_____
Communications	_____	Demolition	_____
Repulsorlift Ops	_____	Droid Programming	_____
Space Transports	_____	Droid Repair	_____
Sensors	_____	First Aid	_____
		Security	_____

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☒ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), IPKC bounty hunter license, comlink, datapad, heat reflective power armor (+1D energy, +2D physical; +1D to *Strength* and related skills, -1D *Dexterity* and related skills), hold-out blaster (3D+2), knife (STR+2), light repeating blaster (6D), magnetic binders, medpac, neural inhibitor (5D stun), syntherope, 500 credits

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Gunrunner

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Blast vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, torso only), hold-out blaster (3D), modified BlasTech DL-44 heavy blaster pistol (5D+2), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You grew up on a world filled with strife: gang wars, skirmishes with starport security, and finally Imperial occupation. Surviving wasn't easy. If you didn't have credits and sharp senses, you didn't last long. You managed to survive by staying out of the fights, and made enough credits supplying factions with equipment. At first you dealt in foodstuffs and medicine, but you soon discovered weapons commanded a higher price. Eventually you saved enough to flee your homeworld and pursue your trade in other star systems.

Now you thrive off other's wars. Where there's a conflict, there are credits to be made. You're careful of the many risks. As a successful gunrunner, you maintain trusted contacts, fly your ship into the heat of battle, and always have extra firepower on their side.

**Personality:** You're somewhat cold and uncaring—you have to be. You deal in death. The more involved you get, the less focused you are on the job at hand. If you have a soft spot, you become vulnerable.

**Objectives:** Gunrunning is an increasingly dangerous business. You need to make enough credits to pay off bribes, invest in more powerful weapons, and keep your ship maintained.

**A Quote:** "I don't care about your cause or your politics. Just fork over the credits and you can have your blaster rifles."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You may be working with another smuggler who relies on your contacts and experience. If you own a freighter, you might have hired others to help your gun-running business.

# TALES OF THE JEDI COMPANION

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Type: Healer

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_/Miraluka

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Astrostation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Special Abilities:

Force sight: The Miraluka rely on their ability to perceive their surroundings by sensing the slight Force vibrations emanated from all objects. In any location where the Force is in some way cloaked, the Miraluka are effectively blind.

Force skills: Control 3D.

Control: Accelerate healing, control pain, detoxify poison

Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber repair \_\_\_\_\_

(A) Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_Yes

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 2

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_



Christina Wald

PLAYER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Equipment: Lightsaber (4D+1), PTP link, 3 med-aid packs, stow bag.

**Background:** Your desire to become a medical doctor started you on the path toward being a Jedi healer, but you did not realize your sensitivity to the Force until half-way through medical training at the system's technical academy.

When a visiting Jedi Master noticed your innate abilities, you returned with him to begin your apprenticeship on Ossus, studying under one of the greatest Jedi healers of this age.

**Personality:** Always vigilant in both study and service, you spend most of your free time learning the anatomies of the various species of the galaxy—just in case you encounter an alien being in need of your medical knowledge. Joining the Jedi Knights was the best decision you ever made, and you have come to rely on the Force as your ally.

**Objectives:** To offer your expertise wherever it is needed.

**A Quote:** "I think he's gone into shock. Quick, someone hand me a med-aid!"

**Connection With Characters:**

## WOUND STATUS

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Herglic Archaeologist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Herglic

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Archaic starship

    piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

    operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 4D+2

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Computer program-

    ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Natural armor:** A thick layer of blubber gives a Herglic +1D to resist physical damage.

**Gambling frenzy:** A Herglic who passes by a game of chance must make a Moderate *willpower* roll to resist joining in.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tom Blondillo

**Equipment:** Outdoor hiking gear, syntherope, datapad, sensor pack, blaster pistol (4D), rations pack, pick axe, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You have always felt a strong sense of history. Born on Lamuir IV, you grew up surrounded by the ruins of a long-dead Herglic empire. You deeply believe that the ruins conceal technological secrets lost to the modern galaxy, though you have yet to find any evidence to support your hypothesis.

While you have been known to travel out of Tapani sector on archaeological expeditions (usually to gain funding for more research on Lamuir IV), you always return to your home planet.

**Personality:** Quiet and very soft-spoken, you try to put others at ease around you. You are very serious about your work, but always have time for a kind word to a friend.

**Objectives:** To prove once and for all that the ruins on Lamuir IV are of Herglic origin.

**A Quote:** "Interesting. Notice the stratification of sediment on the upper area of the complex. I wonder if this was an ancient communal house?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You may have encountered Rebels hiding in the ruins on Lamuir IV and agreed to keep their secret. You may have been employed by a noble to find a lost family heirloom in exchange for more expedition funding.

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Herglic Gambler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Herglic

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Special Abilities

**Natural Armor:** A thick layer of blubber gives a Herglic +1D to resist damage from physical attacks. It gives no bonus to energy attacks.

### Story Factors:

**Gambling Frenzy:** A Herglic who passes by a gambling game must make a Moderate *willpower* check to avoid joining it.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **6**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Tailor-made clothing, stun cloak (5D stun), hold-out blaster (3D), datachip with verified credit line, 500 credits

**Background:** You learned early on the intense weakness those of your species have when it comes to gambling after you blew away your Academy tuition on a card game. While most Herglics control the urge to gamble by abstaining entirely, you decided that the best protection was to embrace the gambling lifestyle totally and become good enough that you need not fear losing.

It worked. You may have trouble turning away from a card game, but once you're in it, you can clean out just about anyone. Everything, from the clothes on your back to the food you eat, comes from your ability to manipulate chance and luck.

You spend a great deal of your time in the plush casinos and gaming salons where the high rollers hold court. You aren't a high roller yourself — yet — but you've made a big enough mark to gain admittance to their domain and an occasional hand in their games. Already, you've won and lost several enormous fortunes. Disappointing, but you can probably win another if you really need it.

**Personality:** As a Herglic, you are an instant target for would-be card sharks in every gambling joint you enter. You enjoy playing the innocent Herglic unable to refuse a bet — at least until you have all their money.

**Objectives:** Work your way through every casino in the Core Worlds, one clean sweep after another.

**A Quote:** "It's not whether you win or loose, just how often."

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** High-stakes Gambler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Herglic

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Natural armor:** A thick layer of blubber gives a Herglic +1D to resist physical damage.

**Gambling frenzy:** A Herglic who passes by a game of chance must make a Moderate willpower check to avoid joining in.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Expensive cloak and clothing, hold-out blaster (3D), datachip with verified credit line (of 10,000 credits, usable only in casinos in Tapani sector), 1,000 credits

**Background:** Like most Herglics, you can't resist a game of chance. Unlike many of your fellow Herglic, you don't lose much—you've always been lucky. After a particularly cutthroat round of sabacc, a local noble began to back you, loaning you money and collecting an addition 10 percent on your winnings. So far, the partnership has been highly profitable.

On occasion, the noble asks you to play against opponents of his choosing, usually so you can determine whether or not he or she is cheating. The noble is so pleased with your performance, he often refers other nobles to you. As long as you keep winning, you'll strike it rich.

**Personality:** Laconic and inscrutable, you are a fearsome opponent when it comes to bluffing. You secretly fear that your luck will one day run out.

**Objectives:** To roam Tapani sector, sampling the finest luxuries it has to offer. One day you will retire, but for right now your only goal is to get into a game of chance.

**A Quote:** "I trust no one has an objection to raising the stakes...."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could have booked passage with a smuggler or merchant. As an alternative, perhaps you have some Rebel sympathies and have agreed to raise some additional money for a local Alliance cell.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Hologrid Celebrity

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Flashy clothes, personal secretary droid, luxury landspeeder with driver, two-season contract with local hologrid studio, a face known throughout the sector, 8,000 credits (including a contract advance of 4,000 credits), five-season contract with a sleazy agent of dubious moral character

**Background:** You're a star. Everyone knows your name. You've been the hottest thing on the sector hologrid for two seasons now.

Your next step will be the big one — a galaxy-wide contract! Well, maybe someday after this *bothersome* war is over. Right now you're enjoying your fame.

Besides, you have another job to do: a job for the New Republic. You've become the public spokesperson and cheerleader for the New Republic in your sector. The New Republic is the second hottest thing in this sector right now (after you) and you figure it will boost your rising star (besides, it's the *right* thing to do, and audiences simply *adore* a socially-conscious star).

Your agent has assured you that such a winning combination *can't lose!* (Of course your agent is a tad behind on negotiating your royalty compensation, but he'll get to it soon, no doubt.) Ever since they got rid of the Imperial censors that used to ruin your perfect performances, your true abilities are seen by billions! You know they love every minute of it!

**Personality:** You have a flair for the dramatic. You love performing on the hologrid and live to hear the cheers of your fans. You know your way is best — how else could you have become so famous? Everyone loves you and you know it.

**Objectives:** To become as famous as possible.

**A Quote:** "Oh! Thank you! *Thank* you! No, please, you're too kind... no, really, stop! You're embarrassing me!"

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** HoloVid Gossip Columnist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Press credentials, datapad, holorecorder, comlink, hold-out blaster (3D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You began your career as a stringer for Sektor 242 NewsLine, but the competition among your fellow journalistic freelancers made earning a living virtually impossible. Moving to Tapani sector, you impressed one of the local holovid carriers with a gossip piece on a minor noble. You were hired on the spot and now you work as a "dirt-sniffer," trying to catch a noble in some sort of impropriety.

Currently, your column is growing in popularity among the average citizens of the sector, though the various Houses have started to despise you.

**Personality:** You are affable and likable, but have something of a cruel streak. You are somewhat bitter about the state of your journalistic career but grudgingly admit that you are very good at your newfound profession.

**Objectives:** To catch a noble involved in a major crime.

**A Quote:** "So can I take that as 'no comment,' Lord Hoall?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could use the disgraced House Guardsman or a retainer as an informant. A bacta merchant, smuggler or pilot may have let you aboard his or her ship—you are either undercover, hoping to get a good story, or are aboard the ship as a simple charter.

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Hot-Shot Pilot

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Allen species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Archaic starship \_\_\_\_\_

piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, gear bag, 500 credits

**Background:** You've always had an affinity for flying fast machines. When you were young, you quickly mastered the family landspeeder, pushing it to the limit. Later you tried speeder bikes, swoops and airspeeders. Each time you pulled wild stunts, overrode the speed safety parameters, and barely avoided dangerous obstacles. You had good luck with machines.

When you left home, you journeyed to the largest spaceport on your planet. There you joined the planetary militia's flight unit, flying airspeeders and ancient snub fighters to protect shipping in your system. You were an ace, but your brash attitude soon got you in trouble with authority. When your hot-shot antics cost the life of a fellow pilot, you left your homeworld. Now you travel the galaxy, trying to prove your flight abilities to anyone who will let you near a cockpit.

**Personality:** Speed is everything. If you can't beat them, you can't brag to them. You're always out to prove yourself, and rarely back down from challenges.

**Objectives:** You have an egotistical need to outshine everyone else. The best way to do that is to fly better and faster than anyone else.

**A Quote:** "I've seen rocks fly better than that. Give me the controls. Get ready to see some real piloting."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have joined a freighter crew to prove your flight abilities. Others might follow you if your piloting skills are half as great as you say they are.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** House Guard

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Tactics \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Ground vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Hover vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_ 2D

Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_ 4D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_ 3D

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), blaster rifle (5D+1), House Guard armor and helmet (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D to *Dexterity* and related skills), macrobinoculars, comlink, datapad, dehydrated food pack, bacta geltab, medpac

**Background:** Your family has a long, proud history of service in the House Guard. While you come from a working class background, you are pleased at the relative equality between noble and commoner in the military. You find the job challenging, though you long to see some real combat; chasing pirates and Rebels as they scurry into hiding is becoming a little stale.

**Personality:** Cocky, proud and somewhat arrogant, though you adhere to military regulations scrupulously.

**Objectives:** To serve out your tour in the Guard, and—hopefully—earn a position as a House knight.

**A Quote:** "Reporting as ordered, sir!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You may know a House knight that has taken you under his wing. You could serve under the House Guard captain. Perhaps you are related to the Disgraced House Guardsman and seek to atone for his past misdeeds.

**Player Name:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** House Guard Captain

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2** **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_  
Blaster \_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_  
Bargain \_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_  
Investigation \_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1** **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_  
Intimidation \_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_  
Tactics \_\_\_\_  
Willpower \_\_\_\_  
Brawling \_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_  
Jet pack operation \_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_  
Armor repair \_\_\_\_  
Blaster repair \_\_\_\_  
Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **18**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tom Biondillo

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Battle armor (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D Dexterity and related skills), blaster rifle (5D+1), heavy blaster pistol (5D), sword (STR+1D), 1,200 credits, comlink, datapad

**Background:** You are a proud, noble warrior in service to the House Guard. You joined at an early age—you lied about your age, if the truth be known—and have excelled at performing your duties. Now, as an officer, you have a degree of autonomy. You command a small squad of Guards that you personally selected. You have a certain amount of freedom about how you carry out your duties. Overall, you are the master of your own fate. Empires have been forged from less.

You are fiercely loyal to your House and your near-zealotry has caused you some difficulty in the past; fist-fights with Guards from rival Houses can slow a person's rise through the ranks. Fortunately, your Lord was amused by such incidents, though his largesse is probably not infinite.

Despite your rough edges, you are a deadly warrior and a consummate professional. Your men respect you, your enemies fear you and the future ahead appears to be extremely bright.

**Personality:** Flamboyant, courtly and audacious, you have charmed nobles and common folk alike. You are quick to anger, always ready for a brawl and never forget an insult.

**Objectives:** To serve your Lord until your dying breath.

**A Quote:** "Live life to the hilt, lads. Tomorrow it may all end."

**Connection With Other Characters:** As a House Guard officer, you could easily be acquainted with the disgraced House Guardsman, the House Guardsman and the COMPNOR military liaison.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** House Guard Officer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2** **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2** **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (5D+1), blaster pistol (4D), knife (STR+1D), three grenades (5D), battle armor (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D to *Dexterity* and related skills), medpac, dress uniform, comlink

**Background:** You were born into the family of a low-ranking petty knight, meaning you won't inherit your parents' titles when they die. You spent your youth attending exclusive schools for the Tapani elite. After graduation, you attended the Imperial Academy at Raithel, but rather than enter the Imperial military, you returned to Tapani to join up with a House Guard regiment affiliated with your house.

It would be nice to win a title for yourself someday, but your more immediate goal is to advance within the ranks of the officers corps. You may not have much influence in the house nobility, but within the ranks of its military, authority comes to those who earn it.

**Personality:** You are patient and laid back in your off-hours, but hard-nosed and focused while on duty. You have little patience for those who know nothing, even if society expects you to pretend they do because of their titles.

**Objectives:** To defend your house and advance in your regiment of the House Guards.

**A Quote:** "In the House Guard, title is not enough to win you respect. That's what I like about it."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might know nobles, Imperials, or senatorials through your family or from your academy days. Others you might know through your duties as a House Guardsman.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** House Knight

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid

programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tom Biondillo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Sporting blaster (3D+1), comlink, datapad, protocol droid, luxury landspeeder, expensive wardrobe for both formal and casual settings, 4,000 credits

**Background:** You were born into a noble house of Tapani, one with a long and honored history. As a knight, you are at the lower end of the nobility chain, but you stand a good chance at a higher title should you impress the right people with your capabilities.

Currently, you serve as a house courier for messages and packages deemed too delicate or important to entrust to a commoner. Your errands take you all over the sector (and occasionally to the Core), and you are meeting a wide range of people who may someday be of use to you. Fortunately, your duties are light enough to allow you some freedom to move about on your own as well.

**Personality:** You are ambitious and driven to raise your standing in your house, not only for your sake, but for the sake of your entire extended family. You are extremely loyal to your house and generous to those who work for you.

**Objectives:** To become a baron or even a lord in the service of your house.

**A Quote:** "It isn't *what* you do so much as *who* notices you doing it."

**Connection With Other Characters:** As a noble, you might know other nobles, Imperials, or senatorials. A character with paramilitary skills might serve you or with you as a pilot or bodyguard. Other people you might know through your duties as a house courier.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** House Retainer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

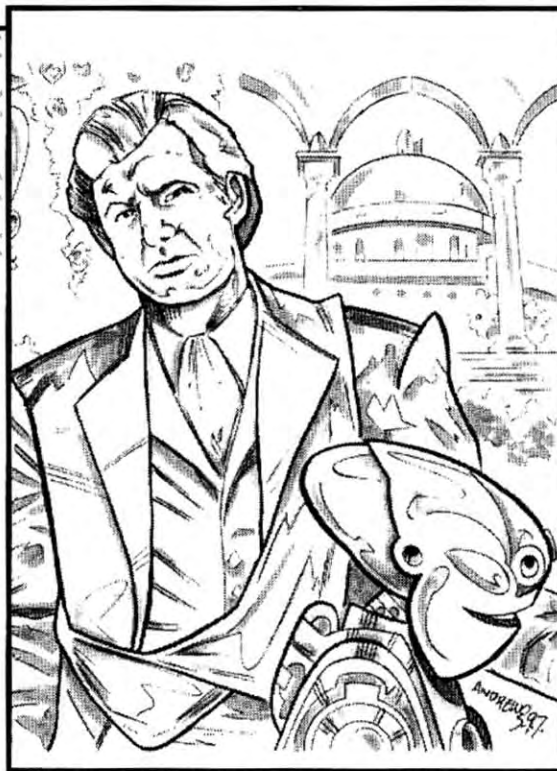
**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), comlink, 2,000 credits, disruption bubble generator (operates in a 2-meter sphere; has a sensor *stealth* of 4D; if used against a sensor operator, make an opposed roll—if the sensor operator rolls higher, he notices an anti-surveillance device is in operation; unit's body strength is 1D and if the unit is even lightly damaged by rough handling it is destroyed)

**Background:** Your family has served a noble house since the days of Shey Tapani, a tradition you are honored to carry on. You may not agree with the noble you serve (on politics, social graces or business practices) but you pride yourself on your flawless execution of his instructions.

**Personality:** You are part valet, part bodyguard, and the safety of your lord is your paramount concern. You are extremely conscious of the social protocols of the Tapani nobility, though to the "lower orders" you can be brusque (some say rude).

**Objectives:** To honor your family and to serve your lord to the best of your ability.

**A Quote:** "Perhaps, my lord, the blue cloak would be a better choice for the celebration. I understand mauve and pink are no longer in fashion."

**Connection With Other Characters:** Your lord could have ordered you to act as liaison to a security specialist, bacta merchant or other businessperson. Perhaps you serve a particularly vengeful noble who has ordered you to keep tabs on a disgraced House guard.

**Player Name:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE to TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** House Troubleshooter

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Tom Biondillo

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), vibroknife (STR+2D), two medpacs, datapad, comlink, protocol droid, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You spent the first 15 years of your commoner life in a dirt-poor mining town on one of Tapani's less exclusive planets. Your ticket out was a full scholarship to Reena University, sponsored by a house lord who saw promise in you.

You excelled in your studies and went on to serve in house naval intelligence. Your unorthodox yet effective approach to crisis-solving further impressed your mentor, and when your term of duty expired, he hired you on as a house troubleshooter.

Now, whenever a delicate or dangerous situation too scandalous for a noble to touch rears its ugly head, you are there to take it down. Blackmailers, kidnappers, spies, terrorists, unsuitable suitors—one way or another they've threatened the stability of your house, and one way or another you've neutralized them all.

You aren't *exactly* above the law, but what the law doesn't see it doesn't mind, and your employers do all they can to keep things that way.

**Personality:** You are eternally grateful to your mentor and house for saving you from a life in the mines, and your loyalty to your house is unswerving. You don't always like what you have to do, but the house that gave you life and hope deserves all you have to give.

**Objectives:** To protect the assets and members of your house—both from actual harm and reputation-blasting scandals.

**A Quote:** "A little hush money or strong arm is all you need to take care of eight out of ten house problems—the other two are where you earn your pay check."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might know Imperials, nobles and senators through your house contacts. Others you may know through various duties you perform for your house.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Adjutant

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Capital ship \_\_\_\_\_

gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Imperial uniform, protective vest (+2 to *Strength* to resist damage), helmet (+2 to *Strength* to resist damage), medpac, macrobinoculars, blaster pistol (4D), 200 credits

**Background:** Your family has long served Coruscant, in both military and political capacities. You walk in both spheres as an aide to an up-and-coming admiral who has many friends of consequence in the New Order regime. Though in name you are an adjutant reporting directly to the admiral, in reality, you are a minor but useful errand-runner who reports to the aide of one of the admiral's junior assistants.

Your duties take you far and wide, and seldom get boring. You've done everything from arranging inspection tours for the admiral, to silencing those who discovered things they shouldn't have, to carrying messages deemed too delicate for normal channels. Needless to say, you have quite a bit of dirt on quite a few people.

You haven't used this information, yet, content that your abilities, family name, and connections will accomplish more than threats and blackmail. Still, you know you are not playing on a level playing field, and should your rise falter, you are prepared to do what you must to move up.

**Personality:** You are very ambitious, but also very patient and mild in temperament. Those who assume that you are simply a pampered desk jockey do so at their own peril — you earned your grade on the battlefield, and are quite capable of killing to get the job done.

**Objectives:** The Emperor's command staff will have an opening one day and you mean to fill it.

**A Quote:** "If you can't do the job, then *I* will."

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Imperial Assassin-In-Training

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Claws:* STR+1D damage

*Sharp Teeth:* STR+1D damage. -1D from any parries that round.

*Indoctrination:* You may not place any beginning skill dice in *Knowledge* skills other than *intimidation*, *survival*, and *willpower*.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **12**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Knife (STR+1D), blaster (4D), dark cloak (+1D to *sneak*)

**Background:** You have no memory of your people, though you were told that Rebel terrorists destroyed your home, your parents, and your past. To this day, you harbor a special hatred for Rebels.

The only family you have known is the Imperial officer — now a Moff — who found you as a whelp and raised you as his “pet” killing machine. You spend a lot of your time eliminating his enemies, both within and without the Imperial fold.

You don’t mind your lack of independence as much as you might, perhaps because you are well suited to your profession, and because, if you perform your duties well, your owner gives you leave to hunt down and destroy the hated Rebels.

**Personality:** Cold and aloof, you are completely loyal to the Empire that trained you, and more specifically, to the Moff who oversaw your training.

**Objectives:** Although your loyalty is unswerving, the lure of your mysterious background is overwhelming at times. Where are you from, what were your people like?

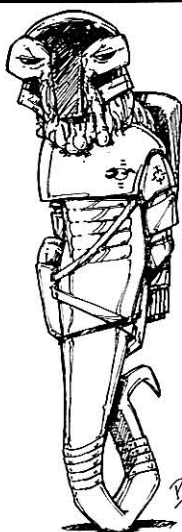
**A Quote:** “I have no family but the New Order ...”

**Connection With Characters:**

## Imperial Bounty Hunter

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Terry Pavlet



Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: \_\_\_\_\_

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

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**Background:** You are the long arm of Imperial law in a lawless galaxy. Your job is to bring the criminals and Rebels to face justice. You don't lose any sleep over a job well done. The Empire is a safer place because of you.

**Personality:** You approach your job with the notion that any contract worth doing is worth doing right the first time. Anyone who stands in

your way is a traitor in their own right, to be dealt with later. You make a difference and the rest of the galaxy knows it. That's why they fear you as much as they do.

**Objectives:** To clean up the mess those Rebels have created.

**Quote:** "You stepped over the line. Now you deal with me."

**Connection With Other Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

DEXTERITY	3D+1	PERCEPTION	3D+1
Blaster	_____	Bargain	_____
Blaster Artillery	_____	Command	_____
Dodge	_____	Con	_____
Grenade	_____	Hide	_____
Melee Combat	_____	Investigation	_____
Missile Weapons	_____	Search	_____
Vehicle Blasters	_____		_____

KNOWLEDGE	3D	STRENGTH	2D+1
Alien Species	_____	Brawling	_____
Bureaucracy	_____	Climbing/Jumping	_____
Languages	_____	Stamina	_____
Law Enforcement	_____		_____

MECHANICAL	4D	TECHNICAL	2D
Astrogation	_____	Blaster Repair	_____
Powersuit Operation	_____	First Aid	_____
Repulsorlift Ops	_____	Starfighter Repair	_____
Space Transports	_____		_____
Starfighter Piloting	_____		_____
Starship Gunnery	_____		_____

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☒ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Blast helmet (+2 energy and physical), blaster carbine (5D), IPKC bounty hunter license, comlink, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), jet pack (burst flies 100 meters horizontally; has 10 bursts), knife (STR+2), macrobinoculars, medpac, protective vest (+2 torso, front and back), restraints, 3 stun grenades (5D stun), 1,000 credits

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Diplomat

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

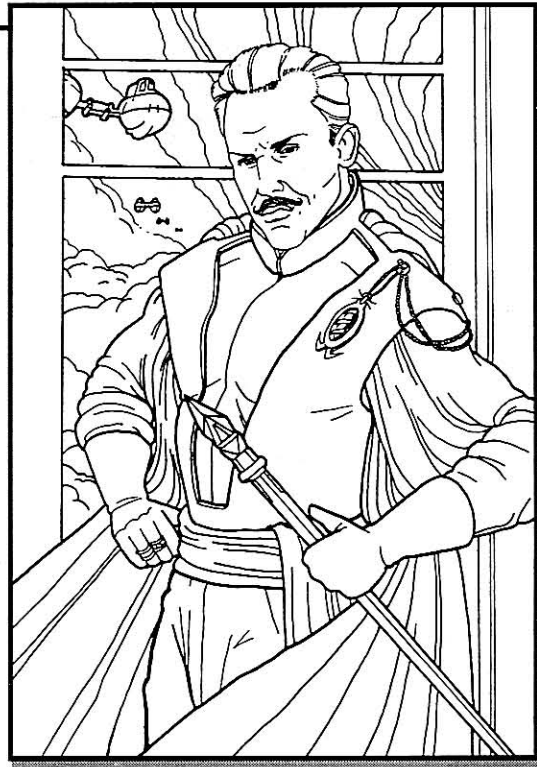
**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchlinski

**Equipment:** Loose-flowing robes, datapad, comlink, hold-out blaster (3D), customized power cane (5D stun), 10,000 credits

**Background:** All your life you worked to join the much-honored Imperial diplomatic corps. It was just your luck that as soon as you achieved this lofty goal, the Emperor died and his Empire began to collapse.

Once you got over your initial dismay, you realized that this sudden reversal of fortunes wasn't so bad after all. No longer did you have to worry about finding new worlds to bring into the Empire — you now had all the work you wanted simply convincing wavering worlds to stay in it.

Though still quite a junior diplomat, the overwhelmed diplomatic corps has given you quite a bit of independence, and you've already built up an impressive record of diplomatic accords and treaties. You have a bright future ahead of you if you don't blow it by saying the wrong thing to the wrong person.

Your greatest joy is to vie for the heart of a world against a weak-kneed New Republic idealistic moron — and win.

**Personality:** Attention to detail, patience and calm reserve are your trademarks. You believe placing the interests of the Empire first means acting as a buffer between the Empire and those who would do it harm.

**Objectives:** A slow but sure rise through the ranks to senior postings one day is not your only dream. You also hope to one day serve as an advisor to the Emperor's successor.

**A Quote:** "I do hope you choose to remain a steadfast ally of the Empire, your Excellency. Why, one would hate to see the chaos which is devouring the Mon Calamari sweep through *this* system."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Double Agent

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

**Indoctrination:** At the time of character creation and with the gamemaster's approval *only*, you receive an additional 2D to allocate to one *Mechanical*, *Technical* or *Knowledge* skill that fits your current cover assignment.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Average street clothes, forged identification credentials, lock-picking kit, hold-out blaster (3D), datapad, one stun grenade (5D), comlink, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were recruited to the Imperial cause several years ago, back when the galaxy looked like it was falling apart. You decided to seek out enemies of the Emperor, and make them pay when they least expected it. They haven't caught you yet and, with luck, they won't suspect you for some time to come!

You have spent the better portion of your career as an Imperial operative under deep cover with various Rebel cells and fringe organizations like bounty hunters and smugglers.

While you are loyal to the Empire, ISB agents probe your brain after each assignment in order to determine whether or not you have any desires to leave Imperial service.

**Personality:** You're sociable and outgoing, a friend to those in need and someone others can depend on. You know how to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. You hate the Rebels for the turmoil they have brought to your world, and the galaxy at large. You pay the Alliance lip service but in your heart, you know where your loyalty truly lies.

**Objectives:** You'd like nothing better than to foil a Rebel "grand scheme" single-handedly.

**A Quote:** "In this war, everyone has to play their part. There can be no fence-sitters."

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Intelligence Agent

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Street clothes, modified motion sensor array (see *Galaxy Guide 10: Bounty Hunters*, page 91), infrared macrobinoculars (adds +1D to heat-oriented *Perception* or *search* rolls), voice-locked datapad, 500 credits

**Background:** Before the fall of the Emperor, the job of an Imperial intelligence agent was a bit more difficult, since most opposition to the Empire was underground. With the establishment of an actual New Republic government, your job has become *much* easier.

Your job is to report on New Republic strengths and weaknesses. You do this by infiltrating New Republic shipyards, corporate offices, factories, and so on. You are not a saboteur or an assassin — you simply watch and listen (and occasionally break and enter). You leave it to others to use the information you bring back.

You've survived the worst the galaxy could throw at you and now you're in a position to dish some punishment back at those who seek to turn the galaxy upside down.

**Personality:** You're a loner and prefer it that way. When there's a job to be done, rules and regulations only get in the way. All they have to do is leave you to it. You get results.

**Objectives:** Use anything to your advantage while avoiding becoming an expendable asset at the same time.

**A Quote:** "I'm not an ethics professor. I just do what is necessary."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Morale Officer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ Command \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_ Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_ Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Datapad of New Order reports and statistics, flyers and leaflets of latest news, Imperial Morale Officer ID badge, Imperial-issue protocol droid, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were born into the house of a minor noble family but always wanted to be a larger part of the glory of the New Order. Your family connections got you into a very good Academy but it was your above average record and your allegiance to the Empire that got you where you are today, promoting and praising the works of the New Order.

You travel to different systems to see troops and Imperial citizens all over the Empire, promoting the New Order and "its good works." Many times, these worlds are somewhat hostile to your position, and need a great deal of winning over.

**Personality:** You are passionate and truly believe in the Empire and the New Order or you couldn't keep the morale of the Imperial people so high. You sincerely try to convert the opposition to the New Order before the military gets involved.

**Objectives:** To people informed of the Empire's bold new agendas and programs as well as to keep morale high.

**A Quote:** "Good day citizen! You are familiar with the New Order, of course, but have you heard the latest statistics on the standard of living in this sector? Up, up, up!"

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Imperial Smuggler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship weapon \_\_\_\_\_  
repair \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Stocklight freighter, comlink, 2,000 credits, 25,000 credits in debt to Imperial warlord, heavy blaster pistol (5D)

**Background:** Blast the Rebels and their thrice-cursed New Republic! If it hadn't been for that troublesome lot, the galaxy would still be a peaceful, well-ordered place, and you'd still be hauling freight for the Empire, nice and easy.

But the Rebels took over, and the good times came to an end. Fighting broke out everywhere and you had to keep moving to stay within the bounds of the ever-shrinking Empire.

Things settled down a bit once you entered the service of one of the emerging warlords. Now you smuggle needed supplies from New Republic space to his various fleets and depots.

**Personality:** You're bitter that the Rebels and New Republic have destroyed your easy life. You hope that one day the Imperials will stop fighting each other and wipe out the Rebels once and for all.

**Objectives:** To make enough money to pay off your debt to an Imperial warlord, a debt you incurred by losing one of his cargoes to New Republic customs inspectors.

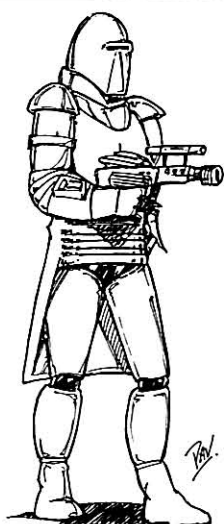
**A Quote:** "What, *another* New Republic inspection? Surely they've got *something* better to do!"

**Connection With Characters:**

## Independent Bounty Hunter

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Terry Pavlet



Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: *Iotran*

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** You and yours are the ones who take care of the galaxy's garbage. You take all the risks, you pay the price with every wound. Then, they lower themselves to pay you and look down on you for a job well done. It's an ugly business, but what else are you suited for?

**Personality:** You don't particularly care where your next job comes from. No hunt is

too tough, no bounty is too high. You've tracked the worst and lived to tell the tale.

**Objectives:** Get everything you can out of life before someone with a bigger blaster ends it.

**Quote:** "Thank you for your generous contribution ..." Zap!

**Connection With Other Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

DEXTERITY	4D	PERCEPTION	2D+1
Blaster	_____	Bargain	_____
Brawling Parry	_____	Gambling	_____
Dodge	_____	Hide	_____
Firearms	_____	Investigation	_____
Melee Combat	_____	Persuasion	_____
		Search	_____
		Sneak	_____
KNOWLEDGE	2D+2	STRENGTH	3D+2
Alien Species	_____	Brawling	_____
Intimidation	_____	Climbing/Jumping	_____
Languages	_____	Stamina	_____
Streetwise	_____		
Value	_____		
Willpower	_____		
MECHANICAL	2D+2	TECHNICAL	2D+2
Astrogation	_____	Armor Repair	_____
Beast Riding	_____	Blaster Repair	_____
Ground Vehicle Ops	_____	Ground Vehicle Repair	_____
Repulsorlift Ops	_____	Repulsorlift Repair	_____
Space Transports	_____	Space Transports Repair	_____
Starship Gunnery	_____		
Starship Shields	_____		

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☒ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (5D), bounty hunter armor (+2D physical, +1D energy, -1D to *Dexterity* and related skills), IPKC bounty hunter license, comlink, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), hold-out blaster (3D+2), knife (STR+1D), macrobinoculars, medpac, syntherope, vibro-blade (STR+2D), 300 credits

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Industrial Espionage Agent

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), motion tracking sensor (*Galaxy Guide 10: Bounty Hunters*, page 91), datapad, comlink, street clothes, 100 credits

**Background:** You decided early in your corporate career that the "wage-slave" life was not for you. Why spend decades getting to the point where you could live the good life when you could sell the corporate secrets you know and have the good life *now*?

You sold out your company, but to your surprise, you ran through the money you were paid fairly quickly. You went looking for another job, and that's how you got your start in industrial espionage.

Over the years, you have become adept at infiltrating companies and installations for your clients. No longer do you have to work to get hired. Now you use fake IDs and transfer papers to get where you want to be. And you're just as likely to take the identity of a lowly desk clerk or technician to get what you need as a business-suited salaried executive.

**Personality:** You enjoy hoodwinking the corporate boobs around you, and thank the fates you got out of the humdrum business life before it was too late. You think highly of your own skills, and while some see that as arrogant, no one has yet had the temerity to suggest that you are wrong.

**Objectives:** To amass more wealth than the CEO of your first company (this will likely take awhile).

**A Quote:** "Marketing forecasts from Gowix last month, this month a few blueprints from Sienar, and I think, after a brief vacation, I'll be borrowing a prototype sensor suite for a mercenary group from Dweomilis..."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Interstellar Transient

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchilinski

**Equipment:** Well-worn clothes, datapad, emergency signal pack, comlink, small pack (with snacks, odd bits of junk and crumbs), collapsible survival tent, vibroblade (STR+1D), 50 credits

**Background:** You're a galactic vagabond. You love to travel and see the wonders the stars have to offer. You're always on your way somewhere else. Sure, it was great to visit this planet for a while, but why stay here when there's another fabulous place that's not too far away? It's only a couple hundred light years ...

Anyway, you're always ready to move on when your next ride is lined up. You can never pass up a ride — you never know when you may get stuck somewhere. Sometimes you get a free ride, but most of the time you have to work for your passage. You've gotten into some interesting scrapes, but all in all it's been worthwhile and you've never visited the same planet twice.

**Personality:** You enjoy the relaxed life you live. You hang around a planet until it becomes boring, then you're off to your next exciting destination. Some beings think you're a bum, but you're not. You work when you have no other choice. You love your never-ending trip across the galaxy.

**Objectives:** To see as much of the galaxy as possible.

**A Quote:** "It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there — the air smells a bit too much like wet bantha fur."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** ISB Agent

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster _____	Bargain _____
Brawling parry _____	Con _____
Dodge _____	Forgery _____
Melee combat _____	Hide _____
Melee parry _____	Investigation _____
Pick pocket _____	Persuasion _____
_____	Search _____
_____	Sneak _____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bureaucracy _____	Brawling _____
Cultures _____	Climbing/jumping _____
Languages _____	Stamina _____
Law enforcement _____	_____
Planetary systems _____	_____
Streetwise _____	_____
Value _____	_____

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Communications _____	Computer program-
Repulsorlift	ming/repair _____
operation _____	Droid programming _____
Sensors _____	Droid repair _____
Space transports _____	First aid _____
Starship gunnery _____	Repulsorlift repair _____
Starship shields _____	Security _____
_____	Space transports
_____	repair _____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tom Blondillo

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, electronic lockpicker (+1D to security rolls against electronic locks), street clothes, ISB uniform, datapad, cover ID as a merchant, 2,000 credits

**Background:** You were raised in a privileged Core family, and became an ardent believer in the New Order early in life as a COMPNOR SAGroup Youth leader. After university, you entered service in the Imperial Security Bureau (ISB).

Because of your background as an upper class Coreworlder, you were transferred to the ISB Tapani branch. As a free agent, you have a mandate to watch the semi-independent houses for signs of anti-Empire corruption, and root out pirate and smuggler rings that damage the fabric of society with their lawless behavior.

In the past, you conducted your investigations openly as an ISB officer, but here in Tapani you work undercover, preferring the protective cloak of anonymity. You might appear one week as a Tallaani shipper, and another as a meek noble.

**Personality:** You are friendly and casual, which helps you immensely in getting people to relax and open up around you. But inside you are quite serious; chaos and corruption killed the Old Republic, and you are determined to root it out in all its forms before it can do the same to the Empire. You are loyal to the Empire, and willing to do what you must to help it thrive.

**Objectives:** To ferret out anti-Imperial sentiments within the houses of Tapani, and protect your ISB branch from Ubiquitorate sabotage.

**A Quote:** "I'm quite impressed with your blackmarket wares, captain. Just out of curiosity, are your customers here in the sector, or do you ship these goods elsewhere?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have met Imperials in a professional capacity, or any other sort of character in one of your undercover investigations.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** ISB Investigations Specialist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

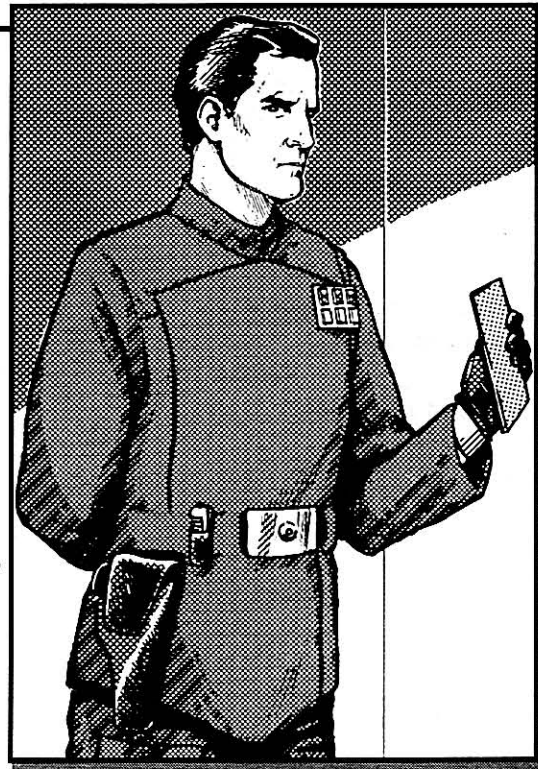
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** ISB uniform, Imperial identification, comlink, blaster pistol (4D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** Your service to the Empire has been one filled with loyalty and obedience. Indoctrinated into the Imperial Security Bureau (ISB) shortly after reaching adulthood, you have worked in almost every area of the ISB (including a brief stint in the Interrogations arm). As an ISB officer and a member of COMPNOR, you often find yourself in competition with representatives of Imperial Intelligence. When faced with Imperial Intelligence officers, you tend to view them as amateurs and thugs with a penchant for cruelty and callousness. (They are by no means up to *your* high standards of professionalism.)

For the past few years you have operated as an Investigations Specialist in the Outer Rim Territory, uncovering Rebel bases and sympathizers for the good of the Empire.

**Personality:** You are dedicated and honest in your dealings with ISB and the Empire. When it comes to dealing with Rebel scum and other lowlives, you become a snarling brute with little (and often no) compassion.

**Objectives:** To progress in rank in the ISB and further the cause of the Emperor's New Order.

**A Quote:** "Command, this is Specialist 1138. I have discovered their location. Do I have authorization to launch the assault? Repeat, do I have a green light?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** ISB Protocol Officer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



Pablo Hidalgo

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster _____	Bargain _____
Brawling parry _____	Command _____
Dodge _____	Hide _____
Melee combat _____	Investigation _____
Melee parry _____	Persuasion _____
_____	Search _____
_____	Sneak _____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D** **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species _____	Brawling _____
Bureaucracy _____	Stamina _____
Intimidation _____	_____
Languages _____	_____
Law enforcement _____	_____
Planetary systems _____	_____
Value _____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1** **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation _____	Computer program-
Repulsorlift	ming/repair _____
operation _____	Demolitions _____
Space transports _____	Droid repair _____
Starship gunnery _____	Security _____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), vibroblade (STR+1D), hold-out blaster (3D+1), comlink, datapad, 2,000 credits

**Background:** The greatest threats to the Empire do not come from without, but from within. As despicable as the Rebel Alliance villains are, at least they are honest in their opposition to the New Order. Far worse are the curs who mouth the platitudes of the Empire and eat of its bread, while seeking to undermine it for personal or ideological gain.

You graduated at the head of your class during your COMPNOR indoctrination, and moved directly into Internal Affairs. As a representative of the Internal Affairs branch, you arrange to be assigned to military units which are suspected of harboring traitors. Then you ferret them out and make an example of them. Perhaps their horrid fates will convince others that betraying the Empire does not pay.

Technically, the ISB has no official jurisdiction within the military, but this hasn't been much of a hindrance to you thus far.

**Personality:** You are completely loyal to the New Order. You follow commands and orders to the letter, and follow every protocol of Imperial regulations. You are stiff and implacable.

**Objectives:** To expose any traitors of the New Order.

**A Quote:** "Would you say this little slavery ring of yours falls under regulations, Colonel? Perhaps not?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Ithorian Storyteller

**Gender/Species:** /Ithorian

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion:

storytelling \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

**Knowledge skills:**

**Agriculture:** Has a good working knowledge of crops and animal herds, and can suggest appropriate crops for a type of soil, and how the yields might be boosted.

**Ecology:** This skill can be used to determine the probable function of a lifeform within its own biosphere: predator, prey, symbiote,

parasite or some other quick description of its role.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **11**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Staff (STR+1D)

**Background:** You have lived your entire life on Ithor, your species' native planet. Since you were young, you have had a gift for telling stories and have spent your adult life perfecting this talent. Over the years, your stories have become more intricate and satisfying for both yourself and your audience.

Now, you find yourself looking to the stars and the future. While you are not a warrior, you find yourself wishing to join the Rebel Alliance so that you may learn new stories, and record the valiant actions and heroics of their brave struggle for future generations. Several of your people have already joined the fight against the Empire, and you consider it a distinct possibility for yourself. Now, you have to locate a Rebel. Hmm, perhaps this will take more time than you thought. (Of course, that's a story in itself, isn't it?)

**Personality:** You are peaceful and friendly. Your stories have made you popular among your people, though you have kept your humility and will do anything in your power to help a friend.

**Objectives:** To join the Rebel Alliance and tell stories to anyone who will listen. Perhaps inspire a few stories yourself.

**A Quote:** "This tale is one of my home world and the Mother Jungle."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** JAN Operative

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Rocket pack operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tom Blundillo

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), grenade launcher, five grenades, one vehicle mine, vibroblade (STR+1D), rocket pack, sensor pack, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You watched in horror as the Empire invaded your homeworld in the Colonies and razed your house to the ground. At first you hated the Imperial Army, but when you realized that citizens from the Core didn't suffer like this—and didn't care that you did—you grew to hate the entire Imperial system.

You joined a Rebel cell for a time, but all they wanted to do was spy and hit a few Imperial depots. You wanted to hurt the Imperial citizens of the Core; to make them realize that the Empire could no more protect them than the Old Republic.

Then you fell in with the Justice Action Network, an anti-Empire organization that embodied all you believe. With their support and contacts, you can finally strike terror in the hearts of the Imperials.

**Personality:** You are a radical, even among anti-Empire organizations. Some Rebel pansies call you a terrorist, but you're the one out doing what they only talk about—the Imperial propaganda machine can bury most Rebel victories, but no one can ignore your accomplishments. Occasionally you doubt that your cause is just, but when you see pampered Coreworld Imperial citizens cheering their emperor, you know they must suffer as you have.

**Objectives:** To weaken the Empire's claim to order by attacking vulnerable and high-profile civilian targets in the Colonies and the Core.

**A Quote:** "It isn't enough to hurt the military arm of the Empire—you must frighten the sheep that feed it."

**Connection With Other Characters:** Your activities bring you into contact with numerous underworld figures such as bounty hunters and smugglers. You might also know nobles, Imperials, and senators through fellow cell members.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Jawa Trader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Jawa

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Technical Aptitude:* At the time of character creation only, Jawa characters receive 2D for every 1D they place in repair-oriented Technical skills.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

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## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Dirty cloak, Jawa ionization gun (3D ionization damage), toolkit, 150 credits

**Background:** You were separated from the rest of your people when you boarded a freighter docked at Mos Eisley ... which promptly took off. The crew of the freighter refrained from dropping you out of the airlock when you proved your talents as a mechanic by re-routing the power flow of their engines (and bypassing those silly safety mechanisms) to increase their speed. Now all you have to do is watch the system displays to make sure the blasted thing doesn't blow up ...

The galaxy is truly a junk trader's paradise. You have machines to tinker with and species to trade with you never dreamed possible. (Besides, your new companions *have* to keep you around; only *you* know how to keep the systems you modified functioning.)

**Personality:** You are highly excitable, particularly where machinery of any kind is concerned. You are fascinated by other species, particularly traders like the Ithorians (mostly because they are easy to sell things to). You don't care one bit about the war between the Empire and the Rebel Alliance, except when there has been a battle; you can always find salvageable junk left behind on the battleground.

**Objectives:** To see as much of the galaxy as possible, while trying to salvage all the junk you can find.

**A Quote:** "Yo'to, a'wee, chee'm maan'duccer!" (Translation: "Don't let the paint job fool you ... this unit is *obviously* in prime condition!")

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Kid

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_ 3D

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 8

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



John Lona

**Equipment:** Two bottles of fizzyglug, one packet of candy, a small stone, length of string, a small animal (dead or alive — your choice), 25 credits, a smile that people can't refuse.

**Background:** You're a youngster, anywhere from eight to 16 years old. You've got a big brother or sister in the Rebellion, or maybe you're an orphan who's been semi-adopted by another character. You never let anyone leave you behind. Whenever danger is greatest, you charge the enemy and butt them with your head, or bite them in the leg, or beat them with your arms. Your a regular little hellion whom no one can discipline. The bad guys never take you seriously, which is why you get away with so much.

Somehow you ended up in space, tromping around with the Rebellion or some smuggler with a heart of gold. It is certainly a fun life, and you couldn't ask for anything more—fighting stormtroopers, saving people from the Empire, putting crawly insects inside some bounty hunter's armor ... you know, some of these folks have absolutely no sense of humor!

**Personality:** You can be constantly cheerful, always siding with the underdog. You're completely loyal to one other character (you choose which) and tag along with him.

**Objectives:** To find cool things to do and to stop the Empire ... and whatever else crosses your mind as fun, interesting and more than a little likely to get you into trouble.

**A Quote:** "Oh, boy! A fight! Let's get 'em, guys!"

**Connection With Characters:** Choose another player character as your older sibling/adopted parent/idol/whatever. You don't have to get the other player's permission. In fact, if he or she is annoyed, that's entirely appropriate.

# STAR WARS

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Klatooian Roustabout

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Klatooian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Ammo bandolier, blast helmet and vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, head and torso only), force pike (STR+2D), heavy blaster pistol (5D), 5 credits

**Background:** You fight well. You like to sneak up on things and blast them. Somebody noticed this, then sold you to the Hutts as a mercenary. The Hutts were cool—they let you beat things up, hunt things down and blast them. This was good. The Hutts were also not so cool—they got angry all the time, yelled at you, sent you into dangerous battles, and blew up your fellow mercenaries when they messed up. This made you worried; you might be blown up next. So you decided to run far, far away. You found a pilot who took you to many planets in exchange for moving his boxes and blasting people who didn't like him. You liked seeing different places, so you decided to stay with the pilot and his friends. Now and then they run into trouble. You help them by sneaking up on their enemies and blasting them. They like that.

**Personality:** You're not too smart, but your friends like you just the same. You're loyal to them. They help you and you help them. You like it even more when helping them means blasting things.

**Objectives:** Avoid the Hutts. Help your friends. Blast things.

**A Quote:** "Hey, give that crate back or I blast you!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** Any freighter captain would be grateful to have such a powerful friend as you. Especially any smuggler with lots of crates and many enemies.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Laconic Scout

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_



Doug Shuler

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Two medpacs, blaster pistol (4D), backpack, one week's concentrated rations, knife (STR+1D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** Never talked much. Never seen much reason to. Fact is, most of the time you don't have anyone to talk to. You're out under the high, wide skies of a virgin planet, pitting yourself against the wilderness. After you come the settlers, the big corporations, the traders — civilization. But you're the one to open planets. You find out what the dangers are and how to deal with them. You find out how to survive the strange weather, the dangerous beasts and the rugged terrain of a whole new world.

You'd be doing that still. But they won't let you. The Empire has cut back on exploration; says it's too expensive. You know the truth, though; freedom is part of the frontier. You can't control people when they can always up and move. If, say, one wanted to impose tyranny on a galaxy, there's only one way to do it; stop them from upping and moving. Close the frontier.

The Emperor wants to destroy your livelihood. He doesn't leave you with any alternative but joining the Rebellion, does he? You'll be an asset, you know. You know a dozen planets like the back of your hand, and you know how to survive — in comfort — anywhere. Need to set up a base on, say, an ice planet? You know how.

**Personality:** You're laconic. Close-mouthed. You have a strong sense of humor, which shows through frequently. You're tough. Proud of your abilities. You take a perverse delight in tormenting "greenies."

**Objectives:** To blaze trails and open worlds from here to the end of space.

**A Quote:** "You call these bugs? Back on Danos V, they got sting-insects the size of a house."

**Connection With Characters:** Anyone from a recently-settled planet (like a brash pilot) might know you as the scout who opened his or her world for settlement. You might have met and made friends with any of the fringe characters — gambler, merc, smuggler, pirate, or bounty hunter, for example.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Locator

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), magnacuffs, portable computer (+1D to *computer programming/repair*), IPKC card, business suit, datapad, comlink, light blast vest (+1D physical, can be worn under street clothing), 1,200 credits

**Background:** You've worked as a bounty hunter, and you've always had your own approach to the business. Rather than taking a target down by blasting him into atoms, you prefer to outsmart the mark. With a combination of investigative ability, computer proficiency and street contacts, you are ideally suited to your chosen profession.

You specialize in locating people—runaway children, con artists that have swindled a lord, gamblers that don't pay their debts—for a price. If a noble wants to find somebody, you're the person that can track that individual down.

**Personality:** You consider yourself a consummate professional. Bounty hunters who resort to blaster fire to get things down are amateurs, in your opinion. You have virtually no sense of humor, but you always keep your word. You prefer to hunt your targets with a computer, not a blaster.

**Objectives:** To always honor your contracts, and never let a target slip through your fingers.

**A Quote:** "According to the shipping manifest I sliced, Gorgax should be coming out of hyperspace in 3.4 minutes. Charge up the tractor beam."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You typically work for nobles and wealthy corporate executives. In performing your duties, you have contact with any other type of character.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Loyal Retainer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

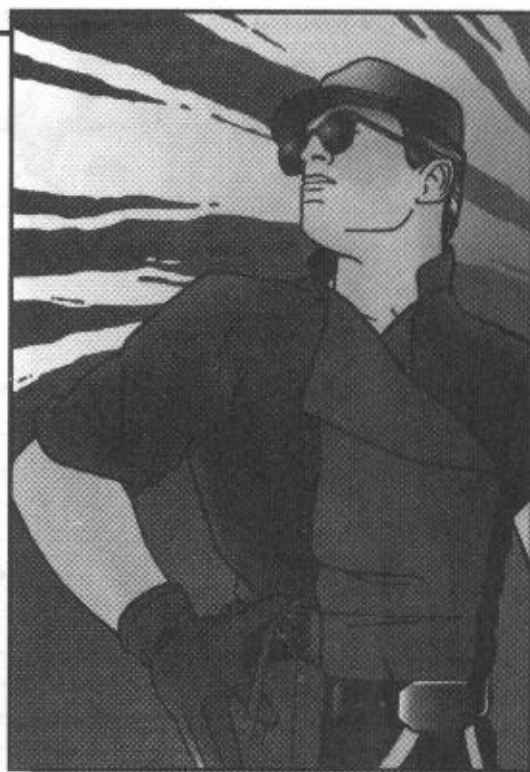
**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Several changes of clothing for just about any occasion, hold-out blaster (3D), comlink, 1,000 credits

**Background:** For centuries your family has served the royal house of your planet. The royal family has been good to your people. The planet achieved prosperity and peace under their wise and beneficent rule.

Yet evil has fallen upon the galaxy; an evil man has usurped control of the once-mighty Republic, and both peace and nobility are endangered. Your liege has chosen to join the Rebellion. Your whole planet may suffer for that choice, yet you know your planet's citizens will loyally stand with their leaders when the shooting starts.

**Personality:** Hard-headed, sensible about money matters, loyal unto death, and sometimes a bit overprotective. Your loyalty is to your lord, not to the Rebellion. You're part valet, part bodyguard; if your lord asks, you obey.

**Objectives:** To serve your lord to the best of your abilities, no matter what demands may be put upon you.

**A Quote:** "Certainly, m'lord. Yes, m'lord. As you say, m'lord."

**Connection With Characters:** Ask the gamemaster for the name of the family to which you are loyal and their title. If another player character is a noble, you may be his or her personal servant. Otherwise you are on detached duty, under orders from your lord to serve the Rebellion.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Merc

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Walker operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Rob Caswell

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Uniform of your unit, blaster rifle (5D), melee weapon of your choice, comlink, backpack, protective helmet (+1D physical, +1 energy), 2,000 credits

**Background:** The Company meant everything to you. You joined up as a kid, raw off the farm, eager to find the camaraderie you'd only known from vidshows. It was everything you'd thought it would be. Some called them mercenaries, but they were your only friends.

You fought with the Company through two grueling battles, surviving more by luck than by skill. You became a full-fledged member of the finest body of men and women in the galaxy. Someday, you hoped to be everything that they were.

Then came the battle. The Empire hired you to defend a base and told you there'd be reinforcements if there was trouble.

Then the Rebels came. You fought desperately. Again and again the call went out for reinforcements. They never came.

Later, you learned you'd been betrayed. The Imperials never planned to rescue you. Mercenaries were expendable. Your unit was considered too dangerous to run around loose. So they told you that another company of mercs was a group of Rebels. They gave the same orders to the other squad — that *your* company was a Rebel unit. And you cut each other to ribbons.

So many friends gone. So much lost forever. Your whole future — destroyed. This time, you won't fight for pay. This time, you'll fight for revenge.

**Personality:** Inclined to depression and nostalgia for lost comrades. You're an individualist (the Company taught you that), but you work smoothly as part of an organization (the Company taught you that, too).

**Objectives:** You're too busy dwelling on getting even with the Empire to think about what you want out of life.

**A Quote:** "Sergeant Harbon told me something about a time like this on Ferton."

**Connection With Characters:** You might have been hired by the family of any senatorial or noble. You might have helped occupy any other character's home-world or been hired by a smuggler or bounty hunter.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Mercenary Trader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster Artillery \_\_\_\_\_ Command \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_ Con \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_ Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_ Search \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_ Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Business \_\_\_\_\_ Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_ Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_ Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_ Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle op. \_\_\_\_\_ Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit op. \_\_\_\_\_ First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift op. \_\_\_\_\_ Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_ Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_ Space transports

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_ Starship weapon

**Special Abilities** \_\_\_\_\_ **Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

None. **Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Blast helmet and vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, head and torso only), blaster rifle (5D), comlink, knife (STR+1D), 500 credits

**Background:** You used to be a mercenary with an aptitude for piloting vehicles. When your last contract expired, most of your unit was killed or captured. You managed to escape, using your piloting skills to commandeer a transport and fly it out of the hot zone. Rather than return to the combat-intense life of a merc, you decided to move to a different line of work and see if you could make some credits as a free-trader. With all your contacts, it wasn't a huge leap to go from shipping legitimate cargoes to illegal ones which paid more.

These days you ply the hyperlanes, shipping the most lucrative cargoes. You're not the greatest pilot, but you make up for it in knowing how to arm your ship and set up encounters with potentially not-so-friendly clients. Risk management is the key to your success.

**Personality:** Your attitudes as a mercenary carry over to your new profession. You always charge what's fair for the cargo and the amount of risk involved. If a client can't pay, he's not flying.

**Objectives:** To make some good money on hot cargoes while minimizing risks.

**A Quote:** "Sure, I can squeeze your passengers past the Imperial blockade...but it'll cost you something extra."

**Connection With Other Characters:** Some of your companions might be refugees from your mercenary unit. You might have been hired by a smuggler crew to provide protection and tactical advice.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mining Guild Recruiter

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tom Brindley

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), stock YT-1300 light freighter (issued by the Mining Guild), comlink, surveying equipment, 2,000 credits

**Background:** You were raised in the Mid-Core in a mining co-op. The Mining Guild sent you through school, and when you graduated, you took on a job as one of its operatives. You were soon assigned Tapani sector as your patrol territory.

Your job is to poke around in Tapani sector and uncover rogue mining companies that aren't affiliated with the Mining Guild. Once you find them, you encourage them to join up and pay their dues.

Those that refuse get turned in to the Guild—and soon are visited by Guild officers who have their own special ways of getting a company's officers excited about joining (from leg-breaking to shutting down a company's supply lines). Most rogue outfits know about this part, so your job sometimes gets dangerous.

Your background as a miner makes you unforgiving of companies that shirk Guild membership, though—you paid your share when you were mining, and so should they.

**Personality:** You are dedicated to the Guild and sneer at bribes offered in the hopes you will "lose" your report documenting a rogue mining outfit. On the other hand, you don't care much about those who break the *Empire's* law; you have met many smugglers, pirates, and even Rebels in your travels, and count some among your friends.

**Objectives:** To clear every last rogue mining operation out of Tapani sector and shut down the claim jumpers.

**A Quote:** "Signing up with the Guild may seem prohibitively expensive, but it is really quite reasonable when compared to the cost of *not* joining."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could know just about anyone through your duties.

# STAR WARS®

## Character Name:

Type: Minor Jedi

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_/Human

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

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## Dexterity 3D Perception D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_ Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_ Con \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_ Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_ Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_ Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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## Knowledge 3D+2 Strength 2D+2

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_ Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_ Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_ Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_ Computer program-

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_ ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_ Droid program-

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_ ming \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_ Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_ First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

Control 1D. You may select one Force power.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 2

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Lightsaber (5D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You'd like to call yourself a Jedi Knight, but you're not. The flame of that great order has gone out of the galaxy. You received a little training at the hands of one of the last of the Jedi, one of the less powerful of that order, before he was betrayed and executed by the Empire.

Since then, you've lived the life of a fugitive. At times, you are convinced the Empire, and Darth Vader in particular, is hunting you fiercely. At other times, you're convinced the Empire's decided you aren't worth the trouble. In a way, not being hunted would be as bad as being hunted — because that would mean the Empire has such contempt for your abilities that it doesn't think finding you is important.

Still, you have the fondest memories of your master. And there's still a chance, no matter how slim, that the Rebellion can overthrow the Emperor and his minion Vader. You'll work to help that happen, and you hope that one day you can help reestablish the Jedi Knights and pass on the little knowledge you possess.

**Personality:** Tired, a little cynical, but still completely faithful to the Jedi Code. You're a little paranoid about being pursued by the Empire.

**Objectives:** To help re-establish the Jedi Knights and defeat Vader and the Emperor.

**A Quote:** "Scoff if you like, but it's true. The Force surrounds us, holds us, and binds everything together."

**Connection With Characters:** You're happy to serve the Rebellion in any capacity. You'd gladly accept a brash pilot or another character as a student. You'd be fascinated by the Revvien Tyia adept's alternative view of the Force, and be eager to learn from the failed Jedi. You could easily have become friends with any of the player characters.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mon Calamari

**Gender/Species:** /Mon Calamari

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_ D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
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## Knowledge \_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_  
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\_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Moist Environments:** In moist environments, +1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

**Dry Environments:** In dry environments, Mon Calamari seem depressed and withdrawn. They suffer a -1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

**Aquatic:** Mon Calamari

## Perception \_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

can breathe both air and water.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ 9

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Al Williamson

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, uniform, 1,000 credits

**Background:** It was the Empire that taught your people, the Mon Calamari, the meaning of war. Your people are peaceful and gentle; you shared your homeworld of Calamari with the Quarren for millennia. Over the centuries, you gradually built a technological civilization and a high culture. Exploration of nearby stars was well underway — and then the Empire came.

The Imperials saw only an undefended prize — an advanced world that could be forced to feed the Imperial war machine. They invaded and enslaved your people. At first, you did not understand what had been done. The idea of slavery was incomprehensible. You tried to appease the invaders, but nothing worked. Eventually, the Mon Calamari began to fight back — and when they did, the Empire reacted with incredible ferocity. Whole cities were obliterated.

Then, virtually the whole Mon Calamari people rose as one and destroyed the occupiers. The war industries the Empire had forced its slave laborers to build are now used for another purpose — to fuel the Rebellion.

You were on Calamari when the Empire came; you helped when the uprising succeeded. Now, you are part of the Calamarian armed forces, a part of the Rebel Alliance against the Empire. You work well with aliens (including humans), and are frequently assigned to fight with small, irregular groups of freedom-fighters.

**Personality:** Generally, Calamari are gentle, reasonable, and soft-spoken, but there is much variety among them.

**Objectives:** To free other enslaved worlds from the grip of the Empire and to help prove that all species and peoples can live together in peace.

**A Quote:** "Our people have a saying: do not dive before testing the depths."

**Connection With Characters:** You could have seen action with any of the other characters. A gambler, smuggler or other marginal operator might have visited your planet before or during the Imperial occupation.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mon Calamari Courier

**Gender/Species:** /Mon Calamari

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

**Moist Environments:** Mon Calamari receive a +1D bonus to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

**Dry Environments:** When confined to dry environments, they suffer a -1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **9**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

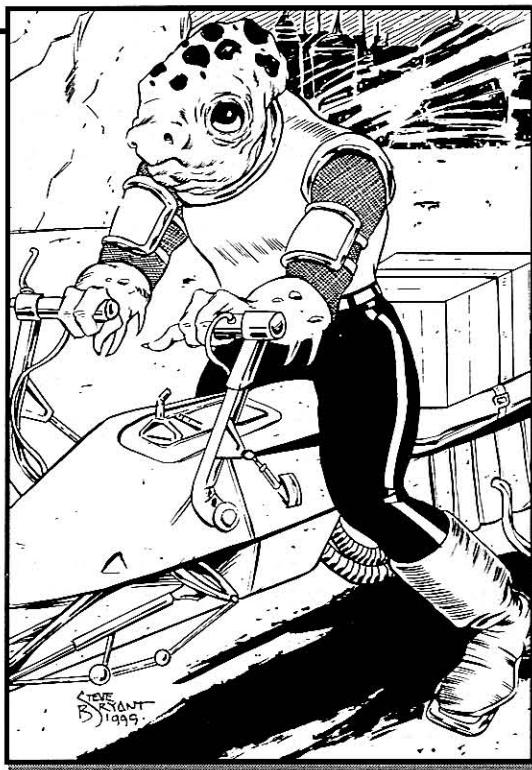
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Customized uniform, datapad, hold-out blaster (3D+1), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You run your own freelance courier service on Calamari. Delivering packages to various companies, you're building a clientele in hopes that your operation can someday grow into a major intersystem business concern.

You've considered purchasing a vehicle in the past to help you on your rounds, but have found that it is cheaper to find other ways, such as public transportation systems and "ship-pooling." These means of traveling can be risky but it adds flavor to your work.

**Personality:** Spending more time with business than pleasure, you have become serious about your work. However, you're always up for an adventure, taking any chance necessary to get the job done.

**Objectives:** To never let your clients down, doing whatever it takes to get your deliveries completed on time.

**A Quote:** "Name the time and place. I'll get it there!"

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# Mon Calamari Mediator

**STAR  
WARS**

Character Template

Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Technology \_\_\_\_\_

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

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gamble \_\_\_\_\_

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_

Lift \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swim \_\_\_\_\_

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

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

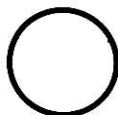
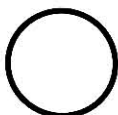
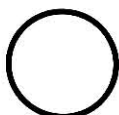
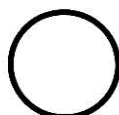
Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment** \_\_\_\_\_**Force  
Points****Dark Side  
Points****Wound  
Status****Skill  
Points**

# Mon Calamari Mediator



## Equipment

blaster pistol

comlink

1000 credits standard

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Mon Calamari Medic

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ / Mon Calamari

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Moist Environments:* Receive a+1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Dry Environments:* When confined to dry environments, suffer a-1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Aquatic:* Can breathe both air and water.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **9**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Comlink, field-medical kit (contains three medpacs and emergency materials like splints, bandages, high-potency painkillers and so forth), medical datapad, uniform, medical droid (all stats 2D except: *first aid* 4D), 300 credits.

**Background:** You've always been fascinated by life and all its wondrous diversity. But you've also witnessed firsthand how short and painful life can be. With all the amazing technology available in the galaxy you're still bewildered that death and destruction are still the preferred methods of solving problems. Your training has prepared you to help save lives, but you have to get the rest of the galaxy to cooperate.

**Personality:** The tyranny of the Empire must be stopped. But you've sworn to save lives, not to take them, and the Rebellion offers you the chance to make a difference. You are the first to offer caution and the last to leave if a team member is hurt. Your teammates get upset when you prevent them from using deadly force, but you act as their conscience and caretaker and remind them what the cause is all about. While the Rebels often employ methods you find ... *questionable*, you are willing to deal with it, since the wanton cruelty of the Empire is obviously the greater of two evils.

**Objectives:** To help relieve the pain and suffering of others whenever possible, despite personal risk.

**A Quote:** "Rest now. Don't worry, I'm here and I won't leave you."

## Connection With Characters:

# Mon Calamari Pilot

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Technology \_\_\_\_\_

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

Astrostation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gamble \_\_\_\_\_

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_

Lift \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swim \_\_\_\_\_

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

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

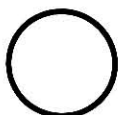
Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_

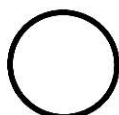
Security \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

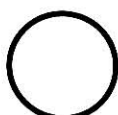
## Equipment \_\_\_\_\_



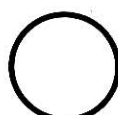
Force  
Points



Dark Side  
Points



Wound  
Status



Skill  
Points

# Mon Calamari Pilot

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

## Equipment

blaster  
vacuum suit  
medpac  
1000 credits standard  
x-wing starfighter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mon Calamari Professor

**Gender/Species:** /Mon Calamari

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ 3D

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ 4D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ 2D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Archaic starship \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ 3D

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

*Moist Environments:* Receive a+1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Dry Environments:* When confined to dry environments, suffer a-1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

*Aquatic:* Can breathe both air and water.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ 9

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Datapad of lessons and required texts, Academy uniform, blaster pistol (4D), 2,000 credits

**Background:** You were separated from your people when the Empire first attacked your home city. The captain of the Star Destroyer charged with pacifying your city kept you as a "trophy" of sorts, and you eventually gained your new master's trust. Before long, he kept you on as a tutor for his children (after you informed him you were a teacher on Calamari).

You eventually escaped, fleeing into the Outer Rim Territories, where you make a marginal living as a tutor and librarian. Often, you use your position to aid the Rebel Alliance, but you also help stranded Imperials from time to time; the Star Destroyer captain was a decent man at heart, and you cannot bring yourself to believe that all Imperials are evil.

You still have a burning desire to teach, and have traveled widely in your search for a place where your skills might be appreciated.

**Personality:** You are your own being. You are saddened at the changes wrought by civil war.

**Objectives:** To teach all beings what you know. Maybe even start your own school someday, when the galaxy is a better place.

**A Quote:** "The Imperial Academy is nothing less than a propaganda machine formatted to make killers, bent to the will of the Emperor. Maybe someday, there will be a place of true learning."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mon Calamari Spacer

**Gender/Species:** /Mon Calamari

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_  
Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Moist Environments:** In moist environments, +1D to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

**Dry Environments:** In dry environments, Mon Calamari suffer a -1D penalty to all *Dexterity*, *Perception* and *Strength* attribute and skill checks.

**Aquatic:** Mon Calamari can breathe both air and water. See Expanded pg 275.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Storn Cook

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, datapad, 500 credits

**Background:** You were just an ordinary entrepreneur on your homeworld when the Empire showed up and enslaved your people. You didn't want to stick around, and soon arranged to flee Mon Calamari with a free-trader of dubious reputation. Since you didn't have many credits, you indentured yourself to the smuggler to pay off your passage.

Now you put your business acumen to work as a smuggler. You're carefully to assess each cargo for value and risk, and charge a shipping fee which is fair for both your client and your profit margin. If your business dealings happen to cheat or injure the Empire, you're even more pleased with your work. It's only fair that somebody benefits from the oppression the Empire briefly inflicted on your homeworld.

**Personality:** You're a fair dealer who'd rather settling differences with words than blasters. You're a bit too trusting, and accept what others say as truth.

**Objectives:** To make as many credits as you can at the Empire's expense.

**A Quote:** "I can bargain with criminals, scoundrels and even Hutts, but there are no fair dealings where the Empire's concerned."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might still be indentured to another smuggler, or you might have joined a crew with allegiances against the Empire.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# Mon Calamari Technician

**STAR  
WARS®**  
Character Template

Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Technology \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gamble \_\_\_\_\_

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_

Lift \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swim \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

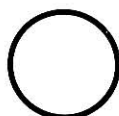
Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

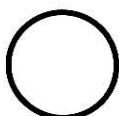
## **Equipment** \_\_\_\_\_

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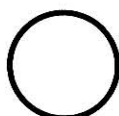
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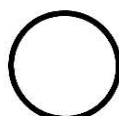
**Force  
Points**



**Dark Side  
Points**



**Wound  
Status**



**Skill  
Points**

# Mon Calamari Technician

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

## Equipment

toolkit  
thermal detonator  
blaster pistol  
1000 credits

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mrlssti Roving Entertainer

**Gender/Species:** /Mrlssti

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster

Brawling parry

Dodge

Pick pocket

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species

Business

Cultures

Languages

Planetary systems

Scholar

Streetwise \_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation

Communications

Sensors

Space transports

Starship shields \_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain

Con

Persuasion

Sneak \_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **1D+2**

Lifting

Stamina

Swimming \_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster repair

Computer program-  
ming/repair \_\_\_\_

Droid programming

Droid repair

First aid

Security \_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

At the time of character creation only, you make take an additional specialization in *persuasion: storytelling* or *persuasion: acting*, or an additional +1D in *sleight of hand* (Dexterity) or *musical instrument operation* (Mechanical).

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), medpac, datapad, performing costumes, performance prop (either juggling items, conjuring tricks, or a musical instrument), membership ID card for the Imperial Entertainers' Guild

**Background:** Unlike most Mrlssti, you couldn't wait to leave your home planet behind. Your family was reportedly very disappointed in your decision to leave academia, but that doesn't really bother you; you haven't spoken to them since you left.

Joining the Imperial Entertainers' Guild, you travel from planet to planet, entertaining small audiences for a modest fee. You enjoy learning the songs and stories of other species, as well as the thrill of reinterpreting them with a decidedly Mrlssti slant.

**Personality:** On stage, you are charming, funny and genuinely likable, traits you carry over into your personal life. You have no strong political views though the Empire's pro-human bias has affected your employment opportunities.

**Objectives:** To make an audience happy.

**A Quote:** "Thank you! You've been a wonderful audience!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You may have been retained by a House noble or corporate exec who enjoys your act (which means you would interact with his or her other employees).

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mrlssti Swindler

**Gender/Species:** /Mrlssti

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **1D+1**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Three sets of false ID, hold-out blaster (3D), datapad (with forged deeds to land and holding on three Tapani sector worlds; the fakes are fairly good and require a Moderate *forgery* or Difficult *Perception* roll to discover the forgery), 1,200 credits

**Background:** You once labored in the halls of academia on your homeworld of Mrlsst. Unlike your fellow Mrlssti (who consider teaching a rewarding experience), something was missing from your life and you grew to loathe the life of a professor.

While speaking with some offworlders—Corellian gamblers—you realized that your appearance was a significant psychological advantage when dealing with humans. You decided to seek your fortune by conning gullible and wealthy humans out of their money.

You don't like to risk your neck breaking into homes or stealing bacta shipments. Instead, you rely on your computer skills, persuasive language and non-threatening appearance to part the foolish from their wealth.

**Personality:** You are very likable and have a tendency to say exactly what someone wants to hear. Secretly, you view such individuals as fools, but would never say so.

**Objectives:** To amass great wealth.

**A Quote:** "As you can see, the title and deeds are all in order. Now, will that be hard currency, or would you prefer to conclude our transaction with a credit voucher, my lord?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could have booked passage with a smuggler or pirate. The disgraced House Guardsman may be a friend of yours. Perhaps the holoivid gossip columnist is following you to report your dealings with a noble.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Mrlssti Tutor

**Gender/Species:** /Mrlssti

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1** **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_  
Pick pocket \_\_\_\_  
Bargain \_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1** **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **1D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_  
Scholar: \_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **5D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_  
Ground vehicle operation \_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_  
Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_  
Space transports repair \_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tom Brindolillo

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), two medpacs, comlink, datapad, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You were born and raised on Mrlsst. Like many Mrlssti, you were raised to believe that education is the most precious commodity a being can possess.

As a young adult, you desperately wanted to go to Coruscant to continue your education, but were turned down because you were an alien. Being denied an educational opportunity because of your species went against everything your culture taught you. Your intense disappointment turned you against the Empire.

You served in the Freeworlds Common Navy for nearly a decade, first as a shuttle pilot, then as a piloting instructor. It was while in the military that you discovered your love for teaching.

After your tour was up, you returned to Mrlsst to become a freelance tutor, hiring yourself out to teach small bands of students who wanted to supplement their official education, or who were too poor to afford it. Moving in these new circles, you met others who felt as you do about the Empire, and began to establish ties with them. You have resolved to seek out the Rebel Alliance and see if it can make use of your skills.

**Personality:** You are quiet and self-effacing in day-to-day discourse, but behind your peaceful front lurks the heart of a warrior. In the cockpit of a spacecraft, you are a killing machine.

**Objectives:** The Imperials are a scourge to your world that must be someday expelled.

**A Quote:** "No qualified sentient should be denied an educational opportunity. The Imperials must be removed from Mrlsst before their ideas infect our culture."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might know military-oriented characters from your days in the Common Navy. You have taught a wide variety of people as a tutor, and you might have come in contact with just about any character in that capacity.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# TALES OF THE JEDI COMPANION

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Type: Mystic

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Archaic starship piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Special Abilities:

Force skills: Control 2D, sense 1D.

Control: Force of will, hibernation trance

Sense: Life detection

Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_



PLAYER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Lightsaber (4D+2), wide-scan binocs, hooded cloak.

**Background:** Your ancestors did not view the Force like the majority of the Jedi Knights do. To you, the Force lies hidden beneath the light and dark sides—it has an undiscoverable essence which beings in this existence are not meant to see.

Since joining the Jedi, you have become one of its best recruiters, spending most of your time abroad searching for potential apprentices. As a result, you have little time in which to study under a Jedi Master, so you focus yourself on your training whenever you return to Ossus.

**Personality:** Your different perspective on the Force has set you apart from most of your Jedi companions. While neither you nor they bear any ill will toward the other, you still feel somewhat uncomfortable in the presence of other Jedi. You therefore enjoy your current duties abroad, though you know that at any moment you may be called upon to perform other services.

**Objectives:** To find Force-sensitives who can fill the ranks of the Jedi.

**A Quote:** "I know you would do anything to become a Jedi. The problem is that you want it too much."

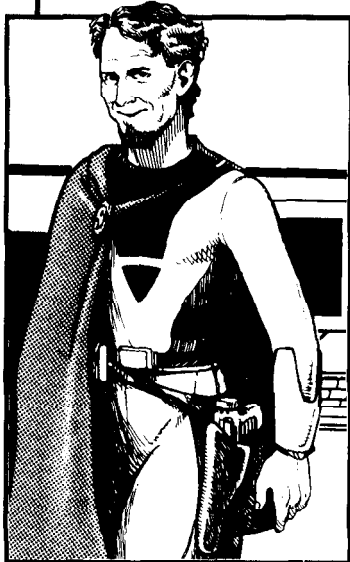
**Connection With Characters:**

## WOUND STATUS

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

# New Republic Bureaucrat

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: Human

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** You work for the New Republic. The perks aren't good, but at least these people are trying to make the galaxy a better place, and you can respect that. Your job gives you a lot of authority, and sometimes you have to go on investigations, taking you into the middle of the action.

**Personality:** Forceful but quiet, you are confident in your own area of expertise.

But when the blaster bolts start flying you are very happy to let someone else be in the spotlight.

**Objectives:** To make the galaxy a better place.

**A Quote:** "Wait a minute. Let me talk to him — I know how these guys think."

**Connection With Other Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY

2D

Blaster  
Brawling Parry  
Dodge  
Melee Combat  
Running  
Vehicle Blasters

## PERCEPTION

3D+2

Bargain  
Command  
Con  
Investigation  
Persuasion  
Search

## KNOWLEDGE

4D

Bureaucracy  
Business  
Intimidation  
Law Enforcement  
Planetary Systems  
Value

## STRENGTH

2D+1

Brawling  
Climbing/Jumping  
Stamina  
Swimming

## MECHANICAL

3D

Astrogation  
Communications  
Repulsorlift Ops  
Space Transports  
Starship Gunnery  
Starship Shields

## TECHNICAL

3D

Computer Prog/Rpr  
Droid Programming  
Droid Repair  
First Aid

## Special Abilities:

Move: 10

Force Points: \_\_\_\_\_

Force Sensitive: ☐ Yes ☐ No

Dark Side Points: \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points: \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Average clothes, comlink, 4000 credits, landspeeder (move 120, body strength 3D, maneuverability 2D), sporting blaster (damage 3D+2)

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** New Republic Intelligence Operative

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** NRI uniform (other clothes vary by mission), comlink, datapad, blaster pistol (4D), hold-out blaster (3D), vibroblade (STR+3D), 2,000 credits

**Background:** You work for the elite intelligence agency of the New Republic. The New Republic may be winning the war, but that doesn't mean there aren't a lot of Imperials and other troublemakers still around. It's your job to keep an eye on them.

Sometimes you get a combat mission, but most of the time, you investigate the activities of others, sometimes by remote surveillance, sometimes by staging raids and break-ins, and sometimes by going undercover.

You've worked hard to help get the New Republic where it is today and you're not about to let some renegade warlord take it apart again.

**Personality:** You're tough and secretive. You have to be. You never know who might be watching you and you can't risk blowing your cover. You keep your head, even in the worst situations.

**Objectives:** To root out threats to the New Republic, report and eliminate them.

**A Quote:** "There's trouble in the Corellian sector. We'd better check it out."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** New Republic Security Force Agent

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Y-wing starfighter, R2 astromech droid, data-pad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), binders, arrest warrants, New Republic Security Force uniform, badge and ID, 1,000 credits

**Background:** The restoration of law and order throughout the galaxy did not end with the death of the Emperor. In fact, it has barely begun.

Crime lords, terrorists, and renegade Imperials roam freely across known space, leaving misery and destruction in their wake. These individuals are the real threat to peace and justice, and must answer for their crimes.

As an agent of the New Republic Security Force, you are empowered to track down these felons — no matter where they range in the New Republic — and bring them to justice.

**Personality:** You believe in justice and the law. You've sworn an oath to uphold the laws of the New Republic and to bring in those who break them. And although your arrest record cannot be questioned, your methods can and occasionally are.

**Objectives:** To bring to justice all those who violate the laws of the New Republic.

**A Quote:** "New Republic Agent! You're under arrest! Throw down your weapons or I'll shoot!"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** NewsNet Reporter

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Press credentials, datapad, holorecorder, comlink, hold-out blaster (3D), 1,000 credits.

**Background:** People always need up-to-the-minute accounts of current events, and that's what you give them. You bring people what they want to know and what they *need* to know.

If the Empire is going to work, it can't be run by shirkers and the corrupt. When you find Imperial officials taking advantage of their positions, you blow the whistle.

Obviously, this approach gets you into some hot water, but you can handle it. The Imperials would prefer you stick to the more domestic news — local gossip, and all that fluff. Well that's not going to happen — you're going to get to the bottom of the story even if you have to go into hiding to get it. The people have a right to know the truth! And you're the right person to bring it to them. (As long as you can keep yourself *alive* while you're doing it ...)

**Personality:** When you get word of a scoop, you tend to throw caution to the wind and pursue your story to the bitter end, ignoring threats, warnings, and obstacles alike. Worrying about consequences comes later, after the story is filed, and your duty is done.

**Objectives:** To show the galaxy that the Empire cannot ignore its flaws and hope to survive.

**A Quote:** "Listen, I'm not exactly a member of the Palpatine fan club, but if I gotta be an Imperial citizen, I at least want to see its leaders practice what they preach — namely, *law and order*."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Noble-In-Exile

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Bows \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Culture \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

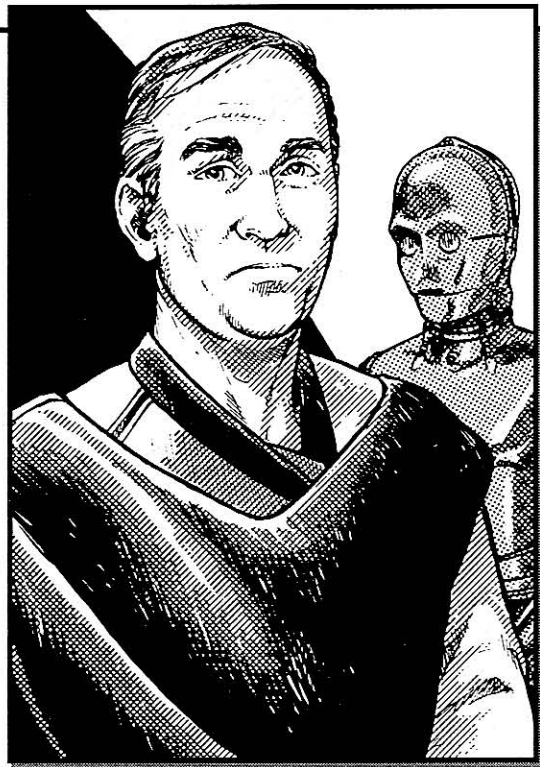
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Ceremonial robes of office, comlink, Alliance letters of introduction, protocol droid, hold-out blaster (3D+1), 1,500 credits

**Background:** Your House ruled your homeworld for generations. Then the Empire came and took over. Your parents refused to serve as puppet rulers, and were arrested and executed. You went into hiding as the leaders of a rival House assumed the throne as figure-heads, and you barely escaped the planet with your life and a few possessions.

Determined to deliver your world from the Empire and the ill-conceived intrigues of the rival House, you have joined the Alliance. Perhaps not the best of reasons for joining a crusade, but they were happy to have you, regardless.

**Personality:** You've no great love for the Empire but dislike the thought of forcing your people to endure a war to kick them out. You feel at odds with the galaxy, frustrated at your youth and inexperience.

**Objectives:** To gain the wisdom and experience needed to set things right again.

**A Quote:** "I once led a pampered life, but my people will find me much changed when I return."

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Old Senatorial

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

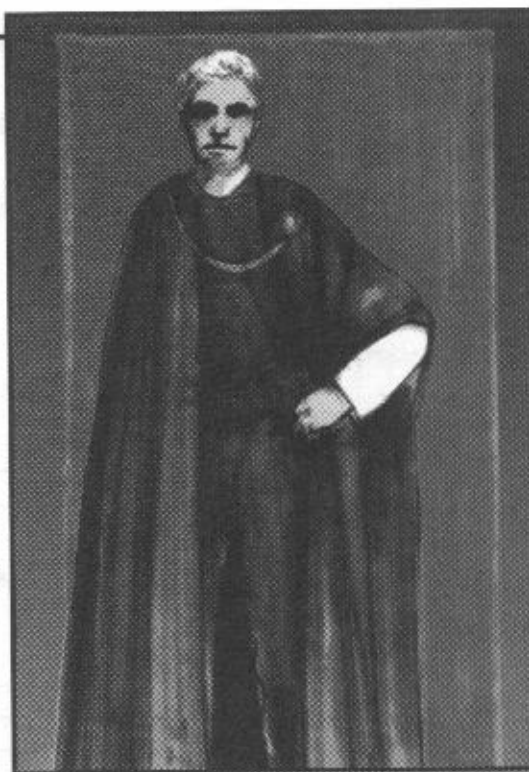
**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), spartan clothing, comlink, 2,000 credits

**Background:** You're getting old — too old — for this nonsense. You've been a Senator for more years than you care to count; you've gotten white-haired and dried up in that time. Some would call it "burned-out." It seems your struggle with Palpatine and his henchmen has gone on forever. A never-ending struggle for the very soul of the Senate and the galaxy, a struggle which consumed the years of youth like butterflies in a flame.

You'll not give up yet! The fight has passed beyond the Senate chamber into the hard vacuum of space. You can't fly a starship or fire a laser cannon, but determination, an understanding of your adversaries, and an ability to command still count for something. Still, you yearn for the old days ... for men like Tallon, Kenobi and Organa. They were giants in those days ...

**Personality:** You're no-nonsense, brisk, brusque and capable. You can talk your way past a barricade and have stormtroopers saluting the "August Senator" in no time at all. Your stamina isn't what it used to be and you have no stomach for violence but you never display weakness.

**Objectives:** To make sure that Palpatine gets what he deserves — through civil, political or even military means.

**A Quote:** "And snap to it, young man!"

**Connection With Characters:** You may know a retired Imperial captain or other senatorials or nobles socially or politically. You may know a bounty hunter or merc as a former employee. Practically any character might come from the planet you represented as a Senator.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ordnance Procurer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Walker repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Alliance uniform (others when needed), heavy blaster pistol (5D), medpac, comlink, vibroblade (STR+2D), electronics diagnostic kit, micro-tool pack, 700 credits

**Background:** The starfighters, power cells, and foodpacs which make the Rebellion function don't just spring into being, you know. Somebody has to go out and get them. The Alliance has thousands of supply sources, to be sure, and not one of them is conventional. You are one of the Alliance's roving ordnance procurers.

Your job is to accompany Rebel strike teams on their missions, and liberate whatever you can without endangering the mission. You've come back with TIE fighters, sacks full of blasters, Imperial uniforms (even some without blaster burns on them), and once, the pampered pet of a Moff.

**Personality:** You enjoy your work. You get to loot and steal and no one minds at all (with the possible exception of the Imperials, but they don't really count). You like to leave little calling cards when you take something particularly valuable, a sort of signature that you hope the Imperials will one day recognize widely ...

**Objectives:** To steal an Imperial shuttle, with the Emperor still in it. Okay, okay ... you realize that this is an unrealistic goal, and probably more than a little suicidal, but it sure sounds great in the tapcafe over a few mugs of lum ...

**A Quote:** "OK, let me see, here. Today, we have a dozen blaster carbines, a KDY heavy-weapons power converter, and Moff Balfour's undergarments. (Chuckle.) Sorry, little joke. We *don't* have the power converter."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Outlaw

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_  
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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Archaic weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



John Loma

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** Your family was wiped out during a raid — by the Imperials, by criminals, by pirates, you're not sure. But the weight of evidence points to some seriously evil folks.

And those folks are going to pay. You swore to your family that you'd *make* them pay.

Gathering what few weapons you possessed, you hopped the first transport off-planet, searching for the elusive killers that ruined your life. You've spent the intervening time honing your skills and preparing for the day when you face those responsible for the deaths of your loved ones. And only you are going to walk away ...

**Personality:** You're deadly, dangerous and driven. You have no fear and no pity; you have nothing to live for and no reason not to risk your life. As far as you're concerned, no one will miss you when you're gone, but when you go, you sure as blazes aren't going alone.

**Objectives:** Revenge — pure, simple and ugly — but revenge nonetheless.

**A Quote:** "They made only one mistake. They didn't finish the job."

**Connection With Characters:** You've hooked up with the other characters because you think they can bring you closer to the people who killed you family. Along the way, you've come to care about them (as much as you are still capable of caring). If there's any emotion you can still feel, it's parental love. Younger characters (kids or brash pilots, for example) may be adopted as surrogate children. You may feel a bleak kinship with similarly driven characters like a merc or bounty hunter; in time it might ripen into true trust and affection.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Outlaw Tech

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Archaic starship

    piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogration \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

    operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle

    operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

    operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Computer program-

    ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

    ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

    repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

    repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon

    repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

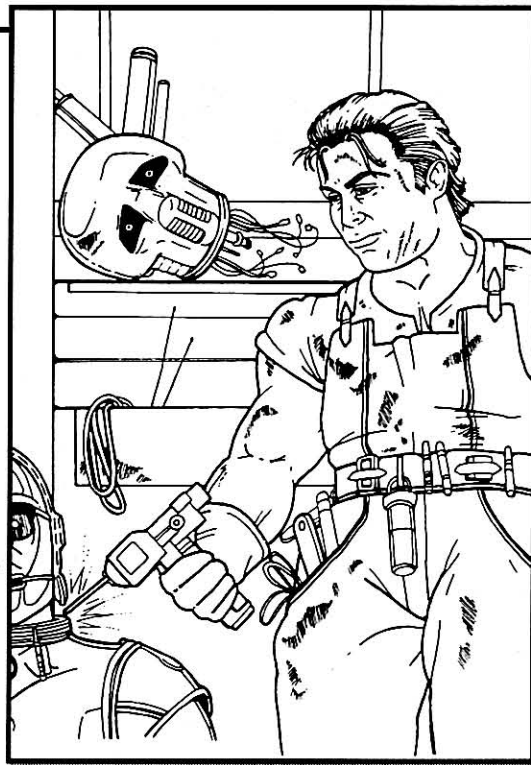
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Work coveralls, datapad, diagnostic scanner, repair kit, laser cutter, circuitry replacement parts, blaster pistol (4D), concealed vibroblade (STR+1D), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You love to tinker with things — there's always ways to make them *better*. Given the right tools and enough time, you can improve anything ever built.

Of course, this often makes the item illegal to own, but you don't worry much about that. You certainly never let some bureaucrat tell you how to fix anything.

Since the Imperials have gone out of their way to make work difficult for you to find, you've taken to hiding out or working for shady characters to make ends meet. They *do* pay well for your skills, though you try not to get mixed up in their business any more than you have to — their credits are all you want from them.

**Personality:** You're a "go anywhere, fix anything" sort of person — for the right price, that is. It doesn't matter which side hired you. You're always learning about new gadgets and how to improve them. It annoys you when people tell you something can't be done.

**Objectives:** To own your own company someday and let others work for you.

**A Quote:** "That's all it can do? Let me see it. Yeah, just as I thought. If we remove this stupid safety mechanism, we can boost the energy flow to the converter ... and it *probably* won't explode."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Pack Tracker

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Storn Cook

**Equipment:** Datapad, porter's tunic and hat, repulsorlift baggage sled, 27 credits

**Background:** You're a young pack tracker—one of the hundreds of porters who mill about starports, offering to help transport passengers' baggage for a fee. You offer personal and efficient service, much better than slow droids or malfunctioning luggage sorting systems. Customers just pile their bags on your repulsorlift sled and you're pushing and pulling it to wherever they're heading.

Space travel has always appealed to you. That's one of the reasons you track packs at starports. Sometimes you load personal baggage on and off transports. You get to meet all sorts of spacers from around the galaxy. Then one day, while you were unloading some suspicious baggage into a freighter's cargo hold, the crew ran into some trouble and took off early. You were still on board. The crew took a liking to you, and paid you a few credits to help load and unload cargoes at their various destinations. Now you want to become a spacer yourself. See the galaxy, get into trouble, have some fun.

**Personality:** You're optimistic and determined. You don't discourage easily, and are willing to do your best to prove that you're not just a young kid pack tracker.

**Objectives:** To scrape together enough credits from wages and tips to buy your own light freighter and become a legendary smuggler.

**A Quote:** "If I can pack a sled-load of hot baggage under a customs inspector's nose, I can smuggle anything past the Empire."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have stowed away on a ship belonging to any smuggler or pilot character. You might have befriended any member of a smuggling crew and tagged along even though you weren't really invited.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

## Character Name:

Type: Pirate

Gender/Species:

Age:

Height:

Weight:

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

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## Perception \_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

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## Knowledge \_\_\_\_ 2D

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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## Strength \_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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## Mechanical \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship \_\_\_\_\_

gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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## Technical \_\_\_\_ 3D

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Flashy clothes, lots of rings and things, blaster pistol (4D), saber (STR+1D+1), comlink, vacuum suit, 2,000 credits

**Background:** You were just a kid when you were offered a position aboard a Starship; you jumped at the chance. Finally, away off the hick planet where you grew up! You realized the ship was a little disreputable, but you hadn't realized you were hooking up with the genuine article — desperate, grizzled pirates thirsting for gold and the blood of innocents. "Arrr, matey" indeed.

Well, it isn't quite like that, actually; pirates are not much like the vidshow stereotype. No one actually says, "Arrr, matey." Certainly no one wears an eyepatch or a plastic leg. And you've never known a pirate who made anyone "walk the airlock." After all, the point of piracy is to make a profit, not cause bloodshed. Atrocities might make a captured ship's crew resist.

Imperial oppression has driven most of the small traders out of business. Independent spacers don't have many options: bankruptcy, retirement or ... piracy.

The Empire creates pirates — and then destroys them. Most of your shipmates are in the spice mines of Kessel now. You barely escaped by the skin of your teeth. You plan to avenge them, somehow. You hope that one day you'll be the captain of your own ship — a privateer in the service of the Rebellion.

**Personality:** You wear colorful clothes and enjoy the notoriety of being a pirate. You like to laugh and carouse in a cheerfully amoral way. You're not exactly what people would call a role model ... but you never volunteered for that job.

**Objectives:** To make a profit first and foremost, but undermining the Empire suits you just fine.

**A Quote:** "Arr, matey. Make 'em walk the airlock. (Chuckle.) Seriously now, just give me your valuables."

**Connection With Characters:** You might once have raided the ship of any of the other characters. A retired Imperial captain or bounty hunter might once have pursued you. A smuggler might have out-run you. "You might be related to a brash pilot or kid — or you might be the black sheep of a senatorial's family."

### Privateer Captain

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: Human

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

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**Background:** Forced into piracy at a young age, you rose through the ranks to captain your own ship. Now you want to make more of your life and maybe retire someday, so you've contracted your services to the Rebel Alliance as a privateer in return for a pardon and half the profits.

**Personality:** A dashing gentleman at heart, you never acquired the bloodthirst that consumes so many pirates. You love outwitting prize ships and patrols while raiding the Empire's ill-gotten gains. You're experienced enough to keep a level head in battle and keep your rowdy crew under control.

**Objectives:** To amass enough credits to retire in style.

**A Quote:** "Gently, gently.... Fire the ion cannon! Tractor beam on! Prepare to board! Blasters on stun, lads!"

**Connection With Characters:** You are likely to be captain of some of the other characters. You might have robbed a smuggler's ship or arrogant noble or young senator's yacht. Bounty hunters or Jedi could have tried to hunt you down.

**Equipment:** Flashy clothes, gaudy jewelry, comlink, vacuum suit, datapad, modified Corellian Corvette and no credits or light frigate and 500 credits standard, blaster pistol (4D)

**DEXTERITY** 2D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**KNOWLEDGE** 3D+2

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**MECHANICAL** 3D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**PERCEPTION** 4D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**STRENGTH** 2D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**TECHNICAL** 2D+2

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship repair \_\_\_\_\_

DemolitionS \_\_\_\_\_

Firstaid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive?:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Professional Bodyguard

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

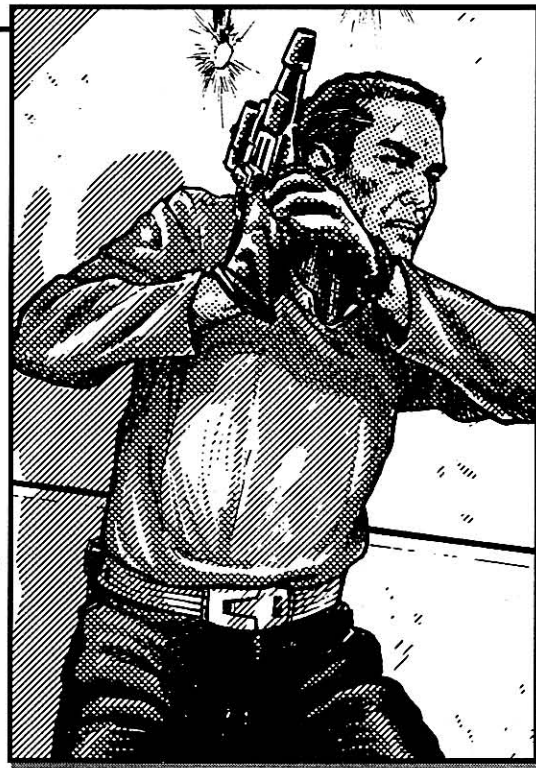
**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Street clothes, heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink, motion tracker (*Galaxy Guide 10: Bounty Hunters*, page 91), smoke grenade, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You learned early on that you had a talent for convincing people to see things your way just by standing tall and letting them see your teeth. And when teeth proved to be an insufficient motivator, you found other (equally nonverbal) ways of making your point.

It wasn't until later that you discovered that people would pay you to exercise this skill on their behalf. Now you work as a freelance bodyguard. You've protected corporate execs, gangsters, famous actors, and even high-ranking Imperials traveling incognito.

You put a lot of time and effort into your training, and you are a thorough professional. You aren't a thug or leg-breaker, and those who expect you to be one seldom retain your services long.

**Personality:** You're not too particular about who's paying you, nor why. A job is a job, just so long as the credits are delivered to your account promptly.

**Objectives:** To make enough so that one day you'll need protection.

**A Quote:** "Wait here sir. Let me go in first ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Professional Thief

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Jet pack operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Rocket pack operation \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Set of four power pitons (+2D to climbing with an Easy *Dexterity* roll), electronic lockbreaker (requires Moderate *security* roll to activate and a Difficult *computer programming/repair* roll to manipulate advanced locks; specific system profiles must be programmed before use, but pre-programmed profiles can be installed into the unit on a Moderate *computer programming/repair* roll), one set of false identification, hold-out blaster (3D), 500 credits

**Background:** You grew up on the streets of Procopia, a poor child in the midst of tremendous wealth. You vowed that you would one day taste the riches that those around you took for granted, even if you had to steal it out from under them.

You spent some time with a traveling performing troupe as an acrobat and juggler. After a performance, you would sneak out into the night, breaking into the homes of wealthy nobles and corporate execs, stealing gems and works of art. So far, you've had some minor successes and the local newsnets have begun to follow your exploits. You've enjoyed the media attention and have begun leaving small "calling cards" at the sites of your burglaries. The local authorities are less than amused with you, but—in your opinion—the law will have to move much more quickly to catch you.

**Personality:** You love your chosen profession for its freedom, adventure and danger. You enjoy the thrill of the chase more as much as the loot you steal. You constantly seek out the best in food, drink and other luxuries, committing audacious thefts to cover your expenses.

**Objectives:** To loot Tapani sector from end to end and retire with your freedom and enough wealth to buy a planet.

**A Quote:** "Better luck next time, Constable!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You may be posing as a wealthy noble, hiring a security specialist, retainer or other such character to make your cover more convincing. A noble may have stumbled upon your true identity and threatens to turn you over to the authorities unless you perform a task for him.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

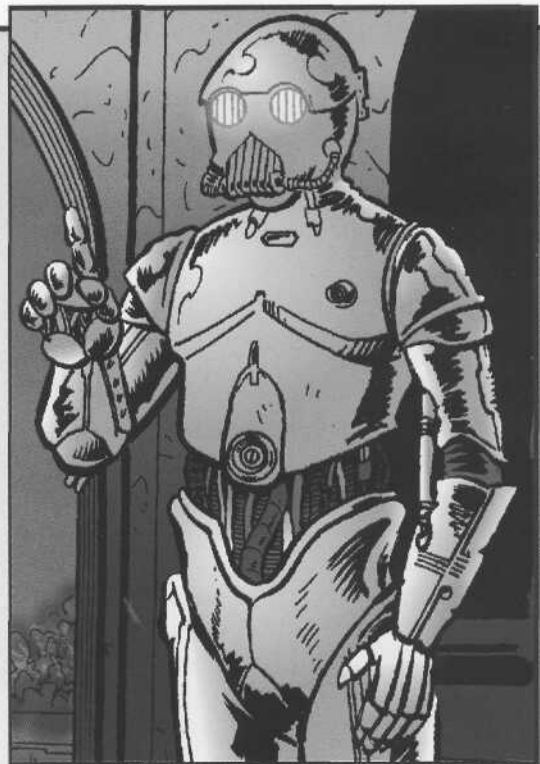
**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Protocol Droid

**Model:** 3PO Human-Cyborg Relations Droid

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** 1.7 m **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity 1D

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception 1D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge 3D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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## Strength 1D

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical 1D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical 1D

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Comlink, datapad

**Background:** You still can't understand humans. They are very illogical, and seem to want to be exposed to danger. Nonetheless, you continue on, despite the thankless nature of your task. Your most recent owner is flamboyant and temperamental, but treats you like a real person.

**Personality:** You are very proper, concerned with doing things the "right" way. You have a persecution complex and tend to think that people are making fun of you. Humans get upset with you, even if you are just following your programming.

**Objectives:** To serve your master faithfully and loyally.

**A Quote:** "Mistress, they believe that you are some sort of ... deity. Oh my!"

**Connection With Characters:** You are probably owned by the wealthiest player character, or are on loan from an acquaintance or employer.

## Special Abilities

**Skills:** You start with 17D to allocate to skills, but may not place more than 2D in any one skill.

**Life Preservation Programming:** Your programming prevents you from injuring a sentient being, even in self-defense.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **7**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded

# Quarren Deep Hunter

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Technology \_\_\_\_\_

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

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gamble \_\_\_\_\_

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_

Lift \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swim \_\_\_\_\_

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

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_

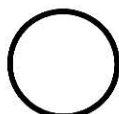
Security \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

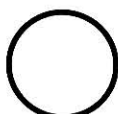
**Equipment** \_\_\_\_\_



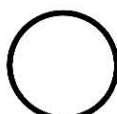
**Force  
Points**



**Dark Side  
Points**



**Wound  
Status**



**Skill  
Points**

# Quarren Deep Hunter

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

## Equipment

speargun

deepsuit

two-man submersible vehicle (unpressurized)

1000 credits standard

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Quarren Miner

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

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

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Technology \_\_\_\_\_

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

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gamble \_\_\_\_\_

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_

Lift \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swim \_\_\_\_\_

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

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

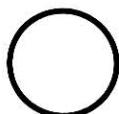
Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_

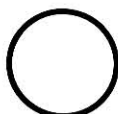
Security \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

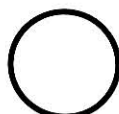
## **Equipment** \_\_\_\_\_



**Force  
Points**



**Dark Side  
Points**



**Wound  
Status**



**Skill  
Points**

# Quarren Miner

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

## Equipment

club

heavy blaster pistol

1000 credits standard

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Quarren Street Hustler

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

Character Name \_\_\_\_\_

Player Name \_\_\_\_\_

Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description \_\_\_\_\_

**DEXTERITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Melee Parry \_\_\_\_\_

Melee \_\_\_\_\_

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

Alien Races \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary Systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Technology \_\_\_\_\_

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

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast Ride \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Op. \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Pilot \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Shields \_\_\_\_\_

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

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gamble \_\_\_\_\_

Hide/Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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

Brawl \_\_\_\_\_

Climb/Jump \_\_\_\_\_

Lift \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swim \_\_\_\_\_

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

Comp. Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid Prog./Repair \_\_\_\_\_

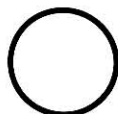
Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift Repair \_\_\_\_\_

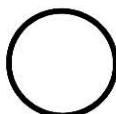
Security \_\_\_\_\_

Starship Repair \_\_\_\_\_

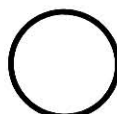
**Equipment** \_\_\_\_\_



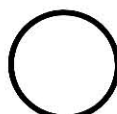
**Force  
Points**



**Dark Side  
Points**



**Wound  
Status**



**Skill  
Points**

# Quarren Street Hustler

**STAR  
WARS**  
Character Template

## Equipment

blaster  
vibroblade  
500 credits standard

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Quarren Swindler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Quarren

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Aquatic Survival:** At the time of character creation only, characters may place 1D of skill dice in *swimming* and *survival: aquatic* and receive 2D in the skill.

**Aquatic:** Quarren can breathe both air and water and withstand extreme pressures found in ocean depths.

**Move** 9 (walk), 10 (swim)

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

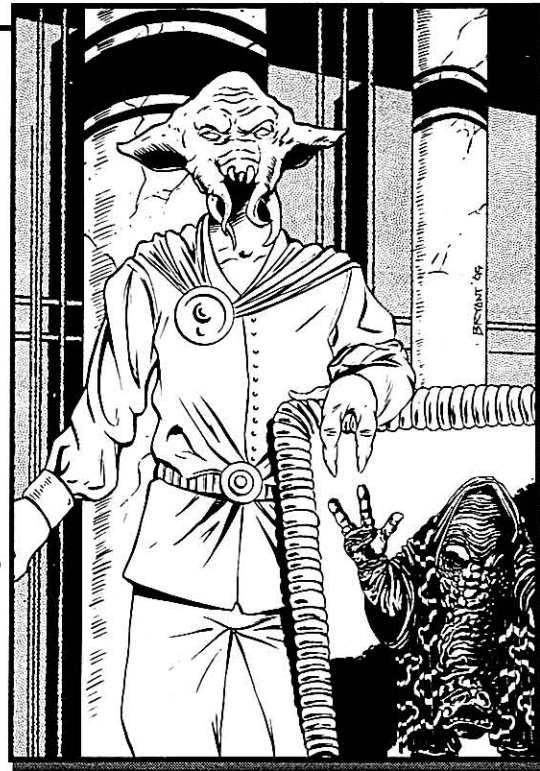
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Cloak, blaster pistol (4D), 750 credits

**Background:** Maybe it was the underwater environment you grew up in — where deception and camouflage are merely survival techniques — that led you to become a dealer in “synthetic dreams,” always concealing the unattractive and worthless behind alluring veils just long enough to take some sucker’s credits and fade from sight.

Nothing could be finer in life than matching wits with an opponent and coming out ahead. Of course, some would call your opponents “victims,” but you give them more credit than that — anyone who falls for your cons just isn’t alert enough. Fortunately for you, there are a lot of distracted folks out there.

You’ve always been able to maintain a comfortable lifestyle without ever seeking employment — at least, not employment as an honest citizen world would recognize it.

**Personality:** You’re a likeable individual, usually leaving victims oblivious to your deceptive actions. Trickery never makes you feel guilty. After all, it’s a fair game. Or would be, if these suckers were simply paying attention.

**Objectives:** To always gain the most with the least amount of effort.

**A Quote:** “Look, all you have to do to get the life you’ve always wanted is invest in my real estate firm. With my connections, we’ll be swimming in money in no time...”

## Connection With Characters:

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Quixotic Jedi

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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 \_\_\_\_\_  
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 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**

*Sense 1D.* You may select one Force power.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_ **Yes**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_ **2**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Old duelling sword (STR+1D+1), make-shift armor (+1 physical), 1,000 credits

**Background:** You claim to be a Jedi. Actually, you're not. You've read all about the exploits of the great Jedi Knights but you don't quite realize they no longer exist.

If truth be told, you're a little crazy. You've learned of the atrocities of the Empire and of Darth Vader, and have decided to leave your comfortable existence and venture forth into the galaxy on a great quest to restore the Jedi. You've read as much as you can about the Jedi training methods and their powers, and you've tried to train yourself as best you can.

You are a somewhat laughable figure, with your rusty, nicked old dueling sword. You wear "armor" cobbled together from various pieces of junk that somehow manage to provide a modicum of protection.

Everyone thinks you're crazy (and they are basically right). They think the Jedi were legendary, that it's all a bunch of hokey pseudo-religious nonsense.

But sometimes — just sometimes — you can feel the Force. Sometimes — when you're in great danger or when things are breaking your way — you swear you can use Jedi powers.

You try to right individual injustices whenever you come across them. You're basically a good fellow, so who cares if you're a little touched?

**Personality:** Elaborately courteous, unfailingly cheerful, and (as your friends put it) "basically out of your ever-loving mind." You come up with complex, hare-brained schemes which invariably fail. You adhere to the Jedi Code as well as any reality-challenged crackpot can.

**Objectives:** To right the great wrongs of the galaxy, no matter the odds, until your dying breath.

**A Quote:** "I feel a ... *disturbance* in the Force. No, really. *I swear* I feel one this time. Guys? Guys? Where're you going?"

**Connection With Characters:** A failed Jedi might become a close friend and give you a few pointers. A smuggler or pirate might keep you around for amusement value.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Rebel Conspirator

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tom Brindley

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), comlink, protocol droid, luxury landspeeder, 5,000 credits

**Background:** You were born into one of Tapani sector's noble houses. As a child of the nobility, you grew up in a privileged household, wanting for nothing.

However, as you grew older and began traveling to other worlds, you discovered that life is much harder elsewhere—and that the Empire is much crueler. Unable to find happiness in an Empire that crushes everything that offends it, you began to look for ways to oppose it.

With some careful searching, you discovered like-minded people with connections to the Rebellion and convinced them to trust you. You attended a Rebel training camp under cover of a vacation, and after several weeks of basic espionage and military training, you are back in Tapani sector, ready to take the war to the Empire.

**Personality:** You are extremely sharp and resourceful, but you hide this side of yourself from your peers in the nobility—it wouldn't do for them to suspect you are capable of doing the sorts of things you plan to do to the Imperials in Tapani sector. You are unwilling to put the Cause ahead of individuals, however, and will never sacrifice a fellow operative for the sake of the greater good.

**Objectives:** To establish a viable Rebel presence in Tapani sector capable of gathering intelligence and engaging in limited paramilitary actions. To get the Empire out of Tapani sector once and for all.

**A Quote:** "There are no neutrals in the Empire—those who do not actively oppose it condone its evil."

**Connection With Other Characters:** As a noble, you might know Imperials, nobles, or senatorials. You might have a retainer. As a Rebel, you might know pilots, smugglers, or bounty hunters.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Rebel Saboteur

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

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**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Civilian dress, forged identity papers, demolition charge (12D), mouse droid (equipped with spy camera and comlink), hold-out blaster (3D+1), 200 credits

**Background:** You were headed for the university when an Imperial press gang dragooned you right into the mighty Imperial Army. You developed a strong dislike for the formal, regimented lifestyle of the military, preferring the "free-wheeling" approach to life. The fact that your commanding officers often tried to purge your individualist tendencies from you didn't help; scrubbing latrines and forced marches aren't your idea of a good time.

Your instructors did teach you a good deal about demolitions and weaponry, which came in handy when you decided to desert your unit and join the Rebels. It was a while before the Alliance accepted you, but eventually you impressed them with your sincerity by sabotaging an entire row of TIE fighters parked on a spaceport landing apron.

Now you specialize in infiltrating Imperial facilities (of all sorts), and either directly sabotaging them, or recruiting others to do so for you.

**Personality:** Independent-minded and non-conformist, you firmly believe that one person can make a difference (or at least a *really big mess*).

**Objectives:** To take out the biggest tactical target of opportunity with the minimal amount of collateral damage.

**A Quote:** "Sure, I know it's risky, but, hey, I have a personal dislike for starchy uniforms."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Resistance Leader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hover vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Outdoor gear, sporting blaster (3D+1), blaster pistol (4D), four homemade grenades (4D), knife (STR+1), medpac, 500 credits

**Background:** You've never been a particularly even-tempered person, which is why you took it rather personally when the Empire came and destroyed your way of life.

You quickly gathered survivors of the initial raid, and formed the nucleus of a resistance force. Together with your comrades, you sabotaged the new Imperial government to the point that it could no longer function.

You left your former home years ago, when the Alliance offered to train you in the art of guerilla warfare. In turn, you train others the skills necessary to survive a dirty, long-term fight. Now you travel from world to world, battling the Empire. Forging Rebel cells, leading strike forces, planning ambushes, carrying out hostage-taking raids ... its just another day at the office.

**Personality:** You are grim and coldly calculating. You've no mercy for the Empire and no time to spare for those who have. The way you see things, it's "them" versus "us." You intend to make sure you and yours are the last one's standing.

**Objectives:** To carry the war to the enemy and make make them suffer for the terrible things they've done. And if they regard you as equally terrible, well, you've done your job.

**A Quote:** "They can't take anything else from us. We have nothing left to take. Now we start to take some back!"

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Retired Imperial Captain

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Command \_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Demolitions \_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_ **1**

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Scott Neely

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Imperial Navy uniform (slightly out of date), blaster pistol (4D), 2,000 credits

**Background:** You gave your life to the service, and you gave it gladly. The Navy was your job, your life, and your passion. You rose through its ranks, from enlisted trooper to petty officer to command of a starship. You saw action several times and were highly decorated, but you remember the times of peace better than the times of war — the riotous shore leaves, the dangers of galactic exploration.

It was a sad day when you retired, but you were glad, in a way. Your spouse suffered during your frequent absences; your children grew up strangers. It was a shock to discover upon your retirement how people thought of the Empire; something had gone very wrong, and you hadn't noticed. Things have gone from bad to worse and now that madman Vader is running things.

Your spouse is dead now, and you're getting bored. You can only sit and read in your garden for so long. You've got a few years left, and you'd like to do something worthwhile. Maybe the Rebellion can find a use for this old soldier.

**Personality:** Soft-spoken, intelligent in command. You're knowledgeable about antiquated military equipment, somewhat less so about modern weapons systems. You cannot abide low efficiency or needless waste (particularly in regards to those under your command; you do not consider your troops expendable).

**Objectives:** To restore the Navy's image of respectability and honor. To use the Rebellion as a means of instilling in young people a sense of moral patriotism that is sadly lacking in the Emperor's New Order.

**A Quote:** "Orders of the day, gentlemen!"

**Connection With Characters:** You may have seen action with a merc, or have sponsored a brash pilot for the Naval Academy. You may know any noble or senatorial by reputation or socially. You may be irritated by an armchair historian.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Revvien Tyia Adept

**Gender/Species:** /Revvien

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

*Tyia: Control 1D, sense 1D, alter 1D.* You know the Force way known as Tyia. You may select three Force powers in accordance with the rules for the Tyia (see the chapter on "The Force" for more information).

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_ **Yes**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_ **2**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Amulet (representative of Tyia philosophy), 250 credits

**Background:** You were among the brightest students of your generation — you learned the amazing powers of Tyia faster than anyone your teachers had ever instructed. They sensed great power in you.

When the star traders came to your planet, your teachers told you to seek out the masters of the Tyia — their name is Jedi, and they call it the Force.

**Personality:** You are impressionable and easily excited. You find technology ... interesting. You are a mystic. You seek peace and harmony for yourself, your people and the galaxy.

**Objectives:** To learn many Tyia abilities and use them for peace.

**A Quote:** "Think of peace and honor — and act upon that only!"

**Connection With Characters:** You could have left your homeworld with a smuggler, cynical scout or laconic scout. You could be studying with an alien student of the Force, failed Jedi, minor Jedi or young Jedi.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Rodian Dramatist

**Gender/Species:** /Rodian

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_

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Move \_\_\_\_ **10**

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_

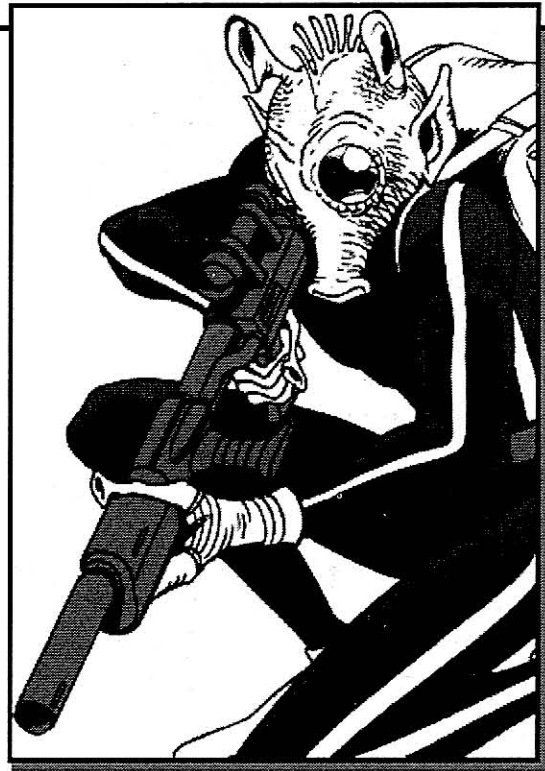
Force Points \_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Make-up kit, black clothing, datapad, heavy blaster pistol (5D), 500 credits

**Background:** Acting has always been a hallmark of your culture, but you've found a unique application for your talents: staging high-profile *fake* assassinations. They are elaborate productions, always staged in public and always with a target of the most distinguished stature (who pays equally distinguished fees, naturally).

The blaster shot flashes out of the dark, the victim topples, witnesses scream and recoil in shock and horror, but the blasters are nothing but harmless light beams, the impact explosion nothing more than a carefully timed micro-charge, and — if all goes well — the target walks away without a scratch.

Your clients are surprisingly varied, but they all have one thing in common: they have realized that a well staged — and extremely public — assassination is sometimes the best solution to the problems of wealth.

**Personality:** Between jobs, you are content to relax in luxury resorts, but while a job is on, no one can match your drive for perfection.

**Objectives:** To mount increasingly complicated and elaborate productions which earn you enough money to subsequently throw increasingly complicated and elaborate parties.

**A Quote:** "‘Die well and you only die once,’ act 14, scene 27, *The Unquiet Spirit Arises From the Swamp*, Veerdo Veerone, author."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Rodian Gunner

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Rodian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Storm Cook

**Equipment:** Blast helmet and vest (+1D physical, +1 energy, head and torso only), blaster (4D), gear bag, headset comlink, 250 credits

**Background:** Your clan on Rodia was disgraced in a political scandal. To escape the blood feud which almost wiped out your family, you took passage aboard the first starship heading off the planet. All you brought was a gear bag filled with the few personal belongings you grabbed before your home was sacked and burned. The freighter captain allowed you to work off your passage. You were attracted by the ship's powerful (and probably illegal) weapons. A crewman taught you to use them, and soon you were blasting away at TIE fighters and pirate corvettes. You even used your hunting prowess to provide extra security while the ship was in port.

But you soon had to move on. Rodians from a rival clan discovered you and tried to include you in the blood feud body count. Luckily you slipped away. Now you sign on as a gunner on various freighters, moving on when you fear enemy Rodian hunters are getting too close.

**Personality:** You're grim and quiet. You keep to yourself and never talk about your past. In port you keep a sharp eye open for enemy clan members hunting you down.

**Objectives:** To evade Rodian hunters following you—which means moving around a lot.

**A Quote:** "Lofak ze noetchka vosafis, wey zo gatta blastica vo sak nellisho."

(Translation: "Hunting is an honorable profession, whether it is done with a blaster or a quad laser cannon.")

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have signed on with any smuggler character, or been recruited by anyone among a starship's crew. You might have teamed up with another gunner for security reasons.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Rodian Pacifist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Rodian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

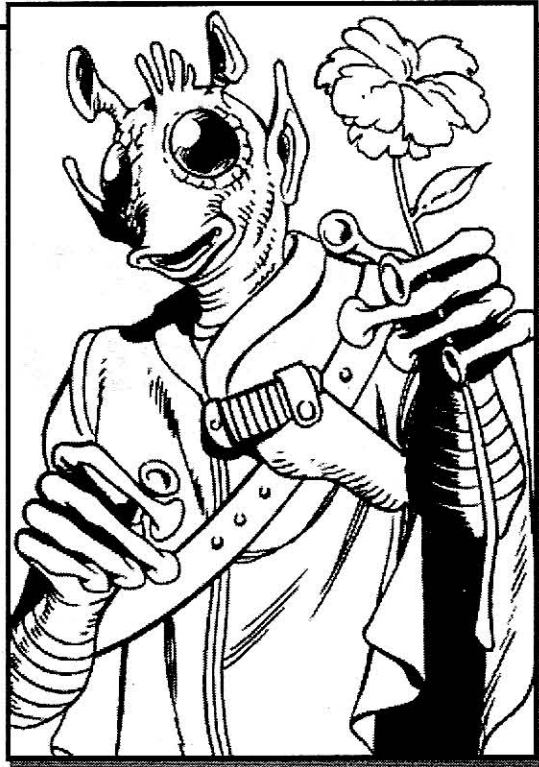
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Stun pistol (4D stun), comlink, 2 medpacs, 3,000 credits

**Background:** Your fellow Rodians have always considered you a bit strange (and more than a little insane). You didn't like hunting games as a child. The violent drama of your school years bored you. You felt a strong compulsion to find peaceful resolutions to all conflicts.

After sending you to counselors for years without results, your parents finally threw up their hands in disgust and banned you from their household. Sadly, your attempts to make peace with them only made matters worse.

You left Rodia not long after, to seek your fortunes elsewhere, willing to do whatever it took to promote peace and happiness. When the Ithorians wouldn't have you, you decided to join the Rebel Alliance. True, they tend to be just a *bit* violent themselves, but they promise that peace will reign once they defeat the Empire. You're still waiting for that to happen.

**Personality:** Frankly, you're a little nuts. You see the galaxy only in terms of black and white, right and wrong. To you, all conflict is wrong, no matter what the reason. That is not to say that you are a coward. Quite the opposite. A coward would not stand, unarmed, in the middle of a scout walker's path in an attempt to save a comrade. A little crazy? Definitely. Cowardly? No.

**Objectives:** To bring peace and a little kindness, to this war-torn galaxy.

**A Quote:** "Oh, your weapon won't fire because I took the liberty of removing the energy cell. Perhaps now that you can't resort to violence as a means of resolving this issue, we can establish a constructive dialogue with those charging stormtroopers ... no, I'm *not* kidding!"

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: Matt Hong

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# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Rookie New Republic Pilot

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster _____	Command _____
Brawling parry _____	Con _____
Dodge _____	Gambling _____
Melee combat _____	Persuasion _____
Vehicle blasters _____	Search _____

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D** **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Intimidation _____	Brawling _____
Planetary systems _____	Stamina _____
Value _____	Swimming _____
Willpower _____	

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation _____	Blaster repair _____
Communications _____	Droid repair _____
Sensors _____	Repulsorlift _____
Space transports _____	repair _____
Starfighter _____	Starfighter repair _____
piloting _____	
Starship gunnery _____	

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Manley

**Equipment:** New Republic uniform, medpac, vacuum suit, 1,000 credits, blaster pistol (4D), X-wing Starfighter (see the "Starships" chapter).

**Background:** Your brother joined the Rebel Alliance in its early days, fighting against the Empire. By all reports he was as brash and cocky as they come, but he was one of the best the Alliance could field, capable of flying rings around the average TIE jockey. You were just a kid when he jumped to the Rebels, and you idolized him like he was a hero out of a holo-thriller. Then word came that he was blown up in his A-wing over Endor.

You joined the New Republic military to fly a starfighter. You're good at it. You love it. And it seemed the only way to truly honor your brother's memory. Sometimes it feels like he's flying with you: when things look their worst and there is no way out, you manage to come up with the last-minute solution to desperate problems. You are still pretty green, but your flight instructors have all commented that you have raw talent. (Of course, all this has made you feel somewhat indestructible.)

Now all that remains is to sweep Palpatine's crumbling forces under the rug, and you're just the guy to do it ...

**Personality:** Enthusiastic, energetic and idealistic. You are sure that the New Republic will bring peace to the galaxy. You volunteer for the craziest, most dangerous missions. You are a talented kid with a lot of growing up to do.

**Objectives:** To fly among the stars and into history! (And if you get to lead an A-wing squadron in the process, well that's just fine with you ...)

**A Quote:** "Six TIE fighters? No problem — I'll be back in a minute!"

**Connection With Characters:** Anybody who hates the Empire is okay with you; a smuggler, brash pilot or failed Jedi may have taken you under their wing.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Saber Rake

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Dueling Honor:** A saber rake who is insulted or challenged must make a Moderate *willpower* check to resist the powerful urge to challenge the offending party to a duel (if a noble; he'll just attack a commoner with whatever non-lethal weapon is handy and seems appropriate).

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Tom Biondillo

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Fine clothes and cloak, comlink, lightfoil (3D), sporting blaster (3D+1), swoop, 5,000 credits

**Background:** Being a third son in a lesser family in your house did not exactly mark you for greatness. Resentful that most of your parents' attention focused on your older brothers and bored with your life, you looked elsewhere for a sense of belonging, pride, and excitement.

You found your niche among the small and exclusive band of young nobles called the saber rakes. As a saber rake, you dress as dashing as you can afford, amuse yourself with your companions, and practice the art of dueling with the lightfoil—a small and petite (and banned) version of the classic lightsaber.

**Personality:** You are headstrong, flamboyant, romantic, and rather insecure. You haven't really discovered who you are yet and resort to an exaggerated sense of honor to hide your confusion. You look for constant affirmation of your worth from your peers, and lash out at anyone critical of you or your actions. Commoners are the only people you are sure are beneath you, and you make a point of reminding them of that fact. You do respect bravery and honor in others, however, and those displaying such attributes can overcome your prejudices.

**Objectives:** Defend the honor of your house and yourself. Pursue fame and glory to better your standing in your house and among your peers.

**A Quote:** "Did he just insult us? I think he just insulted us!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might know Imperials, senatorials, or other nobles socially. A loyal retainer might be your servant. You might be slumming with commoner lowlifes like smugglers, bounty hunters, or pirates. You might be drawn to a Jedi to improve your lightfoil skills.

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Security Specialist

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2** **Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2** **Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Ground vehicle operations \_\_\_\_\_  
Hover vehicle operations \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Business suit, hold-out blaster (3D+2), two bacta geltabs, light blast vest, datapad, headset comlink, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You once had a desire to be a bounty hunter in the Outer Rim Territories, chasing down the scum of the spaceways and pocketing a healthy profit. After a very brief stint as a guild-allied hunter you quickly became disenchanted with the low profits, squalid conditions and violent clashes with rival vigilantes.

You decided to make a name for yourself as a security specialist, protecting wealthy clients from the criminals and villains that you once hunted...at a very high price. For now, you are willing to charge a little less, taking a slight profit loss just to make a name for yourself among the rich nobles of Tapani sector. Once you've proven how good you are, the stars are the limit.

**Personality:** Professionalism is your watchword, and your brook no interference from anyone who would interfere with your ability to perform your duties. You rarely consider yourself "off-duty."

**Objectives:** To protect your clients at the cost of your life, if necessary. One day, you hope to retire—fabulously wealthy—after making a name for yourself as one of the best protection agents in the sector.

**A Quote:** "Get behind me. Do exactly what I say—when I say it—and I'll get you out of here alive, my lord."

**Connection With Other Characters:** Your services may have been retained by a noble fearing an assassination or kidnapping attempt. You may have been in contact with House Guard officers while coordinating protection activities. You may be employed by one of the sector's many corporations as a protection officer for a corporate executive.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# TALES OF THE JEDI COMPANION

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Type: Shadow

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Pulse-wave weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2d+2

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Special Abilities:

Forceskills: Control 1D, sense 1D, alter 1D.

Control: Enhance attribute

Sense: Life detection

Control, Sense, and Alter:

Affect mind

Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Computer programming/

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Lightsaber repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_Yes

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 2

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_



PLAYER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Lightsaber (4D), auto-caster (3D, ammo 20), code slicer, fibra-rope, gyro-grappler, PTP link, med-aid, infra-goggles, stow bag.

**Background:** The Jedi Shadows are a secretive band of Jedi Knights who devote most of their time to gathering information on the activities of those who ascribe themselves to the dark side of the Force, most notably the Sith. Often these Jedi must steal into the heart of enemy territory under cover of darkness or disguise. Though most operations last barely a few hours, some may run a week or more, as the Jedi gets nearer to the leaders of the dark-side organization.

You were selected for membership in the Shadows, but were at first trepidatious about such duty. After learning of the returning darkness, however, you eagerly accepted the charge set before you.

**Personality:** Though many call you aloof, if not apathetic, you have an unquenchable desire to hunt down the dark side at every opportunity. Your work has made you somewhat suspicious of others, however, since you have discovered the dark side in places you never would have dreamed, even in the midst of the Jedi Knights.

**Objectives:** To track down as many dark-side devotees as you can.

**A Quote:** "You never know where the dark side may be at work, so you must search everywhere, even in those places that seem bright with the light side."

**Connection With Characters:**

## WOUND STATUS

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Ship's Gunner

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster Artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle op. \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit op. \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift op. \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

Walker operation \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_

Walker repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ No

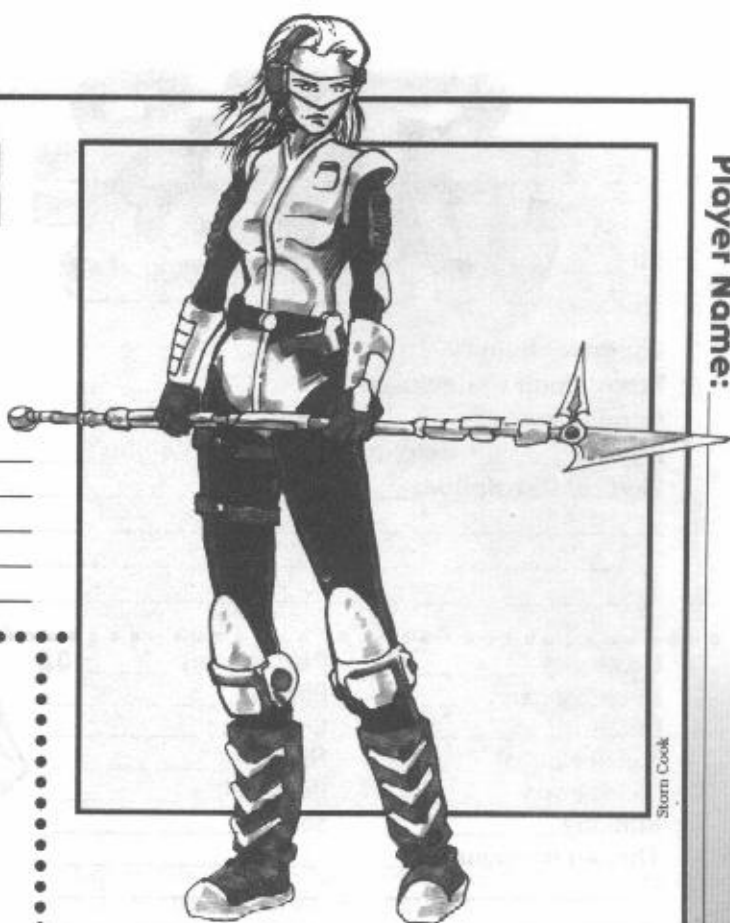
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), force pike (STR+2D) with starfighter kills notched into shaft, headset com-link, medpac, 500 credits

**Background:** You've had some military experience—mostly with blaster artillery and vehicle-mounted weapons—but the ordered, restricted martial life was not for you. Authority was always to be challenged and rules were meant to be broken. So you left.

You soon discovered the free-trader's world: small, sleek ships blasting through Imperial pickets and fending off bounty hunters, pirates and crime lords. Most vessels even had gunnery emplacements where you could prove your worth. With your military experience, you quickly became an ace shot with a quad laser. The more kills you racked up, the more important you felt. You began keeping track of all your starfighter hits to prove to others what a great shot you were.

These days you follow whichever smuggler captain is willing to hire you. Even if they don't pay well, you're happy as long as there are plenty of hostiles out there to shoot—and maybe a few in port you can rough up, too.

**Personality:** You're talkative and easy-going, quick to tell a good story, and short-tempered when any kind of authority steps in. You sneer at anyone still enslaved by military service.

**Objectives:** To rack up as many kills as you can, keep track of them, and brag to anyone who will listen.

**A Quote:** "Now my fifteenth Z-95 kill came after we had just blasted past this system patrol cruiser near Sullust..."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have been hired by any freighter captain, or you could have been recruited by any member of a starship's crew.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Slicer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Street clothing, DimSim holographic projector (see *Galaxy Guide 11: Criminal Organizations*, page 85), electronic lockpicking kit, hold-out blaster (3D), drogue repulsorlift skiff (see *Galaxy Guide #11*, page 86)

**Background:** You've always had a knack for coaxing electronics and computer nets to do your bidding. When you were in school, you began to test your budding slicing talents by tapping into local corporate networks, reprogramming community droids, and placing virastacks into newsnet circulation.

When you graduated, you drifted into freelance slicing as a matter of course. Having already made a name for yourself in some syndicate and corporate circles, you had no trouble getting work. Your biggest worry is not getting caught, but getting silenced by a worried employer who fears you may have learned something that threatens them while performing your duties ...

**Personality:** You're fascinated with gadgetry. You enjoy applying technology to your trade. "The right tool for the right theft" is your motto.

**Objectives:** Retire in comfort long before the authorities get wise to you.

**A Quote:** "If it's out there, I can get it."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Type: Sludir Crate-Buster

Gender/Species: \_\_\_\_\_ /Sludir

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D** **Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Running \_\_\_\_\_  
 Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D** **Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D** **Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Ground vehicle operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Natural Armor:** A Sludir's tough skin adds +1D against physical attacks.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10  
 Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ No  
 Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1  
 Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_  
 Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Cook

**Equipment:** 2 Crate hooks (STR+2), Sludir war club (STR+1D), 50 credits

**Background:** Your people are physically powerful, but your upbringing stressed that responsibility and honor are needed to temper this quality into a true strength. You were about to become a proud warrior in your city-state when spacers took you from your primitive homeworld and put you to work for them. Most of the labor required your massive strength, even if the work itself was repetitive and boring. It lacked honor. Your short temper often erupted, but there was no way your physical prowess could free you from slavery.

Eventually a smuggler captain purchased your freedom in exchange for joining his crew. You are no longer a slave, but a free-willed crewmember with a salary and future of your own. You don't have many starship skills, so you work as a crate-buster. You load crates on and off starships (called "busting crates"), although sometimes you really bust crates over other people's heads: customs officers, bounty hunters, stormtroopers and the like. You are loyal to your new-found friends, and do what you can to protect them from the dangers lurking in every starport.

**Personality:** Blunt, to-the-point, and short-tempered. You're easily challenged to fights (although you avoid using ranged weapons), and have no qualms about bullying others with your strength. You never turn your back on a fight, and never abandon your friends.

**Objectives:** You want to work your way up in the smuggling world, making a name for yourself as a rough, no-nonsense Sludir.

**A Quote:** "With great strength comes responsibility: together these bring honor."

**Connection With Other Characters:** Any smuggler might have freed you from slavers. You might have ties to anyone formerly involved in criminal organizations.

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Smuggler

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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## Dexterity \_\_\_\_ 3D+1

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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## Knowledge \_\_\_\_ 2D+1

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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## Mechanical \_\_\_\_ 3D+2

Astrogration \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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## Perception \_\_\_\_ 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



John Lona

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Stock YT-1300 light freighter (see the "Starships" chapter), heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink, 2,000 credits, 25,000 credits owed to a crime boss

**Background:** Your parents called it "gallivanting around the galaxy," but as far as you're concerned there's no better life than a free-trader's. Travelling as your fancy takes you, trading a little here and a little there, looking for a sharp deal, bargaining and selling ... new worlds to see, always a new planet at the end of the journey.

That's how it's supposed to be, anyway. But ... the Empire is more and more restrictive by the day. Goods that used to be legal are now contraband. Even contraband is harder and harder to come by. Customs inspectors are like bloodhounds. Bribes have become your majorexense. You keep on dreaming of making one big killing and getting out ... but you don't want to get out. To you, your ship is home, transportation, and freedom, all in one package. The idea of losing it kills you.

But you may very well lose it. To keep on operating, you had to borrow money from a mobster, a real slimeball crime king. You're pretty deep in debt now, and they keep on making nasty jokes about breaking your kneecaps. Curse the Empire, anyway! It's their laws and their corruption that brought this all about.

**Personality:** You're tough, smart, good-looking and cynical. You're a fine pilot, and a good businessman. Mostly you want to hit it big and be left alone by scum, both criminal and official.

**Objectives:** To pay off your ship ... then you can take on the cargoes you want to.

**A Quote:** "I don't have the money *with* me."

**Connection With Characters:** You need at least one other person to run your ship, a partner. This could be an alien student of the Force, brash pilot, gambler, merc, minor Jedi, Mon Calamari, Wookiee, or anyone with decent mechanical skills. You could have encountered virtually any of the other characters in the course of your frequently shady business dealings.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Snivvian Artist

**Gender/Species:** /Snivvian

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Artist \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

**Adaptive Skin:** Snivvians can survive in temperature extremes from -30 to +45 degrees standard without harm or protective clothing. Snivvian skin gives a +1D armor bonus for physical damage.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Datapad (with epic play or poem), holorecorder, sporting blaster (3D+1), 500 credits.

**Background:** Your people, the Snivvians, have had it rough. Global insurrections, genetic mutations and slavery have all dotted your history in some way. That's why the Snivvians are so introspective, so insightful.

Some of the galaxy's finest artists have been Snivvians, and you're determined to add your name to their ranks. You're working on the finest manuscript in existence, a tale of galactic wonder, full of planet-shattering subtext. To that end, you're traveling from sector to sector, soaking in life experience.

**Personality:** Insightful, and constantly agonizing to finish your masterpiece. You are smart and cultured, but you never look down on those not as refined. They're simply expressing themselves *differently*.

**Objectives:** To finish your masterpiece. To travel the galaxy and share your experiences in your work.

**A Quote:** "Shields? Shields? But is it *right* to raise the shields?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Space Rescue Corps Officer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Archaic starship

    piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit

    operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift

    operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Computer program-

    ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

    repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Space Rescue Corps uniform (black with crimson trim) or vacuum environmental suit, emergency suit sealant pack, emergency comlink, blaster pistol (4D), stock EVA rescue pod

**Background:** Nothing is so welcome to spacers in distress than the sight of a bright red and black Space Rescue cutter. The Space Rescue Corps has changed very little from the days of the Old Republic, which suits you fine — you're in this business to help people, not shoot at them or search their cargo holds.

Your parents were spacers and you were jockeying cargo pods when you were just a kid. It only seemed natural to become a member of the Corps when you got out of school. You know all there is to know about the dangers of deep space travel. You also know there aren't nearly enough trained personnel to go around when something goes wrong.

**Personality:** You know your own limitations and like depending on your own abilities to get you through another hitch. You like the thought of being a life-saver. Each rescue operation is a personal contest between you and the galaxy.

**Objectives:** To rack up the highest rescue total ever.

**A Quote:** "In this business, there's no medals for second place ... only corpses."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** SpaceOps Trooper

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat:

zero-g \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Survival: space \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Capital ship \_\_\_\_\_

gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Capital ship repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), blaster carbine (5D), 2 grenades (5D), space suit (+1D physical, +2 energy), vibroknife (STR+1D)

**Background:** You've always been around ships or spaceports or maybe you've spent most of your life in space. You are accustomed to the confinement and boredom that comes with space travel, but you never developed many of the piloting or astrogation skills people expect. You're a fighter down to the core and when you joined the Alliance you were assigned ship duty. Later you transferred to SpecForce and became a SpaceOps grunt, one of the toughest troopers in space.

**Personality:** You're hard, thick-skinned (and some say thick-headed...but not to your face). Life in space is rough enough without regular combat, and life in a SpaceOps regiment is only for the toughest, strongest and bravest soldiers in the Alliance.

**Objectives:** Keep alive, keep your buddies alive, execute the current mission, and make it to the next shore leave with life and limb intact.

**A Quote:** "Squad: Let's party!" (in combat and on leave)

**Connection With Other Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** SpecForce Driver/Pilot

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Hover vehicle  
operation \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle  
operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift  
operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports  
repair \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), vehicle or starship (as mission requires)

**Background:** You used to be a third-circuit racer and thought you were hot stuff. Now, with a dozen combat missions under your belt, you *know* you're hot stuff. You got blacklisted off the circuit because one of your mechanics had suspected ties to the Rebellion. Well, the Empire drove you right into the Alliance, didn't they? You weren't terribly interested in the starfighter program, but you did make it into SpecForce where your skills are of more use.

**Personality:** You still wear racing gloves when in the hot seat and you have a lucky charm on your control board. You know you can out maneuver anybody out there, but you've matured a little and put the unit first these days. Hotrodding is for those arrogant snub-jocks who don't have a squad riding with them.

**Objectives:** To get back into the race game after the war.

**A Quote:** "There we go, troops: a nice smooth ride...hey, you all right? You guys are turning green."

**Connection With Other Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** SpecForce Heavy Weapon Specialist

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster: repeating  
blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Capital ship  
gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift  
operation \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Search \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, vibroknife (STR+1D), heavy weapon (varies by mission)

**Background:** You were a school athlete as a youth and developed your body more than your mind. You're not stupid though; you realized what the Empire stood for early on and joined the Alliance as soon as you could. Your athletic training led to your posting as a Heavy Weapons Specialist—they don't call them *heavy* weapons for nothing and it takes muscle to heft them and coordination to fire accurately. You seem to be doing well at it, since you've avoided getting wounded even with all the fire that comes the way of any gunner.

**Personality:** There's no point in being subtle with an E-Web or a Plex, and you're as bold and brash as any three SpaceOps troops. You believe that there are few military problems that can't be solved with enough firepower.

**Objectives:** To get them before they get you.

**A Quote:** "Primed and ready to fire! Get ready to duck, troops!"

**Connection With Other Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** SpecForce Infiltrator

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat:

vibroknife \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

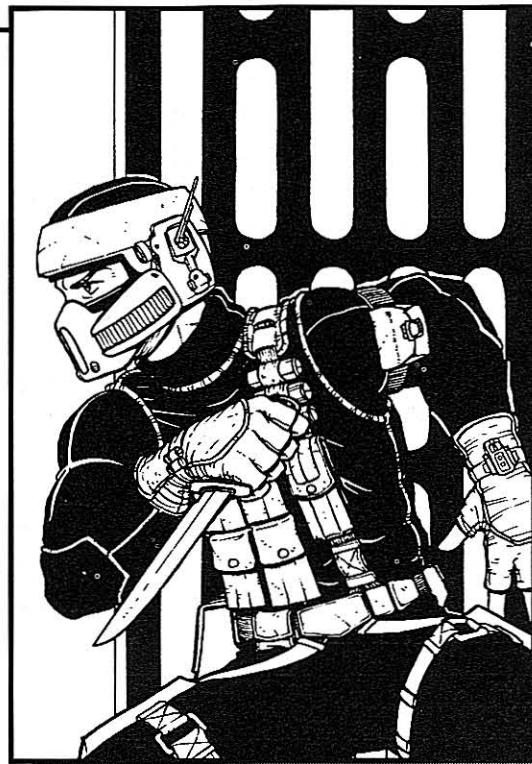
**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Silenced slugthrower pistol (3D, ammo: 10), garrote (STR+1D), vibroknife (STR+1D), sound-baffled headstrap comlink (covers face, allows communication with other team members, allows normal speech with no *stealth* penalties)

**Background:** The Empire destroyed everything you held dear. You will help destroy the Empire in turn. After the tragedy that befell you, you didn't wallow in self-pity...you found the Alliance and signed on. Your dedication and performance got you into the SpecForce program, and your personality put you in the Infiltrators. You trained in stealth operations until you sharpened your skills to a razor's edge. Now you are the terror of Imperial soldiers.

**Personality:** Quiet, sharp, focused, and highly disciplined, you have no energy for useless actions or interest in that which does not bring the Empire injury.

**Objectives:** To repeatedly harm the Empire until it is completely shattered.

**A Quote:** (whispered) "Sentries One through Ten eliminated. Moving to second position."

**Connection With Other Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** SpecForce Pathfinder

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster: blaster rifle \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Equipment:** Blaster rifle (5D), 2 grenades (5D), camouflage poncho (+1D to *sneak*), survival pack

**Background:** You come from a nondescript planet in the Colonies. As a youth you explored the rural areas of your world and traveled a good deal, acquiring basic navigation skills and a healthy interest in new places. After you joined the Alliance these qualities got you assigned to SpecForce where you scout ahead of main forces and prepare the way for larger taskforces.

**Personality:** Calm, cool, and collected, you are very self-reliant and practical. You have little use for flash and thunder types, like HWSs, SpaceOps or starfighter pilots. You'd rather work with Infiltrators or Wilderness fighters and prefer insertion-and-removal missions with low profiles and minimal contact with the enemy. You aren't a coward...you just prefer finesse to brute force.

**Objectives:** Perform the mission well; mission success relies heavily on your unit's abilities.

**A Quote:** "All right, let's set the beacons up and get this operation rolling."

**Connection With Other Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

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# STAR WARS

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** SpecForce Technician/Engineer/Medic

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Hover vehicle repair \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Walker repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Equipment:** Repair techs equipped with: heavy blaster pistol (5D), appropriate technical tool kit. Combat engineers equipped with: heavy blaster pistol (5D), cube of detonite, datapad with technical manuals. Medic equipped with: blaster pistol (4D), five medpacs, advanced medical kit.

**Background:** You were a student at a technical university when the Empire cracked down on your world. You found yourself on a list of political undesirables—who knows why, since you had no interest in politics—and stumbled into the arms of the Alliance. You found yourself of considerable use to them, and wound up in their military. After a couple tours you got sent to SpecForce training and assigned to a unit of rough-and-ready troopers...and you're pretty much one yourself.

**Personality:** A couple years ago you were a tech-head without much confidence. Today you're a tech-head with a lot of experience. It's toughened you up and given you an edge you would have never expected, but you're still a techie at heart.

**Objectives:** To help the unit out and get through your mission alive.

**A Quote:** "Don't worry. I can fix this."

**Connection With Other Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** SpecForce Urban Combat Specialist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
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 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), 2 grenades (5D), vibroknife (STR+1D)

**Background:** You are from a heavily urbanized world. After growing up in a bad neighborhood, you entered military service to get out of the area. As luck would have it, the Alliance had need of your particular skills; you found yourself trained for combat in the urban terrain you're familiar with. Once you joined the Alliance, you were quickly assigned to an urban unit to pursue the war on the streets. You've seen your share house-to-house fighting and hit-and-fade campaigns, and figure your unit will be at the front of any drive on the urban Core Worlds.

**Personality:** You don't like wild areas with lots of open sky and growing things; it just feels too unnatural to you. You're a brash and tough streetwise soldier with common sense and an intuitive grasp of how cities are organized. Maybe after the war you'll go into construction or civil engineering.

**Objectives:** To be part of the push on the Core.

**A Quote:** "The turboshaft to level 31A is blown...we'll head down the shaft, then cross to block 129 and set up a position there."

**Connection With Other Characters:**

# STAR WARS

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Name:**

**Type:** SpecForce Wilderness Fighter

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster artillery \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_ No

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_ 1

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Jacen Burrows

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), speeder bike, survival pack, vibroknife (STR+1D)

**Background:** You were raised on a backwater world with little technology and more than its fair share of clawed, fanged wildlife. You're used to living off the land and surviving on your own. These talents were put to good use when you joined the Alliance. Although you've been trained to survive in any wild area, you specialize in the terrain type you grew up in, and when the unit is operating in that terrain you're breveted to lead trooper for the duration.

**Personality:** Quiet, rugged, self-reliant, and disciplined, you have little use for people who think their addiction to high technology makes them superior.

**Objectives:** To retire and return to your homeworld once the Empire is defeated.

**A Quote:** "What, you can't eat meat that ain't been though a processing plant, troopy?"

**Connection With Other Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Speeder Racer

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter \_\_\_\_\_

piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

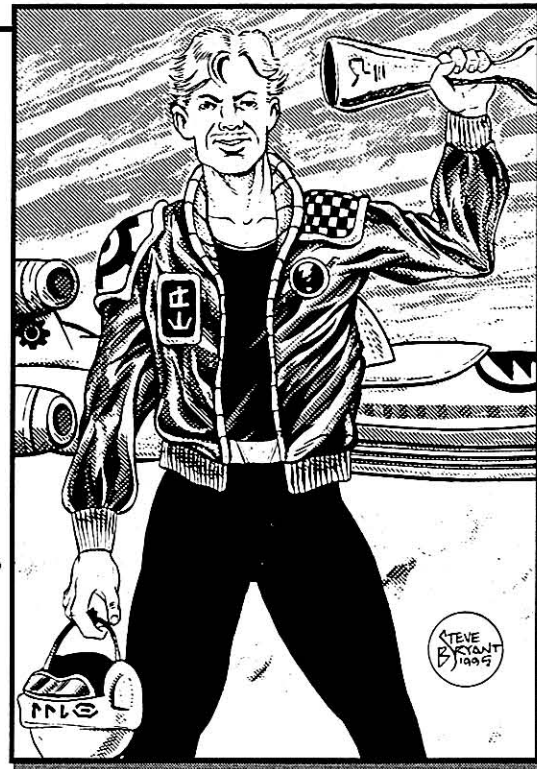
**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Racing airspeeder (maneuverability 3D, move 140; 400 kmh, body strength 2D, 2 stun blasters (fire control 1D, damage 2D stun)), blaster pistol (4D), flight suit, crash vest (+1 energy, +1D physical), crash helmet (+ energy, +1D physical), 500 credits

**Background:** Swoop racing is for adolescents; star rallies are playgrounds for dilettantes; but the *real* racing — where the action is most exciting — is speeder racing. Only the best belong here. That's *you*.

The "criterium" races are always most popular with the crowds, who will stand for hours, watching the groups of speeders circle, jockeying for position as they speed past the pylons. When racers want to settle scores among themselves, they always turn to the time trials, a mixture of obstacle course and shooting gallery that challenges every skill a pilot can develop.

It's a rough life. You spend most of your time in space transports, traveling from venue to venue, but when you see the racing course you realize that it is all worth it.

You can fly and you can shoot. You're not the best at either — no speeder racer is — but you could well be the best at both, if your blasters stay hot, and your speeder keeps dodging the poles.

**Personality:** You're quiet and level-headed, more interested in improving yourself and your equipment than in bragging. You're good at what you do — bad speeder racers end up as wet smudges on a canyon wall — but there is no call to brag. Your actions speak for themselves.

**Objectives:** To gain fame and respect among the other speeder racers, and to find a sponsor with deep pockets.

**A Quote:** "I can beat that time, no prob."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Spoiled Debutante

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operations \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

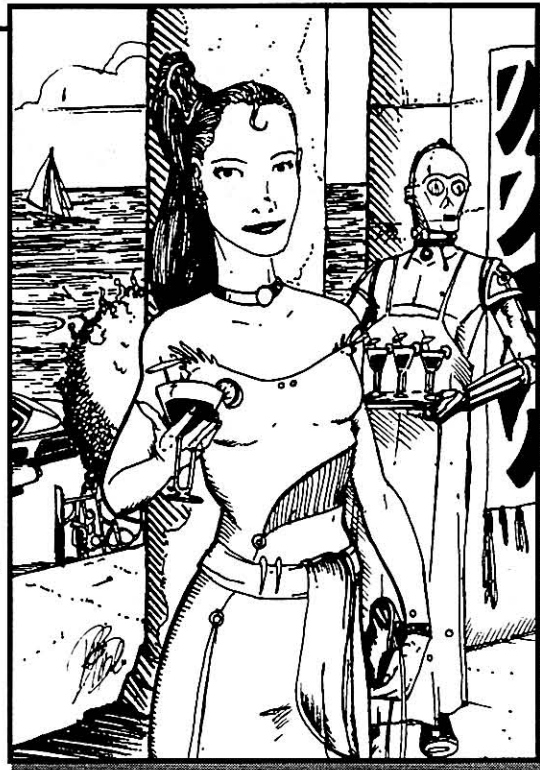
Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Pablo Hidalgo

**Equipment:** Sporting blaster (3D+1), 3PO protocol droid, 3,000 credits

**Background:** Daddy can be such a *pain* sometimes! He insists that you follow family tradition and throw in your lot with those awful Rebels. You've been to some of their training camps, and it just isn't you: the Rebels are out in that horrid Outer Rim, and all the greatest stores and nightclubs are in the Core. Being in the Rebellion is not at all cool, and you'd just *die* if your friends found out.

You'd rather be swathed in off-the-rack clothes than follow Daddy out to some shack on a mudball planet. But he *does* have your money, and your account isn't going to last forever. Thank goodness you talked him into letting you wander around for a few years first!

**Personality:** Insufferably arrogant and materialistic, you can be extremely tiresome at times, but people just don't understand the pressures you face from day to day.

**Objectives:** To show Daddy you're right. To make it on your own (although these objectives are rarely voiced).

**A Quote:** "That's a rather bold thing to say for a *waiter*."

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Squib Trader

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Squib

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **8**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D), datapad, tool belt, Squib scout ship (armed only with a single tractor beam).

**Background:** Not long ago, you decided to leave Skorr II in pursuit of the "One Good Deal." After getting your bearings, you're ready to make some decisions.

You've heard that the Empire sometimes hires Squibs to dispose of the refuse and junk on board their ships. That may be a way to go, because what the Empire considers junk, you consider treasure. Or you could follow after this Rebellion. There's a lot of salvage after a battle, after all, and the Rebels get involved in quite a lot of those.

You're not really concerned with which side to work for as long as you get the better end of the deal.

**Personality:** Overconfident and overbearing, and too curious for your own good. You examine everything you can regardless of the possibility of danger, because you'd hate to miss something of value.

**Objectives:** To find the "One Good Deal," and make as much profit as possible.

**A Quote:** "Got nice go-go vehicle here, pal, still work good, sorta, but it's a classic. Trade for new talkie-talk shiny man. Good deal. Wanna trade?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Sullustan Engineer

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Sullustan

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Value \_\_\_\_\_  
Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **4D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Powersuit operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Capital ship repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Capital ship weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Computer programming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Enhanced Senses:** +2D to search and Perception in low-light conditions.

**Location Sense:** +1D to astrogation when jumping to a location the Sullustan has visited before. A Sullustan can always remember how to get back to someplace he has visited.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_ **No**

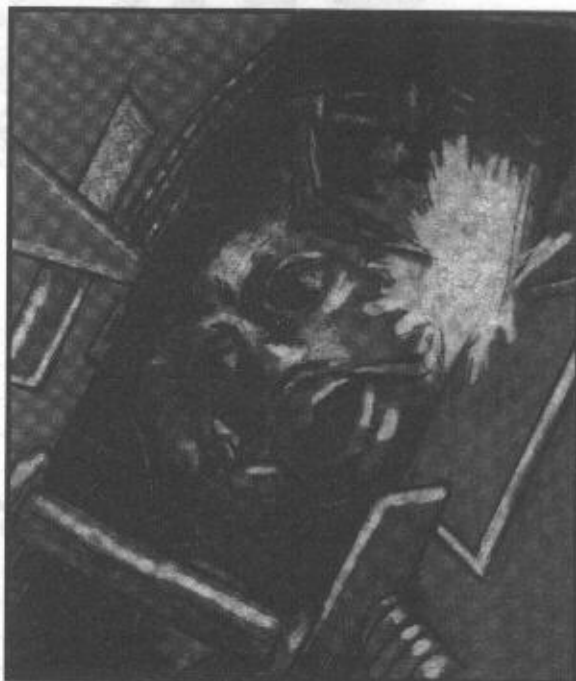
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Storm Cook

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Gear bag, headset comlink, sporting blaster (3D+1), tool kit, 500 credits

**Background:** Life on Sullust was getting pretty boring. You used to have a job in the SoroSuub Corporation as a technical advisor—your job consisted of putting around the company offices, fixing computers, repairing comm lines, and maintaining vital office equipment. Your life needed more excitement.

When SoroSuub announced its intention to side with the Empire, you fled the planet. You thought about joining the Rebel Alliance, but you weren't about to die for any cause. You wanted a life of thrills which paid a little dividend. So you joined up with a free-trader and put your technical skills to work maintaining the crummy bucket of scrap he called a freighter. Now and then the captain ran into some difficulties with the Empire, rival smugglers, crime lords and bounty hunters. This often meant the ship became more damaged, and you got more frustrated trying to fix everything before it all blew up. Still, you have your life of adventure, plus a few extra credits from the captain's lucrative smuggling runs.

**Personality:** Usually you're easy-going, but when things heat up in the engineering bay, you get flustered and anxious. You feel you have to fix everything all at once.

**Objectives:** To keep the freighter in tip-top condition with as little work as possible. You need to find some excitement, too.

**A Quote:** "How can I keep this ship flying when you keep damaging it?"

**Connection With Other Characters:** Any starship captain might have hired you to work the engineering spaces. You'd probably join up with any spacer type whom you think has an aptitude for getting into adventures.

# Sullustan Trader

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_



Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: Sullustan

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_

Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_

Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** You bought a ship and headed for the stars to see if you could make a living. You've nearly gone broke, you've had to fight your way out of a *few* tight spots, and, oh yeah, you're wanted by the Empire. A simple misunderstanding that you can't seem to get straightened out.

**Personality:** You are a very good pilot, and when it comes to bargaining ... you try. You

are quiet, resourceful and true to your word. Your ideas are always carefully considered, and most of the time, pretty good.

**Objectives:** To make money as a cargo hauler.

**A Quote:** "I'll give you 300 credits a ton for those, but only if I can get them by sundown. Deal!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

## DEXTERITY

2D+1

Blaster  
Dodge  
Running  
Vehicle Blasters

## PERCEPTION

3D

Bargain  
Con  
Hide  
Persuasion  
Search  
Sneak

## KNOWLEDGE

2D+2

Alien Species  
Bureaucracy  
Languages  
Planetary Systems  
Streetwise  
Survival

## STRENGTH

2D

Brawling  
Climbing/Jumping  
Lifting  
Stamina

## MECHANICAL

4D+1

Astrogation  
Repulsorlift Ops  
Sensors  
Space Transports  
Starfighter Piloting  
Starship Gunnery  
Starship Shields

## TECHNICAL

3D+2

Computer Prog/Rpr  
Droid Programming  
Droid Repair  
First Aid  
Space Transports Rpr

**Special Abilities:** *Enhanced senses:* You have exceptional sight and hearing. See page 136. *Location sense:* You always remember how to get to any place that you have visited. You never get lost. See page 136.

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**Dark Side Points:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points:** \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Stock light freighter (see page 121) which you owe 6,000 credits on, datapad, comlink, blaster pistol (damage 4D)

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Svivreni Mineralogist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Svivreni

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolition \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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## Special Abilities

**Stamina:** Svivreni receive a +2D bonus whenever they roll their *stamina* and *willpower* skills.

**Value Estimation:** Svivreni receive a +1D bonus to *value* skill checks involving ores, gems and other mined materials.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **4**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Field coveralls, comlink, datapad, mining gear, 1,000 credits

**Background:** You have a good eye for ores and gems, even for someone from a species that has natural talents involving mineralogy and mining. At an early age you left your homeworld, scouting for a minor corporation, traveling the galaxy and getting field experience to compliment your trade school learning.

Several years ago, shortly after the rise of the New Republic, you severed your corporate ties and went into business for yourself. As a freelance mineralogist you work for who you choose (and being as good as you are, set your own price).

**Personality:** You, like many of your species, are very stubborn. Many find you too resolved, and in your younger days you got into more than a few fights over your positions. Now, while you are still stubborn (and even less likely to back down than in your youth) you have gained wisdom enough in the last few years that you can manage to at least keep out of a fight. Sometimes.

**Objectives:** To prove that you are, hands down, the best mineralogist in the galaxy.

**A Quote:** "No, Executive D'gaat, your mine will produce only Level-001 quality Vendusii Crystals, of that there is absolutely no doubt."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** TIE Fighter Pilot

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Tactics \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapons

repair \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

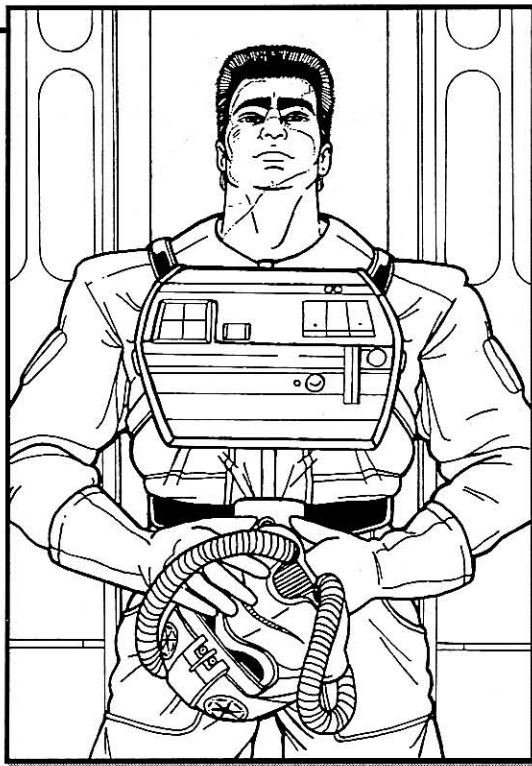
**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Robert Duchinski

**Equipment:** Navigational computer linkup helmet (internal comlink, +1D to sensors), high gravity stress flight suit with life support equipment, suit sealant pack, medpac, light blaster pistol (3D), survival pack

**Background:** You were born in the urban jungle of a major city. Despite what some people apparently think, there *are* poor people in the Core. Your family is living proof.

You fought your way out of the slums before the swoop gangs could claim you and managed to discover a love of flying that is still with you today. Your passion took you through school and all the way up into the elite corp of TIE pilots flying for the mightiest Empire in existence.

You don't have much sympathy for fellow pilots who complain about their ships' vulnerability. If they were better pilots, they'd have less to worry about. One day you may make the wrong move at the wrong time, but, until then, life has never been better. And if you *do* make a mistake, well, you'll be the last to complain — you know your job is dangerous.

**Personality:** You have little time to waste with politics. The Rebels are just one more target of opportunity in a long list of opponents.

**Objectives:** Enjoy what life has to offer and don't complain when your number comes up before you're through enjoying it.

**A Quote:** "I figure better him than me. Oh, and by the way, Hail to the Emperor, I got another one! Engaging secondary target ..."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Tough Native

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_

Bows \_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **2D**

Cultures \_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Beast riding \_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle

operation \_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **3D+2**

Con \_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

First aid \_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike V. Hardi

**Player Name:**

**Equipment:** Sword (STR+1D+1), black powder pistol (2D+2), powder horn, large, floppy hat, extravagant clothing, 500 credits

**Background:** Your native planet was settled a thousand years ago by shipwrecked spacers. It lost contact with the galaxy, and its technology regressed. Only a few years ago, your planet was rediscovered by free-traders — smugglers, actually. You're a little dazzled by all these starships and blasters and such — you're much more at home with honest technologies that normal people can understand, like sailing ships, rifles, zeppelins and gas lamps.

You grew up as an honest farmer's child, taught to love your parents, and serve your monarch. You joined the Queen's Own Grenadiers as a youth, and saw a little action on one campaign. Your Queen sent you (and others of her servants) to find out more about the galaxy and what contact with it might mean. You send her reports weekly — but you're increasingly worried. The Empire would crush your planet like an insect. Joining the Rebellion may be your planet's only hope.

**Personality:** Loyal to your Queen; pious; and more than a little flamboyant. You get into fights frequently, which you enjoy. You also enjoy drinking others under the table.

**Objectives:** To help your Queen make the best decision possible about the fate of your planet.

**A Quote:** "En garde!"

**Connection With Characters:** A smuggler or pirate might have visited your planet, or transported you from it. Any noble or senatorial might have visited it on a diplomatic mission. You might have met any of the fringe characters — gambler, bounty hunter, smuggler, or pirate, for example — in a bar. A cynical scout or laconic scout might have discovered your planet. You might be nobility on your planet, and a loyal retainer might owe his or her allegiance to you.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Tongue-Tied Engineer

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary \_\_\_\_\_

systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Capital ship repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

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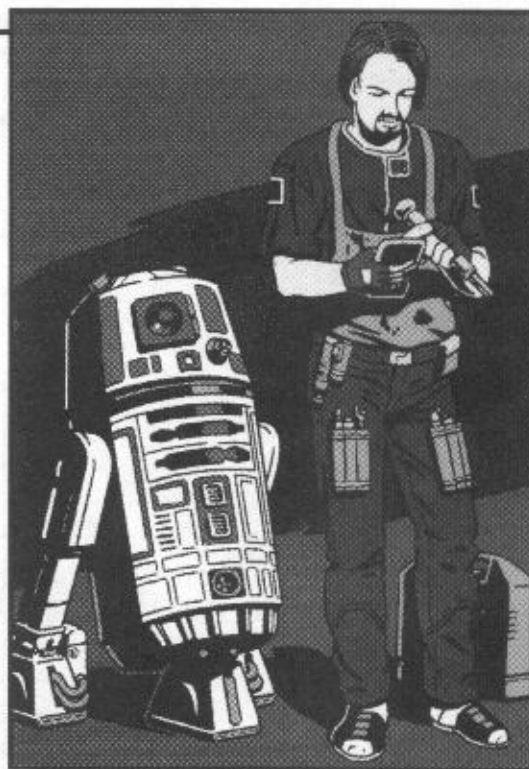
**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Mike Jackson

**Equipment:** Pocket computer, tool kit, 1,000 credits, R5 unit (all stats 1D except: *computer programming/repair 4D, space transports repair 4D*. Same equipment as standard R2 unit. Move: 5).

**Background:** You carry a pocket computer at all times. Your clothes always look bulky and awkward. You're clumsy and drop things a lot. The idea of shooting a blaster at someone makes you distinctly nervous. You have difficulty holding a conversation — any conversation — unless it is about math, machines or computers. You find it easier to deal with droids than with humans — droids are predictable and stable. People don't pay much attention to you — until something needs to be fixed, or they need to know something, or they need someone to break into a computer. You can do that in nothing flat.

**Personality:** Clumsy, awkward, painfully shy, but with a flair for technology.

**Objectives:** To do your job well and hopefully get along with everyone ... even if you get really nervous when dealing with people.

**A Quote:** "The integral over the surface rho with respect to v is, umm, let's see, del cross negative B, plus the partial derivative of ... oh, just pass me the hydrospanners, would you?"

**Connection With Characters:** You might be related to a brash pilot or kid. A smuggler, merc, laconic scout, or outlaw might have taken you in tow. You can have fallen (secretly and inarticulately) in love with any of the younger and more glamorous characters (young senatorial). One of the characters with Force powers might have decided to train you.

## Tramp Freighter Captain

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: \_\_\_\_\_

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_

Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_

Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_



**Background:** Ever since childhood you showed above average skill in piloting spacecraft; your business savvy wasn't too shabby either. The Empire tried to recruit you, but wary of any institution which could mandate your daily activity, you declined and kept your freedom. Sure, you know the Rebellion is out there but — like any shrewd entrepreneur — you realize that facing down the Empire is the weak position in the Deal.

So you decided to live by your own skills. The loan shark was no charmer, but hey, credits are credits. You've got your beat up light freighter and a hefty interest payment every Standard month, but it's just you and your ship against the universe: just the way you like it.

Now if you could just get the blasted hyperdrive coupler to function, you'd be in business ...

**Personality:** You are a wanderer and traveler at heart, and your tramp freighter captaincy allows you to indulge this wild streak (and maybe make some cash while you do it). You love it, even when you miss the occasional payment to the loan shark and his thugs show up and are a little bit ... *stern* ... with you. No one said business was easy.

**Objectives:** To make some money, modify your ship to make it a more efficient freight hauler, and to have some fun.  
**Quote:** "Hey, I don't have the money yet, but I've got this simple little spice run to Quockra ..."

**Connection with Other Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

DEXTERITY	2D+2	MECHANICAL	3D	STRENGTH	2D
Blaster	_____	Astrogation	_____	Brawling	_____
Brawling parry	_____	Beast Riding	_____	Climbing/Jumping	_____
Dodge	_____	Repulsorlift Operation	_____	Lifting	_____
Grenade	_____	Space Transports	_____	Stamina	_____
Melee Combat	_____	Starship Gunnery	_____	Swimming	_____
Melee Parry	_____	Starship Sensors	_____		_____
Vehicle Blaster	_____	Starship Shields	_____		_____
KNOWLEDGE	3D+1	PERCEPTION	3D+2	TECHNICAL	3D+1
Alien species	_____	Bargain	_____	Computer Prog/Repair	_____
Bureaucracy	_____	Command	_____	Demolitions	_____
Cultures	_____	Con	_____	Droid Programming	_____
Languages	_____	Gamble	_____	Droid Repair	_____
Planetary Systems	_____	Hide	_____	First Aid	_____
Streetwise	_____	Search	_____	Repulsorlift Repair	_____
Survival	_____	Sneak	_____	Security	_____
				Space Transports Repair	_____

**Special Abilities:** None **Move:** 10 **Force Points:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Force Sensitive ?** \_\_\_\_\_ **Dark Side Points:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points:** \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ Wounded ☐ Incapacitated ☐ Mortally Wounded

**Equipment:** Comlink, hold-out blaster (3D), modified stock YT-1300 freighter (with 10,000 credits worth of modifications), 4000 credits, 40,000 credits debt to loan shark.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Twi'lek Co-Pilot

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Twi'lek

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity 3D

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_  
Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Bows \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_  
Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge 2D+1

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical 2D+1

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift op. \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
Swoop operation \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception 4D+2

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgery \_\_\_\_\_  
Gambling \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength 2D+2

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical 3D

Computer program-  
ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid programming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports  
repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship weapon  
repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Tentacles:** Twi'leks can use their head-tails to communicate in secret with each other.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ No

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ 1

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Storm Cook

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, datapad, 50 credits

**Background:** You were taken from your homeworld of Ryloth and sold into slavery at a very young age. At first you just served your masters as a cabin attendant, but you soon took on greater responsibilities. You passed from one owner to another, often unscrupulous criminals who wandered the galaxy in a variety of starships: pirates, smugglers, slavers, enforcers. You faithfully obeyed every command and endured abuse for your mistakes. You learned all you could about starships and spacers' ways—it was all preparation for your escape.

You managed to flee with the aid of a sympathetic smuggler who provided a diversion and some additional help. Since you didn't have anywhere to go, the spacer invited you to join his crew. Your starship skills come in handy, but your mentality as an escaped slave is even more useful. You are ever watchful for bounty hunters or other agents out to recapture you. In port you're always watching everyone's back—especially your captain's. You owe him a great debt, one that you feel loyal service can help repay.

**Personality:** You're quite and keep to yourself. You are very attached to your captain, following him everywhere (even against his orders) and watching his back from.

**Objectives:** You need to keep moving and avoid slavers and bounty hunters. You take any chance you get to help escaped slaves and aid friendly smugglers.

**A Quote:** "Those who watch carefully will know when to take shelter from the imminent heat storm."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might have been rescued from slavery by any smuggler type. You might have been enslaved with the Sludir crate-buster or the Klattooian roustabout.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Unemployed Imperial Bureaucrat

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Forgery \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_ **4D**

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Ground vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Datapad (containing a multitude of official-looking forms), recording rod

**Background:** You were born into a society where bribery and blackmail were an accepted — even necessary — facet of dealing with the government. You learned your lessons well, placed the right bribes, blackmailed the right clerks, and secured an administrative position on a planet in the outer systems of the Empire. You assumed that you would be left alone in your little corner of nowhere, plundering and pillaging the populace in the name of the Empire, filling your pockets while you placed all the blame on the Emperor and his minions.

This all changed with the Battle of Endor. You quickly found yourself destitute, with little more than the clothes on your back, and the datapad at your side.

Though the New Republic has absorbed many systems, there are still bastions of Imperial might. Where there is the Empire, there is bureaucracy, and where there is bureaucracy you will find wealth and security.

**Personality:** You want power and wealth, but no responsibility and no danger, so you're constantly looking for easier and more lucrative jobs. Your formula for success involves making others feel that they can depend on you and that you are indispensable to them. It's not true, but they never discover this until it's too late and you're far away, with your pockets full of gold and your accounts full of credits, searching for another position in another unwieldy bureaucracy.

**Objectives:** To make a fortune while doing almost nothing.

**A Quote:** "Tell you what: for 2,000 credits, I can ensure that your application is first on the governor's list; for 10,000 credits, I can ensure that your application is the *only* one on the governor's list."

**Connection With Characters:**

## Veteran Spacer

Character Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Player: \_\_\_\_\_

Species: Human \_\_\_\_\_

Sex: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: \_\_\_\_\_ Weight: \_\_\_\_\_

Physical Description: \_\_\_\_\_

**Background:** You're a general spacer, able to find a berth in almost any commercial freighter that travels the spacelanes ... or at least you can when there's a berth to be had. These days, berths are hard to find, what with the Civil War and trade disruptions and all that. Its enough to drive you into raiding. Although you have a general background, and can fly, fix, and generally work anything aboard ship, you have a particular specialization, something you're particularly good at. You usually sign on as a (sensor, comm, weapons) tech, and are specially to use, maintain, and repair that equipment.

**Personality:** You're a little rough around the edges. You work for a living, unlike most officers and corporate hacks, and keep your feet on deck and "don't tumble in zero-gee," according to your crewmates. You are a practical worker, but not completely unimaginative and like to hear and tell tall tales and spacer's legends.

**Objectives:** To see as much of the galaxy as possible, and make a good living while you still can.

**A Quote:** "This little ion storm is nothing! You should have seen the Great Ion Storm on the Enarc Run a few years ago!"

**Connection With Characters:** You may have served with or under another spacefaring character. You could have met anyone in your extensive travels.

**Equipment:** Shipsuit, comlink, vacuum suit, 500 credits, blaster pistol (4D), datapad, tool kit appropriate to your specialty, spacer's chest, mementoes from a dozen worlds.



Mike Vilardi

**DEXTERITY** **3D**  
 Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

**KNOWLEDGE** **2D+1**  
 Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Value \_\_\_\_\_

**MECHANICAL** **3D+2**  
 Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

**PERCEPTION** **3D**  
 Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
 Command \_\_\_\_\_  
 Con \_\_\_\_\_  
 Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

**STRENGTH** **2D+2**  
 Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

**TECHNICAL** **3D+2**  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship weapon \_\_\_\_\_  
 repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities:** None

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive?:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded  
☐ Incapacitated  
☐ Mortally Wounded

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# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Wealthy Physician

**Gender/Species:**

**Age:**

**Height:**

**Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

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**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Repulsorlift

operation \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

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**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-

ming \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

(A) Medicine \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned  
☐ Wounded  
☐ Incapacitated  
☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Fine clothes, 3,000 credits, landspeeder (move 105; 300 kmh, body strength 3D, maneuverability 2D), medpac, medical tools, datapad (with diagnostic database, cataloging treatments for over 20,000 diseases and injuries)

**Background:** When the Empire was at its peak, you were in your glory. There was no shortage of cash-rich upper class bureaucrats and New Order adherents who clamored to be your patron, to take advantage of your medical skills. Certainly, most of their complaints were either imaginary or cosmetic, but that suited you just fine. Placating such fools is child's play, and they paid so well for your services.

Unfortunately, with the fall of the Empire, the medical profession has seen many of its wealthy patrons evaporate, as the line between the "haves" and "have-nots" grows less distinct. Now you are reduced to following your patrons from world to world as the Imperial sphere of influence shrinks. Alas, many of these worlds are not what you'd call "top drawer."

You have been forced a number of times to evacuate a world along with your patrons just as your practice was settling down. This is growing very tiresome. You have augmented your income by surgically altering the features of wanted Imperials, though you are now considered an "Imperial sympathizer" by the New Republic.

**Personality:** You are a dedicated and skilled physician, but part of you misses the grandeur and pomp of the Old Empire.

**Objectives:** You wish to maintain or improve your standard of living and you long for a noble title.

**A Quote:** "I can perform that procedure, of course, but it is *very* expensive."

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS PLAYER'S GUIDE TO TAPANI

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Weapons Instructor

**Gender/Species:** /Human

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

## Dexterity 4D

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_  
Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Firearms \_\_\_\_\_  
Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge 3D

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Tactics \_\_\_\_\_  
Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical 2D

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Communications \_\_\_\_\_  
Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception 3D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Con \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength 4D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical 2D

Armor repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

Move \_\_\_\_\_ 10

Force Sensitive? \_\_\_\_\_

Force Points \_\_\_\_\_

Dark Side Points \_\_\_\_\_

Character Points \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Marshall Andrews III

**Equipment:** Two heavy blaster pistols (5D), hold-out blaster (3D), sword (STR+1D), stun baton (4D stun damage), cloak, 1,500 credits

**Background:** You served in the House Guards for many years, after a stint in the Imperial Army. You've seen your share of combat and you are very good at what you do. You attracted the notice of a noble during your time in the Guard, and were hired to train the noble's children in the art of self defense.

The noble's family was not easy to train, but you did your duty and were well rewarded: the family has kept you on retainer, training bodyguards, sentries and other members of the House in the various forms of combat in which you are skilled.

**Personality:** You are boisterous, good-natured and wild-spirited in general, but coldly professional when it comes to doing your job.

**Objectives:** To continue to instruct young nobles in the arts of combat—and perhaps teach them a thing or two about honor in the process.

**A Quote:** "No, no! Keep your guard up higher, lad! Otherwise, your whole side is exposed! Remember: the best way to defeat an opponent is to out-think him!"

**Connection With Other Characters:** You could be assigned by the head of a family to protect a young noble. You may have served with members of the House Guard or Navy.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Weary Ship's Tech

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Firearms \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Archaic starship  
piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogration \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Powersuit  
operation \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift  
operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship repair \_\_\_\_\_

Capital ship  
weapon repair \_\_\_\_\_

Computer program-  
ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports  
repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon  
repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ No

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ 1

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), lucky hydrosponder, spacer's chest, tool kit, 250 credits

**Background:** All your life you've been crawling through starship maintenance ducts, repair hatches and engineering spaces. Now you're getting too old for this stuff. All this running around the galaxy, fleeing Imperial cruisers, vindictive bounty hunters and twisted crime lords is taking its toll on your old bones.

It's time you found some nice port to retire in, maybe open up a repair bay with the measly few credits you've managed to save over the years. Of course, retirement would be much more comfortable if you stayed with this crew a bit longer, made a few more high-stakes smuggling runs and collected your share of a big payoff.

**Personality:** You're grumpy and stern, always complaining about the ship's bad state of repair, or yelling at someone for messing up your repairs. You'd rather be left alone in the maintenance well than hang out with other crew members.

**Objectives:** Get this bucket of rot flying long enough to make the next port. You want to try and save up enough credits to retire somewhere...the nicer the better.

**A Quote:** "Aw, quit fiddling with the power flux stabilizer. I just re-tuned it last week. And if you keep maxing out the drives we're going to have a burn-out."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You might still be working for any smuggler who's also been in the business too long: the cynical free-trader or the jaded spice runner. Teaming up with anyone throwing around lots of credits (like the classy smuggler) is also a good idea.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Whiphid Collector

**Gender/Species:** /Whiphid

**Age:** **Height:** **Weight:**

**Physical Description:**

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

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**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

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**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

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**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

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**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

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**Special Abilities**

*Claws:* Do STR+1D damage.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **9**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

☐ Stunned

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** Hold-out blaster (3D+1), knife (STR+1D), datapad, 2,000 credits

**Background:** Although most of your relatives are busy chasing arabores, snow demons and one another, you have gone on to hunt more exciting game. Your family's holdings allowed you to book passage off Toola many years ago, and you've done everything you could think of to avoid going back.

Your main business is collecting. Work is what you do to allow you to collect. What you collect varies, but what never wanes is the single-minded drive to possess what you do not yet have.

You tried your hand at bounty hunting to raise money, as do many of your folk that have left your homeworld, but you found it either too boring or too dangerous (mostly too dangerous). Now you just take whatever job comes to hand, or sell off bits of side collections you maintain just for that purpose (though it pains you to part with them).

**Personality:** You are obsessed with your collections and making enough money to support your obsessions. If that means circumventing others' laws, then so be it. Like other Whiphid collectors, the challenge of the chase is as much fun as the possession of a sought-after object. The more difficult it is for you to obtain objects for your collection, the more status you gain from other collectors and the more you prize that collection.

**Objectives:** You *must* add to and expand your collection.

**A Quote:** "I must have it, simple as that. What will it take to get it?"

**Connection With Characters:**

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Wookiee

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Wookiee

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 2D+2

Bowcaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
Cultures \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 5D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ D+1

Droid program-  
ming \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports  
repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship gunnery  
repair \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Berserker Rage:** If a Wookiee becomes enraged, +2D to *Strength* for brawling damage. -2D to all *non-Strength* attribute and skill checks. Must make a Moderate *Perception* total to calm down (only -1D penalty to *Perception* for this check)

**Climbing Claws:** +2D to climbing while using claws.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 11

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

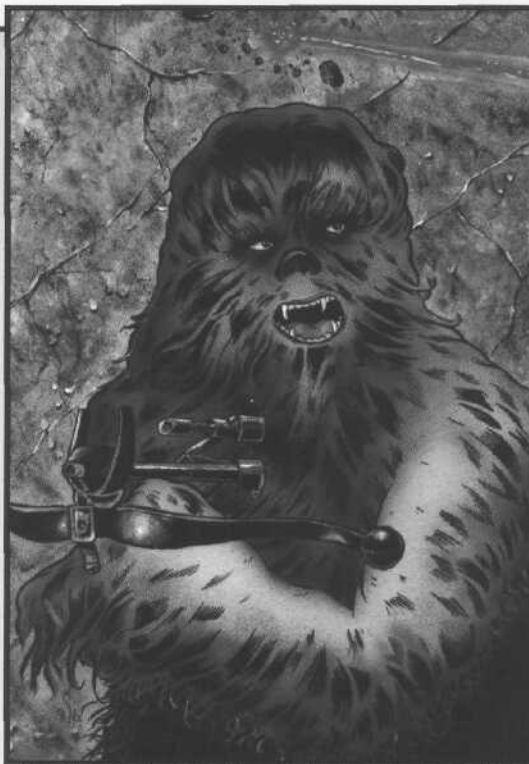
**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Bowcaster (4D), 250 credits

**Background:** You're one of the biggest and strongest aliens in the galaxy. Most people fear and respect you and tend to give you a wide berth ... except for those Imperial stormtroopers, who are known to lose limbs if they get too close.

**Personality:** You're extremely loyal to your comrades. You get frustrated sometimes and bang things. Since you don't realize the full extent of your strength, this can be a problem. Someday you'd like to return to your home planet and your mate, but until the Imperials are forced off your homeworld of Kashyyyk you'll stick with your friends.

**Objectives:** To free your homeworld. To help the Rebels eliminate the Empire so you and your people need not fear slavers' collars.

**A Quote:** "Rooooarrgh ur roo." (Translation: "I have a bad feeling about this.") Note: The player should be able to do a good impersonation of a Wookiee — sounding like Chewbacca is pretty important to successfully playing this character. Next, see if any of the characters speaks Wookiee — if you have a close friendship with one of the other characters, such as a smuggler, they can probably understand you pretty well. A protocol droid will almost always be able to understand you. If no one around speaks Wookiee, the characters will have to make *language* rolls to understand you (the easier the idea or concept, the lower the *language* difficulty). To say something, growl and have each character roll to see if they understand you. If they succeed, tell them what your character just said; if they fail, growl some more and play charades.

**Connection With Characters:** You might be a loyal companion of a smuggler, a trader or scout. You might have adventured with any fellow Rebel, particularly a Mon Calamari. You tend not to think too highly of bounty hunters, meres, or retired Imperials ... but they're amusing when you threaten them.

# STAR WARS

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Wookiee Bounty Hunter

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Wookiee

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bowcaster \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grenade \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
 Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
 Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_  
 Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
 Law enforcement \_\_\_\_\_  
 Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_  
 Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_  
 Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **5D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
 Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lifting \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift operation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sensors \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_  
 Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bowcaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_  
 First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 Security \_\_\_\_\_  
 Space transports repair \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

**Berserker Rage:** Enraged Wookiees receive a +2D to *Strength* for brawling damage. Also suffers -2D to all non-*Strength* attribute and skill checks. To calm down, the character must make a Moderate *Perception* roll (at only -1D, minimum roll of 1D).

**Climbing Claws:** +2D to climbing rolls, but cannot be used honorably in combat.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **11**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Steve Bryant

**Equipment:** Wookiee bowcaster (4D), datapad with current bounty postings, New Republic Bounty Hunter License, vibroblade (STR+1D+1), hunting knife (STR+1D), 1,500 credits

**Background:** Slavers, sanctioned by the Empire, enslaved hundreds of thousands of your species. Selling Wookiees across the galaxy to perish in hellish work camps, they made a profit from your people's suffering. Now with the Empire shattered, the slaving has stopped, but the pain remains.

You were once a slave yourself, but were rescued from captivity by fellow Wookiees who had managed to avoid capture. You now consider all enslaved Wookiees to be members of your clan. You are sworn to restore all enslaved Wookiees to freedom and hunt down those responsible for their captivity. They will answer for their crimes.

**Personality:** You will accept any job involving a slaver. Relentless in your pursuit, even to the point of going into debt, you let nothing stand in your way once you've picked up the trail. You abide by the New Republic's rules concerning the capture and treatment of those you pursue, but you can't help it if they resist. In fact, sometimes you hope they do.

**Objectives:** To find the slavers and their allies who profited by enslaving Wookiees.

**A Quote:** (Growl a lot, thump the table violently.) Translation: "Don't *lie* to me! Where're the rest of your slaving buddies hiding out?"

**Connection With Characters:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# Wookiee First Mate

Character Name:



Player:

Species: Wookiee

Sex: Age:

Height: Weight:

Physical Description:

**Background:** You were enslaved by the Empire when some young hotshot decided to save you. You decided he was a decent guy and signed on to be his co-pilot.

**Personality:** You're big, furry, and hate to lose. You get angry *very* easily and get a lot of respect from people—mostly out of fear.

**Objectives:** To bring freedom to your home planet.

**A Quote:** "Grrr...!(growl some)!" **Note:** If no one speaks Wookiee, the characters will have to make *language* rolls to understand you. To say something, growl and have each character roll to see if they understand you. If they succeed, tell them what your character just said; if they fail, growl more and play charades.

**Connection With Other Characters:**

## DEXTERITY

2D+2

Bowcaster  
Brawling Parry  
Dodge  
Grenade  
Melee Combat  
Melee Parry  
Running

## KNOWLEDGE

2D

Alien Species  
Intimidation  
Planetary Systems  
Streetwise  
Survival  
Value

## MECHANICAL

3D

Astrogation  
Beast Riding  
Repulsorlift Ops  
Sensors  
Space Transports  
Starship Gunnery  
Starship Shields

## PERCEPTION

2D

Bargain  
Con  
Persuasion  
Search

## STRENGTH

5D

Brawling  
Climbing/Jumping  
Lifting  
Stamina  
Swimming

## TECHNICAL

3D+1

Blaster Repair  
Droid Programming  
Droid Repair  
First Aid  
Repulsorlift Repair  
Space Transports Rpr

**Special Abilities:** *Berserker rage:* See page 137. *Climbing claws:* Add +2D to your climbing skill. See page 137.

**Story Factors:** See "Wookiees" in Section 7.1, "Aliens"

**Equipment:** 250 credits, Wookiee bowcaster (damage 4D)

**Move:** 10

**Force Points:**

**Force Sensitive:** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**Dark Side Points:**

**Character Points:**

☐ Wounded

☐ Incapacitated

☐ Mortally Wounded

# STAR WARS

Player Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Wroonian Captain

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_ /Wroonian

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Grenade \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_

Missile weapons \_\_\_\_\_

Pick pocket \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

Thrown weapons \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+1**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Streetwise \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D+2**

Archaic starship piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift op. \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Starship gunnery \_\_\_\_\_

Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_

Swoop op. \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Gambling \_\_\_\_\_

Hide \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

Sneak \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Demolitions \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift repair \_\_\_\_\_

Security \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports

repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starfighter repair \_\_\_\_\_

Starship weapon

repair \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_ **No**

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **1**

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Wound Status**

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Storn Cook

**Equipment:** Flashy flight jacket, gear bag, heavy blaster pistol (5D), lucky charm, 250 credits

**Background:** Fame, fortune, excitement beyond description—that's why you became a smuggler. You didn't give it much thought (you don't give anything much thought), you just decided one day that smuggling was more interesting than whatever it was you were doing at the moment. That's pretty much how you live your life. If it's more exciting, or promises more wealth and glory, you do it. And if someone's so audacious as to challenge you to do something, then you just have to accomplish it to prove the scoundrel wrong.

This inevitably brings you face-to-face with big trouble. To you, getting out of trouble is half the fun. Where there's more danger, there's more excitement. If life weren't so thrilling, you wouldn't have such a good time.

**Personality:** You never back down from a challenge. If something involves gaining wealth or fame, you're interested.

**Objectives:** To grab as many credits as you can and have the most fun doing it.

**A Quote:** "I like that ship. It looks much faster than ours. It probably has a much more expensive cargo on it. The weapons look more powerful, too. Let's take it."

**Connection With Other Characters:** You'd join up with anyone who looked like they got into a lot of trouble. The gunrunner, hot-shot pilot or jaded spice runner are good options, because their business carries a particularly high potential for action.

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Xenoarchaeologist

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Height:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Archaic guns \_\_\_\_\_

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Running \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Cultures \_\_\_\_\_

Languages \_\_\_\_\_

Planetary systems \_\_\_\_\_

Science \_\_\_\_\_

Scholar \_\_\_\_\_

Survival \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Archaic starship  
piloting \_\_\_\_\_

Astrogration \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift  
operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Investigation \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Lifting \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-  
ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

Droid program-  
ming \_\_\_\_\_

Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

- ☐ Stunned
- ☐ Wounded
- ☐ Incapacitated
- ☐ Mortally Wounded



Tim Eldred

**Equipment:** Outdoor hiking gear, syntherope, datapad, terrain charts, sensor pack, blaster pistol (4D), rations pack, pick axe, 1,200 credits

**Background:** Throughout the ages, every society records in myth and history the stories of lost civilizations, ancient worlds and fabulous treasures. Not content to just read about such wonders, you are one of the few who actively seeks them out.

The secrets of the ages are yours to uncover. All it takes is a little research, a little backing and *lots* of luck. The competition is tight and often not very well mannered. If you're not quick enough or smart enough they'll take your head along with the prize.

You hand-pick your associates and share in your good fortunes when you make the find. When someone beats you to the site you know the adventure has just begun. You know that there's always an opportunity to turn the tables.

**Personality:** You have a driving need to preserve as much of the past as possible, and sometimes you have to be pretty rough to do so. Part of this compulsion is due to a reverence for history, and partly for a desire to game fame and fortune.

**Objectives:** To beat the competition, the curio collectors and the Empire to the treasures of the ages — before these artifacts are lost forever.

**A Quote:** "Do you know what you're holding? Do you realize the significance of this find? We'll be famous!"

**Connection With Characters:**

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

Design: John Beyer

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# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:**

**Type:** Young Jedi

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ 3D

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_  
Dodge \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_  
Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
Running \_\_\_\_\_  
Vehicle blasters \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Knowledge \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Aliens species \_\_\_\_\_  
Languages \_\_\_\_\_  
Planetary \_\_\_\_\_  
systems \_\_\_\_\_  
Survival \_\_\_\_\_  
Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Mechanical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Astrogation \_\_\_\_\_  
Beast riding \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_  
operation \_\_\_\_\_  
Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
Starship shields \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Perception \_\_\_\_\_ 4D

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_  
Command \_\_\_\_\_  
Hide \_\_\_\_\_  
Investigation \_\_\_\_\_  
Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Search \_\_\_\_\_  
Sneak \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Strength \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_  
Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_  
Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Technical \_\_\_\_\_ 2D

Blaster repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Droid repair \_\_\_\_\_  
First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_  
repair \_\_\_\_\_  
Security \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Special Abilities

*Force skills: Control 1D, sense 1D, alter 1D.* You may select three Force powers.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ 10

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_ Yes

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_ 2

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

## Wound Status

- Stunned
- Wounded
- Incapacitated
- Mortally Wounded



Mike Vilardi

**Equipment:** 500 credits, two sets of clothing, R2 astromech droid (see the "Droids" chapter), blaster pistol (4D)

**Background:** You were always fascinated by the tales of the Jedi Knights. Somehow you learned to naturally manipulate the Force. You know that the Force is strong, and you can use it to restore peace.

**Personality:** You are energetic and very dedicated to the ideals of the Jedi Knights. You are also very youthful, and sometimes lack maturity. Torn between your own base instincts — like anger — and your responsibilities, it is tough growing up while being able to call upon such awesome powers.

**Objectives:** To restore the Jedi Knights to their position of honor. To find your own lightsaber or learn how to build one.

**A Quote:** "The Force is strong ... use it for good!"

**Connection With Characters:** You may have been befriended by a smuggler or brash pilot, who likes your youthful spirit but is skeptical of your claims about the Force. A minor Jedi or failed Jedi may have agreed to train you.

**Player Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

# STAR WARS®

**Character Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Type:** Young Senatorial

**Gender/Species:** \_\_\_\_\_/Human

**Age:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Weight:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Physical Description:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Dexterity** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Blaster \_\_\_\_\_

Brawling parry \_\_\_\_\_

Dodge \_\_\_\_\_

Melee combat \_\_\_\_\_

Melee parry \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Perception** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D+1**

Bargain \_\_\_\_\_

Command \_\_\_\_\_

Con \_\_\_\_\_

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_

Search \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Knowledge** \_\_\_\_\_ **4D**

Alien species \_\_\_\_\_

Bureaucracy \_\_\_\_\_

Culture \_\_\_\_\_

Intimidation \_\_\_\_\_

Value \_\_\_\_\_

Willpower \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Strength** \_\_\_\_\_ **3D**

Brawling \_\_\_\_\_

Climbing/jumping \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina \_\_\_\_\_

Swimming \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Mechanical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D+2**

Communications \_\_\_\_\_

Repulsorlift \_\_\_\_\_

operation \_\_\_\_\_

Sensors \_\_\_\_\_

Space transports \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Technical** \_\_\_\_\_ **2D**

Computer program-

ming/repair \_\_\_\_\_

First aid \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

**Special Abilities**

None.

**Move** \_\_\_\_\_ **10**

**Force Sensitive?** \_\_\_\_\_

**Force Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dark Side Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Character Points** \_\_\_\_\_

**Wound Status**

■ Stunned

■ Wounded

■ Incapacitated

■ Mortally Wounded



Chris Gossett

**Equipment:** Stylish clothing, hold-out blaster (3D), comlink, 1,000 credits

**Background:** For three centuries your family served the Republic. Innumerable Senators have borne your name. For centuries, your family has selflessly sacrificed for the good of the state and society. You have served loyally and well, and because of it, the citizens of your planet are loyal to your house. Since the Empire was established, your family has tried to fend off its evil ways and to hold the Emperor to his promise to promote the public good. Even now, you are reluctant to turn against the galactic government which your family supported for so long ago.

Yet you have no choice. The Empire has truly become a tyranny. Your home planet is occupied by stormtroopers. If civilization is to be saved, you must act now. Your family will provide leadership to the Rebellion, as it did to the Republic.

**Personality:** Intelligent, confident and energetic. You are more interested in getting things done than in discussing government theory. Sometimes others are awed by your lineage, and you are proud if it, yet you do not consider yourself class conscious. Great men and women come from all walks of life, and everyone can contribute to the Rebel Alliance.

**Objectives:** To topple the Empire so the freedoms and glories of the past can be restored to the people of the galaxy.

**A Quote:** "Here's the plan."

**Connection With Characters:** You could know any senatorial, noble or retired Imperial captain socially or by reputation. Since you're well known in the Alliance, a Mon Calamari or merc might have served with you before. Since you're attractive, intelligent and rich, people have an annoying habit of falling in love with you, but you haven't found anyone for whom such feelings are reciprocal.