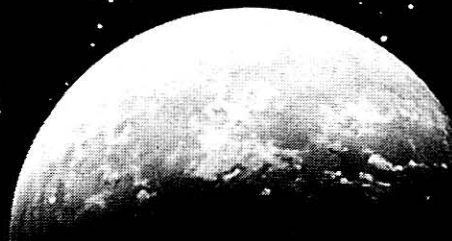


# STAR WARS®

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



**It is a period of civil war. Rebel spaceships, striking from a hidden base, have won their first victory against the evil Galactic Empire.**

**During the battle, Rebel spies managed to steal secret plans to the Empire's ultimate weapon, the DEATH STAR, an armored space station with enough power to destroy an entire planet.**

**Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, Princess Leia races home aboard her starship, custodian of the stolen plans that can save her people and restore freedom to the galaxy...**

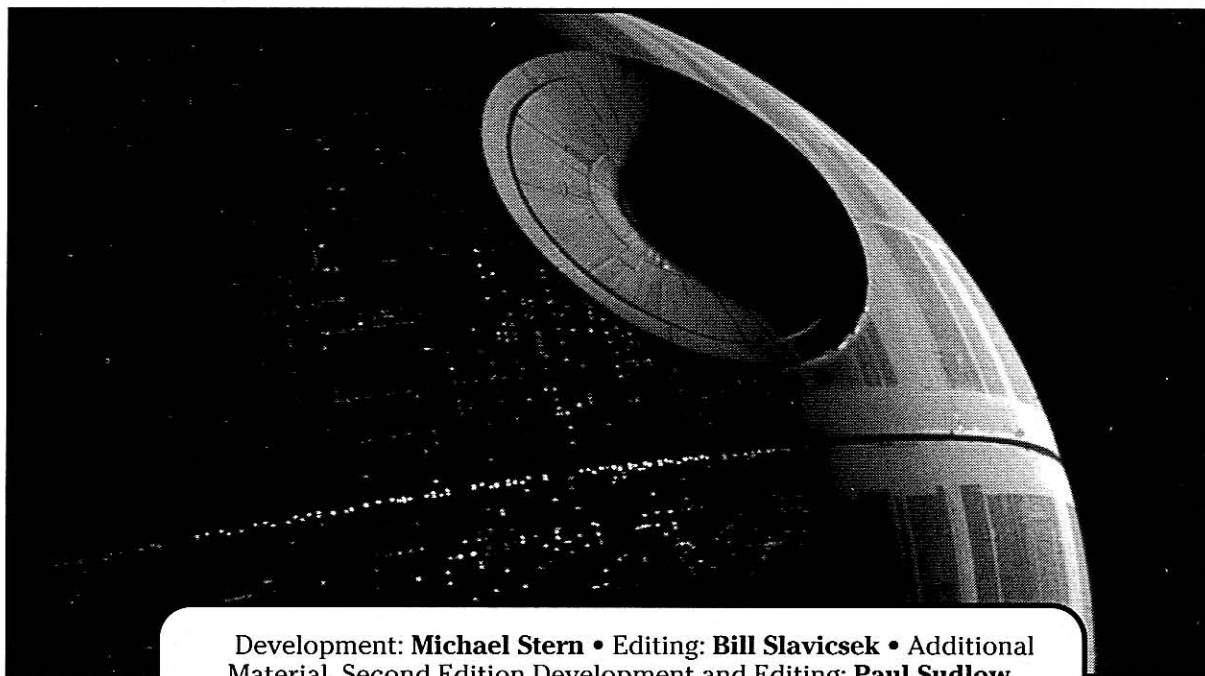


# STAR WARS®

## G A L A X Y   G U I D E   1 A   N E W   H O P E

by Michael Stern

Revised and Expanded for Second Edition by Paul Sudlow



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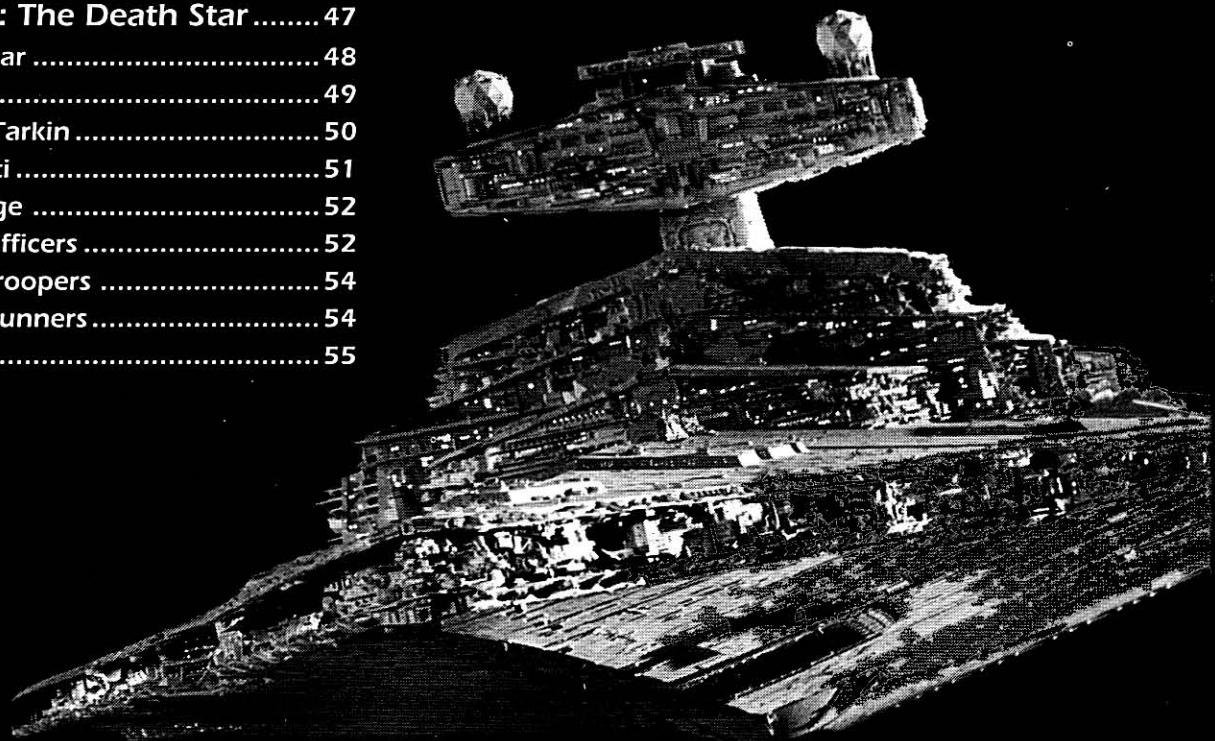
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**To:** Major Arhurl Hextrophon, Executive Secretary and Master Historian, Alliance High Command

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

**Regarding:** Research into the events immediately preceding the Alliance victory at the Battle of Yavin.

Sir:

Your notes regarding the events surrounding the Alliance victory at Yavin (for inclusion in the upcoming *Official History of the Rebellion, Volume One*) are indeed woefully incomplete, as you had predicted.

The final battle is fully documented in the Yavin base computer banks. But the strange tale of the great heroes of the Alliance, namely Commander Skywalker and his associate, remains something of a mystery to most of the support personnel — myself included.

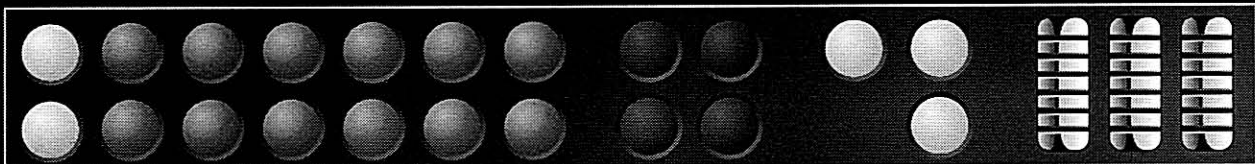
When you assigned me the task of backtracking their adventures from Tatooine to Yavin, I hoped initially to shed new light on the deeds and accomplishments of the heroes, perhaps making them appear a little more "human" than we have been led to believe.

Now, you may think that I intended to degrade the honor heaped upon their names, but this was not so. I only wished to record an objective, historically accurate portrayal of the actual events, free from the hyperbole often associated with brave deeds in times of war.

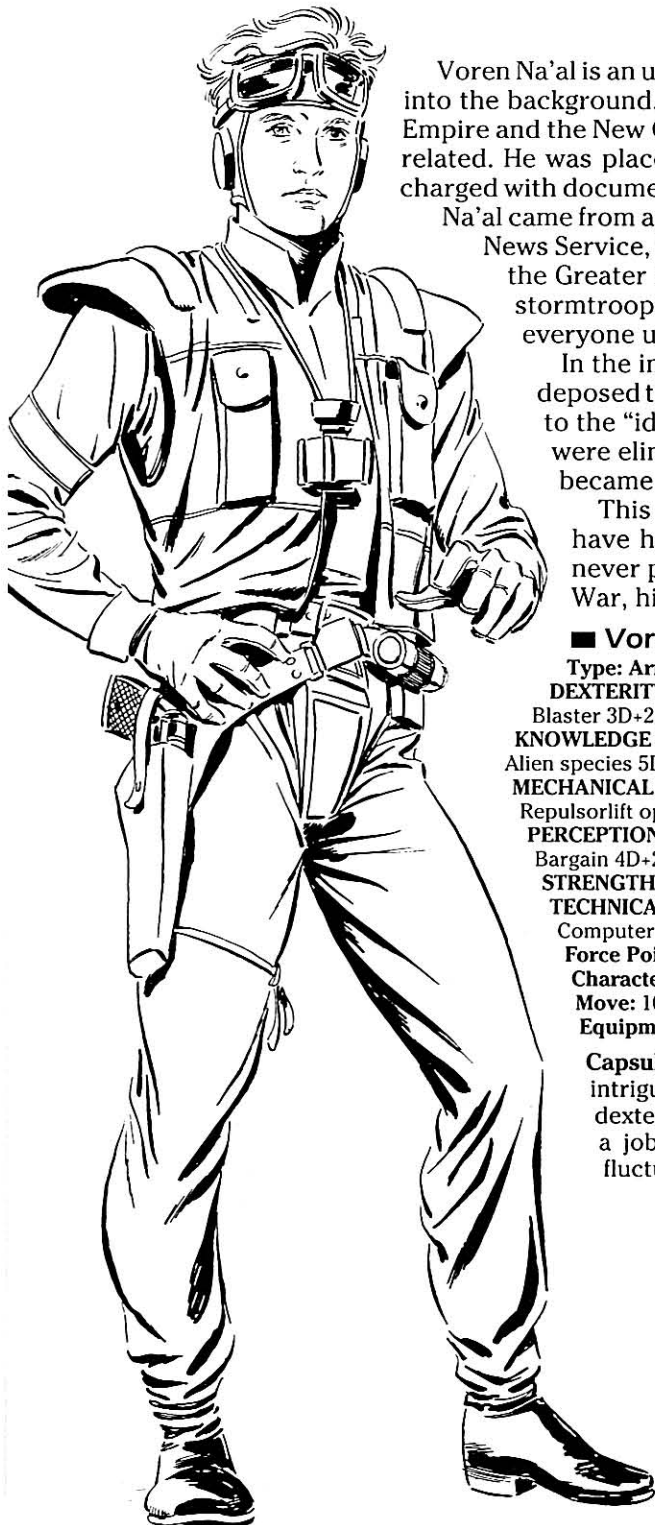
As you probably realize by the time you reach the end of the accompanying data file, I did not succeed. It is to my chagrin that I must admit that these intrepid heroes deserve even more praise than we have accorded them. Your accounts portray the modesty as well as the courage in all of them, except Captain Solo. His lack of modesty, admittedly, is part of his roguish nature and overall charm. The rescue of Leia Organa from the Death Star alone was an unimaginable feat, but add to that the one-in-a-billion shot with which Commander Skywalker destroyed the massive battle station and you have the stuff of legends.

My attempt at historical accuracy will undoubtedly contribute to the confusion of future archivists, when they must eventually come to terms with the recent events that we have been fortunate enough to behold.

Please forgive my enthusiasm for these fine beings, Major Hextrophon, and excuse the blatant unprofessionalism of the enclosed report. Where and how you choose to use this wealth of information is, of course, up to you. I just hope that I have added some small amount of knowledge about these strange and dangerous times in which we live.



# Voren Na'al



Voren Na'al is an unimposing young man who has the talent of being able to fade into the background. He joined the Alliance to combat the evil tendencies of the Empire and the New Order, but it was evident that his strengths were not combat-related. He was placed in the Historian Corp, an arm of the Rebel Alliance, and charged with documenting the people, places, and events of the Galactic Civil War.

Na'al came from an ordinary background. Working as a stringer for the Galactic News Service, Na'al was covering the prestigious swoop races on Corsin, in the Greater Ploorid Cluster. His life changed when a platoon of Imperial stormtroopers entered the press area, and without explanation, placed everyone under arrest.

In the intervening weeks, Na'al learned that the Empire had forcibly deposed the planetary government in favor of one far more sympathetic to the "ideals" of the New Order. For the people of Corsin, civil rights were eliminated, and a once-beautiful world known for its love of life became a world forced into submitting to a military police presence.

This event drove him to join the Rebel Alliance, where his skills have helped preserve a record of the war. While Voren Na'al has never played a pivotal role in any of the battles of the Galactic Civil War, his contributions are memorable and valued.

## ■ Voren Na'al

**Type:** Armchair Historian

**DEXTERITY** 3D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE** 4D

Alien species 5D, bureaucracy 4D+2, cultures 4D+2, scholar:history 7D+1

**MECHANICAL** 2D+2

Repulsorlift operation 3D+1

**PERCEPTION** 3D+2

Bargain 4D+2, investigation 6D+2

**STRENGTH** 2D+2

**TECHNICAL** 2D

Computer programming/repair 4D, first aid 2D+2, repulsorlift repair 3D

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 12

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Datapad, holocam, laser pistol (\$D), falsified ID, 700 credits

**Capsule:** While no one would accuse Na'al of being a master in the arts of intrigue and diplomacy, he is extremely quick-witted and lucky. He is dexterous, knowledgeable, and a bit of a coward, but he never runs until a job is complete (although his definition of "complete" sometimes fluctuates with the danger level).



# Getting Underway

My journey began at Thila, where we were still organizing after abandoning the base on the fourth moon of Yavin. It was imperative to leave Yavin before the Imperial fleet arrived to finish the battle station's mission.

Leaving Thila, I began by retracing the heroes' journey from Tatooine to Yavin. My cover was as a journalist for the Imperial News Bureau, an intergalactic newsnet service. This gave me a reasonable credit allowance, justification for carrying my holorecorder, and an excuse for asking too many questions without looking suspicious.

I hitched a ride aboard an Alliance supply ship and was unceremoniously dropped off in the savage rain forests of Yuga Two — a very covert base of operations,

but assuredly a most uninteresting place.

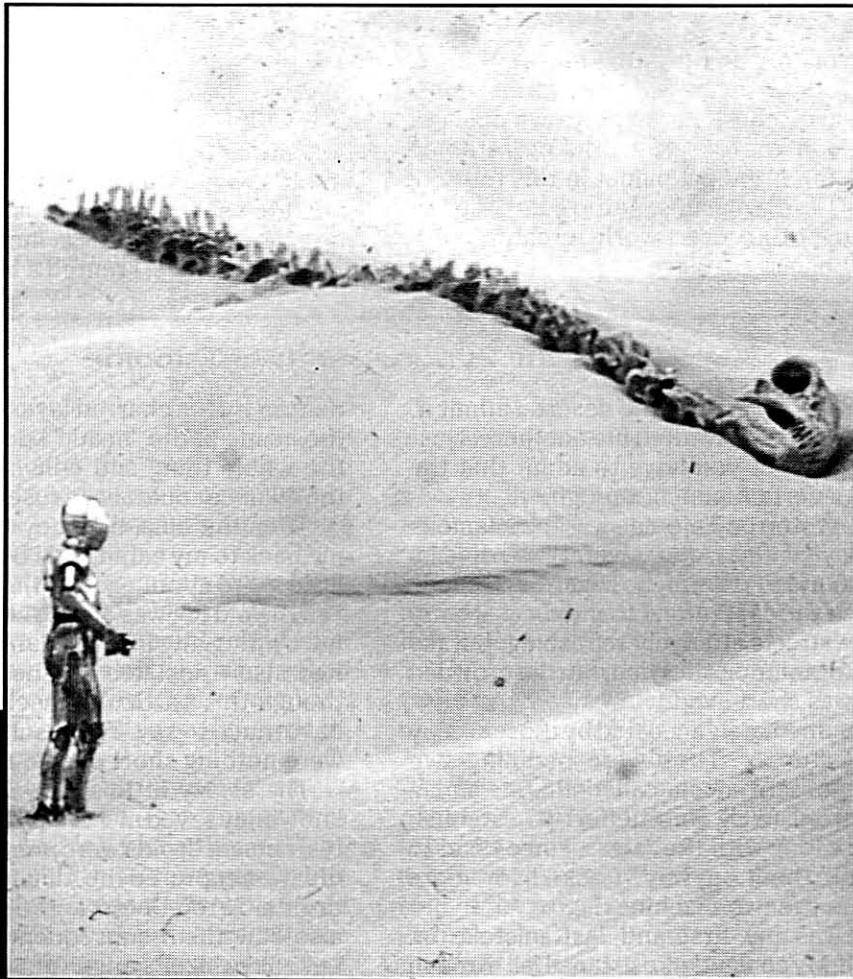
Here, among the clinging trees of Yuga Planetary Park (an unabashed tourist trap), I paid full fare to acquire a stateroom aboard Galaxy Tours' Kuari Princess. While under different circumstances I might have complained about paying full price for less than a quarter of a tour, I needed to reach my destination under public transport. I quietly handed over the credits.

Tatooine, the final destination on this leg of the tour, was no more than a week away. And on that world of sand and rock, I would begin my studies of Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia Organa, and the other heroes of the battle of Yavin.



# **Chapter One**

## **TATOOINE WILDERNESS**





**“Well, if there’s a bright center to the universe, you’re on the planet that it’s farthest from.”**

**Luke Skywalker**

The information on the individuals, creatures and aliens below is drawn from formal interviews, casual discussions, and my own observations while on the desert world of Tatooine. Tatooine is the principal planet in the Tatooine star system. The twin suns, Tatoo I and Tatoo II, fill the sky over the desert world, creating a dry, hot, and inhospitable place.

While I did not get to visit much of the planet, I did spend a considerable length of time in Mos Eisley. This “city,” arguably Tatooine’s capital, hosts the planet’s major spaceport and a small Imperial Government Post.

I didn’t spend long in Mos Eisley. After spending a day or two getting acclimated to the extreme heat of the place, I rented a landspeeder and set

### Across the Burning Sands of Tatooine

I didn’t really go into the desert. I admit it. After I heard what awaited me out there, I just couldn’t go. But you have to admit that the title has a certain punch, though.

My first stop on Tatooine was the infamous Mos Eisley cantina. After several extensive interviews under extremely hazardous conditions, I left the cantina and found the stale, dry air of the streets strangely refreshing. But my moment of solitude after hours in the crowded cantina was short-lived.

I was immediately accosted by those creepy Jawa creatures. They were peddling two droids: an astromech called R5-D4, and a power droid. Well, in an effort to establish good relations with the Jawas, since I had to report on them anyway, I asked for more details on the two machines.

That was my first and last mistake on Tatooine. My consumer resistance fell through the floor and I found myself purchasing them both at what I considered a steal. Robbery was more like it! I soon discovered that the R5 unit had a bad motivator and I really had no use whatsoever for a power droid, especially one as antiquated as this one.

Unable to find the Jawas who sold me the droids — they really all do look alike to me — I searched out the nearest repair shop. There, I discovered that the R5 droid was known to have had motivator trouble before, as evi-

denced by the charred layers of carbon along the inside of the “head.” I decided to replace the whole thing and convinced myself that the Alliance could always use two more droids.

After the cleanup, they eagerly followed me back to my cabin and I began to find out a little more about each of them. Red, as I now call the old R5, was able to communicate with me by plugging into my datapad. In this way, Red also translated for the power droid, although this particular machine didn’t really have much to say. The results of my inquiries were nothing short of astounding.

The sleazy little scrap salesman had unknowingly saved me weeks of research. These two ancient droids were present when a group of Jawas captured the Alliance’s most famous droids, Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio, and also saw them subsequently purchased by Luke Skywalker’s uncle (now deceased). Their fate after that is a sordid and terrifying tale, and forms the majority of the information I gathered on the Jawas and Sand People of Tatooine.

Before I left Tatooine, I gave the power droid to a needy moisture farmer and sold R5-D4 to the Imperial prefect’s assistant administrator. The Rebel Alliance should benefit greatly from the information the droid will obtain. As of this moment, only Momaw Nadon knows of Red’s new role in the Rebellion.

out for the outlying townships and moisture farms to pick up the first trail of the two droids who landed here in an escape pod from the Princess Leia's blockade runner, the *Tantive IV*.

Most of the following information was obtained through combing through various civil records, Imperial registers, local newsnets, and interviews with locals. Two droids, who had spent some time with the droids C-3P0 and R2-D2, were particularly helpful in filling in some of the gaps.

I have included a profile of the late General Obi-Wan Kenobi here, as the deserts of Tatooine were his home for many years and I've managed to obtain a story or two about his time here from neighbors (on a planet like Tatooine, the word "neighbors" must be interpreted broadly). While I would have preferred to include him in the Yavin IV section of my report, Kenobi did not reach that refuge. He sacrificed his own life to permit the escape of the *Millennium Falcon* and her very precious cargo.

The section on Beru and Owen Lars (the couple who raised Luke as their own) is included to paint something of a portrait of the humble childhood of Commander Skywalker. They are also typical examples of Tatooine's hardy frontier families, and prove that the Human pioneering spirit indeed takes many forms.

I am indebted to the local library net resources for information on the planet Tatooine itself as well as its myriad lifeforms. I found them lacking in certain areas, namely Jawas and Sand people (also known as Tusken Raiders) however, and had to resort to other information sources. Once again, my droid companions proved to be a font of reliable information, along with a few Anchorhead oldtimers.

## Jawas

The Jawa is a scavenger people unique to Tatooine. Jawas are intelligent, rodent-like beings obsessed with collecting discarded hardware and machinery. About a meter tall, they commonly wear rough-woven hooded cloaks to shield them from the heat of Tatooine's twin suns. Only their eyes glow from within the dark-



ness of their hoods. They have a unique and rather unpleasant smell.

While Jawas understand Basic, the official language of the Galactic Empire, they only speak in their jabbering, nearly incomprehensible, native language.

The creatures make their homes in massive "sandcrawlers," which prowl the desert wastes of the world. It is believed that several hundred Jawas make their home in each sandcrawler, which is a confusing maze of tunnels, ducts and piles of scrap. Each Jawa group seeks wrecked starships, abandoned or lost droids and other items of technology that can be refurbished and sold to the frugal moisture farmers of this unforgiving planet.

These high-tech junk dealers delight in tinkering and repairing salvaged items for sale and barter. Although they purport to only salvage obviously discarded junk, they have been known to acquire unguarded and "abandoned" droids and items from the homesteads of moisture farmers. Some call this stealing. Jawas consider it good business. Besides, they are clever enough to make significant cosmetic changes so that the items and droids are virtually unrecognizable, sometimes even by the original owners.

Fearful and paranoid of larger races, the Jawas



The Jawa Sandcrawler

*From the Colonial Survey Files: Mos Eisley Archives.*

The unbroken wastes of Tatooine are not friendly habitats to the sentient species which dwell on the planet. While the descendents of the settlers live in towns, ranches, and homesteads, and the elusive Sand people eke out an existence in the rocky mountain chains of the planet, the diminutive Jawas prefer to travel from place to place, taking refuge when necessary in the open wilderness of Tatooine's trackless deserts where few are willing to follow.

The Jawas have always been wanderers, at least as far back as Jawa tribal memory extends. Tribal memory and certain archeological remains suggest that the Jawa clans utilized dewbacks as beasts of burden. Each clan traveled with a large herd, gathering several families into small huts strapped to the backs of each animal. All this changed with the arrival

of settlers intent on mining the mineral resources of Tatooine. The mining venture was a failure, and the Jawas moved in to claim the large number of ore transport crawlers the miners were selling off at ludicrously low prices.

The Jawas quickly modified the immense steam-powered crawlers to suit their own needs. New interior bulkheads and floors were added to the interior ore bays from scrap metal scavenged from the abandoned mining facilities, and a maze of warrens and bolt holes gradually evolved over time to fill the interior. While most of the sandcrawlers still share a similar look on the exterior, no crawler is like any other on the inside.

Jawas are scavengers at heart, and make a modest living at recovering "abandoned" droids and "useless" machinery, which they resell to moisture farm-

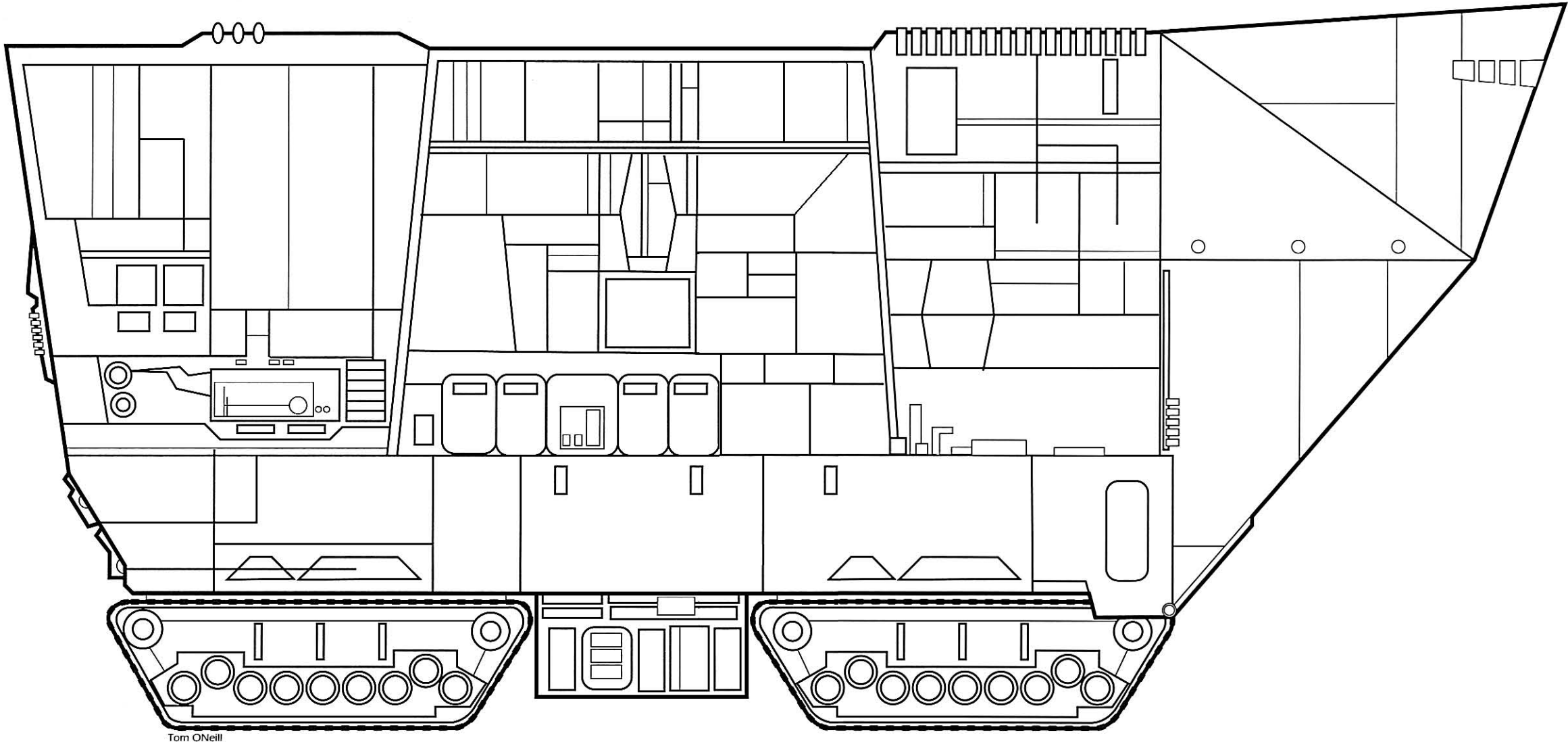
ers and denizens of the small towns and cities which dot the surface of the planet. They have grown very adept at removing the special markers the moisture farmers place on their machinery to protect them from becoming "lost." More than one angry farmer has accosted a Jawa clan which attempted to sell him his own droid which had disappeared a few months earlier. It is generally best not to push the little creatures too hard, however. Jawa culture values conflict avoidance to the extent that many regard Jawas as cowards, but even cowards can be pushed too far. Most farmers would rather lose the occasional droid than see their homesteads flattened by rampaging sandcrawlers.

The Jawas no longer have spare parts to repair their vehicles. They are very ingenious at jury-rigging repairs and patches to the turbine engines and power

systems, but every few years, one or two of the mighty transports must finally be abandoned with great lamentation as an essential system finally dies for good.

When a crawler dies, it rapidly becomes the locus of an impromptu swap meet. Dozens of crawler communities converge to bid on the salvageable parts, and the stranded clan either returns to the dewback herds or is absorbed by the others.

Though each abandoned crawler buys more time for the remaining sandcrawlers, the number of functioning sandcrawlers trundling through the canyons and sands of Tatooine is shrinking slowly every decade. Inevitably, most Jawa clans will return to their dewback herds at some point within the next century, though at least one clan has been spotted in the Wayfar region sporting around in a battered sailbarge.



are a skittish lot. They count Sand People and krayt dragons as natural enemies. The Jawas seldom engage in combat, having to rely on jury-rigged blasters and projectile weapons for defense. Often, they retreat to their rather formidable sandcrawlers, cowering from attack. They also have unusual ionization weapons used to disable droids.

Jawas regularly interact with the residents of Tatooine. They often visit the few communities that dot the desert landscape, selling their wares and fawning over and ogling any technology they come across. Often their fear gives way to their obsessive tendencies in the presence of so much high technology and they must be forcibly chased away from shining landspeeders and new droids.

Despite appearances, Jawas are accomplished repairmen with an innate knack for analyzing machinery. They may not understand all the grand theories behind the science, but they can get a landspeeder running or refurbish a damaged droid in record time.

**Typical Jawa.** *Dexterity 2D, blaster 2D+2, dodge 3D, Knowledge 2D, streetwise 4D, survival: desert 4D+2, value 3D+1, Mechanical 3D, ground vehicle operation: sandcrawler 3D+2, Perception 1D, bargain 4D, con 3D+1, Strength 1D, climbing/jumping 2D+2, Technical 3D, computer programming/repair 4D+2.* Move: 8. Equipment: Jawa ionization gun (+1D to blaster, 3D ionization damage, 3-4/8/12), tool kit.

## Sand People (Tusken Raiders)

The Sand People of Tatooine are quite an enigma to the Human inhabitants of the desert world. Even the daily routines of Tusken Raider life are shrouded in mystery. It often seems that the unpredictable actions of these cryptic creatures must be determined by some strange, antiquated code. Only the existence of such a personal credo could possibly explain the bizarre and seemingly-random violent actions committed by Tusken Raiders on a regular basis.

Whatever the case, the Sand People are a dangerously unpredictable group, and should be avoided at all costs. The rocky canyons of Tatooine's Jundland Wastes have been known to be particularly infested with Tusken Raiders. It is for this reason that the "circle route" was created, circumventing the Jundland Wastes for travel between Anchorhead and Mos Eisley.

This tall, strong, aggressive, and nomadic race has made the desert wastes of Tatooine their home. They dress in strips of cloth and tattered robes to protect themselves from the harsh rays of the twin suns. A simple breath mask filters out sand particles and adds moisture to the dry, scorching air.

As none of the other inhabitants of Tatooine have any dealings with the Sand People, their language remains a mystery. It consists of angry consonants and growls. They are masters of



stealth, and little is known about their culture or habits. Regarded as fierce, powerful fighters, the Sand People fear little and are themselves feared.

The Sand People travel in bands ranging in size from 20 to 30 individuals, never staying long in a particular place. Smaller raiding and hunting parties are common, but where there is one group of Sand People, there are often more. As they are not a very numerous race, they seem to stay in the more desolate regions to avoid trouble with the settlers. They use domesticated banthas as beasts of burden, and some speculate that the creatures are regarded as equal members of the nomadic communities.

Tusken Raiders employ the gaderffii, or gaffi stick, as their weapon of choice. This double-edged ax is made of cannibalized metal scavenged from abandoned vehicles or starship hull plating. Some carry blaster carbines, presumably stolen from slain victims, for long range defense.

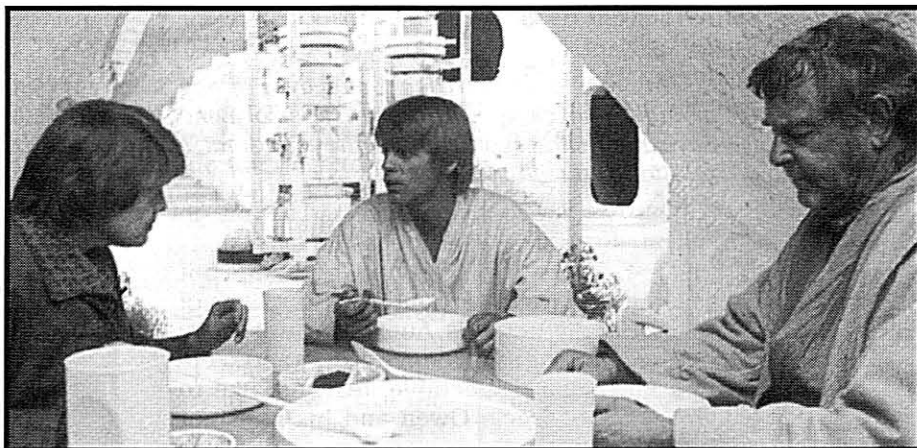
**Typical Tusken Raider.** *Dexterity 2D+1, blaster: blaster carbine 3D+1, brawling parry 4D+1, dodge 4D+1, melee combat: gaffi stick 4D, Knowledge 2D, survival 4D, survival: desert 5D+2, Mechanical 1D, beast riding 3D, beast riding: bantha 4D+2, Perception 2D, hide 2D+1, search 2D+2, sneak 3D+1, Strength 3D+2, brawling 4D+2, lifting 4D+2, stamina 4D, Technical 1D. Move: 10. Equipment: blaster carbine (5D, 0–25/50/250), gaffi stick (STR+2D), breath mask.*

## Owen and Beru Lars

Beru and Owen Lars raised young Luke Skywalker on their moisture farm on Tatooine. Young Luke grew up believing that Owen and Beru were his aunt and uncle, but Owen was actually Obi-Wan Kenobi's brother.

The Lars are representative of a typical moisture farming family on Tatooine. They are hardworking people determined to beat a harsh environment and defend what they have struggled so hard to maintain. They have a healthy pride in their accomplishments and a stubborn independence. There is not a better background for the development of character, discipline and strong values, although this environment can increase the sense of wanderlust and isolation so common to young people.

Owen Lars, a practical man, raised young Luke with the proper values of home and hard work. For the most part, the tough life of a moisture farmer kept Luke and his adventurous nature in



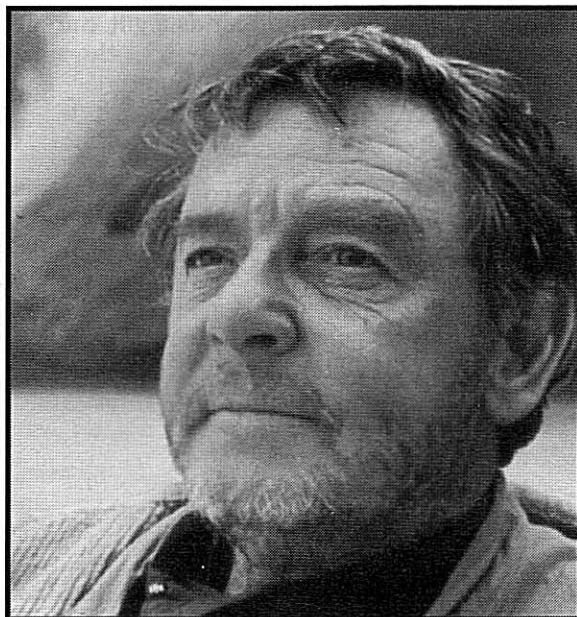
LFL

check. Eventually, he began to hang around with a joyriding crowd from the nearby town of Anchorhead, including one Biggs Darklighter.

Beru saw the sparkle in the young man's eyes, and time and again fought on Luke's side when it came to going to the Academy with his friends. Owen remained firm however, and had it not been for the senseless murder of him and his wife at the hands of Imperial stormtroopers, there is little doubt that Luke would have spent "just one more season" on Tatooine.

The Lars were like most moisture farmers on Tatooine — eeking out a living in a thankless environment, with little or no chance for fame or fortune. Making a living season by season was their lot in life, and to their credit, their neighbors report they never spoke ill of the profession.

As with most types of farms, the value of a moisture crop varies unpredictably from year to year. Tatooine's twin suns make the task of predicting such climactic changes infinitely more



LFL



### Camie's Story

*This tale, told to Voren Na'al by a young woman who claimed to be a friend of Luke Skywalker, shows something of the young man's relationship with the Lars.*

This was the first year Luke had to stay on the moisture farm after the last of his friends had left. Oh, I was still around, but that's not the same as racing around with the likes of Biggs Darklighter. His Aunt Beru was busy just maintaining the produce groves and keeping the house respectable, leaving Luke to worry about Uncle Owen and his constant hatred of vaporators.

Funny, I saw Luke kick the blasted things more than once — he had the worst luck keeping those things going. If the sand and lack of parts weren't bad enough, roaming Jawas and less-honorable moisture farmers often stripped any equipment not protected by the perimeter shields during the night. They never took a whole unit, though, just a few critical parts. You know, Owen's hardworking nature always seemed to make up for the setbacks.

One time in particular, just before Biggs headed off to the Academy, Uncle Owen and Luke argued about sending in Luke's application. Owen needed Luke for another season. He just couldn't afford to hire any help at the time, or so he said. Luke's Aunt Beru, a wonderful lady, finally suggested a compromise. Luke would stay on for just one more season and Owen would put away enough credits to hire a worker to replace him.

To my amazement, Owen agreed. And what was more amazing, a few weeks later he gave Luke a used T-16 skyhopper as a gift. Sure it needed work, but Owen was right there to help Luke get it ready to fly. Sometimes that

man was a real contradiction, but I often got the feeling that he just didn't want Luke to leave Tatooine. Every so often when Luke brought it up, I thought I saw something in Owen's eyes — not anger, but maybe sadness or fear. Who can really say?

They spent all of their spare time in that work shed out back, replacing parts and rebuilding things. Luke wanted to make the skyhopper fast enough to beat Biggs' newer model, and I think Owen wanted to as well.

Aunt Beru always brought a good idea and a cool drink out with her when she came to visit her men. And when they became frustrated, she had words of encouragement that got them going again.

Sometimes I'd sit and watch Luke and Owen work, and listen to Luke's dreams and Owen's realities. Luke wanted to live a life of adventure. Owen said he had seen too many heroes die.

Well, they finally got that airspeeder up and running, and it was the fastest thing around. But I think that had as much to do with Luke's flying as with their mechanical skills. They even got the blasters working, although Owen told Luke in no uncertain terms that he didn't think too highly of him using them. He said they could get Luke into "bad habits."

It was a shock when we learned that Owen and Beru were dead. Some people say that Luke killed them, and I guess the law out in Mos Eisley is offering a reward for his capture. I don't believe that, not for a second. It still makes me wonder who did that to them, though — they were such nice people. I do miss that family ... because it was a family and sometimes a family is the best thing there is in the galaxy.

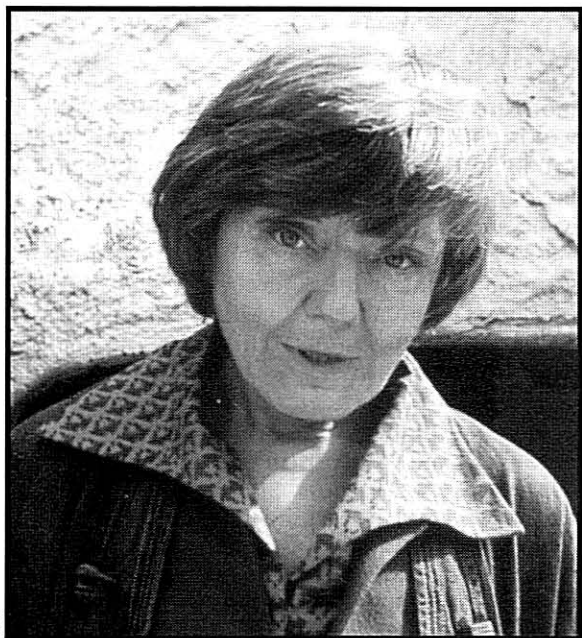
difficult, as multiple solar flares and gravitational shifts make Tatooine a meteorologist's nightmare. The world, aside from its desert conditions, can be battered by intense sandstorms that pose a severe hazard to any aboveground buildings. Still, season after season, decade after decade, the moisture farmers struggle to remove precious units of water from the parched landscape. Some farmers drill for water, while others extract it from the air or loose sands.

Owen Lars used vaporators to retrieve water from the air, which he subsequently directed into underground produce gardens. Not all moisture farmers grow food, as this always doubles the risks of failure every season. Farming and

moisture collection are tough enough when attempted alone, but even more so when combined under one roof. Most moisture farmers merely collect water, which they sell as a commodity to local produce magnates.

To their credit, Owen and Beru Lars always managed to scrape out an existence and were in debt to no one when they died. Few couples, and fewer farmers, can claim that distinction.

Owen Lars imparted his sense of "strong values, strong man" to young Luke, while Aunt Beru helped the boy learn a modicum of patience, understanding, and most of all, compassion. They made Luke's early life quite happy as they loved him and raised him to the best of their abilities.



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They taught him loyalty and commitment, and helped shape the man that became a galactic hero.

**Owen Lars.** All stats are 2D except: *survival 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 2D+1, command 4D, lifting 2D+1, droid programming 2D+2, droid repair 3D, farm equipment repair 4D.* Move: 9. Equipment: blaster carbine (5D), hydrosponder, macrobinoculars and other farm tools.

**Beru Lars.** All stats are 2D except: *blaster 3D, survival 5D, repulsorlift operation 3D+1, bargain 4D, first aid 3D+2, moisture farm technology 5D+2.* Move: 9. Equipment: various pieces of farm equipment and household appliances.

## Obi-Wan Kenobi

In my travels throughout the galaxy, I have learned that appearances seldom tell the whole story. This truth is no more apparent than when one begins to consider the story of Obi-Wan Kenobi, Jedi Knight.

The deserts of Tatooine were his home for many years. While most residents of the Anchorhead area had heard of Kenobi, most considered him a crazy old hermit best left to himself. Kenobi lived in the dangerous Jundland Wastes, on the edge of the Dune Sea. He was seldom encountered by others, but occasionally "Old Ben" might appear to help someone who was lost, or warn the local authorities of a massing of Sand People.

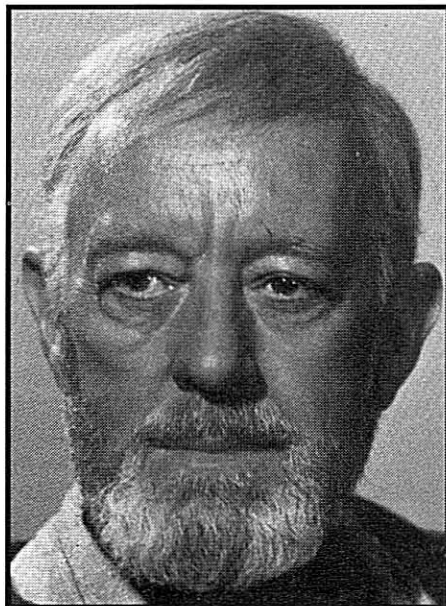
Ben Kenobi, just another desert hermit to the people of Tatooine, once traveled the galaxy as a defender of the Old Republic and a Jedi Knight. It was Kenobi who rose to become one of the greatest heroes of the Clone Wars, battling alongside such legendary figures as Bail Organa of Alderaan and Anakin Skywalker.

In the heady fog of his success, Kenobi took on a student, confident in his ability to instruct the boy in the ways of the Force. Whether it was a mistake on Obi-Wan's part or a fatal flaw in the student, something went wrong.

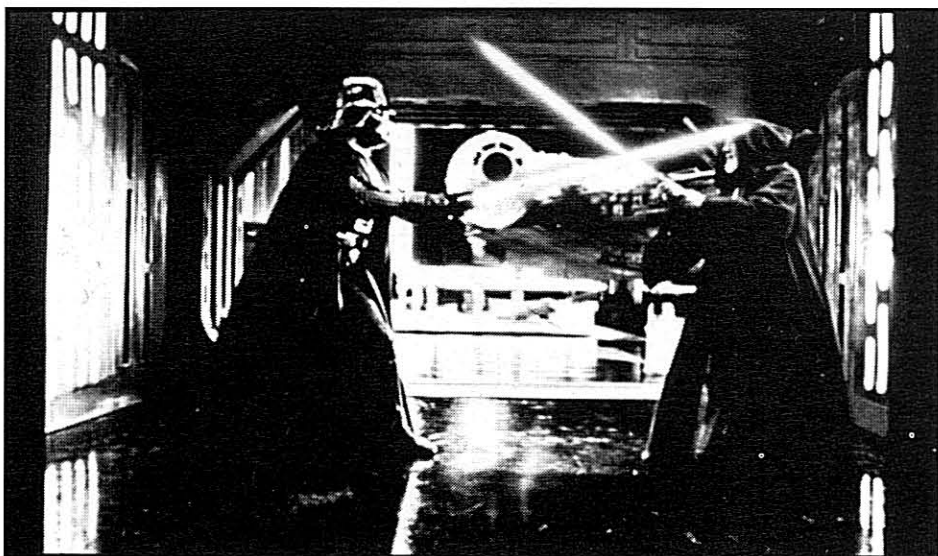
Anakin Skywalker gave in to the dark side of the Force, to become Darth Vader. Vader, in service to Palpatine, was instrumental in the extermination of the Jedi Knights.

Obi-Wan Kenobi went into hiding, realizing that he could do more to bring freedom by guarding Anakin's infant son Luke than by leading a desperate battle that was doomed to failure. Obi-Wan still felt the weight of his decision many years later, knowing that his student had helped bring about the tyranny of the Empire, while countless Jedi died.

He chose to wait for the right time to make a move against the Empire — to wait for a new hope. Kenobi took the name Ben and cloaked himself in the persona of a crazy wizard. Many years later, when a pair of droids brought young



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## The Tatooine Homestead

When the miners came to Tatooine, the moisture farmers came with them, to sell them the water they could gather from the dry atmosphere at highly inflated prices. The good times faded when the mines were abandoned, but most moisture farmers stayed on. Their economic position is somewhat precarious, since their business is dependent on selling water to a shrinking population. Many farms have folded or been bought out by their neighbors in recent decades, until only those clustered around sizable populations remain. Some farmers have gotten out of water production altogether, and now buy water from the other farmers for resale to water plants in the larger towns and cities like Mos Eisley, where large populations of non-water producers can be found.

Moisture farms are not compact industries. The vaporators which draw moisture from the air via humidifiers require large territories in which to operate, meaning that moisture fields are large sprawling affairs. A single multi-family

moisture farm might fill an entire valley with vaporators to process enough water to turn a profit. Fortunately, land is not a precious commodity on Tatooine, and there is plenty of land to be had for those who wish to expand.

Most moisture farmers maintain underground argridomes, where they grow produce and vegetables to sell to wholesalers and consume privately. This is a side-business for most farmers, who use the credits generated to buy needed supplies and the occasional luxury item. Some farmers have actually found more profit in raising crops than processing water, and have relegated water production to a side-line, or eliminated it altogether.

Water is transported to the water plants via speeder truck and, in some cases, mono-rail and underground pipeline. Neighboring farmers tend to send their shipments at once, since lone water trucks have been known to vanish, swallowed by the desert, or fallen victim to raiding Sand People or bandits.



Most habitations on Tatooine are either underground or bored out of rock to protect its inhabitants from the oppressive heat generated by the twin suns, and the moisture farm homestead is no exception. The natural insulation of sand and stone helps alleviate the heat somewhat, but without the large solar collectors and fusion reactors which generate the energy to power coolant systems, most homes on Tatooine would be hot as ovens.

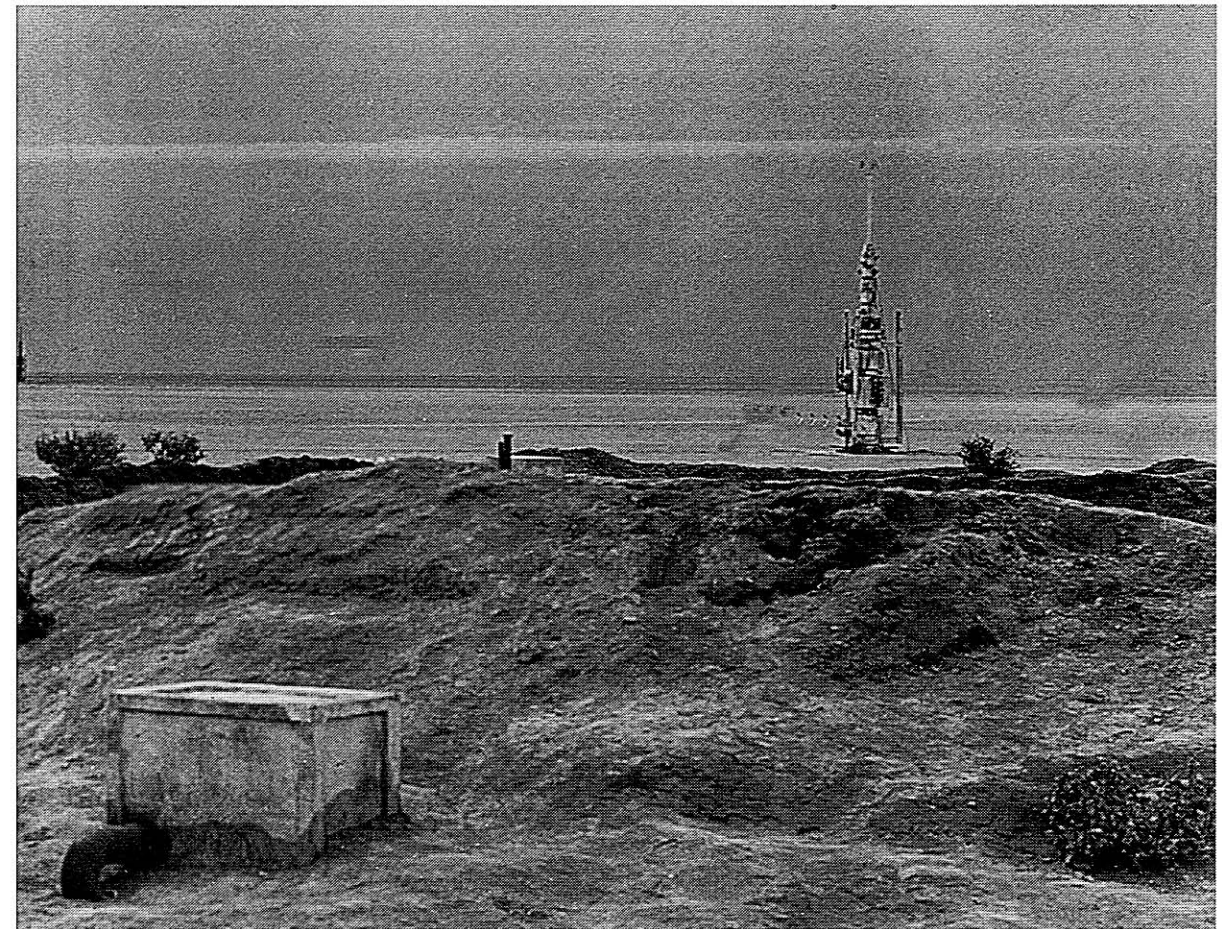
The main entrance to the typical homestead is located in a sunken courtyard, which also gives access to adjoining work sheds, garages, and housing. The rim of the courtyard is often lined with a short but stout wall which serves to keep the shifting sands of the desert from trickling in over time.

As primitive as the exterior of the homestead looks, the interior can be as modern or rustic as the owner's tastes permit. Many farmers live as comfortably as they can afford — they feel they deserve some compensation for their hard labor.

More conservative or cautious farmers put more of their proceeds back into the farm — maintaining and upgrading moisture vaporators, storage facilities, and transport vehicles, buying new droids or hiring new farm hands, and so on. Many place as much as they can in the bank, either toward retirement, or against disaster.

The few windows of the house overlook the courtyard. Mirrored shutters slide down to protect the glass from the sometimes fierce winds which buffet the surface of the planet.

Domed shafts on the upper surface lead down to the hydroponic plants and water storage tanks, which are often located adjacent to the living areas. The water tanks are well secured to discourage raids by water thieves, and contain surprisingly modern alarms and security systems.



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### Artoo's Tale

*A story told by the astromech droid Artoo-Detoo, with translation by his counterpart See-Threepio, to Voren Na'al.*

Luke Skywalker had just gone off to dinner leaving the two new droids alone in the farm's workshop. Artoo was embarrassed by his deception of his new master, whom he quite liked, and angry that his friend, C-3PO, couldn't see the wisdom of his mission.

"Just you reconsider playing that message for him," C-3PO scolded. Artoo wanted to explain that his programming, directly from an important official aboard the ship, didn't allow him to play the message.

— *Threepio stopped at that moment, making what sounded suspiciously like an indignant snort. He simply looked sharply at Artoo, and said, "Well, you most certainly could have trusted me with that information, Artoo. If anyone could have assisted you, had I known, it would have been me!"* —

Threepio would have none of it. Artoo at least hoped that his new master, Luke, liked him. Artoo's behavior wasn't personal.

Shaking his metal head, C-3PO said, "No, I don't think he likes you at all." Threepio's limited patience had run out. "No, I don't like you either."

— *Threepio rather took exception to that last comment and took a few moments to discuss the matter with his stubby friend. Their discourse showed their friendship and camaraderie with more clarity than any verbal description could.* —

Artoo decided that it was time to act. His programming was explicit — Kenobi had to get that message, regardless of circumstances. With hardly a beep or whistle, Artoo rolled out of the workshop and into the desert as First Twilight fell across the sands.

First Dawn broke over the rocky canyon as the little droid continued on. It had taken longer than Artoo anticipated to cross the desert and make it to the canyon. Somehow, he'd managed to avoid conflicts with the Jawas or any of Tatooine's other denizens, and the cooler night temperatures made the journey much easier on his components.

He still had only a vague notion of where to find General Kenobi. That's when the landspeeder pulled up, and Luke Skywalker and See-Threepio jumped out to intercept him. His mission was over, and Master Luke was unlikely to fall for his deception about the restraining bolt a second time. He had failed! That's what he got for not monitoring his sensor scans.

"Hey, whoa, just where do you think you're going?" the young man asked. Artoo whistled a feeble reply that Threepio refused to dignify with a response. Threepio, still angry from their last exchange, answered. "Master Luke here is your rightful owner. We'll have no more of this Obi-Wan Kenobi gibberish and don't talk to me of your mission, either. You're

fortunate he doesn't blast you into a million pieces right here."

Sometimes the protocol droid could be so exasperating, thought Artoo. Dejected, he tried to think of something to do when his sensors had detected several beings moving in quickly. Artoo jumped up, throwing frantic whistles and screams at the unsuspecting duo.

"Oh my... sir," translated Threepio. "He says there are several creatures approaching from the south-east." Artoo knew his friend wouldn't suspect him of deception in this instance — besides, there was no way he could outrun Luke's landspeeder.

Luke grabbed his blaster. "Sand People! Or worse! Come on, let's go have a look. Come on." The young man had an unnerving desire for adventure and excitement.

The young man and the tall droid moved off to investigate. Artoo scanned the immediate area while doing what any brave droid in his position would do. He went into the rocky crags to hide.

Artoo heard the sounds of a scuffle, but his range of sensors was obscured by the crags he had hidden in. He preferred the security of the rocks.

It was a while before anyone returned. Artoo watched as a group of vicious Sand People walked into view, dropping Luke beside his landspeeder. They began to ransack the speeder, leaving the unconscious youth in a heap upon the ground. Artoo could only hide and watch as the creatures tossed equipment all over the place. Where was poor See-Threepio?

Suddenly, the Sand People stopped. A deathly quiet fell over the canyon, and even Artoo felt a tingle play across his metal casing. A great howling moan echoed through the canyon. It was terrifying!

The Sand People fled in terror, and Artoo moved even tighter into the shadows as the sound got closer. But instead of a horrible creature, the droid saw a shabby, hooded figure appear and lean over Luke. He had an ancient, leathery face, set off by dark, penetrating eyes and a scraggly white beard.

After scrutinizing Luke's condition, the man turned to look directly at Artoo, who was still hiding in the shadows. He threw back his hood and smiled. "Hello there! Come here, my little friend. Don't be afraid."

Artoo wondered how the man had sensed him. He had remained absolutely still, not making a sound or moving. There was something strange about this kindly man.

It was upon Luke's awakening, and his declaring that this person was Ben Kenobi that Artoo knew this was the man he was sent to find. This was the famous General Obi-Wan Kenobi. Artoo's circuits beamed with pride, confident that he had succeeded where most other droids would have failed!

Luke Skywalker into this battle, Kenobi knew the wait was over.

One of the droids carried a message from Kenobi's old friend, Bail Organa, sent via his daughter, Princess Leia of Alderaan. The Rebel Alliance had to act and the Rebels desperately needed Kenobi's help. Aboard the terrible Death Star battle station, Obi-Wan gave his life in combat against Darth Vader in order to provide young Luke Skywalker and his companions the time they needed to escape. Although Kenobi perished in the battle, his warning to Vader proved to be true: fallen, he would return, more powerful than before.

### ■ Obi-Wan Kenobi

Type: Jedi Knight

#### DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, brawling parry 6D, dodge 6D, lightsaber 11D, melee combat 6D, melee parry 9D

#### KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Alien species 8D, bureaucracy 6D, cultures 6D, intimidation 5D+2, languages 6D, planetary systems 6D, scholar: Jedi lore 9D+1, streetwise 5D+2, survival 8D, value 6D+1

#### MECHANICAL 2D

Astrogation 5D+2, beast riding 4D, capital ship gunnery 4D+1, capital ship piloting 5D, capital ship shields 3D, repulsorlift operation 4D, space transports 6D, starfighter piloting 3D+1, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 6D

#### PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 7D, command 9D+1, con 6D, gambling 5D+2, hide 5D+2, search 6D+1, sneak 7D

#### STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D, climbing/jumping 6D, stamina 6D

#### TECHNICAL 3D

Droid programming 4D, droid repair 5D, first aid 5D, security 6D

#### Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 12D, sense 12D, alter 8D

Force Powers (these are the known powers Kenobi possessed and it is believed that he had access to many other powers):

*Control:* Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, concentrate\*, control pain, detoxify poison\*\*, emptiness, enhance attribute\*\*, hibernation trance, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun, short-term memory enhancement\*\*

*Sense:* Combat sense\*\*, danger sense\*\*, instinctive astrogation†, life detection, life sense, magnify senses, receptive telepathy, sense Force, sense path†

*Alter:* Injure/kill, telekinesis

*Control and Sense:* Farseeing\*\*, lightsaber combat, projective telepathy

*Control and Alter:* Accelerate another's healing, control another's pain\*\*, return another to consciousness, transfer Force

*Control, Sense and Alter:* Affect mind, enhanced coordination\*\*

*Sense and Alter:* Dim other's senses

\* Described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

\*\* Described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*.

† Described in *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*.

**This character is Force-sensitive**

**Force Points:** 9

**Character Points:** 20

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Lightsaber (5D), robes

## Desert Stormtroopers

There exist many types of stormtrooper specialty units created to deal with harsh conditions on the millions of worlds within the Empire's grasp. One such type of soldier is the so-called sandtrooper, or desert stormtrooper.

These soldiers are selected from the ranks of exceptionally motivated, fearless and talented stormtroopers. However, these soldiers either have shown an aptitude or already have training in desert survival, camouflage, small-unit tactics and tracking.

Because of their skill and training in these areas, it was the Desert Sands stormtrooper unit that set down on Tatooine to recover the plans to



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### Tatooine Debriefing

*From the personal audio report of Desert Sands senior officer DSS-0956, released to Alliance Historian Voren Na'al by the Rebel Spy Network.*

The call came. After long weeks aboard Lord Darth Vader's Star Destroyer, orders finally came through to scramble my unit. Moreover, the orders were in response to the Dark Lord's personal command. Desert Sands was to drop to Tatooine and recover a jettisoned escape pod. It was assumed that top-secret information, stolen from the Empire, was hidden in the pod for pickup by Rebel agents on the desert planet.

I quickly assembled my unit aboard the drop shuttle with orders that were direct and to the point. We were to recover the data by any means necessary and return it to Lord Vader. Our mission set, the shuttle fell toward the planet, depositing us on Tatooine's sun-scorched surface.

It didn't take long to find the pod. We simply traced its rescue beacon, which automatically begins broadcasting when a pod is launched. A quick search revealed that the data was not in the pod, and no life forms were in the immediate area. But we did find evidence that droids had been in the craft when it landed, and had since proceeded away from the landing site — in different directions. They did have a slight lead on us, but the droids had done nothing to mask their trail. I split the soldiers into two units and followed the trail.

We encountered our first problem when the droids' tracks abruptly ended in the confusion of huge tread marks. From our briefing information, I knew that a Jawa sandcrawler had beaten us to them. I gave the order to locate the Jawa transport and tear it apart until the mechanicals were found. This took several days. It seems that Jawas are as numerous as the

grains of sand in the Dune Sea and even for the local residents it is virtually impossible to distinguish one group of Jawas from another. Eventually we did uncover the correct sandcrawler, but the droids had already been sold to moisture farmers.

In accordance with our orders of secrecy, we returned to silence the Jawas. Atop banthas and armed with crude blaster rifles, we attacked and destroyed the sandcrawler and its occupants, taking care to make the operation look like a raid by Sand People.

We quickly moved on to the moisture farm where the droids were sold. Records showed that the farm was owned by a registered settler named Owen Lars. Again, we arrived too late. The droids, in the company of Lars' nephew Luke Skywalker, had left the farm earlier that day and had not returned since. I assumed that Skywalker was a Rebel agent and that he had no intention of returning to the farm. I was sure that he was already on his way to Mos Eisley in order to find transport off-planet. I returned toward town to quarantine the spaceport, leaving part of my unit to eliminate Lars, his wife, and any other evidence of our activities.

Our need to maintain secrecy hampered our apprehension of the droids and Skywalker. Apparently he joined an old hermit named Ben Kenobi, and together they evaded my troopers and blasted off the planet in a modified Corellian light freighter. Additional orders followed that Desert Sands was to remain on Tatooine to complete cleanup operations, which went as expected.

For the record, I take full responsibility for the droids' escape. Any punishment that you deem necessary I will willingly submit to.

the Death Star project.

Sandtrooper armor has also been modified to handle the harsh conditions of desert life. Cooling and moisture reclamation systems have been greatly improved, and additional heat dissipation units run through the armor plates. Underneath the armor, the black temperature-control body gloves are also modified, with additional cooling units.

Of necessity, sandtroopers are accustomed to operating with a greater deal of autonomy than standard stormtrooper units. While they do check with their superiors often, sandtroopers have no qualms about making snap decisions when situations warrant. Instead of depending on machinery that may not function in certain environs, Desert Sands troopers make use of local creatures for transportation. On Tatooine, for example, these troopers employ the lizard-like

dewback in order to travel the burning sands.

All Desert Sands stormtroopers carry heavy blaster rifles, long-range comlinks, and food and water packs. The amount and condition of this equipment varies depending on the length of their missions.

**Typical Sandtrooper.** All stats are 2D except: *blaster 4D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 4D, vehicle blasters 4D, survival 4D, beast riding 4D+1, search 3D+2, brawling 3D*. Move: 10. Heavy blast armor (+1D to *Strength* to resist damage, -1D to *Dexterity* and all related actions), blaster pistol (4D), heavy blaster rifle (6D), long-range comlink, food/water pack.

**Desert Sands Senior Officer DSS-0956.** All stats are 2D except: *blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 4D, dodge 5D, vehicle blasters 4D, intimidation 5D, survival 5D, beastriding 4D+1, command 4D, search*



3D+2, *brawling* 3D. Move: 10. Heavy blast armor (+1D to *Strength* to resist damage, -1D to *Dexterity* and all related actions), blaster pistol (4D), heavy blaster rifle (6D), long-range comlink, food/water pack.

## R5-D4

One of the great advances in astrogation was the addition of the small R-series droids to spacecraft. While engineers had long since committed to the idea of downloading navigation data into ships' computer banks, there was still a consensus that at least two pilots were required to handle most craft effectively.

But improvements in droid technology, including advanced reasoning capabilities and smaller, more efficient, more reliable machinery allowed mechanicals to replace at least one of the living pilots. The crowning achievement was when droid engineers successfully developed a micro-processing module that enabled such droids to carry several sets of navigation data. The combination was a natural and won one of the biggest patents ever awarded to a non-military corporation, Industrial Automation. Their product development division was already marketing sophisticated droid assistants for factories and mass transportation, but IA engineers designed droids specifically for astrogation assistance and spacecraft repair.

Five series of R-units were produced in the initial boom, each supposedly better than the previous release. In the long run, however, it was the R2 series that won long-lasting acceptance for reliability, durability and sheer workmanship. But that doesn't mean the other droid units didn't try though.

One of the last droids produced in the now discontinued R5 series was a small red astromech called R5-D4. Determined to prove the critics wrong, R5, or "Red," worked as hard as its servomotors would allow to make its owners proud. But even the most willing droid can rarely rise above its programming and hardware capabilities. The R5 series was simply a case of extreme desire and poor design.

The little droid bounced from master to master, eventually winding up in the Outer Rim Territories serving whoever had enough credits to make the purchase. Dejected and envious of the more-popular series — especially the R2 series — Red became cranky, bitter and spiteful, which are not desired traits aboard cramped spacecraft. The poor droid's lot in life reached an all-time low when he was "acquired" by a group of



Jawas on the desert planet Tatooine.

During this time, however, Red was fortunate enough to witness the initial seeds of the galaxy's "new hope." In many ways, the events that occurred while the droid was on board the Jawa sandcrawler have served to brighten his outlook considerably by making Red feel as though he finally performed a needed and useful service.

Red's first days with the Jawas were almost his last. Notorious for blowing his stack over the actions of his owners, Red was quickly losing patience with the hooded scavengers as they poked and prodded his metal shell. But before Red did something he would regret, a little power droid intervened. The power droid convinced R5-D4 to quietly accept the Jawas' behavior. If the droids cooperated, the Jawas would eventually sell them to new masters. And new masters, the power droid said optimistically, can only be better than their present ones.

So the days passed as the sandcrawler traveled the desert wastes and Red became friends with the power droid. Then, one day, two new droids appeared that would forever change R5-D4's existence. These were no ordinary droids, as they were picked up out in the wastes just wandering about. Droids are expensive and require constant maintenance — they just don't walk off into the desert.

The first of the two droids to be picked up by the Jawas was a beat-up but functional R2 unit that was feisty and courageous. Even though Red had a deep-seated jealousy of the more popular R2 series, he was intrigued by this adventurous droid. Red approached the R2 model, noting its apparent confidence that seemed more evident than was usual in the highly self-assured series. It introduced itself as R2-D2, eventually explain-

## Creatures of Tatooine

Though Tatooine is a harsh environment, the deserts and rocky wildlands nonetheless support a complex ecosystem, consisting primarily of insects, reptiles, and a few mammals. The vast majority of these creatures are unremarkable if necessary components of the Tatooine ecosystem. However, a few are either useful or exotic enough to warrant a closer look.

### Bantha

The bantha is a large quadruped with long shaggy fur and bright inquisitive eyes. Long spiral horns jut from the sides of the male's head. Males grow as large as three meters at the shoulders, while female banthas are slightly smaller.

Banthas are hardy animals capable of going weeks without food or water, and are therefore well-suited for the inhospitable terrains of Tatooine. They are used as pack animals by the Tusken Raiders and as beasts of burden by the moisture farmers.

Banthas are not actually native to Tatooine. They have been discovered on many, many worlds throughout the galaxy. It is theorized that they were transported to many planets by now-forgotten settlers early in the history of the Republic, but no one knows for sure how they arrived on Tatooine or any of the other planets they now inhabit. Certainly, they have been on Tatooine as long as the records go back.

### ■ Bantha

**Type:** Beast of burden

**DEXTERITY** 2D

**PERCEPTION** 1D

**STRENGTH** 5D

**Stamina** 8D

**Special Abilities:**

*Hardy constitution:* Banthas can go for weeks without food or water, and quickly adapt to new surroundings and climates.

**Move:** 15

**Size:** 2–3 meters at the shoulder

**Orneriness:** 3



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### Dewback

Unlike the bantha, the dewback is native to Tatooine. A large herbivorous reptile, the dewback evolved from a sea creature which once swam the salty oceans of a very young Tatooine, before the heat of the twin suns boiled the seas away.

The dewback is used by many of the moisture farmers as a beast of burden and as a patrol animal by the civil authorities. The reptile is often used in the place of mechanized vehicles due to its ability to withstand extremely high temperatures and the wear and tear of sand storms.

#### ■ Dewback

Type: Beast of burden

DEXTERITY 3D

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 4D

Stamina 5D

Special Abilities:

Bite: Str+1D

Move: 12

Size: 3–4 meters

Orneriness: 3

### Krayt Dragon

The terrible krayt dragon of Tatooine is a large carnivorous reptile that dwells in the mountains and dunes surrounding Tatooine's Jundland Wastes. It is seldom seen by the inhabitants of the region, but its fearsome roar is often heard echoing in the canyons and crags of the Wastes in the evening.

Krayt dragons subsist primarily on womp rats, banthas, dewbacks, and slow Sand People. They swat prey with their large claws, and then strike the stunned victim with their powerful jaws.

#### ■ Krayt Dragon

Type: Desert Lizard

DEXTERITY 3D

PERCEPTION 1D+2

STRENGTH 12D

Special Abilities:

claws: 8D damage

teeth: 15D damage

Move: 15

Size: 10 meters tall, 15–30 meters long

Scale: Creature

Orneriness: 18





ing a little about its adventures, such as the escape from an Imperial Star Destroyer. Artoo didn't mention the search for a Jedi Knight or the stolen plans of the Death Star battle station.

Red was never much of a talker before, but spent a lot of time with Artoo and the little power droid. When the second wandering droid was picked up, Red knew that something important would happen, he could feel it in his circuits. The second droid, a protocol model named C-3PO, greeted the R2 unit like a long-lost friend and listened as Artoo tried to convince the gleaming golden droid of his important mission.

Beneath its cranky exterior, R5-D4 always had a soft spot for the underdroid. If R2-D2 was really helping the Rebel Alliance — an underdroid if ever there was one! — then Red would do what he could to provide assistance, too. Red's chance came sooner than the droid expected.

The Jawas set up shop near a moisture farm, looking to make a quick sale. The farmers — an older man and a young assistant — picked C-3PO and Red, handing over credits to the eager Jawas. Artoo beeped and whistled to be liberated from the Jawas, too, but the Humans ignored his cries. Red, unsure of what to do, looked from Artoo to the friendly young farmer and dreamed of a nice master who would appreciate its skills. But then the R5 remembered the astromech's mission. When Luke Skywalker and his uncle started to leave R2-D2 behind, Red conveniently blew his motivator (it had given him trouble before, so blowing the unit was easy to do intentionally). The Jawas were forced to give the old man Artoo

as compensation, and while R5 would be forced to remain with the Jawas for a little while longer, R2's mission could continue.

Little did Red know what he was in for. Later, Imperial stormtroopers attacked the sandcrawler, killing all the Jawas and destroying many of the droids. Red escaped that fate, but was still unrepaired, and had to remain in the smoldering wreckage until more Jawas came to recover their comrades' property.

To this day, most Jawas believe that Sand People killed their cousins, but Red knows better. With a little help from the power droid, Red kept his memory banks charged enough so that he wouldn't suffer memory loss before being repaired. Assuming that the previous Jawa masters had erased the droid's memory banks, and not wishing to spend the time to do the job themselves, the new Jawa masters simply cleaned Red's circuits and rigged his motivator before heading for Mos Eisley for a "fire sale."

I purchased and ultimately repaired the R5 unit there.

#### ■ R5-D4

**Type:** Industrial Automaton R5 Astromech Droid

**DEXTERITY 1D**

Dodge 2D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 1D**

Planetary systems 5D, value 3D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Astrogation 5D, starfighter piloting 4D, starship gunnery 3D+2, starship shields 4D

**PERCEPTION 2D**

**STRENGTH 2D**

Lifting 2D+2

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Computer programming/repair 4D, droid programming 3D+1, droid repair 4D, repulsorlift repair 3D+2, starship repair 4D+1

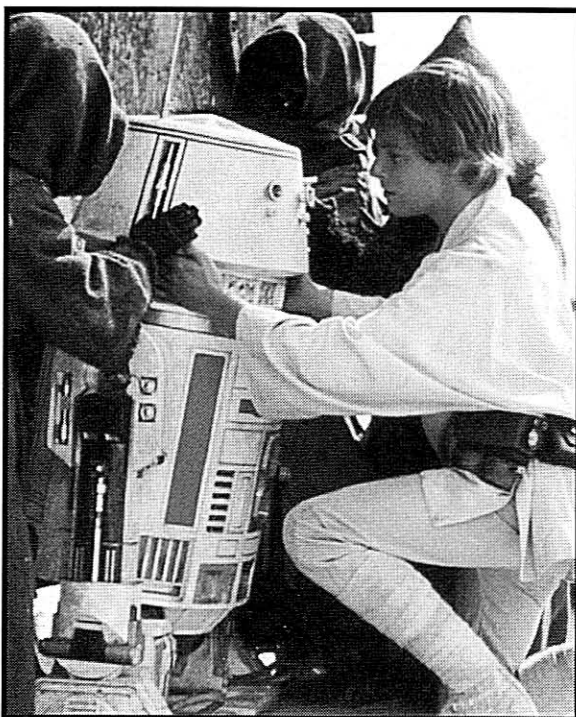
**Equipped With:**

- Three wheeled legs (one retractable)
- Video sensor
- Two fine manipulation arms (+1D to all repair skills)
- Arc welder (3D damage, 0.3 meter range)
- Video display screen
- Cybot acoustic signaller (droid and computer languages only)

**Move:** 5

**Size:** 1 meter

**Cost:** 1,450 credits



## Power Droid

Power droids are essentially walking batteries. They are so common throughout the galaxy and their design and features so standardized that they aren't even given code letters by the general populace (although they do still have identifying numbers).

These droids are almost exclusively used in rural areas where power grids aren't available, newly established colonies where power generating plants haven't been constructed yet, and as back-up systems for small private dwellings,

ships, or businesses.

Most power droids have very little in the way of logic circuits: just enough to obey simple voice commands and operate the stumpy little legs so endearingly characteristic of the box-like machines. Some, however, have been modified either by tinkering owners or at the request of task-specific customers.

As semi-sentient machines go, power droids are definitely among the slowest. Having little or no need for inherent thought programming, they have been known to jump off a landing platform without argument if told to do so.

The power droid aboard the Jawa sandcrawler, which became involved with R2-D2 and C-3PO, is a special case. This particular power droid had been slightly modified with enhanced intelligence modules. Because of this modification, it can serve a dual role as a diagnostics systems analyzer. It is particularly adept at dealing with farm and agricultural equipment, having spent most of its existence on a Tatooine moisture farm.

Prior to the start of the events that culminated with the battle of Yavin, this farm was raided by Sand People, its owners killed. Scavenging Jawas recovered the droid and some remaining equipment abandoned by the Sand People. It was placed in the same cargo bay that would later hold R5-D4, R2-D2, and C-3PO.

For a lesser droid, this particular mechanical is very friendly and can actually give advice about how to correct certain technical problems. Since the droid's identification numbers were removed and it claims to have no memory of when this was done, it does not have a name to call its own. This fact doesn't bother the spunky droid, however, and it is content to know that it is a step above its immediate peers.

#### ■ Power Droid

**Type:** Veril Line Systems EG-6 Power Droid

**DEXTERITY 1D**

Dodge 1D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

**MECHANICAL 1D**

Energize power cells 5D+2

**PERCEPTION 1D**

Bargain 2D

**STRENGTH 2D**

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Systems diagnosis 5D

**Equipped With:**

- Video sensor
- Bipedal locomotion
- Ultra-fine manipulation arm (+1D to all *Technical* skills)
- Cybot acoustic signaller (droid may not speak Basic or other common languages)

**Move:** 2

**Size:** 1.1 meters

**Cost:** 1,750 credits

# **Chapter Two**

## **MOS EISLEY**





## **"Mos Eisley. You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy."**

**General Obi-Wan Kenobi**

Mos Eisley. A lone city in the center of the merciless desert world of Tatooine. This city features the planet's only full-service spaceport and is the de facto planetary capital.

After my visits there, I wholeheartedly agree with Obi-Wan Kenobi's assessment, as recounted by Commander Skywalker — Mos Eisley is indeed a "wretched hive of scum and villainy."

Mos Eisley is a city where the use of a blaster is the rule of law. While the Imperial Prefect has tried to maintain a semblance of civility, the police force (little more than a glorified militia) is too small to enforce any kind of order. It is a city where one minds one's own business and doesn't ask too many questions.

Still, this is where the tale continues, and I am nothing if not thorough. Upon my return to Mos Eisley, I began to search for the infamous cantina where Luke Skywalker first met Han Solo. Surprisingly, it didn't take me as long to find as I feared. I stood for a moment outside the doorway creating mental pictures of what I would find upon entering. Already my mind was constructing scenes from the descriptions by Skywalker and Solo.

I imagined the abrupt change from the blinding glare of the sun on the adobe courts and walls of Mos Eisley to the smoky gloom of the cantina's darkened interior that would throw off my senses when I walked down those worn steps. The sharp contrast would allow the cantina inhabitants to get a good look at me before I could piece together any images of the cantina itself. The place would be filled with strange smokes and sounds, and weirdly shaped shadows would move about the dim interior. I would see an empty stage to my far right, once my vision cleared. A sign, written in five languages, would read "Back in Moment," and alien instruments would surround it. I would saunter up to the bar, much the way I imagine Luke Skywalker did, and...

My reverie was interrupted by a loud, obnoxious alien with half a dozen eyes who rudely

inquired whether I was going in or just going to stand in his way until Second Twilight. Inside, a catchy tune began to play. Yes, it was time to see just what the Mos Eisley Cantina had to offer.

### **Momaw Nadon**

Momaw Nadon, an Ithorian, is one of those troubled individuals who were forced to take sides in a conflict they were previously oblivious to. During the early days of the Empire, Momaw was "herd leader" of Tafanda Bay, a grand visitor center on Ithor. At that time, the good-natured official was blissfully ignorant of the ways of the Empire. Momaw refused to see the bad in the galaxy, as is the way of his people.

Ithorians, also called "Hammerheads" by the less-educated, come from a world rich in ecological resources. They co-exist with their environment, never exploiting it for their own gain. The



vast jungles of Ithor remain wild and untamed, teeming with life that is sacred to these peaceful, gentle people. They have carried their great respect for all life forms into space, traveling the hyperlanes in great merchant "herd ships" that bring unusual merchandise from one end of the galaxy to the other. Each herd ship mimics Ithor's environment, complete with artificial storms and wildlife.

While Momaw and other Ithorians may be trusting, they are not blind. Momaw's ultimate realization about the Empire came when the Imperial Star Destroyer *Conquest* arrived in orbit around Ithor itself. As a member of the initial welcoming party, Momaw heard all the rhetoric about "Imperial security" and "monitoring supposed smuggling operations." Initially, he accepted the verdict of the Ithorian elders to allow the Emperor his "little whim," as they called it. "Besides," they reasoned, "we have nothing to hide."

So, for months, the gentle Ithorians put up with intense Imperial scrutiny and interrogation. But all was destined to change as quickly as it had begun due to an important, yet largely unpublicized, incident aboard the Grand Herd Ship Tafanda Bay.

The magnificent herd ships of the Ithorians are renowned for the lush and diverse ecologies contained within their disk-shaped hulls. Some are built to travel the space lanes, while others are ground ships that move about Ithor's surface on huge repulsorlift engines. A small ecosystem in itself, Tafanda Bay was the crowning vessel in the Ithorian ground fleet. Every type of terrain and weather pattern known on Ithor, and many from around the galaxy, was painstakingly reproduced within a myriad of biospheres inside the ship. It is to the Ithorian grand designer's credit that the open-ended nature of the ship makes the addition of new exhibits as easy as attaching a new bubble.

Now, as was always Ithorian practice, the massive ground ship was open to tourists, free of charge. Of course, the Ithorians are shrewd marketeers and power their mercantile economy with the sale of trade goods. So while visitors may enter for free, they usually don't leave without buying a souvenir or two. But the Ithorians have always kept many of their agricultural secrets strictly to themselves for "religious reasons."

The commander of the Star Destroyer demanded this knowledge. While he claimed he was acting on the orders of the Empire, it is entirely possible that the captain was doing this precisely because he knew he could get away with it and that it was quite likely to provoke a confrontation with the Ithorians. It was believed

that the Empire had long sought to learn these secrets to assist in the terraforming of worlds and to increase agricultural yields. It is also possible that the Empire intended to use this knowledge for the development of biological weapons. Since it is virtually impossible to disguise oneself as an Ithorian, the Empire tried to recruit Ithorians as spies. They were never able to find a Hammerhead that would betray the Mother Jungle, however.

So the Empire took to outright spying, and shortly after the *Conquest* arrived, six Imperials were discovered tapping into the files of Tafanda Bay. The Ithorians banished these spies from the planet and closed the herd ships to off-worlders for the duration of the Star Destroyer's stay. In retaliation, the Star Destroyer's captain seized the herd ship and demanded that the agricultural information be turned over to the Empire or *Conquest* would begin razing the planet. As herd leader, it fell upon Momaw to find a solution to this problem.

Momaw saw his choices as very limited. He could keep the agricultural ceremonies secret and watch as the Mother Jungle was destroyed, or he could give the ceremonies to the Empire and be branded a blasphemer. There was no choice. Momaw gave the captain what he wanted.

During his trial, Momaw gave a controversial speech that is still discussed aboard herd ships everywhere. He demanded that while he was guilty of a sin against the Mother Jungle, Ithor must not remain guilty of the sin of compliance. "We have seen the Empire for what it is," he said to the Ithor Council. "It is an evil weed that strangles the garden of the galaxy. As tenders of the land, we know that weeds must be removed before too many living plants die. I ask that Ithor stop being blind to the presence of weeds and do what the Mother Jungle has taught us!"

Momaw's answer was a painful one for the peaceful elders to swallow. He had seen the Empire for what it truly was and realized that "the Rebel Alliance must grow now or its seed will be stripped from the soil and cast upon the winds of tyranny."

While his speech caused much controversy, the nature of Ithorian society makes coming to a decision very difficult indeed. The elders placed the matter high on the agenda for the next "Meet," when all the herds come together from across the galaxy to celebrate a universe teeming with life. Unfortunately, the next Meet wouldn't occur for three standard years.

Momaw was deported from Ithor. He wandered from spaceport to spaceport, eventually settling upon Mos Eisley for a period of time. He lived in a small plant-filled villa in the spaceport city. Beneath one of the larger carnivorous speci-

mens was a secret room large enough to shelter six man-sized beings. The local troopers were afraid of the notorious plant, but it was harmless when in the presence of its master. He aided the Rebellion, providing information and assistance, and sometimes sheltering an occasional fugitive or two. Eventually, he was able to exact vengeance against the Empire, and eventually left Mos Eisley.

Upon the next Meet, Momaw's suggestions were adopted as official policy, and despite the immense risk of Imperial crackdown, the Ithorians embraced the Rebel Alliance. Fortunately for them, the Empire was busy hunting down the Rebels, and Ithor was far enough removed from the galactic mainstream to avoid immediate punitive measures. Momaw was allowed to rejoin his herd brothers and was reinstated as the commander of the Tafanda Bay.

### ■ Momaw Nadon

Type: Ithorian Refugee

DEXTERITY 3D

Dodge 4D, melee combat: powerstaff 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Agriculture 5D, bureaucracy: *Tafanda Bay* 7D, cultures 4D+2, ecology 6D, survival: jungle 5D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

Repulsorlift operation 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D

Lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

First aid 4D+2

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 7

Move: 9

Equipment: Agri-kit (+1D to survival), powerstaff (STR+2D)

### Figrin Da'n

One of the shadier, yet more aloof characters of Mos Eisley was the musician Figrin Da'n, nicknamed "Fiery Figrin" by the natives. Figrin Da'n was usually found leading his band in the cantina.

Figrin gambles. He gambles a lot, and he gambles very well. Han Solo himself has dropped more than a few hands to Figrin in the past. What Figrin does with all this money is unclear, but he obviously has expensive tastes. A cache of the best Corellian spice and an extensive music library bear this out.

Although Figrin rarely appears to be completely coherent, a side affect of his love for spice, he is undoubtedly one of the more knowledgeable members of Tatooine society. In his capacity as entertainer and gambler, Figrin meets just about every being that frequents the cantina for more than a week. Getting the musician to talk about his experiences, however, is another story.

Figrin has learned the hard way not to inform on others. He understands the streets well enough



to know that nowhere is truly safe in Mos Eisley. While he enjoys the security of being Jabba the Hutt's favorite bandleader, he also realizes that there are limits to this arrangement, as Jabba has been known to "become angry" with his favorites every once in a while.

On the subject of the Rebellion against the Empire, Figrin was apathetic. As long as nobody stepped on his lifestyle he didn't care. He believed the Alliance was filled with goody-goodies who don't really know how to have a good time and would spoil the galaxy if they won. On the other hand, he realized that the Empire's view of law and order was also somewhat negatively distorted.

To get anything out of Figrin, you have to give him credits. Lots of credits. Overt bribery causes indigestion. He prefers the more subtle method of gambling with prospective patrons, only giving the information as the purchaser discreetly loses more and more credits. His rule for information is simple — "the more you lose, the more you win."

With the demise of Jabba the Hutt, Figrin Da'n and his companions departed for safer worlds. The band has since moved from world to world, becoming lost in the realm of cut-rate entertainers earning a meager living.



## One That Got Away

*The following is a personal account by Jodo Kast, the renowned bounty hunter, about his failure to capture Doctor Evazan after locating him in the Corellian star system. The data was transmitted to the Empire, and subsequently intercepted by Alliance agents.*

"I have thousands of eyes. They stretch across the galaxy and whenever they see something, Jodo Kast is not far behind. This time, I was following a prize to the Corellian system, to a tiny little city I'd never even heard of before — and I've been most everywhere.

"The quarry was Doctor Evazan. He was practicing again, and a million credits bounty was what he was worth to me, dead or alive. That's my favorite sort of hunt, dead or alive. You can blast away to your heart's content without worrying about the mess.

"The doctor deserved as much pain as I could inflict. This Evazan had mangled people, leaving them dead — or even worse, alive. I would show him the true meaning of pain.

"My sources told me he was 'operating' out of a little rent-a-clinic near the outskirts of town. I saw his trademark advertisement on the wall as I stepped inside. 'Don't trust a droid with your life. Trust us. Creative Surgery — The Cutting Edge.'

"I couldn't help but chuckle as I entered the archway and climbed up the stairs. When I reached the lobby, a Govian 'receptionist' stood up in shock, but before she could open her mouth I'd stunned her neatly. A blaster shot would have been more my style, but blasters are noisy.

"I could hear him mumbling to himself down the hall, something about packing up his belongings and leaving. Apparently I got there just in time. Bursting through the door, I began pumping blaster bolts into him before he could react.

"At that moment I realized that I'd ventilated a dummy, and that a monitoring screen was still trained on the front office. My stealth had been ineffective. The window was open and my quarry was running quickly down the street.

"The average bounty hunter would've given up, but Jodo Kast is far from average. Holstering my gun, I flipped my jet pack into action. As I glided to the street, a few steps behind my quarry, I felt that same exhilaration that always precedes a catch. You can't buy that kind of feeling.

"I started running after him as my jet pack is more

of a hindrance than a help in narrow streets. As he ducked around a corner, I removed a good chunk of fibrolite from the wall next to him with a mistimed blaster bolt. He was slippery all right, but no one's too slippery for Jodo Kast.

"As I rounded the corner, I saw a docking bay in the distance. This was the first time I had ever been worried about failing. I had not brought any grenades or detonite with me, as I wanted him reasonably intact for identification purposes. If he made it into his ship, he would be in hyperspace by the time I could get to my own ship, the Foxcatch.

"Evazan was wheezing badly, and as he reached the bay, he turned and fired at me. My armor easily deflected the bolt, and I moved up with confidence.

"It was then that I realized he was cornered. He had entered the wrong docking bay or something. He had no place to run and it was only a matter of time before the better man won.

"I moved up, doorway to doorway, trash bin to trash bin, until I was at the edge of the bay. Evazan was hiding behind a ship, a typical beat-up Corellian light freighter.

"Moving up into the bay, I started laying down covering fire. Luck was with me, as a stray bolt grazed his face. Just the way I like them. Not dead, just damaged a bit.

"I moved forward carefully, just in case he was only faking the screams. I was a good ten meters away when I levelled my blaster at his limp form. I was about to become a million credits richer with one smooth pull of the trigger.

"Just then, a concealed turret popped out of a compartment on the ship's underside and opened fire. One shot from the heavy weapon ripped a hole in my armor, and it was then that I decided that the odds were against me. With a blast of my jet pack, I leaped for a nearby roof.

"Behind me, I could see that son of a rancor, Ponda Baba, at the controls of the ship. I remembered the grudge he still carried for a small incident in the recent past. But before I could rectify any oversights on my part, the ship blasted up and into the darkening sky.

"It had ended for now, but Jodo Kast never forgets. Someday my eyes will spot Evazan or Baba, and when they do I won't be far behind.

Figrin (left) and a fellow bandmember at one of their favorite venues.

### ■ Figrin Da'n

Type: Bith Musician

DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster: hold-out blaster 4D, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Cultures 4D+2, scholar: music 6D

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Musical instrument operation 5D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+2

Bargain 4D+2, gambling 5D, investigation 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D+1

Brawling 3D+1

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Musical instrument repair 4D+2

**Special Abilities:**

*Vision:* Biths have very poor vision, suffering a penalty of -1D for any visually based action more than 20 meters away, and they cannot see more than 40 meters.

*Scent:* Biths have well-developed senses of smell, giving them +1D to all *Perception* skills that pertain to actions and people within three meters.

**Move:** 8

**Equipment:** Kloo horn, gasan string drum, hold-out blaster (3D+1), sabacc deck (marked)

**Dr. Evazan**

**(aka Dr. Cornelius, Roofoo)**

The squinty-eyed, mangled-faced, ruthless visage of this hardened criminal often causes people to wonder how this notorious outlaw could still be on the run. The infamous Dr. Evazan (or Dr. Cornelius, or Roofoo, or one of countless other aliases) fancies himself a skilled physician who specializes in cyborging and physical alterations. This obviously insane man had always admired a doctor's skill in slicing things apart and bonding them back together in new and interesting ways. He has since pursued this "profession" on his own. After easily escaping from the Delrian prison plant, Evazan quickly moved to the Hindasar system. There, the fugitive bought a forged license and set himself up as a "personal surgeon." Once in private practice "the doctor," as he is known throughout a dozen star systems, charged exorbitant fees for the promise of "droid-less" surgery.

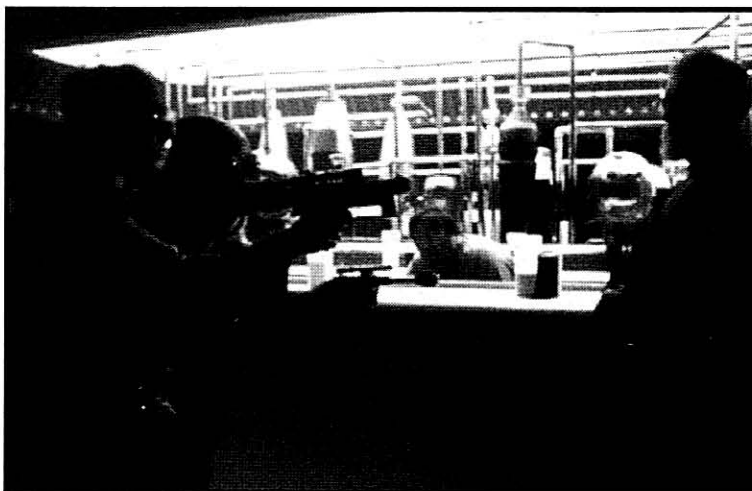
To date, hundreds of beings have been irreparably scarred under "the doctor's" knife. Fully two score more have died of their wounds. Of course, no matter where he sets up shop, he is always discovered by local medical watchdog organizations, but Evazan has an uncanny ability to escape in the nick of time from almost any situation.

Evazan is also far more than a twisted "doctor." This demented being knows no moral bounds: he has participated in slaving, assassination, illegal cyborging and countless other crimes.

His bold boast to a young Luke Skywalker that he "has the death sentence on twelve systems" is more than accurate. As Evazan's list of atrocities has grown, more than thirty systems have a standing execution order for the man.

A bounty of at least one million credits has been offered by a consortium of his victims and their families. Until recently, no one has been able to get near enough to him or his current companion, Ponda Baba, to collect it.

The doctor is a master of deception, including the use of many disguises. But a few months before his arrival in Mos Eisley, an ambitious and talented bounty hunter named Jodo Kast caught up with the so-called physician. The hunter



scarred the right side of his quarry's face with a blaster shot. If it hadn't been for the interference of Ponda Baba and the timely engagement of Jodo Kast's services by the Empire, there is no doubt that Evazan would have been dead or captured before his chance encounter with Skywalker and Kenobi in the Mos Eisley Cantina.

But, as fate would have it, Evazan lived through his battle with Kast. As news of his maiming spread, Evazan knew that there would be few places where he could avoid capture. The doctor turned fugitive and took up residence in Mos Eisley where he hoped to find work with those closer to his own perverted ideology.

But he and his Aqualish friend Ponda Baba found that their stay on Tatooine was to be short-lived, as they unknowingly picked a fight with young Skywalker and his companion, the Jedi Knight Obi-Wan Kenobi. The battle was quick as two flashes of a lightsaber blade. When it ended, Evazan and Ponda Baba fled town. Their whereabouts were unknown, although it was rumored that Evazan eventually returned to Mos Eisley, operating out of a small clinic under the name of Dr. Cornelius. Apparently, Ponda Baba was enraged after Evazan botched an operation to replace Baba's severed arm with a mechanical substitute. At last word, Evazan was still fleeing Baba, traveling from world to world. Amazingly, the two still elude capture.

■ **Dr. Evazan**

**(aka Dr. Cornelius, Roofoo)**

**Type:** Homicidal surgeon

**DEXTERITY 3D+2**

Blaster 4D+2, brawling parry 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+2**

Languages 4D

**MECHANICAL 2D+1**

Bargain 3D+1, command 4D+1, con 3D

**PERCEPTION 3D+2**

**STRENGTH 3D+2**

Brawling 4D+2

**TECHNICAL 2D**

First aid 5D, (A) medicine (1D), (A) medicine: cyborging 2D

**Force Points:** 1**Dark Side Points:** 2**Character Points:** 4**Move:** 10**Equipment:** Medpac, surgical kit, blaster pistol (4D)

## Ponda Baba

Before his chance meeting with the notorious Dr. Evazan, Ponda Baba was just another semi-successful pirate, roaming the Empire's frontiers killing and causing mayhem. But one day while repairing his ship, a blaster battle ensued nearby between Jodo Kast and Evazan. Now Kast had roasted Ponda's last partner and didn't even split the reward as he had promised, so Ponda felt it was only fair to rob Jodo Kast of a prize this time around.

When Kast shot Evazan across the face, he slowly moved in for the kill. But Ponda aimed well, using a weapon strong enough to punch through Kast's battle armor.

Ponda took the doctor aboard, fully expecting to turn the man in for a reward of his own. After realizing the value of his capture, in publicity and recognition value alone, he surmised quite correctly that, instead, he could profit handsomely

from associating with Evazan. While a million credits was tough to turn down, Evazan's presence would ensure that no one, but no one would make trouble for Baba. That kind of insurance credits couldn't buy. "Besides," reasoned the Aqualish smuggler, "I need a co-pilot and someone who can translate for me anyway."

The two formed a smuggling partnership that they compare to that of Han Solo and Chewbacca. Ponda and Evazan even picked up the Millennium Falcon's old routes for Jabba the Hutt for a brief time.

Ponda was missing one big furry arm, lost in a bar brawl at the Mos Eisley Cantina. Unfortunately, the large alien chose to pick a fight with the wrong person— Luke Skywalker. While Skywalker was unarmed and unprepared for a fight, Obi-Wan Kenobi was ready.

Ponda eventually had a bionic replacement grafted onto his arm and is still seeking his revenge on Evazan. Ponda will be terrified if he sees a lightsaber, and will flee the scene as soon as possible.

### ■ Ponda Baba

**Type:** Aqualish Smuggler**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Brawling parry 4D+1, melee combat 4D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+1**

Alien species 3D+2, intimidation 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D+2**

Starship gunnery 4D+2

**PERCEPTION 3D****STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 5D, stamina 5D

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Space transports repair 3D+2

**Character Points:** 4**Move:** 10**Equipment:** Blaster pistol (4D), grenades (5D), club (STR+1D)

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## Labria

Mos Eisley's biggest drunk and biggest squealer is the sinister-looking Labria of Devaron. Labria is an information broker, one of those who sell knowledge to anyone willing to pay for it. But most-often, he doesn't possess the information that people are looking to buy.

Labria is just not very good at anything, so he sells what little he sees or hears to anybody he thinks is interested. He never bothers to verify the accuracy of his information or even to check on the source, so Labria's tales are always taken with a bit of spice by those who deal with him on a regular basis.

What little money Labria earns is seemingly put into drinks at one of the spaceport's many cantinas, but often he only pretends to be drunk to slyly obtain some bit of information he can later turn into a profit. Most people are fooled by this hokey charade, but still avoid telling Labria





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anything he wasn't already supposed to hear.

Labria was Garindan's main source of information about Jabba the Hutt, which accounted for the lack of success Garindan had when dealing with the Bloated One.

Labria continues to play spy. What money he doesn't blow on drinks and adding to his massive musical recording collection he stashes away in a local bank under the assumed name Airbal. Subtlety isn't one of Labria's strong points.

Labria continues to be an ineffectual spy. He has been unable to adjust to the changes of power in Mos Eisley, and is still more interested in a free drink than finding reliable information. I have heard a few stories that suggest Labria is more than he appears, but he didn't strike me as being particularly bright.

#### ■ Labria

Type: Devaronian Con Man

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 3D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Streetwise 4D

MECHANICAL 1D

Astrogation 3D+1

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Con 3D+2, hide 3D, investigation 4D+1, sneak 3D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1

TECHNICAL 1D

Computer programming/repair 3D

Character Points: 3

Move: 10

Equipment: Half-empty bottle of Jawa beer

#### Sivrak

Sivrak, the wolfman of Mos Eisley, was one of the city's newest denizens when Luke and Obi-Wan entered the Mos Eisley Cantina. The locals knew very little about him and since Sivrak kept to himself, no answers were forthcoming.

By making some educated guesses, a few believed that Sivrak must be from the Uvena star

system, a group of planets ruled exclusively by the Shistavanen Wolfmen. These quiet beings are excellent hunters and regarded as possibly the best scouts in the Empire. Superior dexterity and survival skills make them ideal explorers of unknown and untamed worlds.

For this reason, and by the notched blaster rifle he carries slung over his back, Sivrak was presumed to be a scout of some skill. However, scouts were hard-pressed to find work in the era of the Empire's restriction of exploration.

The only allowed exploration was strictly supervised by the Empire, for the Empire was only interested in conquering newly discovered civilizations rather than developing new worlds.

What the locals did not know, and what required an extensive search of Alliance data banks to learn, was that Sivrak was really Lak Sivrak, a famous scout responsible for charting many of the Empire's most dangerous territories. Lak, however, was wanted by the Empire for concealing the presence of a Rebel safe world in a system he discovered while scouting the Unknown Regions for the Empire.

Since Sivrak spent most of his time out of touch with civilization, he had no idea of the Rebellion against the Empire. To him, all Senators were bureaucrats and it didn't really matter



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who was in charge as long as he didn't have to deal with them very often. Then he found the colony secluded on a rocky moon. The people were wanted "traitors to the Empire," as well as refugees from devastated planets like Dalron Five. Sivrak assumed the beings were settlers, or perhaps crash survivors, and offered them his services. The Rebels' initial suspicions were quickly alleviated as he helped them organize and prepare for the upcoming winter months.

Over campfires and dinner tables, Sivrak began to learn about the tyrannies of his employers and the pride and purpose of the Alliance. When he next decided to "move forward" (his own phrase for when he feels the urge to change location), he vowed not to betray his newfound friends. He went to another sector and finished a hasty report for the Empire.

As luck would have it, however, another scout discovered the colony and alerted the Imperial Navy. While spies for the Alliance managed to alert the colony in time to save most of the refugees, a few Rebels were captured. Under notoriously efficient Imperial interrogation methods, they revealed the visit by Sivrak some months before.

The stormtroopers he blasted convinced Sivrak that the Empire was after him, so he altered his name and headed toward the opposite side of the galaxy. While in Mos Eisley, he assisted several Rebel agents. Sivrak was eventually recruited by the Alliance and served in many battles prior to his death during the Battle of Endor.

### ■ Sivrak

Type: Shistavanen Wolfman Scout

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 5D+2, dodge 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 6D, planetary systems 6D, survival 6D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 5D, space transports 4D, starfighter piloting 4D, starship gunnery 5D+2, starship shields 4D+1

PERCEPTION 2D

Hide 4D, search 5D, search: tracking 7D, sneak 4D

STRENGTH 3D

Climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D+1

First aid 4D+1, space transports repair 4D+1, starfighter repair 4D+1

Force Points: 3

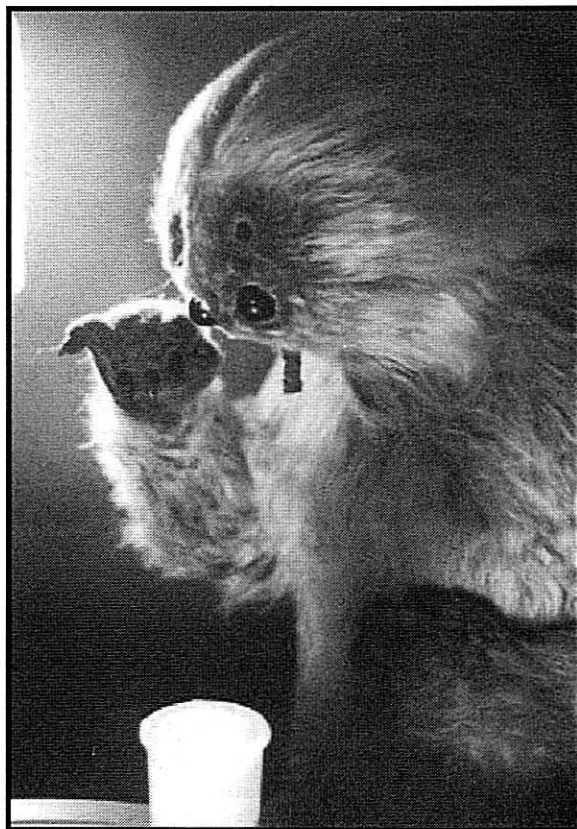
Character Points: 3

Move: 11

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), blaster rifle (5D), vibroblade (STR+2D), survival gear

### Muftak

Muftak is a native of Mos Eisley. Unlike the Jawas and Sand People, Muftak's species, the Talz, is not indigenous to Tatooine — he was just raised there. Muftak didn't even know his species, as he was orphaned young and grew up on the streets of Mos Eisley.



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There, he grew strong and learned a lot about the city and its inhabitants. Despite his fierce appearance and immense build, Muftak is a gentle being, quite easy to get along with. However, much like a Wookiee, Muftak has no qualms about removing the limbs of anyone who is too annoying or threatening. He has pledged to protect his ever-faithful companion, Kabe.

Muftak's young alien friend was also found on the streets of Mos Eisley, apparently abandoned by slavers who thought she was too small to sell. Muftak took her in and has taught the child the ways of the streets as best he can.

Muftak prefers to fight barehanded because that's where his natural talents lie. He does own a beat-up hold-out blaster, but it has failed on him once too often for him to depend on it. With his alien companion, Kabe, Muftak lives in a section of abandoned tunnels beneath Docking Bay 83.

The aimless Muftak had no true ambitions as his wants were small, and what little money he needed was stolen by Kabe or made through the sale of information to off-worlders. He befriended Momaw Nadon, the Ithorian, and spent many long hours talking with him.

Muftak had no allegiance in the civil war. That he has lived his entire life on Tatooine insulated him from the harshest aspects of the Empire. However, shortly after the events that shook Mos Eisley, Muftak became embroiled in the galactic rebellion, and he and Kabe left Mos Eisley, in

# Central Mos Eisley



## Mos Eisley

Mos Eisley is the only major civilized area on the vast desert planet of Tatooine, though the term “civilized” must be interpreted rather broadly to encompass the sun-baked carcass of Mos Eisley. The starport city sees enough interstellar traffic to keep it going, and hundreds of spacers of all species move through Mos Eisley every week.

Far from the centers of Imperial power and influence, Mos Eisley is also the haunt of the dregs of the galaxy. Smugglers, pirates, criminals, and ne’er-do-wells of all descriptions drift into town amidst the more legitimate spacers, many drawn to Tatooine by the business generated by Jabba the Hutt’s crime syndicate.

The city’s old central section is laid out like a wheel, while the newer sections are formed into straight blocks of half-buried buildings (to protect them from the heat of the twin suns). At the heart of the city are the original spaceport docking bays and the spaceport control tower, along with the power and water distribution plants that supply the city’s core buildings. Instead of having a central landing area, the entire city serves as the spaceport. Dozens of crater-like docking bays are scattered throughout the city, many privately owned.

The old ore mines which once drew settlers to Tatooine lie under the inner city. The ground is pocketed with shifting and unstable sands, and sinkholes occasionally open up under buildings, walls, and occasionally speeders, spaceships, and pedestrians.

There are many factories to the north of the central city, which produce desert-hardened speeders, droids, sand skiffs, and so on. Notsub Shipping is the largest of these companies.

**1. Docking Bay 94.** One of the older bays located at the center of town. 94 is owned by Ohwun De Maal and his mate Chachi, who offer very reasonable rates for the use of their bays (they own various other bays and warehouses scattered throughout Mos Eisley).

**2. Spaceport Customs.** A small dingy office which serves as a field office for customs officers assigned to the bays located in the inner city. Because inspections are not very vigorous in Mos Eisley, the office is seldomly occupied.

**3. Spaceport Speeders.** A modest lot where the Arconan proprietor, Unut Poll, buys and sells

used speeders, bikes, and trucks.

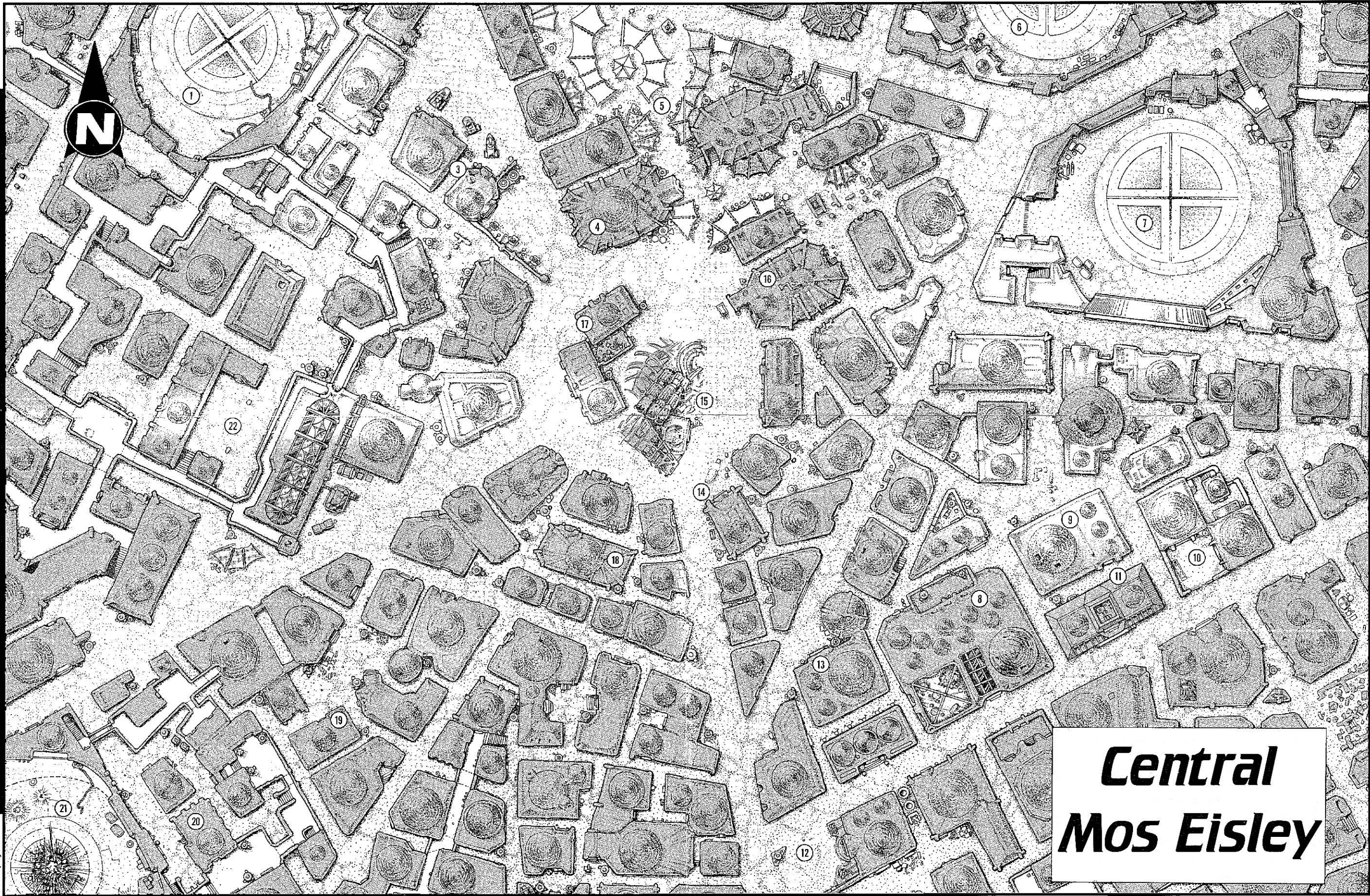
**4. Lup’s General Store.** A small store which offers a variety of odds and ends, from provisions and supplies to blackmarket goods.

**5. Market Place.** The Marketplace is an unregulated stretch of land where farmers sell their goods to residents from tents.

**6. Docking Bay 86.** Another docking bay, this one owned by an absentee landlord, Trepler Darklighter. The bay is run by an ill-tempered droid, BX-9T.

**7. Docking Bay 87.** This bay is thoroughly





***Central  
Mos Eisley***



modernized, and is one of the most popular with the spacers who do business in Mos Eisley.

**8. Mos Eisley Inn.** A run-down establishment, which offers only the bare essentials. The clerk has a few underworld contacts, and might arrange escorts and so on for a few credits.

**9. Tatooine Militia.** This building houses the Tatooine Militia, and any stormtroopers stationed on the planet.

**10. Dewback Stables.** An old building, which is now used as a motor pool by the militia. In addition to the dewbacks here, there are a number of speeders and bikes.

**11. Regional Government Offices.** The Prefect's offices, where the business of the city and environs are managed.

**12. Power Station.** Recharges droids, speeders, and so on. Serves as a local gathering place.

**13. Jabba's Townhouse.** The crimelord seldom comes to Mos Eisley, but when he does, he stays in this small but well-appointed villa.

**14/15. The Dowager Princess.** Mos Eisley was built around the wreckage of the colony ship *Dowager Queen*, and the remains of the ship have

become a refuge for hucksters, street preachers, and vagrants.

**16. Mos Eisley Cantina.** The cantina is both a watering hole for both Mos Eisley locals and the spacers who drift through. It can be a rough place.

**17. Jawa Traders.** A shop offering rebuilt droids, owned by an ill-tempered female Jawa named Aguilae, and a Squib named Mace Windu.

**18. Heff's Souvenirs.** A junk shop, offering little of value. The owner, Moplin Jarron, makes better money at forging Tatooine township IDs.

**19. Kayson's Weapon Shop.** Kayson offers a variety of legal weapons, and all are in excellent condition. He also offers contraband and illegal weapons for sale, but only to vouched-for customers.

**20. Dockside Cafe.** A small restaurant and bar, frequented by spacers.

**21. Docking Bay 92.** This bay is used almost exclusively for starship repairs, since its owner, Dom Antyll, is a skilled mechanic who keeps his tools here.

**22. Spaceport Hotel.** An adequate hotel.

search of their destiny...

### ■ Muftak

**Type:** Talz Drifter  
**DEXTERITY** 2D+2  
 Brawling parry 3D+2  
**KNOWLEDGE** 2D+1  
 Streetwise 4D+1  
**MECHANICAL** 3D  
 Beast riding 4D  
**PERCEPTION** 2D+1  
**STRENGTH** 4D+1  
 Brawling 6D, lifting 5D+1  
**TECHNICAL** 3D  
**Move:** 9  
**Equipment:** Beat-up hold-out blaster (2D+1)

## Kabe

Kabe is a small Chadra-Fan, abandoned by slavers in a rushed departure from Mos Eisley. She is probably one of the survivors of the Chadran disaster, an earthquake that destroyed most of an already-primitive Chadrian civilization about ten years prior to Luke and Obi-Wan's quick departure from Mos Eisley.

Her small size, keen senses, and quick reflexes have helped to make her a very skillful thief indeed. Her large friend Muftak keeps would-be prosecutors, predators and bounty hunters away, giving her nearly free reign of the dangerous city streets.

Although very young and relatively naive (she

thinks of stealing as a game, not as a crime), Kabe is very fond of the strongest juri juice Mos Eisley's cantinas have to offer, thought even a small snifter uses causes her to pass out.

Muftak has tried to instill some pessimism and caution into Kabe, with little or no success. Only his constant vigilance has kept her from becoming bantha fodder.

Kabe's favorite, and admittedly most dangerous, trick is to dress up as a Jawa and attempt to fool newcomers into paying "service taxes" to the local (non-existent) merchant's guild. The Jawas have since been accosted many times for a "refund" and the angry scavengers have threatened to fit Kabe with a restraining bolt one of these days.

She's also very good at security systems and gambling, which combine to provide her and Muftak with an adequate livelihood. Young, child-like, innocent, yet surprisingly street-smart, Kabe is a fun loving troublemaker to whom every scam is a game. She only gets away with so much because of Muftak's protection, and she knows it. Still, she seems as devoted to the furry giant as he is to her.

Kabe and Muftak left Mos Eisley shortly after Han Solo and Chewbacca departed the city with Luke and Kenobi. Their current whereabouts are unknown.

### ■ Kabe

**Type:** Chadra-Fan Kid  
**DEXTERITY** 3D+2  
 Dodge 5D+2, pick pocket 6D  
**KNOWLEDGE** 2D+2  
 Streetwise 4D+2, value 3D+2  
**MECHANICAL** 3D  
 Repulsorlift operation 4D  
**PERCEPTION** 3D+2  
 Con 4D, gambling 4D+1, hide 5D, sneak 5D+2  
**STRENGTH** 2D+1  
**TECHNICAL** 2D+2  
 Security 4D+2  
**Move:** 6  
**Equipment:** Security systems tool kit (+1D to security), knife (STR+1)

## The Tonnika Sisters

There are times when one realizes how convoluted the galactic underworld is. One such occasion was researching the Tonnika sisters on Mos Eisley. According to local sources in Mos Eisley, the Tonnika sisters were frequenting the cantina around the time Obi-Wan and Luke were seeking passage off Tatooine. Subsequent research has revealed that the women in the cantina were actually impersonating the Tonnika sisters — the real sisters were most likely off bilking some wealthy corporate executive out of his life's savings. The true identities of the women who impersonated the Tonnika sisters remain unknown. Nonetheless, the original entry on the Tonnika



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## Double Vision

Han Solo met the Tonnika twins in his dealings with Jabba the Hutt. The young women intrigued him, but he made sure to stay clear of anything they were involved in. After all, he took enough gambles in life without going up against Brea and Senni. The sabacc cards always fell their way, if you understand the meaning.

But Solo did enjoy their company — in limited doses and with one hand on his credit belt. During one of his visits with the sisters, they got to talking about gambling. And no discussion of gambling was complete, as far as Han was concerned, if it didn't include some mention of his erstwhile friend, Lando Calrissian. The tales about Calrissian got Han to remember a number of tricks the old scoundrel had played on him, and an idea formed. *Why not let the girls play a scam on Lando?* he thought. Brea and Senni smiled in agreement.

Now, Lando Calrissian is a bit of a con man himself, a gambler, a rogue. The Tonnika sisters saw in him a true challenge. If they could pull a scam on him, they would feel confident about dealing with almost anyone. So Han arranged a "chance" meeting between Bresenni (the name the girls go by when they pretend to be just one person) and Lando, then took off before he could get in any trouble.

Lando Calrissian, never one to turn his back on a beautiful lady, turned on all the charm he could muster when Bresenni quite literally fell into his lap at The High Stakes Casino on Balfron. From then on, the two were inseparable, spending every moment together. They danced through the zero-g clubs, dined at the most exotic restaurants, and played at the busiest gambling halls. For Lando, who usually did the charming, Bresenni was a perfect companion, exhibiting traits that were completely compatible with his own tastes and habits. But then things began to change. One moment Bresenni was all smiles and cheerfulness, the next she was angry and snap-

pish, almost as though she were two different people who just happened to look the same and share the same memories. After a standard month of these personality shifts, Calrissian was ready to go crazy. He thought he was falling in love with her, while part of him couldn't stand her!

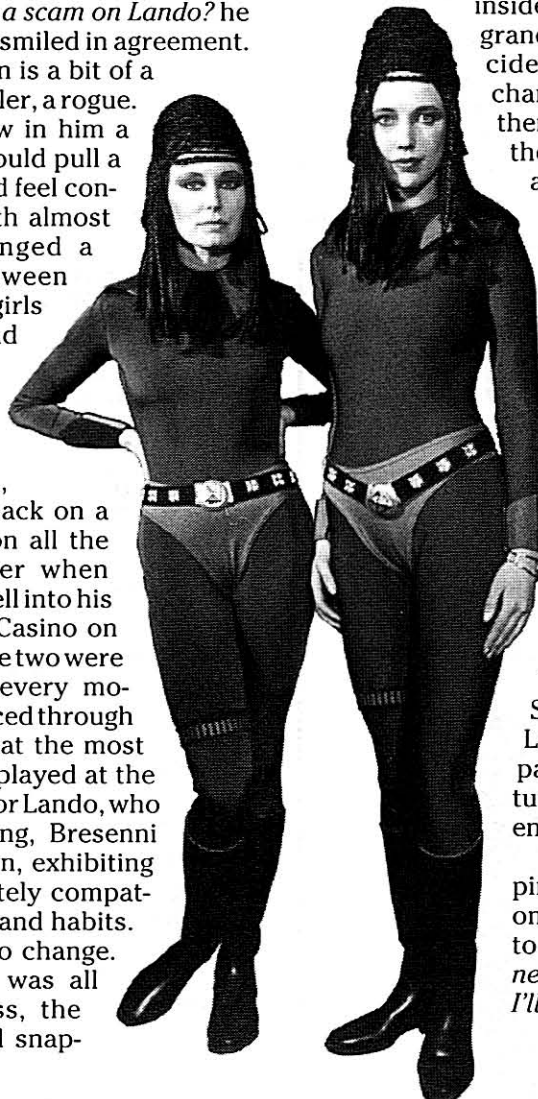
Torn between her mood swings, which sometimes shifted in the middle of a conversation, Lando nonetheless decided that he needed the young woman in his life. He decided to suggest something more permanent over the course of a special evening. His suit was well tailored, the Sullustan wine chilled to a perfect temperature, the Ithorian roses were just the right shade of blue. Mustering his nerve, Lando boldly knocked upon

Bresenni's hotel door and stepped inside. The night got off to a grand start as Calrissian decided he was devastatingly charming — even for him. But then, as he was ready to "make the deal" as it were, her exact double emerged from the back room. Smiling a maliciously sensual smile, she handed Lando a holodisk.

Snapping the disk into the room's holoprojector, Lando was quite distressed to see the grinning image of Han Solo appear. "Hope you had a grand time, Lando old friend. Isn't it amazing how similar they look? But there are differences, as I'm sure you discovered."

The image snapped off but Solo's laugh lingered in Lando's ears. A dark cloud passed over Calrissian's features, but then his face softened and a smile broke out.

"Good one, Han, you old pirate," he laughed, "good one!" Inside, Lando thought to himself, *He's got a lot of nerve for that stunt. Someday, I'll have to even the score...*



sisters still rings true...

The galaxy is ripe pickings for a resourceful woman. Especially for one with intelligence, cunning, wit, and, in particular, stunning beauty. A woman such as this might go very far indeed. But two such woman? Working together? The possibilities are limitless.

Maliciously clever children, the identical twins Brea and Senni Tonnika managed to turn the entire Kiffex colony upside-down by using their natural charms to manipulate the populace. Abandoned at an early age, the young girls were taken in and given a home by the colonists. But the girls wanted more than love and security — they wanted money. The twins grew up wild and curious, demanding more out of life than the mundane surroundings of the colony could offer them. Before long, their skills at deception and clever conversation became evident, and they carefully manipulated the colonists into getting their own way. Little scams quickly became bigger scams as they grew older and more confident. Then they attempted their biggest con to date — a con to get them off-world.

Approaching a young scout who set his ship down on Kiffex for fuel and supplies, they wove an elaborate tale of abuse and mistreatment at the hands of the colonists. Taken in by their sad story and exotic beauty, the young scout provided the teens with transport to a large spaceport. Brea and Senni were not ungrateful for all the colonists had done for them — they simply could no longer control their urge to make money. And what bigger con is there than one involving the entire galaxy?

It didn't take long for the twins to develop a reputation. Using their cunning and beauty, along with the infinite deceptions available to identical twins, the Tonnika sisters have managed to strip several of the most powerful men in the galaxy of just about everything they owned.

Exploiting the weaknesses of wealthy men has become an art form to the sisters. Now rich and powerful males throughout the galaxy are no longer safe — or at least their credit vouchers aren't. Tall, stylish, and elegant, the twin sisters keep on top of the galactic scene, always on the lookout for suitable prey. But they didn't find any on Tatooine during their last visit. Instead, they found themselves running for their lives.

The Tonnika twins were last seen on Tatooine attending one of Jabba's infamous palace parties. After all, a fool and his credits are friends indeed!

They each took a different part of the palace, using their usual scam of pretending to be only one person instead of two to size up the partygoers. But after a while, both the party and Jabba's complaints about the smuggler Han Solo

became boring. So the sisters went in search of adventure.

When they conned Grand Moff Argon out of twenty-five thousand credits, they did not realize that they had made an enemy for life. A number of Imperial agents loyal to the Grand Moff have scoured the Outer Rim Territories, searching for the twins, but to this day, it seems that the crafty pair have eluded capture.

### ■ Brea and Senni Tonnika

Type: Con Artists

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Cultures 4D, languages 3D+2, streetwise 4D+1, value: precious gems 5D

MECHANICAL 2D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 4D+2, con 6D, con: seduction 10D+2, investigation 5D, persuasion 7D, gambling 5D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Stamina 3D+2

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Character Points: 1

Move: 10

Equipment: Haliat perfume (+2D to con and persuasion), Kedran lip-smear (4D stun damage)

### Greedo

Greedo was your typical bounty hunter: greedy, cruel, generally not-so-bright, but good at a wide variety of skills. He was also completely self-absorbed and is now, of course, dead. Han Solo eliminated Greedo when the foolish Rodian confronted the notorious smuggler in the Mos Eisley Cantina.

Greedo's first mistake was not finding out



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more about Han Solo. Had he done so, he might have thought twice about trying to collect this particular bounty. Even though he had decided to go through with it, Greedo approached it in the worst possible way. First, he gave Solo time to secretly draw his blaster instead of killing him quickly. Second, he never would have lived to collect his reward as Solo's faithful co-pilot, the Wookiee Chewbacca, was also in town and Greedo would have found himself minus some limbs before his blaster's smoke had cleared.

Greedo was a low-life, petty bounty hunter if ever there was one. He spent a lot of time bragging about his previous successes to the other citizens of Mos Eisley and much about his past is quite clear and very revealing.

Greedo was a Rodian, a species that regards hunting as an honored sport. Becoming an accomplished hunter is as natural a career aspiration for a young Rodian as it is for a young human to dream of becoming a successful businessperson, respected politician, or championship athlete. Prizes are awarded annually for categories such as "the best shot" (on deceased catches only), "longest trail," "most notorious capture" (both live and dead categories), and "most difficult hunt."

Greedo was an up-and-coming hunter. He sought success, even at the expense of "fair play." Greedo was accused a number of times of "padding" a catch — allowing his quarry to commit a number of additional crimes even after being located. This substantially raises the value of the final kill or capture, and is usually frowned on by Rodians as dishonest.

Greedo traveled the galaxy as a mercenary for a number of years, taking jobs for both law enforcement agencies and underworld organizations. The first job offered him by Jabba the Hutt was so enjoyable that Greedo decided to become one of the crime lord's full-time employees. As such, the Rodian hunter's status and power on Tatooine grew. Unfortunately so did his ego.

Using his reputation to bully the citizens of Mos Eisley, Greedo was able to increase his own wealth as well as add to his number of "hunting trophies." When he learned of Jabba's problems with a smuggler named Han Solo, Greedo saw a way to instantly increase both of his favorite possessions. He found the smuggler in the Mos Eisley Cantina, sitting around nonchalantly, even though Jabba was furious with him. If Solo's attitude gave Greedo pause, it did not last long. He boldly approached the smuggler and demanded the credits due Jabba. While some details are sketchy, it appeared to witnesses that Greedo wanted the money for himself. No matter, for Solo easily dispatched the bounty hunter, even though Greedo's blaster was pointed di-

rectly at his chest.

### ■ Greedo

Type: Rodian Bounty Hunter

DEXTERITY 4D

Blaster 6D, dodge 5D, grenade 6D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Intimidation 5D, languages 3D, streetwise 4D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Bargain 4D, investigation 4D, search 5D

STRENGTH 3D+2

Brawling 4D+2

TECHNICAL 2D

Demolition 4D, space transports repair 3D

Character Points: 2

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), grenades (5D)

## Garindan (Long Snoot)

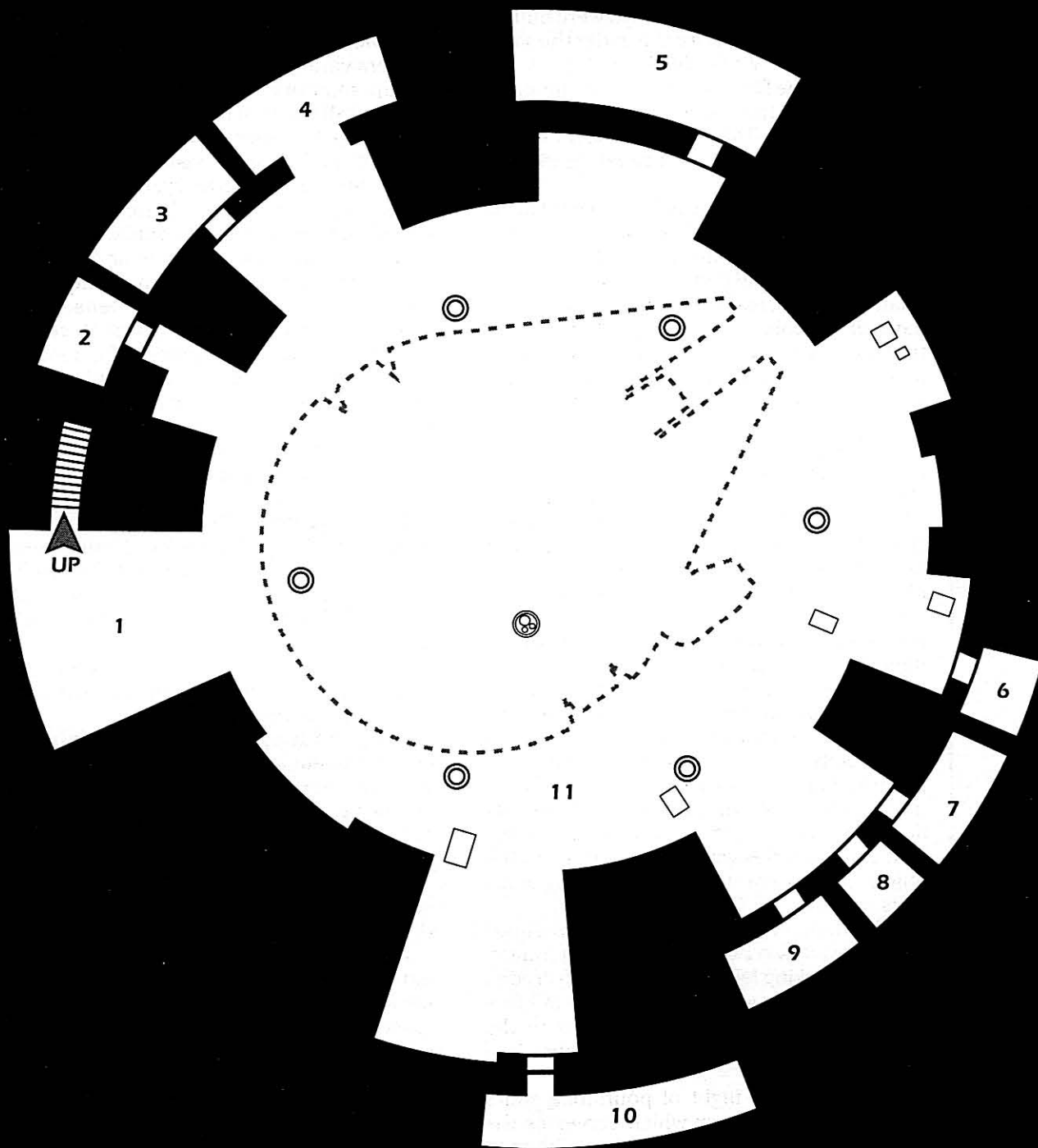
Without a doubt, Mos Eisley's premiere spy at the time of Luke and Ben's departure was Garindan. Many knew him as "Long Snoot," one of his more accurate aliases. The joke goes that Garindan "sniffs out targets" better than anyone else. Of course, no one laughs if Garindan is within earshot. No one arrives in Mos Eisley without Garindan, and therefore the Imperial Prefect, knowing about it. Although his abode remains secret, rumors abound that Long Snoot lives a life of luxury. His purchases and the substantial prices he pays for information about the spaceport show that he has more than a little money tucked away somewhere. Spying, it seems, can be a lucrative business when done right. The sly snoop has also been known to drop a few credits in the gambling dens, but has never won



UP



## Docking Bay 99



## Docking Bay 99

Located just half a block north of Docking Bay 94, just beyond Tan-Tek's Roast-Basted Bantha Ribs stand, lies Docking Bay 99, locally known as "Old 99." The two bays were built at the same time, and were once under the same proprietorship. While Docking Bay 94 has passed into the De Maal family, and therefore moved down in the world a bit, Docking Bay 99 is owned by the Tatooine Teamsters Union, who keeps it in very good repair, and completely modernized.

Like many of the bays in Mos Eisley, Old 99 is below ground level — the floor of the bay is 10 meters down, as are the offices, maintenance facilities, and storage rooms. The bay is relatively small, and dates back to the mining days of Tatooine when most of the larger transports visiting the system were expected to transfer their cargoes to smaller cargo shuttles at the long-gone *Tatoo III* orbital station.

The lowered blast pit, with durasteel reinforced floor, was originally designed to withstand the backblast of the cargo shuttles, which used old *Orion*-style ion sublight engines. The newer engine designs do not project as much backwash from their engines, so the blast pit design is mostly obsolete. Of course, since Tatooine's export business is just about nonexistent, no one has taken the effort to upgrade the starport facilities, especially since most of the docking bays are privately owned.

The teamsters use Old 99 when they make suborbital trips from the various settlements on Tatooine. It is also used as a gathering place for union truckers who are in Mos Eisley making deliveries or picking up shipments newly arrived from other systems. Jabba the Hutt has close ties with the leadership of the union, and occasionally uses their bay when he is in town.

When neither Jabba or the union have need of the bay, it is rented out to visiting freighters. The docking fee is very high at 75 credits a day, but comes with a few extras — like free unloading by the union, and access to the union's network of buyers and transportation network.

**1. Entrance.** A flight of pourstone stairs runs up to a blastdoor which serves as the main passenger entrance to the bay. The open area at the foot of the stairs is tiled, and a large

fan whirls overhead to stir the oppressive heat of the Tatooine day. The walls are lined with benches, and a few snack dispenser machines (the water tank is bolted in the wall). The walls are decorated with colorful travel posters various visiting freighter crews have put up, some of which date back decades (the poster wall is one of the traditions of Old 99).

**2. Ship Supplies.** Everything from lubricants to spare cable to basic proteins (for use in the ship food converter systems) are stored here. Ship-board atmospherics can be obtained here as well. Tanks containing a wide variety of basic gas elements are set in the floor. Contents range from methane to oxygen to carbon dioxide. A computer set in the top of the tanks mixes the gases to suit the species selected, and pumps the resulting mixture into the ship through a pipe which runs out to the umbilical array at the center of the blast pit. The materials stored here are purchased in bulk by the union, and meted out to ships as part of the common usage fee for the landing bay.

**3. Storage Room.** This is an unremarkable room, bare except for hooks and rings set in the walls which can be used to secure live cargo. Cargo can be temporarily stored here as long as the owner is occupying the docking bay, free of charge. For an additional fee, the teamsters will activate the room's refrigeration unit, if the shipper desires to store perishable goods here.

**4. Open Eating Area.** This is an eating and entertainment area for the non-union people who use the bay. It contains a number of chairs, benches, and tables, as well as numerous snack vending machines, simple cooking facilities, a holoprojector, and a few bunks.

**5. Fueling Tanks.** This room is normally sealed to everyone except the fuel company that services and refills the tanks. The tanks contain the liquid fuel compounds most commonly used in starships (on Tatooine, this means carrying a few fuel mixes which are no longer being used in modern starships). The fuel is pumped into the ship via the umbilicals at the center of the blast pit.

**6. Laundry Room.** Those who live on the go, be they truckers or starship crewers, know the importance of the small conveniences of life everyone else takes for granted. One of

these conveniences is the chance to use an actual full-sized laundering unit rather than the compact units found on most starships. There are laundering units here to handle the daily clothing worn by most species who ply the stars, as well as a cleaning station where vacc suits can be decontaminated, cleaned inside and out, and made spaceworthy again (minor repairs can also be made using the tools, epoxies, suit patches, and so on which are dispensed from a vending machine for a few credits).

**7. Union Meeting Room.** This room is normally locked and off-limits to non-Teamsters, though it can be rented for an extra fee. It contains a long conference table, holoprojectors, droid sockets, a computer station, and other amenities common to business environments.

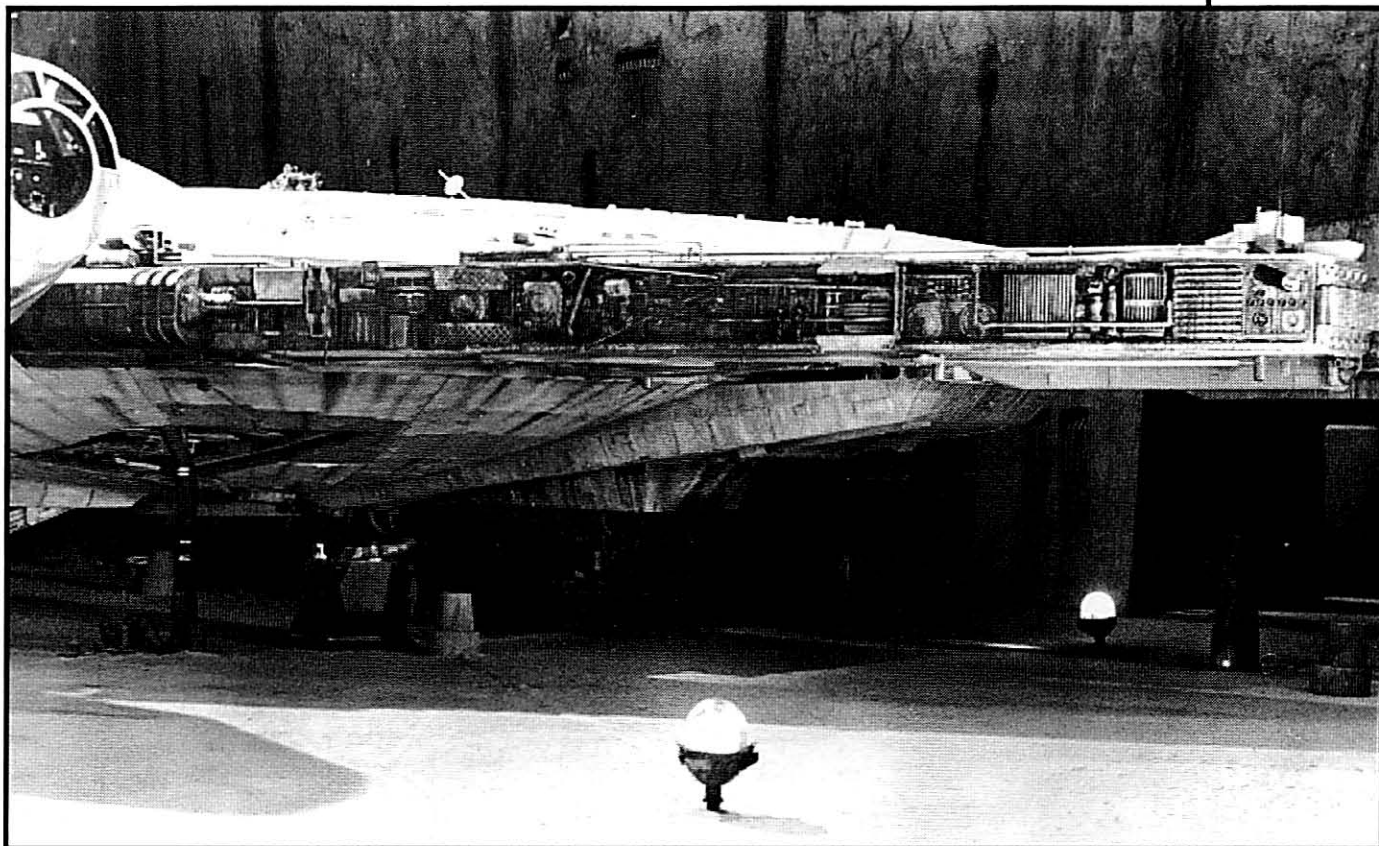
**8. Reresher Unit.** This is a public refresher unit kept in reasonably clean condition. There

are lockers here, as well as a shower room. Most of the facilities are for humans, though a few waste disposal units are built for non-humanoid species.

**9. Union Rec Room.** This is another room off-limits to non-union people. Its contents are similar to the Open Eating Area, but the facilities are far nicer and air-conditioned.

**10. Machine Shop.** The machine shop can be used to make a variety of repairs on a spacecraft, and the fusion lathe can be used to manufacture simple parts from scratch. Shop time is included in the bay rental fee.

**11. Landing Bay Pit.** The blast pit is made of reinforced duracrete. A universal umbilical clamp is set in the center of the docking bay. There are a number of sockets here. When connected to the ship via hoses, the unit pumps fuel, atmosphere, and a number of other gaseous and liquid staples into the ship.



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a reputation as a sucker.

Garindan is a Kubaz, a native of the distant planet Kubindi. However, this fact isn't well known amongst the inhabitants of Mos Eisley — most people assume that Garindan is a member of yet another miscellaneous alien species. Some even speculate that his long black snoot and his thick dark glasses are merely part of a disguise. Others around town claim to have seen him with his hood drawn back, revealing the snoot as part of his alien physiology.

Even the powerful Jabba the Hutt, Mos Eisley's most notorious crimelord, was wary of Garindan. He cautiously provided distractions for the spy whenever he had business he wanted to conduct unnoticed. Garindan cheerfully followed these distractions.

While persuasive and sneaky, Garindan is not brave. He has learned through years of dealing with the Jawas (wonderful sources of information if one can decipher their chatterings or stomach their smell) that the choice of fight or flee is academic. One can always exact revenge later, and few have crossed Garindan without paying a hefty penalty.

The spy carries a blaster pistol under his robes (which he has reportedly never used) as

well as a hand comlink on a channel known only to him and the local Imperial Prefect.

He nearly cost the Alliance everything. Sources about Mos Eisley claim that it was Long Snoot who followed Luke Skywalker and Ben Kenobi around the spaceport. From a dark alcove near Docking Bay 94, Garindan placed a comlink call that alerted the Desert Sands stormtroopers to the fugitives' location. It was only skill, and a lot of luck, that allowed the Millennium Falcon to beat a hasty retreat before the troopers could bring their heavy weapons to bear.

#### ■ Garindan (Long Snoot)

**Type:** Kubaz Spy

**DEXTERITY** 2D+2

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** 3D

Alien species 4D, languages 4D, streetwise 4D+2

**MECHANICAL** 2D+2

**PERCEPTION** 4D

Con 5D, hide 6D, investigation 6D+1, search: tracking 5D, sneak 7D

**STRENGTH** 2D+2

**TECHNICAL** 3D

Computer programming/repair 3D+2, security 4D

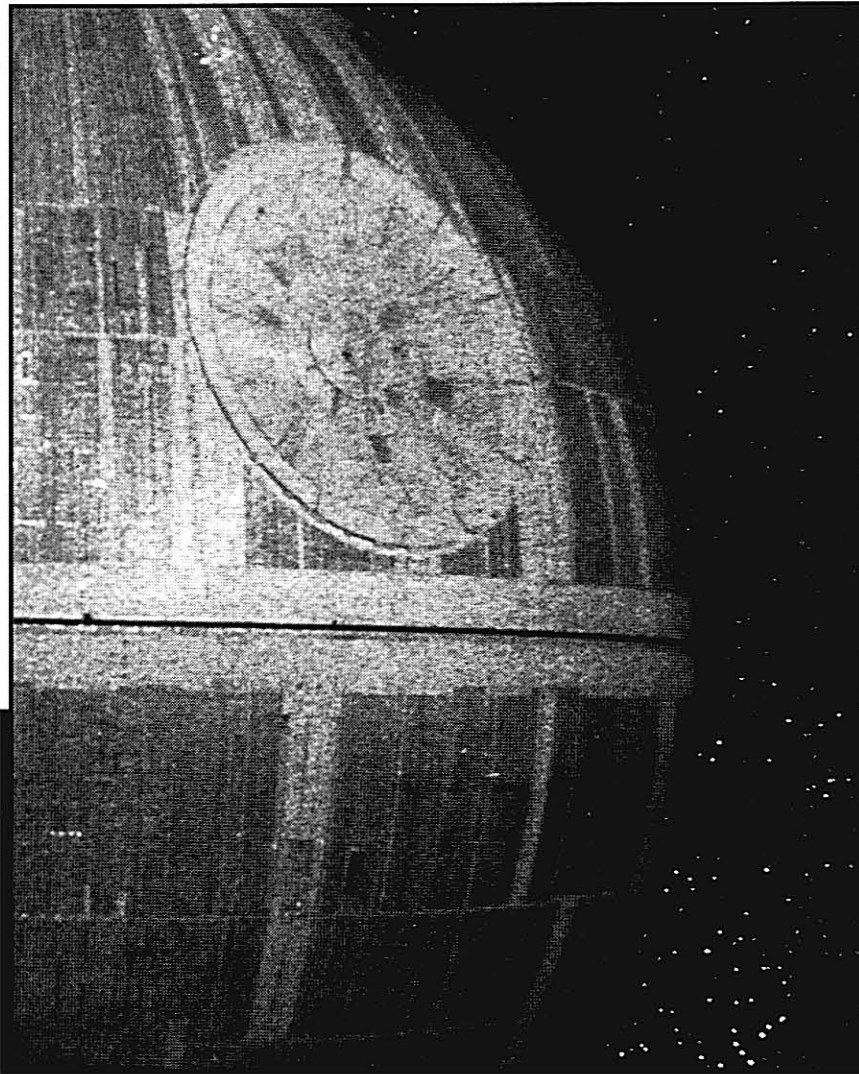
**Character Points:** 3

**Move:** 9

**Equipment:** Comlink, blaster pistol (4D), hold-out blaster (3D+1), 250 credits (for bribes)

# **Chapter Three**

## **THE DEATH STAR**



**“Fear will keep the local systems in line.  
Fear of this battle station.”**

**Grand Moff Tarkin**

The Death Star remains the most infamous weapons platform in the history of our galaxy to this date. An armored space station equipped with a weapon capable of shattering worlds, its legacy is terrifying: an ominous reminder of man's capability to commit genocide. There is no other more tangible symbol of the Empire's evil and justification for use of force to overthrow that Empire.

With the Death Star destroyed, it was impossible to fully document the efforts of the Heroes of Yavin. To supplement the meager information that could be gleaned from the interviews with these individuals, and the data that could be retrieved from the technical read-outs of the space station, I traveled to Galvoni III, site of an Imperial military communications complex. Here, I slipped through security (a remarkable feat!) and made use of their restricted computer network. It was amazing that I survived this mission at all — the cockiness and inexperience of youth can be a wonderful thing.

What I found out, while far from complete, was nevertheless revealing and insightful. The Empire created a massive engine of destruction, but for all its size and power, it was vulnerable. Combined with the Grand Moff Tarkin's overconfidence in the abilities of the Death Star, the Alliance was given its chance to destroy the space station.

As I examined the coded files, I began to realize the magnitude of the situation Skywalker, Solo, and Princess Leia Organa found themselves in. Not only did they have to escape from a fully armed and operational battle station capable of destroying entire planets, they then had to attack it head on.

The following entries include detailed information on the major players aboard the station and the “typical” individuals who populated this fearsome weapon. For those of you who seek fully detailed information on the Death Star battle station, consult the previously released *Death Star Technical Companion*, compiled by Alliance historians and researchers.

## The Death Star

The Imperial Death Star was constructed in the little known Horuz system, in a distant corner of the Outer Rim Territories. The orbital construction yards orbiting Despayre could operate free of scrutiny by the galactic holomedia and the Imperial Senate. The Death Star was designed to provide the power to bring more star systems in line with the Emperor's New Order and to frighten those with thoughts of rebellion into submission. The armored sphere had destructive power equivalent to an entire Imperial fleet. Roughly the size of a small moon, the Death Star housed a gigantic crew to support the huge power plants and control systems.

Thousands of turbolaser battery emplacements speckled the canyon-like surface of the battle station, designed to defend it against capital ship assaults. Countless hangar bays carried starfighters, shuttles, and other combat and transport craft. But the crowning achievement of the entire Death Star project was the “superlaser,” a destructive weapon capable of annihilating entire planets.

When the Rebels learned of the Death Star project, they made securing the plans to the battle station an utmost priority. Through careful analysis, the Alliance was able to find a chink in the colossal weapon's armor. This chink provided the key the Rebels desperately needed to destroy the vast battle station. After the destruction of the original Death Star, rumors abounded that another, more powerful version was already under construction in some hidden sector. Many within Alliance command took the rumors seriously, and well they did, for, as is now known, the Empire did indeed build a second Death Star.

### ■ The Death Star

**Craft:** Custom Deep Space Battle Station

**Type:** Deep space mobile battle station

**Scale:** Death Star

**Length:** 120 kilometers (diameter)

**Skill:** Battle station piloting: Death Star

**Crew:** 265,675, gunners: 57,276, skeleton: 56,914/+15



**Crew Skill:** Astrogation 5D+1, battle station piloting 6D, capital ship gunnery 5D  
**Passengers:** 607,360 (troops), 25,984 (stormtroopers), 42,782 (starship support staff), 167,216 (support ship pilots and crew)

**Cargo Capacity:** Over one million kilotons

**Consumables:** 3 years

**Cost:** not available for sale

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x4

**Hyperdrive Backup:** x24

**Nav Computer:** Yes

**Space:** 1

**Hull:** 15D

**Shields:** 2D

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 250/0D

*Scan:* 1,000/1D

*Search:* 5,000/2D+2

*Focus:* 40/4D

**Weapons:**

**Superlaser**

*Fire Arc:* Forward

*Crew:* 168, skeleton 48/+10

*Scale:* Death Star

*Skill:* Capital ship gunnery: superlaser

*Body:* 3D (capital scale)

*Space Range:* 1-20/40/100

*Damage:* 2D to 16D\*

**5,000 Turbolaser Batteries**

*Fire Arc:* Turret\*\*

*Crew:* 3

*Scale:* Starfighter

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Body:* 3D (capital scale)

*Fire Control:* 1D

*Space Range:* 1-5/10/15

*Damage:* 5D

**5,000 Heavy Turbolasers**

*Fire Arc:* Turret\*\*

*Crew:* 4

*Scale:* Starfighter

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Body:* 4D (capital scale)

*Fire Control:* 1D

*Space Range:* 1-7/15/30

*Damage:* 7D

**2,500 Laser Cannons**

*Fire Arc:* Turret\*\*

*Crew:* 3

*Scale:* Capital

*Skill:* Capital ship gunnery

*Body:* 4D (capital scale)

*Fire Control:* 1D

*Space Range:* 1-5/10/15

*Damage:* 7D

**2,500 Ion Cannons**

*Fire Arc:* Turret\*\*

*Crew:* 4

*Scale:* Capital

*Skill:* Capital ship gunnery

*Body:* 4D (capital scale)

*Fire Control:* 1D

*Space Range:* 1-3/7/10

*Damage:* 4D

**768 Tractor Beam Emplacements**

*Fire Arc:* Turret\*\*

*Crew:* 6

*Scale:* Capital

*Skill:* Capital ship gunnery

*Body:* 3D (capital scale)

*Fire Control:* 3D

*Space Range:* 1-5/10/25

*Damage:* 5D

\* The Death Star's power systems can generate 2D of damage per hour. The Death Star's superlaser can only fire at maximum power.

\*\* Due to the immense size of the Death Star, it is divided into 24 distinct zones, each equally equipped with weapons. Only weapons within the specific zone adjacent to an attacking ship can be brought to bear at any given time; often, the actual number of weapons that can be brought to bear is significantly lower.

## Darth Vader

For most of his life, Luke's images of his father consisted of what his Uncle Owen had told him. Owen said that Luke's father was a navigator on an ore freighter, a simple working man. Despite Luke's attempts to learn more of him, his uncle never told him any more about Anakin Skywalker.

In fact, this was the sole reason that Owen decided to keep Luke away from the school in Anchorhead and have him tutored at home. Owen was afraid that Luke might grow up to be just like his father, an "idealistic dreamer." Knowing where that had gotten Anakin, he did his best to see that it didn't happen to Luke.

It wasn't until he met Ben Kenobi out beyond the Dune Sea that young Luke learned anything more of his father. Ben told him that his father was "the greatest star pilot on the galaxy." and "a



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cunning warrior." Apparently, the two had fought together in the Clone Wars. But of most interest to Luke was that Ben claimed his father was a Jedi Knight, and he presented the youth with his father's lightsaber to prove it.

The truth, which Luke would eventually learn, was a far more bitter pill to swallow. Anakin had indeed been a Jedi, but he had been corrupted by the Emperor and seduced by the dark side of the Force. He had helped the Emperor to hunt down and exterminate the Jedi from the galaxy.

He had become Darth Vader, the very epitome of evil.

It was Vader who captured Princess Leia and oversaw her interrogation and torture. Second only in authority to Grand Moff Tarkin aboard the dread Death Star, Vader watched as Alderaan was destroyed. When Skywalker and Solo arrived to save Leia, Vader fought and slew Obi-Wan Kenobi, his once friend and comrade-in-arms.

Still, with all of his power, Vader could not stop a young warrior named Luke Skywalker from firing the decisive shot which sundered the Death Star and saved the Rebel Alliance High Command from certain death. When the Death Star exploded, it was believed that Vader had been lost to the void. But he returned, more powerful than before, and was given command of the fleet assigned to track down Skywalker and the Rebel fleet.

### ■ **Darth Vader**

**Type:** Dark Lord of the Sith

#### **DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D, blaster artillery 4D+1, brawling parry 6D+1, dodge 6D, lightsaber 11D+2, melee combat 7D, melee parry 9D, vehicle blasters 6D

#### **KNOWLEDGE 3D+2**

Alien species 7D+1, bureaucracy 9D+1, cultures 7D, intimidation 10D+1, languages 6D+1, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 7D, survival 5D, value 6D, willpower 8D+1

#### **MECHANICAL 4D**

Astrogation 6D+1, capital ship piloting 8D, capital ship shields 5D, repulsorlift operation 5D+2, starfighter piloting 10D, starship gunnery 8D, starship shields 5D

#### **PERCEPTION 3D+1**

Bargain 4D, command 10D, con 4D, gambling 4D+1, hide 4D+1, persuasion 8D+1, search 8D, sneak 4D+1

#### **STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 8D+2, climbing/jumping 7D, lifting 8D, stamina 8D

#### **TECHNICAL 3D**

Armor repair 6D+1, capital ship repair 5D, lightsaber repair 7D+2, security 6D, starfighter repair 5D

#### **Special Abilities:**

**Force Skills:** Control 11D, sense 12D, alter 10D+1

**Force Powers** (these are the known powers Vader possessed and it is believed that he had access to many other powers):

**Control:** Absorb/dissipate energy, accelerate healing, concentrate\*, control pain, detoxify poison\*\*, enhance attribute\*\*, hibernation trance, reduce injury, remain conscious, resist stun

**Sense:** Combat sense\*\*, danger sense\*\*, instinctive astrogation†, life detection, life sense, magnify senses, receptive telepathy, sense Force

**Alter:** Injure/kill, telekinesis

**Control and Sense:** Farseeing\*\*, lightsaber combat, projective telepathy

**Control and Alter:** Feed on dark side†, inflict pain

**Control, Sense and Alter:** Affect mind, telekinetic kill\*\*

\* Described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

\*\* Described in the *Dark Force Rising Sourcebook*.

† Described in *Galaxy Guide 9: Fragments from the Rim*.

**This character is Force-sensitive**

**Force Points:** 13

**Dark Side Points:** 14

**Character Points:** 27

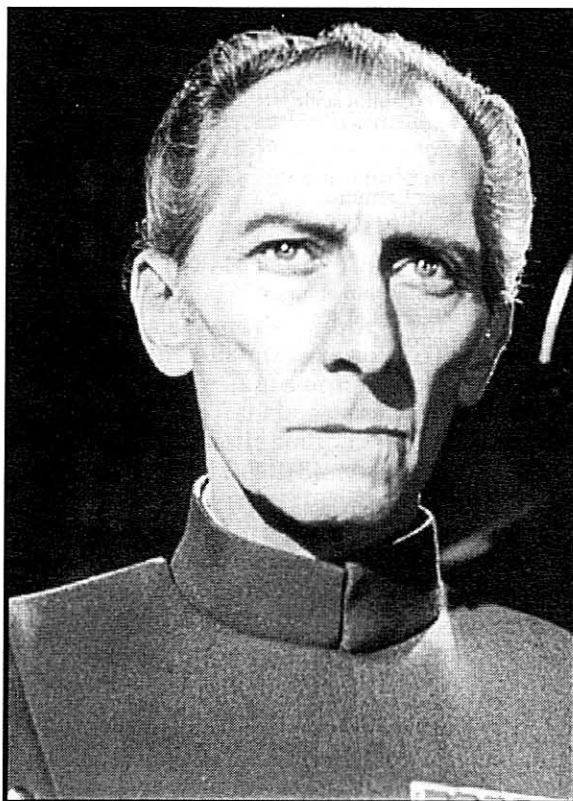
**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Lightsaber (5D), body armor (+1D all attacks, respirator is necessary to keep Vader alive)

## **Grand Moff Tarkin**

Grand Moff Tarkin, the dreaded servant of Palpatine who formulated the infamous Tarkin Doctrine of rule through fear, died with his most ambitious project. In fact, his demise at the Battle of Yavin was as important to the survival of the Alliance as was the destruction of his brainchild, the Death Star.

Governor Tarkin, the cunning and ambitious ruler of the Empire's Seswenna Sector, devised the doctrine that so perfectly encapsulated the Emperor's desires and ambitions. While the Empire might be less powerful without the Death Star, it still possessed the awesome might of the Imperial Navy. But Tarkin, on the other hand, was irreplaceable. It was his determination and management that built the Death Star, and it was his military genius that made him the best person to



command it. His conception of its use was as a grand weapon of intimidation and fear. It was his decision to make Alderaan a vicious example to the rest of the Empire of just how powerful the Emperor was.

Tarkin was an interesting man, the kind of person who appeared untouchable, both in the heat of battle and on the Senate floor. It is true that his charisma and personal presence were capable of swaying even Darth Vader's iron resolve — saving many of his closest commanders from Vader's deadly mind-projected wrath.

Led by Admiral Motti and General Tagge, Tarkin's tactical brain-trust aboard the Death Star was unmatched anywhere in the Empire. It is a further blessing to the Alliance that so many of the Empire's finest minds were so conveniently wiped out.

With the destruction of the Death Star at Yavin, much of the Empire's military collapsed into bureaucratic chaos. Tarkin's remaining underlings vied for the scraps of power left behind in the leaderless vacuum, while those who opposed Tarkin saw a grand opportunity to grab authority. The resulting internal strife gave the Rebel Alliance enough time to evacuate Yavin.

Tarkin was ruthless, powerful, and full of vision. His ideas helped shape the New Order as it grew into an Empire. He was an evil genius, and while the galaxy can rest a little easier with him gone, one must wonder how many others will rise to take his place and bring terror and fear.

### ■ Grand Moff Tarkin

**Type:** Imperial Grand Moff

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 5D, dodge 6D+2, melee combat 4D+2, melee parry 5D+2

**KNOWLEDGE 4D**

Alien species 7D, bureaucracy 9D, cultures 7D, intimidation 7D+1, languages 6D+1, planetary systems 6D, tactics: fleets 9D, tactics: sieges 10D, value 5D

**MECHANICAL 3D+2**

Astrogation 5D, battle station piloting 5D, beast riding 5D, capital ship gunnery 4D, capital ship piloting 5D, capital ship shields 4D+1, repulsorlift operation 3D+1, space transports 4D+1, starship gunnery 4D, starship shields 4D+1

**PERCEPTION 3D+1**

Bargain 6D+2, command 10D+2, con 6D+2, gambling 5D+1, seach 5D

**STRENGTH 2D**

Brawling 4D+1, stamina 5D, swimming 5D

**TECHNICAL 2D**

Computer programming/repair 3D, first aid 3D, repulsorlift repair 3D, security 5D

**Force Points:** 4

**Dark Side Points:** 5

**Character Points:** 22

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, rank code cylinders

## Admiral Motti

One of many upstart Imperial officers, Motti excelled in his devotion to the Empire and little else. While it is true that he can claim many impressively successful missions, most of these were of a routine nature to begin with and therefore, like his entire career, overrated.

One of the rewards for his loyalty was the assignment to serve the Emperor aboard the Death Star. Motti formed the third man in the Death Star's command triumvirate, along with Tarkin and General Tagge.

Upon assignment to the Death Star project, Motti had his first run-in with Lord Vader. As Vader was "merely" the Emperor's adviser on the project, and thus not a part of the direct chain of command, Motti had little regard for the ebon-armored "flunkie." That Vader openly spoke of the mystical Force and the ancient Jedi Knights further downgraded Motti's opinion of him, reducing him to a confused, dottering sorcerer as far as the young admiral was concerned.

With Palpatine covertly funding the Death Star project, Tarkin and Motti came to the fore-front of the project. No longer concerned with placating politicians, their ruthless ambition had free rein.

Motti believed in strength, both military and personal. He held no regard for Vader and his "sorcerer's ways." To him, the only reality was power, and power was personified in technological wonders like the Death Star. The Force, as he was heard to point out on numerous occasions, was but an ancient religion and the magic associated with it a hoax. Even after Vader provided him with a lesson in "faith," Motti remained stubbornly against the mystical, intangible nature of the Force.

### ■ Admiral Motti

**Type:** Imperial Admiral

**DEXTERITY 3D+2**

Blaster 5D, blaster artillery 5D, dodge 5D

**KNOWLEDGE 3D+1**

Bureaucracy 5D+2, planetary systems 5D+1, tactics: fleets 9D+2, tactics: sieges 7D

**MECHANICAL 3D**

Astrogation 5D, capital ship piloting 4D+2

**PERCEPTION 2D+2**

Bargain 3D+2, command 5D+1

**STRENGTH 2D+1**

Brawling 4D, stamina 4D+1

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Computer programming/repair 4D, security 4D+1

**Character Points:** 7

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, rank code cylinder





### General Tagge

The grand tactician in charge of the Death Star's defense was General Tagge. While Governor Tarkin was in charge of the station's construction and implementation, Tagge was responsible for the day to day monitoring of all systems functions and defensive armament.

While Tarkin was the master bureaucrat and dealt with the large tactical plans, Tagge was responsible for logistics and morale. Tagge had to make the governor's plans work. From analysis of Tagge's medical records and psychological profiles (obtained from the Carida MedRec Storage Center by a friend of mine), it is clear that of the three commanders of the Death Star battle station, General Tagge was the most reasonable and stable.

In a HoloNet broadcast to a patron on Coursant sent just days before his death, Tagge confessed to harboring grave doubts about the wisdom of disbanding the Imperial Senate. He was one of the few Imperial high-level officers to take the threat of the Rebel Alliance seriously. He knew that what drove the Alliance was an overwhelming sense of moral imperative, which could more than make up for inferior ships and small forces.

Tagge was a young officer with a tactical, calculating mind. He believed in being prepared, in never moving until every aspect of the plan was complete. He appreciated the battle prowess of the Rebellion and this made him cautious. But others with more power than he constantly overruled his advice. He argued that the Senate was important to the Emperor's control of the Galactic Empire, an opinion that lost him favor in Tarkin's eyes.

Unfortunately, his basic training as a soldier, to follow the chain of command, resulted in his death. If he had been more vocal, even willing to take his complaints directly to the Emperor him-

self, Tagge might be alive today and might even be a "military hero" for a victorious Empire.

#### ■ General Tagge

Type: Imperial General

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 3D+2, brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D, grenade 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+1

Bureaucracy 4D+1, business 8D, business: Tagge Industries 10D+2, military history 7D, survival 4D+2, tactics: capital ships 7D, tactics: fleets 8D, tactics: sieges 7D+2, tactics: starfighters 6D+2

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Beast riding 4D+1, repulsorlift operation 5D+1

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D+2, search 5D

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D+2, lifting 4D

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D, demolition 5D+1, security 4D

Character Points: 12

Move: 10

Equipment: Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, command rank code cylinder

### Death Star Officers

If one thing is certain about the standard Imperial officer, it is that he is ambitious. Those selected to serve aboard the Death Star were also very, very good at their jobs.

With the abolition of the Imperial Senate, ambition was the new buzzword around the Imperial Army and Navy. The once limited roles of admiral and general took on new powers and responsibilities. No longer was the admiralty just a stage before a healthy retirement fund or the first step toward the lucrative military consulting and procurement office. The military had become the true government of the Empire. Those that distinguished themselves in military service could go on to become the authority over entire star systems, and consequently become entitled to all the many fringe benefits accorded the position.

Ambition, therefore, was the most important attribute in the new military, while blind loyalty became mandatory rather than assumed. With few exceptions, these power-hungry future governors and Star Destroyer commanders were all comparatively young.

Those officers showing the most promise and ability were assigned to Grand Moff Tarkin's Death Star project. Here, they used all the skills at which they excelled to operate and perfect the most awesome battle station ever created.

But for all the impressive machinery and weaponry, it was the people behind the controls that truly made the Death Star run. Strong, devoted to the New Order, and ambitious to move up the Imperial chain, these young officers were the best the Imperial war machine had to offer. With their deaths, many important command posi-

### Crossing the Dark Lord

*The following account is common knowledge throughout the Imperial officer corps. It is told almost as a ghost story to warn young officers of the dangers of crossing the Empire, and of the high price of misplaced ambition. Whether the events described hereafter are true or not remains a matter of debate. Voren Na'al spoke to a number of Imperial officers who have since joined the Alliance, and whose stories all matched up rather closely. Nothing can be judged by this, as they all heard the tale from the same place. However, it is entirely possible that the story is based on truth, no matter how far-fetched it may seem.*

A tall black knight of darkness stood alone on the command deck of the massive Star Destroyer. He had given orders that the lights be dimmed and that all command personnel leave the area for the next few hours. Lord Darth Vader often felt the need to be alone, to "touch the universe without any mortal distractions."

But the vessel's captain decided to watch from afar, using the Star Destroyer's own security cameras to monitor his de facto superior. He was nervous, but felt sure he was safe on the other side of the massive ship.

Now the main viewport was on and the vessel was cruising slowly through the stars, awaiting news on the Rebel prey from Vader's many minions and spies. It did not matter where the call came from. The Dark Lord would order the ship into hyperspace on a whim, on the slightest chance of finding the Rebels who destroyed the Death Star.

A breeze rippled through his floor-length cape, and the Dark Lord of the Sith spread his arms out wide, as if he were hoping to rise up on the winds in flight. Little did he care that the "winds" actually emanated from the environmental units in the floor at his feet.

Vader raised his right arm and clenched a metal fist. "I shall find Obi-Wan's companions, for that is the will of the Emperor and the dark side!"

A few more moments passed and the shudder felt earlier throughout the vessel died away. The Dark Lord's shoulders straightened and his breathing grew slow and deliberate.

"Yes, soon the bright flame of the Rebellion will find itself extinguished. No one must underestimate the powers of the Force."

The captain leaned back and bite back a sarcastic laugh. "There goes Lord Siloquey

again," he chuckled to himself. "Ranting to the universe about his grand plans." Suddenly Vader stirred, listening to some silent sound. His right hand rose high in the air, stretched open like a waiting claw.

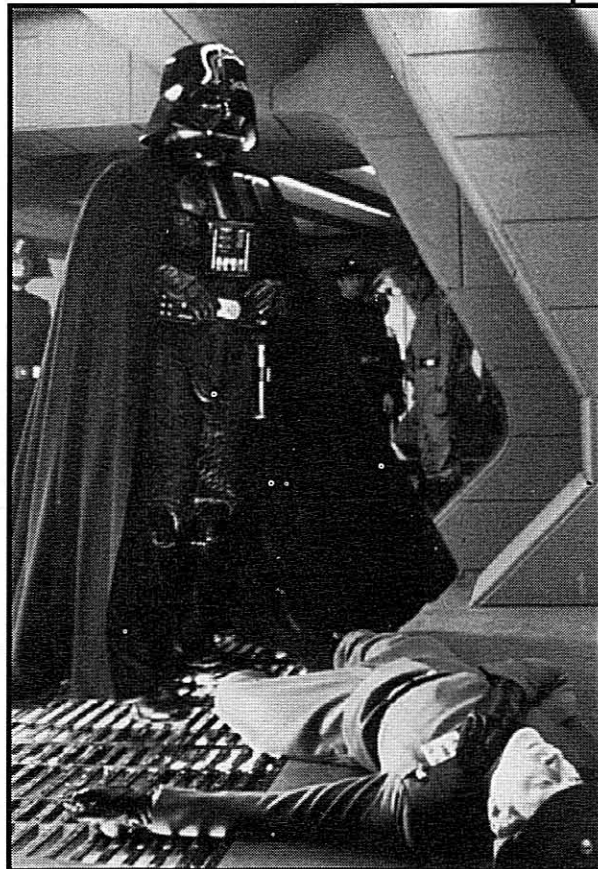
The captain leaned back in his chair and watched Vader's antics with anticipation, wondering what new amusement the Dark Lord of the Sith might be about to provide him.

Slowly, Vader turned to face the captain. "Captain," said the deep voice from behind the black helmet, "I am about to afford you a rare privilege."

The captain jumped from his seat as sudden realization gripped him. Somehow, some way, Vader had heard his comments.

"You are about to experience the powers of the Force," announced the black knight confidently. The open, black-glove hand began to clench, and the captain felt the muscles of his throat collapsing.

As his victim fell to the ground, the Dark Lord's arm fell with him. He continued to gaze out into the inky blackness, this time undisturbed by any mortal companionship.



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tions remained in the hands of the less-motivated and loyal individuals who had served those roles for many years: the Empire had lost the cream of its crop of officers.

**Typical Death Star Officer.** *Dexterity 2D+2, blaster 4D+2, dodge 3D+2, grenade 3D+2, Knowledge 3D, bureaucracy 4D, intimidation 4D, tactics: fleets 5D, Mechanical 3D+2, Perception 3D+1, command 5D+1, Strength 2D+1, brawling 3D+1, Technical 3D, security 4D.* Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, rank command cylinder.

## Death Star Troopers

Tarkin wanted his battle station to be manned by the best the galaxy had to offer, and he had the power and the reputation to have his way. He filled it with the finest officers, the most-competent crew. For good measure, he stocked it with a corps of troopers selected for their combat skills and knowledge. These troopers, named Death Star Troopers and given a distinct uni-



form, were a step above the average stormtrooper or Imperial Army soldier.

These men trained in all manner of combat techniques. Hand-to-hand, blaster pistol, grenade, and heavy weapons training were just some of the areas they were expected to excel in. They were even instilled with more independence than the average soldier, allowed to think on the run and in unpredictable situations. But this independence was tempered with devotion, fierce loyalty and the need to obey any command an officer issued. While many thought these troops would be wasted aboard the Death Star and would be better used elsewhere, Tarkin disagreed. He wanted nothing left for chance where the massive battle station was concerned. Besides, he reasoned, the more powerful a weapon is inside, the more powerful a punch it packs on the outside.

Still, the troopers themselves felt under-utilized. They believed that their unique talents were not properly used as guards for the most powerful engine of destruction ever created. One wonders what these soldiers would have done if they had been sent into a true combat situation, or, more importantly, how badly their enemy would have been defeated.

With the Death Star's destruction, these elite troopers were destroyed as well. But, though it may take time, where one group of warriors was assembled, another can be raised.

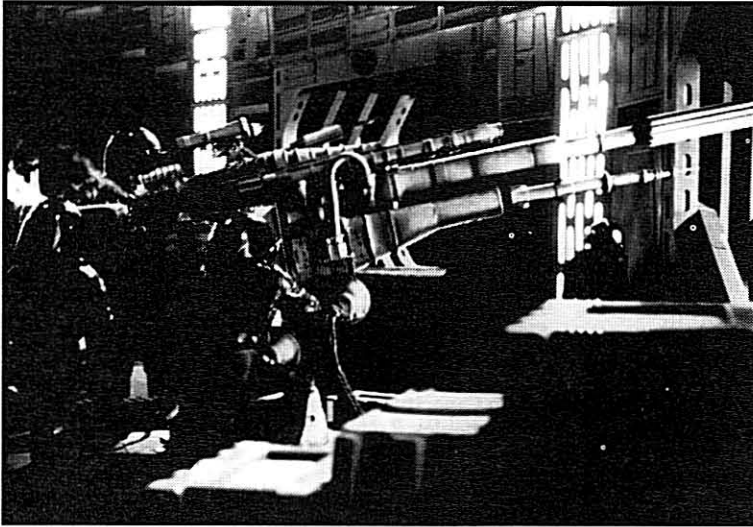
**Typical Death Star Trooper.** *Dexterity 3D+1, blaster 4D, blaster: blaster pistol 5D+1, blaster artillery 4D+2, dodge 4D+1, grenade 4D+1, vehicle blasters 4D+2, Knowledge 2D+1, streetwise 3D+1, Mechanical 2D+2, Perception 4D, command 5D, search 5D+2, Strength 3D+2, brawling 5D+2, Technical 2D.* Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), blaster rifle (5D), grenades (5D), comlink, blast helmet (+1D physical, +1 energy).

## Death Star Gunners

Tarkin did not endear himself to the captains of the Empire's Star Destroyers when he spirited away their very best gunners and placed them under his command. Even while the finishing touches were still being made on the Death Star, the best gunners in the Empire began a ruthless training program to familiarize themselves with their new weapons.

For months, they calibrated their weapons, ran through countless scenario engagements, and honed their fighting skills. A thousand simulated Rebel fleets engaged the Death Star utilizing a thousand battleplans devised by Tarkin's staff, and a thousand Rebel fleets were repelled and destroyed. It did not occur to anyone to run a scenario simulating an attack by small squad-





**Typical Death Star Gunner.** *Dexterity 2D+2, blaster 3D+2, blaster artillery 4D+2, vehicle blasters 4D+2, Knowledge 1D+1, Mechanical 3D, capital ship gunnery 5D, capital ship shields 4D, Perception 1D+1, Strength 1D+1, Technical 2D, capital starship weapon repair 4D.* Targeting computer linkup helmet (+2D fire control capital scale weapons only), blaster pistol (4D), protective armor (+1D physical, +2 energy), tool kit.

## TIE Pilots

The top pilots in the galaxy were, in general, found in the Imperial Navy. To be sure, many great pilots learn by flying makeshift speeders

through treacherous terrain by the seat of their pants. However, the allure of being a combat pilot was indeed a glorious and time-honored one, and the Imperial Navy was able to attract immensely talented pilots.

The Empire played on the sense of duty, the need to maintain order and defense against aggression. Imperial counselors argued that the distinction is an irrelevant one, as they assumed that there should be no difference between defense against outward aggression (that is, alien species and pirates) and inward aggression (e.g., the Rebellion).

Most TIE pilots believed that they were fighting a hostile Rebellion determined to destroy their families and home systems. Since these people got all of their information from Imperial sources, notoriously loaded with propaganda in its purest and most effective forms, the confusion was understandable.

Despite their flying skills and material re-

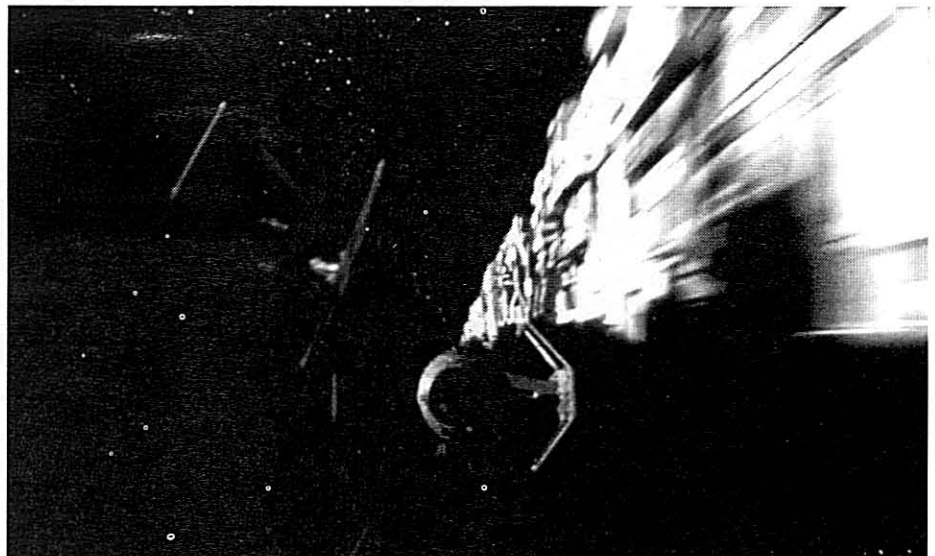
rons of starfighters rather than a massive armada.

The gun crews excelled at their tasks largely because some brilliant commander had thought to transfer top-rated gun crews to the Death Star intact. Unfortunately (for the Imperials, at least), shortly before the Battle of Yavin, an overzealous officer under General Tagge redistributed the gunners in alphabetical order about the vessel in a misguided attempt to encourage crews to become effective in any combination. By that one order, the carefully developed unity of the gun crews and their targeting coordinators was swept away. The defense net of the Death Star had become compromised at the worst possible moment — on the very eve of battle.

Even so, it is to the gunners' credit that most of the Rebel fighters never made it to the exhaust port canyon, where Imperial TIE fighters and more mounted guns awaited. Still, one wonders what might have transpired if the crews had been manning their original posts.

The Death Star fiasco, as it was called throughout the Empire, clearly illustrates how so many little things, when combined, can render the whole asunder. It also gave the Empire some much needed lessons in humility and brought the Rebellion into full swing.

The Death Star gunners, as individuals, could operate a shipboard weapon with more skill and accuracy than any automatic targeting computer being employed. They were a proud, select, and extremely talented few. The Empire shall miss their skills.



## The Battle of Yavin: Imperial Starfighters

There were two principal starfighters which participated in the Battle of Yavin on the Imperial side, both of the Sienar Fleet Systems Twin Ion Engine design.

### TIE Starfighter

Moreso than the imposing Star Destroyer, the TIE fighter is perhaps the most potent and visible symbol of Imperial military might. The TIE is the main military starfighter used by the Empire. It is designed to support such tactical missions as reconnaissance, barrier and point perimeter defense, and ship-to-ship combat.

The diminutive one-man craft is light and very maneuverable. It achieves great speeds because its solar propulsion design eliminates the need for heavy fuel payloads or bulky engines.

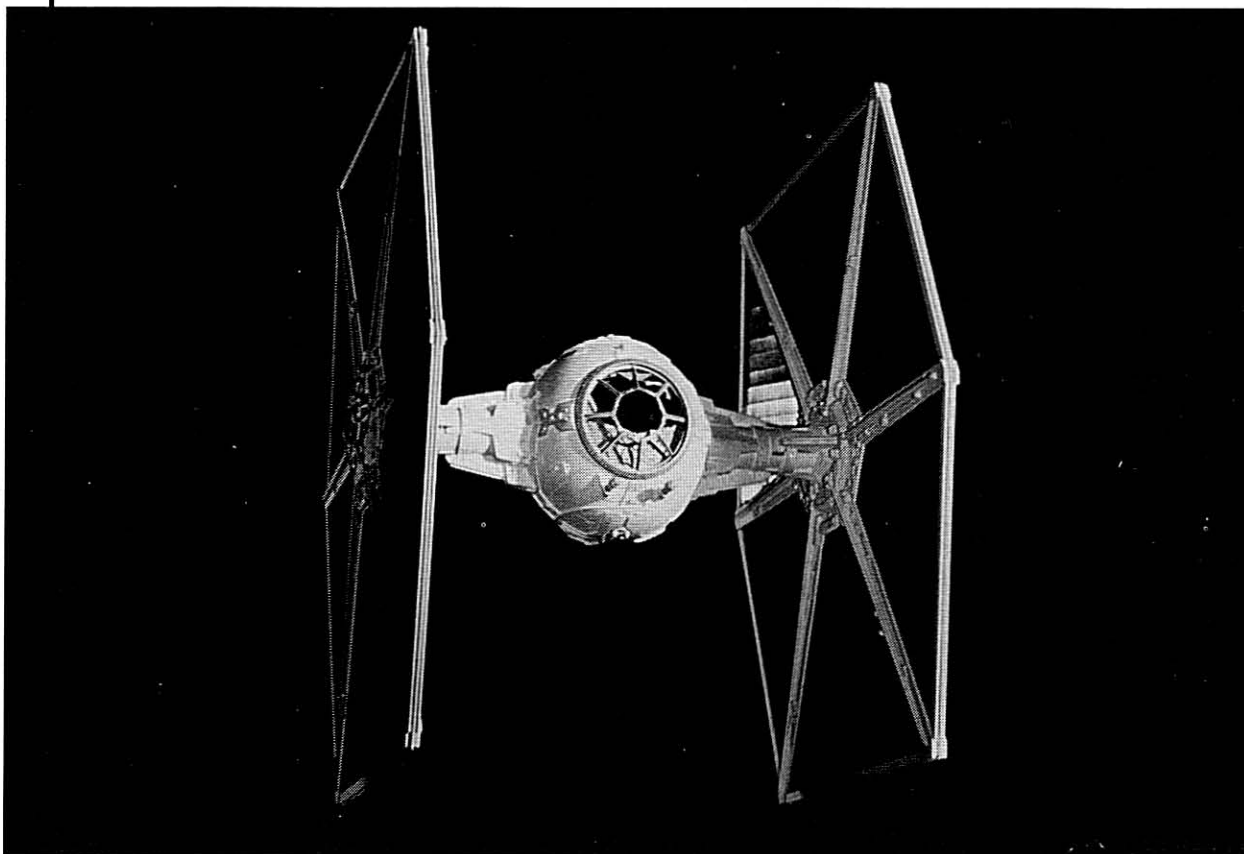
Unfortunately, to gain its incredible speed, the TIE must sacrifice in other areas — it has a thin hull, no shielding, no lifepod, and no hyperdrive. It is armed only with two laser cannons.

TIEs are most often deployed aboard Star Destroyers and other large Imperial vessels, which must carry them into and

out of combat. They also provide system defense, and are stationed at garrison bases on thousands of planets.

### ■ TIE/In Starfighter

**Craft:** Sienar Fleet Systems TIE/In  
**Type:** Space superiority starfighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 6.3 meters  
**Skill:** Starfighter piloting: TIE  
**Crew:** 1  
**Crew Skill:** Starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 4D+2  
**Cargo Capacity:** 75 kilograms  
**Consumables:** 2 days  
**Cost:** Not available for sale  
**Maneuverability:** 2D  
**Space:** 10  
**Atmosphere:** 415; 1,200 KMH  
**Hull:** 2D  
**Sensors:**  
*Passive:* 20/0D  
*Scan:* 40/1D  
*Search:* 60/2D  
*Focus:* 3/3D  
**Weapons:**  
**2 Laser Cannons** (fire-linked)  
*Fire Arc:* Front  
*Skill:* Starship gunnery  
*Fire Control:* 2D  
*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25  
*Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/1.2/2.5 km  
*Damage:* 5D



### TIE Advanced Starfighter

The TIE Advanced x1 Prototype was the prototype used by Lord Darth Vader at the Battle of Yavin. Many variant TIE prototypes were issued into field trials over the years, the x1 being just the first.

The TIE Advanced x1 is armed with two heavy blaster cannons mounted in a forward position. In a radical departure from standard Imperial policy, the x1 is shielded, and is also equipped with a limited-use hyperdrive.

The x1 prototype was widely tested in field trials by elite fighter squadrons before being passed over for other designs, though pilots spoke highly of its performance. However, many design improvements were incorporated into later designs, including faster ion engines, the larger, inward-swept solar panels (reconfigured to increase visibility), and improved combat software.

Some elite squadrons, favoring the shielding and hyperdrive capabilities of the x1, continue to fly it into combat. They use them to perform lightning strikes into and out of target systems independent of support carriers.

### ■ TIE Advanced x1

**Craft:** Sienar Fleet Systems TIE Advanced x1 Prototype

**Type:** Space superiority starfighter

**Scale:** Starfighter

**Length:** 7.8 meters

**Skill:** Starfighter piloting: TIE

**Crew:** 1

**Crew Skill:** Starfighter piloting 6D, starship gunnery 5D

**Cargo Capacity:** 150 kilograms

**Consumables:** 5 days

**Cost:** Not available for sale

**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x4

**Nav Computer:** limited to 10 jumps

**Maneuverability:** 1D+1

**Space:** 10

**Atmosphere:** 415; 1,200 KMH

**Hull:** 3D

**Shields:** 1D+1

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 20/0D

*Scan:* 40/1D

*Search:* 60/2D

*Focus:* 3/3D

**Weapons:**

**2 Blaster Cannons** (fire-linked)

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

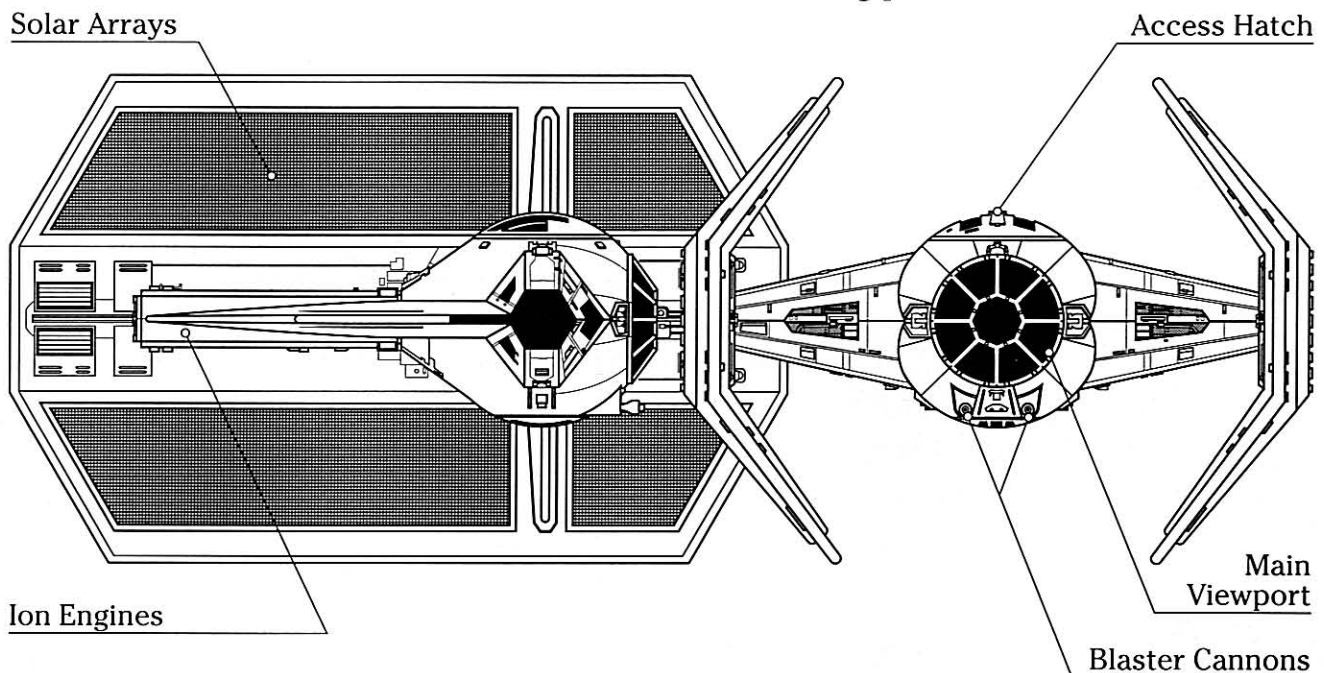
*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1–3/12/25

*Atmosphere Range:* 100–300/1.2/2.5 km

*Damage:* 6D

### TIE Advanced x1 Prototype





sources, the TIE pilots of the Empire found themselves steadily more outclassed. Once, these pilots had no problems besting the Alliance's feeble Y-Wing and Z-95 Headhunter fighters. With the introduction of the X-Wing starfighter, the superior maneuverability of the Rebel ships made it more and more difficult for Imperial pilots to hold their own against their Rebel opponents.

The Death Star tour of duty became a rallying point for TIE pilots, for within their fast starfighters they would get to defend the forefront of Imperial military technology. It was to be a glorious moment for these pilots, but like the countless others, this moment was brief and ended in disaster for the Empire.

**Typical TIE Fighter Pilot.** *Dexterity 3D+1, blaster 4D+1, dodge 4D+1, Knowledge 2D, planetary systems 3D, Mechanical 4D, sensors 4D+2, starfighter piloting 6D, starship gunnery 5D, Perception 3D, command 4D, search 4D, Strength 3D, stamina 4D, Technical 2D, computer programming/repair 3D+1, starfighter repair 5D. Move: 10. Navigation computer linkup helmet (internal comlink, +1D to sensors), high gravity stress flight suit with life support equipment, one week emergency rations, blaster pistol (4D), survival gear.*

### Imperial Interrogator Droid

The Eyetee-Oh (IT-O), or interrogation droid, is a fundamental twisting of first-degree droid technology and programming. Even before the Rebel Alliance learned of this line of interrogation droids, the Alliance heard rumors that the Imperial Security Bureau (ISB) was developing a series of interrogation droids.

The Eyetee model is a highly sophisticated droid incorporating a number of different technologies. It is capable of independent motion,

with its own repulsorlift system.

The glossy black surface of the globe is dotted with probes, needles, and sensors, all linked to one another. In function these devices have obviously been adapted from two sources: top-of-the-line medical droids, and the latest ultra-secret assassin droids. In the IT-O, it is proven again that technology can be used for both good and evil.

The IT-O monitors all body functions, like the best of diagnostic droids, but for a different reason entirely. Instead of wishing to analyze what is wrong with a body system, the IT-O attempts to discover how to make a healthy system go wrong. It searches for weaknesses to exploit, both physical and chemical.

The Eyetee series is equipped with the latest in microsurgical instrumentation and chemical injectors. Precise stimulation of nerves assures the victim excruciating pain while the victim remains conscious. The Empire regularly used non-approved medicines and drugs in such endeavors, as it was rarely concerned with future side effects.

Because of the unique nature of the Death Star project, the battle station was stocked with a number of these terrible machines, exclusively the domain of security and detention personnel. Few others can stand to watch the droids in action.

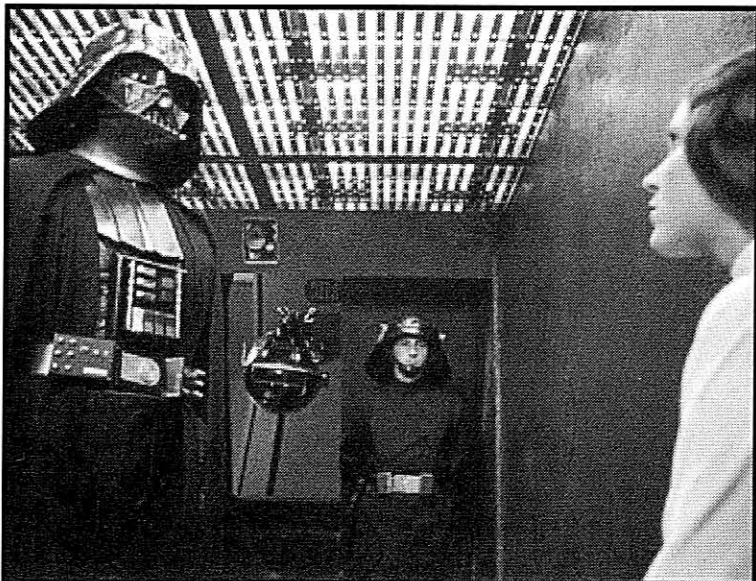
**IT-O Interrogation Droid.** *Dexterity 1D, dodge 3D, melee combat 3D, melee parry 3D, interrogation devices 4D+1, Knowledge 3D, intimidation: interrogation 7D+2, Mechanical 2D, Perception 4D, search 5D, Strength 3D, Technical 2D, first aid 4D, security 4D. Move: 3. Laser scalpel (3D), hypodermic injectors (4D stun damage), power shears (5D damage), grasping claw (+1D to lifting).*

### Dianoga

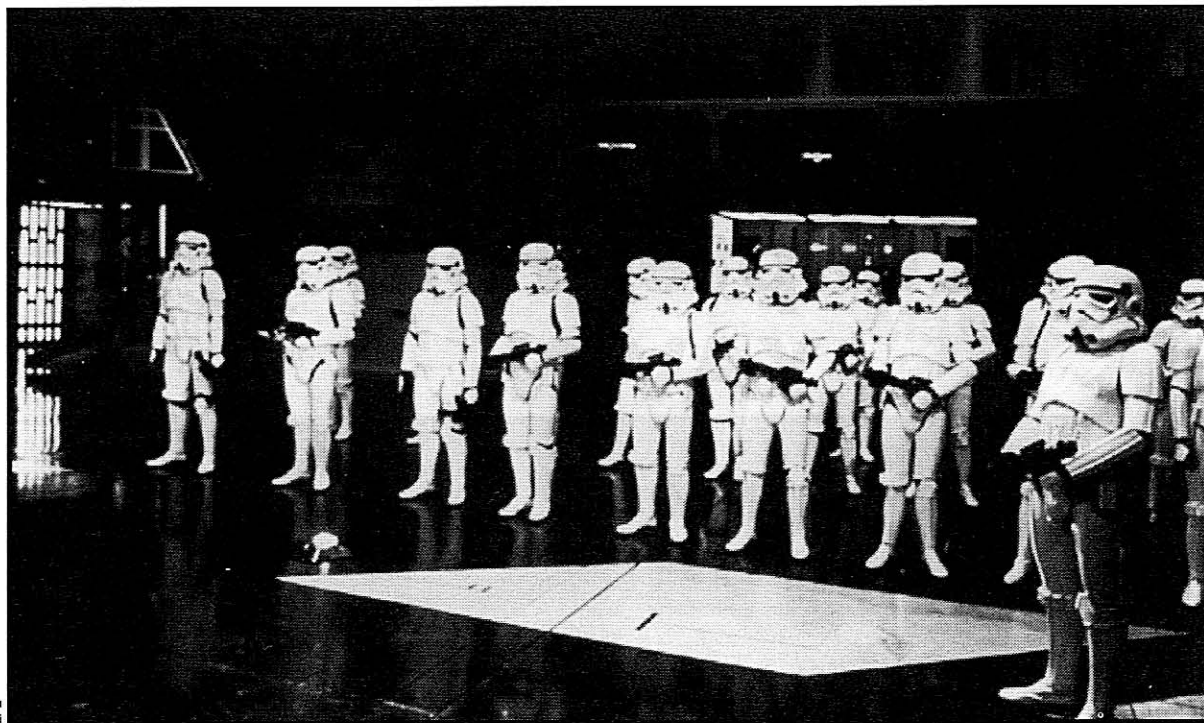
The dianoga, or garbage squid, is a pesky parasite. Dianogas hide themselves in garbage compressors and waste collection bins, where they will consume almost anything except pure metals.

Since garbage is not in short supply or an endangered resource, dianogas are not generally hunted and killed when they are discovered. However, dianogas that are left to themselves for a long period of time and with a large supply of food often grow large enough to become dangerous.

The vast waste collection bins aboard the Death Star were infested with these creatures. According to reports made by Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia, Luke was attacked and almost dragged off for later consumption by one of the eager creatures.



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Usually dianogas are shy and peaceful, a trait they evolved on the lush planet of Vodran, the only known native habitat of these creatures (although they have now stretched out across the galaxy). On Vodran, where huge carnivorous predators roam the steamy jungles and swamps at will, it became a distinct advantage to live and grow off the remains left behind by the larger beasts. The dianoga also adapted quickly to a water-based environment as it is much easier to conceal oneself in the murky depths.

They possess one solitary eyestalk that is used as a periscope. With the rest of the creature underwater, its chances of being detected by a predator are much lower. However, more than one dianoga has used the long and flexible eyestalk to explore down tunnels and around corners.

Dianogas usually grow to about five or six meters in length (including tentacles), but sizes above ten meters are not unknown.

Dianogas have seven tentacles that they use for locomotion and to catch food. These tentacles grow back rapidly if severed.

One very fascinating environmental adaptation is that the creature, when unfed, is transparent and almost invisible in clear water. But a garbage squid always turns the color of its food once it has eaten. Biologists believe that the creature's metabolism diverts part of its digested meals into a small system of ducts and sacs near the surface of the creature's skin. While this is an inefficient conversion of food intake, it does provide dianogas with a sophisticated form of camouflage. People have been known to walk right over these squids, believing them to be rotting vines or power cables.

**Dianoga.** *Dexterity 2D, Perception 3D+1, Strength 6D.* Special abilities: Can change color to match surroundings (+4D to *sneak* rolls); tentacles (target must make opposed *Strength* roll to escape and not be dragged along). Move: 3.

# **Chapter Four**

## **YAVIN**





# **“Stand-by alert. Death Star approaching. Estimated time to firing range, 15 minutes.”**

## **Massassi Base tech**

The Battle of Yavin was the moment of truth for the Alliance to Restore the Republic. At that time, the alliance was still in its adolescence. Yavin Base served as both central command and prime military base. This made the Alliance particularly vulnerable. While there were countless minor Rebel bases spread throughout the galaxy, if Yavin Base were to be destroyed, the rebellion would have been effectively over.

The story of these men and women who fought so bravely must not and cannot go unchronicled. For every man who has achieved the fame of Luke Skywalker or Han Solo, there are countless men, like Jek Porkins and Biggs Darklighter, who sacrificed their lives so that the battle might be won. This is not intended to sound like these people chose to die so that others could go on, but every person who straps into a starfighter knows the risks. Anyone flying into combat is terrified of the danger, but everyone also knows that the battle must be fought. These men who have fought and died in the cause of the Rebellion must be remembered.

### **General Jan Dodonna**

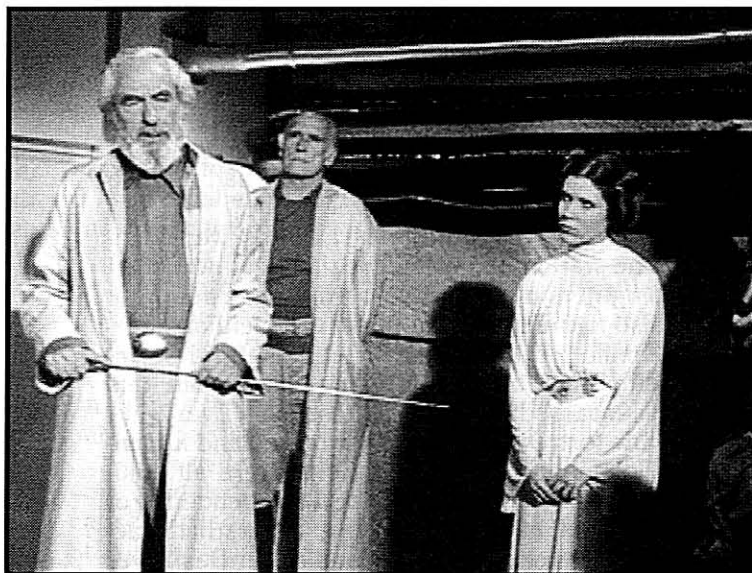
The Rebel Alliance’s master tactician at the time of the Battle of Yavin was General Jan Dodonna. The aging Old Republic commander came out of retirement when the New Order took hold, assembling a group of many of his famous and ever-loyal comrades in the process.

This combination of youthful exuberance and reflex shown by the line warriors, tempered by wise, thoughtful organization at the command level, made the Alliance a viable fighting force. Through the wise guidance of experienced commanders such as Jan Dodonna, young heroes like Commander Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia Organa learned about military strategy and worked their way into command positions. But it should not be too greatly emphasized that the Alliance’s greatest early victory, the destruction of the Death Star, was as much a product of

masterful sharpshooting as it was the culmination of a carefully thought out plan based on the technical readouts of the station.

General Dodonna is the man primarily responsible for the success of the battle of Yavin. Without his masterful analysis of the Death Star’s defenses, the Alliance would likely have fled from Yavin or mounted a hopeless all-out assault. Dodonna found the weakness in the Death Star’s defense, and therefore made an attack feasible in the first place.

Dodonna was one of the finest Star Destroyer captains during the days of the Old Republic. Along with old friend Adar Tallon, Dodonna virtually wrote the book on modern interstellar combat. While Tallon specialized in ship-to-ship combat, Dodonna fully rewrote the logistics and siege aspects of galactic war. It is a sore point with him that many of his early proposals for siege weapons were developed, produced, and employed by the Empire. Their use has been twisted in such notorious incidents as the unholy Siege of Dalron Five and the infamous Project Asteroid.



Tallon and Dodonna were inseparable friends. It was a sad day indeed when Adar Tallon “died” (later it was revealed that Tallon went into hiding and was eventually convinced to join the Rebel Alliance). General Dodonna had already retired by the time the New Order was truly born. The Empire felt he was no longer useful enough to be “retrained” for use by the Emperor. Dodonna’s execution was ordered and it became a race to see who could reach him first, the Empire of the Alliance.

The Rebel Alliance found him first. But Dodonna felt older than he truly was, and the years of retirement had weakened his fighting spirit considerably. The Rebels found he no longer had a stomach for war.

Just as the Alliance shuttle was preparing to depart from Dodonna’s private moon, the aging general stumbled up the ramp, blaster holes dotting his billowing nightshirt. Fortunately, the approaching Imperial troopers had shot at the large cloth target, missing the frail body within.

As the vessel lifted off, Dodonna fiercely took command of the ship’s guns and dealt with his would-be assassins personally.

A few months of exercise and catch-up reading on the latest in hardware and politics and General Dodonna was reborn, a founding father of the Rebellion against the Empire. At the time, he was the single most important military commander in the Alliance, second in authority only to Mon Mothma.

General Dodonna always takes a personal interest in his troops and tries to meet every soldier under his command. He is not afraid to go out in the trenches every so often, just to keep his hand in and to motivate his troops.

After the Battle of Yavin, Dodonna retained military command of Yavin Base for a short time. However, following the tragic death of his son, Dodonna slipped into a period of deep depression. He was critically wounded during the evacuation of Yavin (the Alliance thought him killed in the assault). He was captured by Imperial forces,

but thanks to the efforts of a brave Rebel assault team, Dodonna was rescued, and was reunited with Tallon. He returned to a quiet semi-retirement, consulting with Alliance command on an occasional basis.

#### ■ General Jan Dodonna

Type: Alliance General

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy 5D+2, military history 7D, military history: modern fleet battles 11D, tactics: capital ships 8D, tactics: fleets 7D, tactics: sieges 9D+1, tactics: starfighters 6D+1

MECHANICAL 3D+2

Astrogation 5D+1, space transports 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 4D+2, command 7D

STRENGTH 2D+1

Stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 7D, droid programming 6D+1, droid repair 4D+2, security 6D+2

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 6

Move: 9

Equipment: Datapad, blaster pistol (4D), comlink, holographic map projector and pointer

### Rebel Soldiers

Trying to describe a standard Rebel warrior is sort of like trying to describe a standard leaf of a tree. In a feeble attempt at defining the general shape of all leaves, you miss the many types of leaves and the multitude of different trees they might spring from.

What is true, however, is that many Rebel soldiers come from broken homes and broken worlds. There is something about a solid domestic childhood that makes gallivanting across the galaxy in an attempt to alter its fate seem simply ridiculous. Most Rebels burn with the desire to change history, realizing that their lives probably will be forfeit and the odds of their success are minimal. They believe that their lives, even if brief, should have meaning.

### Dodonna’s Story

*The following text is excerpted (with permission) from General Dodonna’s personal memoirs. The reader will likely be amazed at the sheer stroke of good fortune that seems to have led to the plan for destruction of the Death Star, but Luke Skywalker would argue that the Force guided Dodonna’s dreams just as he claims it guided his own one-in-a-billion shot. Let the reader make his or her own decision.*

We awaited the recovery of the plans with more than a little trepidation. As a former officer in the Imperial Navy, I already knew that there were men much more clever than I in charge of the great battle station’s defenses. Perhaps I was being too modest—I only hoped. After all, most of the senior officers of the Old Republic were either dead or with the Alliance now. Ambitious young officers currently ran the Imperial Navy. I wished with all of my being that in their haste to design, construct, and deploy their “ultimate power in the universe” they had made a mistake somewhere ... anywhere.

I was wrong. Artoo-Detoo’s readouts were ominous. The station had more guns and gunners than we had fighters by a factor of perhaps five hundred. I had also figured on an impressive shield arrangement, similar to the planetary defense grid structures employed by most Imperial bases, but this station surpassed even my greatest fears. Every portion of the fortress was heavily armored and impenetrably shielded, and these shields were all computer-linked and could be dropped independently of one another. The tractor beams, by firsthand account, were strong enough to pull a Star Destroyer into place, to say nothing of a smaller ship or a

starfighter. The station was, for all intents and purposes, invulnerable.

I went to sleep that night realizing that the only way we could hope to penetrate the armor of the moon-sized station would be to send wave after wave of our heaviest vessels crashing into the Death Star, on the minuscule chance that somewhere we’d cause enough damage to render the station impotent. Of course, this would essentially mean the end of the Alliance as it stood, but if we succeeded in crippling or destroying the station, we might buy ourselves enough time to allow a new force of Rebels to arise in our place. And this time without the shadow of a Death Star looming over them. A suicidal plan is the riskiest of them all, but I was determined to take the Imperials down with us if we were going to die anyway.

I prepared my notes for the following day’s meetings and headed off to bed. Strangely however, though the decision was made, I continued to think about it as sleep claimed me. I left my chamber and wandered about the halls, hoping that a little fresh air and exercise might do the trick, as it always had in the old days before a great battle.

As I gathered my thoughts and felt my limbs weaken, I heard a child crying in one of the refugee halls. I went to calm the child’s tears but there was something odd about this moment, a presence I would call it, beckoning me. The child cried about a nightmare: a dragon and how it was coming to burn her village into cinders.

Then I remembered a tale, an old one passed on through the ages. A fairy tale about a dragon and the

bold Jedi Knight that slew it to save his village. “You have nothing to fear,” I told the child, “for there was a hole in the dragon’s armor of scales, and the Knight’s lightsaber smote true and pierced the very heart of the beast, killing it instantly. The village was saved and they all lived happily ever after.”

The child was content and drifted to sleep. I felt like I was young again. I ran back to my quarters and dropped into my chair. Flicking on a glow-lamp, my aching muscles and bones reminded me of my age and my eyes strained at the holographic display. I grabbed my lenses and began the painstaking search for a hole in the dragon’s armor. I wanted something no one would think about having to protect, for perhaps they believed no one in their right mind would attack it.

The landing bays were protected, as were the garbage disposals. The communications towers were double shielded and even had back-up power supplies and surge dampers to prevent a shorting out of the whole system. Then I followed that idea throughout the power supply of the entire station, from the generators to the exhaust ports—and there it was! Exhaust ports are made to vent particle flux and generator byproducts, but they are designed to work only one way—out. “What would happen if energy was sent back down the way it came?” I asked myself. I consulted the computer and all answers led to either nothing, more backup systems, or too much time before significant damage was inflicted.

Then, I pulled back from the image and rubbed my eyes. It was getting to be early morning and the Death Star was not very far away according to reports. I gave one last dejected look at the maps and leaned back further.

My chair gave way. Falling onto the floor, I narrowly avoided breaking my neck and decided that four hours of sleep was better than none at all. I told the holoprojector to close down. I resigned myself to die today without bloodshot eyes at least.

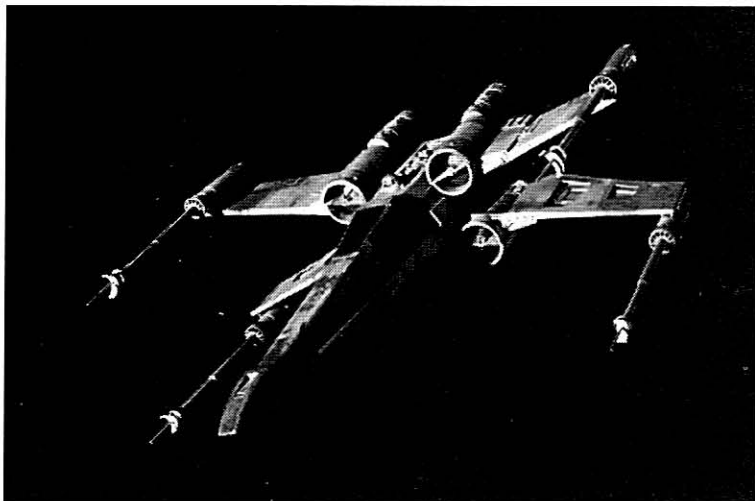
Then I saw it. A long narrow line running from the exhaust port right to the core of the reactor. The line was perfectly straight, like a target, or the blade of a lightsaber driving its way to the heart of the station, the core of the reactor. I realized that if anything at all passed down that tube and hit the sensitive and unstable reactor core, the whole station would be destroyed.

A direct hit from a skilled pilot would travel smoothly down the gullet of the reactor. After all, the exhaust port casing had to be shielded to keep its waste from reentering the ship. The irony was exquisite—if the shot hits, its own protections will guarantee its destruction.

My hopes were momentarily dashed as I asked the computer how big the tube was. Two meters in diameter. It might as well have been two millimeters. Even targeting computers would be sorely tested to place a shot in the vent.

And then it was when I realized how important hope was. That Jedi Knight could only slay the dragon because he tried. The Alliance could only defeat the Death Star because it tried. The Alliance had a chance.





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Many Rebels have a private score to settle with the Empire. Many were forced to live as orphans or to witness the execution of their parents by stormtroopers. Luke Skywalker very much fits the profile of a typical Rebel soldier. It is truly sad that terrible strife is often the final spark that sets the typical Rebel-to-be into action.

New Rebels learn how to fight very quickly and have a will to learn that is second to none. Imperial officers must often use propaganda and disguised bribes to encourage their recruits, but Rebel soldiers often learn under the most adverse conditions (e.g., active combat) and with little or no immediate reward. They are exceptionally driven and loyal to the Alliance far beyond any loyalty that could be induced by the propaganda and brainwashing techniques of the Empire.

It is also important to make a distinction in the two causes these forces are fighting for. The Empire is fighting to maintain order, the newly

imposed status quo. Little or no initiative is required just to follow "the book." In contrast, Rebel warriors must be constantly alert and improvising, because breaking the rules is often times much more difficult than enforcing them.

Imperial platoons are specialized, and their tasks are assigned months in advance. Rebel platoons, on the other hand, get their assignments at a moment's notice, often as soon as that Imperial communique has been decoded and the military convoy they're supposed to hit is only a hyperspace jump away. Therefore, it is obvious that the best Rebels are the jacks-of-all-trades, the ones who can make a difference no matter where they are or what they are up against.

The common Rebel soldier is not quite so common. They don't hide their faces like stormtroopers do, as Rebels actually care about who they're working with and what pains or joys their friends are feeling. They make strong friendships which last unto death and Alliance commanders make sure that good teams always stick together. They are inventive, easygoing, ferocious in combat, and although they don't have a wish to die, they can accept that fate if that is what is required of them. After all, they are fighting for the greater good of all people and species. The struggle must go on so that future generations may live in the peace and freedom that was so shamelessly squandered away.

**Typical Rebel Soldier.** *Dexterity 3D+2, blaster 5D+2, grenade 4D+2, Knowledge 1D, Mechanical 1D+1, Perception 1D+1, hide 2D, sneak 2D+1, Strength 3D, brawling 4D, Technical 1D+2, demolitions 2D+2. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), grenades (5D), macrobinoculars (+1D search greater than 50 meters), comlink, blast vest (+1 energy, +1D physical), blast helmet (+1 energy, +1D physical).*



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## Rebel Pilots

What can be said about Rebel soldiers can be taken double-measure for Rebel pilots. Their skills are even more exceptional and their success is rarely equaled. Since Rebel pilots know that they will invariably be outnumbered by their enemy, they often expect to die, and this often becomes part of their "initiation" into the ranks of veteran Rebel pilots.

They develop nerves of steel and eyes as sharp as their own advanced sensor equipment. It is not unheard of for Rebel pilots to spot their enemies visually long before their sensors register the presence. "The visibility of space," they declare, "is infinite." These men have a respect for their ships and their opponents, and a love of speed. They fear death (as any sane being would), yet thrive in the pressure-packed, adrenaline-packed arena of fighter combat.

**Typical Rebel Pilot.** *Dexterity 2D, blaster 4D, dodge 3D, Knowledge 1D, planetary systems 2D+2, Mechanical 3D, starfighter piloting 5D, starfighter piloting: X-wing 6D, starship gunnery 4D, Perception 1D+2, Strength 2D+2, Technical 2D, computer programming/repair 3D. Move: 10. Blaster pistol (4D), comlink, sealed flight suit.*

## Biggs Darklighter

Biggs Darklighter was best known for his affiliation with Luke Skywalker, and for his heroism during the Battle of Yavin.

As a child, Biggs was one of the privileged class on Tatooine. His father, the food-magnate Huff Darklighter, made sure that Biggs got everything he ever desired in life. Everything, that is, except for a father's warmth and understanding. The elder Darklighter purchased his water from moisture farmers at cut rates, and then sold the resulting produce at a tremendous profit. He is considered to be the largest food producer on Tatooine, and has swallowed up dozens of family-owned moisture farms to ensure a constant supply of water for his subterranean crops.

Before long, Biggs became discontented with his family and started spending more and more of his time in the streets of Anchorhead. There he met a young boy by the name of Luke Skywalker. Luke and Biggs became fast friends, but there was always an air of competition about their friendship.

The two friends spent most of their teenage years together. They raced landspeeders and skyhoppers, dreamed of space battles, and made plans to go to the Academy together. Biggs' father could ensure his son's commission, while Luke's raw talent was more than adequate for acceptance. After they graduated, they planned to serve their required time and then get a space-

## The Letter Home

*This letter was written from a Rebel X-wing pilot to his mother the morning before the Battle of Yavin. As with most letters home from Rebel regulars, it went untransmitted for several years for security reasons. The pilot's name has been omitted. He died during the assault.*

Dear Mom,

I know you don't think much of what I'm doing now, but it's something I feel I must do. I know Dad would've understood, but then again, you didn't agree with him on that matter anyway.

I just want you to know that I'm about to get very close to actual combat, against odds we have little hope of surmounting. I know that may sound crazy, but by the time you get this letter, you'll know whether we succeeded and whether I made it. We're going in against the greatest war machine ever built, something that drives the Empire's policy these days — a machine built for domination, subjugation, and conquest.

I know you hear very little about what we're doing back home, and see even less on the holomedia. What you do find out is only what the Empire releases, and they outright lie most of the time. Sure, we can argue about that until doomsday, but that's not what I wrote you about.

I wanted you to know that I feel I'm doing something important. I can't save the galaxy myself; I don't think anyone can alone. But I'm helping out, and the few lives I've already saved from the Empire's tyrannies have made it all worth it in my view.

How long it may remain the way it is and how free we will be is impossible to say at this moment. By tomorrow, we may not have a definite answer, but the signs will be unmistakable.

Let the family know what I'm doing. You don't have to glorify it, but don't demean it either. One day you'll understand, I hope, and on that day I pray this will all have been a bad dream from very long ago. I love you and may the Force be with you. And us.

Love,

Your Son

ship together, going into business for themselves. They never really decided what they would do once they were zooming through space, but in their youthful exuberance it didn't really matter.

Unfortunately, Luke was detained for "another season" to help his uncle's struggling moisture farm and Biggs was forced to start his training without him. This was heartbreaking to both lads at the time, but grew more and more so as season after season passed with Luke forced to stay for just "one more harvest."

Eventually, Biggs graduated and was assigned to the merchant ship *Rand Ecliptic*. But during his time at the Academy, Biggs made friends. Dan-



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gerous friends, sympathetic to the Rebel Alliance. They planned to jump ship once they reached an outlying system. From there, Biggs and his friends were going to join the Alliance.

Biggs demonstrated unswerving loyalty for the Alliance once he made contact. He had a knack for hot-dogging TIE fighters that was unmatched until his old friend Luke Skywalker entered the scene.

Had Biggs Darklighter survived the Battle of Yavin, he would no doubt be a major force in the Alliance, much like his

friend Luke Skywalker. But he did not survive, instead giving his life so that the Rebellion would succeed. Luke's brief reunion with his childhood friend in the Yavin hangar bay just before the final assault on the Death Star is one of those moments the fledgling Jedi looks back on today, wishing he could grab hold of it, and stretch it out indefinitely.

#### ■ Biggs Darklighter

Type: Brash Pilot

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 4D+2, dc.lge 5D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 2D+2**

Cultures 4D+2, planetary systems 4D, streetwise 3D+2

**MECHANICAL 4D**

Repulsorlift operation 5D+1, starfighter piloting 6D, starship gunnery 6D

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Con 4D

**STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 4D+1, stamina 5D

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Computer programming/repair 4D+1, repulsorlift repair 3D+2, security 3D+2

**Character Points: 4**

**Move: 10**

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

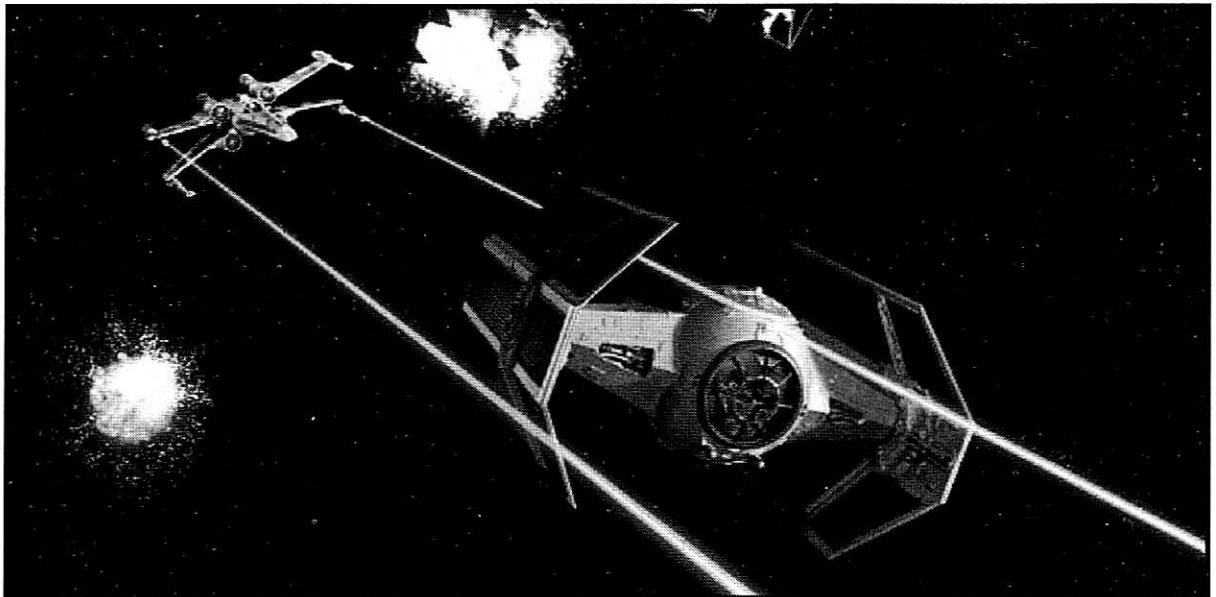
## Wedge Antilles

Another heroic friend of Commander Skywalker's is Wedge Antilles. This Corellian had a reputation as something of a showoff before he was assigned to Skywalker's squad during the Battle of Yavin. After that engagement, he quickly became one of the Alliance's rising young stars.

He was one of the few pilots to survive the Battle of Yavin, and not by any act of cowardice. Wedge is credited with a half dozen kills during the assault and aided in Luke's final run for the exhaust port. After the battle, Luke and Wedge became good friends, and the two of them jointly founded the famous Rogue Squadron.

Wedge's parents were the managers of one of many fueling depots in outer Gus Treta, a spaceport in the Corellian system. When a pirate vessel fleeing authorities burst out of its hangar without unhooking its cables, the ensuing fireball destroyed both it and the entire complex. With the insurance for the complex and his parents, and the reward for indirectly disposing of the wanted felons, Wedge bought his own Corellian light freighter. Having spent his entire life around repulsorlifts and hyperdrives, he modified it to suit him.

With some credits left over, Wedge began a profitless attempt to make a respectable living in a system where smuggling was the rule, not the exception.



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In a last ditch effort, Wedge joined the Alliance as a weapons smuggler, and soon got caught up in something far larger than the turn of a credit or two.

After Wedge's success at Yavin, he has since gone on to be one of the most famous and decorated pilots in the Alliance. Wedge led Rogue Squadron in such combats as the Battle of Endor (re-christened Red Squadron for that battle, in honor of his first squadron at the Battle of Yavin), as well as many others.

### ■ Wedge Antilles

Type: Brash Pilot

**DEXTERITY 3D**

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 5D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

Alien species 3D+2, bureaucracy 4D+2, planetary systems 4D+2

**MECHANICAL 4D**

Astrogation 6D, space transports 5D+2, starfighter piloting: X-wing 5D+2, starship gunnery 5D, starship shields 4D+2

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Bargain 4D, gambling 4D+1

**STRENGTH 3D**

Stamina 4D

**TECHNICAL 3D**

Computer programming/repair 5D, repulsorlift repair 3D+2, space transports repair 4D+1, starfighter repair 4D+1

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster pistol (4D), sealed flight suit, comlink, tool kit

### Jek Porkins

The "Kenobi Medallion" for heroic sacrifice is one of the highest honors awarded within the Alliance. However, it is only given in memory of those who have nobly sacrificed themselves in the Alliance's fight for freedom against the tyrannies of the Galactic Empire. The first Rebels ever to receive this posthumous commendation were the gallant heroes killed during the Battle of Yavin. Many brave and noble men and women met their end on that day and none were more brave and noble than Jek Porkins.

Jek was a free trader from the Bestine system who had just gone into business for himself when the Empire decided it needed a new high-security base of operations in that arm of the galaxy. The entire populace of Bestine IV, by comparison very small, was forced to vacate their homeworld so that the Empire might have a totally secure base of operations. Naturally, there were promises of relocation in a "new and exciting" environment, but these turned out to be empty promises. The people of Bestine IV began to wander nomadically throughout the sector, seemingly without pride or purpose.

Receiving news of this latest Imperial outrage, the then-fledgling Rebel Alliance thought that the homeless people of Bestine IV would make ideal

### Wish You Were Here

*The following data transmission from Biggs Darklighter to Luke Skywalker is dated a few weeks before the deaths of Luke's guardians and young Skywalker's subsequent flight from Tatooine. It was graciously given to Voren Na'al for inclusion in his report by Luke himself. He feels it is a fitting tribute to his late friend, who heroically lost his life during the Battle of Yavin.*

Dear Luke,

How're things on Tatooine? Hot as ever, I'll bet. Things are getting pretty hot for me these days, too. I'm sure you're still doing boring stuff on your uncle's farm, so I'll tell you about my exciting stuff instead.

Since I graduated from the Academy, I've been assigned to a merchant ship as first mate. They won't give me many responsibilities yet, as for some reason they don't trust me all that much. I don't think we're running anything illegal, but they're nervous a lot anyway. Remember how your uncle got whenever we asked about your dad? They're sort of like that. Actually, they're a lot like that.

Hey! How is Old Uncle Whiner doing these days? When's he gonna let you come to the Academy? You were the best pilot of all of us and you're gonna be the last to go through. By the by, this Rebellion thing is getting hairy. The Empire will promise you a moon full of credits to transfer into the military, but do what I did instead — get them to commission you to a non-combat post. It's safer and you don't have to worry about their political garbage.

Seriously, if you don't get off that dust bowl soon you'll be tending vaporators for the rest of your life. Mark my words, kid.

Sometimes I miss tagging womp rats in Beggar's Canyon. You were the better shot, but I was the better flyer. Well, just as good as you at least. If you think you're any better, you'll have to come out here and prove it.

Good luck with one more season of dust and droids.

Your best friend,  
Biggs

P.S. Don't show this data transmission to anyone and don't let anyone know you've heard from me. I can't tell you why now, but I will next time I'm near Tatooine. If you don't hear from me in a little while, don't worry. I've just been given some real responsibility for once in my life and it feels great.

recruits, gladly joining in the cause if only because they had nowhere else to turn. This proved to be untrue. The people of Bestine IV were not interested in a life anywhere but on their own homeworld. They scoffed at the fugitive "life on the run" that the Rebellion offered, wanting only to live as they were, slowly gathering the weapons and resources needed to retake their stolen world. Even the desperate pleadings of then-Senator Princess Leia Organa could not convince them otherwise.



## The Battle of Yavin: Rebel Starfighters

### X-wing Fighter

The X-wing Space Superiority Fighter is without a doubt the signature craft of the Rebel Alliance. It is a well-balanced fighter, combining great speed with high maneuverability and heavy armament. Armament includes a targeting computer, four wing-mounted laser cannons, deflector shields, and proton torpedoes.

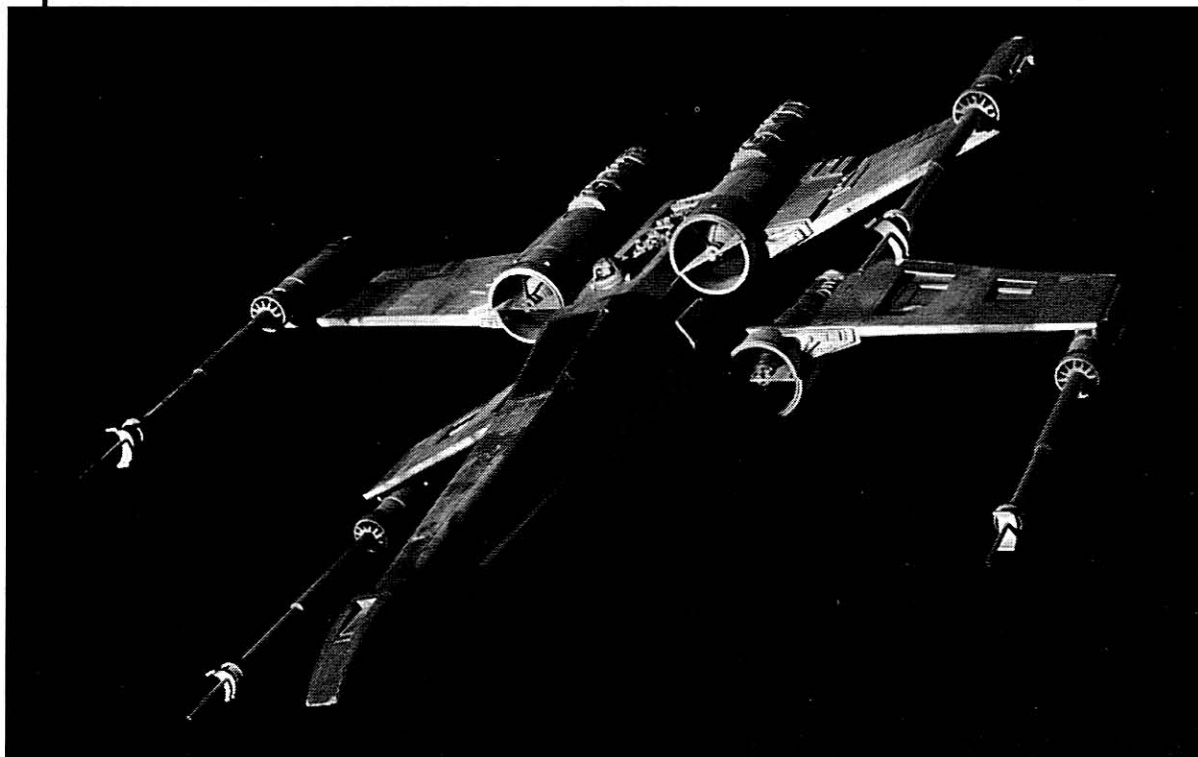
The X-wing derives its name from the distinctive shape it assumes when its S-foils are deployed into "strike" position. In non-combat situations, and especially when flying through an atmosphere where an aerodynamic lifting surface is required, the wing foils are locked together.

While the pilot is occupied with cockpit chores, he is assisted by an R2 series astromech droid which fits into a special recessed socket located on the vessel's outer hull, just behind the cockpit. The astromech monitors all onboard maintenance and life-support systems, as well as augmenting the ship's computer capabilities.

#### ■ X-wing Starfighter

**Craft:** Incom T-65B X-Wing  
**Type:** Space superiority fighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 12.5 meters

**Skill:** Starfighter piloting: X-wing  
**Crew:** 1 and Astromech Droid  
**Crew Skill:** Starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 4D+2, starship shields 3D  
**Cargo Capacity:** 110 kilograms; .4 cubic meters  
**Consumables:** 1 week  
**Cost:** (new), (used)  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1  
**Nav Computer:** None (uses Astromech Droid)  
**Maneuverability:** 3D  
**Space:** 8  
**Atmosphere:** 365; 1050 KMH  
**Hull:** 4D  
**Shields:** 1D  
**Sensors:**  
  *Passive:* 25/0D  
  *Scan:* 50/1D  
  *Search:* 75/2D  
  *Focus:* 3/4D  
**Weapons:**  
  **Four Laser Cannons** (fire-linked)  
    *Fire Arc:* Front  
    *Skill:* Starship gunnery  
    *Fire Control:* 3D  
    *Space Range:* 1-3/12/25  
    *Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/1.21m/2.5km  
    *Damage:* 6D  
  **Two Proton Torpedo Launchers**  
    *Fire Arc:* Front  
    *Skill:* Starship gunnery  
    *Fire Control:* 2D  
    *Space Range:* 1/3/7  
    *Atmosphere Range:* 30-100/300/700m  
    *Damage:* 9D



## Y-wing Fighter

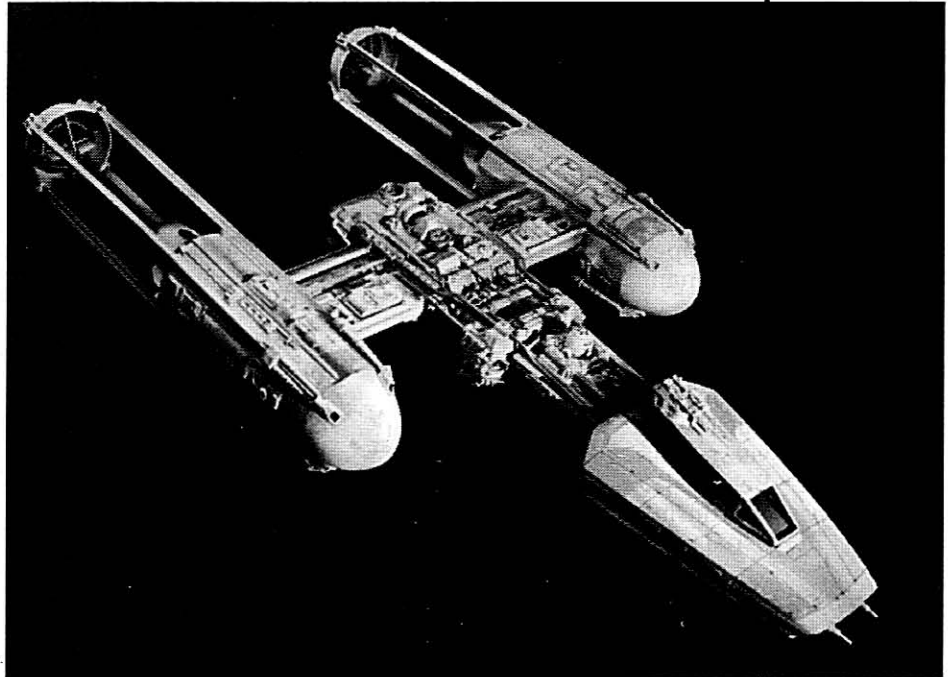
The Rebel Alliance acquired a large number of Y-wings just as it was making its transition from an underground political organization to a military fighting force. For many years, the Y-wing was the mainstay starfighter of the Rebel fleet, and participated in all of the early battles of the Galactic Civil War.

The Y-wing comes in both single and two pilot configurations. Armament includes two laser cannons mounted forward of the cockpit, proton torpedoes, deflector shields, targeting computers, and a twin-barrel ion gun mounted at the top rear of the cockpit. Unlike conventional laser cannon systems, the ion cannon system cripples the target's power systems rather than destroying them. Rebel pilots used this weapon often to capture Imperial supply ships intact in the early years before the Alliance had established its own supply lines.

The Y-wing was the Rebellion's first hyperspace-capable fighter. It was in the Y-wing that Rebel pilots developed their highly successful "fight and fade" tactics, in which they popped into a system, hit their targets swiftly, and slipped back into hyperspace before Imperial defense forces could respond. These tactics, effective enough when carried out with the lumbering Y-wings, became downright devastating when X-wings.

### ■ Y-wing Starfighter

**Craft:** Koensayr BTL-S3 Y-wing  
**Type:** Attack starfighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 16 meters  
**Skill:** Starfighter piloting: Y-wing  
**Crew:** 1 or 2 and Astromech Droid  
**Crew Skill:** Starfighter piloting 4D+2, starship gunnery 4D+1, starship shields 3D  
**Cargo Capacity:** 110 kilograms, 0.4 cubic meters  
**Consumables:** 1 week  
**Cost:** (new), (used)  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1  
**Nav Computer:** None (uses Astromech Droid)  
**Maneuverability:** 2D  
**Space:** 7



**Atmosphere:** 350; 1,000 KMH

**Hull:** 4D

**Shields:** 1D+2

**Sensors:**

*Passive:* 20/0D

*Scan:* 35/1D

*Search:* 40/2D

*Focus:* 2/3D

**Weapons:**

**Two Laser Cannons** (fire linked)

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1-3/12/25

*Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/1.21m/2.5km

*Damage:* 5D

**Two Proton Torpedo Launchers**

*Fire Arc:* Front

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 2D

*Space Range:* 1/3/7

*Atmosphere Range:* 50-100/300/700m

*Damage:* 9D

**Two Light Ion Cannons** (fire linked)

*Fire Arc:* Turret (gun may be fixed to forward to be fired by pilot at only 1D fire control.)

*Crew:* 1 (co-pilot)

*Skill:* Starship gunnery

*Fire Control:* 3D

*Space Range:* 1-3/7/36

*Atmosphere Range:* 100-300/700/3.6km

*Damage:* 4D

But Jek Porkins heard the words of the Alliance and the Princess, and he saw truth in them. By joining the Alliance, he could strike back at the Empire right away and perhaps eventually persuade the Rebellion to help his people reclaim their planet. It would likely take his people many standard decades before they could even attempt action against the Imperial base. And Jek was itching for revenge now, in his lifetime, while he could still make a difference.

As with many of the reckless young Rebel pilots, Jek was a champion skyhopper jockey back on his homeworld. The transition from T-16 skyhopper to X-wing fighter is a smooth one, and Lieutenant Porkins' combat record bears that out. In under 40 hours of actual cockpit time, Jek racked up an impressive 16 kills, all confirmed.

Lieutenant Porkins' specialty was not actually the dogfight, but rather the oft-neglected strafing run. Having learned the skill from many standard years of sink-crab hunting on the rocky islands of Bestine IV, Jek became deadly with the strafing run during his time with the Alliance. This unusual talent, along with his rather large physical

stature, earned a young Lieutenant Porkins the not-so-flattering nickname "Belly Runner."

For all of this friendly ribbing, Jek Porkins was one of the most respected pilots in the Rebel Alliance, and will be remembered fondly by his shining Kenobi Medallion which, along with his other heroic comrades', hangs in the pilot's lounge on Tierfon Fighter Base — an inspiration to all who strap themselves into the cockpit of a starfighter.

#### ■ Jek Porkins

**Type:** Brash Pilot

**DEXTERITY** 3D

Blaster 3D+1, vehicle blasters 4D

**KNOWLEDGE** 2D

Alien species 4D

**MECHANICAL** 4D

Starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 6D

**PERCEPTION** 3D

Con 4D

**STRENGTH** 3D+2

Stamina 4D+2

**TECHNICAL** 2D

Security 3D

**Move:** 10

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



# **Chapter Five**

## **THE HEROES OF YAVIN**



# "They were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Naturally they became heroes."

**Leia Organa**

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

Although my little investigative journey was now over and I was safe on Thila once again, I still had the long process of assembling my notes ahead of me. I had nearly resolved to reorganize my entire story, piece by piece, when an unexpected guest dropped by. Wedge Antilles came by my cabin for a social call. We talked for awhile and I shared with him some of what I learned.

Before he left, I confided in him that I was having some trouble reporting on all the characters I had met during the voyage, and that I was especially concerned with how I should portray the Alliance's greatest heroes. I'd already scanned the existing recorded interviews. What could I ask them that they hadn't been asked before?

Wedge smiled. "Why not ask them what they think of making the Empire's Most Wanted list?" With that, he left me alone with my thoughts and my notes, confident that I would figure out what to do.

## Luke Skywalker

I caught up with Commander Skywalker only moments before he was scheduled to patrol Thila's dangerous wastelands. He was hopping into the cockpit of a modified airspeeder when I approached.

"Commander Skywalker!" I yelled out hopefully.

He stopped putting his helmet on, leaned over, and smiled.

"Yes?" he called down.

"Can I have a word with you? I'd like to ask you a few questions." I sounded too much like a reporter and the Commander seemed unimpressed.

Luke smiled. "I've got a run, so either jump in or step back."

He was challenging me. I hesitated for a mo-

ment, not realizing that he meant I should climb into the unused gunner's compartment. He began to power the speeder up and I felt a surge of bravery. I don't know why, but I climbed clumsily up the wing and sat myself down.

"Buckle up!" he yelled back to me, and I suddenly realized that I was facing backwards — so to speak. I was looking down the rear of the speeder while he was behind me, facing the front. I quickly wondered how I was going to interview him this way, as I hastily strapped myself in.

We were off in seconds, and it was the strangest sensation I ever had, flying backwards out of a hangar under the huge protective blast doors and beyond the Iotia Mountains. He was flying low and reckless, and the Thilian dust swept up behind us.

"So, what do you want to know?"

"Call me Voren, sir."

"Sir?" he mused. "Only Threepio calls me sir. I'm Luke. Glad to meet you, Voren."

"Glad to meet you too, sir. I mean Luke."

I cannot explain how odd it was talking to a chair, since I couldn't see Luke for the life of me.

"Well, I assume you've seen the Empire's latest Most Wanted List..."

The ship veered suddenly.

"Those lying Womprats," he shouted as the left wing scraped the sand and my heart almost stopped. "Stormtroopers killed my aunt and uncle, not me."

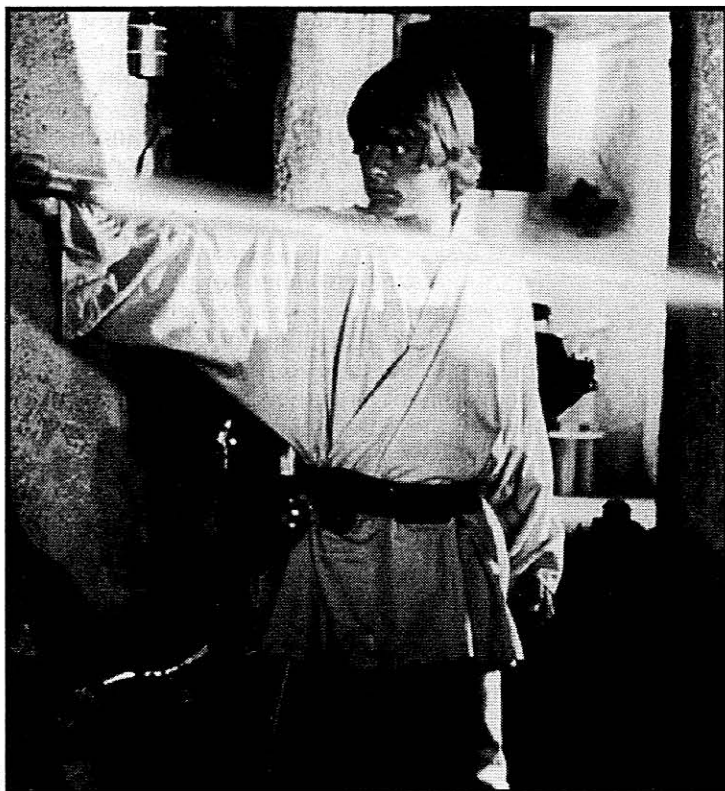
"According to the list, you're wanted for their murder. And the Empire says you stole two Droids and a landspeeder, proving your guilt..." I knew these were lies, but he was starting to get really agitated. The best interviews often come under such circumstances, or so I had heard.

"The Droids were purchased by my uncle for the upcoming harvest and..."

The commander paused and his flying became smooth and steady. I decided not to press my luck, but instead prodded him out of his state.

"He was like a father to you wasn't he?"

"Yeah, but my father was different. He was...a



LFL

Jedi."

The last word trailed for a moment, and when he spoke it, I could hear the reverence in his voice.

"I don't remember my father. Somehow I think he was a lot like Ben...was."

Now I was on touchy ground.

"The Empire says you're insane and you still 'talk' to General Kenobi sometimes. Is any of that true?"

Luke laughed. "You might think I'm crazy, but the Force is powerful. It's made by all living things, and death is really only one stage of life. Ben talks to me all right."

"Like when you made your famous shot?"

"Yeah. Ben said 'trust the force' and I did."

"But couldn't that have been just wishful thinking, or your own subconscious mind talking?"

"Perhaps. But the more I learn about the Force, the more I wonder."

Suddenly Luke sounded a thousand years old, like he'd seen the entire galaxy a few times and was ready to teach me a lesson about it.

"General Kenobi is not here to defend himself," I said, "so I'd like to ask you about some of the Empire's accusations concerning him."

"Go ahead. I just hope I can answer them. I only really knew him for a short time."

"He is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say. Darth Vader killed him, like he killed my father and the other Jedi Knights."

"And yet you claim to still speak with him. You know that the Empire claims no body was found, and supposedly even Vader is mystified by Kenobi's disappearance aboard the Death Star."

"I'm not sure about that myself. I only watched the battle from afar, as my friends and I made our way to the *Falcon*."

"He bought you time then?"

"Yes. Perhaps the Force 'takes' those who are strongest with it. I don't know very much about it, really. I can just feel it, everywhere, around us now, and down there on the planet."

"Even in this desert?" I asked.

"Yes, even here." He seemed far away now. Almost worried, in a sense. It frightened me.

"I wish there were more of them," he whispered.

"You mean Jedi?"

"Ben was the last one. The only one who could have trained me to be a Jedi Knight, like my father. It's just me now..."

I tried to think of something to say, something to comfort the young man.

But just then, out of the blue, he rolled the speeder twice, making me mildly ill, and dove down into a vast canyon.

Skirting the jagged walls, he smiled and said, "Just like Beggar's Canyon back home."

### ■ Luke Skywalker

Type: Brash Pilot

#### DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 6D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 6D, lightsaber 4D+1, melee combat 4D, melee parry 5D

#### KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 3D, bureaucracy 2D+2, streetwise 2D+1, survival 6D, value 4D

#### MECHANICAL 4D

Astrogation 5D, beast riding 4D+2, repulsorlift operation 8D, repulsorlift operation: airspeeder 8D, starfighter piloting 7D, starship gunnery 6D, starship shields 5D

#### PERCEPTION 2D+1

Bargain 3D, command 5D, hide 3D, search 3D, sneak 3D

#### STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 5D+1, climbing/jumping 6D, lifting 4D, stamina 6D

#### TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid programming 4D, droid repair 6D, first aid 3D+2, repulsorlift repair 7D, starfighter repair 5D

#### Special Abilities:

Force Skills: Control 3D, sense 2D

Control: Accelerate healing, concentration\*

\* This power is described in the *Star Wars Movie Trilogy Sourcebook*.

This character is Force-sensitive

Force Points: 6

Character Points: 15

Move: 10



**Equipment:** Lightsaber (5D), blaster pistol (4D), macrobinoculars (+3D to search at ranges greater than 100 meters), comlink

## Princess Leia Organa

After I had regained my land-legs and had a good meal, I went off in search of the next hero on my list, Princess Leia Organa, formerly of Alderaan. I managed to corral Leia in the temporary command center here on Thila, where she was finishing up plans for a supply raid.

"Excuse me, could I have a word with you Princess Leia?" I asked.

She frowned at me menacingly. "Do I know you?"

"No, I don't..."

She brushed by me and out through the door. I hurried to follow her as a communications technician mumbled a cynical "good luck" behind me.

"Princess," I stammered after her.

She stopped cold in her tracks and wheeled around nose to nose with me. "What is it you want?" she asked impatiently.

For a moment I wondered whether or not this

was a good idea. "I wanted to ask you some questions," I began.

"I've already had my fill of questions for the day. Maybe tomorrow."

She started to turn around again and was 20 paces ahead of me before I could speak. But I recovered and found my voice. "I wanted to ask you some questions about the Empire's Most Wanted List."

To my amazement, she stopped and turned around again. I'd never seen someone so flushed with rage before in my life. I immediately noticed the blaster at her side and began to look around for a convenient escape route.

"Follow me, Lieutenant," she ordered and I smartly did as she asked.

We arrived at one of the rec lounges and took a seat beside a holochess table.

"Look, I'm sorry," she started, but it didn't have quite the tone of an apology. "It's been a rough day, what with the evacuation and everything."

I was startled. "Evacuation? What evacuation? We just got here!"

"And we're just about to leave. We think some of our transports were sighted in this vicinity. You know, the fleet isn't the easiest thing in the galaxy to hide."

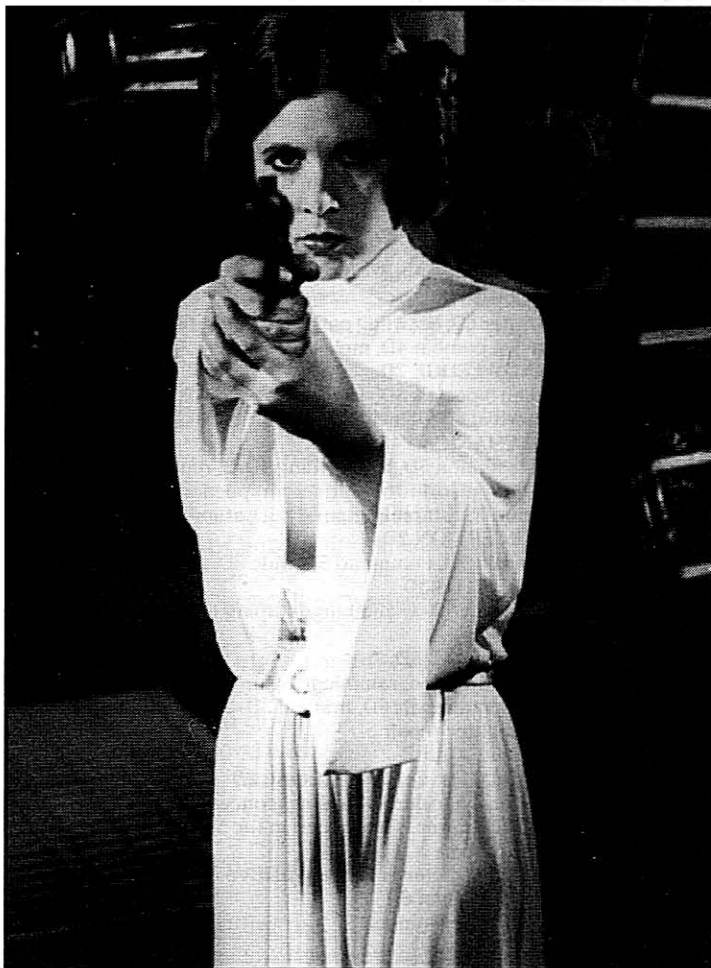
Nodding in agreement, I plunged ahead. "I am Voren Na'al, assistant historian assigned to Major Hextrophon. I have to ask you some questions."

Leia's features softened considerably at the mention of my mentor's name. "Yes, Arhul told me to expect a visit from you. We all serve in our own way, I guess. Go ahead, ask your questions."

I cleared my throat, realizing that what I was going to ask might not be taken well. "Imperial agencies have placed your name on their lists of persons wanted for crimes against the Empire. With each list is a report that claims you earned your seat in the Senate through dishonorable actions. How do you respond to this?"

"Vader and the Emperor wish it were true. Other senators followed me because I told the truth and stood up for what I believed in. The Empire stoops lower and lower every day, out of desperation and humiliation. The Alliance grows stronger by the day, as system by system slips through the Emperor's grasp."

"The Empire also claims that Alderaan was aiding the Rebellion by engineering deadly biowar products," I



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said, "which was the reason it was destroyed."

The Princess's face paled considerably. "My homeworld had no such programs. I am very proud of what my planet and my father stood for. Peace was always the highest goal that Bail Organa set, peace and freedom for all planets. The Empire cannot hide behind lies and propoganda concerning the murders of billions of innocent people. There is no excuse for such a monstrous action."

Seeing tears well in her eyes, along with grim determination, I decided to change the focus of the interview. "Princess, you seem to have become very close to those who rescued you from the Death Star and have subsequently been referred to as the Heroes of Yavin. Can you tell me a little about this relationship?"

Now the softness returned as she spoke. "Comander Skywalker, Captain Solo, Chewbacca, and the two Droids are all admirable additions to the ranks of the Alliance. I've never served beside braver, more capable individuals. And yes, we have all become friends. You know, it's more than friendship really..."

I jumped in as the Princess paused to gather her thoughts. "I have heard rumors to the effect that Captain Solo has said, and I quote, 'her highness has a crush on me,' end quote."

Leia raised herself to her full height and sniffed. She eyed me coolly, saying nothing, but managing to convey her opinions of Solo's boasts quite clearly. "As I was going to say before I was so rudely interrupted," she said after a moment, "we have become more than friends — we've become family."

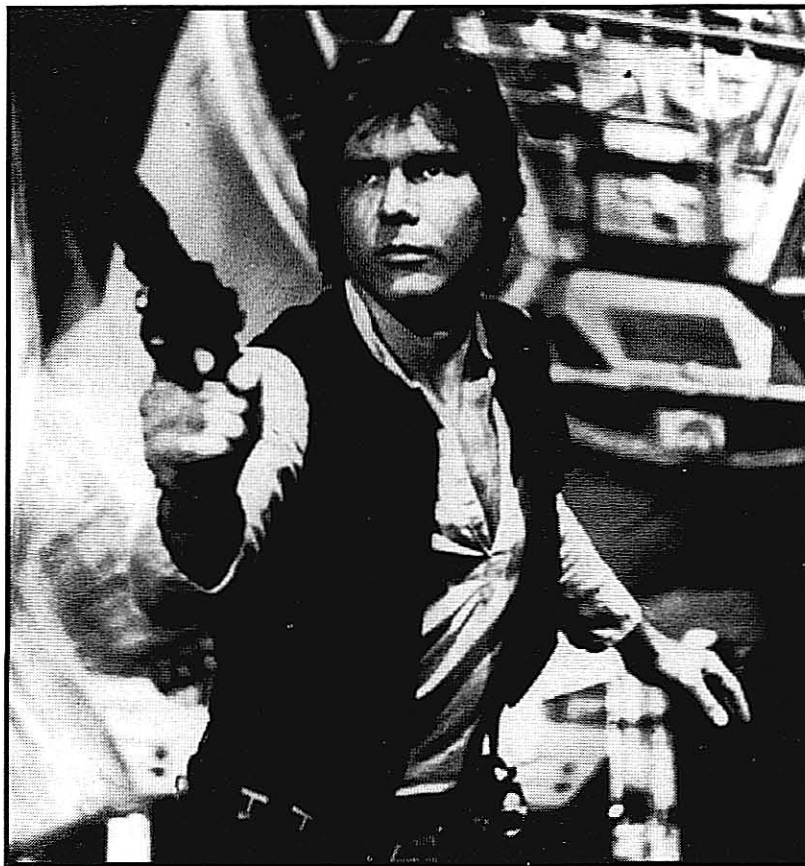
"But Captain Solo was telling everyone in the wardroom that..."

"Good day, Lieutenant Na'al. I hope not to see you again." That was an order, of that her tone left no doubt. As she stormed off, I heard her mumble something about showing Han what he could do with a hydrospanner. I decided that Princess Leia Organa was not someone I wanted mad at me.

### ■ Princess Leia Organa

Type: Young Senatorial  
DEXTERITY 3D

Blaster 5D, brawling parry 4D, dodge 6D, grenade 4D,



LFL

melee combat 5D, melee parry 4D, vehicle blasters 4D

#### KNOWLEDGE 4D

Alien species 7D, bureaucracy 8D, cultures 8D, languages 5D, planetary systems 5D, survival 5D, value 5D, willpower 6D+1

#### MECHANICAL 2D+2

Astrogation 3D+2, beast riding 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 4D+2, starfighter piloting 5D, starship gunnery 4D, starship shields 5D

#### PERCEPTION 3D+1

Bargain 6D, command 8D, con 5D+1, gambling 4D, hide 4D, persuasion 5D, persuasion: debate 7D+2, search 4D+1, sneak 5D+1

#### STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 4D, climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 6D, swimming 5D

#### TECHNICAL 2D

Computer programming/repair 3D, droid programming 4D, droid repair 4D, first aid 4D, security 3D

This character is Force-sensitive

Force Points: 4

Character Points: 13

Move: 10

Equipment: Hold-out blaster (3D), comlink, technical read-outs of the Death Star

## Han Solo

If half the rumors I'd heard about Captain Solo were true, he'd be my best interview to be sure, and probably my hardest. He was the easiest to

find, as he can almost always be found during the daylight hours working on his Corellian stock light freighter, the infamous *Millennium Falcon*. At night, he gambled with anyone who was foolish enough to take him on. I decided it would be safer, and probably less expensive, to visit the hangar bay instead.

I was in luck, as Chewbacca was obviously working on the sensor controls near the top of the ship, and I could hear Solo's distinctive voice bellowing from up an access ramp.

"Chewie! Cut the backup! Cut the backup!" he called out.

Chewbacca was welding two baffle plates together and could not possibly have heard Captain Solo. The sound of shorting circuits and the smell of smoke wafted down the ramp as I ventured inside.

Within the *Falcon*, Captain Solo was shaking his right hand violently at his Wookiee co-pilot. He started walking very quickly toward an access ladder leading up. Unfortunately, I was between him and his destination.

"Chewie!" he yelled as he knocked me into a pile of condensor cables. He turned quickly and pointed at me. "I'll be right back."

I decided to sit in place as the Corellian climbed out of sight. I heard more yelling, followed by a roar that shook the whole ship. Then Solo was descending the ladder, finally stopping in front of a control panel.

"Now, Chewie?" he called up pleasantly.

Chewbacca responded with a friendly bellow from above and Solo threw a switch. The ship went completely dark, and I heard Solo mumble under his breath, "It's not my fault." A muffled *whump!* echoed through the hangar as the ship's power coupler buffers came online. The lights snapped on. Solo's fist was against the panel. Captain Solo looked around with a smile and then noticed my presence. His smile faded.

"You still here?" he wondered aloud.

"Captain Solo, I'm here to ask you about the Imperial Most Wanted List."

Solo snarled and reached into a metal bin. He pulled out a long hydrospanner, and started moving toward me. I stepped away in fear, remembering my earlier conversation with Princess Leia.

"Here. Hold this for a second," he ordered calmly as he slapped the instrument into my hands. He turned and reached into a wiry electronic mess above his head and began working.

"I ain't proud of everything I've done in my life, but the Empire's not gonna make me ashamed of it either."

"Are they lying about the smuggling, piracy, terrorism, and hijacking charges, Captain Solo?"

"Hey, take a look around. What do you think?

Do I look like a spice runner to you?"

I looked at the *Falcon's* open cargo bays, many of which were undetectable when closed, and decided not to answer truthfully. "Well, I guess not. Still, you have had an interesting past, I'm sure."

Captain Solo smiled. "Interesting? You could say that. I've flown from one side of the galaxy to the other and I've seen a lot of strange stuff. I've worked more jobs than you could imagine, but with a Wookiee for a conscience how much bad could I really get away with?"

I had, of course, heard all about the Wookiee code of honor. "And how do you feel about being considered a hero?"

"Well," he said, "it's not like I'm not used to fame, you know. I made the Kessel Run in less than 12 ... you've heard? I've outraced Imperial starships ... destroying the Death Star is only the latest in my long line of accomplishments. But I have to admit, this Rebellion stuff is certainly different from the things I've done before. It feels ... better somehow, more right. And the people I've met are great! Luke, Leia ..."

At the mention of the Princess's name, a new question popped to mind. "Speaking of Princess Leia, Captain, rumors abound that you think she has feelings for you beyond that of friend and associate."

Solo paled. "I, um, heard similar rumors." He took the hydrospanner from me and stared at it in fascination and horror. "Her worshipfulness and I agree that those rumors should not be encouraged." He tossed the tool back into the bin and walked into the cockpit. I followed.

The cockpit was in a state of disarray. Every panel and access hatch was open, spilling wires and electronic guts onto the floor. "What a mess!" I exclaimed before I realized what I'd said.

"We're in the middle of giving the *Falcon* a total overhaul," Solo replied. He sounded a bit miffed. "We've made some special modifications to this ship. She may not look like much, but she's got it where it counts." He paused and turned. "Which is more than I can say about some people."

I ignored his insult and proceeded. "Tell me about sabacc. I hear you're quite the gambler. Rumor is you even won the *Falcon* in a card game."

Now he seemed to be getting really annoyed at me. I guess I was asking the right questions.

"Well it ain't like single-drop, pal, sabacc's a man's game. You want to learn it, watch a holotape and go play with a droid. And I don't have time to tell you any more stories, either."

"Look, Captain Solo, I'm sorry I'm upsetting you, but I've got a job to do as well. We each serve the Alliance in our own fashion, you know."

The smile he flashed me had all the intensity



and cheer of a turboblaster at point-blank range. "Good. Why don't you go serve the Alliance someplace else and let me finish putting the *Falcon* back together. Chewie, show this guy out."

A large furry hand grabbed me from behind and easily lifted me off the ground. I realized that my interview with Han Solo had ended, but now I could begin talking to his Wookiee co-pilot. That is, if I could convince him not to toss me through the open hatch.

### ■ Han Solo

Type: Smuggler

**DEXTERITY 3D+1**

Blaster 6D+2, blaster: heavy blaster pistol 9D+1, blaster: blaster rifle 5D+1, blaster artillery 6D+1, brawling parry 6D, dodge 8D, grenade 5D+1, melee combat 6D+1, melee parry 5D, missile weapons 4D, pick pocket 4D+1, running 3D+2, vehicle blasters 6D+1

**KNOWLEDGE 2D**

Alien species 6D, bureaucracy 5D, business 4D, business: smugglers 5D, cultures 4D, intimidation 5D+1, languages 5D, law enforcement 5D, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 7D, streetwise: Jabba the Hutt's organization 8D+2, survival 6D, value 5D, willpower 3D

**MECHANICAL 3D+2**

Astrogation 8D, beast riding 5D+2, capital ship gunnery 5D+1, capital ship piloting 7D, capital ship shields 4D+1, communications 4D, ground vehicle operation 4D+2, repulsorlift operation 7D, sensors 4D+2, space transports 6D+2, space transports: YT-1300 transports 10D, starfighter piloting 5D+1, starship gunnery 9D, starship shields 6D+2, swoop operation 6D+2

**PERCEPTION 3D**

Bargain 8D, command 6D, con 8D, forgery 5D, forgery: ship IDs 7D, gambling 8D, hide 7D+1, persuasion 5D, search 5D+2, sneak 4D+1

**STRENGTH 3D**

Brawling 7D, climbing/jumping 6D, lifting 5D+1, stamina 7D, swimming 4D+2

**TECHNICAL 2D+2**

Blaster repair 4D, computer programming/repair 7D, demolition 4D+2, droid programming 5D, droid repair 5D, ground vehicle repair 3D, repulsorlift repair 7D, security 7D, space transports repair 5D, space transports repair: YT-1300 transports 9D, starship weapons repair 4D

**Force Points: 2**

**Character Points: 22**

**Move: 10**

**Equipment:** Heavy blaster pistol (5D), comlink

### Chewbacca

Chewbacca the Wookiee is an interesting character. Large, fierce, and devotedly loyal to Han Solo, the powerful Wookiee has a heart as big as his armspan. A born tinkerer, Chewbacca has been many things during his long life, including save and smuggler. Now, as a Rebel hero, he has found a home for his unusual talents and combat skills.

And speaking of combat skills, I had no desire to experience his first hand. Though my discussion with Solo had not gone as smoothly as I would have liked, I saw no reason for me and his co-pilot to be at odds. "Chewbacca, I'm only doing my job," I explained, hoping that he under-

stood Basic. "Alliance High Command wants to prepare an accurate record of these troubled times so that the rest of the galaxy will understand the actions we have taken. This is doubly important now that the Empire is releasing reports such as their Most Wanted list."

Solo appeared at a nearby door and frowned. "Are you still here? Chewie, I thought I told you to —" Chewbacca's roar actually knocked Solo back. "All right, all right. Calm down, you old fur face. I'll tell him, I'll tell him."

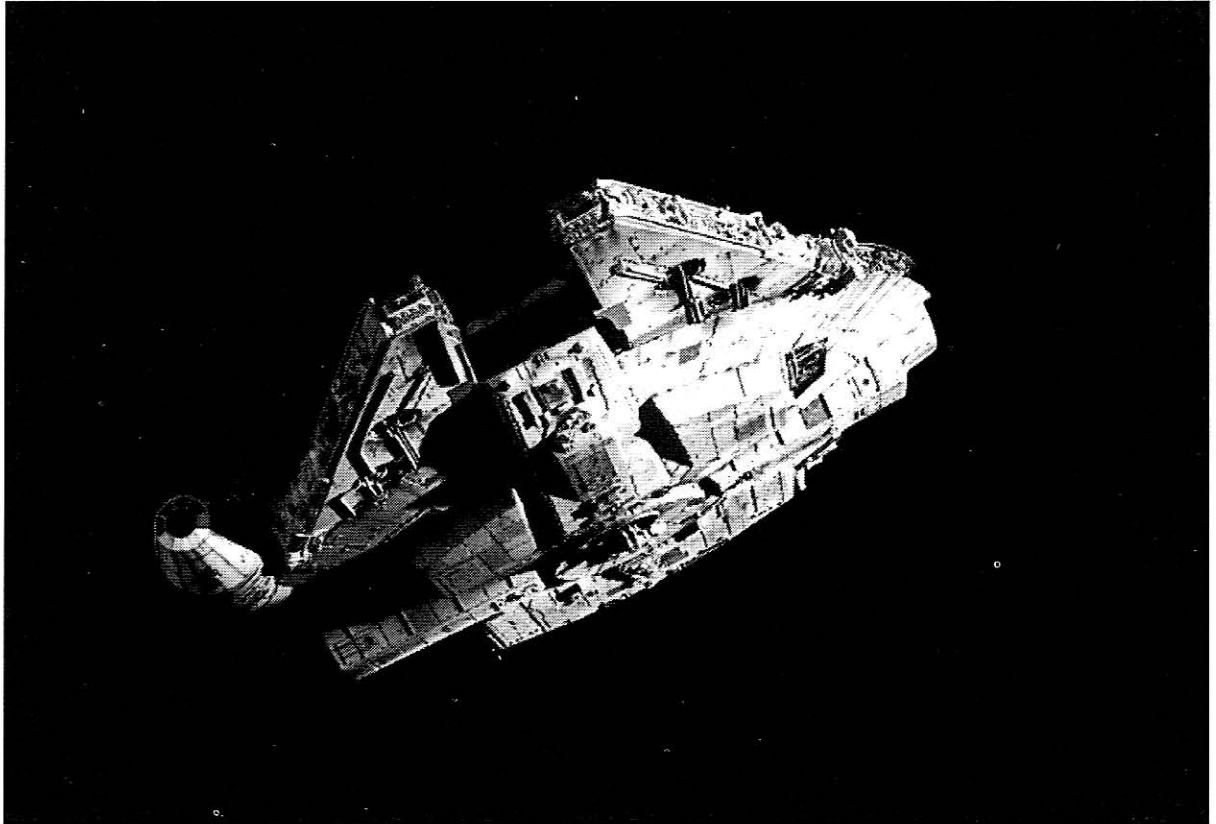
Solo turned to me and said, "He wants me to tell you it's all lies. Whatever 'it' is supposed to be."

Chewbacca roared again.

"Not that list again. Look pal, I'm gonna help you with my friend here, but you've got five minutes. We've got work to do. We're evacuating again, remember?"

I responded hastily, before Captain Solo could





change his mind. "Chewbacca, you're not a traitor to your race like the Imperial report indicates?"

Chewbacca roared. "No," translated Solo tersely.

"The Empire says Captain Solo here bought you from slavers, and that you're forced to work for him."

Chewbacca's answer spanned a good minute or so, during which Solo smiled and the Wookiee placed a furry paw on his head.

"Chewbacca and I work together because we like each other. I saved him from slavers, I didn't buy him. The rest of the details are personal and, frankly, none of your business."

This was delicate ground, and I already knew something of the story that was going around concerning Solo and Chewbacca. The story goes that Chewbacca was wandering the galaxy, unaware that his home world of Kashyyyk had been invaded by Imperial troops in order to recruit slaves and ensure Wookiee cooperation. When slavers captured mighty Chewbacca, not all his strength could save him from a period of painful forced labor. But a young Imperial officer named Han Solo sacrificed his career to rescue the Wookiee from bondage.

"Anyway," Solo continued, "Chewie here is chief mechanic and co-pilot of this fantastic ship. he may not have my ability with a hydrospanner, but he's good to have around in a pinch."

The great Wookiee roared in indignation, bel- lowing so loud the viewports throughout the ship vibrated. Solo tried to match Chewbacca, but his human vocal cords couldn't come close to the volume of an enraged Wookiee.

I leaned close to Captain Solo, shouting into his ear so that he could hear me. "Sir! I've been led to believe that a person should always let a Wookiee win!"

Solo turned to me, his mind obviously thinking through my argument. He turned back to Chewbacca. The Wookiee's eyes gleamed mis- chievously as he leaned back, his powerful arms resting behind his head.

"You're right, Lieutenant," Solo said, "I should give Chewie his due. In fact, he's much better at keeping this bucket of bolts flying than me, isn't that right, fuzz ball?"

Chewbacca growled agreeably, and I could almost recognize a proud smile shining through his fur and fangs. then Solo pulled a hydrospanner out of his backpocket and tossed it to the Wookiee.

"You're so good, you mechanical genius you, that I'm going to let you put the cockpit back together," Solo beamed. "And I'm going to sit

back and watch, just so I can learn a thing or two!"

I waited anxiously for Chewbacca to reach out and rip an arm off of Captain Solo's body, as I have heard that Wookiees do such things from time to time. But Chewbacca only laughed in his roaring voice, then picked Solo up and hugged him affectionately. I quietly exited the ship, laughing to myself as Solo half-heartedly screamed for Chewie to let go.

### ■ Chewbacca

Type: Wookiee

#### DEXTERITY 2D+2

Blaster 5D+2, bowcaster 9D, brawling parry 7D, dodge 6D, grenade 5D, melee combat 8D, melee parry 8D, vehicle blasters 6D+1

#### KNOWLEDGE 2D

Alien species 6D+2, bureaucracy 4D, business 4D, cultures 3D+1, intimidation 8D+2, languages 5D+2, planetary systems 7D, streetwise 6D+1, survival 7D, value 7D+1

#### MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 8D, beast riding 4D, communications 3D+1, repulsorlift operation 7D, sensors 5D, space transports

6D+1, space transports: YT-1300 transports 8D, starship gunnery 7D, starship shields 6D

#### PERCEPTION 2D

Bargain 5D, command 4D+2, gambling 4D+1, hide 3D, search 3D, sneak 3D

#### STRENGTH 5D

Brawling 10D, climbing/jumping 7D, lifting 9D, stamina 10D, swimming 7D

#### TECHNICAL 3D+1

Blaster 5D+1, bowcaster repair 5D+2, computer programming/repair 8D, demolition 5D+2, droid programming 7D, droid repair 6D, first aid 5D, repulsorlift repair 6D, security 6D+1, space transports repair 6D+2, space transports repair: YT-1300 transports 10D+2

#### Special Abilities:

*Beserker Rage:* Chewbacca gains +2D to *Strength* when brawling in *beserker rage*. See page 137 of *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition* and page 124 of *Star Wars Gamemaster Handbook*.

*Climbing Claws:* +2D to *climbing*.

#### Force Points: 1

#### Character Points: 16

#### Move: 13

**Equipment:** Bowcaster (4D), ammo bandolier, droid tool kit, starship tool kit, waist pouch



# **Chapter Six**

## **THE BATTLE OF WAYFAR**



**“There has been a lot of unrest among the Sand People since you left ... they’ve even raided the outskirts of Anchorhead.”**

**Luke Skywalker**

### Background

The Tusken Raiders in the Western Dune Sea region are growing increasingly restless. Several of their underground water caches have been raided by scavengers and settlers, and an entire hunting party was wiped out by sandtroopers searching for something in the desert just days ago. They have already attacked several outlying settlements, and more than a few water convoys heading for Mos Eisley have simply disappeared without a trace.

At the beginning of the adventure, a sandstorm of incredible violence hits the Western Dune Sea region, and causes a great deal of damage to moisture farms in the region. It also contaminates the secret water supply of the local tribes of Sand People. Driven by a need to acquire a new water supply or perish, they resolved to attack the small and isolated community of Wayfar, and capture the town’s water cisterns.

The characters are about to be caught squarely in the middle...

If the characters do not have their own ship, use the *Coronet Rapier* below.

#### ■ The Coronet Rapier

**Craft:** Modified Corellian YT-1300 light freighter  
**Type:** Modified light freighter  
**Scale:** Starfighter  
**Length:** 30.6 meters  
**Skill:** Space Transports: YT-1300  
**Crew:** 2, gunners: 2, skeleton: 1/+5  
**Crew Skill:** see player characters  
**Passengers:** 6  
**Cargo Capacity:** 80 metric tons  
**Consumables:** 1 month  
**Hyperdrive Multiplier:** x1  
**Hyperdrive Backup:** x4  
**Nav Computer:** Yes  
**Maneuverability:** 1D  
**Space:** 4  
**Atmosphere:** 280; 800 kmh  
**Hull:** 4D+1  
**Shields:** 1D  
**Sensors:**  
*Passive:* 10/0D  
*Scan:* 25/1D  
*Search:* 40/2D

*Focus:* 2/3D

#### Weapons:

**2 Laser Cannons**  
*Fire Arc:* Turret  
*Crew:* 1  
*Skill:* Starship gunnery  
*Fire Control:* 2D  
*Space Range:* 1–3/12/25  
*Atmosphere Range:* 100–300/1.2/2.5 km  
*Damage:* 3D+1

### Episode One: A Long Day

Read aloud:

**You were hired to deliver a hold full of heavy duty power cells to a customer in Mos Eisley on Tatooine. The long trip out to the isolated planet has just ended with the bleeping of the hyperdrive computer.**

**You toggle back the hyperdrive lever, and with a blaze of light, drop back into realspace hovering over a mustard yellow orb. Tatooine.**

**Following the approach vector given you by your buyer, you drop into the atmosphere, and bank towards Mos Eisley. As you enter the heavy cloud system covering the area, your ship begins to rock and sway as mighty winds buffet the outer hull. It seems a fairly serious storm is blanketing the entire region.**

**As you are considering calling into the Mos Eisley Tower for alternate approach routes, a rain of sand envelops the ship. Immediately, the sensors go haywire. The storm grows even more violent, and you hear metal screeching somewhere on the hull.**

**With a curse, you pull up to get out of the storm, but as you do, emergency alarms begin dotting the entire console. Inexplicably, the engines are overheating. If they aren’t shut down in a matter of minutes, they’ll explode.**

**Desperately trying to make something of the garbled readings, you hunt for a landing spot in the swirling maelstrom. Finally, you give up, and head down blindly, hoping that you’ll get a little warning before you encounter the surface of the planet.**

You do get two seconds to respond. For just an instant, the sensors clear, and you have just enough time to hit the repulsorlifts and brake before you plow right into the side of a sand dune. Instantly, you cut the engines.

For a moment, you sit quietly, listening to the faint hiss of sand hitting the panes of the cockpit windshield. Then, slowly, you unbuckle yourselves to see what might be done...

### Weathering the Storm

The characters can do nothing outside the ship while the sandstorm rages on, and indeed the winds are intense. Even the ship, as heavy as it is, occasionally shifts in the sands as it is buffeted by the gale force winds. If anyone attempts to open the hatch, sand begins cascading into the ship, blown by the winds outside. Leaving the hatch open for more than a few seconds will result in its being jammed in that position, leading to a great deal of sand inside fairly quickly.

The engines, as the characters discover after a moment, cannot be fired up again without dire and immediate consequences. According to the computer, the exhaust ports for the engines are clogged. Firing up the engines with clogged ports is something you do only if you want to make a really big bang and spread scrap metal over a radius several hundred meters around what used to be you.

A character making a Moderate *space transports repair* or *Technical* roll estimates that the filters which keep obstructions out of the exhaust ports were jarred loose in the storm, and sand has now filled the ports.

More bad news follows. The sand storm is effectively jamming all sensors and comlink channels. The ship cannot raise anyone on the comm bands at all.

When the storm clears, the characters, looking out the windows of their ship, can see that their luck is turning at last. They are not, at least, utterly stranded in the wilderness. Not far off are what appear to be poles and mechanical arrays of some sort poking out of the sand. Some appear to be on their sides. These are moisture vaporators.

The characters will likely want to exit their ship when the storm passes to inspect the damage. The ramp of their ship does not want to cycle open at first, but with a squeal of protesting gears and a gritty grinding of sand against metal, the ramp drops — not all the way down, but enough to allow the characters to exit.

Investigating the ship, they discover two things. The filters are indeed clogged with sand. The characters will need some specialized equipment to clear the sand out of the exhaust ports so the engines can fire safely.

### Calling Mos Eisley

When the storm clears enough to use comlinks, the characters may think of making a call to the Mos Eisley spaceport control tower for aid or to get a fix on their position.

The tower can easily get a lock on their transmission and tell them where they are, as well as send them a detailed map of the region. Unfortunately, no one can come out to rescue them — the Imperial Prefect has just issued an order grounding all spacecraft until further notice, and all the rescue ships normally available for such duties are engaged in enforcing this edict (the Prefect is responding to events detailed in *Tatooine Manhunt*, which occur at the same time as this adventure).

The second thing they note is that the ship is partially buried in a sand dune. Shoveling the sand off the ship will take hours, if not days. Until the sand is removed, the ship cannot be moved without firing the main engines.

### Help Arrives

After the characters have spent some time inspecting their ship, they hear the low-pitched whine of a speeder heading their way. A dusty and beaten small cargo speedertruck pulls up, and a young man hangs out the window, and looks the ship and the characters over. "Havin' a little trouble with your ship?" he asks obtusely.

The driver is young Shan Tanner, the son of the farmer who owns the stretch of land the characters have crashed into. Shan has come out to the fields to investigate the damage done to the vaporators by the storm.

Shan is mighty impressed to meet some real spacers, and asks them all kinds of questions about their adventures. When he calms down, he tells them that they landed on his pa's moisture farm, and that they should be able to get help and parts in Wayfar, if they need them. "Wayfar is only 20, 30 minutes by speeder. The ranch is closer, only 10 minutes."

He invites the group back to the Tanner Ranch to see about getting in to town. He tells them that their ship should be safe where it is for the time being. There aren't any Jawa traders in the area at the moment, and the Sand People don't trespass on the farms. "Least they haven't so far," he says, "not so close to town, anyway." An Easy *Perception* roll reveals that Shan is concealing feelings of doubt and uncertainty.

If pressed, he admits that the Sand People have been getting more stirred up in recent weeks,



and are rumored to have attacked outlying farms further east. "I heard they went and layed low a farmstead not three days ago, and a crawler full of Jawas too. Didn't leave a body alive." He shakes his head. "Nasty business."

### ■ Shan Tanner

**Type:** Young Farmer

**DEXTERITY** 2D+1

Blaster 3D, dodge 3D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** 2D

Survival 3D+2

**MECHANICAL** 2D+2

repulsorlift operation 4D

**PERCEPTION** 2D

**STRENGTH** 2D

Lifting 3D, stamina 2D+2

**TECHNICAL** 3D

droid programming 3D+1, droid repair 4D, farm equipment repair 4D+1

**Force Points:** 1

**Character Points:** 4

**Move:** 10

**Equipment:** blaster carbine (5D), hydrosponder, macrobinoculars and other farm tools.

**Capsule:** Shan is a lanky youth of 15, deeply tanned. He wears a dusty tan tunic, and blue leggings, and a canvas hat which drapes down in the back to protect his neck.

Shan is a typical young man in his craving for new and exciting things to do, but his eyes are much bigger than his stomach in that regard. He will get more than his fill of adventure in the coming week. He isn't a hero, but he will do what he has to do to protect his town and family.

### At Tanner Ranch

Shan takes the characters to the family homestead. They can all fit in the bed of his cargo speeder. The homestead is an isolated complex of water domes and moisture vaporators. There is an underground home accessible from a sunken courtyard containing the household vaporators, and lined with hardy but colorful desert vegetation (most of which was imported).

The ranch is obviously prosperous. There are dozens of well-cared-for droids bustling about, several farmhands tending the moisture vaporators in the immediate area, and a skyhopper hangar near the house.

The farmhands and droids are busy repairing the damage done to the farm equipment by the storm, and removing the sand from the courtyard, which had ridden up over the restraining wall on one side of the pit. Bustling among the hands is Jahn Tanner, the owner of the ranch.

Jahn is rather occupied with restoring order to his ranch, but will hastily greet the characters and invite them to stay for supper. He then dashes off again, telling Shan to introduce them to Lania (his wife) and then get back out into the field. There is no chance of catching a ride into town this afternoon.

The characters spend the rest of the afternoon

making polite conversation with Lania, who entertains them in the parlor. She is a quiet woman, but has a charming and engaging personality, and is amazingly well-read.

As dusk approaches, she excuses herself, and leaves them to help the domestic droids prepare dinner. Awhile later Jahn and Shan return, and stomp off to clean up.

Supper is held in the Tanner dining room, and is shared with the family members (Jahn, Lania, and Shan), the three farmhands, and the characters. The farmhands are a middle-aged couple, Wes and Dana Hogaan, and their teen-aged daughter, Minda. Minda spends the meal making eyes at one of the male characters, which makes Shan rather jealous.

Conversation centers primarily on three topics: the characters' ship, of course, and also the storm and the Sand People. The storm is the worst on record for several years, and caused a lot of damage in the Western Dune Sea region. Many farmers have lost vaporators, and many of the roadways have been covered with sand.

The farmers also speak of the Sand People, and mention that they have been getting very restless of late. They have attacked several isolated homesteads, which is unusually aggressive of the desert dwellers. The farmers around the isolated township of Wayfar are becoming nervous.

### ■ Jahn Tanner

**Type:** Moisture Farmer

**DEXTERITY** 2D

Blaster 3D, dodge 2D+2

**KNOWLEDGE** 2D

Business 4D, survival 3D+2

**MECHANICAL** 2D

Repulsorlift operation 3D

**PERCEPTION** 2D

**STRENGTH** 2D

**TECHNICAL** 2D

Droid programming 3D, droid repair 4D, farm equipment repair 5D+1

**Character Points:** 4

**Move:** 10

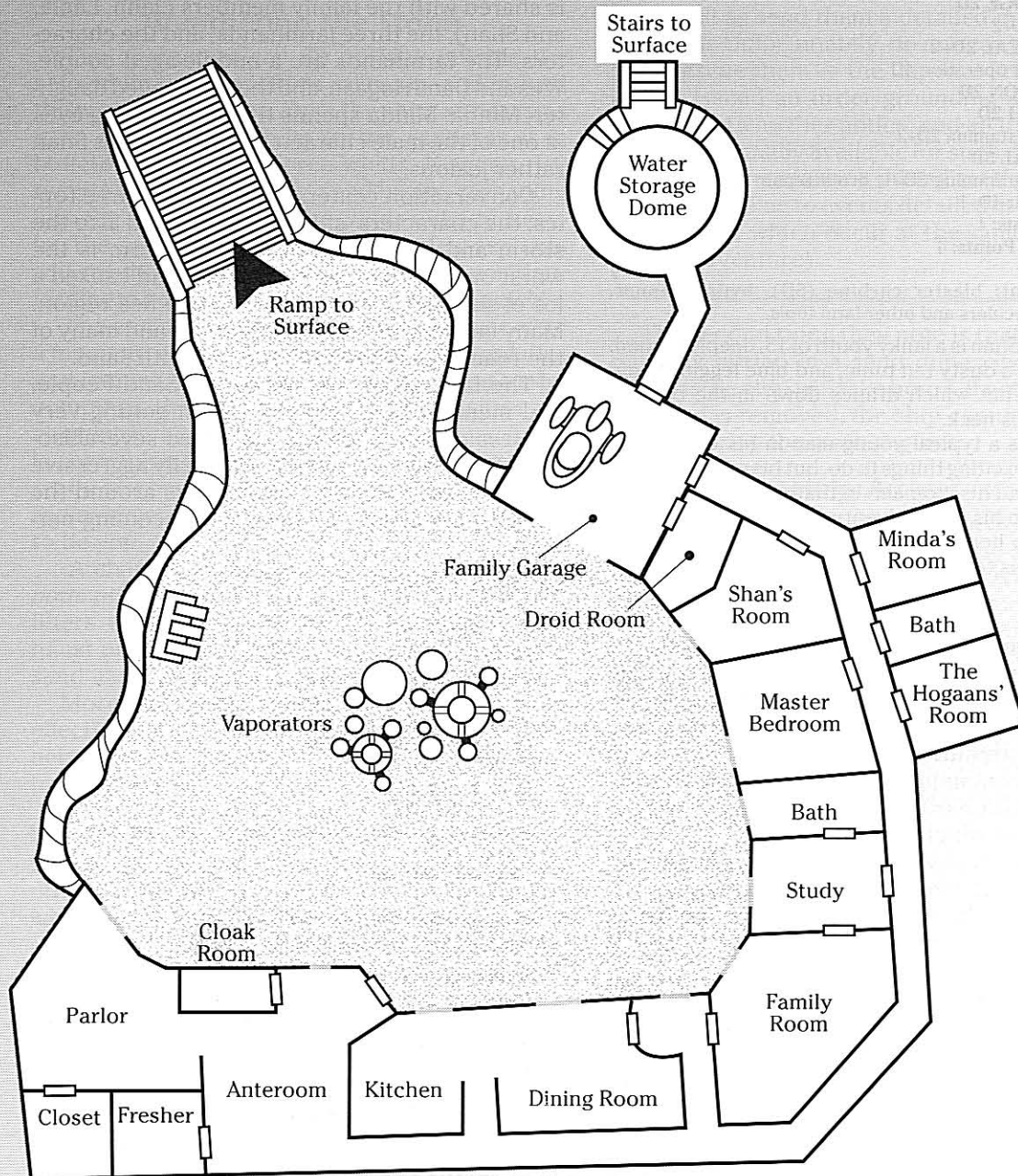
**Equipment:** blaster carbine (5D), hydrosponder, macrobinoculars and other farm tools.

**Capsule:** Jahn is a tall, solidly built man with piercing eyes and a neatly trimmed beard. He is commanding and firm, but is also an entertaining host. He favors the tan tunic and leggings of the typical farmer.

### The Refugees Arrive

After dinner, Jahn goes into the family room for a smoke and a drink and invites the characters in for conversation. He tells them that they are welcome to stay for the night, and that Shan will take them into town in the morning. From there, they should be able to make arrangements to get their ship dug out and restored to working condition.

## The Tanner Homestead



The characters are bedded down on cots in the family room, and perhaps in Shan's room as well (Shan sleeps in the parlor in this case).

Late in the night, the characters are awakened by movement in the hallway. Jahn, Lania, Shan, and Wes are engaged in a conversation of hoarse whispers. If the characters investigate, they learn that the motion detectors which surround the house at a half kilometer perimeter have been tripped by a group of humanoids.

Jahn, Wes, and Shan arm themselves with blaster carbines, and head out to investigate. The characters are welcomed if they volunteer to help, but Jahn won't ask.

The night is calm and warm, and a gentle breeze is blowing from the west as the group exits the homestead via the Water storage dome. After a bit of creeping (build the suspense), they see a group of shadowy figures walking toward the house.

The figures are fellow farmers, though this

may not be readily apparent. If they see Jahn's group, they stop and call out. Otherwise, they continue to move toward the house.

When they are apprehended, Jahn recognizes most of the people, 15 in all, as farmers who live in a small village some 25 kilometers away. The characters may observe that many of the people, women and children among them, are carrying bags, packs and suitcases, and many are wide-eyed with fear or quietly sobbing. Everyone is armed.

They tell their tale in fits and starts, frequently interrupting one another with comments and forgotten details. It seems that they are refugees from a Tusken Raider attack. They awoke to the sounds of fearsome shouts and explosions, and saw Sand People running through the village, striking down everyone they encountered. These villagers had to fight their way out, and only escaped by piling into and onto an old speeder truck.

The truck got them most of the way to Wayfar before breaking down, and they walked the rest of the way to the Tanner Ranch. Their message is a simple one: the Sand People are coming, and they aren't taking prisoners.

## Episode Two: Wayfar Under Siege

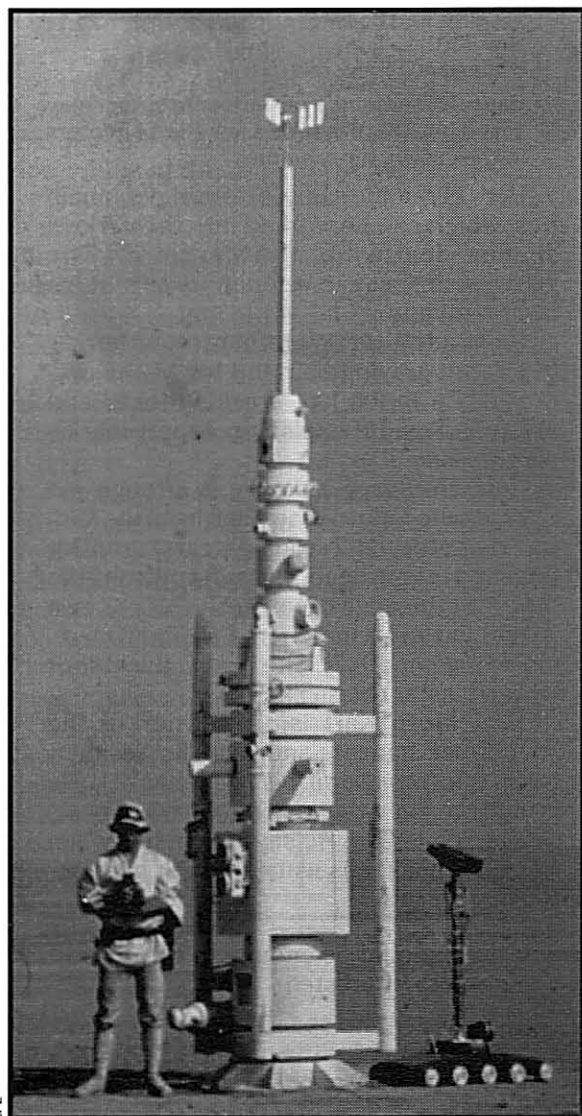
In this episode, the characters fall back to Wayfar with all the region's farmers, and help them fortify the town. The farmers turn to the characters for advice and help, deferring to their experience in military matters. In return for their help, they offer to help repair the characters' ship, and compensate them as well.

The characters will likely be concerned about leaving their ship out in Tanner's fields. This is a real concern, but since the ship is already mostly covered in sand, camouflaging it is a simple matter.

## Decisions

The early morning is filled with frantic activity in the Tanner household: comm calls to other farmers in the region, and hurried packing on the part of Lania, Dana, and Minda. The characters are all but ignored in this flurry of activity, but are told that all the farmers are heading for the comparative safety of Wayfar come dawn. He suggests that the characters come along.

By the time the Tanner group gets to town, the place is milling with families in land speeders and speeder trucks loaded with supplies and belongings, and nearly everyone is armed. Everyone is heading toward the community building (location 4 on the Wayfar map), and the Tanners tag along.



LFL



At the meeting the townspeople discuss what they should do. The mayor reports that they can expect no reinforcements in the immediate future. The Prefect has told him that with the number of bounty hunters running around Tatooine searching for some Old Republic outlaw, he can't spare any troops until sometime next week (the bounty hunters are searching for Adar Tallon, as described in *Tatooine Manhunt*.)

At least 20 percent of the people are in favor of evacuating and fleeing northeast towards Mos Eisley in their speeders. The problem with this plan is that the Sand People have cut the other communities off. Suggestions to go to Jabba for help are laughed off.

Most of the others want to stay and defend their land. The big stumbling block here is that no one in town has any real military experience. At this point, Shan jumps up and volunteers the characters to lead the defense of Wayfar!

The townspeople are doubtful, but Jahn Tanner does vouch for them to an extent. Mayor Kaimer asks the characters if they would be willing to take a look at the town's resources and help organize the townspeople.

#### ■ Mayor Kaimer

Type: Wayfar Mayor

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 3D+2, dodge 4D

KNOWLEDGE 3D

Bureaucracy 4D, business 4D, survival 3D+2

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 3D

Command 4D, persuasion 3D+2

STRENGTH 2D

Stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 2D

Droid programming 3D, droid repair 4D, farm equipment repair 5D+1

Character Points: 6

Move: 10

Equipment: Holdout blaster (3D+2), comlink

**Capsule:** Kaimer is a tough old coot. He was a moisture farmer himself for years, and only became mayor of his town after retiring. He speaks rapidly, and is a bit difficult to understand at times because he nearly always has a thick cigar in his mouth.

The sheer heroism of the task should be enough for the more idealistic characters, but more mercenary ones will take more convincing. They should keep in mind that their ship is stranded not far away, and traveling by land means either walking into the Dune Sea or traveling through an army of Sand People.

Kaimer sweetens the pot (after a hurried conference with some of the area's leading farmers), by offering the characters this month's proceeds from one of the co-op water silos (see below). This is valued at 15,000 credits, and represents the work of 48 farms for 30 days. The catch, of course, is that the characters can only collect if the silo is still around after the Tusken Raider

### The Farmer Army

Altogether, there are some 500 hundred people gathered in Wayfar, only 275 of which are able to fight. Most of these farmers have some ability to fire a weapon (most of them own at least one), but none have any experience using one in a combat situation.

It might be a good idea to give the farmer army a bit of weapons and tactics tutoring. There is only so much the characters can do in two or three days, but working with the farmers will improve somewhat their chances of surviving.

#### ■ Typical Armed Farmer

DEXTERITY 2D

Blaster 3D+1, dodge 3D+2

KNOWLEDGE 1D

MECHANICAL 2D

PERCEPTION 2D

Command 3D

STRENGTH 3D

TECHNICAL 1D

Move: 10

Equipment: Blaster rifle (5D)

**Capsule:** The stats from farmer to farmer may vary a bit. There may be a few sharpshooters in the crowd, for example.

Here are some sample farmer personalities, which can be worked into the various scenes featuring the farmers. The gamemaster may develop more to suit his or her adventure.

**Ran Padell.** Ran is a rather rotund farmer of 55 with graying hair and big bushy eyebrows. He is fond of cracking jokes and lovely ladies. He is also an expert marksman (*blaster* 5D).

**Camelle Bargé.** Camelle is a tough old woman who followed her man from the Mid-Rim to settle on Tatooine years ago. Her husband is long dead, and she now runs the motel on the edge of town. She was once a nurse, and still remembers a bit about medicine (*first aid* 4D+2). She is also a fair shot with a blaster (*blaster* 4D+1).

**Karl Mott.** Karl is the owner of the skyhopper hangar, and also its resident mechanic (*repulsorlift vehicle repair* 4D). He is a large hairy man who wears grease-stained coveralls. He says little, but when he does speak, it is usually worth hearing.

attack. This should be enough to get the rest of the characters interested.

**Note:** there are no spaceships in Wayfar, and therefore no need for the specialized tools and parts required to repair the characters' ship. The

### Scouting the Area

Scouts sent out in skyhoppers will spy some distance from Wayfar incredibly long lines of Sand People on banthas, traveling in single file, and heading straight for town. The scouts estimate the number of Sand People at over 1,500. The scouts estimate that the town has roughly three days to prepare for the attack.

closest settlement with the appropriate items is Mos Eisley, which happens to be on the other side of the Tusken Raider war party.

### Fortifying Wayfar

Wayfar is a small town, consisting of a few stores, sheds, and homes. It is located on a small plateau, which is a great help because it can only be approached from one direction.

The methods the characters use to fortify the town, get the townspeople organized, and so on are largely up to them. Some suggestions are spread throughout the text, which may be offered by one of the townspeople if the characters don't think of them.

The obvious defense tactic is barricading the southern end of town and letting the plateau walls protect the rest of the town (the walls are quite steep, but can be scaled at points, so the plan isn't foolproof). There are numerous materials and tools about town which can be used to construct some very effective barricades.

Naturally, the players may come up with some other plan altogether. Be flexible. This segment of the adventure is very open-ended, and the players are likely to come up with some wild ideas not covered here, like mounting the laser cannons from their own disabled ship on the skyhoppers, commandeering the sandcrawler to crush Tusken Raiders underfoot, or even busting out of town in a stolen landspeeder and abandoning the people to their fate. Be prepared to handle events like these.

One of the first things the characters should do is make a tour of the town to see what they have to work with. The big finds are at the skyhopper hangar, the co-op, and the farmers' depot (see below for

details). The skyhoppers can be especially useful tools in the first day in scouting out the location and estimated time of arrival of the Sand People force.

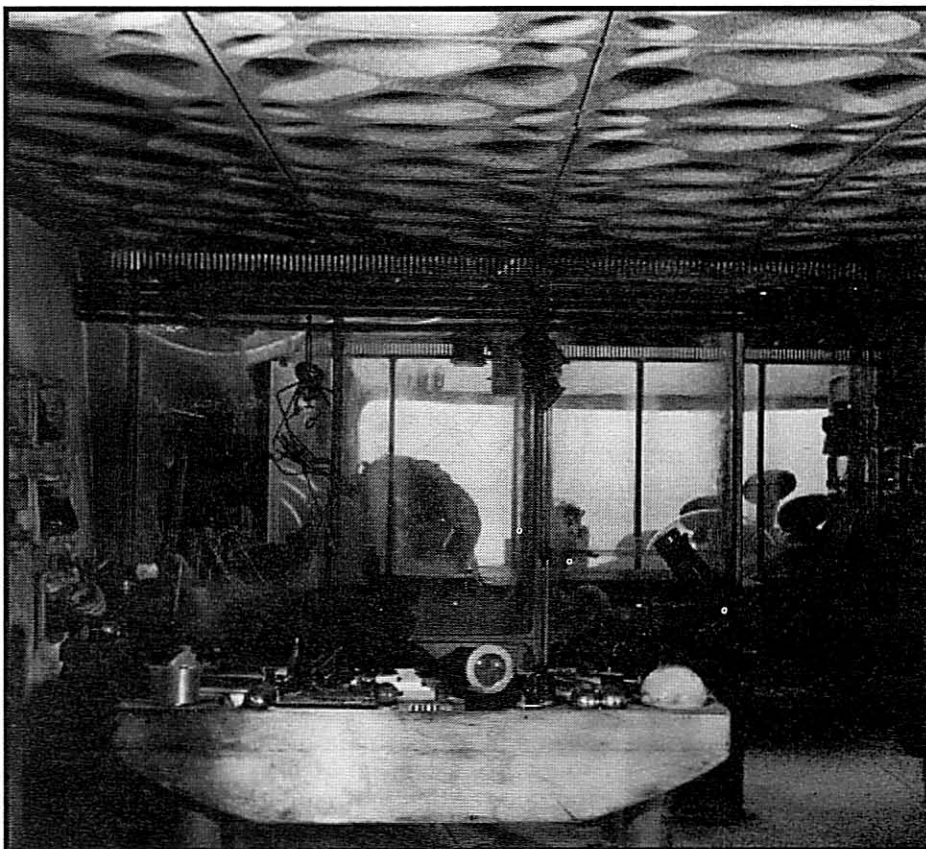
Weapons won't be a problem, and neither will comlinks. Most farmers have a gun or two, and all have comlinks. There are some additional weapons to be found in town, and those are detailed below.

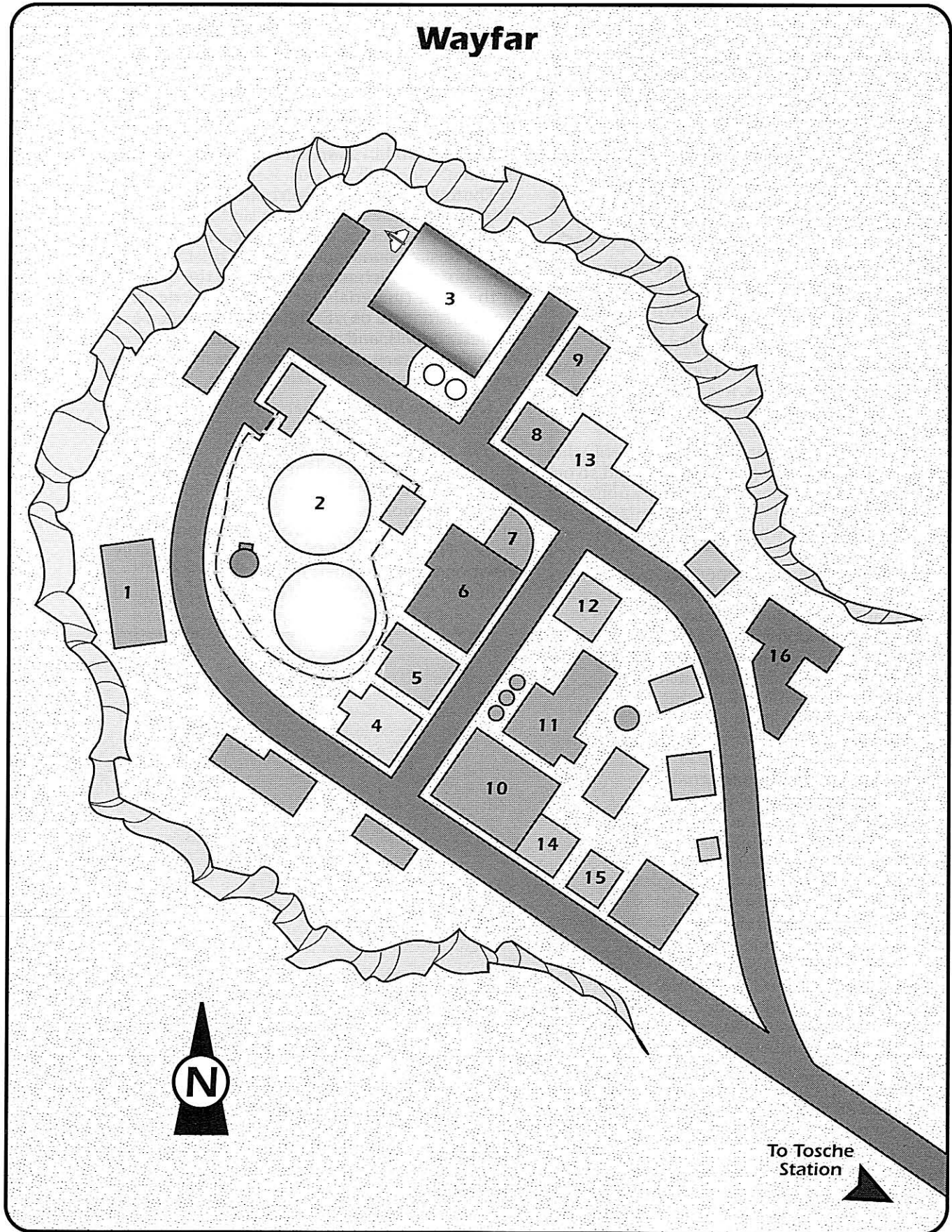
The following are the main buildings in Wayfar. Most are of adobe construction, and all are standing structures rather than underground ones.

The descriptions include resources the buildings contain which may be of use in the defense of the town (materials for building barricades, weapons, and so on). Buildings not detailed are homes, chapels, and nondescript storage sheds. All buildings are single-story unless otherwise noted.

**1. Storage Shed.** This large building contains a number of compartmented climate-controlled rooms which are individually accessible from the outside. Members of the community can rent these rooms to store equipment and belongings. Most of the rooms are filled with furniture, boxes of old clothes, junked droids, speeder parts, and so on. The renters of the rooms will probably insist on searching their own belongings.

In one room, under a tarp, is a disassembled







tripod-mounted heavy repeating blaster that's nearly 30 years old. No one can remember who it belongs to, but it works, and is very welcome (ranges: 3-75/150/400, damage 7D). It can be used to defend the town as is, or mounted on the front of a speeder to produce a makeshift tank (especially if combined with the plating from the hangar). If a 1 is rolled on the wild die, the gun breaks down.

The roof of the shed affords an excellent view down two streets, and effective firelanes can be established here if heavy weaponry can be found.

**2. Co-op Water Silos.** The local moisture farmers periodically bring their water into town and store them in two huge metallic tanks, which tower into the sky and extend underground. Once a month, the water is pumped into tankers and transported to Mos Eisley for resale, and each farmer is compensated for the volume of water he or she placed in the tanks during that month.

The complex is surrounded by a tall electric fence, which is intended to protect the town's most precious resource from thieves (specifically the Jawa traders who come into town every so often). The water tanks are the target of the Tusken Raider attack.

This location is the easiest to protect, thanks to its location and the electric fence. If the characters don't suggest it, the farmers will suggest keeping the noncombatants and doctors behind the fence when the attack comes. The view from the tops of the silos takes in nearly the entire village, which make them excellent locations for spotters and snipers.

**3. Skyhopper Hangar.** This is a large hangar designed to store aircraft. Two rolling doors open to admit skyhoppers and airplanes. Inside there are maintenance tools, racks, and engine parts scattered around. There are two skyhoppers stored here (including the one owned by Jahn). To the side of the hangar are two fuel tanks.

The most obvious resources in the hangar are the skyhoppers themselves. These can be used early on to scout out the position of the Sand People, and estimate their time of arrival. Later on, they can be used to harry the Sand People in combat, panic their banthas, and scout their movements. They are not armed, unfortunately.

Other resources include the fuel (useful for constructing makeshift bombs), a heavy duty comlink station which links to Mos Eisley, and the hangar tools, which may be used in the construction of fortifications. There are also portable field plates, which are placed out to form temporary landing fields for heavy cargo ships (there haven't been any in Wayfar for a long time). These are made of lightweight but heavy

metal, and would make excellent armor for speeder vehicles if welded on the sides (boost body strength by 2D). They can also be used to construct barricades.

#### ■ Skyhoppers

**Craft:** Incom T-16 Skyhopper

**Type:** Skyhopper

**Scale:** Speeder

**Length:** 5.2 meters

**Skill:** Repulsorlift operation: skyhopper

**Crew:** 1

**Cargo Capacity:** 25 kilograms

**Cover:** Full

**Altitude Range:** Ground level-150 km

**Cost:** not for sale

**Maneuverability:** 3D

**Move:** 450; 1300 KMH

**Body Strength:** 2D+1

**4. Community Hall.** A large building in the middle of the village where the community government offices are located. These include a mayoral office, a two-man police force, a permits and registration office, and a large meeting hall where the citizens of Wayfar gather for various community functions.

The police office contains five blaster carbines (5D), and three blasters (4D), as well as five powerful comlinks, and a prison cell. The community hall can be used to gather the people together and organize a defense of Wayfar.

**5. Restaurant.** A small eatery catering to the local farm families.

**6. General Store.** This store provides many staples and supplies not sold by the other community stores. The store sells guns, and has two heavy blasters (5D) and three blaster carbines (5D) for sale. There are also several refurbished droids available.

**7. Clothier.** This is a small shop which sells clothes.

**8. Tavern.** The local farmers gather here for a drink after work a couple of times a week.

**9. Power Plant.** The reactor which provides the town's power is located in this building.

**10. School.** The town school, where basic education is provided to the community's children. There are many tables in this building, which may be used to construct barricades.

**11. Fueling Station/Repair Bays.** This is where vehicles refuel and are serviced. There are two repair bays on the side. The repair bays contain all sorts of tools useful in repairing speeder craft.

**12. Grocery Store.** This shop sells all kinds of food, from staples to a few luxury items. The store will be sealed early on in the crisis to prevent hoarding, and its contents shifted to the



co-op (building 1 on the map), which will become the makeshift command center.

**13. Farming Supply Depot.** The farmers pick up most of their farming supplies here. There are several speedertrucks for sale, a great deal of piping (to channel water from the moisture vaporators to storage tanks), batteries, sand shovels to attach to the front of speedertrucks, sand fusers, and so on.

The tools needed to build some prime fortifications are right here. The speedertrucks mounted with the shovels can bulldoze large mounds of sand over the open ground approaching the town (they can also bulldoze Sand People, of course), pipes sharpened into metal spikes can be stuck in the sand, and the sand fusers used to fuse the sand particles into a solid, rock-like mass.

The depot is a two-story building. From its roof, two streets can be covered with fire lanes.

#### ■ Typical Speeder Truck

**Craft:** Modified Trast A-A6z Speeder Truck  
**Type:** Speeder Truck  
**Scale:** Walker  
**Length:** 15 meters  
**Skill:** Repulsorlift operation  
**Crew:** 1  
**Crew Skill:** Repulsorlift operation 3D  
**Cargo Capacity:** 25,000 kilograms  
**Altitude Range:** Ground level–3 meters  
**Maneuverability:** 1D  
**Move:** 70; 200 kmh  
**Body Strength:** 3D

**14. Grooming Shop.** This small building is where people go for haircuts. It is a traditional gathering place for many of Wayfar's old men on days of rest.

**15. Doctor/Dentist.** The community doctor and dentist maintain their practices in this building. They will move to the co-op early in the crisis to set up first aid stations.

**16. Motel/Diner.** This isn't a very busy establishment, though many farmers who have business in town like to eat here. The four motel rooms are somewhat seedy, but cool and inexpensive.

### The Jawas

On the final day before the anticipated attack, a great cloud of kicked-up sand can be seen on the horizon. An hour or two later, the rusty bulk of a Jawa sandcrawler looms into view, its steam turbines opened all the way. (The crawler might be spied earlier if the skyhoppers are sent out to investigate).

The Jawas are in a fine state of excitement. They accidentally plowed through a Tusken Raider encampment two days ago, and have

been fleeing the area ever since (they think the Sand People have massed to pursue them, because they are fleeing towards Wayfar, with the Sand People army behind).

They intend to head right back out into the Dune Sea to lay low awhile as soon as they buy some water for their crawler and some engine parts (they blew some systems in pushing the crawler to go as fast as it did).

If asked to stay and help defend the town, the Jawas will realize that they are not the intended target. This will calm them wonderfully, and cause them to assume a crafty air. They will make a great show of leaving, hoping that the townspeople will beg for their aid. They will, if the price is right.

If the crawler is to be used simply to help block the entrance to the city, the Jawas will ask for half of the water in one of the silos. The farmers will hem and haw at this, but don't really have a choice.

If the farmers want the crawler to trundle into the midst of the attacking Tusken Raiders and mash them to bits, the Jawas will make an awful fuss at the very idea, fearfully chattering about the grave danger that would put their precious home in, and so forth (actually, they know they are relatively safe in their moving fortress, but they intend to use the stereotypes of their species to good advantage). The ultimate price for this service is the contents of an entire silo. This is unacceptable to the farmers, unless the characters are willing to forgo half of the promised water allotted to them.

If the Jawas stay, they will stick to their bargain until the desert worms arrive. Then all bets are off.

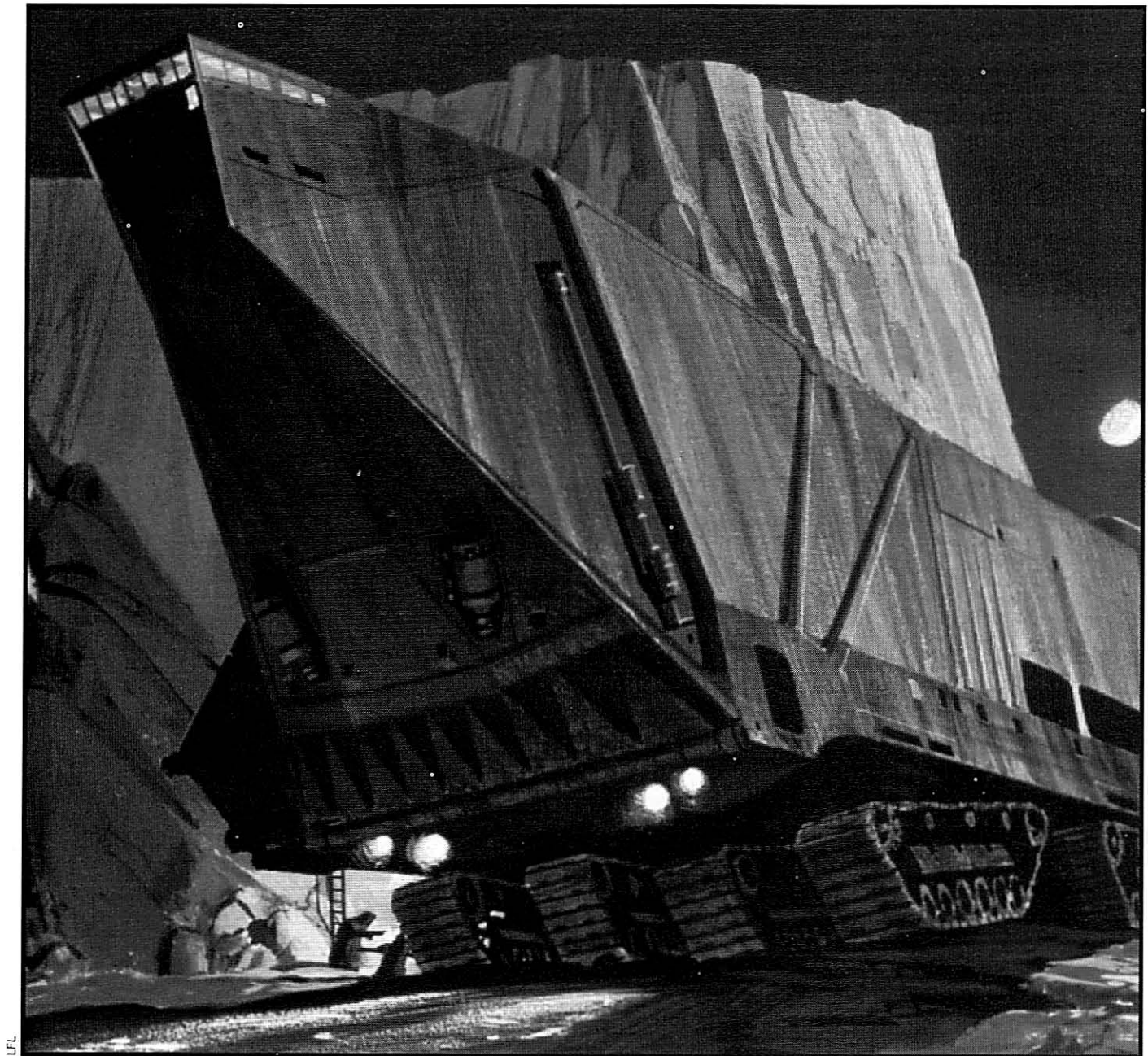
## Episode Three: Sand People Attack!

On the First Dawn of the third day, the Tusken Raiders arrive. A few scouts can be spotted flitting from rock to rock some distance from the town, examining the place from all sides.

The main army appears an hour or so later. The Sand People take their time in setting up a camp four kilometers away, and resting their banthas. All day long they sit there, chanting, rubbing stones together, performing war dances to weird piping music, and generally preparing themselves for battle.

Shortly after dark, they move in. A main force of 600 creeps toward the city from the southeast (along the road), while two smaller forces of 200 each circle to scale the walls of the plateau from the west and northeast. Soon the battle will be joined.





### Running the Battle

The easiest way to run the battle is to run a few engagements which personally involve the characters, leaving the rest of the battle as dramatic backdrop. This method works well since the characters will likely be involved in the crucial elements of the battle already: flying the skyhoppers, manning the tripod gun or home-made tank, leading counter attacks on the Tusken Raider camp, rampaging around in the crawler with the Jawas, and so on.

Alternatively, the battle may be developed as a *Star Wars Miniatures Battles* scenario, though

the gamemaster must develop this option him- or herself.

The Sand People attempts to scale the plateau ridge may succeed or fail, depending on the gamemaster's plans for the battle and the actions of the characters.

If the characters have put in the time to drill and train the farmers a bit, they will acquit themselves admirably. Both the men and the women man the barricades, firing into the charging Sandpeople and driving off wave after wave.

Alas, the characters' best effort will not prove to be sufficient to drive off the Tusken Raiders. As darkness falls, the supply of blaster energy cells

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begins to run low, the people are tiring, and the Sand People are still coming.

Slowly but inevitably, the Sand People begin to push in, and will soon overrun the defenses of the town, unless something unexpected occurs. Fortunately, it does.

### The Desert Worms Arrive

With an ear-splitting roar, two desert worms erupt from the earth right in the middle of the Sand People camp, and a third erupts right in the middle of the battlefield at the edge of the plateau, sending people running in all directions.

With screams of terror, the Sand People immediately whirl about and dash back to their camp to fight the beasts rampaging there. With a grinding squeal of changing gears, the sandcrawler stops whatever it was doing and heads out of town as fast as it can go (and giving the worms a wide berth).

The characters have their own problems, since the desert worm nearest them has focused on their little group. Remember that night is rapidly approaching.

#### ■ Desert Worms

Type: Desert reptile

DEXTERITY 3D+1

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 11D

Special Abilities:

*claws*: 8D damage

*teeth*: 15D damage

*burrowing*: Desert worms can burrow under the soft sands of the Dune Sea and travel just under the surface for several kilometers at a time.

Move: 15

Size: 10 meters tall, 20–50 meters long

Scale: Creature

Orneriness: 20

**Capsule:** The terrible desert worms of Tatooine are seldom seen by its citizens, but feared by all. They

are fierce, snake-like beasts, covered in thick, yellow-brown scales. They prey on the desert wildlife, and whatever else may cross their paths. They ambush their prey by burrowing just under the surface of the sand, and creeping up on it from below.

Occasionally, desert worms wander close to human settlements when food is scarce in the wilderness.

The Sand People are in no mood to face the farmers and the desert worms. While still fighting the things, they break camp and gallop back out into the desert, determined to look for water elsewhere. The worms pursue them.

### Wrap Up

With the Sand People gone, the farmers can try to restore their town to a semblance of normality (though they may choose to erect more permanent fortifications). As clean-up crews are repairing battle damage, several shuttlecraft from Mos Eisley land nearby, and disgorge 20 or so heavily armed soldiers (include six stormtroopers). The calvary is a bit late.

Assuming the characters do not get into trouble with the Mos Eisley force, they will have little difficulty in getting parts for their ship, and the Tanners will gladly unearth their ship again. Whatever bargain the characters struck with the farmers will be honored, though they will have to wait a few days until the water is sold in Mos Eisley. Hopefully, the tankers transporting the water to market won't disappear in the desert...

### Character Points

Give each player five Character Points for the adventure, and award an additional one to three points for good roleplaying, and brilliant planning.

# A Long Time Ago....

**To:** Arhul Hextrophon

**From:** Voren Na'al

**Subject:** The Yavin Report

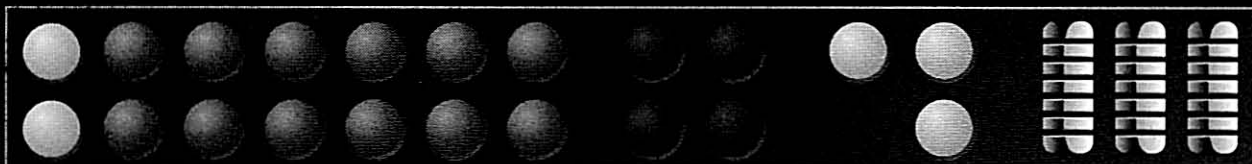
Looking back on my research over these past weeks, I am struck by a certain feeling of accomplishment. If anything, I feel the vast number of contacts I've made and the sheer volume of background information I have gathered for this report should make the Alliance auditors feel their credits were well spent.

I discovered that the destruction of the awesome Death Star battle station was indeed a monumental task, taken on by unlikely heroes in a dangerous time. The major players were incongruous: an aging Jedi Knight, two brave and hearty young people from totally different worlds, a notorious smuggler and his Wookiee co-pilot, and, of all things, two droids. The selection could not have been more perfect.

As I go over my notes, I hit upon the obvious. The focus of this report is not the events themselves, epic though they may be, but rather the many diverse beings that played out the tale. It is said that moments of bravery are most often created by moments of necessity. This story defies that notion. It is far easier to succumb to tyranny than to fight it, for freedom is not a necessity, it is a gift. Those who recognize its worth fight to protect it.

On reflection, if this work I have set out to do accomplishes anything, I would hope that it would serve as a lesson to future generations. History is far too often ignored, allowing destructive patterns to repeat time and again. The events leading up to the Battle of Yavin must also stand as a symbol, an inspiration.

If you were to ask me what I would most want remembered, it would be the people. If you were to ask me what I would leave for future generations, or even visitors from another place, so that they might better understand these times we are going through, it would be a story. For it is a story in its most basic sense. It is a grand and wondrous story.

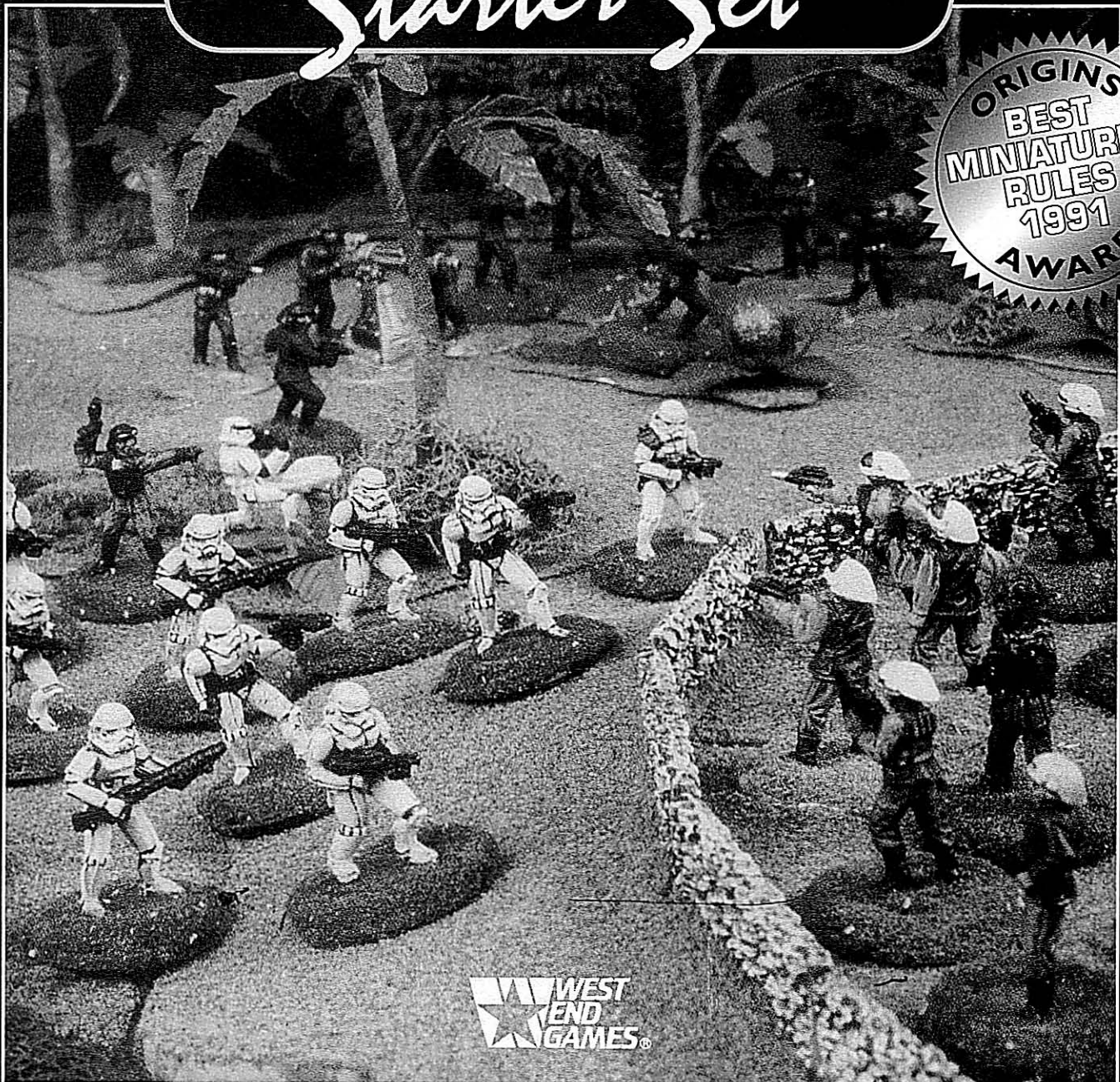




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