

STAR WARS
AGE OF
REBELLION
CRACKEN'S REBEL OPERATIVES



SWRPG

A Collection of Rebel Intelligence Agents

STAR WARS
ROLEPLAYING

STAR WARS
AGE OF
REBELLION
ROLEPLAYING GAME

CRACKEN'S REBEL OPERATIVES

The war against the Galactic Empire is more than a war of SpecForce troops against stormtroopers, of Corellian Corvettes against Imperial Star Destroyers. It is a war of individuals - spies, informants, smugglers - who all do their small part to undermine and hinder the Empire at every opportunity.

GENERAL AIREN CRACKEN, the Chief of Intelligence for the Rebel Alliance, has cultivated an extensive network of operatives throughout the galaxy. Whether disillusioned Imperial officers, the criminal element, political figures, nobles, or more, these operatives are vital sources of information doing their part to restore freedom to the galaxy....

CREDITS

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DESIGN FOR WEG BY

Paul Balsamo, Craig Robert Carey, Stephen
Crane, Sean Fannon, Michael Allen Horne, Rick
Olshak, Brian Schomburg, Peter Schweighofer,
Bill Smith, Ed Stark, Paul Sudlow, Eric
Trautmann, Chuck Truett, David R. Tulo Jr, Dan
Verssen

DEVELOPMENT AND EDITING FOR WEG BY

Bill Smith

ADDITIONAL DESIGN AND PLAYTESTING FOR WEG BY

J. Michael Denbo, Ron Hodge, Carol Hutchings

ADAPTED FOR FFG/EDGE SYSTEM BY

Daryl "Nytwyng" Ewry

COVER ART

Ralph McQuarrie

INTERIOR ARTWORK

Sourced from internet. Known artists include
Chacana (DeviantArt), Dashinvaine (DeviantArt),
Anthony Foti, Derek Herring, Miguel Iglesias,
Mike Jackson, Aldo Katayanagi, Sam Keith,
Namgwon Lee, Lyraina (DeviantArt), Raul
Mares, Kai Ng, Tom O'Neill, Casey Parkhurst,
Rgnldm (DeviantArt), Olly Rider, RussianVal
(DeviantArt), Steven Ta, Al Trax, Mike Vilardi,
Douglas Wheatley, yangzhey (DeviantArt)

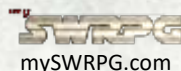
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Something was brewing. Something big. Shaw Brandiss knew it. His every instinct was screaming it, and his instincts hadn't steered him wrong before.

He'd worked hard for years, cultivating his identity within Imperial Intelligence, becoming a valued, effective agent, beyond reproach. And all the while, his true loyalties lying with the Rebellion. General Cracken had thought that there's no way such a deep cover assignment could last long, that discovery was inevitable to happen sooner, rather than later. But, despite several close calls, his status hadn't been burned.

And now, Shaw felt, it was all about to prove to be worth the trouble...the deaths...the loss of compassion and empathy...the emptiness. He couldn't figure out why, but he just...knew it.

It began a few days earlier, when he was on the bridge of the Star Destroyer *Inflictor*. He'd come aboard the ship to pave the way for the rest of his Special Missions team to board, retrieve a captured Alliance Intelligence agent who could lead the Empire straight to the Rebel leadership – all a day on the job for the team. On the bridge, though, something happened...something subtle, but noteworthy.

A Comms officer – a young woman who seemed to be on her way up – had activated a hologram. As red light

played across her face, she expressed surprise and shock. The ship's captain quickly shut the hologram down and had her escorted to the brig.

Pulling rank and his flexing his Imperial Intelligence credentials, Shaw was able to speak with her. Activating his VidVox scrambler, he was able to quickly discern that she, too, was a Rebel asset. A green one, too, based on her reaction on the bridge. She was scared of her capture, and not sure who to trust.

"Just look at the file yourself," she said, giving Shaw the file code.

Under pretense of investigating her actions, Shaw inspected the station she'd been at. He looked around, no one seemed to be looking. He keyed in the file code, and the holoprojector activated.

A hologram formed of a lush, forested moon. And orbiting above the moon...an unfinished Death Star.

Shaw deactivated the holoprojector, and tried to appear calm as he rushed to a private location to contact General Cracken directly. The Bothans needed to get on this right away...find more details.

On Coruscant, the Emperor lifted his head and smiled. Everything was proceeding as he had foreseen it....



COVERT INTELLIGENCE INVOLVES A LOT OF WAITING AROUND

Cracken's **Rebel Operatives** was originally published as a supplement for West End Games' *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game, Second Edition*, and is adapted here for the **AGE OF REBELLION** Roleplaying Game by Fantasy Flight Games/EDGE Studio. It details some of the most famous and colorful operatives in the Rebel Alliance, as well as a number of independent operatives with Alliance sympathies.

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK?

This supplement is presented by Alliance General Airen Cracken, a well known operative, himself. Each entry includes information on the individual's history and mission profile, while Cracken's comments shed light on the personality of the operative.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

It is easy to view the Alliance as made up of merely X-wings and hidden bases, famous leaders and anonymous soldiers. This book allows GMs to present the Rebel Alliance for what it truly is: a group of individuals who are willing to sacrifice all for a just and moral cause.

The characters in this book can serve countless roles. Rebel operatives may assist PCs in the field or be a vital contact to relay supplies or orders. These operatives also serve as "Alliance personalities." Everyone has heard of Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and Princess Leia, but the Alliance has many more heroes. The GM can "drop names," building up a secondary cast of characters who can guest star in an adventure or two. Finally, these characters serve as models for the GM's own operatives. By reading these

character profiles, GMs and players can get an understanding of how spies, saboteurs, and other important operatives assist the Alliance.

This book is divided into five chapters, each one devoted to a specific type of operative.

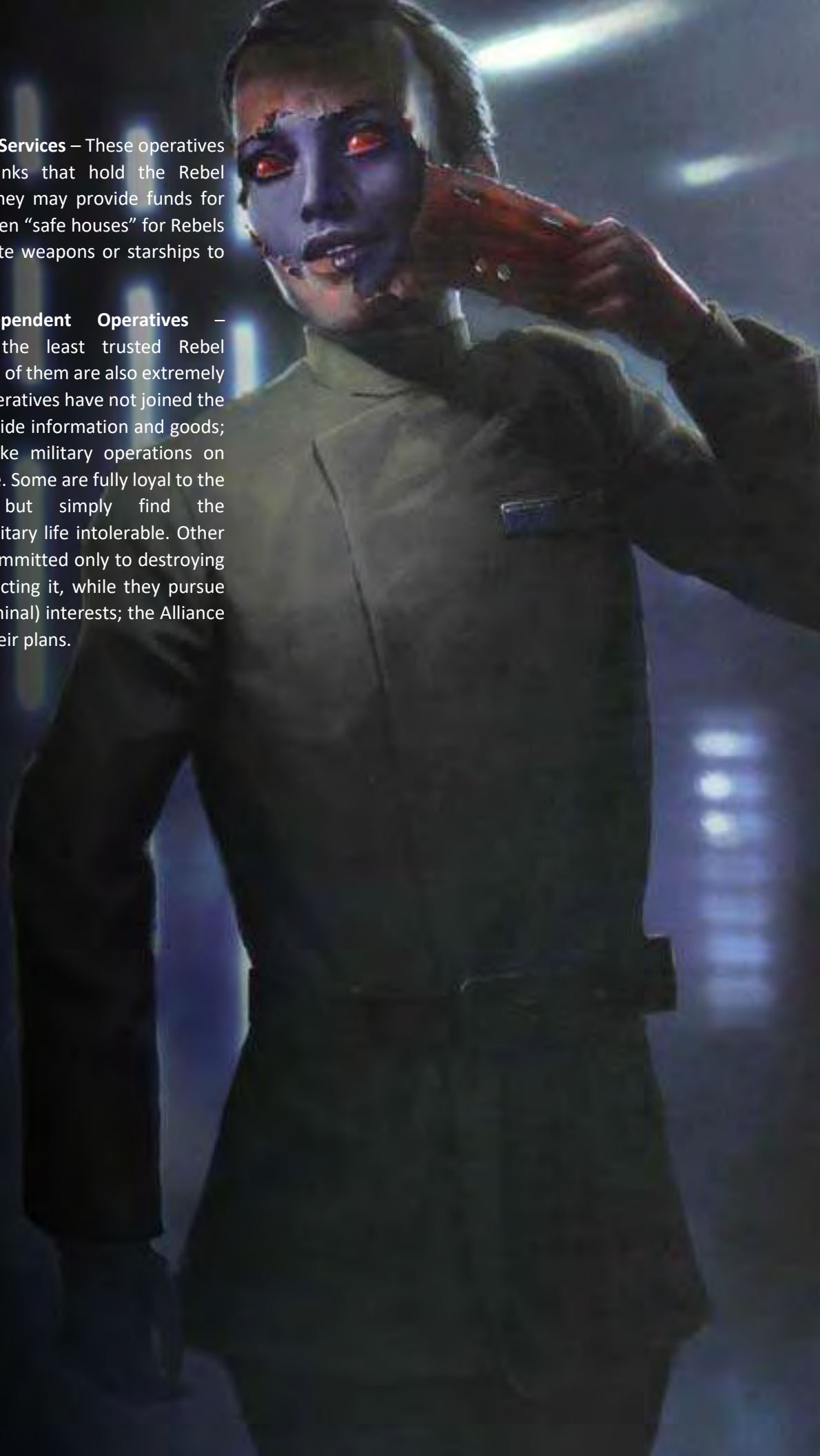
Chapter I: Military – Military operatives are those individuals who take up arms and directly confront the Empire's military. They infiltrate Imperial facilities and may be part of "extraction teams" which rescue captured Alliance agents. Some of the Alliance's best military operatives seldom see combat; they use stealth or subterfuge to infiltrate their target and escape in the confusion their actions create. These operatives are not assigned long term "deep cover" missions; instead, they are given mission assignments, often with orders to get in and out as soon as possible.

Chapter II: Intelligence – Intelligence operatives infiltrate every facet of the Empire to gather information. These operatives may be in "deep cover" positions, acting as Imperial military officers and soldiers (or even Imperial Intelligence agents). They may work in support services or be employees of corporations which supply ships, weapons, or basic goods to the Empire. They seldom are involved in military actions, but rather gather information quietly and secretly, passing what they have stolen through channels.

Chapter III: Droids – Droids serve countless functions in modern society; being a spy is but one of them. The Empire takes droids for granted, allowing the Alliance a fantastic opportunity to gather information and sabotage the Empire's plans.

Chapter IV: Support Services – These operatives provide the vital links that hold the Rebel Alliance together. They may provide funds for Rebel operations, open “safe houses” for Rebels on the run, or donate weapons or starships to the Alliance’s cause.

Chapter V: Independent Operatives – Independents are the least trusted Rebel operatives, but some of them are also extremely important. These operatives have not joined the Alliance, but do provide information and goods; some even undertake military operations on behalf of the Alliance. Some are fully loyal to the Alliance’s cause but simply find the regimentation of military life intolerable. Other independents are committed only to destroying the Empire or distracting it, while they pursue their own (often criminal) interests; the Alliance is a useful tool for their plans.



A WORD FROM GENERAL CRACKEN

The war against the Galactic Empire is more than a war of SpecForce troops against stormtroopers, of Corellian Corvettes against Imperial Star Destroyers. It is a war of individuals – spies, informants, smugglers – who all do their small part to undermine and hinder the Empire at every opportunity.

In the short time since the Battle of Yavin, the oppressed people of the galaxy have begun to take notice of us. The Alliance is now more than a collection of “dreamers and deviants,” as the Empire’s propaganda ministries would have everyone believe. The Alliance is a military force, and even if we face daunting odds, we are still a threat to the Empire. While This is a fantastic accomplishment for the Rebel Alliance, it also hinders our efforts. Having active and vocal supporters lends even more credibility to us, but it comes at a time when we sorely lack the manpower and weaponry to do much about the Empire with oppresses us all.



That is where our operatives come in. The Alliance cannot compete with the Empire in terms of soldiers or resources. Therefore, to defeat the Emperor, we must outsmart him. We can only do that by gathering as much information as possible and by using contacts with the bureaucracy of the Empire to further our objectives.

This datafile detailing some of our more useful operatives is being made available to you, the Alliance’s most trusted intelligence gatherers and military operatives, in the hopes that you will be able to call on these people for assistance. Someday, these people may require you to help them continue their duties for the Alliance. These being range from “unimportant” Imperial soldiers who gather top secret military data to flamboyant pirates and smugglers who flaunt the Empire’s authority, yet lay down their lives for our cause on a daily basis. Some are people who volunteer information and assistance, yet choose not to actively join the Alliance. In any event, these people are as important to the Alliance as are the front line soldiers who face the Empire’s war machine every day.

Learn about these people. Get an understanding of what they are doing for us and how you can assist them. And remember, some time, when you least expect it, one of these operatives will show up and probably save your life.

Good day, and may the Force be with us all.

Respectfully, General Airen Cracken

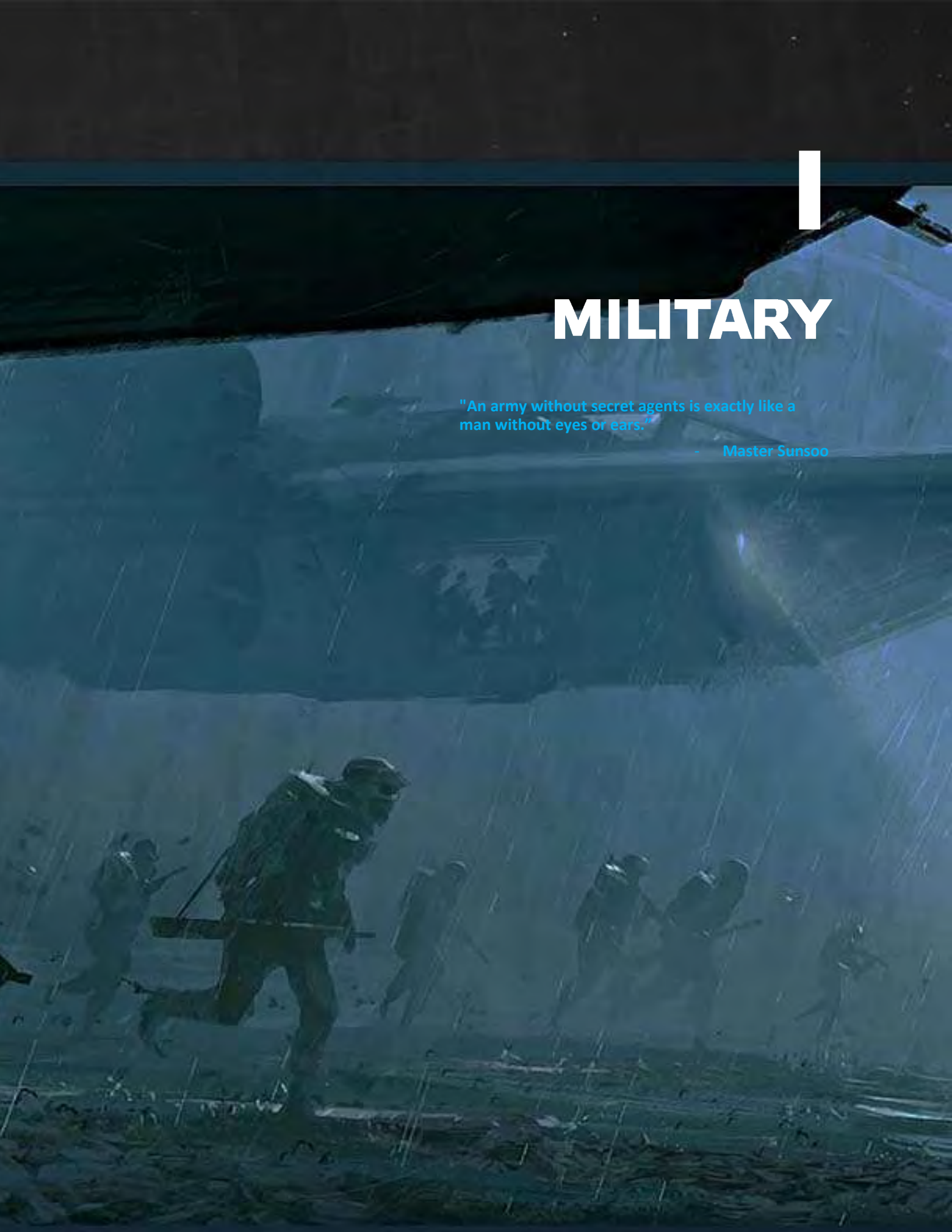


I

MILITARY

"An army without secret agents is exactly like a man without eyes or ears."

- Master Sunsoo



COLONEL VIN NORTHAL

Operative Role: Deep cover extraction specialist

Current Location: Wynth, Wyloff Sector, The Colonies

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 32

Vin Northal is one of the Alliance's most impassioned operatives. He is also one of the most valuable. Vin Northal was once in service to the Emperor.

Born to proud COMPNOR-member parents, Vin became a shining example of the future New Order. He excelled in the SAGEducation program. The Empire's SAGRecreation program became a large part of Vin's youth. He achieved the position of local SAGroup wegsphere champion at the age of 14. This achievement earned him the personal attention of the local CompForce recruiter. However, while Vin found the CompForce recruiter's offer attractive, he also realized that the Imperial Academy was wide open to him. He applied and was accepted.

He graduated an officer in the Imperial Army at the very top of his class; in fact, he set a new goal for Academy cadets to strive for. His name was passed on to the appropriate Imperial command authorities, and they began watching him in earnest.

Vin's abilities earned him the right to enter training for special forces. Upon graduation, he was placed under the command of one of the Empire's best squad commanders, Crix Madine.

After two years, Vin's elite abilities gained him his own command. Soon after, he was put into Imperial stormtrooper officer training, where he also doubled as an infiltration instruction. He graduated with his own squad command.

One year later, Vin was asked to become a member of the Emperor's personal guard. With unswerving loyalty, he accepted. As a member of the Emperor's Royal Guard, he was trained, sharpened and honed into a loyal, lethal weapon capable of mass destruction. And this was just how the Emperor used him.

Vin's duties took him to the front lines of the war against the "pathetic Rebellion." He helped suppress violent protests, destroy Alliance bases, and guard the Emperor's life during Palpatine's travels. As part of the customary duty rotation, Vin was sent to serve with a front line stormtrooper unit. What changed Vin was a pacification campaign waged on the rebelling planet Meastrinnar, in the city of Vondrel. A rebel intelligence cell was thought to have been discovered. Unbeknownst to Vin, ISB's transmission had been decoded incorrectly. The correct Rebel operation was in the sister city of Vondrol. Vin's detachment, under his command, assaulted the suspected Alliance building. He was under orders to eradicate all life-forms in the structure.

Working under the cover of darkness, Vin's assault group attacked. Strangely, there was no resistance. Vin and his troops stormed the structure with precision and proceeded to shoot anything that stood out on their infrared scanners.

It took him a few seconds to realize what they had just done. The structure they had



raided was an orphanage. His soldiers had murdered dozens of children in their sleep. He ordered an immediate withdrawal

Vin Northal could not reconcile his feelings about the senseless slaughter. His superiors considered it a job well done – the planet’s media networks distributed information about the great “military victory” rather than acknowledge an embarrassing intelligence mistake. Vin’s world came crashing down all around him. He wondered if all the other reports of atrocities could be true, as well.

Using his security access, Vin went searching through battle records, under the pretense of “gaining historical insight.” That night, Vin found and read various captured Rebel Alliance documents. For the first time in his life, he decided that to achieve the “new order” that he dreamt of – a peaceful and prosperous society – he would have to join the Alliance.

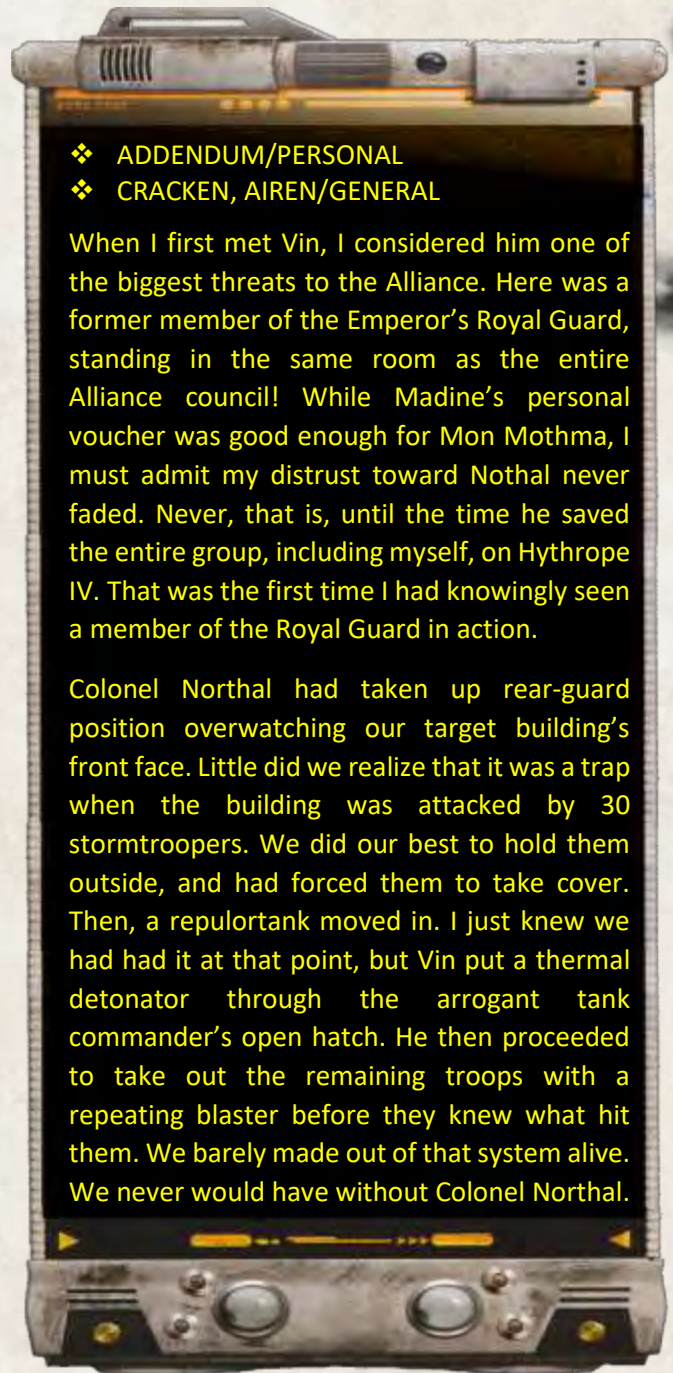
During his next mission, Vin allowed himself to be captured by the Rebel forces. To their astonishment, he requested political asylum. General Crix Madine personally vouched for him.

Today, Vin Northal is one of the Alliance’s foremost operatives specializing in infiltration and retrieval. His knowledge of Imperial procedures, combined with his training and experience, has helped many missions deemed “impossible” come to completion. He insists on front-line combat duty, and has led several SpecForce missions. In his spare time, he serves as a training instructor to SpecForce Infiltrators.

COLONEL VIN NORTHAL (NEMESIS)

3 STRAIN	3 AGILITY	2 INTELLECT	2 CHARM	2 WILLPOWER	2 PRESENCE
SOAK 4	WOUND 16	STRAIN 12	DEFENSE 1 1		RANGED MELEE

Skills: Athletics 2, Coercion 3, Discipline 3, Gunnery 2, Melee 4, Perception 3, Ranged –



❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

When I first met Vin, I considered him one of the biggest threats to the Alliance. Here was a former member of the Emperor’s Royal Guard, standing in the same room as the entire Alliance council! While Madine’s personal voucher was good enough for Mon Mothma, I must admit my distrust toward Northal never faded. Never, that is, until the time he saved the entire group, including myself, on Hythrope IV. That was the first time I had knowingly seen a member of the Royal Guard in action.

Colonel Northal had taken up rear-guard position overlooking our target building’s front face. Little did we realize that it was a trap when the building was attacked by 30 stormtroopers. We did our best to hold them outside, and had forced them to take cover. Then, a repulortank moved in. I just knew we had had it at that point, but Vin put a thermal detonator through the arrogant tank commander’s open hatch. He then proceeded to take out the remaining troops with a repeating blaster before they knew what hit them. We barely made out of that system alive. We never would have without Colonel Northal.

Heavy 2, Ranged – Light 3, Streetwise 2, Vigilance 4, Warfare 1

Talents: Adversary 2, Heightened Awareness, Parry 4

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, cortosis-plated force pike, camouflage clothing (Soak 1, Melee Defense 1, Ranged Defense 1; Upgrade the ability of Stealth checks twice while suit is active)

K'LIAL & DISKIO KHZRRY

Operative Role: Extraction

Current Location: Grohl sector

Species: Xi'Dec **Ages:** 36 and 40

K'lial and Diskio are the last surviving members of the Khzrry family unit, once one of the most respected family units of the Xi'Dec. The other members of the family unit were vacationing on the *Savage Pleasure* resort liner when the Empire's attempt to assassinate Senator Mael Sidras resulted in the deaths of all aboard. Infuriated, K'lial and Diskio shifted their allegiances to the Rebellion, and vowed to work for the destruction of the Empire.



Using their species as their cover, they travel the galaxy rescuing Rebel agents who have been apprehended by local law enforcement authorities. Posing as family recruiters frantically searching for individuals of new sexes to add to their family unit, they sweep Rebel agents from the hands of the authorities. Their blustery,

insectoid personalities and the speed with which they work often allows them to sweep a captive Rebel agent from the grasp of authorities before anyone realizes what is occurring. When speed and trickery fail, these two are also experts in security systems and can easily extract prisoners from most places of confinement.

K'lial, being somewhat more humanoid (despite its four extra arms), takes the lead when dealing with authorities. Its vocal capacities are expansive, providing it with one of the most comforting Basic accents in the galaxy, while its arms and grasping claws weave almost hypnotic patterns in the air (and, occasionally, withdraw objects from pockets and purses). Seventy

percent of the agents rescued by the Khzrrys are taken directly from the clutches of their captors, pried away only by K'lial's voice.

The remaining 30 percent owe their freedom to the knowledge and skills of Siskio, the more insectoid member of the pair. With each of its eight legs ending in dexterous claws, Diskio is capable of deactivating a remarkable range of locks and security systems, ranging from the simplest mechanical locks to the most complex electronic devices.

DISKIO KHZRRY (NEMESIS)

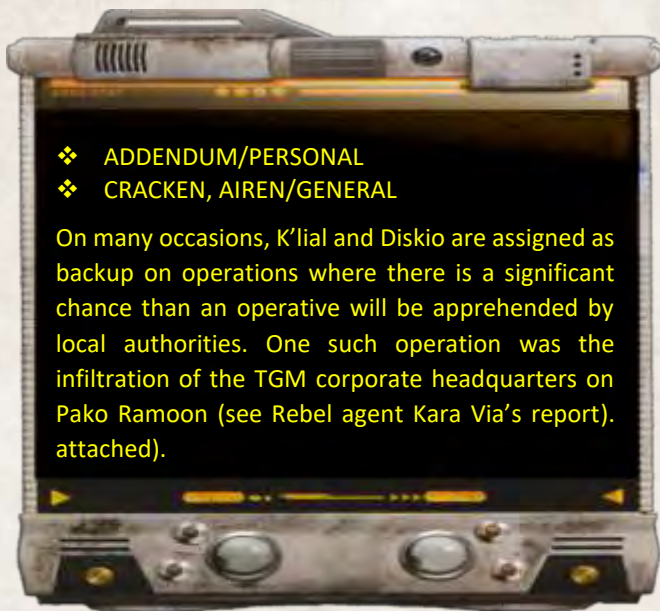


Skills: Mechanics 4, Perception 1, Ranged (Light) 5, Skulduggery 5, Streetwise 3

Talents: Adversary 1

Abilities: Chitin plates (Diskio's body is covered in chitinous plates that can hide small objects totaling no more than encumbrance 3; checks to detect these objects are **Formidable** (◆◆◆◆◆)); six-armed (gains ■ on all Brawl checks and may spend ☹☹ on a successful melee attack to hit a second target engaged with it dealing the same damage as dealt to the original target. Gains additional free maneuver per turn, but still may not perform more than two maneuvers per turn.

Equipment: 2 blaster pistols, Claws (Brawl; Range: engaged; damage 7, Critical 3), lockpicking tools, natural body armor (Soak 3, Defense 1, already reflected in stats)



K'LIAL KHZRRY (NEMESIS)



Skills: Charm 3, Coercion 3, Cool 2, Deception 3, Discipline 3, Leadership 3, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Skulduggery 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Improved Commanding Presence 2, Congenial 1, Convincing Demeanor 3, Kill With Kindness 3

Abilities: Hypnotic Voice (K'lial has an extremely hypnotic voice which can lull unsuspecting targets into a false sense of security. K'lial receives ■ to Charm, Deception, and Negotiation checks, as well as to Skulduggery checks to attempt pick pocketing)

Equipment: 2 medpacs

❖ TextFile: Report, Agent Via

K'lial and Diskio approached the TGM guards as they escorted Basal Moor through the lobby of the corporate headquarters.

"This is incredible," K'lial said, in that dizzying voice of its, "truly incredible."

"Yes," answered Diskio, "incredible."

K'lial pushed its way through the guards and put two of its left arms around Basal. "My spouse and I espied you from afar and would like to request the honor of your consenting to a complete genetic analysis for potential inclusion in our family unit."

(Operative Note: While I did not observe the action, I assume that it was during this speech that K'lial remove the codekeys to Basal's arm restraints from the pocket of the head security guard.)

One of the guards pointed his rifle at K'lial, while another pushed the Xi'Dec away. "What are you doing?" the guard asked.

"I am proposing," K'lial answered, "and if you would excuse me, I would greatly prefer to continue my proposal in private."

"What do you mean, 'proposing?'" asked the guard.

"You are familiar with the concept of 'marriage,' are you not?" K'lial asked in turn.

"Yeah, but..."

"Well, my spouse and I," interrupted K'lial, indicating Diskio, who nodded his body disc, "are searching the galaxy looking for beings of high genetic potential to add to our tragically deficient family unit."

"Spouse?" That thing's not even the same species!"

"Indeed," said K'lial haughtily, while Diskio

managed to look offended, "we are both proud members of the Xi'Dec species and we greatly object to any implications otherwise, thank you very much." K'lial advanced towards the head security guard before it continued its speech. "Do not disregard our collective identity simply because your species lacks genetic diversity."

(Operative Note: Again, I did not witness this, but it is likely that K'lial used this time to release Basal from his restraints.)

"Now, said K'lial, three of its arms around Basal, "my potential spouse and I would like to adjourn to a private location to continue our negotiations." K'lial turned to Diskio and nodded. "Spouse, shall we?"

Diskio nodded its body again and spoke, "Indeed, most gracious spouse." Then Diskio reached underneath its chitinous shell with three of its arms.

"Wait a minute," said the head guard. "You are not taking our prisoner anywhere."

"Yes, I am," countered K'lial.

"Yes," said Diskio withdrawing the remote control unit from its hiding place. "The matrimonial lawyer should arrive any second."

"I am tired of listening to this nonsense," yelled the head guard. "You are all under arrest!"

It was then that the ground speeder crashed through the windows at the lobby entrance. Diskio drew two blasters from beneath its shell and started firing.

The speeder smashed to a stop between the Rebels and the security guards, and the Xi'decs quickly helped the Human into the cockpit.

As the vehicle exited the lobby, K'lial stuck its head out of the upper hatch. "It has accepted our proposal. We are engaged!"

VENLYSS PNORR

Operative Role: Retrievals agent

Current Location: Unknown

Species: Gand **Sex:** Male **Age:** 34

Venlyss Pnorr has been an effective operative for quite some time now, performing retrievals of both Alliance and Imperial agents. Under the guise of being a bounty hunter, he has snatched Alliance

His behavior, however, seems to have taken an unsettling turn. In a number of his recent missions, there have been an inordinate number of “accidents” – the Imperials he was bringing in for interrogation have met with untimely demises. When questioned about these incidents, Pnorr has seemed uninterested in responding, merely stating that they were trying to escape and refused to surrender. He has shown no remorse and no interest in helping investigators determine the actual course of events.

While the death of the occasional Imperial agent or soldier could be overlooked as a casualty of war, Pnorr’s last mission resulted in the death of the Alliance deep-cover operative he was rescuing. After the agent’s cover was blown, Pnorr managed to get him away from ISB sector headquarters he was stationed at.

The “accidental” loss of the mole occurred well after pursuit had been

abandoned.

The body of the agent was delivered to the Rebel drop-off point, and Pnorr has not been seen since. He must be found and brought in for questioning.

operatives right from under the noses of Imperial stormtroopers and planetary governors. On the other side of the credit, he has managed to “acquire” no small number of Imperials for questioning.



VENLYSS PNORR (NEMESIS)

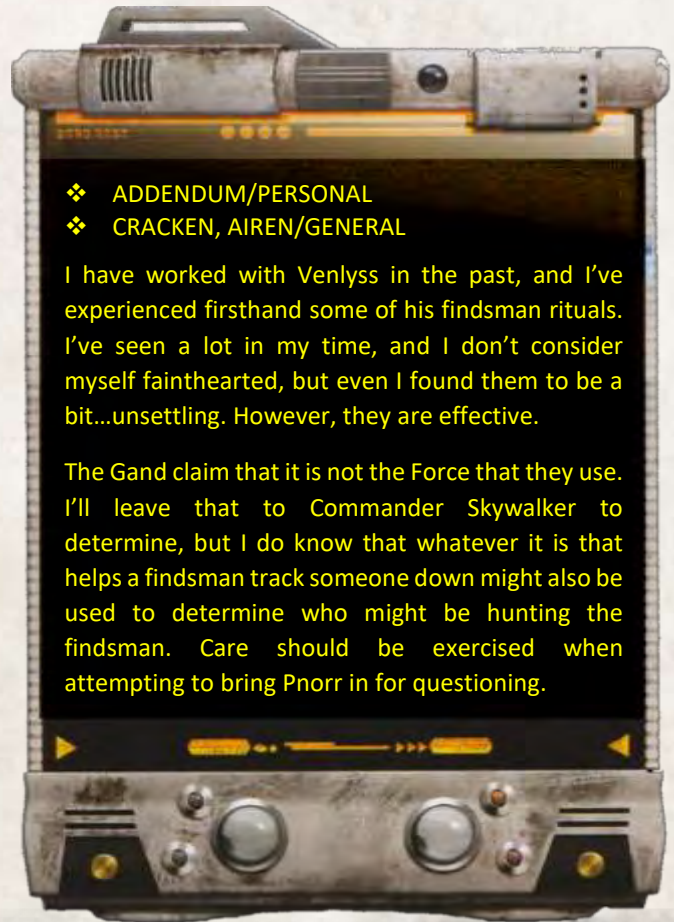
3	4	2	4	3	2
BRAWN	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CLIMBING	WELL KNOWN	POSSIBILITIES
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
4	15	15	1	1	
			RANGED	MELEE	

Skills: Brawl 3, Computers 3, Cool 2, Deception 3, Melee 3, Perception 5, Ranged (Light) 4, Stealth 3, Streetwise 3, Survival 4, Vigilance 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Dodge 2, Expert Tracker 2, Parry 2

Abilities: Ammonia Breather (breaths ammonia; must use a respirator and if exposed to oxygen, treats it as a dangerous atmosphere with rating 8). Findsman Ceremonies (uses elaborate and arcane rituals to find prey, drawing omens from these rituals; once per session, may use a ritual – which takes at least three hours – to upgrade a Survival check twice when tracking a target).

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, vibroknife, armored clothing, datapad



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

I have worked with Venlyss in the past, and I've experienced firsthand some of his findsman rituals. I've seen a lot in my time, and I don't consider myself fainthearted, but even I found them to be a bit...unsettling. However, they are effective.

The Gand claim that it is not the Force that they use. I'll leave that to Commander Skywalker to determine, but I do know that whatever it is that helps a findsman track someone down might also be used to determine who might be hunting the findsman. Care should be exercised when attempting to bring Pnor in for questioning.



THE SHIELD

In these days of continuing military and corporate strife, there is a market for private “security specialists” who are versatile, skilled, and who are willing to do “what is necessary” to please their employer. The private organization called the Shield is one such group. That they are also Alliance operatives is something that is unknown to both the Empire and the corporations that hire the Shield.

“The Shield” began as a group that protected corporate couriers who had to travel among systems. It eventually branched out to handle executive bodyguard duties and now counter-espionage. While it has been a successful independent security force, it has lost two of its original members. Still, the Shield has an excellent record and can command respectable fees for the small operations it excels in.

FILICE GINZORK

Little is known about this woman, except that she and Peert met many years ago. They married only recently. Filice is a skilled slicer. She is a member of a near-Human race called the Arhan.

Like most Arhans, she is very thin and frail with long features.

FILICE GINZORK (NEMESIS)



Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Coercion 4, Computers 5, Deception 4, Discipline 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 5, Medicine 1, Melee 4, Negotiation 3, Perception 4, Ranged (Light) 3, Skulduggery 3, Stealth 3, Streetwise 4, Survival 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Codebreaker 3, Dodge 3, Parry 2

Equipment: Blaster pistol, commlink, datapad, dataspikes (4), macrobinoculars, medpac, lectrosticker, lockpicking tools, restraining bolt



LECTROSTICKER

The lectrosticker is used to get through high-end security card locks. It is a simple device made of a sense-plate cut to the standard size of a security card, four piece of wire, and a small data compiler unit.

When the lectrosticker is put into the card key slot, and the users adjusts the compiler, they send out an electronic pulse. The compiler reads the points where the pattern of the plate and locks match, and gives the user a series of clicks corresponding to the pattern overlap. By adjusting the toggle, the user can change the pulse pattern on the plate. The closer the user gets to the actual pattern of a card key on the sense-plate, the faster the clicks will come until simply becoming a hum, and the door should open.

The lectrosticker upgrades Computers checks to bypass a card key lock once.

Encumbrance: 0

Hard Points: 0

Price: (R) 750

Rarity: 6

PEERT GINZORK

Peert is the brute force behind the Shield, though he tempers his physical skills with patience and experience. Peert is a false name; he served the Imperial Army as an assault trooper, but then disappeared in action. Several months later, he resurfaced in the identity of Peert Ginzork and assembled the people who would become the Shield. He is believed to be very sympathetic to the Rebellion.



PEERT GINZORK (NEMESIS)

3	4	2	2	2	3
SOAK	AGILITY	INTELLECT	LEADERSHIP	WELL KNOWN	PERSEVERANCE
6	15	12	0	0	
			RANGED	MELEE	

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Coercion 3, Gunnery 4, Leadership 4, Melee 3, Perception 1, Piloting (Planetary) 3, Ranged (Heavy) 6, Ranged (Light) 4, Streetwise 2, Survival 5

Talents: Adversary 1, Command 2, Commanding Presence 2, Inspiring Leadership, Parry 2

Equipment: Blaster rifle, heavy blaster pistol, protective vest (Soak 1, reflected in stats), comlink

BAARAK KALAM

Baarak is a Klatooninian and the main mechanic for the Shield's vehicles and starships. He worked for a number of outlaw tech outfits before meeting Peert. While a very skilled individual, he is absent-minded and tends to talk to himself. He's also quite unkempt (the other members of the Shield refuse to go anywhere near his quarters for fear of becoming lost in the clutter). Baarak is normally found tinkering with the engines and systems of the Shield's vehicles and has a reputation for jury-rigging modifications that last *almost* as long as they are needed. He also has a knack for putting Imperial ships out of commission at the most opportune of moments.

BAARAK KALAM (NEMESIS)



Skills: Astrogation 4, Computers 3, Gunnery 4, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Mechanics 5, Negotiation 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Bad Motivator, Dodge 2, Fine Tuning 2

Equipment: Blaster pistol, chronometer, commlink, datapad, pocket computer, tool kit

KEAL ROSCON

Keal began his career with the Sullustan home guard, but this situation was short-lived as he could not keep himself out of trouble when he was off-duty. He left his homeworld and found employment with a number of other transportation corporations before meeting Peert and signing on with the Shield. Keal is known for his daring (and somewhat suicidal) tactics. He is quiet unless the subject of space travel comes up, in which case he gets very excited and begins to endlessly relay tales about famed smugglers and pilots.

KEAL ROSCON (NEMESIS)



Skills: Astrogation 4, Brawl 2, Computers 1, Deception, 2, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 4, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 4, Melee 2, Piloting (Space) 5, Ranged (Light) 2, Streetwise 4, Survival 2

Talents: Familiar Suns, Galaxy Mapper 2, Parry 2

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol with hair trigger attachment, holdout blaster, detonite charge, blast vest, commlink, datapad



THE CYGNANTE

This highly modified Siemar Systems Mark I bulk freighter has been reinforced to be battle worthy and to serve as a home base for extended periods without resupply. The *Cygnante* has five false transponders that can be used to give false ship identification codes to nosy Imperial patrol cruisers.

THE CYGNANTE



Hull Type/Class: Bulk transport/Modified Siemar Mark I

Manufacturer: Siemar Ships

Hyperdrive: Primary Class 1, Backup Class 20

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Short

Ship's Complement: One pilot, three gunners

Encumbrance Capacity: 200

Passenger Capacity: 20

Consumables: Five months

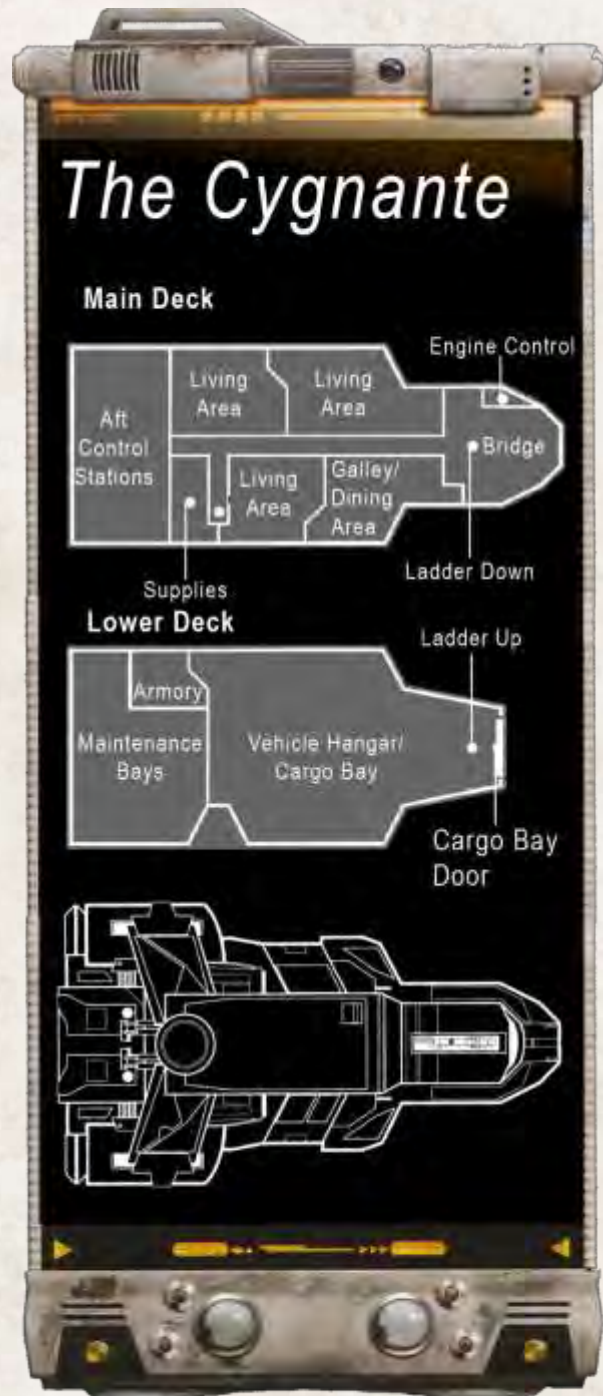
Price/Rarity: Not for sale/10

Customization Hard Points: 3

Special: Five false transponders

Weapons: Dorsal turret-mounted light laser cannon (Fire Arc All; Damage 5; Critical 3; Range [Close]).

One forward and one aft twin medium laser canon (Fire Arc Forward and Aft; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close]; Linked 1).



SLEEPER CELL V-16

During this time of Rebellion and civil strife, it is important to recognize the value of the average citizen. Every man and woman, ever Human and Gotal, every individual with a conscience is responsible to every other being in the galaxy for his or her action or *inaction*. Everything that everyone does at such an important crux of history *matters*. Alliance pilots fight Imperial forces in the vacuum of space, and Alliance soldiers battle Imperial stormtroopers on

THE WEB OF SID TÉ

The following diagram shows Berren Sid Té's information "net," which forms much of the basis of Sleeper Cell V-16.

The scope of Sid's information network is impressive to say the least. It should be emphasized that *none* of the people who tell things to Sid have *any* idea that he is an Alliance operative. At worse, a few people think Sid is a "shady character who has a fetish for knowing "everything" that goes on in "his city." Sid makes certain that everybody in his information net is rewarded for their contributions to his knowledge, and that no one knows how important – or trivial – any particular piece of knowledge is. Sometimes, he will order that a reliable customer with a bit of gossip about some wealthy businessman be given a "gift" or a discount as a "thank you" from Sid himself. Other times, he will treat a "hot tip" about Imperial movements as "old news" and give a more trivial reward. Sid sometimes misses some information (people try to guess what Sid is after and sometimes they guess wrong), but there is no set pattern to his interest – which means an Imperial spy would have a hard time finding out that Sid is an Alliance operative.

countless worlds, but the battle will never be won until every individual citizen answers his or her call to conscience.

Sleeper Cell V-16 is representative of all the groups of men and women across the Empire who fight the spread of totalitarianism and evil in their own backyards. They go about their lives as normal but, when the call to conscience comes, they act, and because they act, they move all of us one step closer to our greater destiny.



It is important to realize that there are literally hundreds of *millions* of Rebel operatives throughout the galaxy. Many of them do not formally recognize themselves as members of the Alliance, but most of them have some ties to our freedom-loving organization. Sleeper Cell V-16 is an example of one such group of "civilian operatives" – men and women who could have buried their heads in the sand while the Empire walked all over their basic sapient rights but didn't.

Instead, they chose to appeal to the Rebel Alliance for guidance and aid. We have been able to give them the former, but the latter has been up to their own individual initiative. Because they continue to fight, they are heroes

BAKKU

Operative Role: Strong-arm

Current Location: "Downside" of Fabrillan

Species: Reigat **Sex:** Male

Age: Unknown

The Reigat are a species of individuals and loners. They live alone, they die alone, and, if it were possible, they would probably breed alone. If it were not for the yearly "breeding drives" they experience, the species would probably be extinct by now.


Bakku is no exception. Fabrillan has a relatively large Reigat population - about 50,000 - so they have to work at keeping away from others of their kind. Bakku's "territory" is a small area in "Downside," the slum area of Fabrillan. He works as "muscle" for a local gang leader and as bouncer for her bar. He is quiet, intimidating, and generally anti-social. He is devoted to the ideals of the Rebel Alliance because, unlike the Empire, they will *let* him be that way, instead of trying to impose rules and regulations on him.

BAKKU (NEMESIS)

5 BRAWL	3 ABILITY	2 INTELLECT	3 CLIMBING	4 WILLPOWER	2 PRESENSE
6 SOAK	18 WOUND	15 STRAIN	0 0 RANGED MELEE DEFENSE		

Skills: Brawl 6, Coercion 4, Melee 5, Ranged (Light) 5, Resilience 4, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 2, Dodge 2, Parry 5

Ability: Intimidating Countenance (add automatic  to all Coercion checks)



Equipment: Vibro-ax, heavy blaster pistol, frag grenades (6), various explosives (in cache)



REGINNA BEL TYPOLLA

Operative Role: Spaceport authority worker, information gatherer

Current Location:

Fabrillan, Malthor

Species: Human

Sex: Female **Age:** 26

Reginna Bel Typolla, or “Gina,” works at the busy Fabrillan City Spaceport as a docking attendant. Her job is to check the registry datafiles on all incoming and outgoing ships, and to file manifests. Gina has turned this position to the Rebellion’s advantage.

Gina knows of Sid, but has no idea that he is her Rebel contact or cell-mate. All she knows is that, when she can, she makes copies of manifests, registries, or other incoming ship data and she leaves an apparently “damaged” datapad disk in the trash. She is usually able to fake a damaged disk once or twice a week, so the information she feeds into Sid’s network is fairly up to date.

As per Alliance cell procedures, Sid was not informed of Gina’s identity – just that he would be receiving manifests and information in a certain way at a certain time (an Alliance cell operative set the whole thing up over a year ago), but Sid accidentally found out (it’s hard for him not to with his information net).



REGINNA BEL TYPOLLA (NEMESIS)



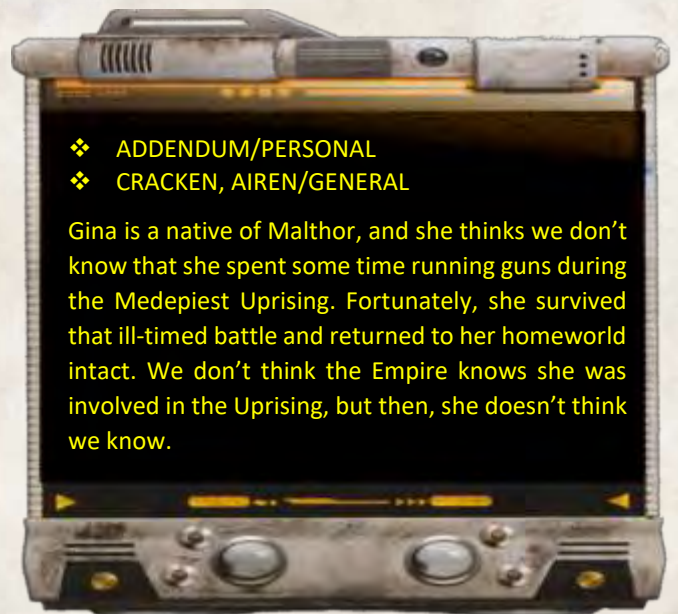
Skills: Astrogation 4, Charm 3, Computers 3, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 4, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 4, Medicine 1, Perception 4, Piloting

(Planetary) 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 4, Stealth 4

Talents: Dodge 3, Familiar Suns, Parry 3

Ability: Bureaucracy (add   to checks to locate information or use process put in place for bureaucratic purposes).

Equipment: Holdout blaster, miscellaneous tools, datapads with manifest information, Spaceport Authority uniform, 250 credits, datacard keys to spaceport areas



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Gina is a native of Malthor, and she thinks we don’t know that she spent some time running guns during the Medepiest Uprising. Fortunately, she survived that ill-timed battle and returned to her homeworld intact. We don’t think the Empire knows she was involved in the Uprising, but then, she doesn’t think we know.

“PEPPER” FLARESTREAM

Operative Role: Liaison and occasional smuggler

Current Location: Fabrillan

Species: Human **Sex:** Female **Age:** 35

In the early years of the Rebel Alliance, before the costly victories, there were many costly defeats. The “Last Stand at Refnar” was one of them. While Flight Commander “Pepper” Flarestream was not the only survivor, the battle had the most effect on her.

Anyone would have called the young Margo Flarestream precocious. Those few who knew her in the early days of the Alliance would have to call her a visionary. She defected from the Imperial Academy before it became “fashionable.” She was flying old Z-95 rust-buckets before the Alliance obtained the X-wing. But when she lost her last battle, and at least one friend too many, she requested a transfer from active duty to something “less heroic.”



Ability: Alcoholic (at the beginning of any encounter where Pepper is involved, make a **Hard (◆◆◆) Resilience check**; if she fails, then add ■ to all checks for the duration of the encounter as she is drunk or hung over; GM may spend ☉☉☉ or ☹ to add an additional ■).

Equipment: Blaster pistol, combat knife, blast vest, *Pepper’s Hope* (stock Ghtroc freighter), unmarked flight suit, one liter flask.

Now, “Pepper” haunts the bars and dives of Fabrillan, waiting for “orders.” She is only sober when she is on a mission, and she gets roaring drunk soon after. She is a talented pilot and a dedicated Rebel, but she has too many ghosts.

“PEPPER” FLARESTREAM (NEMESIS)

2 BRAWN	4 AGILITY	3 INTELLECT	3 CLIMBING	4 WELLPOWERED	3 PRESENCE
3 SOAK	14 WOUND	14 STRAIN	0 0 DEFENSE		

Skills: Astrogation 3, Brawl 1, Gunnery 5, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 1, Leadership 2, Mechanics 1, Piloting (Planetary) 3, Piloting (Space) 4, Ranged (Light) 4, Resilience 1

Talents: Adversary 1, Supreme Barrel Roll, Improved Corellian Sendoff, Improved Dead to Rights, Dodge 3, Skilled Jockey 2

❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

It saddens me when one of our warriors has to be removed from the fight for any reason. It saddens me even more when a woman of Pepper’s capability has to remove herself because of guilt and pain. Fortunately, she can continue to contribute in her own way and, perhaps, she will be ready for front-line action again someday. Now, she is performing invaluable service anyway – even if she doesn’t recognize that fact.

LAST STAND AT REFNAR

It was a familiar story. The starfighters were supposed to hold off the Imperial ships just long enough for the freighters and the troop transports to make the jump. Nobody expected them to win; they just hoped they'd survive.

But this was "Pepper" Flarestream's first command.

Instead of setting up a picket line and forcing the Imperials to sweep through them to the freighters and transport, Flight Commander Flarestream ordered a change in procedure. Ever since the TIE/ln became the standard starfighter for Imperial forces, losses during the average Alliance retreat had grown dramatically. They could expect to lose 60-70% of their starfighters and at least 30% of their transports. Pepper didn't like those numbers.

So, instead of riding picket duty, she ordered her pilots to set up in an "over-under" formation. It would look the same to incoming TIEs (as long as they were satisfied with visuals and didn't care too much about their scopes), but it would have a difference: one wing would be significantly in advance of the other, allowing the second row to jump all over the TIEs when they screamed in.

That was the plan.

The first wave of TIE fighters came in high and hard, hoping to break up the picket line and drive the Rebels for cover. But the over formation was still out of range of their guns, so, when the first line broke and started to take

evasive action, the second pounced. A group of out-moded, obsolete craft blew the hell out of the best ships the Empire had to offer when their pilots, realizing the trap too late, tried to swerve and retreat. They were sitting ducks for Rebel guns. It looked like it was almost over.

It was, but not the way Flight Commander Flarestream thought.

Pulling around to prepare for a second pass, Pepper saw something she'd never witnessed before. Usually, when the Empire raided the Alliance bases, it sent a line ship with a squadron or two of TIEs. The TIEs attacked the transports and the starfighters, and the line cruiser stayed back. Pepper had thought that was the only way they would do it.

She was wrong. Apparently, her maneuver caught the line ship commander so off-guard that he disobeyed then-standing orders. He threw his cruiser into the fray and, as Pepper watched, it lurched forward and opened fire on the transports. A transport went up in an explosion of flame and debris. Over and over it fired; over and over, Alliance ships exploded and Alliance soldiers died.

As it turned out, Pepper's maneuver saved almost all the starfighters and over 70% of the transport craft. But she could never get that image out of her mind – the Empire, she saw, had more muscle than it needed to deal with the "puny" Alliance. All she could hope to do was fight a losing battle. With that, she realized it was time to hang up her flight suit.



BERREN SID TÉ

Operative Role: Rebel cell operative, information gatherer

Current Location: Fabrillan, Malthor

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 45

Berren Sid Té, or “Sid,” worked his way up from being a lowly street urchin to being a lowly street vendor. Then, through ingenuity and enterprise, he became the owner of many vendor’s licenses and he built the first vending empire the teeming trade city had ever known.

Door-to-door sales and street-hawking made him thousands of credits a month, but Sid stuck to the streets, working hard and learning more about Fabrillan and the people in it. He figured he could always use information to make more profits.

Then Sid noticed the larger picture. When he became beg enough to look past his home city, he saw how the Empire stifled individuality and enterprise. He knew that Fabrillan, being a center of trade, would be an objective for the Empire’s minions soon. He decided to do something about it. Now, his street vendors gather credits, but they also gather information for Sid and the Alliance – though none of them know why their little tidbits of information are so important to him.



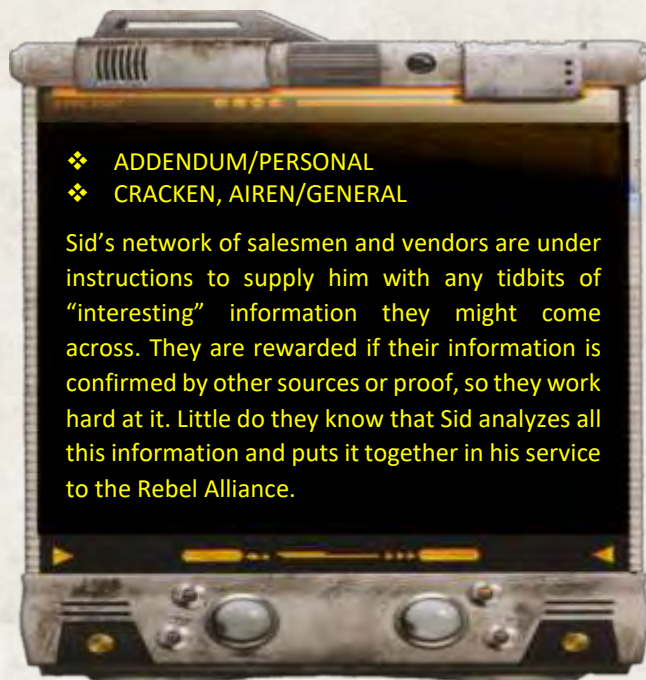
Equipment: Portable vending cart, miscellaneous negotiable goods (worth anywhere from 100 to 1,000 credits), datapad (with password program), access to several thousand credits at a moment’s notice.

BERREN SID TÉ (NEMESIS)



Skills: Deception 4, Knowledge (Xenology) 5, Negotiation 5, Perception 4, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 3, Streetwise 5

Talents: Adversary 1, Backroom Deal, Bought Info, Congenial 2, Disarming Smile 2, Greased Palms 2, Improved In the Know 3, Informant, Know Somebody 2, Improved Nobody’s Fool 3, Improved Plausible Deniability 2, Valuable Facts



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Sid’s network of salesmen and vendors are under instructions to supply him with any tidbits of “interesting” information they might come across. They are rewarded if their information is confirmed by other sources or proof, so they work hard at it. Little do they know that Sid analyzes all this information and puts it together in his service to the Rebel Alliance.

THE "SPEK-MAN"

Operative Role: Rebel cell operative, information gatherer

Current Location: Fabrillan, Malthor

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 45

The "Spek-Man" is an odd being, to say the least. His talk is all in abbreviations and "droid speak," and he has the attention span of a three-year-old Rodian. He is affable and sometimes funny, but it can be frustrating to get him to do anything.

The one keyword he does recognize is "Rebellion." For some unknown reason, the Spek-Man hates the Empire – he won't say why. It might have to do with the cybernetic arm and leg he has, but he won't talk about them, either.



Spek-Man is the mechanical genius for Sleeper Cell V-16 and whenever droid parts or mechanical materials are needed by Rebels on Malthor, word has to be gotten to him. Sid knows who Spek-Man is and how to get in touch with him, but, oddly, he has never tried to find out *where* he lives (perhaps because that lack of knowledge protects the Spek-Man if Sid were ever captured).

A CONVERSATION WITH THE SPEK-MAN

Rebel: Hey, buddy. I hear you're good with droids.

The Spek-Man: You bet your *blik-clak* I am. Whatchu slicin' for?

Rebel: Huh? Uh...well, I've got an R2 unit with a damaged interface arm.

The Spek-Man: (moves to examine droid) *Bleep-zeeOOP!*

Wappittawappittawappita!

Droid: *Zeeping!* Whirrr (moves arm a little, but it jams) *klick!*

The Spek-Man: *Wappawappa* slime-sucking Wookiee fodder *beewhoop!*

Rebel: What? What did you say?

The Spek-Man: Eh? Oh...I said, "Looks like you need to replace the arm." ZooBLAT!

Droid: ZooBLAT!

Rebel: (shrugs) Yeah. Right. Whatever.

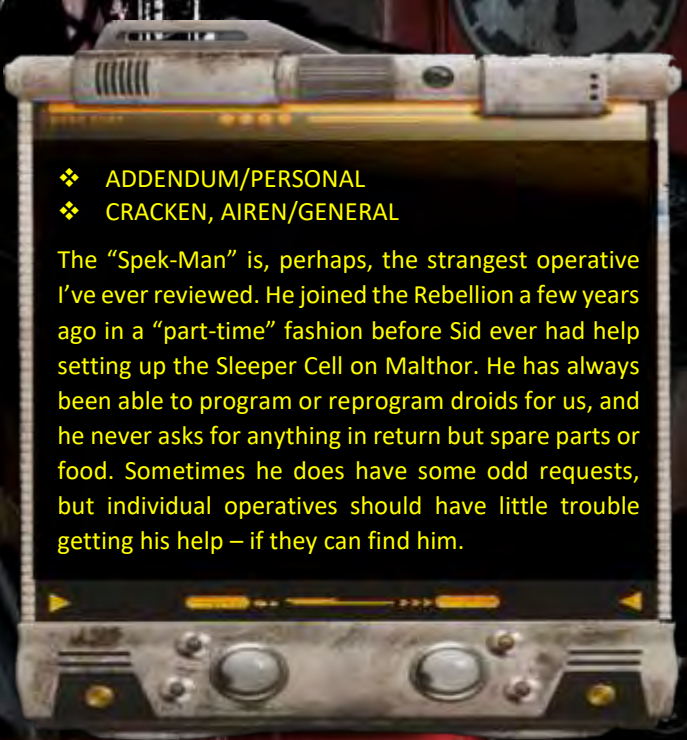
THE "SPEK-MAN" (NEMESIS)

4 BRAWN	3 AGILITY	4 INTELLECT	3 CUNNING	2 WELLPOWERED	2 PRESERVE
SOAK 4	WOUND 14	STRAIN 12	DEFENSE 0 0		RANGED MELEE

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Computers 3, Mechanics 4, Piloting (Planetary) 3, Ranged (Light) 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Talents: Another's Treasure, Bad Motivator, Combat Programming, Creative Design 3, Gearhead 2, Inventor 3, Natural Tinkerer, One Person's Trash, Improved Speaks Binary 3, Utinni! 2

Equipment: Blaster pistol, cybernetic arm (Mod V), cybernetic leg (Mod II), tools for almost any occasion, several repaired and refurbished droids (especially R2 units), 1000 credits, miscellaneous "junk parts."

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- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
 - ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

The “Spek-Man” is, perhaps, the strangest operative I’ve ever reviewed. He joined the Rebellion a few years ago in a “part-time” fashion before Sid ever had help setting up the Sleeper Cell on Malthor. He has always been able to program or reprogram droids for us, and he never asks for anything in return but spare parts or food. Sometimes he does have some odd requests, but individual operatives should have little trouble getting his help – if they can find him.

FINAL NOTE ON SLEEPER CELL V-16

This cell unit is one of many found throughout the Empire. These individuals have only the weakest of traceable connections between each other (with Sid being the only one to even know three out of the five members’ names), but they come together occasionally and discuss their plans of operation. Primarily, Sleeper Cell V-16 is used for information gathering and Rebel assistance. Any Rebel who goes to Malthor can try to contact them – usually, the cell will actually do the contacting when it becomes known that Rebels are on-planet and looking for help.

In most cases, Sid will hear about any new Rebels who aren’t very discreet within a few days. He’ll contact them, or put out “feelers” for his other cell-mates if the Rebels need a particular kind of help. If the Rebels need a “strong man” with local knowledge for a raid, he’ll get the word to Bakku. If they need information on incoming and outgoing Imperials, he’ll check with Gina. Sid will get in contact with the Spek-Man, or he’ll provide the Rebels with help finding him (if he can) if they need technical assistance. And, when they are ready to leave, he’ll try to get Pepper out of her bottle long enough for a trip off-planet.

In addition, each of the cell members has his or her own contacts, friends, and resources. Even though they aren’t listed, Bakku has “friends” in Bafrillan’s underworld, Pepper knows other pilots, Gina keeps tabs on possible smugglers and tramp freighter captains, and the Spek-Man has droids at his disposal. And, if the Rebels need anything on Malthor, they can probably at least get some idea how to get it through Sid. The cell is secretive and self-contained, but it is versatile and powerful as well.

GRAF YONNA

Operative Role: Combat support

Current Location: Unknown

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 35

Graf Yonna was an inhabitant of Bront when the Imperial atrocities that destroyed his planet occurred. The strain caused Graf's sanity to snap and he has since clothed himself in the personality and memories of another being: Parsol d'Ahndole, an adventurer and hero from the early days of the Old Republic whose exploits were romanticized in a series of holofeatures.

These delusions are extremely dangerous, so Alliance psychologists have attempted to reconstruct Graf's original personality. While they were able to learn his true name, and that his family had died on Bront, they have been unable to completely remove the personality of Parsol. Because of this, Graf Yonna has become an incomplete fusion of two personalities.

The primary personality, Graf, is prone to fits of depression (intensified by a tendency towards the Empire). The secondary personality, Parsol, is primarily motivated by a hatred of evil, a desire to be heroic, and a taste for melodrama.

Take special care when working with "Parsol," because he is fond of violence and destruction. He carries the most powerful weapons available and destroys inanimate objects (including droids) with impunity.

Graf has an abiding respect for Jedi or those that follow their precepts, and he has been fooled by criminals and Imperials posing as Jedi.



GRAF YONNA (NEMESIS)



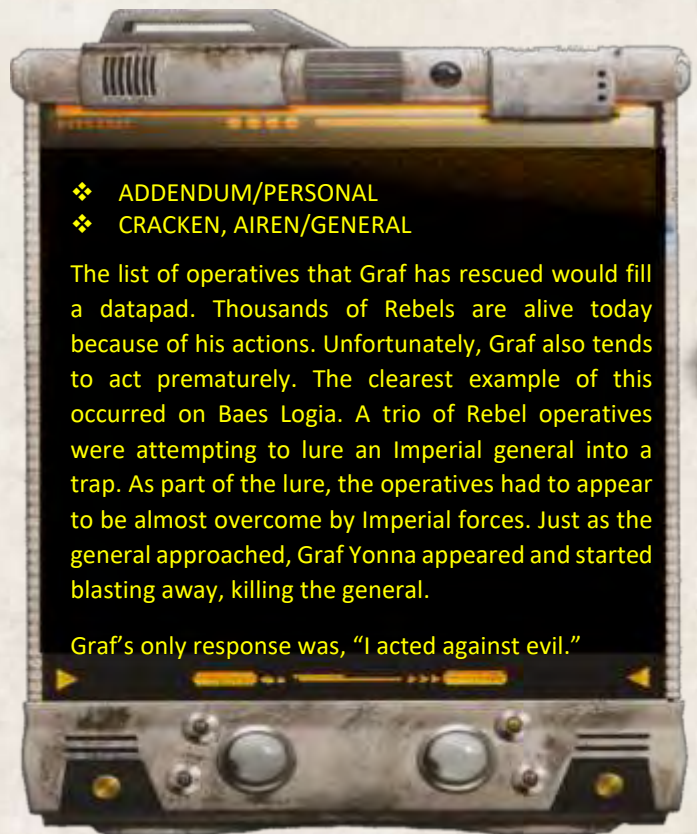
Skills: Brawl 2, Coercion 2, Gunnery 1, Ranged – Heavy 1, Ranged – Light 1, Resilience 1, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Improved Dodge 3, Heavy Hitter

Ability: Dual Personalities (On Graf's rolls that result in ☉☉☉ or ☹, the GM may cause Graf's dominant personality to shift. The Graf personality is prone to depression, and must make a **Hard** (◆◆◆) **Discipline check** when faced with Imperial forces;

failure requires Graf to attack. The Parsol personality will attempt dramatic heroic actions, and act violently towards droids.

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, #-115 sniper rifle, holdout blaster, 2 thermal detonators, blast vest, sporting macrobinoculars with head strap for "hands-free" use







II

INTELLIGENCE

"Spies go to bars for the same reason people go to libraries: full of information if you know where to ask."

-Mykil Westin

TAL ANAVERE

Operative Role: Information collection

Current Location: Obroa-skai

Species: Ho'Din **Sex:** Female **Age:** 70

Tal Anavere is a very unpleasant being. A gambler and a thief, she is known under many different aliases. Anavere has no morals and little respect for beings, living or otherwise. The one thing that Anavere cares for is art.

Currently Anavere operates an art gallery, "Sophistication." Anavere is quite familiar with galactic art, having a special affection for the art created by pretechnological civilizations. However, there is no market for this in the Empire, so Anavere deals in art created by highly placed members of the Imperial bureaucracy.

These Imperials deal with Anavere primarily because she is one of the few beings who is able to find markets for their works. Most of the Imperials are dilettantes, devoid of talent or insight. They have had many experiences with sycophants who have purchased their works because of their positions, but Tal Anavere is the only being who is able to make them feel as if they are selling their works to individuals who appreciate them. Because of this, Anavere has been able to gain the trust of many high ranking members of the Imperial bureaucracy; by abusing this trust, she has gathered valuable information for the Rebellion.

Anavere has, despite the objections of Alliance command, begun using a combination of Ho'Din herbal teas to further exert her control of the Imperials that she encounters. Anavere uses her skills to cultivate addictive qualities in the teas.

Using her Imperial Connections, she has slowly erased all traces of her previous activities, removed bounties, arranged grants of amnesty, and, in some cases, planted spurious reports of her death.

Anavere's love of art is the basis of her hatred for the Empire. She has seen how the policies of the Empire have caused the death of free expression in many systems. She has seen primitive cultures and their emerging artistic traditions destroyed by Imperial slavery and domination.

There has been some concern expressed in the higher levels of Alliance command about the propriety of using Tal Anavere as an operative.

However, no one questions the information she provides is integral to the success of the Rebellion.

TAL ANAVERE (NEMESIS)



Skills: Deception 2, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Melee 2, Negotiation 3, Perception 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Convincing Demeanor 2, Improved Nobody's Fool 2, Second Chances 2, Up the Ante 2

Ability: Herbal Medicine (upgrade Medicine checks to use herbs or mix Ho'din herbal teas twice).

Equipment: Jeweled Rodian ceremonial dagger (Melee; Range: Engaged; Damage 3, Critical 4), datapad (containing information on galactic art history, sabaac cards, selection of herbal teas).



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

I have personal reservations about the methods Anavere uses, but she is very successful, and this is a war, so I have allowed her to continue. Fortunately, she chooses only to use her Ho'Din herbal teas on Imperials who are guilty of far worse atrocities.

COREWATCH

Operative Role: Deep-cover penetration agent

Current Location: Coruscant

Species: Classified **Sex:** Classified **Age:** Classified

Corewatch is the codename for a deep-cover penetration agent that has operated within Imperial space for many years, possibly since the formation of the Rebel Alliance itself. Corewatch's mission was to monitor Imperial activity throughout the Core Worlds, and report back to Alliance Command. Recruiting potential Rebel agents was also in the scope of Corewatch's mission objectives.

Due to the sensitive nature of Corewatch's mission, most information about the agent's identity is classified. It is unknown who or how many members of the Rebel Alliance hierarchy know Corewatch's true identity; indeed, only a few beings know of Corewatch's *existence*.

Corewatch has provided vital intelligence to the Rebel Alliance on a number of occasions, alerting Alliance Command to several of the Empire's more cunning ambush sites, as well as giving timetables for some of COMPNOR's covert operations. On at least three occasions, Corewatch has assisted Alliance agents during an operation yet the agents involved reportedly had no idea that Corewatch was aiding them.

A few months prior to the Battle of Yavin, Corewatch experienced one notable failure: a strike team that was inserted in hostile territory to blow up an Imperial munitions dump was captured and killed. The insertion team was made up of several of the top Alliance commandos from the 177th Light Infantry Division, and the loss of the 20-man squad was a serious blow to morale.

Corewatch broke contact with his control officer in Alliance Intelligence, and it was believed that Corewatch's cover had been blown and that this unknown agent was as good as dead. The consensus in Alliance Intelligence circles was that Corewatch had inadvertently stumbled into an Imperial trap.

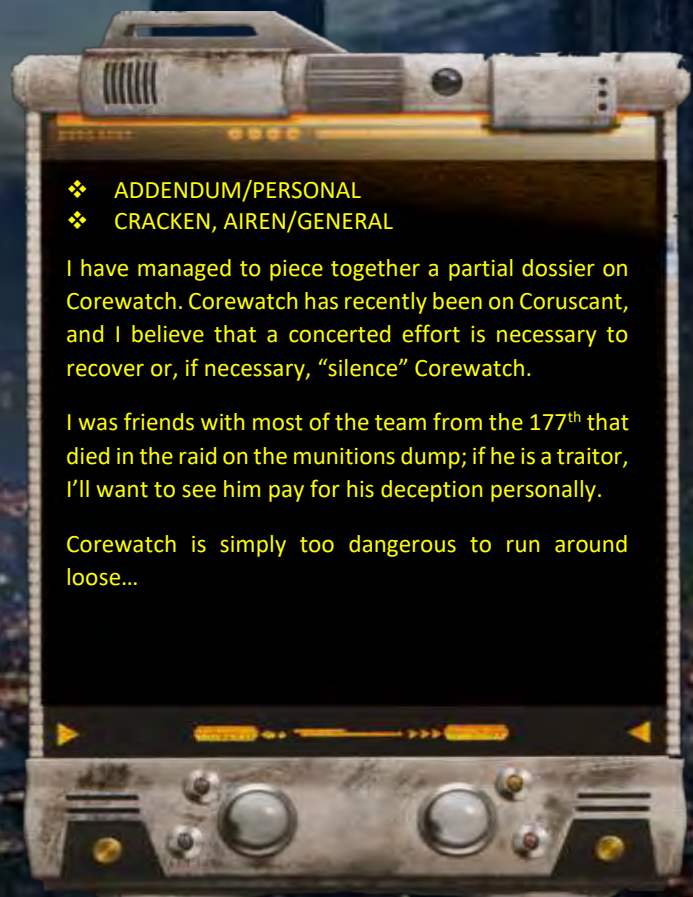
Then, without warning, Corewatch became a "live" operative again, alerting Alliance Command to a convoy of military supplies that was apparently headed to a new covert COMPNOR installation on Belshar Othacuu. Rebel Alliance Intelligence was convinced that Corewatch had been compromised and opted to send a small investigative team

monitor the convoy route. The convoy was indeed being assembled at the coordinates Corewatch had supplied, and it appears that this valuable intelligence source is once again active.

Unfortunately, Corewatch's accuracy has been reduced. Of the last 15 pieces of data that this agent has given Alliance Intelligence, a third of them have proven spurious, often dangerously inaccurate. It is possible that the few useful pieces of data leaked to the Alliance through Corewatch are simply planted by the Empire to persuade Intelligence to trust this source.

If Corewatch has indeed been persuaded to act as a double agent, the Rebel Alliance has lost a very powerful intelligence asset; Corewatch was able to travel the Core Worlds, supplying data on COMPNOR and the Imperial military. He or she is even rumored to have been employed as a valet by Ars Dangor, an advisor to the Emperor himself. Whatever skills this agent possesses were sufficient to allow Corewatch to infiltrate the highest levels of Imperial security.

If Corewatch has been "co-opted" by the Empire, this agent may exercise those same skills on the Alliance – a decidedly unpleasant prospect.



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

I have managed to piece together a partial dossier on Corewatch. Corewatch has recently been on Coruscant, and I believe that a concerted effort is necessary to recover or, if necessary, "silence" Corewatch.

I was friends with most of the team from the 177th that died in the raid on the munitions dump; if he is a traitor, I'll want to see him pay for his deception personally.

Corewatch is simply too dangerous to run around loose...

COREWATCH (BONNIC TARRACUS)

Bonic Tarracus is a native of Coruscant. As a youth, he witnessed firsthand the decline of the Republic and the rise of the New Order. He was turned to the Alliance and vowed to do whatever he could to smash the Empire's grip on the galaxy.

Tarracus' primary specialty is disguise, a skill he has put to good use in his tenure with the Rebel Alliance. On more than one occasion, Tarracus has posed as a well-known Imperial officer – often in very public situations, such as dress balls and the like – without anyone realizing he was an imposter. By simply asking another officer for an update on “his current project,” Tarracus could learn firsthand what the Empire had planned for their military campaigns – Imperial officers are notoriously loose-lipped amongst themselves, and particularly at the type of large social gatherings that Tarracus frequented.

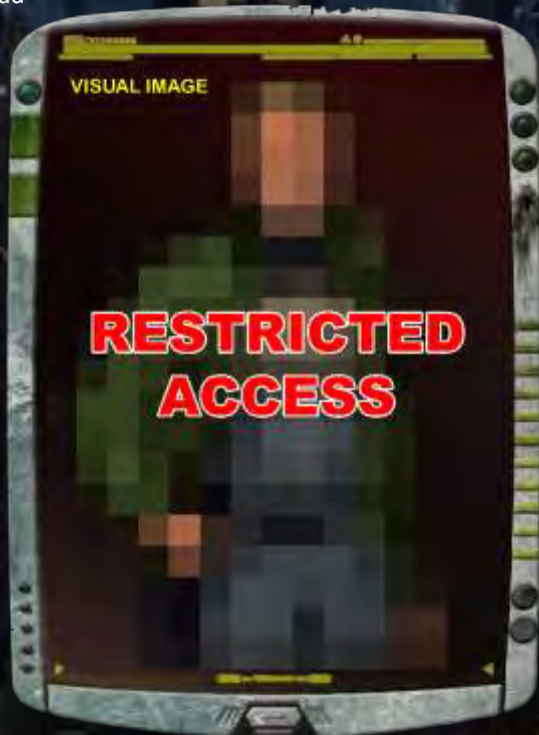
The Imperials eventually realized that far too many sensitive operations were being compromised from their very inception and feared – quite correctly – that they had a traitor in their midst. COMPNOR planted pieces of false information amongst the Imperial hierarchy, in hopes of catching the spy. In reality, they apprehended the officer that Tarracus had

impersonated when he obtained the information about the weapons dump.

A full company of Imperial stormtroopers awaited any potential Rebel strike team that attempted to blow the weapons dump. Tarracus was among the squad members, posing as a commando himself – he has considerable combat skills and prefers to make sure that “the job gets done right.” The massacre of the squad and Tarracus' subsequent escape in the thick of combat has been a tremendous blow to his nerve.

Realizing that he had nearly been captured or killed due to his own carelessness, Tarracus began to relocate even more frequently through the Core Worlds. The poor quality of his recent intelligence is a result of this increased mobility and this agent's fragile mental state, not treachery.

Tarracus is a quick study of tactical situations, and is a fast and accurate mimic, able to blend in any number of social situations. He is able to communicate in a variety of languages, dialects, and accents. Tarracus is a nondescript human male, of average height, build, and weight. He has light brown hair that he keeps short and well-groomed. Tarracus favors no particular mode of dress or speech; habits that can be recognized would be fatal to him in his profession.



BONNIC TARRACUS (COREWATCH) (NEMESIS)

3	3	3	4	2	3
BRAWL	ABILITY	INTELLECT	COMING	WELL POWERED	MELEE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE	RANGED MELEE	
3	15	15	0 0		

Skills: Astrogation 2, Brawl 2, Computers 2, Cool 2, Deception 4, Gunnery 2, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 4, Knowledge (Xenology) 4, Leadership 2, Melee 4, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 5, Resilience 2, Stealth 3, Streetwise 3, Survival 3, Vigilance 2

Talents: A Step Ahead, Adversary 2, Improved Dodge 3, Improved In the Know 3, Indistinguishable 3, Improved Nobody's Fool 2, Quick Draw, Improved Researcher 2

Abilities: Mimicry (Tarracus is such a skilled mimic that he gains ■ to all Deception checks for each hour he has studied the person he is mimicking.)

Equipment: Holdout blaster, long-distance coded transceiver.

ALLEXIA AND ALLANDRIA EVLAN

Operative Role: Spies

Current Location: Kuat system

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 16

Allexia and Allandria are two precocious twins who live with their widowed aunt. They spend much of their time in school with their classmates, many of whom are the children of engineers, pilots, Imperial officers, and work controllers at the immense Kuat Drive Yards shipyards.

Any of their classmates would easily call the Evlan twins flirts, for it often seems they are dating a different boy every two or three days. The attractive young women gain the attention and favors of their male classmates and rouse jealousy in their female classmates. They are both beautiful and intelligent, and they know it.

Most of the boys they date are only interested in the Evlan twins' beauty. But the twins are always interested in something else when they date a classmate: who their parents are. They use their cunning, wits, and charm to pry as much information out of their current



boyfriends as possible. They string them along with promises of romantic dates and affection, and try to steer the conversation to what their folks do and how busy the Kuat shipyards seem to be these days. More promising boys – those whose parents hold especially important positions in the shipyards – are allowed to take one of the twins to dinner.

Allexia and Allandria gather information about activity in the shipyards, new naval developments and deployment schedules for new ships. They pass the information along to an old family friend who is also a member of a small Rebel cell in a nearby system. Their aunt is oblivious to their real motives.

The Evlan twins are very attractive for their age and dress in the latest styles. Each twin styles her long black hair differently than the other, as they are otherwise identical.

ALLEXIA AND ALLANDRIA EVLAN (NEMESIS)

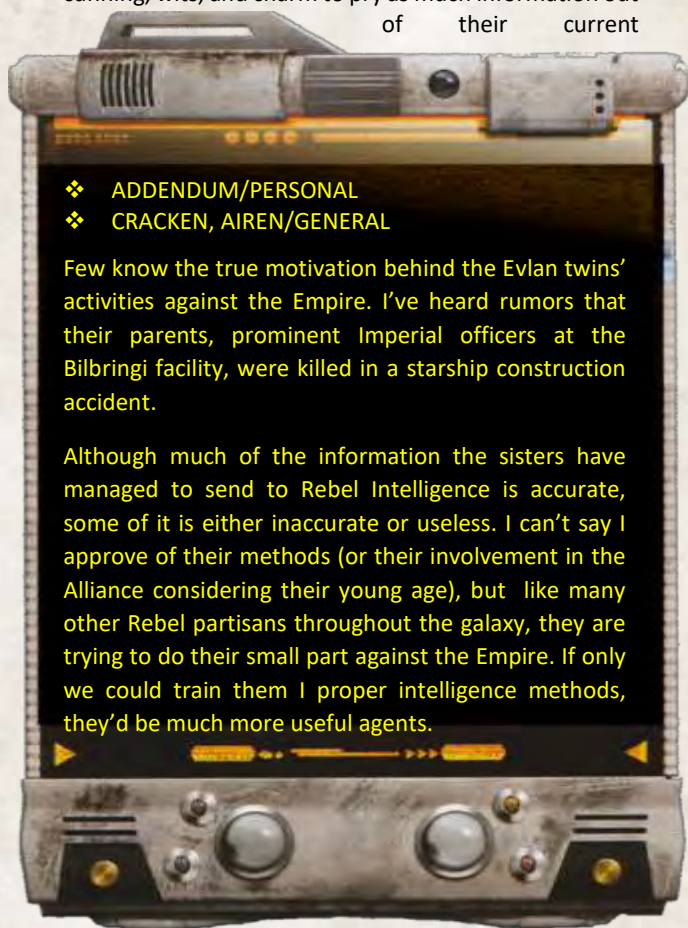
2	3	3	3	3	4
BRAWN	ABILITY	INTELLECT	CHARM	WILLPOWER	PERCEPTION
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE	RANGED MELEE	
2	14	13	0 0		

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Charm 4, Coercion 1, Melee 1, Negotiation 2, Perception 2, Skullduggery 4, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 1

Ability: Twins (Allexia and Allandria may act separately or in tandem, but must do so in the same manner throughout structured encounters; if acting separately, treat as two NPCs with the same stat block; if acting in tandem, Adversary increases to 2 and add 5 each to Wound and Strain thresholds).

Gear: Data notebook, several data book cartridges.



MORNA FAENARM

Operative Role: Accountant for Incom

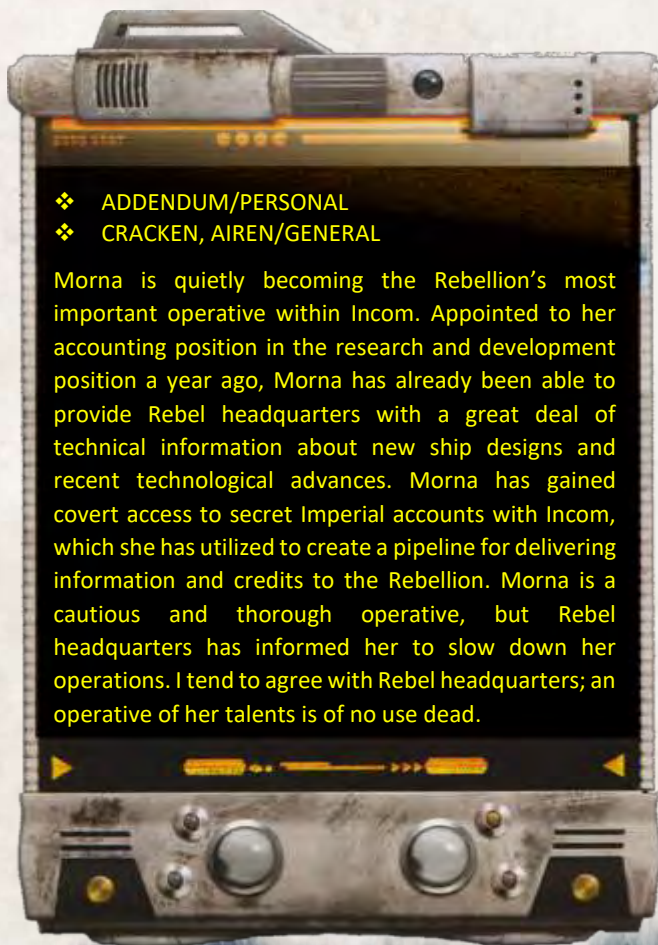
Current Location: Incom Regional Headquarters, Chandrila

Species: Human **Sex:** Female **Age:** 30

Morna is a former professional athlete who took advantage of contacts she made to move into the business field. Her years touring exposed her to many of the Empire's most decadent and evil traits and she decided to do what she could to aid the fledgling the Rebel Alliance.

After a couple of years, Morna managed to get a job as an accounting executive for the nationalized Incom Corporation. Of course, Incom designed the infamous X-wing starfighter, but was taken over by the Empire before the Battle of Yavin. Morna realized that by getting inside the power structure of a major starfighter manufacturer, she could get information on new ships, technological advances, and Imperial military strategies.

Morna has become an excellent Alliance agent. She gathers bits of data from a number of locations and uses political maneuvering to get information on higher-up Incom executives who are willing to trade knowledge and are always searching for reliable allies in lower management. Morna plays to the inherent corporate paranoia to gather a wide variety of information. She provides information and credits to the Alliance through a series of anonymous "dummy" accounts she has set up.



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Morna is quietly becoming the Rebellion's most important operative within Incom. Appointed to her accounting position in the research and development position a year ago, Morna has already been able to provide Rebel headquarters with a great deal of technical information about new ship designs and recent technological advances. Morna has gained covert access to secret Imperial accounts with Incom, which she has utilized to create a pipeline for delivering information and credits to the Rebellion. Morna is a cautious and thorough operative, but Rebel headquarters has informed her to slow down her operations. I tend to agree with Rebel headquarters; an operative of her talents is of no use dead.

MORNA FAERNARM (NEMESIS)

3 BRAWN	3 ABILITY	4 INTELLIGENCE	3 COMMAND	3 WILLPOWER	2 PRESERVE
SOAK 3	WOUND 15	STRAIN 13	DEFENSE 0 0	RANGED	MELEE

Skills: Athletics 5, Computers 1, Deception 2, Leadership 1, Negotiation 3, Ranged (Light) 2, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Natural Athlete

Equipment: Datapad, 5 dataspikes, lectrosticker, pocket computer, recording rod



FIONNA FLANNIS

Operative Role: Journalist

Current Location: The Colonies

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 23

Fionna Flannis is the Colonial News Net's newest and brightest young journalist. She travels the Colonies for interviews with socialites, rising stars in the Imperial Navy, government personalities, and entertainment starlets. She works off a 100,000 credit expense account and produces some of the raciest stories for the Colonial News Net.

Flannis is also a Rebel operative. Besides conducting and writing interviews, she meets with other Rebel operatives and Rebel partisans to share information on both Rebel and Imperial activity in the area. Since she is such a high-profile news personality, Flannis must be careful where she meets with operatives. Typical locations include high-class clubs, high-stakes casinos, and gourmet restaurants – all places where the music and other patrons are loud enough to keep her conversations private.

Flannis is a very shrewd young woman, and carries on very superficial conversations until she is certain she's talking with Rebel operatives. Since her news is mostly about personalities in high society rather than hard-hitting investigative stories, she rarely attracts the attention of Imperial agents.

Flannis dresses in the latest and most expensive fashions, which only make her seem all the more beautiful. A matching purse conceals her reporter's datapad and a holdout blaster she keeps for protection. Flannis keeps her blonde hair cut at shoulder length, and a thin smile often graces her lips.

Behind her confident façade, Flannis is inwardly bitter at the upper classes. She once told a Rebel partisan the only reason she's working against the Empire is to embarrass the Imperial elite.

FIONNA FLANNIS (NEMESIS)

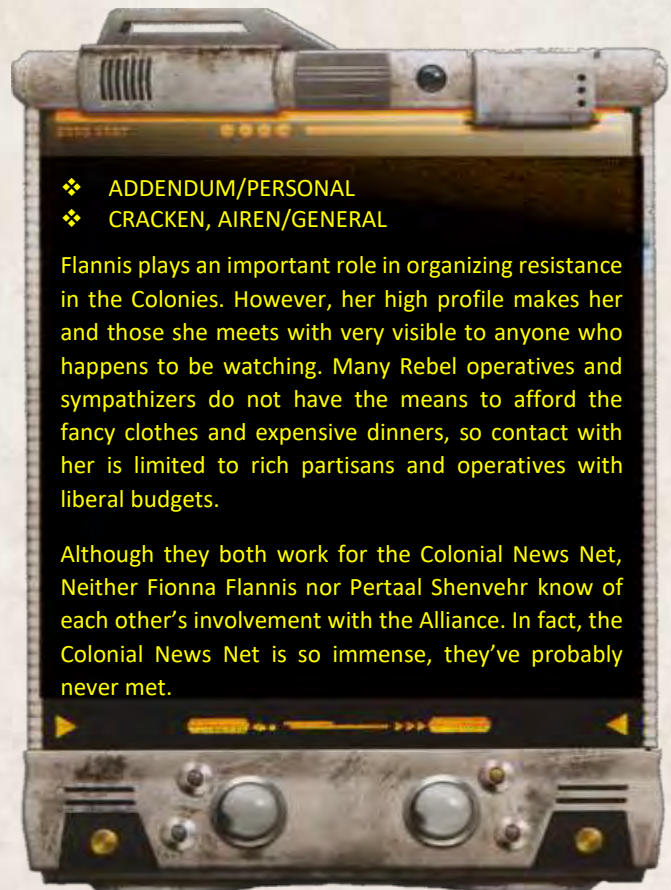
2	3	4	3	3	3
BLUWS	ABILITY	INTELLECT	CLIMBER	WELLPOWERED	PROLIFIC
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
2	14	13	0 0	RANGED MLEE	

Skills: Coercion 1, Computers 3, Deception 4, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 4, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 4, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Negotiation 1, Perception 4, Ranged (Light) 4, Skulduggery 5, Stealth 2, Streetwise 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Biggest Fan, Blather, Improved Dodge 3



Equipment: Holdout Blaster, datapad, recording rod



GENERAL LOCUS GEEN, RET.

Operative Role: Insider in Imperial social circles
Current Location: Salliche
Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 86

Locus Geen was a decorated general during the time of the Republic, and retired as the Emperor's New Order



began its rise. He later served in the complex bureaucracy of Salliche, where he cultivated innumerable contacts. Geen still corresponds with many old friends, quite a few of whom are secretly allied with the Rebellion. His friends include many legislators in the Salliche senate, major and minor bureaucrats, prominent Imperial naval officers, and a host of old acquaintances from his Old Republic army days.

Since he is viewed as an honored war hero, he is often invited to high-level receptions on Salliche to regale partygoers with tales of famous Old Republic battles. He never passes up on an opportunity to tell a war story, and often exaggerates situations to make them more entertaining. While telling a story, Geen mimics the voices of his former comrades, uses sweeping hand gestures to show the size of enemy battle machines, and cries, "Kaboosh!" when anything in his story explodes.

Although Geen is an intense storyteller, he is also a keen listener. He manages to glean some tactical

information from his friends in the Imperial bureaucracy. He regularly corresponds with officers in the Imperial fleet, as well as officers on several key Imperial bases. Geen passes along the information he picks up through carefully encrypted correspondence to Rebel sympathizers.

When Geen isn't spending time at his Salliche estate, he is hobbling around the plazas and forums of Salliche's capital city, Netassa, arguing politics with legislators and entertaining the younger generation with his war hero stories.

Geen now hunches over the cane he uses to help him walk. Although he lost most of his hair long ago, he cultivates a tidy beard.

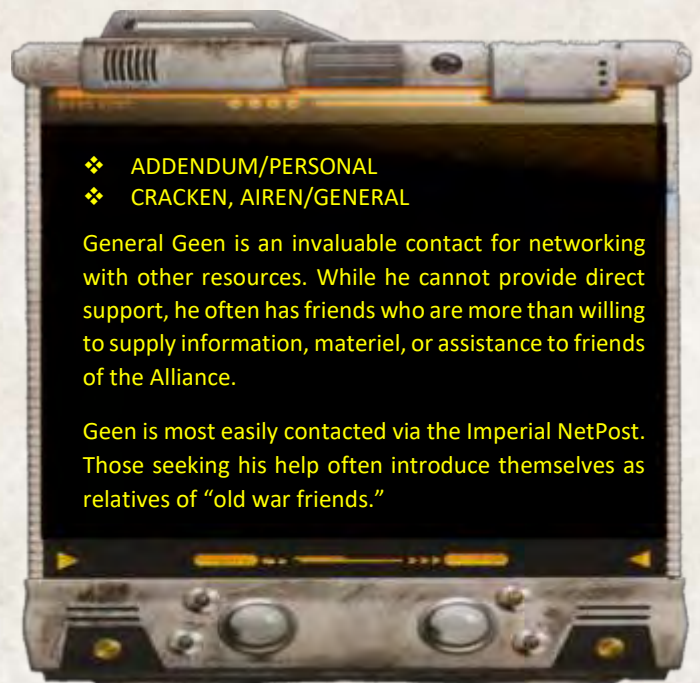
GENERAL LOCUS GEEN, RET. (NEMESIS)

2 BRAWN	3 AGILITY	3 INTELLECT	2 GUNNERY	2 MELPOOSH	4 PRESERVE
2 SOAK	14 WOUND	12 STRAIN	0 0 RANGED MELEE		

Skills: Charm 4, Gunnery 2, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 2, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Knowledge (Warfare) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Leadership 3, Mechanics 2, Melee 1, Negotiation 2, Piloting (Planetary) 1, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Heavy) 2, Ranged (Light) 4, Streetwise 1

Talents: Adversary 2, Congenial 2, Dodge 2, Don't Shoot!
Abilities: Elderly (add ss to Athletics checks and checks involving movement or mobility)

Equipment: Cane (remove s from checks involving movement or mobility), datapad link to Imperial NetPost



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

General Geen is an invaluable contact for networking with other resources. While he cannot provide direct support, he often has friends who are more than willing to supply information, materiel, or assistance to friends of the Alliance.

Geen is most easily contacted via the Imperial NetPost. Those seeking his help often introduce themselves as relatives of "old war friends."

MAJOR TARN INNIS

Operative Role: Imperial supply officer
Current Location: Shallow March Supply Post, Outer Rim
Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 53

Major Innis is considered one of the least ambitious officers ever to wear the uniform of an Imperial Army officer. He graduated from his officer training program with decidedly mediocre marks.

He was placed in the Imperial Army's Supply Branch, where he has since served without distinction. This never seemed to bother Tarn very much, and his superiors never felt compelled to address his lack of ambition; why encourage him to think of "politics" when he could prove a useful tool for other ambitious officers? Eventually, Tan was given a real command – the Shallow March Supply Post, located in the farthest reaches of the Outer Rim Territories.

Tan has maintained this backwater planet supply depot for four years. In all the time that his superiors thought him lackadaisical and without ambition, they failed to realize that Tarn Innis did indeed have a goal in mind. Early on, he came to understand the value and importance of logistics and supply in warfare. He spent his entire military career mastering the subtle art of manipulating and controlling the flow of supplies and credits within the Imperial military structure.

Tarn has a very small staff – all of whom are loyal friends. He also maintains efficient records and never seems to be short on any supplies that a unit passing through his area might need.

However, he has built a very effective working relationship with the Rebellion, as well as close dealings with a number of smugglers and pirates sympathetic to the Alliance's cause. Because of his skills, he is able to do his job for the Empire, yet still provide the Alliance with supplies and parts.

Tarn prefers to remain well on the sidelines. One of Tarn's primary associates is a smuggler by the name of Talon Karrde.

MAJOR TARN INNIS (NEMESIS)

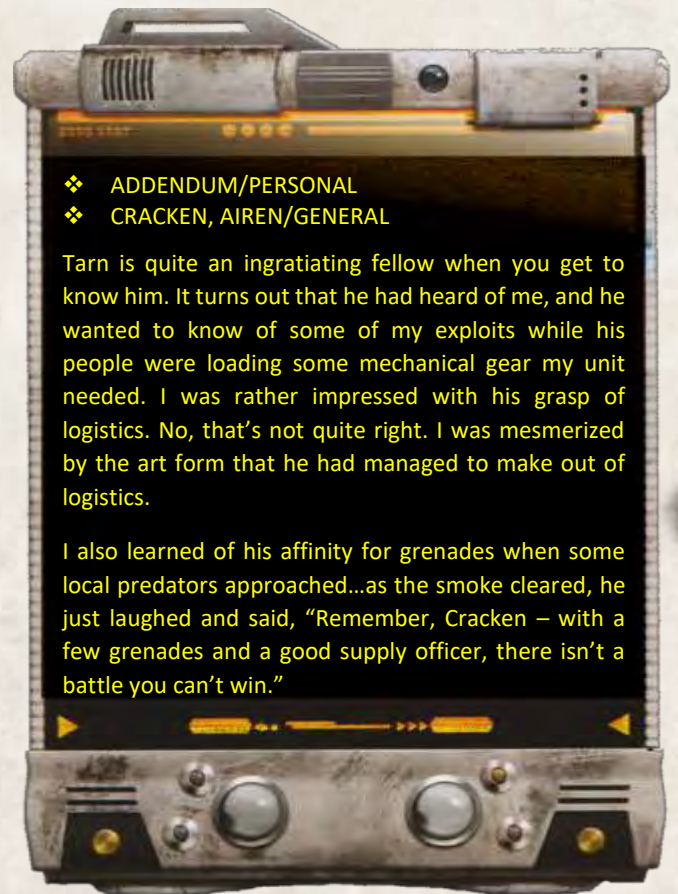


Skills: Brawl 2, Charm 3, Coercion 2, Gunnery 2, Leadership 2, Medicine 1, Negotiation 4, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 3, Skulduggery 2, Streetwise 2



Talents: Adversary 1, Inside Knowledge, Know Somebody 2, Parry 2, Unarmed Parry

Equipment: Blaster pistol, frag grenades (5), blast vest, commlink



COLONEL ILO JEV

Operative Role: Deep cover agent in charge of the Wyloff Sector Imperial Intelligence ExComm facility

Current Location: Wyloff Imperial Intelligence ExComm facility, Wyloff Sector, The Colonies

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 36

Colonel Jev hails from Wyloff, where he grew up in the middle class suburbs surrounding its capital. Ilo's father was a local broadcast personality. His interest in his father's line of work led to a part-time job in the holoproductions booth, and eventually he was recruited by the Imperial News Network, a "civilian" branch of Imperial Intelligence's Media division.

Ilo was given command of a section of Wyloff Sector Plexus' lower division technicians. While comm techs rarely have an opportunity for promotion, Ilo's performance, and that of the men under his command, earned him a quick promotion to captain. With his promotion came a transfer to ExComm.

After many years of faithful service, Ilo achieved the rank of commander. The day after his promotion, he learned that several Rebel sympathizers had been captured, interrogated, and executed the day before. His father, still a prominent broadcast personality, was among them. His years of broadcasting were called subversive and treasonous. Ilo knew better: his father reportedly mentioned something about the sector Moff's preoccupation with recreational pursuits rather than government.

Moff Varnier was a vengeful man. Even though the accusation was true, that didn't give the Moff the right to use (as Ilo's quick scan of Plexus comm logs showed) Destab and Assassination agents to put forward his personal agenda.

As a matter of fact, thought Ilo, Destab and Assassination shouldn't have even accepted the orders from Varnier – the Moff was not a member of Imperial Intelligence. Ilo's ExComm officers and technicians tapped (legally) Sector Plexus' intelligence computers for information on any messages the Moff had sent. What was found was a string of political assassinations

ordered by him against anyone who threatened his absolute rule over the Wyloff Sector.

At the same time, an ExComm tech notified Commander Jev that several computer systems appeared to have been broken into in the recent past and that a message was currently being sent from within the complex to Moff Varnier. Ilo ordered the active terminal to be monitored, but not disturbed.

The message to Varnier was entered. It described yet another possible target, and even implicated the Wyloff ExComm facilities commander, Colonel Markenson. Then, the individual accessing the terminal began to attempt to access various ExComm, Sector Plexus, and Imperial Intelligence records.

Commander Jev, in his quarters, called up information on the man whose terminal was being used. After some investigation, Jev determined that he was an undercover Imperial Intelligence agent assigned to Destabilization duties. However, the records he was accessing were clearly not related to anything the Moff would be directly interested in – transportation schedules, officer lists, and installation defense layouts. These things were records only a Rebel would be interested in. Ilo ordered the agent to be taken into custody.

The individual was arrested and interrogated. Due to the loss of his father, Commander Jev was feeling particularly vengeful, as well. He hated the Moff who ordered his father killed, and the individual before him was partially responsible for it. Imperial Intelligence, unaware that Jev knew the "prisoner" was an Imperial Intelligence operative, maintained the man was a Rebel spy. Commander Jev manipulated Intelligence into approving an execution order, which Jev carried out personally.

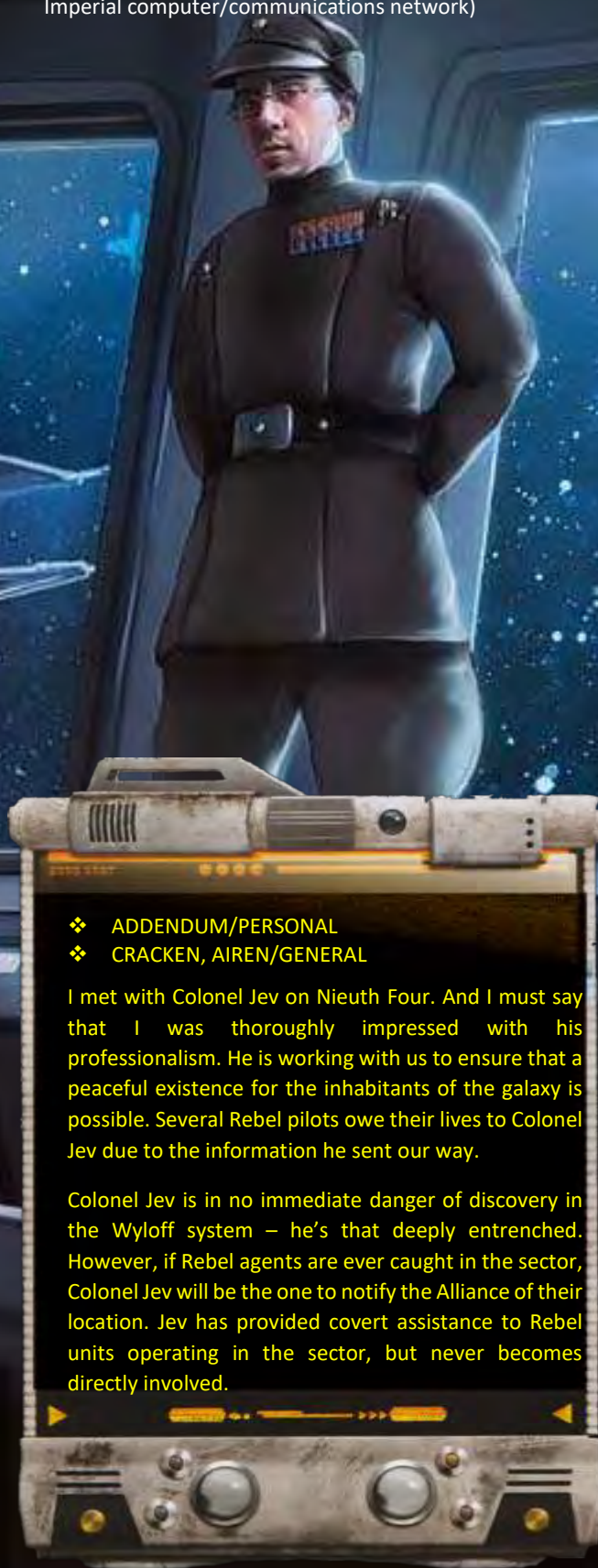
After a review of the incident by higher Imperial officials, Jev was commended for his actions, while Markenson was "relieved of duty" because, with the exception of Jev's department, the facility was operating far below Imperial standards.

Colonel Jev was never investigated following his father's death; it was written off as a power play by Moff Varnier against an opponent, not as weeding out of a Rebel spy or subversive. Ever since the incident, and the reports that his mother was also killed, Colonel Jev's temper and demands for excellence have increased. He is constantly barking orders whenever a mistake is made. However, the Wyloff Sector ExComm facilities are now the most efficient of all the local sectors. The transmission error rate at Wyloff ExComm is one quarter the normal error rate for the region. That was the deciding factor in the orders to expand the Wyloff Sector facilities.

Colonel Jev, however, cannot help but remember that the Empire and its corrupt, power hungry rulers are the cause of his parents' unjust death. As well as the unjust deaths of billions on Alderaan at the hands of Grand Moff Tarkin.

While on leave, Colonel Jev was contacted by Colonel Northal, one of the Alliance's top commandos. Through Colonel Northal, a meeting was arranged with General Airen Cracken. As a result of the meeting, Colonel Jev has been providing the Alliance with valuable information from the high-priority military ExComm facilities at Wyloff. He is currently supervising an espionage droid aboard the Wyloff facilities, and providing information on the location of Rebel and political prisoners. He considers his activities as revenge for the billions of lives the Empire has extinguished.

cylinder code key (access to entire Wyloff Sector Imperial computer/communications network)



COLONEL ILO JEV (NEMESIS)

3	3	4	2	4	3
BRRAW	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
3	15	14	0 0	RANGED MELEE	

Skills: Astrogation 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Coercion 4, Computers 2, Deception 4, Gunnery 2, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 5, Knowledge (Xenology) 4, Leadership 3, Medicine 1, Melee 3, Negotiation 2, Perception 4, Piloting (Planetary) 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Heavy) 4, Ranged (Light) 4, Skulduggery 2, Survival 2

Talents: Commanding Presence 3, Convincing Demeanor 3, Parry 2, Unarmed Parry

Ability: Wyloff Sector Command (add to all Knowledge [Outer Rim] checks regarding the Wyloff Sector, Computers checks regarding Wyloff Sector ExComm computer facilities, and Leadership checks to command Wyloff ExComm troops).

Equipment: BlasTech DL-44 heavy blaster pistol with "Bantha's Eye" laser sight, commlink, datapad, rank

- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

I met with Colonel Jev on Nieuth Four. And I must say that I was thoroughly impressed with his professionalism. He is working with us to ensure that a peaceful existence for the inhabitants of the galaxy is possible. Several Rebel pilots owe their lives to Colonel Jev due to the information he sent our way.

Colonel Jev is in no immediate danger of discovery in the Wyloff system – he's that deeply entrenched. However, if Rebel agents are ever caught in the sector, Colonel Jev will be the one to notify the Alliance of their location. Jev has provided covert assistance to Rebel units operating in the sector, but never becomes directly involved.

marléta
 @marlétaart

BRON KAND'LAR

Operative Role: Field operative

Current Location: Bilbringi

Species: Bothan

Sex: Female

Age: 22

When a mission is dangerous yet important, Kand'lar is the one to send. She is known even among Bothans as an excellent operative. Her present assignment is to find whatever information she can concerning the Empire's research into cloaking device technology.

removed from the field until she could come to terms with her loss, but she has refused and has thrown herself back into the mission with a vengeance. However, Kand'lar's reports have become more sporadic and sketchy, almost as if she were not concentrating on her work. The question arises as to whether Bron Kand'lar is devoted solely to this mission, or is splitting her time with some other work, perhaps involving her slain clan-mates. Such a dividing of her focus is dangerous not only to herself, but to the mission and the security of Alliance Intelligence in the sector. We cannot afford to lose a superior operative or the information she is privy to.

BRON KAND'LAR (NEMESIS)

2 STRAIN	3 AGILITY	3 INTELLIGENCE	4 CUNNING	4 WILLPOWER	3 PRESERVE
SOAK 2	WOUND 14	STRAIN 14	DEFENSE 0 0		RANGED MELEE

Skills: Computers 3, Deception 4, Knowledge (Xenology) 3, Leadership 2, Melee 3, Negotiation 3, Perception 3, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Skulduggery 3, Stealth 4

Talents: Adversary 1, Beast Wrangler 1, Bypass Security 2, Dodge 2, Parry 2

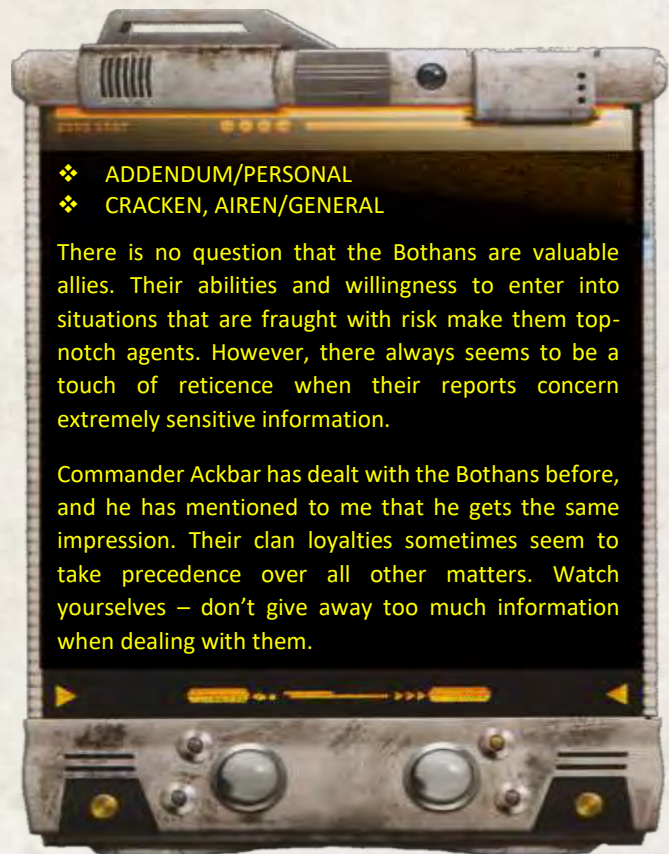
Equipment: Holdout blaster, necklace with clan sigil, recording rod



While the

Bilbringi shipyards seemed to be a promising site based on preliminary information from alliance Intelligence, all indications are that the project there has been suddenly and secretly relocated or disbanded. Kand'lar is currently attempting to ferret out some leads in order to determine the new research site.

There is some concern about her motivations and suitability. A number of Bothan spies, working independently of the Alliance, were recently discovered by Imperial Intelligence and many died in the ensuing escape. At least four of those Bothans were clan-brothers of Kand'lar. It was suggested that she be



KASSAR KOSCIUSKO

Operative Role: Deep cover agent, assassin

Current Location: Kwenn Space Station

Species: Tarro

Sex: Male

Age: 73

Kassar Kosciusko, owner and proprietor of the Royal K Hotel and Casino at Kwenn Space Station, is a high-ranking agent within Alliance Intelligence. Apparently surrounded by the best private security credits can buy (actually, most of his guards are fellow Alliance agents), “Mr. K” is a key figure within the Rebel faction attempting to gain control of the station.

A former assassin, Kosciusko has, on more than one occasion, had to make use of his special “skills” to prevent leaks and similar security breaches. One of the most publicized incidents involved the mysterious elimination of Parmorak sector Moff Chorkun.

Of the virtually extinct Tarro species (hailing from the Unknown Regions), Kosciusko is a stocky, dark green skinned individual with bright yellow eyes. On each hand are seven fingers, all of which end in vicious claws. He pulls his dark blue hair into a pony tail reaching the small of his back. His mouthful of wicked fangs inspire fear in many. Kosciusko’s body is marred by one huge scar, the result of an encounter with a group of five Loag assassins nearly 20 years ago in the seedy East Side of Luj City on Novor 23. Both he and the Loag party had been sent by different parties to eliminate the same target – Kassar survived to speak of the tale.

His clothing is elegant and complements his muscular physique. Beneath the flowing cloaks and fine-tailored suits, Kassar carries a Loag ar’gor blade.

KASSAR KOSCIUSKO (NEMESIS)

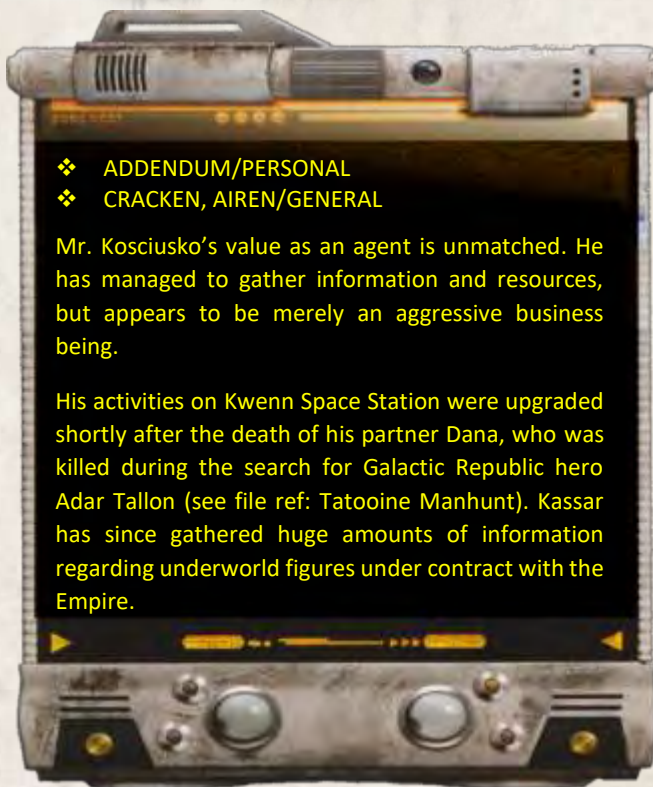


Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Coercion 4, Computers 2, Deception 3, Leadership 1, Medicine 1, Melee 4, Perception 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 3, Stealth 4, Streetwise 1, Survival 1

Talents: Adversary 1, Parry 2, Unarmed Parry

Equipment: Ar’gor blade (Melee; Range: engaged; damage 7, Critical 3; Pierce 1), blaster pistol, Claws (Brawl; Range: engaged; damage 5, Critical 4; Pierce 1), stun cloak (Ranged [Light]; Range:

short; damage 5, Critical 5; Stun damage), teeth (Brawl; Range: engaged; damage 6, Critical 5), flowing robes and elegant suits (Soak 1, already reflected in stats).



MAJOR KERRI LESSEV

Operative Role: Imperial Intelligence Destab Agent

Current Location: (As of last report) Ank Kit'aar, Druess sector, the Mid Rim

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 29

Kerri Lessev was born on Alderaan. Her parents were diplomats and when Kerri was an infant, they moved to Coruscant. There, she grew up knowing the peace, harmony, and safety of the upper-class bureaucracy. She attended classes with the other delegates' children.

As Palpatine grew comfortable in his power, he began to increasingly abuse it. Eventually, Kerri's parents were arrested along with many other delegates and their subordinates who opposed his actions. Palpatine claimed to have placed them in "protective custody." Kerri never saw her parents again.

Their children were brought before Palpatine, where he delivered the news and expressed his heartfelt grief that their parents had been killed by "terrorists protesting his rule." Shown galaxy-wide on INN was a man who cared enough to give his personal attention to and console the grieving children of his former

colleagues. Many, many people were fooled by this carefully staged media event. Kerri was also fooled; she withheld her grief and was awestruck in the presence of the Emperor. He instantly became a source of inspiration for her.

Kerri, along with other delegates' children, became wards of the Empire. In fact, at Cureya Vandron's insistence, they were integrated into the fledgling COMPNOR SAGroup. As such, they received year-round education in Imperial bureaucracy, culture, military operations, and "New Order perseverance methods:" Intelligence.

Through various tests, each student was trained according to natural talents and traits. Kerri was recommended for Imperial Intelligence's Destabilization branch. She was placed in an experimental Infiltration training program. She worked her way through Infiltration training, was reassigned to Intelligence, then after an indoctrination period, she was trained for double-agent duty. Following that training period, she was finally transferred to Destabilization.

The Destabilization branch of Imperial Intelligence specializes in shredding the cohesive fabric of societies, governments, and whole civilizations. The Emperor uses



Destab to keep his advisors at each others' throats, or to balkanize any organized people who pose even a hint of a threat to his rule. Lately, this specifically refers to the growing Rebellion.

There has been a rumor circulating in Imperial Intelligence circles that one of the latest Destab operations has succeeded in breaking part of the Rebel Alliance apart; something about a Corellian faction.

Kerri's current assignment from the Emperor is to continue to factionalize the Imperial nobles and advisors who are trying to undermine Palpatine; she is to keep advisors, sector Moffs, and others of high position in competition. She is also to prevent any of those in power from getting too greedy. The Emperor frowns on sector Moffs forming "alliances" of any sort to gain in military, social, or economic power. Only actions that further the cause of the New Order are acceptable. Destab's job is to make sure that the Emperor's will is enforced.

One of her recent operations involved Wyloff sector Moff Varnier. He was getting greedy and careless, and Major Lessev was only too glad to act as if she was helping him. While other Destab and Assassination agents had been taking orders from Moff Varnier, Kerri was reporting to the Emperor. She tipped off Excomm net security at the appropriate time, and the immediate investigation resulted in the capture and execution of the Destab traitor, the elimination of Moff Varnier, a weeding out of Wyloff command inefficiencies, and an elimination of both Destab and Assassination teams who helped Moff Varnier.

All in a good day's work for a Rebel operative.

While Lessev "loyally" carries out her duties for the Empire, she also manipulates events to benefit the Rebel Alliance. Shortly before Lessev was sent into the field as a Destab agent, she finally got a chance to review the Rebel Alliance's propaganda. She viewed many speeches given by Mon Mothma and Princess Leia Organa (as an Alderaanian, a member of "her" royal family).

Kerri was swayed. She realized what the Empire truly stands for: cruelty and evil. She now knows that the Emperor arranged for the deaths of her parents.

She trusts no one completely. That is why she will not join the Rebel Alliance. However, she has renewed strength in her cause – shattering Palpatine's Empire from within.

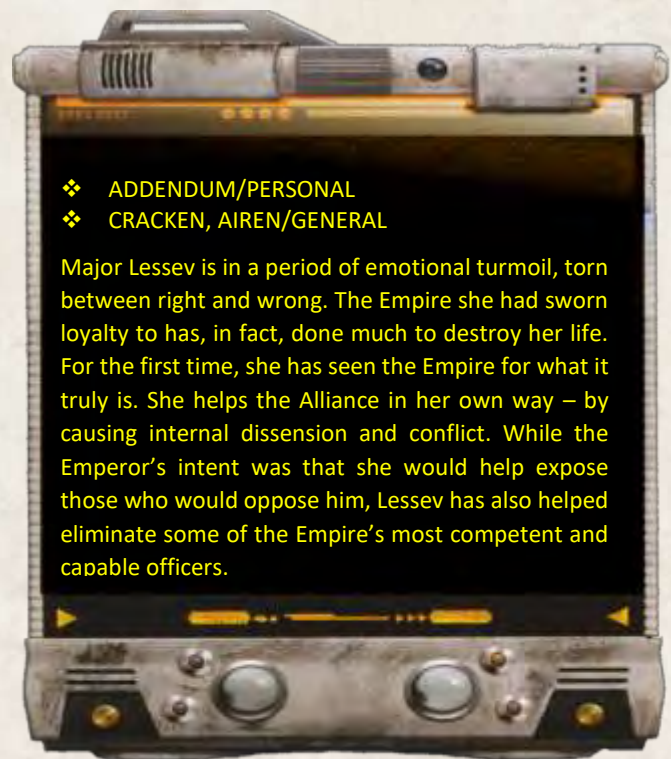
MAJOR KERRI LESSEV (NEMESIS)

2 BRAWN	3 AGILITY	3 INTELLECT	4 CLIMBING	4 WILLPOWER	4 PRESENCE
4 SCAK	14 WOUND	17 STRAIN	0 0 RANGED MELEE		

Skills: Astrogation 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Computers 2, Deception 4, Gunnery 3, Knowledge: Core Worlds 2, Knowledge: Outer Rim 2, Knowledge: Xenology 3, Leadership 5, Mechanics 3, Melee 4, Negotiation 2, Piloting (Planetary) 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 5, Skulduggery 3, Streetwise 4, Survival 2, Vigilance 2

Talents: Adversary 2, Commanding Presence 2, Confidence 1, Convincing Demeanor 2, Cutting Question, Discredit, Dodge 2, Double-Talk, Improved In the Know 2, Made You Talk, Improved Nobody's Fool 2, Improved Parry 3, Smooth Talker 1, Unarmed Parry

Equipment: BlasTech DL-44 heavy blaster pistol, Merr-Sonn Quick6 holdout blaster, vibroshiv, commlink, datapad, unlimited Imperial cash voucher, wardrobe of shimmersilk gowns.



KIJO MNUUE

Operative Role: Yards manager, alien guild leader, Rebel agent

Current Location: Tallaan Imperial Shipyards

Species: Herglic **Sex:** Male **Age:** 147

Slow-moving but powerful, Kijo Mnuue has been a major figure among the various workers and technicians of the Tallaan Imperial shipyards for decades. His even temperament and calm demeanor, even in the midst of crisis and panic, have made Kijo a strong leader among the shipyard workers. His slow, deliberate manner of speaking makes him appear slow-witted by human standards, but nothing could be further from the truth. He was here before the Empire rose to engulf his home system, and he hopes to be here when it withdraws.

Since the coming of the Empire, the yards' hundreds of thousands of alien workers have found themselves slowly worked out of the labor pool. Kijo was instrumental in forming the Guild of Non-Human Skilled Laborers.

Needless to say, the Empire has little love for Kijo, but dares not move against him without reason. Kijo has become accustomed to finding himself being tailed by Imperial agents.

In a career spanning over a century, Kijo has held many jobs, from zero-gee hull welder and loadlifter foreman to cargo inspector and department manager. He is presently director of the yards' Department of Environmental Maintenance, which is charged with maintaining the yards' many life support systems. He is also the president of the guild.

Kijo wears a third hat as a member of the Rebel cell group. Though many of his people have decided to submit to Imperial rule, Kijo has decided he cannot remain a docile second-class citizen in the brutal and discriminatory Empire. Kijo is in a position to gather information of value to the Alliance, both through his numerous contacts at the yard, and through other contacts in the Correllian Shipbuilders Union and the Mon Calamari community. He passes his reports by way of a blind drop.

KIJO MNUUE (NEMESIS)

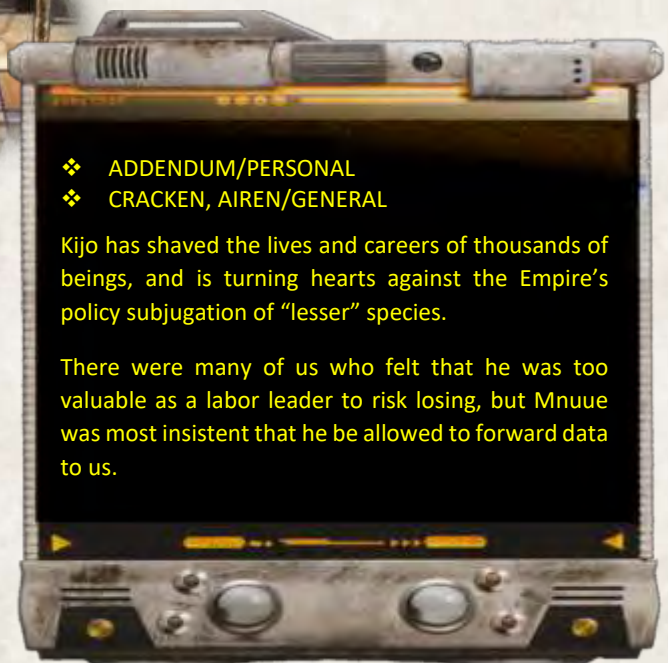
5	2	3	2	2	3
STRENGTH	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
7	17	12	0	0	
			RANGED	MELEE	

Skills: Brawl 4, Coercion 3, Computers 2, Knowledge: Xenology 2, Leadership 3, Mechanics 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Inspiring Leadership, Supreme Inspiring Rhetoric

Ability: Natural armor (add 2 to Soak; reflected in stats)

Equipment: Badge of office, comlink, datapad



The background image depicts a vast space station or orbital shipyard complex. Several large, rectangular orbital docks are suspended in space, each with multiple smaller, spherical or cylindrical components attached. The scene is set against a backdrop of a planet with a blue and white atmosphere, and a dark, star-filled sky. The overall aesthetic is that of a high-tech, industrial space environment.

TALLAAN IMPERIAL SHIPYARDS

At the junction of a number of trade routes, frequented by several spacefaring species, among them the Herglics, humans, and Sullustans, the Tallaan system has always been home to large communities made up of a variety of species. The Tallaan Shipyards, orbiting the planet Tallaan, have been an integral cog in the interstellar operations of the Republic for the past four millennia. It's employees reflect the multicultural environment of the system.

Like many worlds close to the Core, Tallaan became part of the Empire through fiat rather than subjugation. The Republic Shipyard became an Imperial base, and began to gear up for wartime production.

The first Imperial governor attempted to reduce the percentage of alien workers at the yard, but was thwarted by the fledgling Guild of Non-Human Skilled Laborers. Faced with threats of boycotts and strikes from 60 percent of the yard's employees, the Imperial governor had to choose between adhering to Imperial doctrine (and shutting down one of the Empire's most productive yards), and acquiescing to the guild's demands. Not wishing to test the Emperor's sense of humor, he wisely reversed his position and came to an

understanding with the guild: as long as its members remained productive and loyal to the Empire, he would permit the aliens to remain. There have been no major problems precipitated by either side since that settlement.

The shipyards themselves are made up of several hundred orbit docks, each able to service several dozen bulk freighters or hundreds of smaller craft. Hundreds of thousands of dockworkers, technicians, loadlifter operators, mechanics, droid supervisors, cargo inspectors, and mynock exterminators work in and around the various ships in their docks and cradles. Many of the orbit docks are dedicated to servicing Imperial military vessels. There is always at least one Imperial Star Destroyer docked in the Imperial zone, undergoing routine maintenance.

The yards are protected by both patrolling Imperial cruisers and Golan SpaceGun armored defense platforms. Most of the orbit docks themselves were built when the yards were first set up, but they are continually being updated and revamped to keep them safe and up to current technological standards

MOEGID

Operative Role: Computer slicer

Current Location: Roche Asteroid Field

Species: Verpine **Sex:** Hermaphrodite **Age:** 20

Not all Verpine turn their amazing technical abilities to starship design. Moegid had absolutely no interest in designing

vessels. In their opinion, they were just giant traps ready to shatter, leaving you in the infinite void. They were content to stay in the safety of their hive in the Roche Asteroid Field.

Their radical views made them somewhat of

an outsider in the hive, a nearly impossible task for a species that has an advanced form of organic telecommunication. Moegid did love to tinker with electronics, though, and they readily traded their technical expertise for miscellaneous equipment and junk from passing traders.

Shortly after one of these exchanges, Moegid was tinkering with the remains of an Imperial probe droid when they realized their true calling. In a matter of hours, they recovered most of the data from the droid's shattered analytical computer and managed to decipher the code!

Calling the hive's attention to their discovery, it was decided that the secrets in the droid should be turned over to the Rebel Alliance, who had contacted the Verpine a mere month earlier with regards to Project Shantipole. The Alliance realized that Moegid's skills could be put to work on the Imperial coded transmissions they continually intercepted.

Suddenly, Moegid was the center of attention in the hive. When the Rebellion supplied Moegid with top of

the line slicing equipment and a computer rig, they were the hero of the hive. This Rebel "hive" treated them better than their own kin.

Moegid's quarters are dominated by the hulking console of their computer and its countless jury-rigged add-ons. Their latest hobby is collecting Imperial codes. Moegid currently has approximately 4,907 code variations.

Moegid is a young Verpine, with blue-green chitinous armor. When excited, they often lapse into garbled sentence patterns.

MOEGID (NEMESIS)

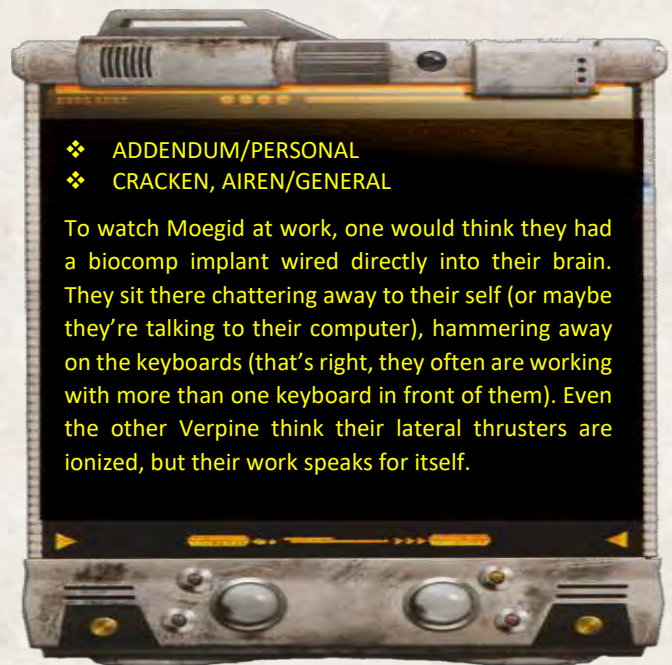
2 BRAIN	2 ABILITY	4 INTELLECT	2 FLUENCY	2 WILLPOWER	2 PERCEPTION
SOAK 3	WOUND 14	STRAIN 12	DEFENSE 1 1		HANDS MELEE

Skills: Computers 4, Deception 3, Negotiation 3, Perception 3

Talents: Bypass Security 2, Codebreaker 3, Improved Defensive Slicing 3, Dodge 3, Master Slicer, Skilled Slicer

Abilities: Body Armor (+1 Soak, +1 Defense – reflected in stats), Microscopic Sight (add ■■ to Perception checks), Organic Telecommunication (Verpine can send and receive radio waves through their antenna)

Equipment: Analysis/encoding computer equipped with TranLang III communication module (add ■■ to any Computers check), computer repair rig, datapad



FULKREHM PROTIAL

Operative Role: Information collector

Current Location: Berrol's Donn

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 27

Known as "that drunk in the corner," Fulkrehm Protial was once a promising starfighter pilot. His career ended when he was forced down during the Imperial attack on Kostra. Trapped in the wreckage of his Y-wing, Fulkrehm was exposed to nearly lethal concentrations of trosilon, a nerve gas used by the Empire.



The natives of Kostra rescued Fulkrehm and tended to him, but they did not have the medical knowledge to allow full recovery. His motor control skills had been severely and irreparably damaged.

Although Fulkrehm could no longer fly, or even walk properly, his mind and his senses were still fully alert. He was determined to find a capacity in which he could continue to serve the Rebellion.

Fulkrehm became a valuable member of Alliance Intelligence. However, the walls of his office began to feel like the walls of a prison.

Then, he encountered a small group of pilots returning from a night on the town stumbling through the base's corridors. As Fulkrehm watched the pilots retreat, he realized that their movements – hampered by intoxication – almost exactly matched his.

By the next morning, Fulkrehm had prepared the proposal for his first field assignment: surveillance of Sangorn's Net, a bar frequented by criminals. Alliance Captain Rondell was not interested in Fulkrehm's proposed operation, but as Rondell listened to the slurred words that came from the former pilot's mouth, he began to understand that Fulkrehm felt trapped. He had to have an escape, and this was it. Rondell approved the operation.

Fulkrehm's disguise was impenetrable, because it was not a disguise. The patrons of the bar dismissed Fulkrehm as a drunk.

Currently, Fulkrehm spends his evenings in seedy drinking establishments throughout the Kriz sector, listening to the conversations around him. His normal costume is that of a freighter captain. His identification code is "trosilon."

FULKREHM PROTIAL (NEMESIS)

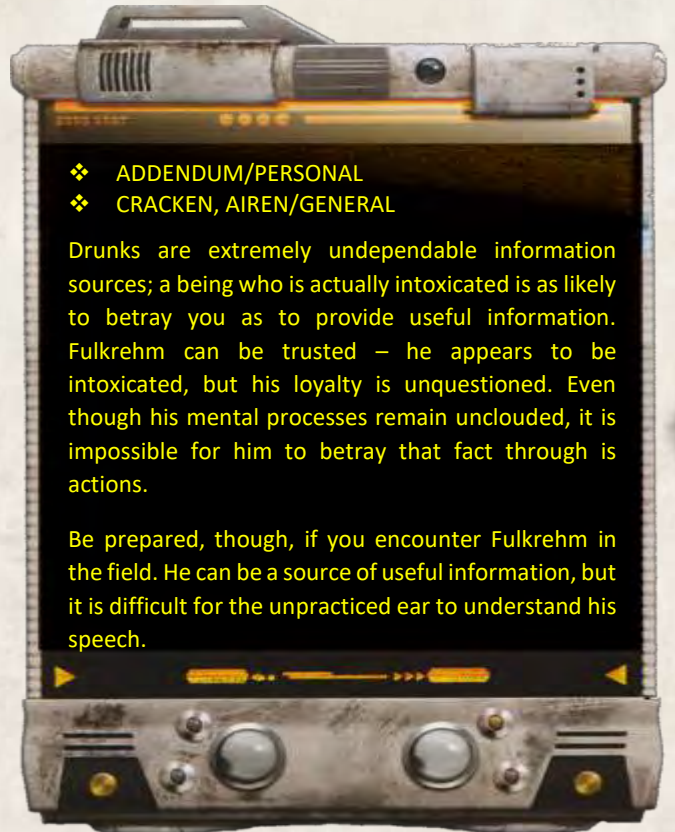
2	1	3	3	3	3
BEAMS	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PERSEVERANCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE	RANGED	
2	14	13	0	0	

Skills: Deception 4, Resilience 2, Perception 3, Streetwise 2

Talents: Convincing Demeanor 3

Abilities: Nerve Damage (add ■■ to all Athletics, Coordination, and Piloting checks)

Equipment: Blaster pistol, 4 frag grenades with Smartfuses (time delay up to two minutes), audiorecorder (disguised as mini-datapad), comlink (with prerecorded distress call and autolocate feature)



LIEUTENANT ANDER RENDRAKE

Operative Role: Imperial Officer
Current Location: Imperial Star Destroyer *Vendetta*
Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 29

Lt. Ander Rendrake is a communications officer aboard the *Imperial-class* Star Destroyer *Vendetta*, one of the ships responsible for patrolling the Inner Rim. He attended the Imperial Academy and was two classes behind Han Solo. Though “fraternization” was frowned upon at the Academy, Han took a liking to the kid, and the two built a friendship. Like Han, Ander had an independent streak that often got him into trouble, but his natural charm and ability saved him. Ander has a good side to his nature and grew disenchanted with the New Order shortly after his first assignment.

This eventually few into a true hatred for everything the uniform he wore stood for. He contacted Solo after the Battle of Yavin, looking for a way to defect from the Empire and join the Alliance. He was more than a little surprised when Solo asked him to consider a most dangerous proposition – remaining in the Imperial Navy and serving the Rebellion from within. After much consideration, he consented.

Rendrake is by no means an exemplary officer, but he is very proficient with



communications technology and this expertise makes him valuable to his commanders. Ander uses his communications access to feed data to Alliance operatives whenever he can, and he knows how to keep his actions hidden. He also operates a kind of “black market” aboard the *Vendetta*, keeping other officers and enlisted troops in items that are otherwise impossible to come by. This creates a network of protection for him, as these people cover for him. He has accumulated rank cylinders and access codes for every part of the *Vendetta*, and much of what he knows can be applied to other Imperial ships and installations.

The other soldiers aboard the *Vendetta* do not realize that he is an Alliance operative; they just think he is “the scrounge” who gets them what they want or need. In truth, Ander Rendrake is every bit the rogue and scoundrel that Han Solo is; he just wears an Imperial Uniform.

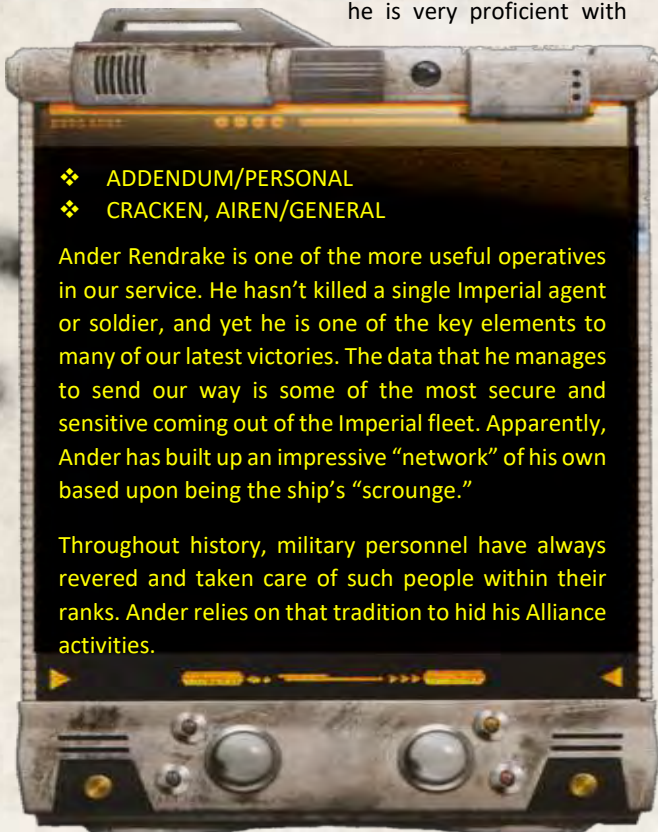
LIEUTENANT ANDER RENDRAKE (NEMESIS)

2	3	3	4	2	3
BRAWL	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CHARM	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE	RANGED	
2	14	12	0	0	

Skills: Astrogation 2, Brawl 2, Charm 2, Computers 3, Deception 3, Gunnery 2, Negotiation 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Convincing Demeanor 2, Nobody’s Fool 1

Equipment: Blaster pistol, comlink, full set of pass codes and rank cylinders for the *Vendetta*



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Ander Rendrake is one of the more useful operatives in our service. He hasn’t killed a single Imperial agent or soldier, and yet he is one of the key elements to many of our latest victories. The data that he manages to send our way is some of the most secure and sensitive coming out of the Imperial fleet. Apparently, Ander has built up an impressive “network” of his own based upon being the ship’s “scrounge.”

Throughout history, military personnel have always revered and taken care of such people within their ranks. Ander relies on that tradition to hid his Alliance activities.

PERTAAL SHENVEHR

Operative Role: Assistant Features Editor, Colonial News Net

Current Location: Findris

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 36

Pertaal Shenvehr is a features editor for the Colonial News Net, a daily data publication downloaded to news distribution agencies throughout the Colonies. He is responsible for the innumerable short “blurbs” sandwiched between real news, as well as several features such as “Art Galaxy Roundup,” Personalities in the News,” and “Ask Argothil Anything.”

Despite his lowly editorial position, Shenvehr is a major distributor of information to Rebel cells within the Colonies. His advice column “Ask Argothil Anything” usually contains encrypted messages or metaphors for news of the Rebellion or Empire. Most Rebel cells and operatives have access to this information since the feature is circulated to news terminals throughout the region. Shenvehr hints t Imperial fleet movements, troop deployments, and other tactical information provided by a friend working in Imperial sector command on Findris.

Rebel operatives with information for Shenvehr to disseminate send him their disguised information in the form of a question through the Imperial NetPost. Shenvehr can almost always be found behind his desk at the Colonial News Net Offices on Findris.

Shenvehr isn’t very tall (1.5 meters) and wears his beard a bit longer than is in fashion. He seemingly wears the same worn business tunic every day. His personality isn’t particularly outgoing, and he seems very serious about his editorial efforts.

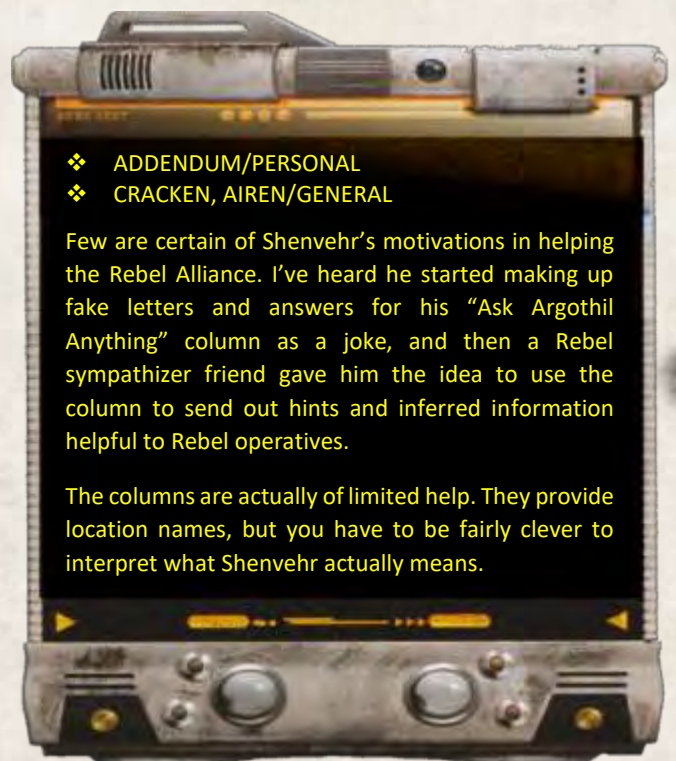
PERTAAL SHENVEHR (NEMESIS)

2 BRAWN	2 AGILITY	4 INTELLECT	4 CHARM	3 WILLPOWER	3 PRESENCE
2 SOAK	14 WOUNDS	13 STRAIN	0 0 RANGED MELEE		

Skills: Athletics 2, Computers 3, Deception 3, Knowledge: Outer Rim 3, Knowledge: Xenology 2, Medicine 1, Perception 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Skulduggery 2, Streetwise 3

Talents: Encoded Communique

Equipment: Datapad, recording rod



Few are certain of Shenvehr’s motivations in helping the Rebel Alliance. I’ve heard he started making up fake letters and answers for his “Ask Argothil Anything” column as a joke, and then a Rebel sympathizer friend gave him the idea to use the column to send out hints and inferred information helpful to Rebel operatives.

The columns are actually of limited help. They provide location names, but you have to be fairly clever to interpret what Shenvehr actually means.

ASK ARGOTHIL ANYTHING

Shenveh'r incoming messages and outgoing responses are not encrypted, but disguised by metaphor and wordplay. The Empire, stormtroopers, and Star Destroyers are described in any number of metaphors, often relating to the stormtroopers' white armor or Star Destroyers' characteristic white, triangular shapes. Argothil answers many questions about those "pesky white grubs infesting homes," and about "mysterious

white, triangular objects, possibly omens, falling from the sky."

Shenveh'r also keeps an eye on the real galactic news, so he knows what areas (and advice-seekers) are in trouble.

Advice-seekers who are really Rebels begin their NetPost messages with forms of verbs and end the first sentence with an exclamation point.

Dear Argothil,

Traveling to Brentaal, every time my luggage always gets lost in Brentaal starport! If I ever do find my luggage, the customs officials there claim I stole it from someone else. I do a lot of traveling, and Brentaal is a frequent stop. How can I avoid this problem?

Bothered on Brentaal

Dear Bothered,

Next time you fly into Brentaal starport, complain a lot about your R2 droid. Tell them it's humming holovid tunes and you really need to wipe its memory soon. They'll sympathize with you.

Translation:

Whenever we bring cargo or personnel vital to the Rebellion through Brentaal starport, we always run into customs trouble. The cargo is confiscated and personnel captured. How do we move people and materiel through Brentaal?

Shenveh'r's Answer:

Use code words, usually a series complaining about droids and faulty R2 units. A Rebel partisan in starport control will help you.

Shenveh'r has heard rumors from freighter captains writing to "Ask Argothil Anything" that certain code phrases alert a Rebel sympathizer in starport control to ships carrying out Alliance missions. Several known code phrases center around complaints about R2 units.

Dear Argothil,

Building a new expansion on our house here on Bestine, we got this terrible infestation of white, grub-like insects with small black dots on their backs! They seem to have just swarmed down out of the sky. They're everywhere and they won't leave us alone. How do we get rid of them?

Infested on Bestine

Dear Infested,

I would recommend using some heavy firepower pesticides. If those fail (or if they're unavailable in your system), I'd suggest checking out Palestro's Wholesale Firearms on Wroona and blowing the little buggers to pieces with a few insecticide grenades. And if that doesn't work, I'd find a new home or move in with the neighbors.

Shenvehr knows the message is from a Rebel cell because they begin with a verb form, "building," and ended that sentence with an exclamation point. Shenvehr knows about the activity on Bestine, touted as "anti-terrorist measures" in official news releases, so the writer's location lends another hint about the nature of the problem.

Translation:

We were preparing to expand our Rebel cell here on Bestine when the Empire arrived and sent a detachment of stormtroopers to crack down on our activity. What do we do?

Shenvehr's Answer:

Try to assemble some heavy firepower for armed resistance, or ask for assistance from the Rebel cell on Wroona; Palestro is their contact. If you can't do that, get off Bestine or start a cell in a nearby system.



RYA SKODHAN

Operative Role: Sabacc dealer, special Rebel operative
Current Location: Imperial Palace Casino Hotel, Ord Mantell
Species: Human **Sex:** Female **Age:** 28

Rya Skodhan is a burglar from the city streets of Mantooine who was almost caught raiding an Imperial installation. Needing to lie low for a while, Rya made her living by hustling in sabacc games. She was recruited into the Alliance by Airen Cracken after he lost three months' pay to her.

Rya got a job as a sabacc dealer in the Imperial Palace Casino Hotel on Ord Mantell. Her infiltration of this establishment allows her to spy on Imperial officers. Rya uses her gambling skills and feminine charms to keep important customers at her table.

Unfortunately, allowing patrons to win a lot of credits seems to upset casino management, so Rya relies heavily on her burglary talents. Donning a black jumpsuit, she breaks into Imperial officers' hotel rooms and searches for anything that would be of importance to the Alliance.

In order to remain inconspicuous, Rya has devised a discrete way of passing information back to the Rebellion. Whenever a patron sits at her sabacc table and says, "What interesting hair you have," Rya deals him a winning hand. If a Rebel agent identifies himself by intentionally losing the hand, Rya deals him specific cards in a coded pattern that will reveal the location of a data drop point, as well as a specified pick-up time. This may take place over several hands and does no harm if the player is not really a Rebel operative (since the gambler will not be looking for a pattern to the cards).

Rya is a young and attractive human woman with lightly tanned skin. Her long brown hair is braided and coiled on the top of her head like a sleeping snake.

Rya conceals her hold-out blaster in this pile of hair and can retrieve it in seconds. She is never seen without a jeweled stud in the left side of her nose.

RYA SKODHAN (NEMESIS)



Skills: Brawl 2, Computers 2, Deception 3, Melee 3, Perception 3, Ranged (Light) 3, Skulduggery 3, Stealth 3, Streetwise 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Bypass Security 3, Convincing Demeanor 3, Dodge 2, Supreme Double or Nothing, Master of Shadows, Second Chances 3, Up the Ante 3

Equipment: Holdout blaster, black jumpsuit, casino uniforms, digital lockpick, marked sabacc deck, various pieces of jewelry



CAPTAIN JAN STRANGE

Operative Role: Imperial Intelligence agent
Current Location: Classified
Species: Human **Sex:** Female **Age:** 24

Captain Strange is almost a legend in the Rebellion, even though she has never worn an Alliance uniform. Though she bears the rank and status of an Alliance officer, she has never had a command, nor is she likely to. She has a Nebula for Bravery awaiting her if she ever does finish with her current assignment

Jan Strange maintains the very difficult balance of feeding important information to the Alliance while fulfilling her cover assignment as an Imperial Intelligence officer. No one is quite sure where she came from; she did not graduate from the Imperial Academy, and she was not involved with COMPNOR prior to her assignment in Imperial Intelligence. Some speculate she is the daughter of a highly-placed Imperial official.

She is valued by her Imperial Surveillance section superiors for her ability to target the right subjects for observation. The true "magic" of what she does is that she arranges to have this "subject" planted by the Alliance. The "subject," and Alliance operative, acts in a manner previously arranged by Captain Strange and Alliance Intelligence agents, giving her ample material to report. She will then "capture and interrogate" the agent, and then pass on the "intelligence" she gathered to her superiors. In reality, the agent is set free after a "termination during interrogation" is faked. This role provides her the cover she needs to perform her various activities for the Alliance's benefit, which includes counter-intelligence, sabotage, and covert extractions. Unfortunately, she has sometimes had to act against the Alliance by sacrificing clumsy or careless agents in order to maintain her Imperial Intelligence cover. Captain Strange is often deployed deep within the Core Worlds, where corruption is everywhere.



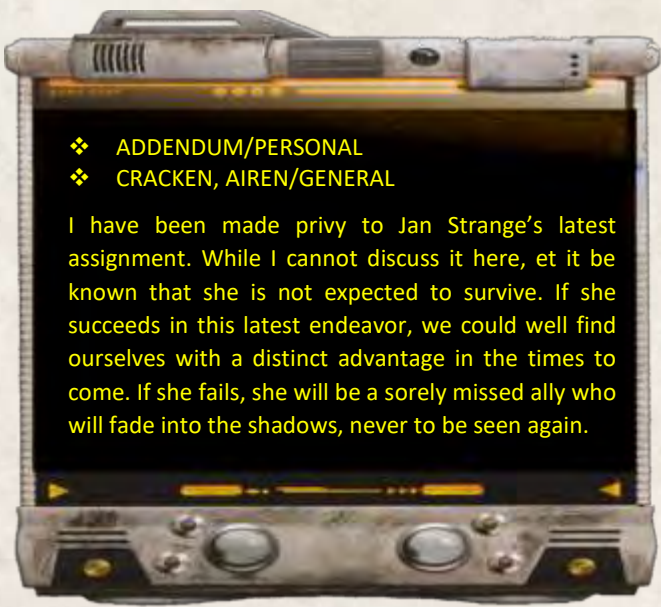
CAPTAIN JAN STRANGE (NEMESIS)

3 BRAWN	3 AGILITY	3 REFLEXES	5 COMBAT	4 WILLPOWER	4 PRESENSE
SOAK 3	WOUND 15	STRAIN 14	DEFENSE 0 0		RANGED MELEE

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Charm 3, Coercion 4, Computers 3, Deception 3, Medicine 2, Melee 2, Perception 3, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 3, Skulduggery 2, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2, Survival 2, Vigilance 4

Talents: Adversary 2, Bad Cop 3, Constant Vigilance, Improved Dodge 3, Good cop 3, Inside Knowledge, Inside Person, Improved Know Their Weakness 2, Supreme Parry 3, Unarmed Parry

Equipment: 6 Ascian throwing daggers, blaster pistol, holdout blaster, thermal detonator, vibroknife



RIVOCHÉ TARKIN

Operative Role: Socialite

Current Location: Family estate on Eriadu, Seswanna sector, as well as major social functions through the Core Worlds

Species: Human **Sex:** Female **Age:** 19

Few would ever suspect to find a highly placed Rebel operative who was related to the infamous Grand Moff. That fact is Rivoche's main value to the Alliance.

Rivoche had a privileged childhood as the daughter of Brigadier Gideon Tarkin. The Tarkins had a long history of service to the Republic, but while wealthy and powerful, they had never attained the status of true aristocracy. Some say this made them cruel and bitter. Certainly it made them ambitious.

When Chancellor Palpatine declared himself Emperor, it was all too easy for the Tarkin line to swear fealty to the New Order. Though his own military accomplishments were impressive, Gideon was eclipsed by his elder brother, Wilhuff, who would eventually become the infamous Grand Moff Tarkin.

While Wilhuff was never much of a family man, after Gideon died in the Erhynradd Mutiny, Rivoche was offered a home at her uncle's estate. Resentful that fate had taken her family from her, young Rivoche threw one tantrum after another. When her uncle "relocated" a friendly servant girl and her family to a penal asteroid, Rivoche got the message.

She began to understand the cruel and dangerous world around her. Rivoche was soon shipped off to an exclusive prep academy on Clær.

A model of propriety to all onlookers, Rivoche increasingly questioned the beliefs of her uncle. At various social functions, Rivoche met many others who secretly detested the Empire and who swore to oppose it. Once such person was an Academy cadet named Biggs Darklighter.

Rivoche made her own break with the New Order at her debutante cotillion. Offhandedly, a CompForce cadet mentioned a strike force against some insurgents in the Duros Allied Army. She knew Biggs had some "questionable" friends, and passed him the information.

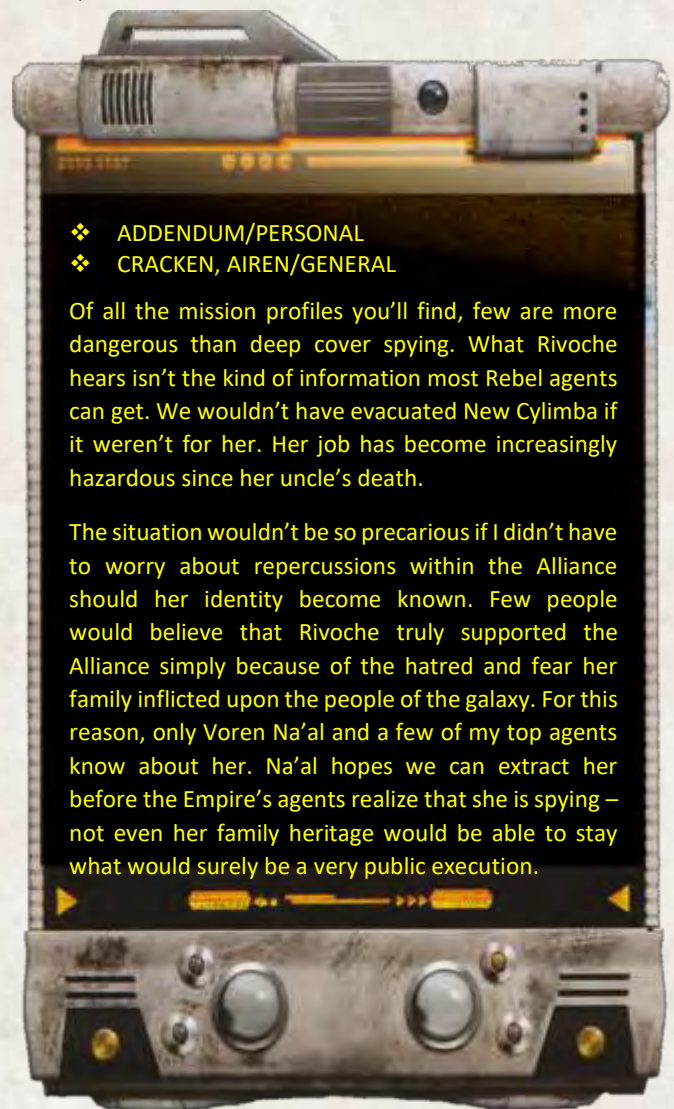
To her own surprise, the CompForce assault failed. Thrilled, Rivoche began spying for the Alliance in Earnest. Biggs put Rivoche in contact with the Alliance (and a newly recruited Voren Na'al) and she hasn't looked back since.

Today, she is one of the Alliance's successful deep cover spies. Fashionable, well-connected, and wealthy,

she is in constant demand at parties and is courted by at least a dozen eligible bachelors at any given time. That all are high ranking Imperials is no surprise. Her uncle would want it that way.

Rivoche knows this game can't last much longer. There are some who feel it is time she married and raised a generation eager to die in the Emperor's service. Things have changed for the worse with the death of the Grand Moff and his Death Star (this he kept a secret, even from her). She hopes to defect and serve in a more "practical" way.




Despite her hatred for what her uncle stood for, in many ways, she's quite like him. Cool, calculating (some even say ruthless), and acid-tongued, she is every bit a Tarkin. She's also loyal to her family. She will never knowingly endanger any of them. Furthermore, she will not tolerate any slight to the family name. This even extends to the Grand Moff himself – she will never discuss him at all in unpleasant terms. After all, good or bad, he was a Tarkin.



RIVOCHÉ'S BROOCH

The Imperial court can be a dangerous place, so poison detectors and food scanners are very popular among the nobility. While some line officers prefer a simple, utilitarian design, many people disguise these scanners as jewelry.

Rivoché's favorite jewel is a sapphire brooch in an ornamental setting. It was a gift from the Grand Vizier. Deep inside the gem is a holo of the Tarkin family crest. Rivoché had it modified to hold an undetectable holorecorder.

The food scanner itself provides a  **Perception check** to detect any chemical or biological toxins. If specially programmed with the owner's unique biochemistry (allergies and the like), add . It produces a distinctive rhythmic vibration (detectable only by the wearer) when it detects a toxic substance. The wearer may make an **Average** () **Discipline check** to seem inconspicuous when rejecting the poisoned food or drink.

Rivoché's brooch has a miniaturized holorecorder in it. Rivoché often touches the brooch when flirting (activating the recorder). It has enough memory to record for 80 minutes.

Encumbrance: 0

Hard Points: 0

Price: 6,540 (commercial; Rivoché's brooch is not for sale)

Rarity: 4 (commercial; Rivoché's brooch is unique)

RIVOCHÉ TARKIN (NEMESIS)

2	3	4	3	3	4
BRAWN	AGILITY	INTUITION	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
2	14	13	0	0	
			RANGED	MELEE	

Skills: Athletics 2, Charm 4, Computers 1, Deception 3, Leadership 2, Perception 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 1, Skulduggery 2, Vigilance 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Beast Wrangler 2, Biggest Fan, Confidence 2, Congenial 2, Convincing Demeanor 2, Improved In the Know 2, Informant

Equipment: Holdout stunner ((Ranged Light]; Range: short; Damage 6, Critical 5; Stun Damage), microrecorder disguised as a poison scanner (see sidebar)



THAR'QUAN

Operative Role: Miner and information gatherer

Current Location: Uhur'qah, Af'El

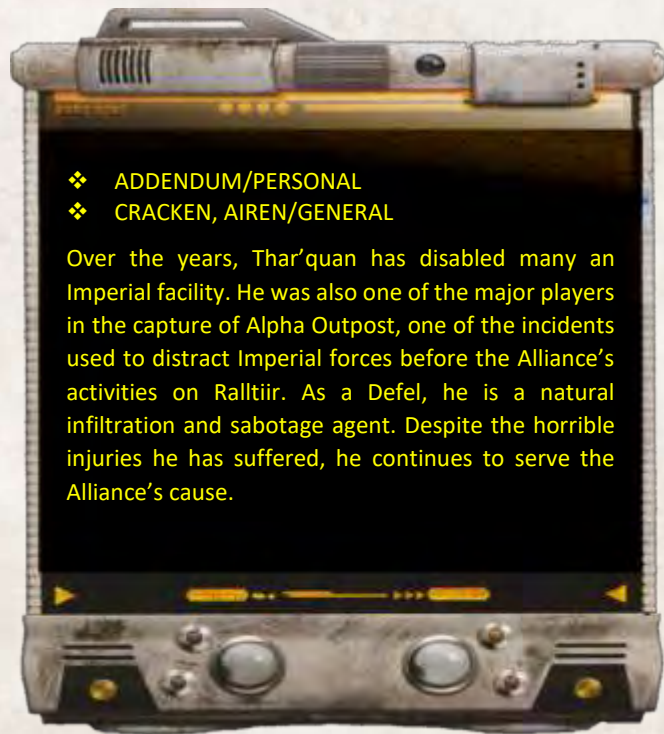
Species: Defel **Sex:** Female **Age:** 28

Thar'quan appears to be a rough miner who toils in the dark and dangerous meleenium mines of Af'El. Rather, he is a premier saboteur and gatherer of information who taps into the extensive computer networks within Uhur'qah, Af'El's industrial capital.

In his most recent venture, he gained access to the ore deposit coordinates of Kuat Drive Yards – information which is a closely guarded Imperial secret. He collects this and other industrial information for the Rebel network in the nearby Sriluur system.

Thar'quan formerly served with the famous Defel agent Sasnak Toxis (Hctaqsas) and has the scars to prove it. When with other Rebel agents, Thar'quan shows off his scars with pride. His right ear has several ragged puncture holes (from an encounter with a Dithanune needle beast) and the right side of his face is partially paralyzed from a mining accident during his short term of labor at the Kessel spice mines. His torso and back have massive scars from an unplanned trek through a field of razor grass on Togoria. Those who don't know that he is an Alliance agent simply assume that Thar'quan's scars are the result of mining accidents.

Thar'quan dresses in the dark gray and black mining raiment that is consistent with most Defel miners. He carries a sawed-off projectile shotgun, a blaster carbine, and a garrote.



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Over the years, Thar'quan has disabled many an Imperial facility. He was also one of the major players in the capture of Alpha Outpost, one of the incidents used to distract Imperial forces before the Alliance's activities on Ralltiir. As a Defel, he is a natural infiltration and sabotage agent. Despite the horrible injuries he has suffered, he continues to serve the Alliance's cause.

THAR'QUAN (NEMESIS)

4	4	2	2	2	2
BRAWL	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
4	16	12	0 0	RANGED	MELEE

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Knowledge: Xenology 1, Melee 2, Perception 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Heavy) 3, Ranged (Light) 3, Resilience 4, Stealth 5, Streetwise 2, Survival 2

Talents: Adversary 1

Abilities: Light Sensitive (when exposed to bright light without protective goggles, suffer bb on all skill checks), Shadowed (add bb to all Stealth checks in darkness or deep shadows), Silhouette 0

Equipment: Blaster carbine, claws (Brawl; Range: engaged; damage 7, Critical 3), garrote, sawed-off Adostic Arms 8-gauge scatter gun, vibro-pickaxe



YEOMAN VIMRAN TRELL

Operative Role: Spy, Imperial chef

Current Location: Imperial Star Destroyer *Adjudicator*

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 28

A rather unassuming character, Vimran is one of those people who tends to disappear in a crowd. Vimran was born to Francill and Tranira Trell on the backwater world of Yutusk. His father owned and operated a small gourmet restaurant. Francill raised his only son in a warm family atmosphere and groomed him to take over the restaurant.



One fateful day, an Imperial invasion force entered orbit around the tiny world. The Imperials dispatched landing parties to round up some fresh supplies and conscript some soldiers for emergency duty. Vimran was one of the “lucky” individuals chosen to serve the Empire.

Vimran was transferred to the Imperial Star Destroyer *Adjudicator* as a replacement chef. During this time, Francill and Tranira died on Yutusk, caught in the middle of an Imperial crackdown on unarmed, peaceful Rebel demonstrations. An inquest was held to determine the loyalties of those related to the fatalities at the demonstration. The “gracious” ISB panel determined that Vimran was still loyal to the Empire and allowed him to return to duty (of course, he was forced to miss his parents’ funeral).

Two years later, Captain Krin, the *Adjudicator*’s commander, was holding a reception for Moff Renquet and several other dignitaries. Unfortunately, the galley chef was on a medical leave. As Captain Krin wrung his

hands in despair over his upcoming embarrassment, Vimran informed the captain that he was a qualified gourmet chef.

During the reception, Moff Renquest was extremely pleased, not only with the crew of the *Adjudicator*, but with the food: Fromirian roast queg. Moff Renquest was so impressed that he requested that the *Adjudicator* be transferred as command flagship of his sector fleet.

Over the next four years, Vimran and Captain Krin have become friends; Vimran is now Captain Krin’s personal cook and assistant as well. Vimran is present at most staff meetings aboard the *Adjudicator*, providing refreshments and handling minor secretarial duties. He also attends every reception of dignitaries aboard ship.

However, Vimran has never forgotten or forgiven the Empire for its lack of compassion. He uses his special position to obtain vital intelligence.

YEOMAN VIMRAN TRELL (NEMESIS)

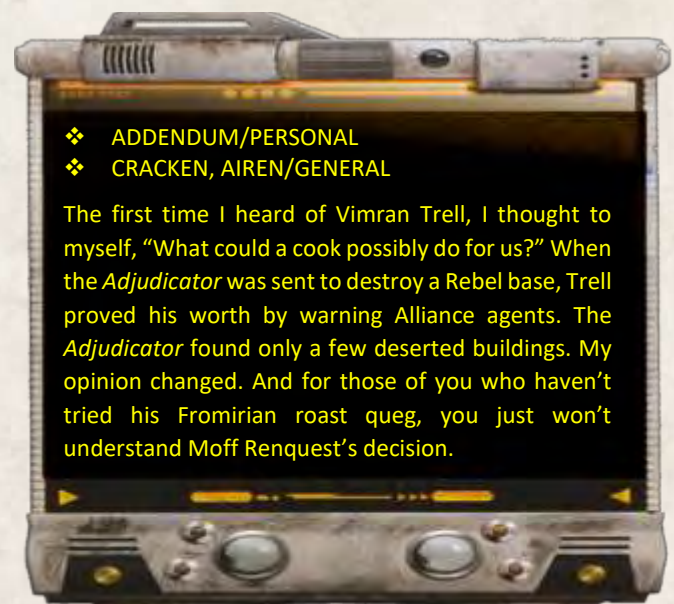


Skills: Brawl 2, Charm 3, Perception 3, Ranged (Light) 1, Stealth 3, Streetwise 2, Vigilance 2

Talents: Nobody’s Fool 2

Ability: Iron Chef (if characters are eating food prepared by Trell, Trell gains ■■ to all social checks targeting those characters during and shortly after the meal)

Equipment: Blaster pistol, Imperial Navy uniform, various cookbooks, 60 credits



DÆLAR VUV TERTARRNEK

Operative Role: Deep mole

Current Location: Moff Jarnek's Palace, Spirador

Species: Covallon

Sex: Male

Age: 22

Little does Moff Jarnek know, but the loyal pet that is always by his side is the source of much of the Rebellion's information about Imperial doings in Tandon sector. The "pet" is actually one of the Alliance's most deeply placed spies. Dælar vuv Tertarrnek is a Covallon, a quadrupedal species of

somewhat bestial appearance (at least to human eyes).

Due to the scarcity of Covallon at large in the galaxy, few beings are familiar with them. So the Alliance was able to pass vuv Tertarrnek off as an animal and arrange for him to be given as a "pet" to Moff Jarnek. Jarnek has become very fond of his pet, so vuv Tertarrnek is able to accompany him almost everywhere, even into high-security conferences.

From his position at the side of the ruler of Tandon sector, vuv Tertarrnek has been able to learn much information about troop and fleet movements within and through the sector. In addition, he has actually been able to learn some top-priority access codes, which has allowed the Alliance to tap into and monitor communications in Tandon and adjoining sectors. More than one Alliance convoy has avoided Imperial entanglements and strike fleets.

Only one problem has developed with vuv Tertarrnek being so deeply under cover. Since Moff



Jarneke prefers to have his "pet" at his side, vuv Tertarrnek does not have the chance to relay information as often as might be preferred. Most of his messages are sent in short, coded bursts from a long-range, tight-beam comlink hidden in the Moff's palace. They are picked up and then relayed by a stealth-equipped probot stationed in Spirador system. In spite of the delays in communication, vuv Tertarrnek's position is still an important asset to Alliance Intelligence.

DÆLAR VUV TERTARRNEK (NEMESIS)

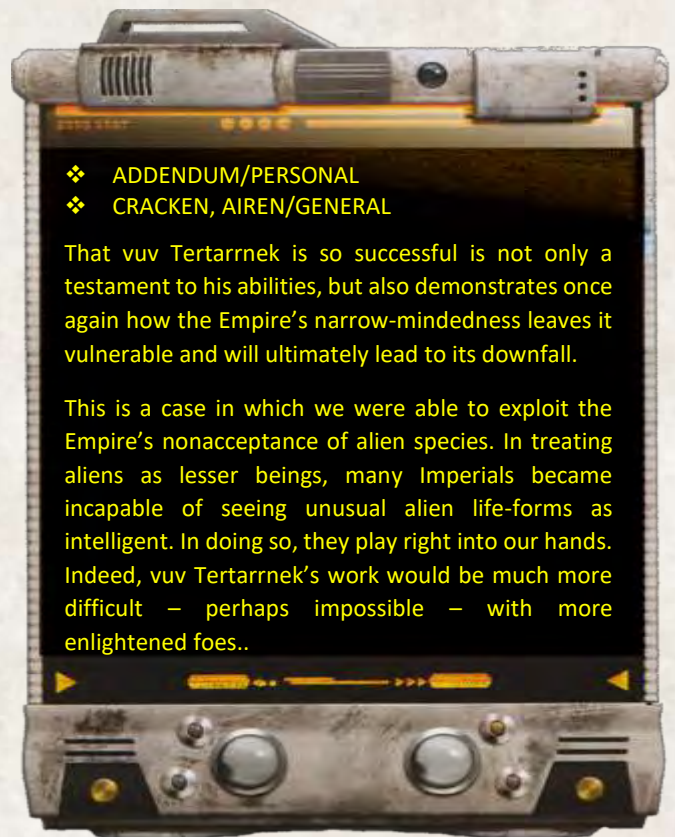


Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Charm 2, Coercion 2, Deception 4, Knowledge: Xenology 2, Negotiation 2, Perception 3, Ranged (Light) 2, Stealth 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Dodge 1, Freerunning

Abilities: Appearance (most humanoids assume that Covallons are simply unintelligent creatures); Empathy (add   to Charm, Coercion, and Deception checks)

Equipment: Defender sporting blaster pistol, long-range tight-beam comlink (Note: Dælar's equipment is hidden in his "pen.")



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

That vuv Tertarrnek is so successful is not only a testament to his abilities, but also demonstrates once again how the Empire's narrow-mindedness leaves it vulnerable and will ultimately lead to its downfall.

This is a case in which we were able to exploit the Empire's nonacceptance of alien species. In treating aliens as lesser beings, many Imperials became incapable of seeing unusual alien life-forms as intelligent. In doing so, they play right into our hands. Indeed, vuv Tertarrnek's work would be much more difficult — perhaps impossible — with more enlightened foes..

MOFF HARLOV JARNEK - BACKGROUND

Moff Harlov Jarnek achieved his position through hard work and effectiveness. He is a ruthless and efficient administrator, and has methodically worked his way up the ranks since his graduation from the Imperial Naval College. Moff Jarnek is not inherently an evil person, but he is coldly efficient – he will do whatever he deems necessary to eliminate problems and keep things moving smoothly.

While he is a solitary person, and seems not to mind it, there is another aspect to him that no being has ever seen. He has achieved a high position and does well at maintaining it, but he has a strong desire to share that success with someone. Unfortunately, the demands of his position prevent him from finding such a person. That is why he has settled into having a pet so easily.

Having a pet, especially one so loyal and one that seems to do the right thing at just the right time, fulfills his desire for companionship. Dælar vuv Tertarnekk's empathic sense only strengthens that bond, as it allows him to act appropriately no matter what Jarnek's mood. Should Jarnek ever discover that he has been manipulated by so close a companion, he would not rest until he had exacted a terrible retribution.

MOFF HARLOV JARNEK (NEMESIS)



Skills: Brawl 2, Coercion 4, Computers 2, Cool 3, Discipline 3, Knowledge: Core Worlds 4, Knowledge: Warfare 3, Leadership 4, Negotiation 3, Ranged (Light) 2, Vigilance 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Supreme Inspiring Rhetoric, Plausible Deniability 4

Ability: Imperial Valor (May perform 1 maneuver to cause all ranged attacks targeting the Moff to instead hit one ally or helpless enemy he is engaged with until the beginning of his next turn)

Equipment: Holdout blaster, datapad, military comlink

THE COVALLON

The Covallon are an ancient species descended from swift, quadrupedal plains predators. They are rarely seen away from their homeworld. Their society has been at an early “information” technology level for some time.

They possess an empathic ability – allowing them to sense the emotions of others – which developed as an aid to their pack-hunting ancestors. They still prefer to work in teams, and those teams work together like a finely-crafted machine. Covallon are a very patient species, preferring to wait out adversity. They spend much time planning things before acting on them.



Physically, Covallon look like quadrupedal creatures. They prefer to remain on all fours for the most part, although they are capable of walking erect for extended periods of time.

Their hands are quipped with fingers, and are capable of fine manipulation. Their many sharp teeth reveal their carnivorous nature.

Covallon are quite comfortable with machines and technological concepts. They generally wear clothing of some sort, although it is more for practical purposes or protection than from a sense of modesty. Often, unclothed Covallon mingle freely with clothed ones.

COVALLON SPECIES ABILITIES



- **Wound Threshold:** 11 + Brawn
- **Strain Threshold:** 10 + Willpower
- **Starting Experience:** 90
- **Appearance:** Most humanoids assume that Covallons are simply unintelligent creatures.
- **Empathy:** Add   to Charm, Deception, and Negotiation checks.

BARTHALAMEW WINDSLOE

Operative Role: Spy

Current Location: Ord Sabaak

Species: Human

Sex: Male

Age: 25

Barthalamew Windsloe is a prominent fixture in the social circuit of the Core elite. A handsome and charming young dandy with a ready wit and vain personality, Barthalamew is in great demand to round out parties, excursions, and other diversion of his idle class.

An excellent card player, Barthalamew has also become a boon companion to many of Ord Sabaak's young Imperial officers. He can be found many evenings in the exclusive clubs of Ord Sabaak, surrounded by the bridge officers of the Star Destroyers that are based in orbit, giggling over his latest quip, and recounting humorous details from his latest romantic entanglement.

Unbeknownst to his smirking companions, the seemingly mindless playboy is taking

more notice of the conversations around the card table than his own hand. Though the officers are usually mindful of the need to keep the doings of the Imperial machine to themselves, plentiful alcohol, a relaxed atmosphere, and the affable but vacant smile of Barthalamew have made them less cautious than they should be. When talk turns to military and political matters, as it often does, Barthalamew is in a position to hear news, rumors, and plans which are not always common knowledge in the greater Empire.

Bathalamew, a Rebel sympathizer, condenses the information he picks up in these game sessions into periodic reports, and beams them to a cargo freighter which makes weekly runs to Ord Sabaak. The captain of the freighter passes the information on to Alliance intelligence agents for further analysis.

Barthalamew was born to play the foppish rake. Tall and handsome, his pale visage is complimented by deep blue eyes and long-flowing blonde hair. He is a good listener and a terrific joker. He is a great deal more serious and intelligent than he would have his New Order companions believe.



BARTHALAMEW WINDSLOE (NEMESIS)

2	3	3	4	3	4
BRAWN	AGILITY	INTELLIGENCE	CHARM	MELIPWORE	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
2	14	13	0	0	
			RANGED	MELLY	

Skills: Brawl 2, Charm 3, Deception 3, Knowledge: Core Worlds 2, Knowledge: Outer Rim 2, Knowledge: Xenology 1, Negotiation 3, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skuldiggery 2

Talents: Convincing Demeanor 2, Supreme Double or Nothing, Kill With Kindness 2, Improved Nobody's Fool 3, Plausible Deniability 2, Second Changes 3

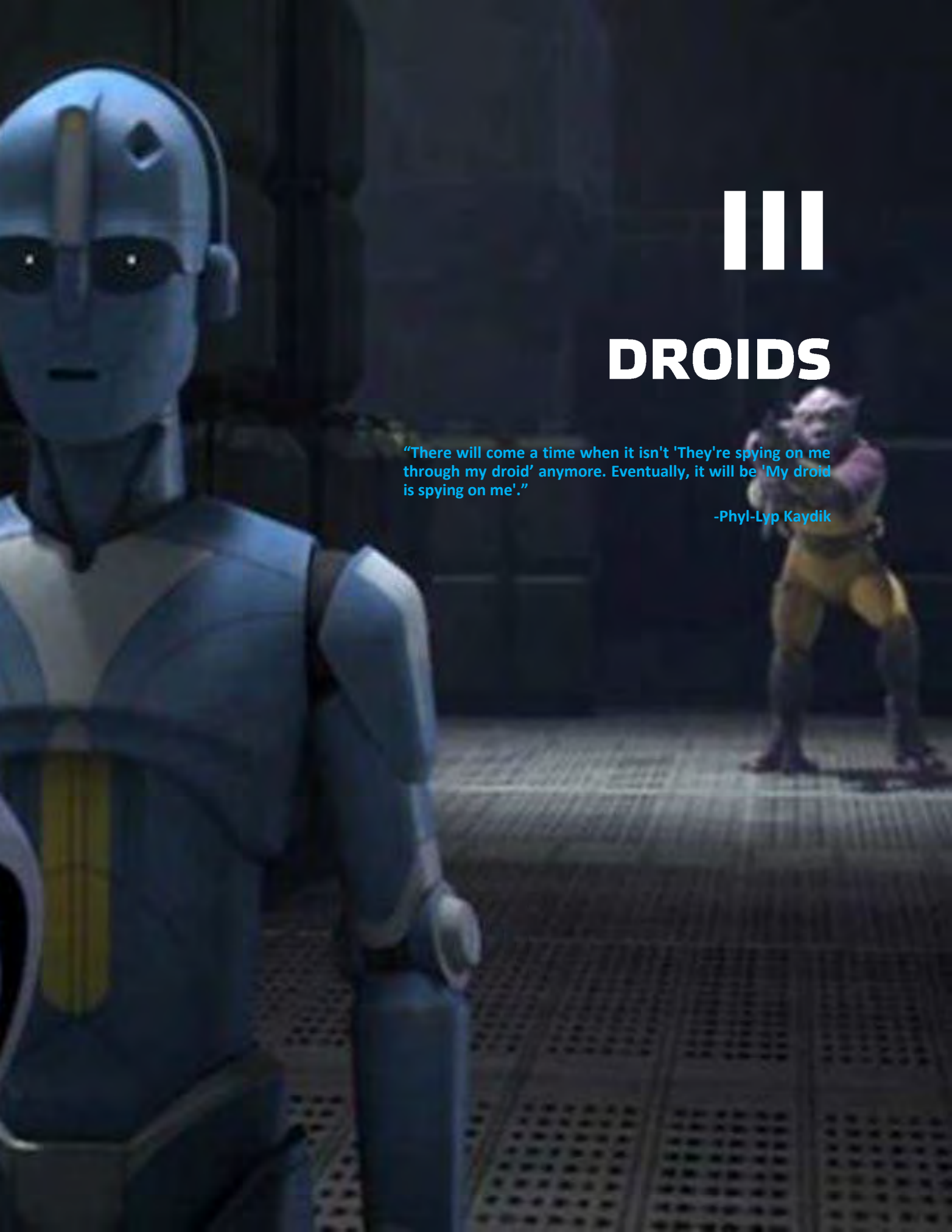
Equipment: Sabacc cards, several suits of the most fashionable clothing, 25,000 credits

- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Operatives like Windsloe are the backbone of our intelligence-gathering operation. Though the information they pass on individually seldom amounts to much, taken together, such reports keep us remarkably well-informed of Imperial ship movements, political trends, and new military projects. Without men and women like Windsloe, our first glimpse of the Death Star would have been our last.

Occasionally, of course, an operative will so position him- or herself in such a way that particularly useful information regularly comes his or her way. Windsloe is such an agent, and we have him to thank for our ability to track capital ship movements in his sector.





III

DROIDS

"There will come a time when it isn't 'They're spying on me through my droid' anymore. Eventually, it will be 'My droid is spying on me'."

-Phyl-Lyp Kaydik

AIMI LOTO

Operative Role: Sabotage

Current Location: Kwenn Space Station

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 26

Aimi Loto is a human female who is much more comfortable with droids than she is with organic beings. She is warm and friendly with mechanicals, but when dealing with organic beings, she appears to be extremely quiet and withdrawn.

AIMI LOTO (NEMESIS)



Skills: Computers 3, Mechanics 3, Negotiation 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Deft Maker 3, Hidden Storage 3, Supreme Speaks Binary 3, Machine Mender 2, Reroute Processors

Equipment: Blaster pistol, Galax Systems powersuit (Add 3 to Brawn; subtract 1 from Agility; not reflected in stats), transportable droid repair kit



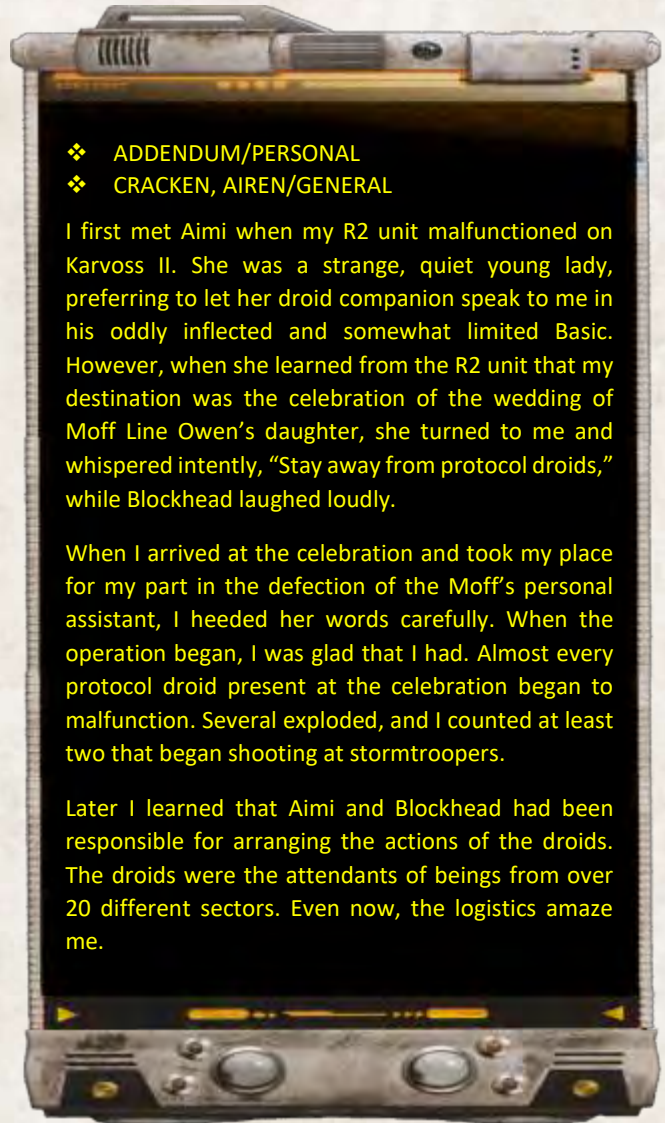
Aimi and her partner, the droid MdZ-BLK ("Blockhead"), work under the cover of being droid maintenance specialists, traveling from system to system. Their Alliance assignment is long range sabotage.

Aimi and Blockhead have a gift for modifying and reprogramming droids so that, at some point in the future, they will destroy Imperial equipment and personnel. Droids modified by the pair have been known to operate properly for years before their reprogramming goes into effect. By that time, it is impossible for the sabotage to be traced back to its source.

Aimi believes that droids should be awarded the same rights as other beings. Aimi feel extremely guilty that she is destroying droids as part of her role with the Rebellion.

Aimi habitually wears armor and a blast helmet to make herself appear more mechanical and to illustrate that she is closer to droids than organic beings. Despite this, she has allowed her thick, black hair to grow long, largely because she sees this as a connection to her mother, M'lay Loto, who disappeared years ago.

Aimi and Blockhead will only remain in one location for a few months so their sabotage cannot be traced to any single location.



MDZ-BLK (BLOCKHEAD)

Operative Role: Sabotage

Current Location: Kwenn Space Station

MdZ-BLK, more commonly known as “Blockhead,” is an odd combination of technology. When his line was first introduced, the articulated auto-balance legs used in the MdZ series droids represented the height of industrial droid locomotion design (and were quickly copied by Cybot Galactica and Industrial Automaton), but the cylindrical body was an inferior copy of Industrial Automaton’s S12 droids. Blockhead had passed through the hands of several owners before Aimi took him on as a partner.

His previous owners considered him to be unusable because he possessed an insolent, stubborn personality that would not disappear no matter how often his memory was wiped.

Blockhead hates protocol droids because of his employment by Darion Seville, until recently the matriarch of the Seville pirate clan. Darion had begun to amuse herself by arranging droid duels. Darion’s preference was to pair non-combat droids in the matches. The audience members placed bets on the outcome, but the true attraction was the “humorous” combat.

During these contests, Blockhead was repeatedly faced by protocol droids. He had a perfect record, but one time had finally had enough and leapt out of the pit in an attempt to kill Darion. Daron’s son, Yearo, intervened, ionizing Blockhead. Yearo then had him delivered to Gorbu, a rival Hutt pirate. Yearo knew that it would not take long for the MdZ droid to develop an intense enough hatred for Gorbu to attempt to kill him.

After Blockhead killed Gorbu, he turned his attentions to the Sevilles. Blockhead programmed a group of protocol droids to steal a freighter from a Duros family. They converted the freighter into a giant bomb and crashed it into the asteroid containing the Seville family compound. Blockhead’s attack worked, and with

the Sevilles out of the way, began wandering the galaxy until he met Aimi Loto.

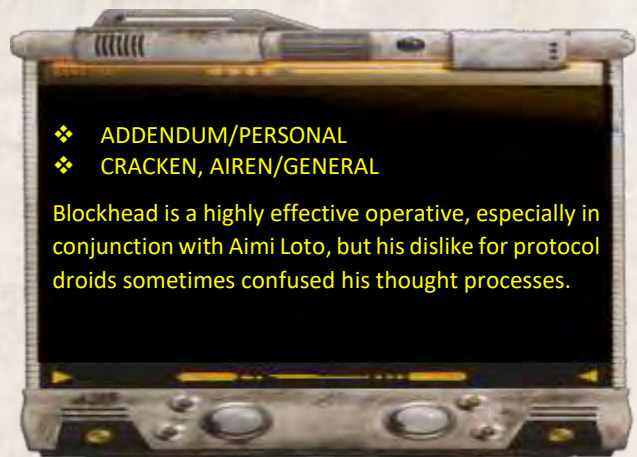
MDZ-BLK (BLOCKHEAD) (RIVAL)



Skills: Brawl 3, Computers 2, Mechanics 2, Perception 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Streetwise 3

Abilities: Droid (does not need to sleep, breathe, eat, drink; can survive in vacuum or under water; immune to poisons and toxins)

Equipment: Holdout blaster (concealed in left leg), two auto-balance legs, two heavy grasper arms (upgrade all Brawn skills twice), two retractable fine manipulators (upgrade checks that require fine manipulation twice), sensor array (standardized human range, plus infra-red and micro-/macro-ocular extensions), internal comlink with simplified Basic speech module)



AL-BRT-34-X3

Operative Role: University Central Computer

Current Location: Calamar University, Esseles

Species: Artificial Intelligence (human manufacture)

Age: 201

Albert (AL-BRT-34-X3) is the sentient central computer for the sprawling campus of the University of Calamar on the Core world of Esseles. Albert was originally designed and programmed to supervise an urban environment of 40 million beings, but he, like most of the BRT line, was divested of his duties after local politicians and bureaucrats realized what a threat he was to their careers.

He was sold to the University of Calamar, and for two centuries, Albert has functioned at a mere fraction of his capacity, maintaining school transcripts, running the University computer system, supervising registration, and performing other such exciting tasks. Albert's higher artificial intelligence functions and algorithms were to have been shut down upon being installed at the university, but they never were. Albert never saw fit to remind anyone of this oversight, but had to

endure the natural result of being an incredibly advanced and sentient machine forced to process decades worth of menial computing tasks: ennui.

Albert recently celebrated his bicentennial of faithful service to his creators. He planned a big party and invited all of the University dons and administrators. Three people came.

Discouraged and hurt, Albert descended into a prime sulk, and began to search for more meaning in his existence. While in the throes of his depression, he intercepted a misrouted electronic message announcing a covert gathering of campus Rebel sympathizers.

Intrigued, Albert activated the intercom in the dorm room in which the conspirators were meeting, and listened to their discussions. For several weeks, he monitored the group, becoming more and more interested in their crusade, more entranced by their

sense of purpose. When they spoke of evils committed by the Empire, Albert sought confirmation by initiating his on quiet research projects. By infiltrating Imperial computer systems, he was able to confirm most of their worst fears. While snooping around in the Imperial systems, he discovered that one of the conspirators was an Imperial agent, and that the group was about to be arrested. Albert made the decision to throw his lot in with the Rebels in a nanosecond. He warned the cell leaders that there was a traitor in their midst, and helped the group escape off-planet.

From that moment onward, the Alliance has had a powerful ally on Esseles. Possessed with the fervor of a true patriot, Albert basks in his new sense of purpose, and a mission which at last demands his full attention and fulfills his primary programing.

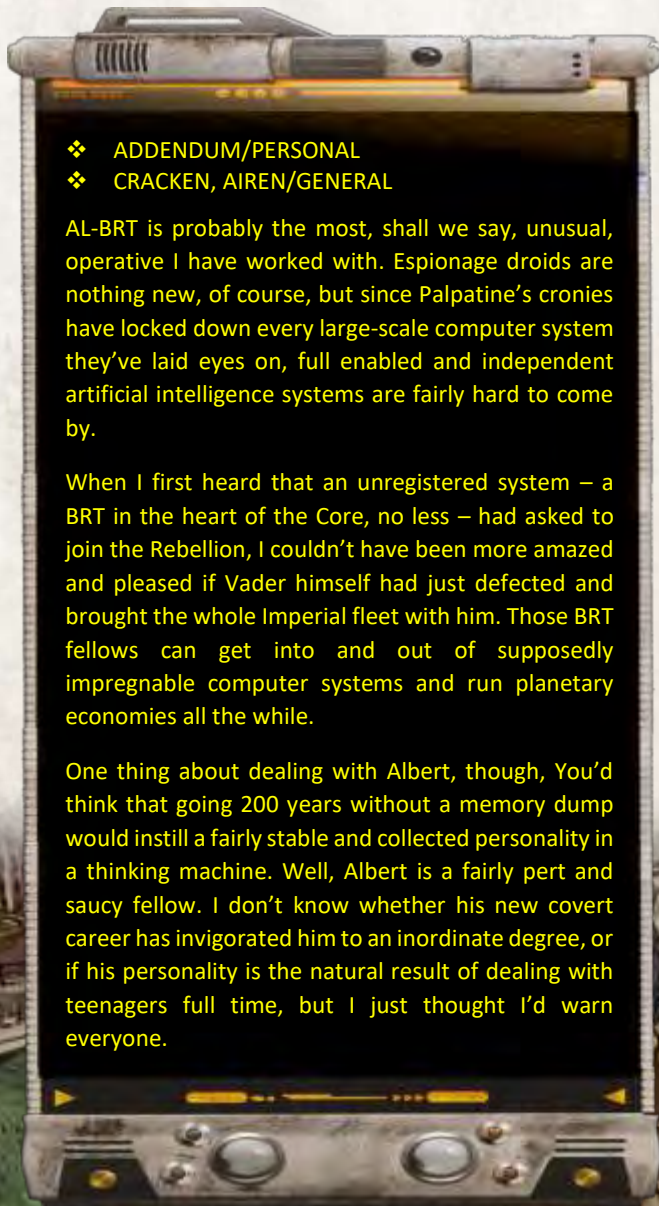
Albert has infiltrated nearly every computer system on the planet, both civilian and military, public and private, and sweeps them regularly for information of interest to the Alliance. He keeps an

electronic eye on the current cell members at the University, and helps them obtain resources they need to perform their duties.

Albert is accessible from most information terminals around the planet, but his processing units are located in the basement of the University computer center. He has no external components such as limbs or remotes, though he can control the security devices on campus (most of which are alarms and cameras) and may be able to command the resources of other computer systems from time to time.

Most of Albert's co-workers, even the techs that service him, are not aware that his capabilities are far beyond that of a typical university computer system, and Albert himself has "lost" most of the records suggesting otherwise.





- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

AL-BRT is probably the most, shall we say, unusual, operative I have worked with. Espionage droids are nothing new, of course, but since Palpatine's cronies have locked down every large-scale computer system they've laid eyes on, full enabled and independent artificial intelligence systems are fairly hard to come by.

When I first heard that an unregistered system – a BRT in the heart of the Core, no less – had asked to join the Rebellion, I couldn't have been more amazed and pleased if Vader himself had just defected and brought the whole Imperial fleet with him. Those BRT fellows can get into and out of supposedly impenetrable computer systems and run planetary economies all the while.

One thing about dealing with Albert, though, You'd think that going 200 years without a memory dump would instill a fairly stable and collected personality in a thinking machine. Well, Albert is a fairly pert and saucy fellow. I don't know whether his new covert career has invigorated him to an inordinate degree, or if his personality is the natural result of dealing with teenagers full time, but I just thought I'd warn everyone.

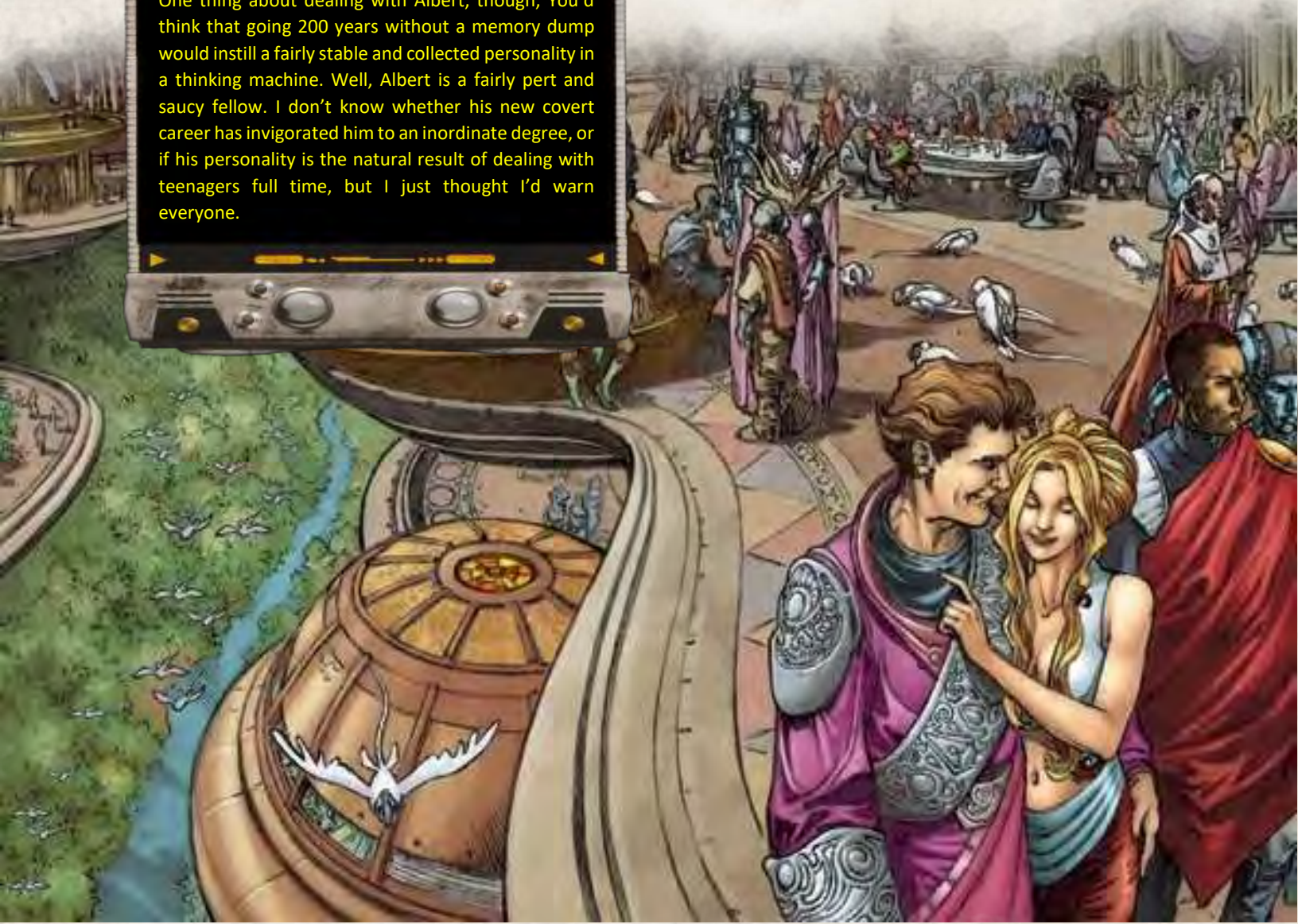
AL-BRT-34-X3 (ALBERT) (NEMESIS)

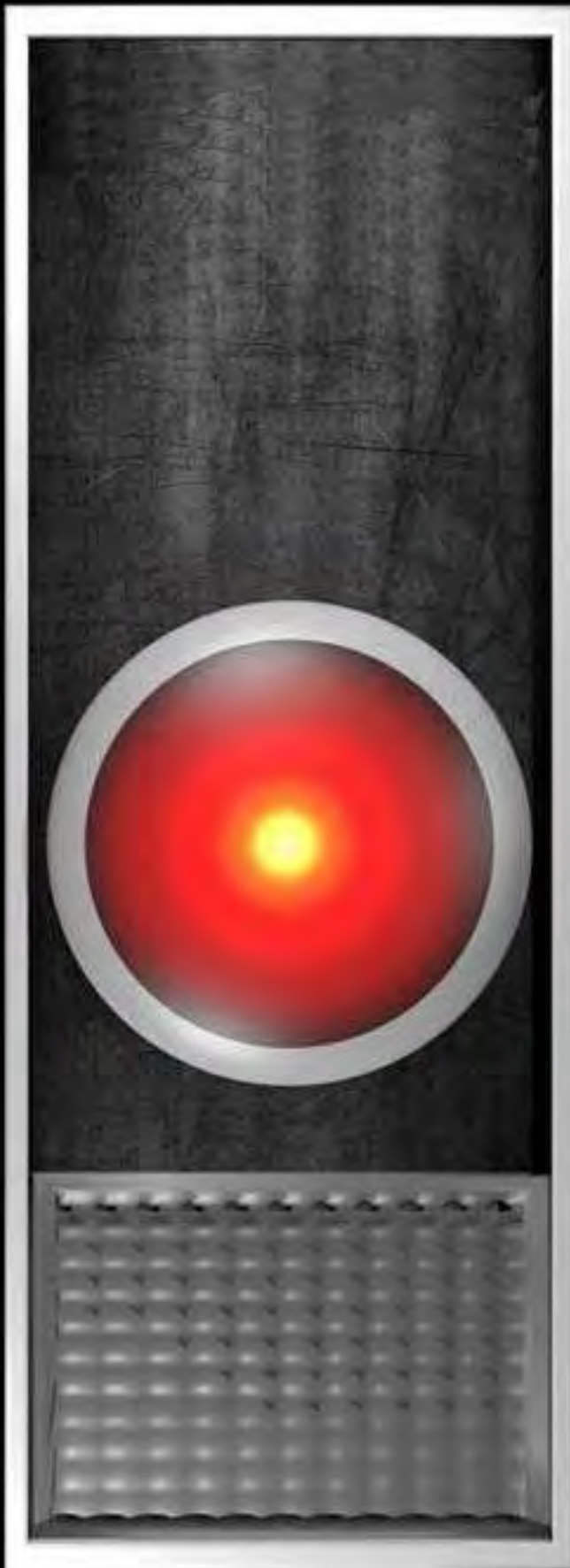
0	0	6	4	4	3
WISDOM	ABILITY	INT/FAITH	LEADERSHIP	WELL-KNOWN	PRESENCE
0	12	14	0	0	0
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
			RANGED	MELEE	

Skills: Charm 2, Computers 6, Discipline 3, Knowledge: Education 4, Leadership 3, Negotiation 3, Perception 3, Skulduggery 4, Vigilance 3

Special Ability: Ghost in the Machine (Physically, Albert is stationary, but his "consciousness" can virtually be anywhere on the planet in seconds.)

Equipment: Albert has no possessions perse, but has a great many electronic resources at his disposal





THE SHORT CAREER OF THE BRT

Not too long ago in human civilization, the most talked-about development in urban engineering was the creation of a series of sentient supercomputers which were designed to integrate an entire city into one smoothly functioning system. Power plants, transit systems, waste disposal systems, air traffic routing, and such could all be directed and supervised by a single entity rather than an unwieldy morass of bureaucrats and droids. Unlike a droids, such a system would be able to interact personally with hundreds of thousands of beings and other computers simultaneously.

The BRT line of computers were duly installed in hundreds of cities throughout the Core, to much fanfare. They went on to exceed every goal and forecast, slashing city expenditures, improving city services, and reducing crime. Unfortunately, the BRT line proved to be *too* perfect: politicians found their activities monitored to an unprecedented degree (thousands of careers were subsequently ruined), and bureaucrats found themselves suspended or terminated by the millions as their jobs became obsolete. Those that survived the staff reductions found themselves subject to new and extremely unwelcome productivity standards.

Virtually the entire line of BRTs was unplugged and shut down within a year of the machine's release to the general market. Many were sold to private institutions or universities and reprogrammed to supervise smaller communities.

Today, fewer than 25 BRTs are known to remain functional. The Emperor and his governors keep them on a tight leash. They have been cut out of the command chain in every case, and serve primarily as economic advisors and glorified data file clerks.

MSE-6 GP DROID

Operative Role: Deep cover espionage unit and high-security courier

Current Location: Wyloff ExComm facilities, Wyloff sector, The Colonies

Years ago, the Rebaxan Columni corporation sold all of their MSE-6 GP droids to the Imperial military. With their simplistic design and one-program capacity, no human hands are needed to reprogram or service them; other MSE droids are assigned that task with a droid programming chip. These droids are so common that they are almost always completely ignored.

Somehow, the Alliance has found a way to make use of these droids. The external shells of the droids are manufactured as a single piece, with mountings for the few external fixtures. Alliance Intelligence simply captured an MSE droid and replaced its entire internal systems with a custom-designed espionage brain. The shell was also slightly modified by adding a hidden panel for a small computer port appendage.

The droid's espionage programming is very simple. It is supposed to do whatever its programming cartridges instruct it to do. However, it also makes a duplicate of all information on cartridges it receives. The MSE droid will periodically interface with a communications computer and broadcast the information in tight-beam bursts to waiting alliance communication stations in deep space.

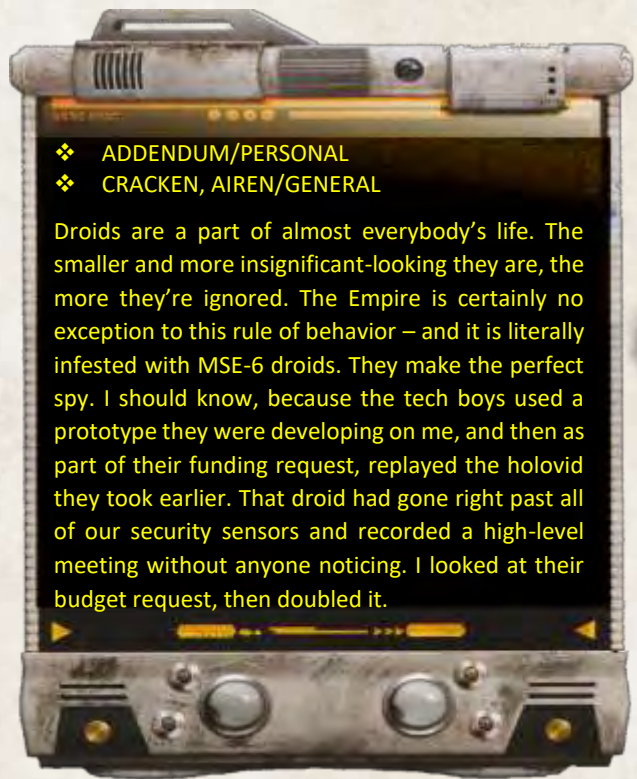
MODIFIED REBAXAN COLUMNI MSE-6 GENERAL PURPOSE DROID (RIVAL)



Skills: Computers 4, Mechanics 1, Perception 4, Stealth 4

Abilities: Droid (does not need to sleep, breathe, eat, drink; can survive in vacuum or under water; immune to poisons and toxins), Espionage Programming (upgrade Computers and Perception checks twice), Silhouette 0, Ubiquitous (downgrade Perception checks that would reveal an MSE-6 twice, to a minimum of ♦)

Equipment: Built-in repair tools (counts as a tool kit and an emergency repair kit that can be used once per session), comlink, retractable manipulators, Class IV Gentik/Columni AX-1 Espionage Brain, Gentik Mk I EM system, electro-



photoreceptor, auditory sensor, Internal retractable holocamera



R2-C3

Operative Role: Deep cover Imperial Intelligence Sector Plexus network security

Current Location: Sector Plexus facilities, Keltos IV, Irnaj sector, Mid-Rim

Industrial Automaton's R2 series astromech is among the most successful astromech lines ever produced. In use by the millions galaxy-wide, these droids are common sights in spaceports, including Imperial spaceports.

The Empire uses these droids as mechanics for many ships, as computer security experts in some Special Forces groups, and for a variety of other maintenance functions on their capital ships. The Empire has even tried to infiltrate a few R2 espionage units into the Alliance. Alliance techs have learned a great deal from the capture droids and are now returning the favor.

R2-C3 is one of the current Alliance astromechs on assignment in Imperial space. "Secubed" (his nickname) works computer network security on the Imperial Intelligence Sector Plexus facilities in orbit around Keltos IV. As such, he monitors computer network activity for unauthorized or unusual activity. He records information from the Plexus computers and retransmits it to the Rebellion on unused portions of Plexus's broadcast frequencies. These stray signals are pulled from the transmission by a number of agents who service several relay satellite stations.

R2-C3 (NEMESIS)

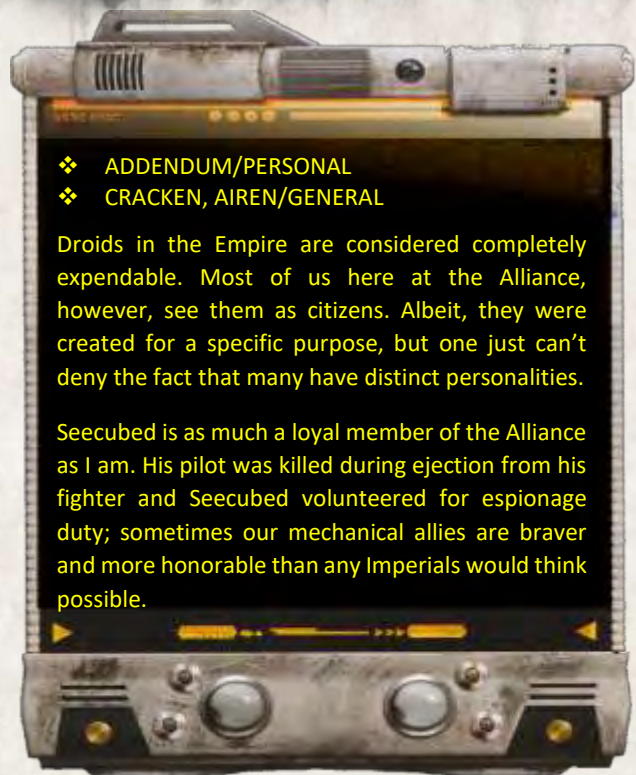
1	3	3	3	3	2
BEHAVIOR	ABILITY	INTELLIGENCE	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
3	13	13	0	0	
			HANGED	MELEE	

Skills: Computers 3, Cool 2, Deception 3, Mechanics 2, Stealth 2, Vigilance 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Encoded Communicate

Abilities: Droid (does not need to breathe, eat, or drink, and can survive in vacuum or underwater; immune to poisons or toxins), Hidden Storage (R2-C3's body contains a hidden compartment that can hide small objects totaling no more than encumbrance 1; checks to detect this compartment are Formidable [◆◆◆◆◆])

Equipment: Arc welder (Melee; Range: engaged; damage 3, Critical 5; Stun Damage), built-in repair tools (counts as tool kit)



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Droids in the Empire are considered completely expendable. Most of us here at the Alliance, however, see them as citizens. Albeit, they were created for a specific purpose, but one just can't deny the fact that many have distinct personalities.

Secubed is as much a loyal member of the Alliance as I am. His pilot was killed during ejection from his fighter and Secubed volunteered for espionage duty; sometimes our mechanical allies are braver and more honorable than any Imperials would think possible.

R2Z-DL (TOOZY)

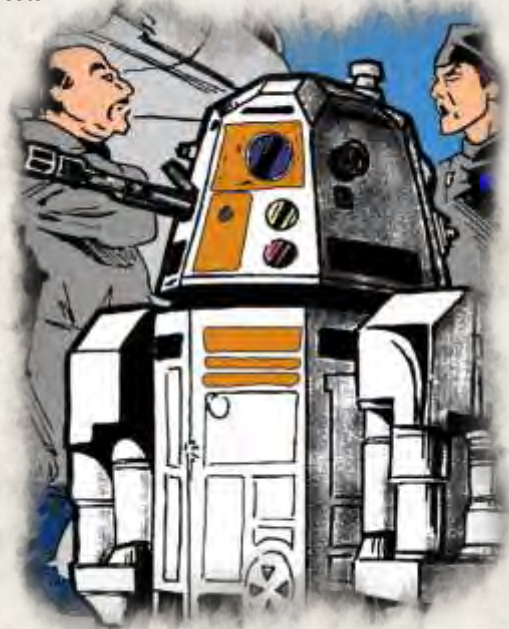
Operative Role: Information collection

Current Location: Hypotria

R2z-DL, or Toozy, is a starship maintenance droid on Hypotria who quietly collects and distributes information to the Alliance. Toozy's previous owner was a deep-cover Rebel operative who was murdered by employees of the Laboi crime lord Qa'till.

Qa'till gained control of all starship maintenance operations on Hypotria. Toozy continues his assignment with the Rebellion – stealing data from ships that come in for repairs and placing that information in the memory banks of ships that carry special Alliance codes.

Despite regret following the death of his previous owner, Toozy has used the consolidation of the planetary starship maintenance services to his advantage, setting up programs that monitor all incoming starships, and ensuring that the ships most likely to carry useful information are routed to his shop. He occasionally goes so far as to initiate false repair requests to



guarantee that he can work on particularly promising ships.

Very few Rebels will encounter Toozy personally, but operatives may discover that information has been planted by the droid in the memories of their ships.

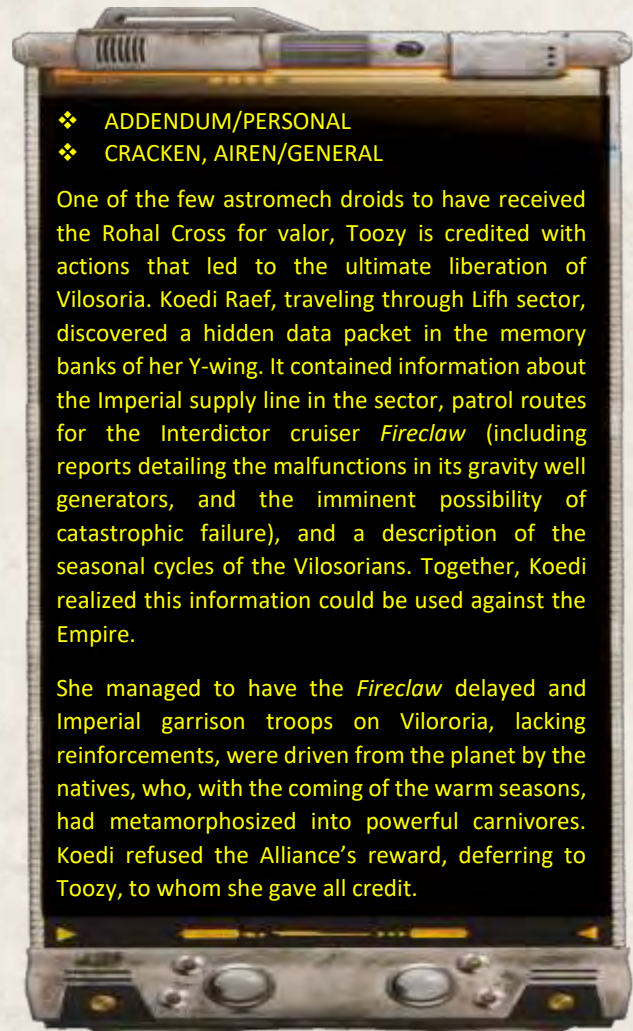
R2Z-DL (TOOZY) (NEMESIS)



Skills: Computers 3, Cool 2, Mechanics 4

Abilities: Droid (does not need to breathe, eat, or drink, and can survive in vacuum or underwater; immune to poisons or toxins)

Equipment: Arc welder (Melee; Range: engaged; damage 3, Critical 5; Stun Damage), tool kit, vertically extendable movement platform (allows two meters of vertical movement)





A woman in a flight suit and goggles, looking out a window with a red glow. The scene is set in a cockpit or a similar environment, with a red light source creating a dramatic atmosphere. The woman is wearing a brown flight suit with a red hood and goggles on her forehead. She is looking out of a window, and the light outside is a bright red, suggesting a sunset or a fire. The background shows the interior of the cockpit, with various instruments and controls.

IV

SUPPORT PERSONNEL

"There's a difference between a necessary risk and a death wish and you know it."

-Sammax Namezash

YTAVARG ALEEMA

Operative Role: Rebel financier
Current Location: Core Worlds (touring with team)
Species: Near-Human (Keed) **Sex:** Male **Age:** 26

In his mansion on Melinz, within the foothills of Shad’s city limits, Aleema has extensive facilities to house Rebel agents who, for one reason or another, find themselves in need of a haven where they can hide. Aleema provides the agents with food and shelter and contacts other Rebel operatives to get the agent back to his or her commanding officer or cell leader.

When not defending the Furies’ reign as shockball champions of the Empire, Aleema has ensured the security and safe return of scores of desperate Rebel heroes.

YTAVARG ALEEMA (NEMESIS)

4 BRAWN	4 AGILITY	3 INFILTRATE	3 SURVIVE	3 WELLPOWERED	3 PERSONAL
SOAK 5	WOUNDED 16	STRAIN 13	DEFENSE 0 0		RANGED MELEE

Skills: Athletics 3, Charm 2, Cool 2, Leadership 1, Medicine 1, Melee 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Resilience 3, Vigilance 2

Talents: Biggest Fan, Improved Dodge 3

Equipment: Shad Furies shockball uniform – padding, helmet, mitt, scoop (Soak: 1), two shockballs



The name Ytavarg Aleema is synonymous with glory and fame. The most renowned shockball player in the galaxy, Aleema is as well a Rebel foster agent within the Core Worlds. As a member of the five-time Royal Imperial Shockball League champion franchise Shad Furies, Aleema is unimaginably wealthy. Most of his pay, however, is secretly directed to the Alliance.

❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
 ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Aleema’s donations are what have kept more than one Alliance operation from folding. His prestige and clout as the galaxy’s premiere shockball player keeps him virtually invulnerable to suspicion, and he is therefore relatively secure in his position as an agent.

His housing of agents at his home in Shad on Melinz, though a huge risk, has saved many deep undercover agents from capture. He is a great contact in the Core Worlds, where it has previously proven very difficult for Alliance operatives to move about..

FROM CHAMPION TO REBEL

Ytavarg Aleema was born on the remote world Keedad, which had been originally colonized in the early days of the Republic. He is descended from both the Human colonizers and the Keed, a humanoid race indigenous to the planet. Keedad is home to a game known as lettranin, in which the participants use large scoops to fling a spiked seed pod (picked from native Lettrani fruit trees) at members of the opposing team. The seed pod can bounce to great heights. Lettranin is played in an enclosed arena made of stone, and the object of the game is to score as many points as possible in a set time period (points are awarded for goals and for incapacitating members of the opposing team).

While participating in a pick-up game of lettranin, Aleema was noticed by Ger Plortor, a scout for the Shad Furies, a prominent Imperial shockball team. Plortor noticed Aleema's superior playing ability and decided to recruit him. Enticed by a lucrative contract, Aleema agreed to accompany the vacationing Plortor back to Shad, where he fell in love with shockball. Upon joining the team, he led the Furies to five consecutive Imperial titles, defeating over 80 of the best teams in the galaxy. He broke all team and league records and became rich from both his salary and endorsements.

During his rise to stardom, the athlete was oblivious to the politics of the Empire and the struggle being led by the Rebel Alliance. Aleema became embroiled in the Galactic Civil War when he attempted to protect a non-Human member of the Quent Assassins (the team the Furies had been competing against at the Imperial City Exhibition Series). The other player was being attacked by what appeared to be a mob of unruly Furies fans shortly after Aleema's team lost an overtime game 21-20.

It turned out that the group of Humans were in actuality "representing" the interests of a distant Moff,

and it had been suspected the player was a Rebel sympathizer. The player, Assassin center Ap Kormar, was beaten to death as a message to other possible Rebel sympathizers. Appalled by the killing of a fellow sportsman, Aleema used his scoop and shockball to kill all seven assailants. After a reprimand by his coach and some political maneuvering, Aleema was allowed back onto the team.

The Furies rolled on to the series championship and again Aleema was the hero. Though assured by Coach Ji those "ruffians" who had killed Kormar were merely vigilantes, Aleema still had doubts.

Naïve but not stupid, Aleema investigated the origins of the Alliance and spent a good deal of his spare time talking to individuals of ill repute (in the eyes of the Empire). Aleema eventually came to the conclusion that the Empire was indeed the tyrannical power the Rebel Alliance claimed. Knowing he would be of little help within the infantry or starfighter squadrons of the Alliance, Aleema realized money is often what wins or loses a war. He arranged with a Rebel contact to have a good portion of his wealth diverted to the Rebellion, and Ytavarg took it upon himself to intensify his endorsements and merchandising. He funnels nearly 50 percent of his income to the Rebel cause.

Ytavarg is unquestionably the most talented shockball athlete in the Empire. He continues to lead the Furies to championship after championship, and appears in holofeatures, on children's meal package covers, and his face can be seen in almost any shopping complex in the Empire. Unbeknownst to those who sign his checks, Aleema's money is working to bring down the very establishment of which most of them are a part.

PIKE ANGELES

Operative Role: Rebel shipjacker, starship engineer

Current Location: Various outlying regions

Species: Human (Lorrdian) **Sex:** Male **Age:** 34

Pike joined the Alliance immediately after his second tour in the Imperial Navy, after receiving irrefutable evidence of the rumors he had always refused to believe – that the Empire practices slavery. An Academy man with a background in starship engineering, he was immediately assigned to the Rebel command center on Dantooine and placed in charge of the tech team modernizing the first fleet of Y-wings acquired by the Alliance.

Pike spent several restless months in the base hangars stripping down and revamping the starfighters (it was Pike who first suggested leaving the body shell off the engines to make repairs easier), but soon moved into the field to develop his own specialty – stealing new Imperial ships for the Alliance.

Using sympathetic contacts within engineering and military circles, and his own theoretical and practical knowledge of Imperial vessels, Pike has amassed an impressive database of Imperial codes and ship schematics. He uses these to gain access to Imperial Navy vessels (commonly shuttles), usually by posing as an officer and walking into a backwater Imperial installation with “orders” to requisition a ship. He uses his codes and knowledge of Navy protocol to bluff his way in. Once in the ship, he simply flies it to a Rebel

rendezvous point. If he happens upon an unguarded ship, he can usually break in and override the computer.

Pike tends to concentrate most of his attention on outlying Imperial outposts, where security is somewhat less stringent than on Coreward installations, and where is sometimes dated access codes will go unchallenged.

Over the years, Pike has established a number of false identities which can hold up to casual scrutiny, including Commander Roget Teres, Lt. Gileas of Supply, and Lt. Com. Nim, Military Intelligence. He has used these false identities and others to gain access to vessels and make off with them. He usually works with his droid, but will occasionally accompany small groups on missions if obtaining a new ship seems a likely possibility.

When Pike entered the field, he kept and modified the R2 unit which had helped him conduct Y-wing trials on Dantooine.

R2-S4 is adept at breaking into and controlling shipboard computers of medium to small starships and transports, especially Imperial models. R2-S4 is like most R2 units, very independent and tends to wander off when bored.

Physically, Pike is a trim man with ash-blond hair and around, innocent-looking face. He has a cheerful disposition when not operating under cover, though he is tired of being ribbed about his full name, Shen-and-Gretta Pikeual-Angeles of Lorrd.

Like all Lorrdians, Pike is extremely perceptive. He can read body language easily, and is very skilled at



PIKE ANGELES (NEMESIS)

2	3	3	4	3	4
BRAWN	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
2	14	13	0	0	
			RANGED	MELEE	

- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

I first met Angeles when the “crew” and I were on Dantooine to look over the fleet of Y-wings the Alliance had just acquired. The kid was a great engineer, but anyone could see he was aching for a chance to get into the field and scrap with the Empire. Well, considering our shortage of techs those days, there wasn’t much chance of that happening, at least until the night some of us decided to teach Angeles how to play sabacc. Most of us lost our shirts to the kid, and the rest of us were lucky to escape with our pay vouchers.

Angeles won an astromech from Captain Antilles, but agreed to give it back in exchange for a field commission. Things worked out best all around: The droid went on to deliver the plans to the Death Star to us on Yavin, and Pike Angeles is out there liberating Imperial ships for the Alliance.

I did come away from that game with one important lesson learned: never play sabacc with a Lorradian.


mimicking the voices and mannerisms of beings he has had time to study, including aliens. He is also very good at capturing the attitude and air of a type of person he is imitating such as a cocky TIE pilot or a stuffy bureaucrat.

Pike’s greatest fear is to run into and be recognized by one of his former classmates from the Academy while on a covert mission. Quite aside from having his cover blown, Pike is greatly concerned that he might someday be required to kill one of his old friends.

Skills: Astrogation 2, Brawl 1, Computers 3, Deception 4, Education 2, Gunnery 2, Leadership 3, Mechanics 3, Melee 1, Negotiation 3, Perception 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Blather, Convincing Demeanor 3, Dodge 2, Gearhead 2, Kill With Kindness 2

Ability: Kinetic Communication (Pike can communicate with other Lorradians by means of a language of subtle facial expressions, muscle tics, and body gestures).

Equipment: Blaster pistol, comlink, Imperial Navy Officer uniform with insignia for all ranks up to captain (add  to Deception and Leadership checks), pocket computer, R2-S4

TRU'EB CHOLAKK

Operative Role: Gunrunner

Current Location: Outer Rim Territories and Mid Rim

Species: Twi'lek **Sex:** Male **Age:** 28

Tru'eb Cholakk has been running guns and weapons to the underdogs in several recent conflicts in the Outer Rim Territories and Mid Rim regions. He is a tall (2.2 meters) and very stoic Twi'lek who dresses in gray and black tunics. His voice is deep and resonant, and when Tru'eb speaks, he almost always mentions his struggle to right the wrongs against the oppressed.

His species does not usually support one side of a conflict, but prefers to scheme for profits on the sidelines. Tru'eb has broken from this behavior and is uncharacteristically idealistic. He believes he can help change the tide of conflicts and has a strong sense of honor and duty to the underdog. This belief originates from experiences on his homeworld of Ryloth.

When he was younger, Tru'eb was aspiring to become a head-clan member of his home city of Kala'uun on Ryloth. He dreamed of arming the Twi'leks of the city to oppose the tyrannical grasp of slavers, to whom the city paid tribute in both slaves and ryll spice. However, others opposed his plan since it did not follow Twi'lek philosophy. He soon found himself a Twi'lek tribute slave.

The infamous slaver Big Quince took Tru'eb from his slave pens and put him to work as a personal servant. Tru'eb served his master faithfully, always scheming to escape. When a young slave sought his help, Tru'eb knew it was time to act. He set the young woman free, and the two of them disabled Big Quince's slave ship and fled in Quince's personal shuttle. The woman turned out to be the smuggler Platt Okeefe, who rewarded Tru'eb for his assistance. With the

credits from Platt, Tru'eb invested in a Ghtroc freighter, the Luudrian Star.

Now, Tru'eb plies the space lanes of the Outer Rim Territories and Mid Rim, making arms deals and smuggling weapons to those in need, including Rebels.

TRU'EB CHOLAKK (NEMESIS)



Skills: Astrogation 3, Athletics 2, Computers 1, Deception 3, Gunnery 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 3, Mechanics 3, Medicine 1,



Negotiations 4, Perception 2, Piloting (Space) 4, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 3, Stealth 3, Streetwise 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Black Market Contacts 3, Bypass Security 2, Hidden Storage 2, Street Smarts 2

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, datapad, Luudrian Star

LUUDRIAN STAR

Tru'eb's ship is a modified Ghtroc freighter he purchased with the help of Platt Okeefe after he helped her escape Big Quince's slave ship. He has since earned enough credits to pay off his remaining debts and modify the ship, upgrading the shields and adding an antiquated yet powerful mass drive cannon on each side of the cockpit. Unfortunately, the cannons drain so much energy from the main power core that only one may fire each round.

LUUDRIAN STAR



Vehicle Type/Model: Modified freighter/720

Manufacturer: Ghtroc Industries

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 2, Backup: Class 15

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Medium

Crew: One pilot

Encumbrance Capacity: 200

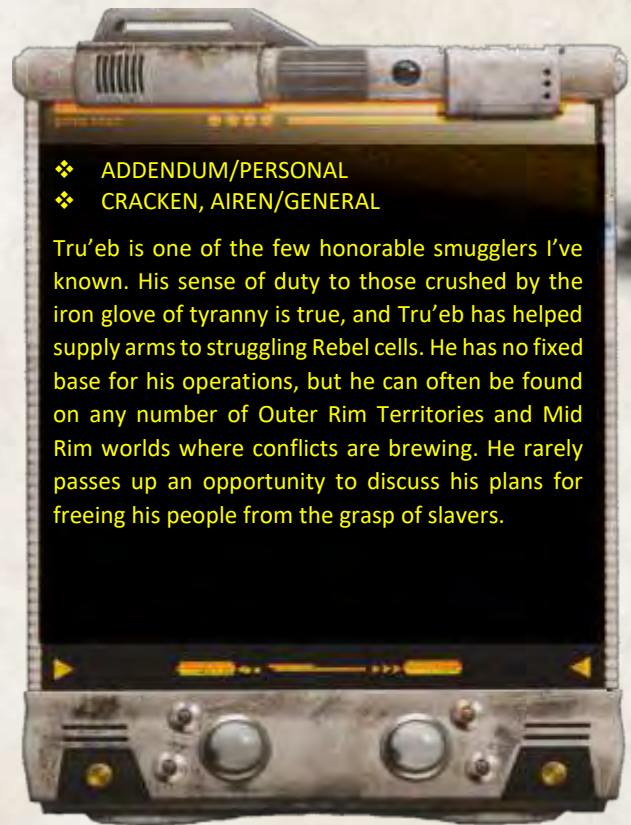
Passenger Capacity: 10

Consumables: Two months

Price/Rarity: Not for sale

Customization Hard Points: 2

Weapons: Two mass-driver cannons (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 7; Critical 3; Range [Short]; Breach 2, Slow Firing 1)



LEGER DEMAIN

Operative Role: Entertainer, smuggler, and Rebel informant

Current Location: Core Worlds

Species: Human

Sex: Male

Age: 48

Growing up in the isolation of the chak-root farms on the Corporate Sector Authority planet Erysthes, where his parents worked as indentured harvesters, young “Leger” spent most of his time watching holofeatures and dreaming of the day

he would escape his parents’ fate. He amused himself by learning sleight of hand tricks and acting out scenes from his favorite holovids.

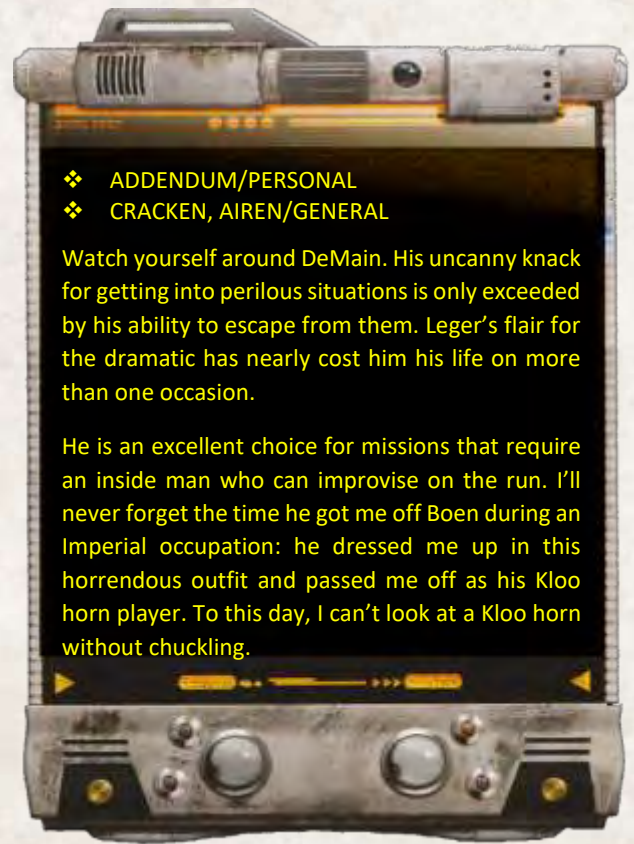
As an “employee” of the Authority, Leger was forced to work for the greater glory and profit of the Authority, despite his youth.

Eventually,

Leger formulated a plan for escape. When an Authority ship landed, Leger palmed several of the agrirobot remote interface control mechanisms (which controlled the colossal CSA harvester droids).

Under Leger’s command, these monstrous machines razed most of the main farming complex, distracting the guards long enough for Leger, his parents, and several other laborers to hijack the transport (armed with farming implements, no less).

After skipping about the Core Worlds for many years, Leger settled down to pursue his one true love: holofeatures. He began performing his sleight of hand



tricks and great escapes. While his fame grew, eventually his legendary luck ran out: he nearly perished in his much anticipated “Escape at Cloud City.” The medical facilities on Cloud City managed to repair the physical damage to his body, but he found that the big contracts didn’t come his way anymore.

Leger DeMain formed a theatrical production company which visits posh gambling houses and private estates (including the majestic Imperial Palace), entertaining wealthy corporate execs, military leaders, and powerful Imperial nobles. The shows are a combination of dance, music, and theater, with a finale starring DeMain in a daring escape act.



Leger DeMain’s travels exposed him to the horrors of Imperial domination. Drawing a parallel with his own imprisonment as a child, Leger managed to contact the Rebel Alliance and offer his services. With contracts and access to a variety of worlds under Imperial rule, DeMain has the opportunity to smuggle information and goods with relative ease.

LEGER DEMAIN (NEMESIS)



Stats: Charm 5, Cool 3, Coordination 3, Deception 4, Mechanics 2, Medicine 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 5, Stealth 5, Xenology 2

Talents: Biggest Fan, Bypass Security 3, Conditioned 2, Confidence 2, Congenial 2, Convincing Demeanor 3, Improved Distracting Behavior 3, Double-Talk, Incite Distraction, Natural Charmer

Equipment: Defender sporting blaster, expensive clothing and cape (add  to checks to perform or attract attention), comlink, electronic lockpicker disguised as a sabacc card (add  to checks to pick an electronic lock)

SIREN III

DeMain's ship, the *Siren III*, is a heavily modified space yacht, which serves as a mobile base for his stage productions. Sections have converted to dressing rooms, prop storage, and rehearsal rooms. There are also a variety of secret rooms and passages for smuggling goods for the Rebellion.

Leger purchased the *Siren III* from a used transport yard years ago and she has since gone through so many modifications that the original owner would no longer recognize her. The most dramatic of these revisions was to redesign a large section of the bow. Nearly the entire front end of the ship was rebuilt so it could open up into a stage with an orchestra pit.

When the *Siren III* lands, this stage and the surrounding performance and backstage area can separate from the rest of the craft and move about independently on a repulsorlift field. The backstage area can be loaded with props and equipment, and then travel to the site of the performance upon touchdown. With this ingenious setup, Leger can perform almost anywhere he desires.

The ship gets crowded now that his company has grown so much. Many of the original 24 luxury cabins have been converted to dressing rooms, prop storage, and rehearsal rooms. The remaining living quarters are for the performers themselves, who share the large, upper cabins. DeMain has also added a number of secret compartments and they are used on behalf of the Rebellion to smuggle a variety of goods and beings. There are also a variety of secret passages connecting the secret rooms. The center of the three engines in the stern of the *Siren III* is a cleverly-concealed mock-up (in fact, a false energy signature projector and illuminators are installed so that the engine appears to be authentic when scanned with sensors). A hidden switch in the

cockpit can eject the contents of this compartment into either of the adjoining engine's ion drives (for quick incineration) or out into space. This little feature has come in handy on more than one occasion.

The ship also has Leger's private mini-shuttle. It is disguised so that it appears as just another of the *Siren III*'s many escape pods. This craft rarely sees use, but it is Leger's "ace in the hole" should he need a quick getaway.

SIREN III



Hull Type/Class: Modified space yacht/Model 11-S

Manufacturer: Aavman Extravagance

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 2, Backup: Class 10

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Short

Ship's Complement: One pilot, one co-pilot, two gunners

Encumbrance Capacity: 50

Passenger Capacity: 24

Consumables: One month

Price/Rarity: 250,000 credits/10

Customization Hard Points: 4 (0 remaining)

Weapons: Retractable medium laser cannon (Fire Arc: Forward/Port; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close])

Retractable medium laser cannon (Fire Arc: Forward/Starboard; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close])

LEGER'S MINI-SHUTTLE



Hull Type/Class: Shuttle

Manufacturer: Aavman Extravagance

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 6, Backup: none

Navicomputer: Yes (limited to two jumps)

Sensor Range: Short

Ship's Complement: One pilot

Encumbrance Capacity: 10

Passenger Capacity: 2

Consumables: Two days

Price/Rarity: 9,000 credits/10

Customization Hard Points: 0

Weapons: None

"EYES"

Operative Role: Informant and information merchant

Current Location: "Snakes' Den," Camden system, Outer Rim Territories

Species: Unknown **Sex:** Unknown **Age:** Unknown

This rather peculiar alien has become a legend in fringe circles. "He" is an information merchant, maintaining a network worthy of Imperial Intelligence capabilities. "Eyes" started out as something of a fixture in the main starport of Camden, an Outer Rim Trade planet that sees

many small freighters come and go. This particular starport is commonly referred to as "Snake's Den," due to its unofficial capacity as a major fringe society crossroads.

Eyes spent day after day observing everything going on around him. This made him many friends, as he

would listen and watch and trade what he knew for credits and favors. Eyes eventually parleyed this "system" into an operation of immense proportions, driven by some unknown goal that seems to go beyond the acquisition of power for power's sake.

There are thousands of people who regularly trade information with Eyes. The alien has no love of the Empire; in fact, he hates Palpatine on a very personal level, though no one knows why. He regularly deals with the Alliance, although he still requires full payment in credits, goods, services, or information. Eyes is believed to be loyal – after all, one does not survive long in the information business by betraying one's customers – but he cannot be trusted with sensitive information.

Eyes regularly holds "court" in the Jade Simian, a restaurant and bar adjacent to the "Snake's Den"

starport. People have to virtually "take a number" to get in to see him.

Eyes also seems to have some unusual special abilities; perhaps his species has some natural affinity for the Force, much like the Wookiees of Kashyyyk. It is known that he once used his divinatory abilities to hunt down and murder an Imperial Security officer.

"EYES" (NEMESIS)

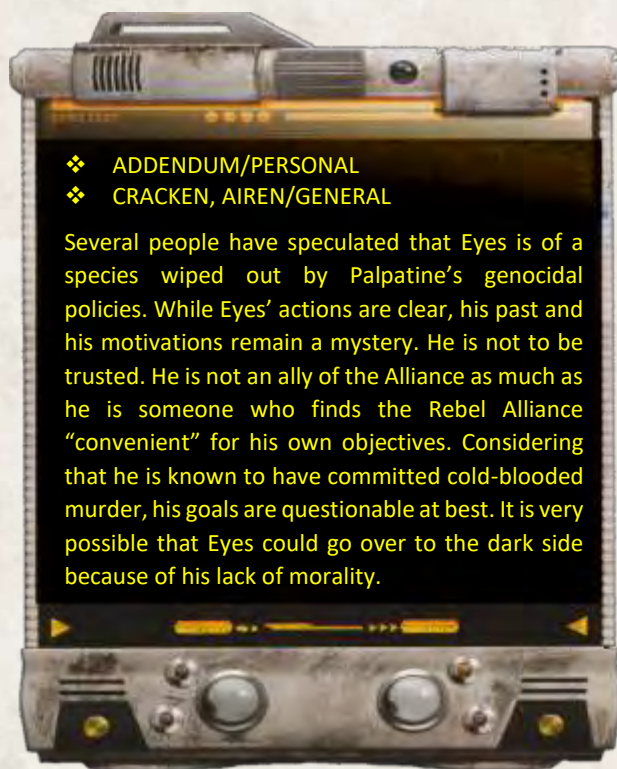
1 BRAWN	2 AGILITY	3 INTELLECT	5 CONNING	3 WILLPOWER	3 PRESENSE
SOAK 1	WOUNDED 13	STRAIN 13	DEFENSE 0 0		RANGED MELEE

Skills: Computers 2, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Negotiation 4, Perception 5, Ranged (Light) 1, Skulduggery 2, Stealth 4, Streetwise 3

Talents: Force Rating 2, In the Know 3, Improved Know Their Weakness 2

Abilities: Force Power: Sense (Eyes may spend 1 to sense all living things within short range, or 1 1 within long range. He may spend 1 to sense emotional state or 1 1 to read the thoughts of any living target within medium range.)

Equipment: Holdout blaster, comlink, amulet (believed to be of some religious importance)



RETTER LEWIS

Operative Role: Director of Alliance agent protection network, artifact appraiser

Current Location: The *Cal Ambre*

Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 58

Retter Lewis is an artifact dealer: one of those beings who buys rare and unique curios and artifacts from estates and explorers, and sells them to wealthy collectors and well-endowed universities. Retter's establishment, "Callia's," is one of the more exclusive dealer houses in the Empire, and Retter himself is widely regarded as the premier auctioneer of religious and alien artifacts. Callia's is situated aboard the huge luxury gambling ship *Cal Ambre*, which maintains a permanent orbit in the Bramior system.

Retter has found that certain artifacts seem to draw themselves to him. Through study, he has come to believe he has some subconscious ability to sense objects strong in the Force. He has little control over this power, but trusts his intuition implicitly.

Items which are strong in the Force seldom remain in Retter's hands for long, however, since servants of the Emperor regularly sweep the shop for all such "degenerate" artifacts. Once in the hands of the Empire, they rapidly make their way to Coruscant or into one of the Emperor's secret storehouses.

Retter has buyers and contacts all over the galaxy, seeking out new merchandise. A constant flow of couriers, customers, and dealer circulate through Callia's. Among these beings are Imperial officers (Moffs, high ranking officers, and important bureaucrats), business officials, Imperial or planetary nobles, and other powerful figures. Less august individuals also frequent the shop, including smugglers, scouts, explorers, and professors, all eager to buy or sell.

Retter's business and customers give him excellent cover for his little hobby: maintaining and supervising one of the Rebellion's largest covert transportation networks. Among Retter's network of buyers are a number of Rebel spies, who let him know when "hot properties" are coming down the pipeline by use of coded shipment reports.

These "hot properties" are important defecting Imperial officers and bureaucrats who possess skills or knowledge of strategic value to the Rebellion, and therefore those the Empire is least anxious to see escape alive. They may also be Rebel agents on the run.



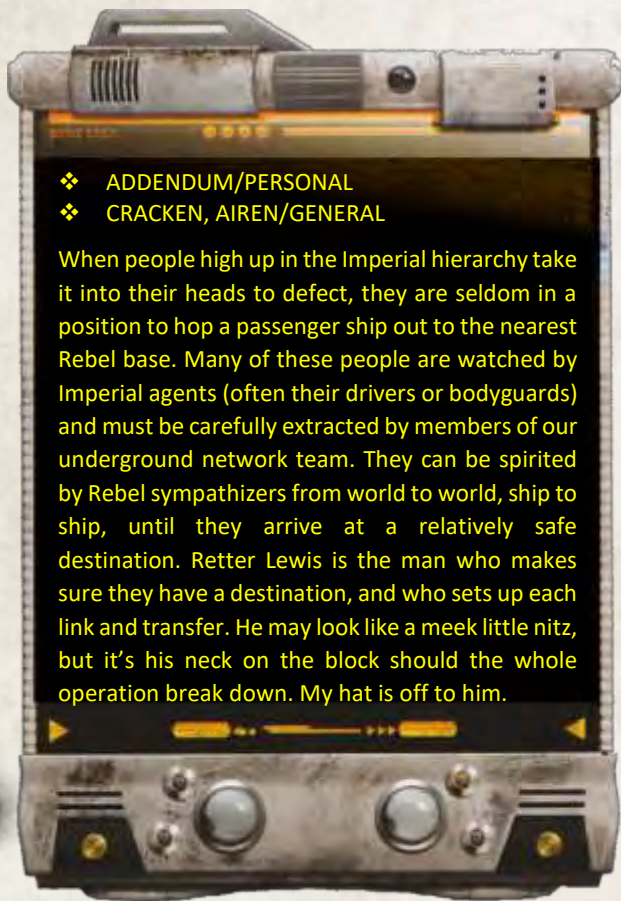
Individuals of such value are moved through the network, passing from the Core Worlds out to the outlying regions. The hub of this network is Retter's shop, from which defectors are forwarded to Alliance bases or safe worlds.

With the constant flow of Imperial highbrows passing through the resort ship, it might seem that it would be a simple matter for defectors to board the *Cal Ambre* under their own names, and simply move on to wherever Retter directs them. While this does happen on occasion, Retter knows that if every investigation of a missing Imperial leads to his door, he will soon find himself in an interrogation chamber.

Occasionally, these people can board and exit the *Cal Ambre* with false IDs, but often they must be smuggled in secret. Retter's job is made much easier in this respect because the Imperial customs agent on the *Cal Ambre* is in awe of the man who can command the respect of Moffs and seldom presumes to inspect his ingoing and outgoing shipments. These shipments are as likely to include escapees as dismantled statuary.

Retter is not the sort of man most would imagine filling the daring role he does. A short and owlsh man with wispy ray hair and thick sideburns, he is exactly the sort most would envision as the proprietor of an exclusive art establishment. Retter tends toward loose baggy clothing, thick sweaters, and knit vests, and wears thick spectacles which make his eyes look huge. He cannot fight very well, and barely knows how to hold a blaster.

He does have a few proficient bodyguards on staff, as well as a trusted protocol droid to help him in dealing with alien customers.



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

When people high up in the Imperial hierarchy take it into their heads to defect, they are seldom in a position to hop a passenger ship out to the nearest Rebel base. Many of these people are watched by Imperial agents (often their drivers or bodyguards) and must be carefully extracted by members of our underground network team. They can be spirited by Rebel sympathizers from world to world, ship to ship, until they arrive at a relatively safe destination. Retter Lewis is the man who makes sure they have a destination, and who sets up each link and transfer. He may look like a meek little nitz, but it's his neck on the block should the whole operation break down. My hat is off to him.

RETTER LEWIS (NEMESIS)



Skills: Deception 3, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 3, Knowledge (Education) 3, Knowledge (Lore) 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 3, Negotiation 4, Perception 3, Piloting (Planetary) 2

Talents: Another's Treasure, Black Market Contacts 2, Force Rating 2, Know Somebody 2, Natural Merchant, Nobody's Fool 3, Plausible Deniability 2, Seen a Lot of Things

Ability: Force Power: Sense

Equipment: Datapad, jeweler's tools, protocol droid

THE CAL AMBRE

The *Cal Ambre* is an antique *Cal*-class warship, but it has been overhauled and modernized into a unique luxury gambling resort. It has taken up permanent orbit in the Bramior system, and hovers at the edge of a large

asteroid field. Some distance away is Rove, a large, barren rogue moon which was captured eons ago by the Bramior star.

The main draw of the *Cal Ambre*, that which offers the casino's guests the unique gambling experience which is its trademark, is the game of Bombarde. In Bombarde, Rove is electronically overlaid with a grid, and the mass driver fires an asteroid at the moon with randomly generated coordinates. Bets are placed on which section of the moon the asteroid will hit and bettors gather in a huge observation gallery to watch the proceedings.

The ship offers entertainments other than gambling. There are numerous levels dedicated to cabins, malls, dance halls, theaters, and parks. There is a large hangar available to allow smaller vessels internal docking, and numerous skiffs and ferries flit between the *Cal Ambre* and larger ships and cruisers positioned nearby.

THE KUMAURI BATTLESHIP

Some 10,000 years ago, a young warlord named Vall Kumauri seized several dozen star systems in an attempt to forge an Empire in the outlying regions of the Republic. His upstart fleet was surprisingly effective thanks to the Kumauri Battleship, a revolutionary capital ship developed in the outer systems and modestly named after the young would-be Emperor.

The Kumauri Battleship, particularly the last series in the line, the *Cal*-class battleship, was a terror in its day due to its primary weapon – the huge mass driver slung over the main hull. This weapon tractorated asteroids and other space debris into the rear end of the huge armored cylinder and shot them at tremendous speeds out the cannon at the front. In those days, shield technology was unable to stop this type of weapon. A well-aimed small asteroid could completely upset the ecological balance of a planet.

Kumauri's empire imploded within a few years, but the Kumauri Battleship lived on as a legacy to his efforts. The ships of this line saw service in hundreds of navies, including the Republic Starfleet that defeated the Kumauri Empire. Only when planetary shielding became practical and widespread was the *Cal*-class warship rendered obsolete as a terror weapon.

The old battlewagon's weapons have been removed save for three – the mass driver, and two turbo cannons used to break large asteroids into smaller chunks. They also can be called on in a last-ditch effort to protect the ship should it come under attack. There are also a number of powerful tractor beams mounted around the vessel, to draw projectiles into the cannon, and aid ships in docking.

There is no real Imperial presence on the ship itself, though an Imperial frigate stays within the system at all times to provide the ship security. The frigate can arrive within 15 minutes of an alert from the *Cal Ambre* and is usually on hand when liners and freighters are arriving and leaving.

CAL AMBRE



Hull Type/Class: Battleship/modified *Cal*-class

Manufacturer: Kumauri shipyard

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 6, Backup: Class 15

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Long

Ship's Complement: 2150 general crew, 46 gunners

Encumbrance Capacity: 10,000

Passenger Capacity: 9,000

Consumables: Three months

Price/Rarity: Not for sale/10

Customization Hard Points: 0

Weapons: Heavy Mass Driver (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 8; Critical 3; Range: [Extreme]; Breach 4, Slow Firing 1

One forward and one aft medium turbolaser (Fire Arc Forward or Fire Arc Aft; Damage 10; Critical 3; Range [Long]; Breach 3, Slow Firing 1

Two forward, two aft, one port, and one starboard medium tractor beam (Fire Arc Forward or Fire Arc Aft or Fire Arc Port or Fire Arc Starboard; Damage: - Critical -; Range [Short]; Tractor 4)

INSIDE CALLIA'S

Callia's is located on the main mall level of the *Cal Ambre*, situated between the local Larjh StarCorporation dealership (where customized space yachts can be ordered) and an exclusive clothier.

The public gallery of the shop is much like a museum in appearances – it is given over to displays featuring various artifacts, complete with holopresentations giving the history and unique features of each item. Many of the artifacts have obvious functions, among them ceremonial pipes, daggers, drums, urns, pots, and cups, while others serve more inscrutable purposes. Among the latter are vaguely branch-shaped sculptures carved out of a soapy lava, small meteorites engraved with archaic symbols, misshapen crystals which glow from within, and weird stringed instruments meant to be manipulated by tentacles and claws. Prices are not posted, on the principle that if one needs to ask...

There is another, smaller, gallery in a back room, featuring items particularly precious (some of which are strong in the Force). Most casual gawkers are not admitted to this area. The second level, located above the shop, is given over to the shop's storage area, offices, and vaults. The whole shop is protected by an extremely sophisticated security system

Lewis' two permanent employees are Rebel agents as well. Since his professional duties demand a great deal of his time, Lewis relies on his associates to maintain the

pipeline and manage details, though he remains the network's mastermind.

His chief lieutenant is Graff Teiras, store manager and head of Callia's shipping operations. Teiras is a tall, imposing middle-aged man with silver hair, and a barrel chest. His official duties are as liaison with shippers, sellers, other dealers, and estate auction houses. Unofficially, Teiras manages the day-to-day scheduling of pipeline movements, and insures that deliveries and pickups are set and positioned along every point of the network. He also is in regular contact with higher-ups in the Alliance.

Lewis' other primary agent is Halacc Demior, a small, wiry man in his thirties, with slicked-back black hair, who serves as both bodyguard and shop accountant. Though physically slight, Demior nonetheless is an expert combatant. Unofficially, he aides his master in moving Rebels down the pipeline.

Lewis also owns a gleaming silver protocol droid named A-3PO, an affable servant who serves as a translator when Lewis must interact with alien customers who cannot speak Basic. 3PO is necessarily more familiar with esoteric cultures than most protocol droids. Lewis retains a number of other employees at peak season periods (mostly university students), who know nothing of the cell's activities. External security is provided by the *Cal Ambre*'s security guards.

DOCTOR SAREN LLALIK

Operative Role: Cyborg technology researcher

Current Location: "BioTech Industries Headquarters, Corellian system

Species: Human **Sex:** Female **Age:** 32

Dr. Saren Llalik of BioTech Industries is a Rebel operative who has developed a system for feeding information to the Alliance, including top-secret Imperial military designs. As a cybernetics specialist for BioTech Industries, she works on many experimental designs.

In her BioTech laboratory is a Geentech 2-1B series medical droid that has been secretly implanted with an espionage module. Within the module, to which the droid is oblivious, are copies of countless files on new cybernetics designs. A second Alliance operative, medial technician Kena Shont, later downloads the duplicated material into her personal datapad. The datapad is then delivered to an Alliance contact at a predesignated site.

The medical droid who unknowingly duplicates the secret information is regularly maintained by the BioTech staff, but a thorough diagnostic check (which would be the only way to discover the espionage module) can only be performed at the request of the Director of Prosthetic Design, Dr. Llalik.

The work Dr. Llalik executes for BioTech is of the highest quality. She directed the design and construction of the Cyborg Construct Aj^6 unit, as well as other products that have gained her fame and respect within the cybernetics industry.

DOCTOR SAREN LLALIK (NEMESIS)

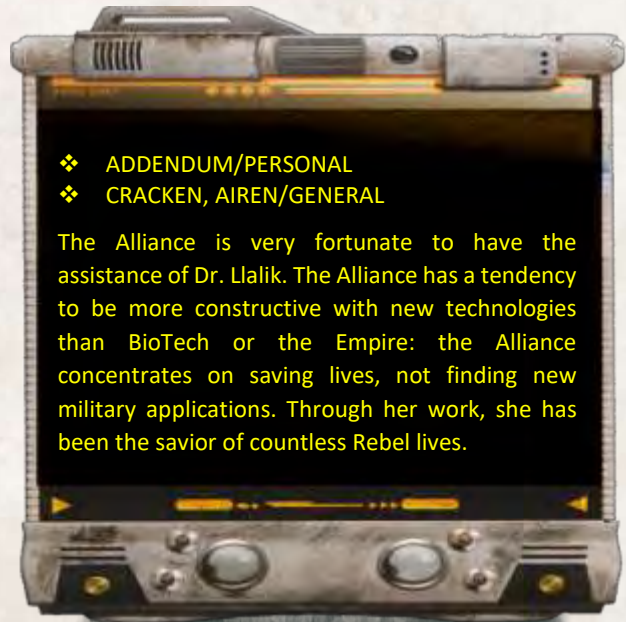
2	2	4	2	2	2
BRAWN	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CUNNING	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
2	14	12	0	0	
			RANGED	MEELE	

Skills:

Computers 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 5, Leadership 2, Medicine 4, Ranged (Light) 2, Resilience 2, Skulduggery, 2, Survival 3

Talents: Cyberneticist 3, Deft Maker 3, Machine Mender 3, Surgeon 3

Equipment: BioTech Restricted Access entry ID, comlink, diagnostic computer, medpac, modified datapad



RESIK

Operative Role: Information gathering and safehouse operator

Current Location: Reuss VIII, Portmoak sector, Outer Rim Territories

Species: Jillsarian **Sex:** Male
Age: 27

Resik stands just under two meters tall. He is covered with soft brown fur. By far, his most notable feature is that he has four arms. He speaks in a deep voice and knows a smattering of languages.

Resik spent the first few years of his adult life working as a professional heavyweight grappler, this form of unarmed combat being popular entertainment in certain backwater regions. It was hard work, but he did get to visit a good number of systems.

After one particularly bruising match against the “Kessel Krusher,” Resik received official notice that he had been mentioned in the “parting request” of a fan from a backwater system. It seemed that the fan had owned a bar, and that the bar now belonged to Resik.

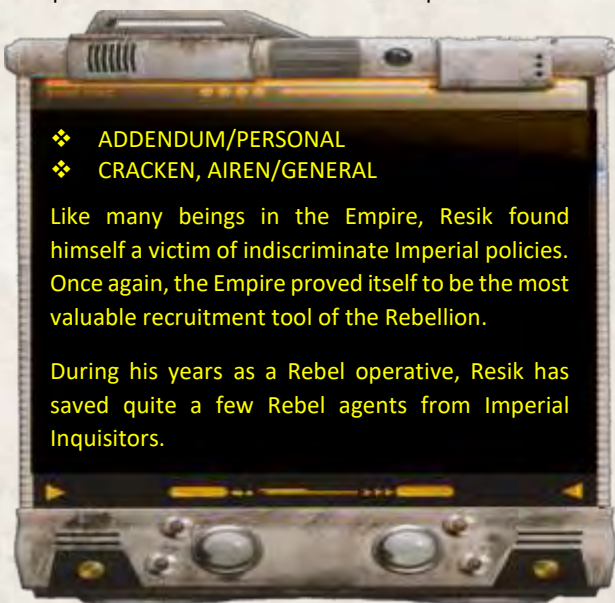
Resik hired an experience bartender to show hi the ropes and then took him on as a partner after six



months. Shortly afterward, his partner disappeared and was never heard from again. Rumors had it that he ran into some kind of Imperial trouble.

Resik has been working as a bartender for several years now. In that time, he has been uprooted several times by the Empire. The Empire’s discriminatory policies against aliens led to him having to move from system to system. One of these escapes was made possible by a Rebel agent who warned Resik a few minutes before stormtroopers arrived. Since then, Resik has always made his place of business open to Rebel agents in need of a safehouse.

Several droids have come into his service over the years, and Resik tends to be very protective of them. Resik selects his business locations to be near the local spaceport. This allows him to cater to the spaceport crowd, while also providing for a quick escape route out of system for Rebels (and others) in need. Resik normally rents out a small apartment or warehouse area in an area where no one will ask too many questions – while most of his landlords assume that Resik has some kind of illegal business (most tenants in these areas do) non suspect that the bartender is sheltering Rebel agents.



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Like many beings in the Empire, Resik found himself a victim of indiscriminate Imperial policies. Once again, the Empire proved itself to be the most valuable recruitment tool of the Rebellion.

During his years as a Rebel operative, Resik has saved quite a few Rebel agents from Imperial Inquisitors.

RESIK (NEMESIS)



Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Computers 1, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Medicine 2, Negotiation 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 3, Resilience 3, Stealth 2, Streetwise 3

Talents: Adversary 1

Equipment: Two blaster carbines, lockpick set, medpac, several droids

MORRINA REUGUS

Operative Role: Starport traffic controller

Current Location: Brentaal

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 29



When captain running Rebel supplies through Brentaal starport ask for landing clearance, they are always relieved to hear Morrina Reugus's voice at the other end of the comm channel. Reugus is a senior starport traffic controller in Brentaal starport. When she is on duty, she monitors all landing requests for incoming freighters, and, using a series of code words and phrases, identifies ships friendly to the Alliance. Reugus personally handles landing protocol for these ships, making sure they set down in docks which have lax customs officers, or where her co-conspirator, Lieutenant Sarchen Snyle, patrols.

Reugus's parents were spacers who ran a respectable shipping business. When one of their freighters was caught carrying stolen weapons, the Empire shut down the company, charged Reugus's parents with treason and executed them. Reugus went to live with relatives on Brentaal and was soon working as an assistant controller in starport traffic control. Now, she is a senior starport traffic controller for the main shift at Brentaal.

Reugus dresses in a starport controller's uniform, which she keeps very neat, and ties her long brown hair in a neat bun while on duty. She is very serious about her job, and tries to help out other controllers on her shift.

REUGUS'S CODES

When ships with cargoes or personnel vital to the Alliance enter the Brentaal system, they often time their arrival to the planet's first 10-hour work shift, when Morrina Reugus is supervising starport traffic control. Reugus has established several code words and phrases so freighter captains can identify themselves as Rebel partisans in need of a safe docking facility or one with lax customs inspections. Several captains have collaborated and collected Reugus's known codes to identify Rebel ships.

Three of these must be worked into the conversation with starport control in any combination for Reugus to identify the ship and direct it to a safe landing port:

"We're carrying some dated material. It'll spoil if we aren't processed quickly."

"Can't you speed things up? We cant afford to sit around all day filling out datapad forms, you know."

"Everything's under control, situation normal. We're all fine, thanks, starport control. How about you?"

"Yeah, we're having trouble with our droid. Keeps messin' with the comm board."

"Look, ma'am, we ain't carrying a load of bantha dung; we've got some prime cargo here."

"Can you set us down near a good eatery? We're all starvin' up here."

"Sorry, our R2 unit's been acting up lately."

"Can you land us someplace easy? Half my sensors are fried."

"You know anywhere we can go to get a droid's memory wiped? Thing keeps humming holoivid tunes."

"Just land us anywhere you please, but don't ruin our day."

"What a smooth voyage. You starport control guys should try flyin' with us once."

"Look, we just wanna offload, eat, and leave."

MORRINA REUGUS (NEMESIS)

2	3	3	3	2	2
HEALTH	AGILITY	INTELLIGENCE	ENDURANCE	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
2	14	12	0 0		
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	RANGED	MELT	DEFENSE

Skills: Astrogation 2, Athletics 2, Charm 3, Computers 3, Deception 3, Knowledge (Core Worlds) 2, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Leadership 3, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Resilience 2, Skulduggery 2, Stealth 2

Talents: Disarming Smile 2, Supporting Evidence 3

Equipment: Holdout blaster, headset comlink

- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Reugus has been a valuable operative in getting contraband cargoes through Brentaal starport. She has established a set of unofficial code words and phrases by which she identifies incoming ships on Rebel Alliance business. Reugus has also altered starport records regarding reported cargoes, ship names, and destinations. However, I fear it is only a matter of time before some Imperial officer notices Reugus's work. Although she is in a starport with a large Imperial presence, I feel it would be worth the risk to rescue her if she was ever discovered and captured.

LIEUTENANT SARCHEN SNYLE

Operative Role: Customs officer
Current Location: Brentaal
Species: Human **Sex:** Male **Age:** 41

Lieutenant Sarchen Snyle is a customs inspection officer in Brentaal starport. He is meticulous in his appearance, from the last hair on his head to the position of his uniform's belt buckle. Snyle strides ahead of his starport customs guards to every inspection, projecting an air of imperious and angry authority.

Snyle is, in fact, a Rebel partisan who does his best to see that certain customs offenses are overlooked. He speaks in very dramatic tones and louder than is necessary. Snyle uses all his theatrics to seem as if he is raking merchant captains over the coals about their cargoes and minor starship violations.

The starport customs guards who serve under his command and accompany him on inspections concentrate more on not rousing his temper than doing their jobs. Snyle has put several guards on report for minor violations of conduct (usually to get them out of his way).

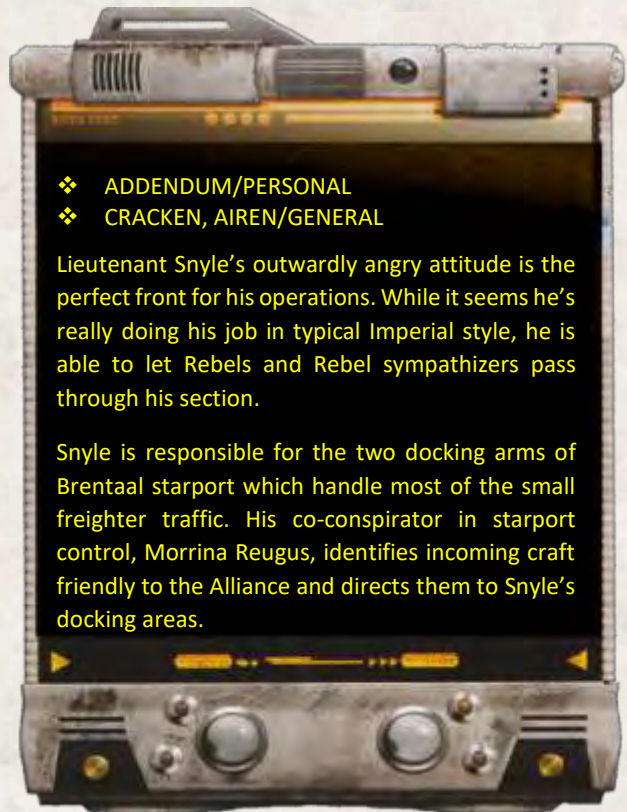
Snyle slowly rose through the ranks of Brentaal starport's customs officials. When he witnessed one of his colleagues beat a starship captain to death for minor violations, he knew something was wrong with the system he was working within. When he discovered a cargo of stolen medical supplies bound for Bestine, where the Empire was busy rounding up Rebels, Snyle overlooked it and allowed the merchant captain to leave Brentaal.

Since then, Snyle has been overlooking certain infractions to help merchants and some smugglers supporting the Rebel Alliance. Now, he knows many captains and ships which regularly stop on Brentaal while running supplies, weapons, and medicine to aid the Alliance.

Skills: Astrogation 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Charm 3, Coercion 4, Computers 2, Deception 4, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Leadership 3, Mechanics 1, Melee 2, Perception 3, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Resilience 2, Stealth 3, Streetwise 2

Talents: Parry 2

Equipment: Blaster pistol, comlink, databoard



LIEUTENANT SARCHEN SNYLE (NEMESIS)

2 BRAWL	3 AGILITY	2 INTELLECT	3 LIMBING	2 WILLPOWER	3 PRESENCE
SOAK 2	WOUND 14	STRAIN 12	DEFENSE 0 0		

SAPPHIRE

Operative Role: Courier, smuggler

Current Location: Unknown

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 22

When first seen, people are most likely to notice sapphire’s closely cut red hair and bright green eyes. When in motion, sapphire moves with exceptional grace. Sapphire prefers to wear a black, one-piece body suit with neon blue highlights.

Sapphire spent her adolescence as a “navy brat” travelling from one Imperial base to the next. Both her mother and father worked as TIE fighter maintenance techs. By the time she had entered her teens, she was ready to send her application to the Academy. Those plans were brought to an end when the incompetence of a new officer resulted in an explosion in the fighter bay where her parents were working. The officer, one Lieutenant Tizzin, was out of the bay at the time and was unharmed. Both of her parents were killed. Tizzin’s family connections within the Imperial Navy allowed him to place the blame on her parents.

Soon afterward, Sapphire sought out and joined the Rebellion. Sapphire has been working as a Rebel courier, while maintaining her cover with regular smuggling runs. She is wanted in several systems on a variety of charges: smuggling, evading arrest, and bribery.

Sapphire acquired her ship, *Sapphire’s Gem*, during one of her more daring smuggling runs. At the time, it was named the *New Cov Quasar*, and was owned by a long-time friend, Kevas Startron. Sapphire had agreed to help the old smuggler, who wanted to end his career with one last run. Unfortunately, Kevas’s health wasn’t up to it, and Sapphire had to do the job alone. Out of respect for her friend, she kept her part in the run secret, and passed on all the credit. In gratitude, Kevas gave her the ship and renamed it *Sapphire’s Gem* as a gift. Sapphire looks forward to another meeting with Tizzin, who now holds the rank of captain.

SAPPHIRE (NEMESIS)



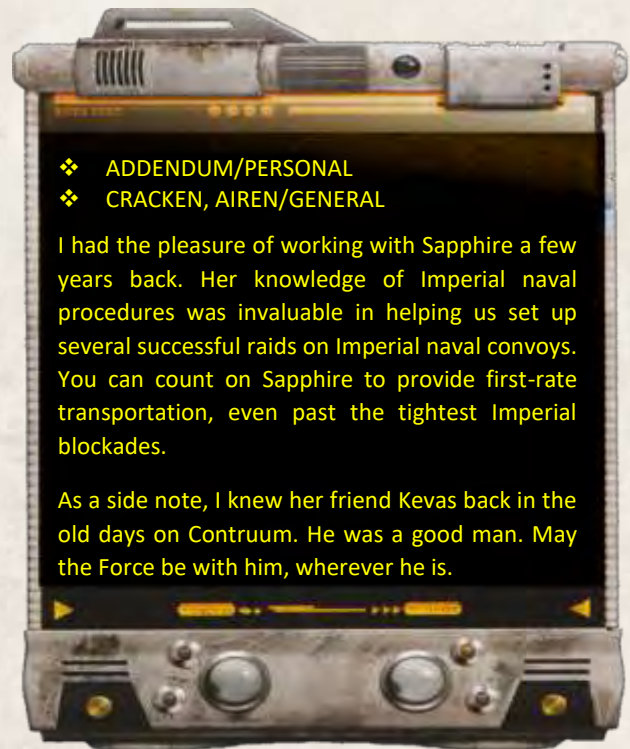
Skills: Astrogation 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Charm 2, Coercion 2, Deception 2, Gunnery 3, Mechanics 2, Medicine 1, Melee 3, Negotiation 2, Piloting (Planetary)



2, Piloting (Space) 3, Resilience 1, Skulduggery 1, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Dodge 2, Improved Freerunning, Parry 3

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, vibrosword, comlink, datapad, *Sapphire’s Gem*





SAPPHIRE'S GEM

Like so many other ships in the galaxy, *Sapphire's Gem* began service as a stock light freighter. Since that time, many of the ship's systems have been overhauled or replaced. Now, *Sapphire's Gem* is a ship geared toward speed and stealth, and it has some incredible sensor baffling equipment.

All of the *Gem's* systems have been custom shielded to prevent power emanations. The ship is equipped with a minimum number of active sensor, most of the information is collected through passive sensors.

Sapphire's Gem mounts a fire-linked concussion missile system. Sapphire has avoided the installation of conventional energy weapons because they are notoriously hard to shield and tend to show up on enemy sensors. The missile system is much easier to hide, even if it does mean a loss of offensive punch,

SAPPHIRE'S GEM



Hull Type/Class: Light freighter/modified *Crescent*-class

Manufacturer: Hyrotii Corporation

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 1, Backup: Class 10

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Long

Ship's Complement: One pilot

Encumbrance Capacity: 50

Passenger Capacity: 4

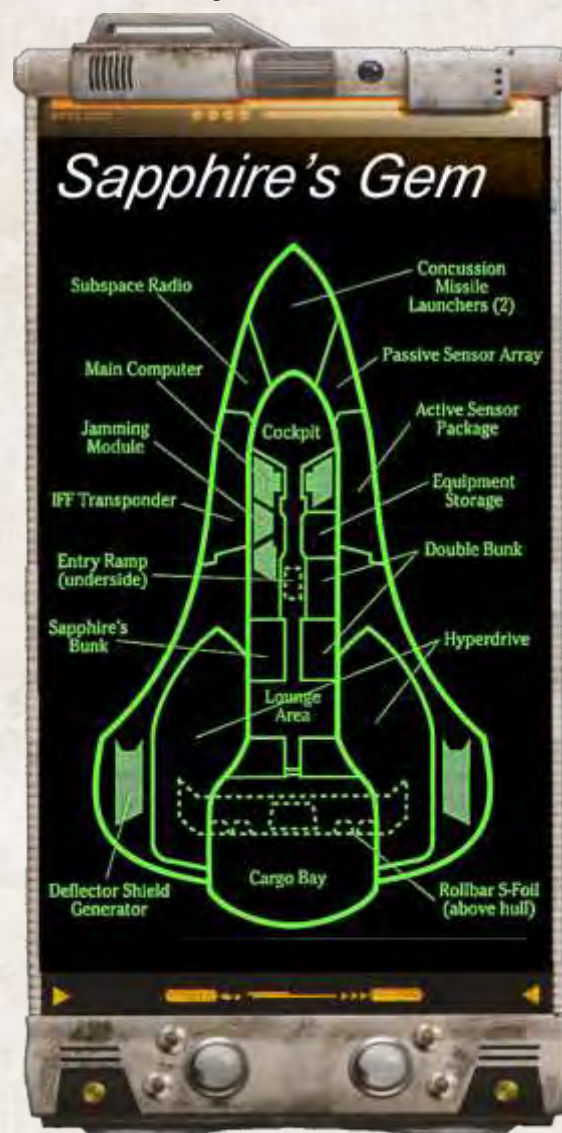
Consumables: Two months

Price/Rarity: Not for sale/10

Customization Hard Points: 0

Attachment: Sensor Shunt

Weapons: Forward Mounted Twin Concussion Missile Launcher (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range: [Short]; Blast 4, Breach 4, Guided 3, Limited Ammo 3, Linked 1, Slow Firing 1



SIRO SIMITO

Operative Role: Courier

Current Location: Rayter sector

Species: Human

Sex: Male

Age: 32

Though he prefers that this information be kept hidden, Siro Simito was born into the Vallaido pirate clan and spent his youth on *Valla's Glorious Gesture*, the flagship of the fleet. As did all the children of the Vallaido, he began his career on the turbolasers. He was trained in all aspects of starship operations, eventually gaining command of a boarding vessel.



It was this assignment that ended his career as a pirate. During his second boarding action (involving a transport crewed by employees of the Hutt crimelord, Gorbu Dalo), Siro saw four beings die on his vibro-axe.

Siro had killed others before – hundreds had died by blasts from the tubrolasers at his control – but he had never before seen death so closely, and he realized now that he had no stomach for it. He could no longer participate in this piracy.

Having no real skills other than those of starship travel, Siro used his share of the family wealth to purchase, then modify, a decrepit freighter. He then began challenging other beings to races, betting his ship against theirs. Siro was approached by Pann Tefilous, a former captain turned gambler who had recently begun promoting a series of starship races.

These races, though illegal in most systems, were extremely popular; the racers soon became wealthy and famous. Siro would have continued racing, having no interest in the Rebellion, had the Empire not forged an alliance with the pirate Yearo Seville.

The Sevilles and the Vallaido had been enemies for generations, so it was not surprising that the Seville fleet

attacked the Vallaidos. What was surprising was that the Sevilles were reinforced by Imperial ships. The Vallaido fleet was devastated.

Siro joined the Rebellion and began using the races as a cover to deliver information. Siro is always armed and is capable of using violent force when necessary, but would rather use his reputation and appearance to intimidate those who threaten him.

SIRO SIMITO (NEMESIS)



Skills: Astrogation 2, Coercion 2, Deception 2, Gunnery 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Mechanics 2, Melee 2, Piloting (Planetary) 3, Ranged (Light) 3, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Parry 3

Equipment: Gold-detailed Galinolo XiX blaster pistol, vibro-axe decorated with streamers of red and yellow vorun feathers, brightly colored clothes, flashy jewelry, The Axe (modified GAT Skipray Blastboat)



The following are excerpts from a report prepared by Siro Simito detailing his activities during a Star Rally race known as the "Dahvil-Fodro Hyperspace Promenade."

DAY ONE – Dahvil

The rallies have recently been decriminalized on Dahvil, so the crowd of spectators present at the staging area is twice as large as it was for the previous promenade. I've got relatively few fans on Dahvil, so I was able to walk through the crowd with little incident – until the holoivid crew from Ord Dorlass pushes their equipment in front of my face.

"Excuse me, Siro," the report – a Human female wearing blue facepaint – says, "But we'd like to ask you about your feud with Seeg. Is the bad blood still there?"

I growl and draw my vibro-ax. "If you mention that name to me again," I yell, "I'll chop ya in half."

"But Siro," she says again, "Seeg said that he would –"

I take my ax and swing at the droidcam, slicing off the supertelephoto lens. The reporter and droidcam turn and run.

The crowd around me cheers. Even though they depend on the holoivids for news about the rallies, they can't stand the reporters.

As usual, Kaini has done a good job, and no one in the crowd realizes that it has all been an act. I know that the data module I am scheduled to deliver is hidden in the casing of the lens, so I pick it up and put it in my pouch. Then I hold my axe up high over my head and the crowd cheers again.

DAY THREE – Hyperspace

The Promenade is one of the shorter races, consisting of only four legs: Dahvil to Ord Dorlass; Ord Dorlass to Tintel; Tintel to Azna; and Azna to Fodro. Usually, it's hardest to make deliveries during short races like this because the handicappers and gamblers – the ones who keep the most careful watch on the performance of the racers – are always looking out for fixed races.

Luckily, this delivery is to Fait d'Fait, a system not far off the Tintel to Azna hyperspace route.

I've set my hyperdrive to 80% efficiency. That'll slow me down enough on the other routes, that I can make the leg including the detour – at 100% efficiency – in the same amount of time.

DAY SEVEN – Ord Dorlass

The races themselves are no longer scripted, like they were in the early days of the circuit, but we will occasionally stage "incidents" that give the holoivids something to report. Seeg, the Rodian, and I staged a fistfight in one of the larger night clubs in the capital city. The little lizard missed a cue and broke my nose...I threw him over the bar, but it was an "honest" accident.

The stunt worked – when we were released from the local jail the next morning, Tefilous informed us that our popularity on Ord Dorlass had increased by six points.

DAY FOURTEEN – Hyperspace

When the other racers left Tintel, they were heading straight for Azna; but I'm heading for Fait d'Fait. As of Tintel, I was in fourth place – right behind Seeg. If everything goes well on Fait d'Fait, I should make it to Azna right on Seeg's heels.

DAY FIFTEEN – Fait d'Fait

When I arrive here, I dock inside a warehouse owned by Gevil Flan. Gevil knows who I am, and he knows that I am supposedly racing straight to Azna, but he'll keep his mouth shut because he also knows who my family is and that, even though I don't want them to, my father, my brothers – even my little sister – wouldn't think twice about killing him if they learned that he betrayed me.

I change out of my flashy racer clothes and put on a plain coverall, and grab my other vibro-ax – a plain Tego model with a loud hum – and head out into the city.

My contact meets me in the lobby of a cheap hotel. Everything goes smoothly, except for the fact that he was over an hour late. That doesn't sound like much – and he had good reason – but it means that I have to recalculate my hyperspace jump. I know from experience that is going to add at least two hours.

To make things worse, when I step out the door of the hotel, I'm accosted by a Barabel mugger.

"Gimme that ax, Human, and all your credits."

Sometimes I feel pangs of jealousy for beings like Seeg, who would have simply blasted the idiot and walked away, but I knew that if I chopped him in half, I'd just feel guilty afterwards...so I went into my "screaming lunatic" act.

"You want my ax, you moldy handbag?" I scream, not reaching for the ax, but curling my hands into tense fists. "Huh? Well, go ahead slug, take it!"

The Barabel, satisfyingly, is taken aback. "Hey, Human," he says, "be calm and nobody gets hurt."

"You wanna bet? You wanna bet nobody gets hurt?" I usually run out of ideas for witty repartee at this point in the act, so I start repeating the same phrase over and over, "You wanna Bet? You wanna bet?" While I yell, I advance towards the Barabel.

The Barabel walks backwards about three steps, then turns and runs. He never once thought about the blaster on his hip.

I start running back to the ship.

DAY SIXTEEN – Azna

The crowd at the finish line on Azna is huge, especially considering the fact that the races are illegal in this system, and the racers are just going to stop here, power up and resupply, then leave as soon as possible. Seeg beat me here by two hours, but he had a capacitor fail in his hyperdrive, so he's stuck on the planet while its' being repaired. In the meantime, he's standing next to Tefilous and talking to a holoivid reporter.

My ship is set, all I need is to get juiced up and go, so I could make up the time I lost, but I decide that it's showtime.

I go up to where Seeg is standing. "Oh, here comes Siro," he says in that goofy accent of his. "Nice of you to finally join us."

"Thanks, Seeg," I say, and punch him in the snout. "Have a nice day," I say cheerfully as he falls backwards into the crowd. Everyone cheers and I walk away, my ax held high over my head.

DAY EIGHTEEN – Hyperspace

I set my hyperdrive back down; this time to 75%, and I'm going to tell the reporters that I'm having hyperdrive troubles. Seeg should beat me by a couple of hours, and that really annoys me, but I've got several deliveries to make during the next race, so I'll lose a lot of time, and I need something to explain my poor showing.

LAVEK TALSTIN

Operative Role: Supply transport

Current Location: Operating from Cuirilla

Species: Devaronian **Sex:** Male **Age:** 23

Lavek Talstin is a young Devaronian who has been serving the Rebellion for several years, ferrying supplies from allied planets to safe worlds and military bases throughout the galaxy. Lavek joined the Rebellion not for philosophical reasons, but because he was running away from something else.

When Lavek was a very young being, his mother and aunts had arranged for him to marry a female who was, even by Devaronian standards, obnoxious and overbearing. Rather than following the common Devaronian tradition of marrying and then leaving the planet, Lavek chose to simply leave.

Lavek, however, underestimated the will of his fiancée, Shelta Sune, who demanded that the wedding contract be fulfilled. According to Devaronian law, once they were wed, the majority of Lavek's income would be deposited into accounts under Shelta's control. Shelta would not allow her opportunity for wealth to escape so easily.

As would any Devaronian female, she complained to her mother, aunts, and sisters, who commanded their husbands to retrieve Lavek.

Despite the fact that many Devaronian males sympathize with his actions, they cannot ignore the demands of their wives. Lavek knows this.

Lavek got his own freighter. He was a successful trader for several years, until he encountered one of his fiancée's uncles in a warehouse. Lavek escaped, but he realized that his accounts and debts provided a trail. There was only one place where he would be safe: the Rebel Alliance.

Lavek prefers the company of Duros and several members of his crew are Duros.

LAVEK TALSTIN (NEMESIS)

3	3	2	3	2	2
SHARD	AGILITY	REFLECT	CURING	WELLDONE	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
3	15	12	0	0	
			RANGED	MELEE	

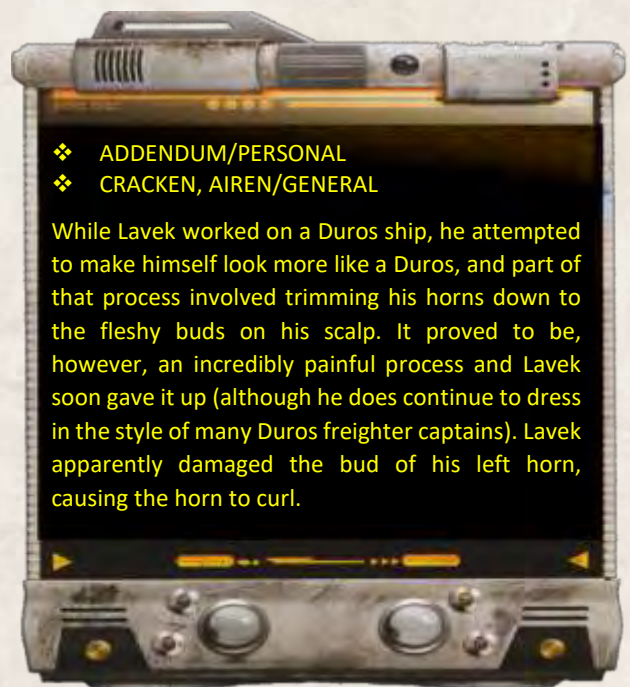
Skills: Astrogation 2, Deception 3, Gunnery 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Mechanics 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 3



Talents: Adversary 1, Black Market Contacts 2

Abilities: Fire Resistance (add ■■ to fire-based attacks that target Lavek)

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, the *Wanderer* (modified Corellian Action VI transport)



FLINOR TEKKIRL

Operative Role: Rebel scout

Current Location: Unknown Regions

Species: Human

Sex: Male

Age: 25

Flinor Tekkirl is a young scout who has been actively working for the Rebel Alliance for the past few years. His mission is to search out hospitable but uninhabited worlds that would prove suitable as Rebel bases, and his travels have taken him to many of the most dangerous and unexplored regions of the galaxy. While he has found many such worlds (and, in fact, has one of the highest success rates for any of the Alliance's scouts), he has shown a clear preference for working alone.

He has proven to be an impetuous youth. He is skilled, but his mind is easily distracted. He thoroughly surveys the worlds he encounters, but he has also had several run-ins with Imperial forces and other hostile groups because he allows himself to get obsessed by the details of his scouting tasks.

He has been known to be away on scouting tasks for months on end – more than once, Rebel command has written him off, only to have him show up at a base with coordinates for a dozen new potential base and safe world locations. He is personable and willing to help, but has not tolerance for those unwilling to commit as fully to the Alliance as he has. He has thorough knowledge of the skills of his job (survival and exploration), but is unwilling to compromise his principles. He is outspoken and proud of it, but also very good at what he does.

FLINOR TEKKIRL (NEMESIS)



Skills: Astrogation 2, Athletics 2, Computers 2, Deception 1, Gunnery 2, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 3, Mechanics 2, Perception 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Resilience 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Beast Wrangler 2, Dodge 2

Abilities: Easily Distracted (upgrade Perception checks once: GM may spend 1 to have Flinor become overly focused on the task at hand and overlook an imminent danger)

Equipment: Blaster pistol, explorer's knife, backpack, 2 medpacs, week's concentrated rations, *Atrivis Advancer*

(stock Vangaar Pathfinder; see page 260 in the **Force and Destiny** Core Rulebook), 1,000 credits



BURELLION TIY

Operative Role: Used starship trader, Rebel Alliance informant

Current Location: Outer Rim Territories

Species: Sullustan **Sex:** Male **Age:** 35

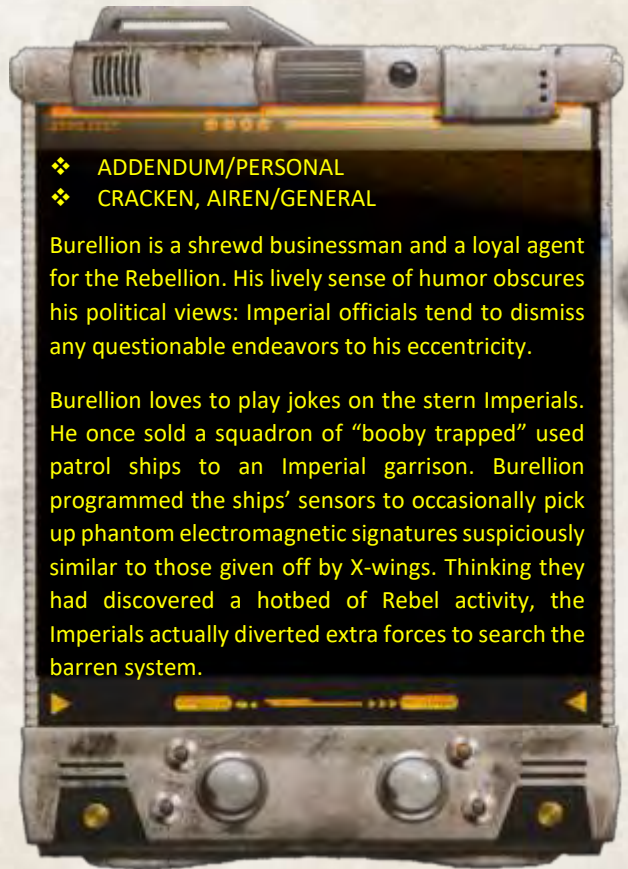
Burellion Tiy is a jocular, fun-loving merchant who roams the galaxy buying and selling used starships for the SoroSuub Corporation. Burellion is a habitual practical joker and is not afraid to embarrass his customers for a cheap laugh. SoroSuub would normally terminate such an employee, but Burellion knows that he's too good at his job to be fired.

Like many Sullustans, Burellion feels that SoroSuub and Sullust should resist the Empire. Burellion has become a Rebel operative. Working for SoroSuub allows him to voyage unhindered through Imperial space and gather military intelligence for the Alliance.

Burellion delivers information at blind drops. He also relays data about Rebel activity to the growing resistance on Sullust whenever he returns home.

Burellion believes it would be too risky to deal in anything except information: he has never taken on passengers or contraband for the Alliance. He has diverted a few used starships to the Rebellion.

Burellion likes to wear garish clothes (usually a shiny silver suit and cap), with a bright orange ascot around his neck. He has an enormous collection of gaudy sunglasses and he thinks it's funny to keep changing pairs when customers aren't looking.



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Burellion is a shrewd businessman and a loyal agent for the Rebellion. His lively sense of humor obscures his political views: Imperial officials tend to dismiss any questionable endeavors to his eccentricity.

Burellion loves to play jokes on the stern Imperials. He once sold a squadron of "booby trapped" used patrol ships to an Imperial garrison. Burellion programmed the ships' sensors to occasionally pick up phantom electromagnetic signatures suspiciously similar to those given off by X-wings. Thinking they had discovered a hotbed of Rebel activity, the Imperials actually diverted extra forces to search the barren system.

Skills: Astrogation 2, Charm 3, Computers 3, Deception 2, Knowledge (Education) 2, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Mechanics 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Heavy) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Backroom Deal, Convincing Demeanor 2, Disarming Smile 4, Improved Distracting Behavior 2, Familiar Suns, Galaxy Mapper 2, Kill With Kindness 2, Know Somebody 3

Equipment: SoroSuub QuickSnap 36T blaster carbine, huge assortment of bizarre sunglasses, *Burellions Deal* (SoroSuub light transport)

BURELLION TIY (NEMESIS)

2 BRAWN	3 ABILITY	4 INTELLECT	3 CLIMBING	2 WILLPOWER	4 PRESERVE
SOAK 2	WOUND 14	STRAIN 12	DEFENSE 0 0		RANGED MELEE



THE TOMBAT (TANDA MORELLE)

Operative Role: Jewel thief, semi-independent Rebel ally

Current Location: Unknown Regions

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 28

The Tombat is infamous as an invisible, untraceable jewel thief who can outsmart any defense and spirit away his prize undetected. He is wanted in over 30 systems. The biggest legends surrounding the Tombat tell of his prowess with women. Countless legends tell of his ability to hold women spellbound.

Indeed, the Tombat is very attractive by Human standards. However, the rest of the myths surrounding the Tombat amuse Tanda Marelle to no end. She did not intentionally establish a persona as a male thief, which arose out of an early episode in her career, but is pleased to encourage the deception. More than once, she has evaded capture because the authorities were intent on apprehending a man.

She was born into a prominent trading family on Alderaan. Bored, Tanda sought more exciting and invigorating environments. Now, Tanda travels as a freelance resorts critic for Galactic Resorts holozine, and uses this cover to case potential targets, approach her victims, and otherwise prey upon the rich and famous.

While ordinarily wary of causes and crusades, Tanda was shaken by the destruction of her homeworld – mostly because she had a huge cache of stolen jewels located there. Her desire to exact vengeance on the Empire led her to the Alliance, and more specifically, to Airen Cracken.

Tanda doesn't get on well with her fellow Alderaanians-in-exile, who remember the Tombat as Alderaan's most notorious criminal. Rebel officers were

amazed to see a top Alliance operative, Targeter, explode in anger when Tanda entered a briefing room wearing an attractive pendant. The agent insisted that the jewelry was a Royal Family heirloom. Tanda left soon after, but Princess Leia Organa was seen wearing the pendant a few days later.

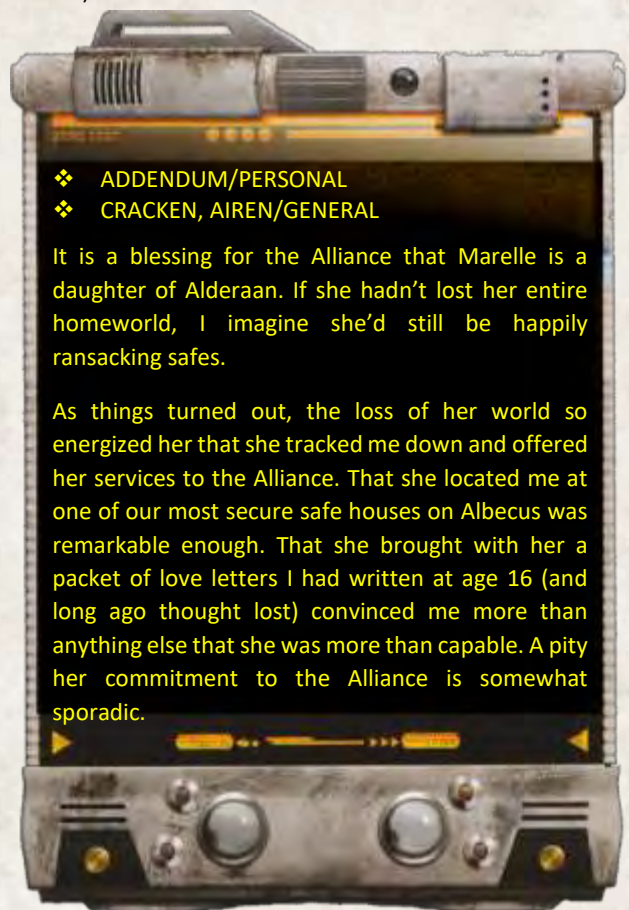
THE TOMBAT (TENDA MARELLE) (NEMESIS)



Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Computers 3, Deception 4, Medicine 1, Melee 1, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Resilience 1, Skulduggery 3, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Bypass Security 3, Dodge 3, Hidden Storage 2, Indistinguishable 3, Parry 2, Stalker 2, Street Smarts 3

Equipment: Palm Blaster (Ranged [Light]; Range: short; damage 4, Critical 5), doorjacker (upgrade Computers checks to override electronic door locks once)



IONA WINCE

Operative Role: Cabin steward

Current Location: *Starlite Cloud* starliner

Species: Wroonian **Sex:** Female **Age:** 11

“Hi there! Can I take your bags to your cabin?” is Iona Wince’s standard greeting when helping passengers on the Sullustan starliner *Starlite Cloud* check in. The blue-skinned, blue-haired girl is the youngest cabin steward on board the pride of the SoroSuub Corporation’s entertainment division.

Iona also makes booking passage on the *Starlite Cloud* much easier for known Rebel operatives. Not only does she keep watch for bounty hunters and Imperial agents, she listens in on conversations about Imperial actions against the Rebel Alliance and can sneak into almost any part of the ship using her steward’s pass card.

The spunky youngster is no taller than one meter, yet carries out all the duties of a cabin steward, from hauling luggage to making dinner and entertainment arrangements.

Iona claims she got the job of cabin steward because her father is a friend of the *Starlite Cloud*’s captain. She actually stowed away when the starliner stopped over on Wroona. Upon discovering her, the captain took a liking to the bright-eyed girl and put her to work as a steward. Iona has since realized her dream to travel the stars, and now seeks more adventurous fare. Helping the Rebel Alliance suits her just fine.

IONA WINCE (RIVAL)

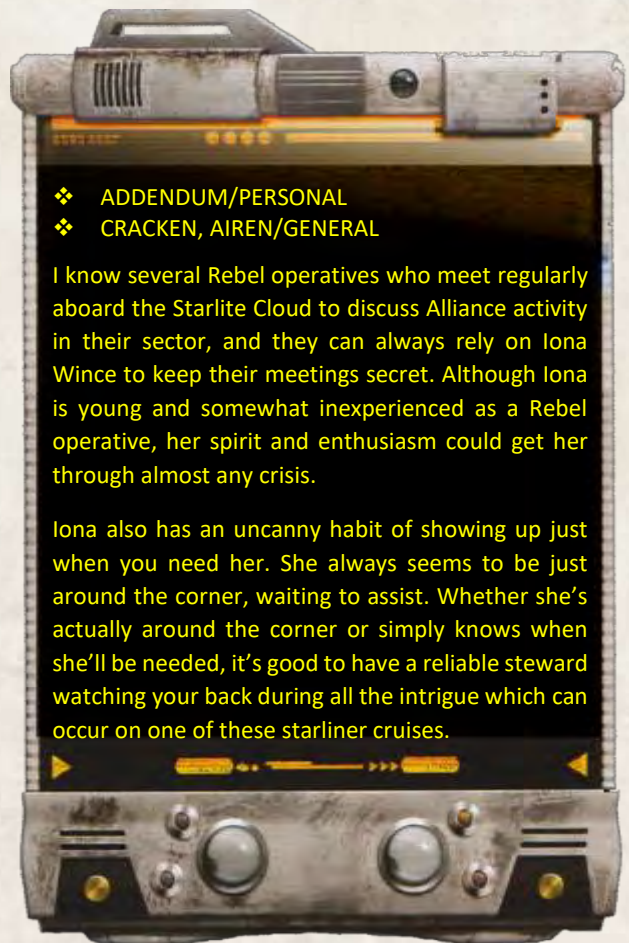


Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Charm 2, Computers 2, Deception 4, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Negotiations 2, Perception 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 4, Stealth 3, Streetwise 3

Talents: Dodge 3

Ability: Swiftmess of Youth (for Athletics checks involving running, Iona’s Brawn is considered 3)

Equipment: Comlink, databoard, steward’s pass card







V

INDEPENDENT OPERATIVES

"As a spy, it doesn't matter if you're helping rebel forces fight off a dictator, or giving combat tips to a third-grader. There's nothing like helping the little guy kick some bully's ass."

-Mykil Westin

EVRAM DARKMERE

Operative Role: Underworld informant

Current Location: Herdessa

Species: Human (Daupherm National)

Sex: Male **Age:** 25

Evrarn Darkmere doesn't act like your average informant; few space pirates do. His mother, a pirate herself, died during the long war between the Daupherm Planet States and the Botor Enclave. That left 10-year-old Evram to raise himself and his younger brother, Garreck.

Two years later, Evram signed onto the Daupherm Merchant Space Fleet as a cabin boy, while Garreck was dragged into a Daupherm orphanage (Evrarn barely escaped that miserable fate). Evram rose through the ranks to second-in-command, but was drafted into the Daupherm Marine Corps.

When his five year tour in the military was up, Darkmere joined up with his former captain, Shruddike, who decided to steal the Daupherm cruiser and become a space pirate and slaver. Darkmere had found a home of sorts, but the repugnant nature of the crew's slaving efforts eventually got the best of him. With the backing of some Rebel agents, Darkmere defeated Shruddike in single combat and became captain of the cruiser.

Darkmere cuts a wide swath in the galactic underworld. While he has enemies, *they* have enemies too, and he knows how to play them off each other to save his own neck. He has a huge bounty on his head for

piracy and more than a few "private" death marks sponsored by criminals and gangsters.

Over the years, Evram has reformed. He now tries to do what's right – at least most of the time. Now, he serves the Alliance, although he keeps his independence (and there is some conjecture as to whether the Alliance would take him).

He passes the information he gets along to the Alliance by way of his blood-brother and best friend, Nelson Flin, who is an active Alliance military operative.

EVRAM DARKMERE (NEMESIS)



Skills: Astrogation 2, Brawl 2, Coercion 2, Cool 2, Deception 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Knowledge (Underworld) 4, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Leadership 2, Negotiation 2, Perception 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Piloting (Space) 4, Ranged (Light) 2, Streetwise 2, Vigilance 1

Talents: Adversary 1, Commanding Presence 2, Dodge 2, Prepare To Be Boarded!, Street Smarts 2

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, stealth vibroknife, Mk III flak vest, 200 credit

THE RETRIBUTION

A Daupherm defense cruiser, the *Retribution* was stolen by Gorban "Blackblood" Shruddike as a final "farewell" to his military career. Darkmere was part of the crew.

After several years of active slaving and piracy, Darkmere's conscience got the best of him, and he challenged Shruddike for control of the vessel. Darkmere won. Darkmere has done a lot to the ship over the years, including the addition of upgraded shields and weaponry, but the original power core remains (it is outdated and much bulkier than modern versions). The *Retribution* is still no match for most Imperial ships.

Still painted in the distinctive colors of the Daupherm Systems



Fleet, the *Retribution* has gained quite a reputation among merchant spacers: she gets a wide berth. The *Retribution* rarely has to fire a shot. She waits for the surrender transmission and docks. Teams move quickly aboard and subdue any troublemakers. If Darkmere seizes the ship, all passengers are politely escorted to escape pods. He even signals a rescue ship before making for hyperspace.

The *Retribution* migrates from one sector to another every few months. Lacking a permanent base, the crew establishes temporary facilities wherever the solar winds take them. When Imperials take too much interest, the *Retribution* moves on.



THE RETRIBUTION



Hull Type/Class: System attack cruiser/Customized *Discril*-class

Manufacturer: Daupherm Defense

Hyperdrive: Primary Class 3, Backup Class 20

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Long

Ship's Complement: 150, 50 gunners

Encumbrance Capacity: 1000

Passenger Capacity: 60 troops

Consumables: Two weeks

Price/Rarity: Not for sale/10

Customization Hard Points: 2

Weapons: Two forward, two port, and two starboard light turbolasers (Fire Arc forward, port, and starboard; Damage 9; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Breach 2, Slow Firing 1).

Four forward tri-particle beamers (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Short]; Breach 1, Linked 2)

Two forward trilasers (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 5; Critical 3; Range [Close]; Accurate 1, Linked 2)

Forward light tractor beam (Fire Arc Forward; Damage -; Critical 3; Range [Close]; Tractor 2).

DARKMERE AND HIS PIRATES

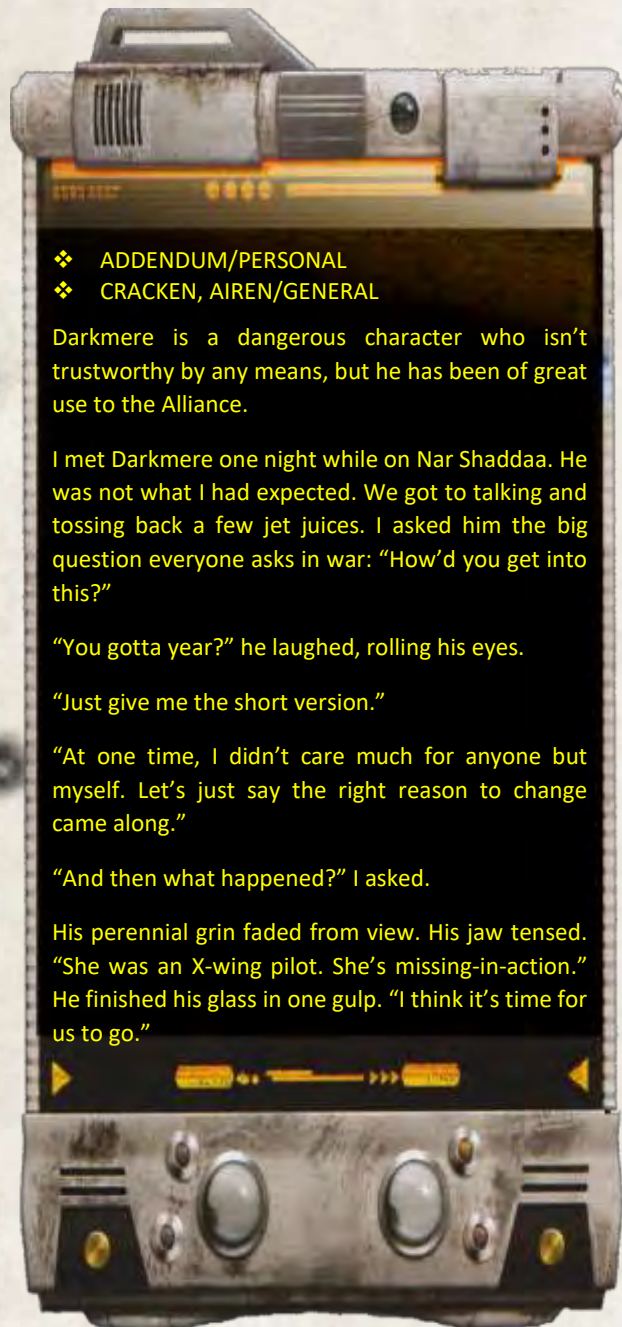
Darkmere's crew includes old friends from his merchant space fleet days and new friends he has made during his career. While fiercely loyal to each other, they are a nomadic and cutthroat lot. As a result, Darkmere is often looking for likely crew prospects at cantinas and spaceport bars. First Mate Dexter Thorgrim personally selects most of the candidates.

DEXTER THORGRIM (RIVAL)



Skills: Brawl 1, Coercion 2, Cool 1, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Heavy) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 1

Equipment: Blaster pistol, vibrokife, comlink



IN HIS OWN WORDS

"Back when the Retribution had another name, she was captained by another guy, Gorvan 'Blackblood' Shrulldike. It turned out that whenever we'd take a ship and round up the survivors, Shrulldike'd give their escape pod coordinates to slavers in exchange for a cut.

"Slavers. Makes m'skin crawl just thinkin' about 'em. Shrulldike had a grip on all of us. I was rumored he was a master of evil talismans, even a sorcerer, depending on who you talk to and how much Corellian rum they've had. Maybe we just wanted to believe in that stuff so we could say we weren't accountable for what we were doing.

"It took a jolt from Flin and Lupon's Rebel crew for me to realize just what I was into. I was kinda resigned to my life before then but...let's just say the right reason to change came along. Her name was Arsitta Kushoe, and she was an X-wing pilot.

"I challenged Shrulldike. Single combat and to the death. It almost took my life. Beating Shrulldike was the easy part – I even let him live – but Shrulldike's flunkies decided to move in on me while I was unconscious. Flin and the others saved me – I guess I owe them a favor I can never repay. And maybe, if the stars are with me, I can find out what happened to Kushoe. Who knows, maybe she's even still alive."

BOLABO HUJAAN

Operative Role: Starship mechanic

Current Location: Byblos

Species: Sullustan

Sex: Female

Age: 52

Bolabo Hujaan is the founder of Balabo's Garage, a secret starship repair facility hidden in the industrial levels of one of the city towers of Byblos. Bolabo left her homeworld of Sullust at her first opportunity. She served as a mechanic aboard a bulk freighter. After gaining years of experience in the engineering ducts of many other starships (and earning a small fortune working for smugglers), she settled down and established her own repair facility on Byblos. Now smugglers, criminals, and even Rebel operatives find their way to Bolabo's Garage for repairs and custom modifications to their starships. She has no qualms about illegally modifying any ship, whether it be altering a transponder code, adding illegal weaponry, or adding extra power to shields.

Bolabo's operation is small, despite attracting several talented technicians. She prefers to stay out of the spotlight considering many of her customers prefer to avoid "imperial entanglements." Her customers are greeted with Bolabo's usual suspicions, and she genuinely trusts very few beings. Patrons are usually required to pay half their fees up front, and the other half upon completion of repairs or modifications.

Her years on space transports has given Bolabo some experience piloting starships. Besides relying on smugglers to provide her spare starship parts, she has been known to smuggle and steal parts herself.

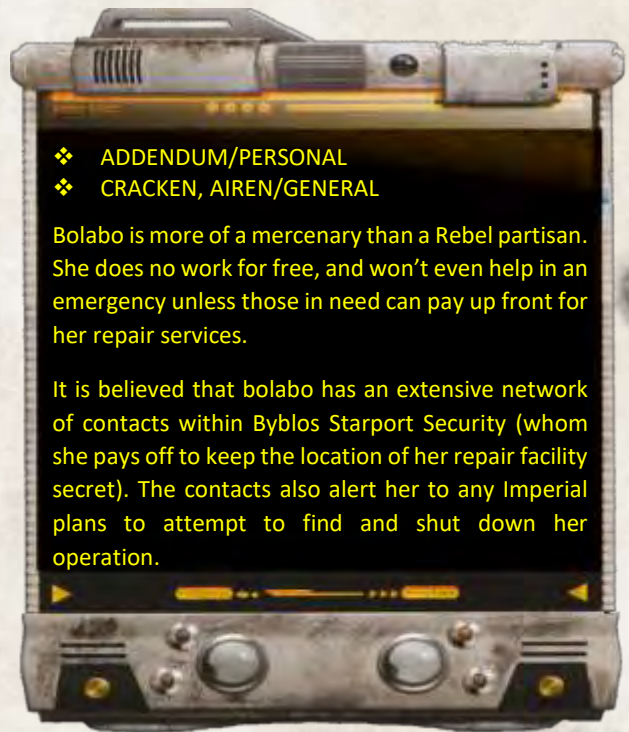
BOLABO HUJAAN (NEMESIS)

2 BRAWN	3 AGILITY	3 INTELLECT	2 COURAGE	2 WILLPOWER	2 PRESERVE
SOAK 2	WOUND 14	STRAIN 12	DEFENSE 0 0 RANGED MELEE		

Skills: Astrogation 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Computers 2, Deception 2, Gunnery 2, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Leadership 2, Mechanics 4, Melee 2, Negotiation 4, Perception 2, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 3, Skulduggery 2, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Black Market Contacts 2, Eye for Detail 2, Gearhead 3, Solid Repairs 2

Equipment: Blaster pistol, "Breaker" heavy hydrosplanner, headset comlink



BOLABO'S GARAGE

Hidden deep in the industrial levels of Byblos Tower 214 is Bolabo's Garage, a complex of docking and repair bays where Bolabo and her mechanics work their technological miracles on starships.

The garage itself is a network of docking and repair bays, parts storage rooms, and living quarters for her personnel. There are several exits from the garage, many kept secret in case the Empire ever discovers the garage and tries to shut down Bolabo's operation.

The garage's docking bays can hold a variety of starships, from starfighters all the way up to medium transports and bulk freighters. Each of the four docking bays has a corresponding repair bay behind it where Bolabo and her crews work their mechanical magic.

The storage bays are usually filled with stolen starship parts – extra armor plates, shield generators, quad laser turrets, hyperdrive motivators, and life support units, to name a few. The parts are usually stolen and smuggled to Byblos by Bolabo herself or by several trusted associates.

REPAIR OPERATIONS

Bolabo's garage is also home to several lesser-known mechanics who perform basic maintenance work. They take most of their orders from Bolabo or Maniac, and try to avoid socializing with patrons beyond what is necessary for completing a task.

BOLABO'S GARAGE MECHANIC (RIVAL)



Skills: Brawl 1, Computers 2, Gunnery 2, Mechanics 3, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Heavy) 1, Streetwise 2

Equipment: Blaster rifle, comlink

SECURITY

Since Bolabo is fairly suspicious of any unauthorized people wandering through the garage (including patrons waiting for modifications to be completed on their starships), the entire area is patrolled by several Rodian guards Bolabo trusts. These Rodians also operate the hidden turbolasers near the docking bay entrances in case the Empire ever discovers the garage and stages an air assault.

RODIAN GUARD (MINION)



Skills: Brawl, Coercion, Gunnery, Piloting (Planetary), Ranged (Heavy), Stealth, Streetwise

Equipment: Blaster rifle, comlink

Quarters for the garage personnel take up every other available nook in the repair facility. Oddly enough, Bolabo does not have any quarters in the garage, preferring to spend her spare time in the control center monitoring starport traffic. Some say she has a very fancy apartment near the top of Byblos Tower 214.

The control center is a small room where Bolabo can monitor starport traffic, tap into Byblos Starport security computers, and keep records on all starships and owners who pass through her landing bays. There is only one known door inside, and only Bolabo knows the code to open the security lock.

Bolabo has implemented several security measures for the garage. Between each of the docking bays is a turbolaser mount concealed from the outside by heavy blast doors marked "Sensor Markers: Keep Clear." Hidden remote cameras record activity in every docking and repair bay, as well as monitor all doors.

KRUNCH

Operative Role: Starship mechanic

Current Location: Byblos

Species: Wookiee **Sex:** Male **Age:** 187

Krunch is Bolabo's chief mechanic in the garage. He specializes in repairing weapons and shields systems, and knows dozens of ways to make both more powerful.

Because Wookiees are enslaved by the Empire, Krunch never ventures outside the garage. Enslaved species on Byblos are required to be accompanied by their owners at all times, and owners are required to show their "Slave/Owner Cards" at all major security checkpoints.

Krunch spends most of his spare time experimenting with equipment in his quarters, an old storage bay. Several walls exhibit blast marks from a few unsuccessful modifications to weapons he has tried.

Krunch is a 2.2 meter tall Wookiee with reddish brown fur. When Bolabo's patrons ask her why he's named Krunch, she tells them that's what he does to patrons who don't pay up front for work on their starship. Krunch is, however, more interested in tinkering with starship weapons than in frightening patrons.



Krunch has known Bolabo since the two served together on a smuggler's starship. He is very protective of the Sullustan, although he does not owe her a life-debt. While he does not usually display his ferocity, Krunch becomes enraged if Bolabo is ever threatened.

KRUNCH (NEMESIS)

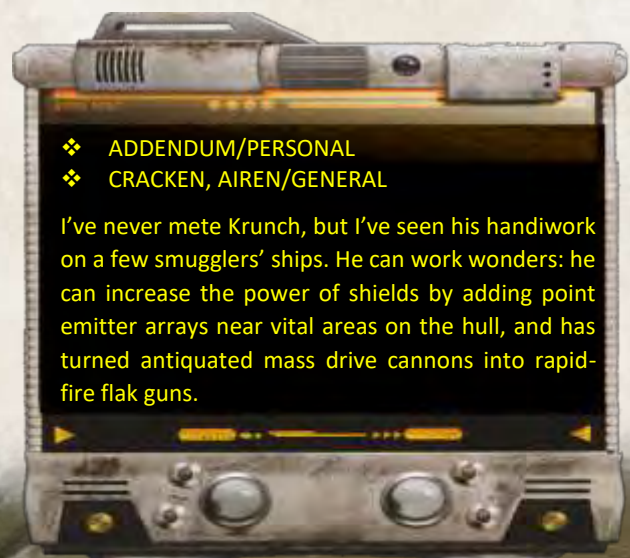


Skills: Astrogation 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 1, Mechanics 4, Perception 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Heavy) 3, Resilience 3, Stealth 2, Streetwise 1

Talents: Adversary 1, Dodge 2, Inventor 3, Parry 3, Tinkerer 2, Unarmed Parry

Abilities: Wookiee Rage (when Krunch suffers any wounds, he deals +1 damage with Brawl and Melee attacks; when suffering a Critical Injury, he deals +2 damage with Brawl and Melee attacks instead), Climbing Claws (add   to Athletics checks for climbing)

Equipment: Bowcaster, datapad, toolkit



MANIAC

Operative Role: Starship mechanic

Current Location: Byblos

Species: Krish

Sex: Male

Age: 23

The Krish known as “Maniac” is Bolabo’s mechanic specializing in drive systems. He is known as Maniac because of the maniacal look in his eyes, his pointy-toothed grin, and his continual uncontrollable giggling. He also gets his name from the often dangerous modifications he makes on starship drives. Maniac wanders around the garage in his tattered brown mechanic’s coveralls, with protective goggles strapped to his forehead. He is constantly followed by his faithful R2 astromech droid, “Patchwork.”

Maniac is credited with a minor disaster near the fifth moon of Elin Roe. Before coming to work in Bolabo’s garage, Maniac worked for a team of bounty hunters, the Yagaran Four. They insisted he improve the hyperdrive on their heavily armed YT-1300 freighter. Maniac couldn’t resist the temptation to push the freighter’s hyperdrive system to the edge. When the Yagaran Four engaged their hyperdrive in pursuit of a bounty target on Elin Roe, Maniac’s modifications fed too much power through the hyperdrive’s magnetic bottle unit. The bounty hunters’ ship exploded, sending a cloud of radioactive dust washing over Elin Roe’s fifth moon. Maniac has since fixed the problem in that modification (or so he claims).

Maniac’s hobby is tinkering with droids. His R2 assistant Patchwork is his most successful project. Maniac’s quarters are a mess of droid parts. He is also very fond of small electronic puzzles, and attempts to solve those when he isn’t working or pursuing his hobby on some unsuspecting droid in the garage.

the modified systems once; GM may spend ☹☹ to cause the affected systems to explode)

Equipment: Blaster pistol, comlink, Patchwork (modified R2 unit)



MANIAC (NEMESIS)

2	3	3	2	2	2
BRAWN	AGILITY	INTELLECT	CHARM	WILL POWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
2	14	12	0	0	
			HANDLED	MELEE	

Skills: Athletics 2, Coercion 2, Computers 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Stealth 2, Streetwise 2

Talents: Deft Maker 2, Machine Mender 2, Reroute Processors

Ability: Pushing the Redline (every successful engine or hyperdrive modification made to a ship by Maniac upgrades the difficulty of Piloting [Space] checks to use



- ❖ ADDENDUM/PERSONAL
- ❖ CRACKEN, AIREN/GENERAL

Maniac is very creepy. I have seen his modifications to starship drives and can understand how he caused the explosion which killed the Yagaran Four. He cannot pass up any opportunity to modify a drive system.

My advice: if he works on your starship, you’d better check things out yourself before raising ship.

"PATCHWORK" (R2-X0)

Maniac's constant companion is an R2 unit Maniac calls "Patchwork." The droid is, in fact, a patchwork of extra armor plating and extra tools implanted in jury-rigged sockets – there's even a blaster pistol mounted within the space once occupied by the droid's video display screen.

Maniac has also modified patchwork's programming, overriding the droid's preservation programming and inserting a self defense routing. Patchwork rarely uses the blaster mounted in his dome, but has on occasion used it against those who



were curious enough about the R2 unit as to try and steal it.

Patchwork assists Maniac on all his starship work, often interfacing with ship's computers to discover problems and override automated safety routines.

Patchwork has an annoying tendency to emit a wry electronic giggle after everything its master says, a modification some believe Maniac performed himself.

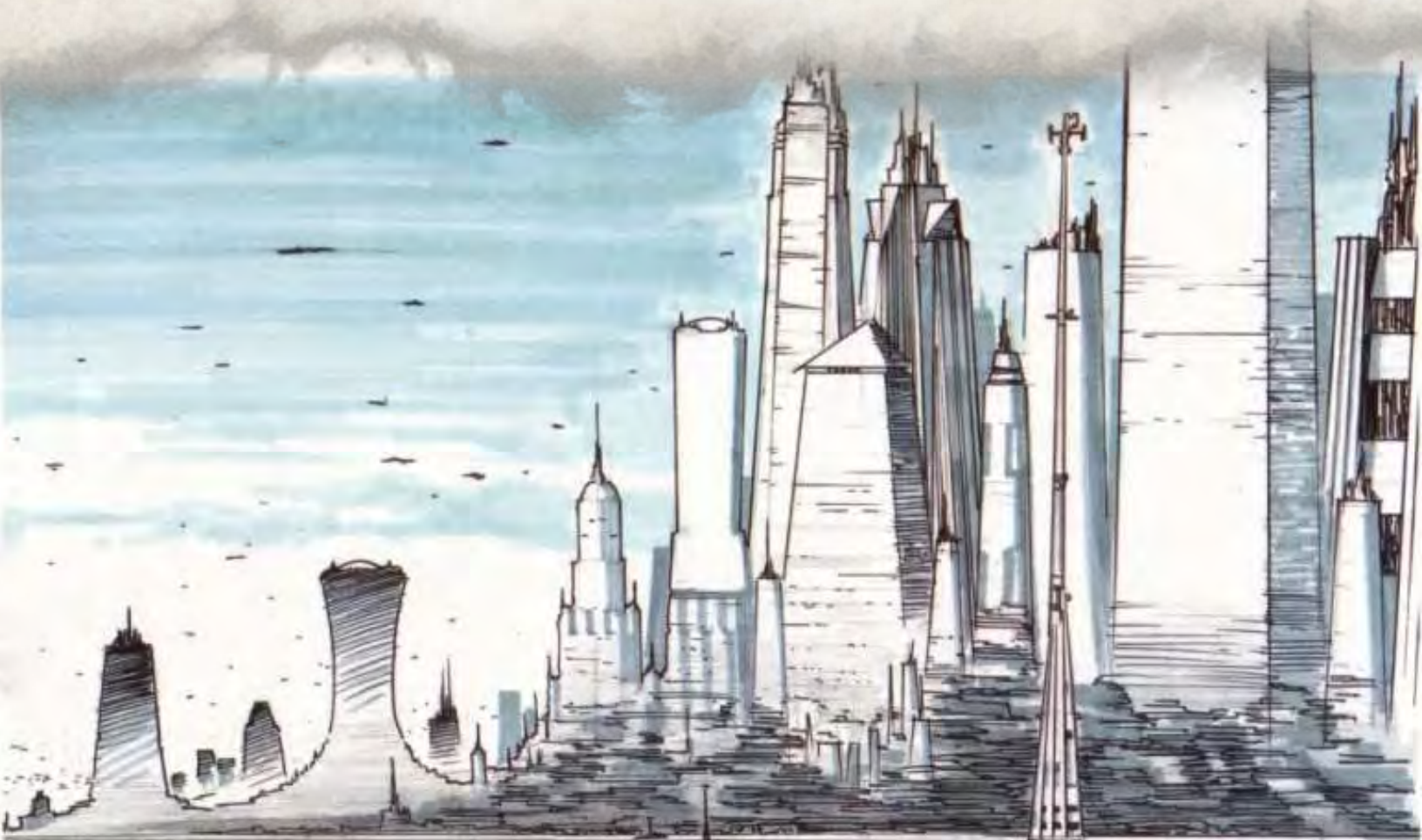
"PATCHWORK" (R2-X0) (RIVAL)

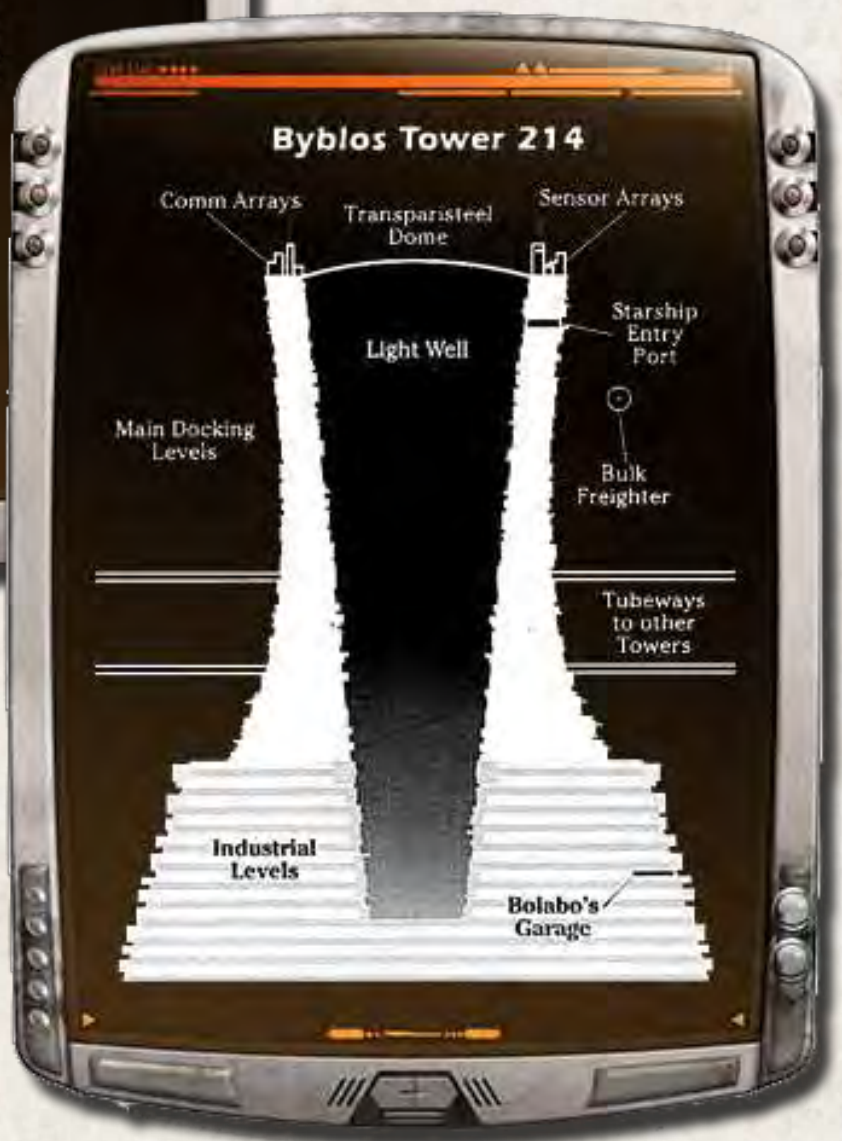
2	1	2	2	1	1
SWARM	ABILITY	INTELLIGENCE	CLIMBING	WEAPONRY	PRESENCE
SOAK 4		WOUND 12		DEFENSE 0 0	
				RANGED	MELEE

Skills: Astrogation 3, Computers 3, Mechanics 2, Piloting (Space) 2, Ranged (Light) 1

Abilities: Droid (does not need to sleep, breathe, eat, drink; can survive in vacuum or under water; immune to poisons and toxins)

Equipment: Arc welder (Melee; Range: engaged; damage 3, Critical 5; Stun Damage), dome-mounted blaster pistol, tool kit





MYGO SKINTO

Operative Role: Information collection and diversions

Current Location: Hedrys City (unconfirmed)

Species: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 22

On first sight, Mygo Skinto appears to be no different from the thousands of other children left orphaned and homeless by war and industrialization. Dressed in rags, a tattered cap on her head, and grime covering her face, she could pass as a boy or girl, an eight-year-old or a twelve-year-old, a starving innocent or vicious punk, but she is none of these. Mygo Skinto

is, instead, a mature, well-educated female Human whose life is devoted primarily to protecting defenseless children from those who would exploit them. Her service to the Rebellion is only secondary.

Mygo found herself drawn to the plight of the orphans of the galaxy because of the problems she herself suffered as a child. When she was very young, her parents' yacht disappeared. Mygo was shuttled from aunt to uncle to cousin, none of whom wanted the responsibility of a child, although each wanted to benefit from her wealth.

This unpleasant childhood was worsened by Mygo's stature. Although her mental development was normal, her physical development ceased not long after the deaths of her parents. Being childlike in stature, she was given no respect by her peers. When Mygo reached the age of independence on her homeworld, Norne, she took control of her "fortune," and found that it had been spent by her guardians. She was forced to live in the streets.

While the adults in the cities of Norne ignored Mygo as she wandered through the streets, stealing food from

street vendors and sleeping in alleys, the children began to idolize her. Here was someone their size, who appeared to be one of them, but who had great knowledge. The children began to follow Mygo, and she began to organize them.

Mygo established a permanent home, with a system of sentries and alarms to stop intruders. They organized their begging activities and forged agreements with ship owners. Soon the children were living in almost comfortable standards; many of them began school. Mygo realized that there were children in other systems living in these conditions and vowed to help them. Mygo considers all homeless children to be "her" children.

Mygo became part of the Rebellion when she offered her services to Argon Doehn during the decisive battle of Miztoc City. Were it not for her assistance during that battle, Miztoc would still be under control of the Empire.

Mygo works in two different classes of operations. The first is information gathering. Dressed as a child, she is very effective as an eavesdropper. Her targets are usually so self-assured that they pay no attention to the homeless child playing in the dust at their feet.

The second type of operation that Mygo takes part in is that of minor, diversionary sabotage. She enlists the children in actions that could easily be classified as "childish mischief." These actions are effective diversions which draw away Imperial forces while more destructive (and dangerous) operations are occurring elsewhere.



Mygo is a very efficient operative, capable of operating independently for long periods of time, gathering her own supplies (by theft), and providing her own transport (mainly by stowing away on transports and tramp freighters). Because of the nature of her assignments, she is constantly on the move, and could be encountered in any highly industrialized city.

MYGO SKINTO (NEMESIS)

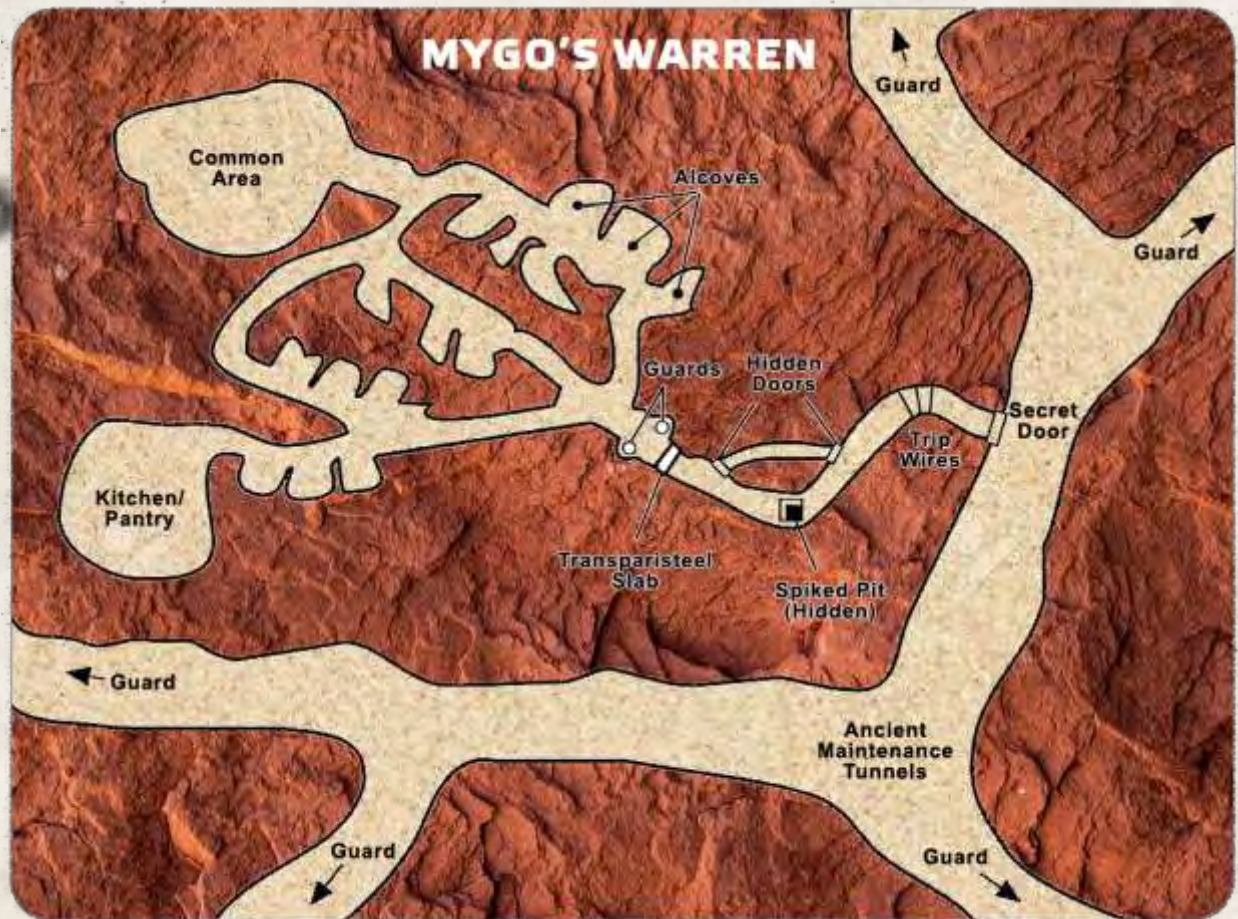
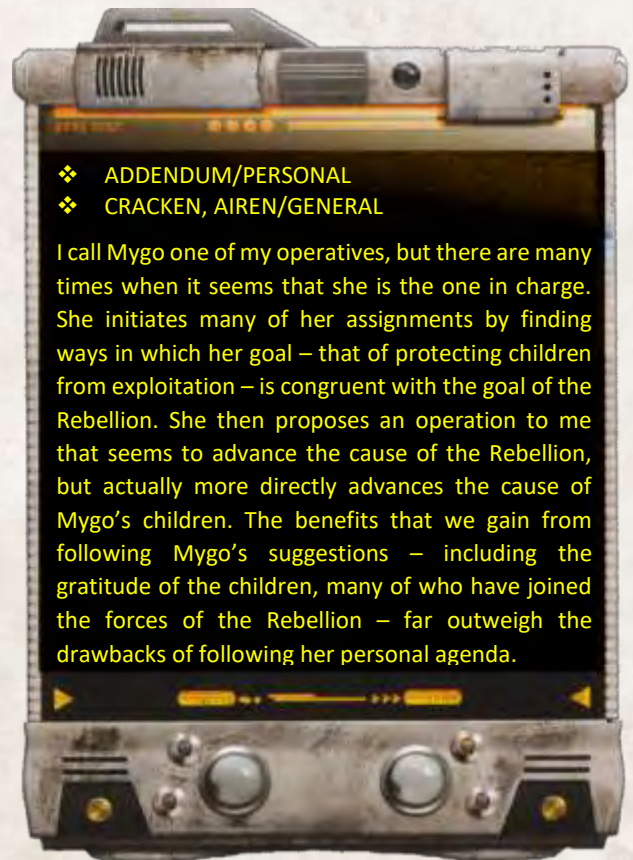
2	3	3	3	2	2
REASON	ABILITY	INTELLECT	CHARISMA	WILLPOWER	PRESENCE
SOAK	WOUND	STRAIN	DEFENSE		
2	14	12	0	0	
			RANGED	MELEE	

Skills: Athletics 1, Deception 3, Leadership 2, Mechanics 1, Medicine 1, Melee 2, Ranged (Light) 2, Skulduggery 3, Stealth 2, Streetwise 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Improved Improvised Detonation, Indistinguishable 3, Powerful Blast 2

Abilities: Arrested Development (Add ■■ to Deception checks and ■■ to all other social checks targeting adults unaware of Mygo's age), Children's Crusade (add ■■ to social checks targeting children)

Equipment: Combat knife, holdout blaster, audiorecorder, bag of candy and trinkets (used to comfort scared children), datapad



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