

STAR WARS
EDGE OF THE
EMPIRE
END OF THE LINE



SWPC

**An Unofficial Sourcebook for the
Minos Cluster**

**STAR
WARS**
ROLEPLAYING

STAR WARS EDGE OF THE EMPIRE ROLEPLAYING GAME

END OF THE LINE

The MINOS CLUSTER is a star cluster and group of sectors located within the Outer Rim, home to over 70 planets suitable for life. Despite being under Imperial control, the Cluster's distance from the rest of the galaxy gives it a reputation as being a good place for those on the run to hide.

The Cluster is a contradiction: an Imperial sector, but lawless; a hub of activity, but relatively unknown; so far out of the way that, for Imperials assigned to the region and for those seeking refuge there, it may be considered the end of the line....

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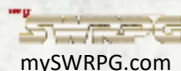
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INTRODUCTION
End of the line

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Sylvest Trev'hec stepped out of the transport and into the open starport of Gallisport. A grimy haze hung over the city. This wasn't where he'd go if he had a choice. But, this is where the leads to his sister's whereabouts led, so this is where he came. But now that he was here, he wasn't sure where to start.

The Trandoshan gangster Nisska had been reliable before, helping Sylvest track down Lyyta. He was from a clutch of hunters, after all. Sylvest's debt to Nisska grew with each new lead, weighing heavy on his mind. Suppose he did find her...what good would it do if he owed the rest of his life to a criminal? No...any price would be worth it to find his little sister.

He made his way to the exit, ready to get on with his all-consuming search. But how could he forget them - Imperial Customs officers? Of course, even out here, on the edge of the edge, if the Empire had any presence at all, they'd exert their power.

A Customs chief, flanked by two stormtroopers (whose body language suggested they were utterly bored) stopped Sylvest. "Scandoc," he said absently. Sylvest handed the card over. The Customs officer barely looked at it. "State your business."

"No business...personal."

That caught the officer's attention. "Personal? Not many coming through here for personal reasons, unless you're going to work." He looked the young Twi'lek up and down. "I suppose being buried in the factories is just right."

He handed the scandoc back to Sylvest, and lazily motioned for him to move along, which he did. Moving out into the street, he saw nothing but industrial sprawl – wealthy, to be sure. Was the capital of Shesharile 5 putting its best foot forward? Was a line of factories its best foot?

This wasn't where he needed to be, though. This was the "good" part of the city. He had to go deeper in, deeper to the heavy industry, where the impoverished lived. If you could call how they survived "living." He knew that getting a cab to take him there from the starport was a lost cause, so he started walking.

As he moved further into the city, he could see and feel the change, fewer and fewer credits in the people's hands. Living spaces getting smaller and more run down, but more crowded with each passing block. His family's life hadn't been easy, but this was something different entirely.

Without realizing it, he crossed into territory controlled by the Mynocks swoop gang. By the time he noticed it was too late. The high-pitched roar of swoop engines were fast approaching. As Sylvest tried to duck into doorway, he found his path cut off by five swoop riders firing blasters in the air and into the pavement around him.

He'd been in tough spots before, searching the galaxy for his sister, but he didn't see a way out of this one. Suddenly, fresh blaster fire drove them off...blaster fire supplied by a group of strangers. Strangers who would go on to become crewmates in a future that he never could have foreseen.



THE EDGE OF THE EDGE

If the Outer Rim is the edge of the galaxy, then the Minos Cluster could be considered the edge of the Outer Rim. This collection of systems is important enough to have an Imperial presence, but that presence has more bark than bite.

Free traders and tramp freighters fill the space of the Minos Cluster, as the inhabitants scrape and scramble to get by. Parts of the Cluster have a veneer of prosperity, but the vast majority is just one or two bad days from utter destitution.

This sort of environment is ripe for recruitment into the Rebellion...provided they can be convinced to look beyond their immediate, personal misfortune and see the larger picture of what the Empire is doing not just to the Minos Cluster, but the galaxy as a whole. This may be easier said than done, but conditions are becoming more dire by the day in the Cluster.

A bold crew could wheel and deal, ship and smuggle, and make their fortune in the Minos Cluster. Or they may pave the way to free the entire sector.

SO, WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK, ANYWAY?

West End Games published **Galaxy Guide 6: Tramp Freighters** as part of their d6 Star Wars Roleplaying Game. It quickly became one of their most popular and sought after – not to mention hard to find – supplements. In addition to rules for creating and modifying ships to fit the rogue smuggling ship archetype made famous by the *Millennium Falcon*, the book contained information on an area of the galaxy known as the Minos Cluster.

The Minos Cluster information included planets, NPCs, ships, story ideas, and campaign highlights all for use in this rough-and-tumble location on the fringes of Imperial control.

The fan-made supplement that you are currently reading gathers that information, with some minor proofreading, very slight alterations to language to fit the Star Wars lore that has grown since it was originally published, and conversion of the NPC and ship stats to fit the edge of the empire Roleplaying Game system.

The first chapter contains an overview of the Minos Cluster as a whole. This includes information on the sort of day-to-day details that a group of independent operators might encounter in the region.

The second chapter includes details on the ten most prominent planets in the Cluster. In addition to information on the planets themselves, story ideas tailored to each planet.

The third chapter features profiles and statistics for prominent personalities and ships within the Minos Cluster. These range from ordinary citizens, to local tramp freighter operators, to Imperial personnel, members of the underworld, and associated spacecraft.

The fourth and final chapter is a series of five adventure outlines designed to form the backbone of a campaign in the Minos Cluster. This campaign will take the player characters from the beginnings of a life as independent carriers to inciting a Rebel uprising in the Minos Cluster.



THE MINOS CLUSTER

*“This...is the hind-end of space.”
-self-styled “Mr. Adventure”*

Many corners of the Outer Rim can still be considered a wild frontier. Other regions are already being forgotten. The Minos Cluster is the latter.

Once a growing center of mining and trade, on track to become a beacon of Imperial efficiency and a hub of the Outer Rim, the infrastructure of the Cluster has collapsed, taking the region's future with it

The Minos Cluster is now a haven for those who either want to escape the eyes of the

Empire, or those who can't escape the hardship that life in the Cluster practically guarantees.

Minos is ideal for “independent tramp freighters” to operate and make a few credits. But, life in the fringes isn't easy, even for those with the freedom to travel from world to world. Sure, there are probably easier regions to ply a trade in than the Minos Cluster, but as the saying goes...no risk, no reward.

WELCOME TO MINOS

The Minos Cluster is about as far from the Galactic Core as you can get, located on the edge of civilized space. Beyond the Cluster, there is no Empire, no Rebellion, no known space travel, and no trade. Minos Cluster is the end of the line; it is underpopulated, relatively low-tech, and completely out of touch with contemporary Imperial society. However there is a good aspect to being such a backwater region: the Cluster is out of reach of the more draconian aspects of the Empire, and trade is regulated far less than it is in the Galactic Core. Out here on the edge, it is still possible for a small independent operator to make a decent living.

Many of the planets in the Cluster have only recently been colonized, though most of them are largely self-sufficient. The corporate-owned bulk freighters that frequent the systems of the Galactic Core are not in common use out here. Almost all of the trade that takes place in the Cluster is carried out by light freighters.

One of the more positive aspects about the Minos Cluster is that the Imperial presence is relatively muted, and people are more free to do as they please. There is room for free movement, free trade, and free thought. More importantly, a sizeable percentage of the population still cares about the state of affairs in the galaxy, and have not decided to ignore everything but their own prosperity. In Minos Cluster, there is still hope.

Eventually, it may be Minos Cluster which touches off the final phase of the Rebellion, the great revolt against the Empire. However, the Rebellion in Minos Cluster recently suffered a large setback with the arrest of its leader Drun Cairnwick, and is currently in a state of disarray. The Empire has stepped up its operations somewhat, particularly on the worlds that Cairnwick was most active on, so for the less law-abiding tramp freighter operators, life has become a bit more difficult.

In the meantime, there are a great many problems to face, such as the increase in piracy and the steady decay of the Cluster economy. This chaotic state of affairs leaves a lot of openings for

enterprising tramp freighters who don't mind risking their necks for a living. The corporations are not willing to risk their billion-credit ships on such hazardous space lanes, when prospects for profits are so poor.

There are credits to be made, but only for someone who is willing to stretch Imperial law, and carry nearly any sort of cargo – cargo that a corporate ship would never consider. If credits are to be made, risks must be taken. The lawlessness of Minos Cluster can make a space voyage a little hair-raising, but that's all part of a day's work for a tramp freighter.

Minos Cluster is physically removed from the rest of the Empire, and it requires a hyperspace trip of at least five days to reach the nearest inhabited system from Travnin. There is only one major space liner route, which the decrepit luxury liner *FarSeeker* runs every month. Its terminus is the Travnin system, the Imperial headquarters for the Cluster.

The Empire does not spend very much time or energy securing the loyalty or fealty of this sector, for there is not much here to concern the Empire. None of the planets in the Minos Cluster have the necessary technology and industry to produce ships for the Alliance, and the systems in the Cluster have never been strongly pro-Rebellion.

The Cluster itself is of no real tactical value to the Empire, and is therefore left largely in the capable (or not so capable) hands of local Imperial officials. The conflict between the Empire and the Rebellion does not seem very real out here, and most people are only dimly aware of what is going on. There is no Rebel base in the Minos Cluster, and only minimal activity anymore; the arrest of Cairnwick and the remote location make this section of the galaxy too impractical for recruitment or active sedition.

So welcome friends to the Minos Cluster: the sleepest corner of the galaxy. You may be able to find your fortune out here on the edge of space, as there are certainly many opportunities to be found.

Consider yourself warned of the many dangers, as well.

LAW AND ORDER

Though the Minos Cluster is located in the far reaches of space, the grip of Imperial control can still be felt, though certainly not as strongly as in the Core Worlds or other less-remote regions. The Imperial Customs ships scattered across the Cluster are crewed by competent – if not outstanding – officers, and the Navy line ships – while they patrol somewhat sporadically – are nonetheless Imperial warships and are forces to be reckoned with.

Despite the Imperial presence, it is still a big chunk of space with a lot of “nothing” happening inside it. It could be a month or two before the player characters even see an Imperial ship, and even then the crew may be too lazy to do anything but ask for the freighter’s identification code. Typically, only ships that are doing something clearly suspicious are stopped and searched.

However, as Rebel activity increases in the Cluster, the Imperial Navy will become more and more vigilant. They will begin to make random inspections, and at the worst possible moment, an Imperial ship can appear and insist upon a full search of a ship. Random inspections will be conducted more and more regularly as the campaign progresses, and a ship’s captain breaks Imperial laws only at great risk. If a ship and crew earns a reputation for lawlessness, it will face constant Imperial scrutiny (and harassment) and even more frequent inspections. It is a very bad idea to get on the wrong side of an Imperial Customs Inspector.

Imperial law does not extend evenly across the Cluster, and not all planets have Imperial Customs agents. By law, there should be



an officer at every starport in the Cluster, but many of the starports in Minos Cluster have only part-time officials who are usually poorly-trained locals with limited loyalty to the Empire, and who can be easily (though not necessarily *cheaply*) bribed.

The relatively low caliber of these officials can be contrasted to that found on the Imperial Customs ships, but even their crews are not well-trained by Imperial Core standards. Only the dregs of the Navy – or officers who have inadvertently made their superiors *extremely* angry – are sent to Minos Cluster anymore, and their ineptitude is becoming more and more ingrained. Patrol craft from the Navy base on Travnin venture out on an irregular basis, but not enough to seriously hamper the activities of the pirates. By all rights, there should be twice as many patrol craft in the Cluster, for piracy in Minos Cluster is as widespread as it is well-known, but most of the officers’ corps is more interested in avoiding danger than in finding it.

Each planet in the Cluster has a Consulate, with an imperial Consul-General in charge of it. These consulates are guarded by Imperial Army troops (very few of which have ever seen actual combat), who are by law confined to the compound grounds and the spaceport, though on some planets, these restrictions are ignored. There are few Imperial officials stationed at the consulates, and their duties are very limited, though they have the formal authority to take over the local government. For instance, while there are only seven Imperial officials on Adarlon, they collect nearly four billion credits in taxes from its government yearly.

Some Imperial laws are tightly-enforced, while others are ignored. If you are caught breaking some rules, your ship will be confiscated, but other laws are so lightly enforced that inspectors will gladly accept a small bribe to ignore the infraction. Whereas in most parts of the galaxy, it is not permissible for a privately-owned ship to carry heavy weaponry, in the Minos Cluster the enforcement of that law has been gradually diminished because of the prevalence of piracy. If a ship is thought to be allied with pirates or the Rebellion, the law is enforced, otherwise it is ignored.

INFRACTIONS

There are five different classifications of infractions of Imperial Law

| Classification | Definition |
|--|---|
| Class One Infraction | <p>These are the most serious space crimes listed in the Imperial legal code. They include conspiracy to overthrow the Empire, possession of a cloaking device, or an attack on another ship. Any sort of aggression against an Imperial ship is also considered a class one infraction.</p> <p>The punishment for class one infractions is usually the immediate impounding of the ship and five to 30 years on an Imperial penal colony for all involved. With such a serious case, legal representation is of little use.</p> |
| Class Two Infraction | <p>Shipment of high energy weapons between systems without a special permit from the sector capital, as well as the transportation or purchase of illegal goods.</p> <p>The punishment for class two infractions includes the arrest of the crew and impoundment of the ship until it is claimed by the owner. A fine of at least 10,000 credits and from five to 30 years in jail is also standard Imperial punishment for this type of crime.</p> |
| Class Three Infraction | <p>This includes the attempted bribery of an Imperial official, as well as the transportation of high-technology and restricted items without Imperial permit or license. The definition of high-technology is nebulous, and there is an enormous regulations book on the subject (which requires about 14 hours to scan) – many devices are included largely to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Rebellion.</p> <p>The punishment for a class three infraction is in almost all cases the impoundment of the offending vessel and the immediate arrest of the ship's captain who is taken back to the sector capital of Travnin. Though it is possible for the captain to escape further punishment with the aid of a good legal counsel, such legal help could cost over 10,000 credits. Further punishment could involve a prison sentence, a substantial fine, and perhaps revocation of the ship's and the captain's operating permits.</p> |
| Class Four Infraction | <p>The Empire forbids the export or import of any form of narcotic without a permit. Unfortunately, this can be interpreted to mean nearly any food, drink, or drug if a customs official feels like making a little trouble. Goods that require a special fee or permit to purchase which are transported without the required fee or permit constitute a class four infraction. It is also a violation for a captain or a ship to operate without the proper operating license, and each time a customs vessel hails a ship, they will ask for the ship's and the captain's identification numbers.</p> <p>The penalty is typically a fine of 1,000 to 5,000 credits, and sometimes a short jail sentence for the captain or the owner of the vessel.</p> |
| Class Five Infraction | <p>This covers a host of local ordinances which restrict the import and export of goods. A general Imperial rule is that a ship must be fully provisioned when it leaves a starport, and must have adequate escape pods for all its passengers and crew.</p> <p>The penalty for a class five infraction is usually a small fine, only 500 to 1,000 credits. Imperial officials in the Minos Cluster will readily allow themselves to be bribed into ignoring class five infractions as long as the person is reasonably polite about it.</p> |
| <p>Note: Long-term imprisonment is almost certain if there is any evidence that the player characters were working in conjunction with the Rebellion, or the goods being carried were destined for the Rebellion.</p> | |

OBTAINING LICENSES

Every ship needs an operating license to do any sort of hyperspace trade in the Minos Cluster. They cost 1,000 credits, but thankfully only a little paperwork and a short inspection of the ship is required. If a ship

is caught without the license, the penalty can be severe.

Every ship also requires a captain who is fully licensed and accredited; if the ship is caught in flight without such a licensed captain, the penalty can be equally severe. By law, gaining a captain's license

requires tests and 10 years of documented time in space and a 300 credit fee, but in actuality, a few well-placed bribes (adding up to around 500 credits) can get nearly anyone the license.

Obtaining a license or permit to carry restricted goods can be very difficult, unless you have the right connections. They can only be applied for at the Cluster capital, in the Travnin system. First of all, you have to know the right Ministry to go into, and then have to know the right questions to ask, and then there is a special fee.

Unfortunately, the bureaucracy at Travnin is atrociously slow. As a matter of principle, any Imperial official will reject nearly any request unless pressure is placed on him from above or bribes are paid. Only the corporations are able to get anything done, and that's only because they have special Imperial departments which they work through. A player may make a **Hard (◆◆◆) Negotiation check** to get his application processed, failure indicating a week lost trying to get something done.

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS

The Imperial Customs inspectors found at many starports in the Minos Cluster have the duty to enforce all Imperial import and export laws. Though Imperial officials rarely accept bribes on matters concerning Imperial law, they don't mind overlooking a local law or two for the right price.

The player characters should be very careful about giving bribes, however. Let them figure out for themselves why it works sometimes and why they get arrested at other times (a conversation at a spacer's bar can be of great help in learning the ropes).

The penalty for bribery can be severe, but in Minos Cluster, attempts at bribery are so common they are often ignored (or accepted, of course).

Almost all of the Imperial officials in the Cluster are natives of Travnin. While the inhabitants of Travnin are known as being authoritarian and inefficient, the officials from this system are easily ten times worse. Paperwork is their best protection against their own incompetence, and if they are given trouble by the player characters, they will force them to wade through a year's worth of forms and applications.

The lower-level officers aboard the customs frigates may sometimes accept bribes, but only for relatively minor infractions, class four or five. They might easily arrest any player character who attempts to bribe them for something more serious (unless the player characters can quickly talk their way out of it).

In the Minos Cluster, the most important thing is to not get caught. Most tramps break or at least bend some Imperial law on each run, and it has become an accepted practice even for the most reputable traders. Imperial officials realize this, but if they catch you and don't like you much, you may still be forced to pay a fine.

Most of the officials, however, avoid having to bring people back to Sector HQ on Travnin for minor infractions; the paperwork is just too much trouble. It is much easier to inflict fines on those breaking the contraband laws (providing extra funding for their department or the official's "personal retirement fund"), rather than putting the player characters on trial and imprisoning them. However, class two or



class one infractions nearly always result in the captain being taken to Travnin for trial and his ship impounded.

Brown-nosing local Imperial authorities is a very ancient and honored tradition, and knowing how to do it right can be of great value to a tramp. If the player characters can get on a first-name basis with each Imperial inspector in every system in the Cluster, they have a huge advantage.

However, it must be understood that some officers and officials are very serious about their work and cannot be bribed. They do things by the book, and all infractions are taken seriously. The player characters will have to learn which officers can be bribed or jollied, and which cannot.

IMPERIAL PRESENCE

The Imperial Presence in the Minos Cluster is quite light, and is not likely to increase in the near future. There are not enough Imperial ships to prevent, or even slow, the smuggling and piracy that has been going on for so long. The Empire has better things to worry about than this sleep arm of the galaxy, and declines to waste much of its resources on it.

THE MAIN NAVAL BASE AT TRAVNIN

The Imperial Navy maintains a small satellite base in orbit around Travnin. It supports a fleet of three capital ships and two customs corvettes. The largest

ship is an ancient relic from the Clone Wars: a *Victory*-class Star Destroyer named the *Chariot*, armed with 68 working concussion missiles and not much else. (Currently, the *Chariot* is undergoing repairs and is likely to be incapable of hyperspace travel for some months, but this information is highly classified.) There is also a carrier with a full complement of 24 TIE fighters. The last line ship is an *Acclamator*-class used as a transport ship capable of carrying over 15,000 troopers.

THE *CHARIOT*

Dating back to the final days of the Clone Wars, the *Chariot* is a *Victory*-class Star Destroyer. It has seen more than its share of action over the course of decades. Upon its assignment to Travnin, the *Chariot* has fallen into disuse and disrepair. While it is finally undergoing repairs, the only operative system of use is the concussion missile launcher. The hyperdrive is expected to remain offline for several months, although this information is highly classified.



Hull Type/Class: Star Destroyer/Victory

Manufacturer: Kuat Drive Yards

Hyperdrive: Primary Class 1, Backup Class 15

Starfighters: 24 Starfighters

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Long

Ship's Complement: 6107 officers, pilots, and enlisted

Encumbrance **Capacity:**
6,500

Passenger Capacity: 1,600

Consumables: One year

Price/Rarity: 50,000,000 (R)/6

Customization Hard Points: 4

Weapons: Five port and five starboard light quad turbolaser

batteries (Fire Arc Port and Forward or Starboard and Forward;

Damage 9; Critical 3; Range [Medium];

Breach 2, Linked 3, Slow-Firing 1).



Ten forward-mounted twin medium turbolasers (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 10; Critical 3; Range [Long]; Breach 3, Slow-Firing 1).

Ten dorsal twin medium turbolasers (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 10; Critical 3; Range [Long]; Breach 3, Slow-Firing 1).

Twenty assault concussion missile launchers (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 7; Critical 3; Range [Short]; Blast 4, Breach 5, Guided 2, Inaccurate 1, Slow-Firing 1)

Ten hull-mounted heavy tractor beams (Fire Arc All; Damage -; Critical Hit -; Range [Short]; Tractor 6).

ADDITIONAL RULES

Massive 1: When making an attack targeting this starship, the critical rating of any weapons used counts as 1 higher.



TON-FALK-CLASS ESCORT CARRIER



Hull Type/Class: Carrier/*Ton-Falk*.

Manufacturer: Kuat Drive Yards.

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 2, Backup: Class 1 2.

Navicomputer: Yes.

Sensor Range: Long.

Ship's Complement: 4,000 officers, pilots, and enlisted crew.

Starfighter Complement: Seventy-two starfighters.

Vehicle Complement: Numerous shuttles, landing craft, and utility vehicles.

Encumbrance Capacity: 9,000.

Passenger Capacity: 800 troops

Consumables: One year.

Price/Rarity: 3,500,000 credits (R)/7.

Customization Hard Points: 3

Weapons: Five port and five starboard twin light laser

cannons (Fire Arc Port and Forward or Starboard and Forward; Damage 5; Critical 3; Range [Short]; Linked 1).

VL-6 warhead launcher system (Fire Arc All; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Short]; Blast 4, Breach 4, Guided 4, Linked 1 Slow-Firing 1).

Four hull-mounted medium tractor beam emitters (Fire Arc All; Damage -; Critical -; Range [Short]; Tractor 4).

ADDITIONAL RULES

Massive 1: When making an attack targeting this starship, the Critical rating of any weapon used counts as 1 higher.

ACCLAMATOR-CLASS TRANSPORT SHIP

In the time since the Clone Wars, and the increasing use of the *Imperial*-classes of Star Destroyers, the Empire has retrofitted *Acclamator*-class assault ships to serve as troop transport ships. The ground support vehicles and installations have been trimmed down, as has the troop capacity. The aging fleet of *Acclamators* serves its new purpose well enough.



Hull Type/Class: Transport Ship/*Acclamator*-class.

Manufacturer: Rothana Heavy Engineering.

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 0.6, Backup: Class 10.

Navicomputer: Yes.

Sensor Range:

Long.



Ship's

Complement: 700 officers and enlisted crew.

Starfighter Complement: None.

Vehicle Complement: Numerous shuttles, landing craft, and utility vehicles.

Encumbrance Capacity: 10,000.

Passenger Capacity: 15,000 troops

Consumables: Six months.

Price/Rarity: 80,000,000 credits (R)/8.

Customization Hard Points: 2

Weapons: Three port and three starboard quad light turbolaser batteries (Fire Arc Port or Fire Arc Starboard; Damage 9; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Breach 2, Linked 3, Slow-Firing 1).

Six forward-mounted quad light turbolaser batteries (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 9; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Breach 2, Linked 3, Slow-Firing 1).

Twelve port and twelve starboard heavy laser cannons (Fire Arc Port or Fire Arc Starboard; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Short]).

Four forward-mounted assault proton torpedo launchers (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 12; Critical 2; Range [Short]; Blast 10, Breach 8, Guided 1, Slow-Firing 2).

ADDITIONAL RULES

Massive 1: When making an attack targeting this starship, the Critical rating of any weapon used counts as 1 higher.

There are over 40,000 Imperial troops on Travnin itself, plus an additional 5,000 stormtroopers. While they are supposedly ready for rapid deployment throughout the Cluster, the regular troops are so ill-prepared and low in morale that they are useless for

anything beyond planetary defense, and the stormtroopers spend most of their time keeping an eye on the regulars. Except for extreme emergencies, the Imperial Moff will not let more than 1,000 stormtroopers off-planet at one time.

THE CUSTOMS SHIPS

The two customs vessels are corvettes, armed with six double-turbolaser cannons. They are powerful enough to deal with almost any pirate ship. Only the customs vessels are to be seen anywhere in the



Cluster outside of Travnin, as the other ships are always held in reserve to protect the sector capital from Rebel attack.

The PCs, however, are not likely to encounter even the customs vessels very often. The Minos Cluster is very large, and the corvettes have a great deal of territory to cover, especially since they spend much of their time hovering around the inhabited systems, cowing the local governments. At first, the PCs will only meet with a customs corvette only every 15 voyages or so, though these encounters may become more frequent as the campaign goes on.

GESARIL PRISON SHIP

Another Imperial ship is located in the Gesaril system, and is used to guard both a prison asteroid and the planet itself. The light cruiser is heavily armed and carries a squadron of TIE fighters aboard it. Gesaril is interdicted, and all travel to it is prohibited. The cruiser is well-equipped and well-maintained and the most capable troops are assigned to duty aboard it.

The security of the prison asteroid is taken seriously (or perhaps it is the veil of secrecy surrounding the planet), and the cruiser is nearly always nearby.

OTHER FORCES

Other than the Imperial forces listed above, there is not much of an Imperial presence in the Cluster. The Empire mainly relies on the threat of interdiction and attack to give its inspectors and officials the power to enforce Imperial laws and collect taxes.

There are also spies, mainly ISB agents, scattered throughout many of the worlds in the Cluster. These agents do not answer to the local government: they send their reports directly back to the ISB office regularly. If the local Imperial government were left to its own devices, it would ignore almost all threats until it is too late, but, if the spies get word of a plot against the Empire, the ISB will react quickly and with appropriate ferocity.







PLANETS OF THE MINOS CLUSTER

"This is the garden spot of Quockra-4"

-Imperial junior officer to newly-arrived superior

There are over 70 planets in the Minos Cluster suitable for life, but only a few dozen actually contain sentient life. There are two alien species in the Cluster that have achieved the technology necessary for space travel, but scores of others have advanced past the stone age (though some just barely). Humans can be found on 10 planets, but some have only a tiny settlement or scientific outpost, and only six planets have been fully colonized.

What follows are 10 of the primary systems in the Minos Cluster. While there are many more systems in the stellar region, these 10 systems contain the planets known to be interested in trade. The other inhabited systems should be detailed by the GM if you wish to include them in the campaign.

The story suggestions for each planet can be used when the PCs have reached a low spot, are almost out of credits and would be open to nearly any proposal (if they are desperate enough for money, they will have to accept a job, no matter how unpleasant).

ADARLON

Astronavigation Data: Adarlon system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 381 days per year/21 hours per day

Government: Democracy

Population: 20,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Mountains

Major Cities: Balderdash, Belrand

Areas of Interest: Adarlon spaceport, Glow Dome, Natalar mountain range

Major Exports: Entertainment acts, holos

Major Imports: Drugs, food, household devices, luxury goods, raw materials

Trade Routes: Rimma Trade Route

Background: Adarlon was a rugged, mountainous world originally colonized by a group of Republic altruists—many from Alderaan—for its beauty rather than its resources. They were particularly well-funded, and their society grew into one focused on entertainment rather than survival. It soon became the sector's entertainment capital, and one of the galaxy's most prominent centers for tourism and the entertainment industry.

It was on Adarlon that the holographic medium was developed as an entertainment staple. Music from the planet was also highly sophisticated, and it was home to one of the most famous opera companies in the galaxy, and famous opera singer Neile Janna. Its primary industry was centered around tourism, and its warm climate was well-suited to the various resorts and parks which operated there.



THE ART OF ARTIFICE

Beginning with being the birthplace of holos as entertainment, Adarlon began to become renowned for its focus on the industry. In addition to holos, Adarlon was noted for many forms of entertainment, from opera to theme parks, and more.

Despite its location in the Outer Rim, Adarlon was a popular and prolific source of entertainment throughout the galaxy. Its reputation was rare for a world on the fringes of the galaxy.

The theme parks, in particular, were especially immersive, using actors, droids, and holos to create a nearly-seamless illusion that visitors are truly within the fictional world of the park. Some citizens of the planet actually make their homes inside the parks.

ADARLON

Adarlon itself is a rugged, mountainous world. Its three major cities are located along the west coast of the northern continent on a narrow plateau between the mountains and the seas, where most of the population lives, are temperate and quite wet. In the cities, however, it rains only in the early mornings (due to climate control) and it is sunny the rest of the time.

The human inhabitants of this planet are obsessed with pleasure and fun; they play when they work and they work at play. Throughout recent galactic history, Adarlon has traditionally been the home of most of the galaxy's best entertainers, and even today many aspiring actors, singers, and producers travel to the planet to get their "big break."

Today, however, its predominance is somewhat reduced from its golden years during the Republic. The tastes of the Empire run to entertainments that are more violent than the traditional, sophisticated Adarlon acts ("Boba Fett and the Assassin Droids" notwithstanding). On the other hand, because Adarlon is so distant from the Imperial Core, it is out of the reach of the more draconian censorship of the Empire, and its underground holos which depict the Empire unfavorably are becoming increasingly popular. These black market holos appear to be the beginning of a new era of cinematic creativity and vigor, and are bringing Adarlon to the forefront of the entertainment world once again.

EARLY HISTORY

Adarlon was one of the first colonies settled in this area of space. Adarlon was created by decree of the Senate of the Galactic Republic, who selected the world because of its beauty, not for its (non-existent) natural resources. The early settlers were the brightest and best of the young of the Republic (many of them from Alderaan) and as a group they were alleged to be the most educated, sophisticated, artistic and handsome humans ever gathered together.

The young colonists were given heavy financial backing, and the early years of the colony were not marked with extreme hardship. Not having to devote their efforts to survival, the settlers quickly

turned to producing entertainment. The holo industry, of course, was pioneered by Adarlon, but few realized the planet's importance in the music business as well.

(The newest "trendy act" is a rather awful band called "Boba Fett and the Assassin Droids" and a shrewd trader could make some real money ferrying concertgoers to Adarlon or by scalping auditorium passes for a "Fett" concert.)



THE HOLO INDUSTRY

Alderaan's values and ideals, as displayed in those early holos, were identical to those of the Republic: honor, courage, justice, freedom, love. Who can forget the story of Tito, the boy who could not speak, yet who freed his planet from tyranny, or of Ansil the refugee who became the finest sansil player in the galaxy? Holos from Adarlon have reached a vast audience throughout the galaxy, and even today, when the planet is in somewhat of a decline, the name Adarlon still brings a vision of glamour and excitement to many people's minds.

The most popular holos are about the rugged "tree men of Yelsain," those about the miners at Mestra, fantasy themes which introduce the supernatural into a normal person's life, and contemporary drama and comedy.

The "legitimate" entertainment industry on Adarlon strongly supports the establishment. Its holos portray the Empire as good and just, the Emperor as almost a divine being. This was not always the case, however. Even as late as five years ago, Adarlon still had a semblance of artistic integrity and conscience, and some holos from that period clearly showed the cancer that ate away at the tottering Republic.

Once Chancellor Paplatine was firmly in power, however, his lieutenants acted quickly and efficiently to bring the annoying planet to heel. A series of crackdowns and blacklistings, ostensibly to curb licentiousness and obscenity in the entertainment industry, effectively destroyed free speech, and all holos became subject to Imperial censorship. The purge was brilliantly conducted by Babel Torsh, at that time the chief assistant to the Imperial Consular-General on Adarlon. His name is still hated and feared even today.

UNDERGROUND HOLOS

Holos about Jedi or depicting any sort of failure or incompetence on the part of the Empire are strictly forbidden, but are still produced and distributed on the black market. Increasingly popular across the galaxy, this secret industry is growing by leaps and

bounds, to the point that its revenues nearly rival those of the legitimate entertainment industry.

Many of these underground holos are produced by a group of rebellious directors and actors, most of whom were blacklisted five years ago. They call themselves collectively "No-Holds-Barred," and that is the only credit provided at the end of their holos.



Though few realize it, No-Holds-Barred has secret connections with the Rebel Alliance. In fact, the group's early financial backing came almost entirely from Drun Cairnwick – her of the Rebellion in Minos Cluster.

The Empire is becoming increasingly irritated at the underground holo industry. It is considering cracking down on the holo industry again and may unleash the hated Babel Torsh against the planet once more.

THEME PARKS

Across Adarlon there are a large number of elaborate theme parks which offer total immersion amusements, in which the guests carry out elaborate plots and adventures in live-action roleplaying, interacting with actors, droids, and holos. Quite a few



of the Adarlonians have their homes in the parks, and spend much of their waking hours in their roles. The parks' rules dictate that a person treat other people exactly as if they were the character they were playing at all times.

LIFE OUTSIDE THE PARKS


Despite the number of entertainers from across the galaxy who still come to Adarlon to find their fortunes, the planet is still underpopulated, and huge tracts are all but deserted wilderness. Adarlon is a magnet for tourists, but only for the richest of the galaxy's wealthy – it is extremely expensive to spend any time here. (If the PCs leave the spaceport, they will have to pay at least 30 credits a day

simply to eat and sleep, 100 if they want to have any sort of a good time, and 200 if they want to go to one of the theme parks.)

There is much history to this planet, and its past is well-preserved. Its three major cities are well over 200 years old, and since they were first designed for ground travel, their tall buildings were built in grid formation with streets running in between. Since the advent of air cars, however, most of the streets have been turned into kilometers of lush parkland framing the buildings.

Adarlon is a beautiful and romantic place to visit, and the entertainments which can be found everywhere – comedians, singers, folk musicians, diva bands – are of high quality. A new restaurant is said to open every hour on Adarlon, and young music groups can always be seen playing on the streets, hoping that they will be “discovered.” The latest entertainment is ice climbing. The Adarlonians haul ice bergs down from the poles to float just off-shore from the cities; residents and tourists pay outrageous prices to climb them. After having been featured in a number of holos, this sport has even caught on in a few worlds of the Galactic Core.





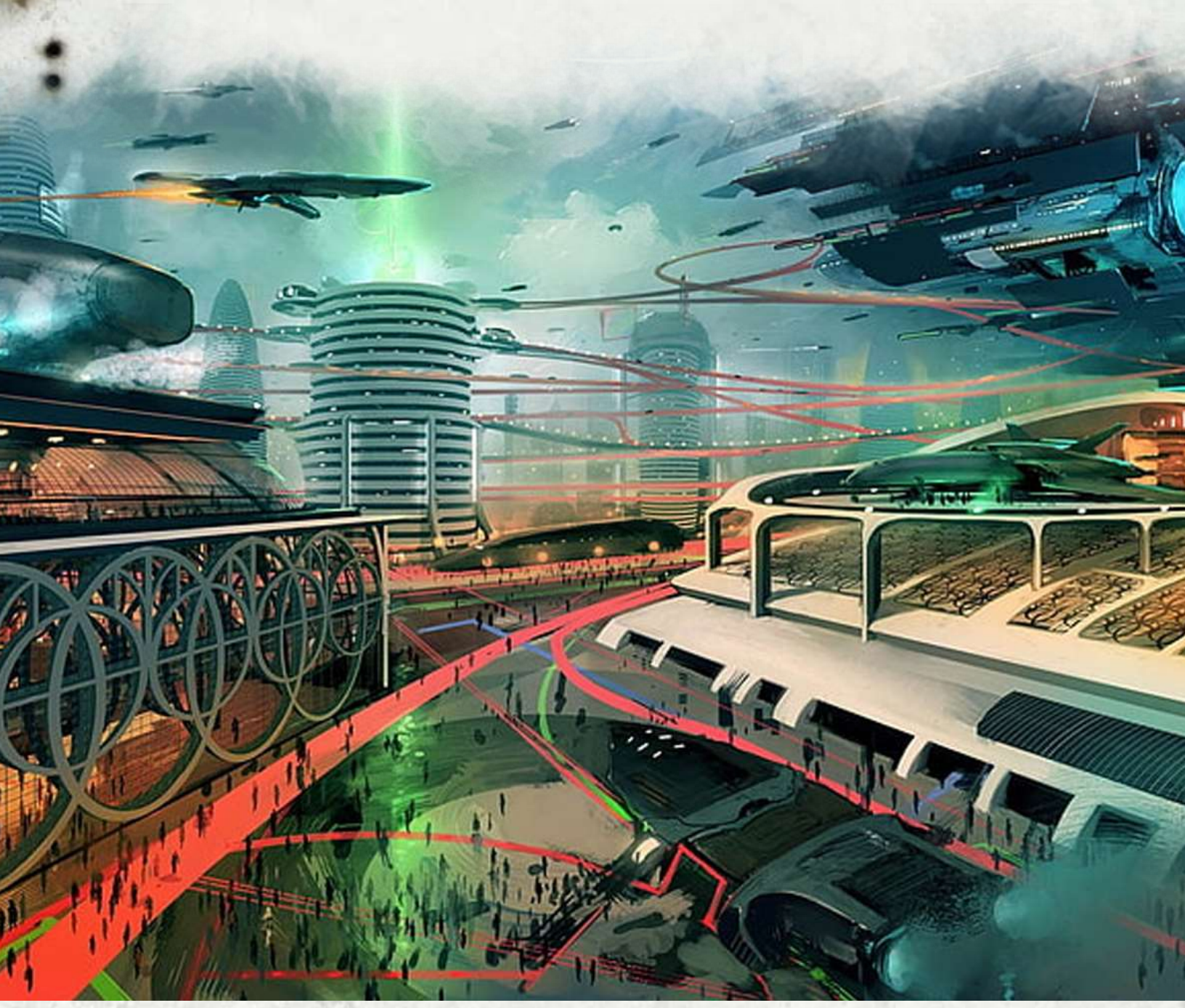
Despite its beauty and wealth, a strange sort of malaise has fallen over the planet, and subtle sighs of decay can be found in increasing number. The fact is, the people of Adarlon are hiding from the horror of the Empire in their entertainments, and their cowardice is slowly strangling all that is good in their culture. The people on this garden planet are a little bit too joyful and full of life, a little bit too blind to what is going on around them.

THE SPACEPORT

The Adarlon spaceport is as beautiful and chic as the rest of the planet, and a whisper-transit line connects it directly to the city of Balderdash.

The Imperial Consulate is located at the spaceport, along with Imperial Customs inspectors and a unit of 100 stormtroopers as well. Only in a state of emergency would those troopers be allowed to make arrests or conduct maneuvers outside of the spaceport. This has happened only once in the planet's history, during the Babel Torsh era. However, inside the spaceport, these troopers are in complete control, and through them, the Empire controls the entire planet.

No one can enter or leave the planet without the say-so of the Imperial Consular-General. In addition, the Consular-General collects taxes from here.



STORY IDEA

After having visited Adarlon a couple of times, the PCs are approached by a man who asks them if they've got any holos – “you know, the illegal ones.” This is a test, and depending on their reaction, the PCs might be asked to join the black market network for the No-Holds-Barred holos.

If they respond favorably, they are asked to meet an anonymous businessman at one of the theme parks, one with a fantasy theme. Inside a fantasy dungeon, they meet a man who, in the role of a mysterious noble, offers them a chance to get involved in holo smuggling. He offers to sell them a number of black market holos, which they can distribute across the Cluster. It's illegal, but not immoral, and there are very high profits involved.

The tough part is setting up the Cluster-wide network of black market contact to buy the holos.

Once this is one, all the traders have to do is make periodic trips to Adarlon, pick up a new batch, and then distribute them to their contacts. Given the small size of the holos, the busy nature of the Adarlon spaceport, and the corruption of the local customs inspectors, getting the product off-planet is a cinch.

However, it is a class three infraction to transport illegal holos, so it is a risky business venture. The holo dealer doesn't minimize the risks, but he does maximize the potential money to be made.

If the PCs choose to become involved in the scheme, things go pretty smoothly. If they're smart and careful, they can make a good, steady profit without much risk. Eventually, however, the Empire will make good on its intention to crack down on the black market holos, and the player characters may find themselves going up against Babel Torsh himself.



ELIAD

Astronavigation Data: Eliad system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 381 days per year/21 hours per day

Government: Imperial Governor

Population: 6,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Mountains, plains, valleys, plateaus

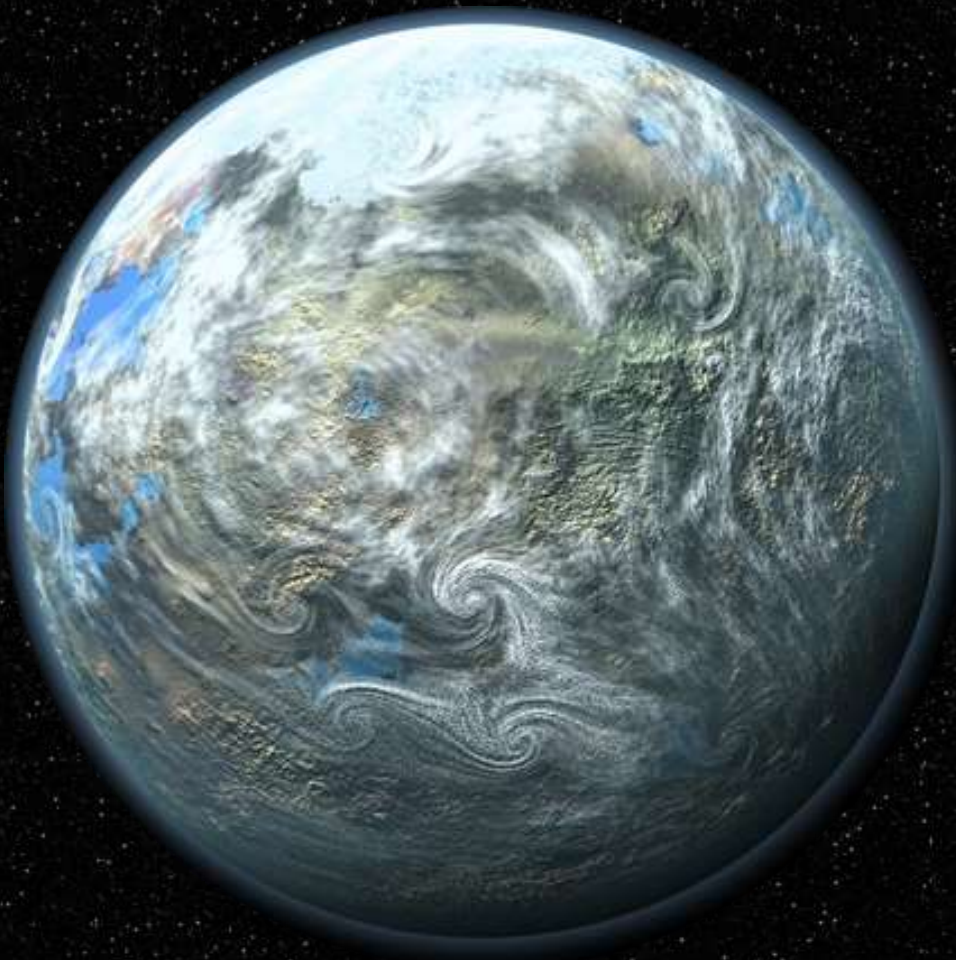
Major Cities: None

Areas of Interest: Jesart Desert, Eliad spaceport

Major Exports: Minerals

Major Imports: Luxury items, Machinery

Background: The climate and terrain of Eliad was extremely wide-ranging, with almost any biome being able to be found there. Though few people lived on the planet compared to a core world, those few who did were exceedingly wealthy, and palaces, villas, and replica castles could be found widely across the planet. The planet had little in trade aside from mineral exports; the immensely rich nobles, with absolutely nothing productive to spend their money on, instead engaged in increasingly sophisticated and demented entertainments out of sheer boredom. Though separated from mainstream nobility, generations of family tradition and the highest quality education available in the galaxy made these nobles as intelligent and sophisticated as they were rich.



THE EXILES STRIKE BACK

During the Galactic Civil War, Rebel agents assisting Princess Leia held many debate sessions to encourage the deposed nobles who were relocated to Eliad into assisting the Rebel Alliance. After many weeks the nobles agreed to assist the Alliance. With the much needed influx of wealth the Alliance was one more step closer to bringing peace and justice to the galaxy.

ELIAD

The climate and terrain of Eliad is extremely wide-ranging and almost any combination can be found there. The spaceport is located in the middle of the Jesart desert, in the southern hemisphere, far from any human settlements. There are not many people living on this planet, but the few who are there are exceedingly wealthy.

THE EXILES

When the Emperor overthrew the Republic and declared the Empire, he removed a number of nobles from power. Instead of killing them and creating a whole new pantheon of martyrs, he made a bargain with them. If they agreed to permanent exile, he would allow them to keep much of their wealth. Though many chose to flee or chose death, a large number of the families accepted. In a mass exodus, they were relocated to Eliad and other planets like it.

Now, years later, they are here still, attended by a handful of faithful servants and huge numbers of droids. Slowly and nearly imperceptibly, they are rotting away under the weight of their own worthlessness – exactly as the Emperor intended.

There are only about 300,000 or so nobles on Eliad; the rest of the population is made of their servants. The nobility has spread widely across the planet, building palaces and villas for themselves far out of sight of each other (perhaps to avoid having to see their own uselessness reflected in each other). Some have built replicas of the palaces they lived in on their homeworlds and pretend they never left.

TRADE

Immensely rich and with absolutely nothing productive to spend their money on, these bored nobles are engaged in increasingly sophisticated and demented entertainments. They can be an excellent source of income for innovative traders who come up with interesting and expensive ways for the nobles to amuse themselves.

POLITICS

The world is anti-Imperial, but in a muted, rather pathetic form. The older nobles, who control almost everything on the planet, don't want to give the Imperials any excuse to come in and destroy what they have built for themselves. Long ago, they gave into the Empire and allowed themselves to be banished here; they have not yet gained the courage to acknowledge their mistake.



Unlike the “high class” society on Mestra, the nobles on Eliad have quite rarified and elegant tastes and habits. Their families have been wealthy for a very long time; they have had quite a while to learn how to do it right. The result of years of family tradition with the highest quality education available in the galaxy, these nobles are as intelligent and sophisticated as they are rich.

IMPERIAL PRESENCE

LANCER-CLASS FRIGATE

The Empire maintains a *Lancer*-class frigate in orbit to watch over the nobles. There’s never been much trouble, and none is expected, so the ship is mainly crewed by mercenaries, not Naval personnel, though the officers are, of course, Imperial. There are 100 stormtroopers on the ship to keep the mercs in line as well.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|----|-------------------------------------|---|---------------|-------|---|
| 5 | 2 | -1 | DEFENSE CLASS/POINTS/UNARMED/WEIGHT | | | ARMOR | |
| | | | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 |
| HULL TRAUMA | | | 52 | | SYSTEM STRAIN | | |
| | | | 34 | | | | |

Hull Type/Class: Frigate/Lancer.

Manufacturer: Kuat Drive Yards.

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 1, Backup: Class 15.

Navicomputer: Yes.

Sensor Range: Long

Ship's Complement: 100 officers, 400 mercenary crew.

Encumbrance Capacity: 200.

Passenger Capacity: 100 troops.

Consumables: Six months.

Price/Rarity: 4,760,000 credits (R)/7.

Customization Hard Points: 0

Weapons: Four dorsal, four ventral, four port, four starboard, and four forward turret-mounted quad laser cannons (Fire Arc All or Port or Starboard or Forward; Damage 5; Critical 3; Range [Close]; Accurate 1, Linked 3).



All communications on and off the planet are monitored by the Imperial Consulate. Eliad is completely under Imperial control, and an Imperial governor rules the planet from the consulate at the spaceport. Eight hundred stormtroopers guard the spaceport and ensure that none of the nobles attempt to leave the planet. Any ship leaving the planet is searched thoroughly and completely, though ships are rarely searched when they land (nobody really cares what anyone brings to the planet).

STORY IDEA

A young noble offers to pay the characters 500 credits each to come to his party, to entertain his guests by adding "atmosphere." If they agree, the player

characters discover that the entire lodge is decorated to look like the inside of a rag-tag spaceship much like their own. The guests are dressed to look like them, and they proceed to get very drunk and somewhat violent. Perhaps someone challenges a character to a fight. Another crew of a light freighter was invited to attend as well, but the characters won't immediately be able to tell them from the nobles. This is a chance for you to have some fun with the characters while they think of how to entertain the nobles. Perhaps if they decide to tell the story about their wilderbeast hunt on Yelsain, some noble will pay them to host such a hunt here on Eliad with imported animals...anything to make a fast credit. Later on, the contacts the player characters make now will come in very handy.



GESARIL

Astronavigation Data: Gesaril system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 134 days per year/19 hours per day

Government: Imperial oversight

Population: 16,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Swamp, jungle

Major Cities: None

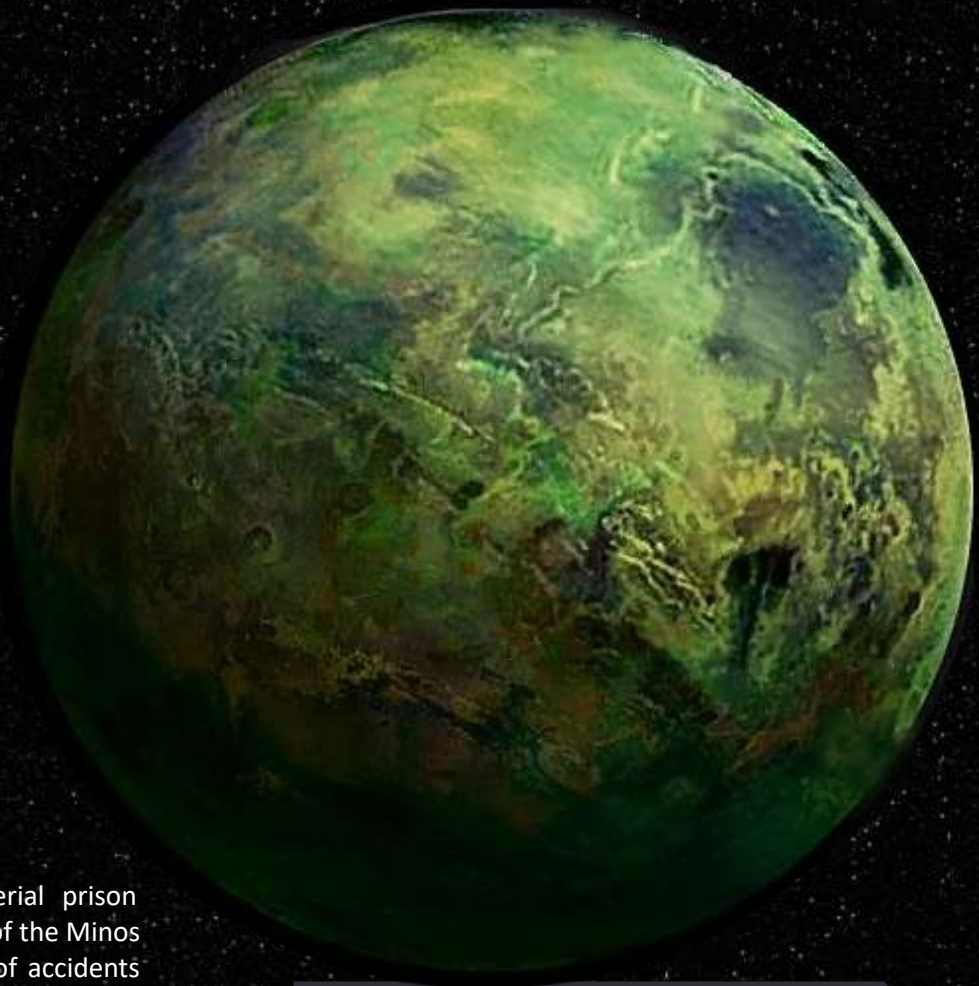
Areas of Interest: None

Major Exports: None

Major Imports: None

Background: Gesaril was an Imperial prison planet, found in the Gesaril system of the Minos Cluster. It was the site of a series of accidents concerning Imperial warships.

The planet was covered with a dense jungle that appeared to float above a noxious swamp. It was inhabited by a species of furry, hyperactive creatures called the Gesaril that Imperial researchers had classified as barely sentient. There wasn't much of interest on the planet other than the wrecks of the nine Imperial spaceships. These ships all crashed in exactly the same coastal section of the planet, and the reason for this was not known. The planet had been put under strict quarantine, and no one was allowed to enter or leave.



A COLD PRISON

The Empire had established a prison colony on a large asteroid in far orbit around the sun. Cells for 1,300 prisoners were hollowed out of this enormous rock, spaced widely along kilometers of corridor. A large tube in the center of the asteroid led to the ships' docks in the center of the rock. The *Intrepid* was stationed there to serve a dual purpose: to enforce the quarantine on Gesaril, and to guard the prison. The penal asteroid held the long-term prisoners of the Cluster. Holding at one point nearly 1,000 inmates, the prison population was about evenly divided between hardened criminals and political prisoners.

GESARIL

Known as the forbidden planet, Gesaril is a very strange place. Covered with a strange, incredibly thick jungle which actually floats above a noxious swamp, it is inhabited by a species of furry, hyperactive creatures that Imperial researchers have classified barely sentient. Besides these things, there isn't much of interest on the planet – unless you count the wrecks of nine Imperial spaceships.

These ships all crashed in exactly the same coastal section of the planet and no one knows why. The planet has been put under strict quarantine and no one is allowed to enter or leave it.

THE SECTOR PRISON

The Empire has established a prison colony on a large asteroid in far orbit around the sun. Cells for 1,300 prisoners are hollowed out of this enormous rock,

spaced widely along kilometers of corridor. A large tube in the center of the asteroid leads to the ships' docks in the center of the rock.

The Empire built its prison in this barren system to kill two birds with one stone. Since it needed a battle cruiser here to maintain its quarantine on Gesaril anyway, it figured it might as well serve double duty guarding the prison.

The penal asteroid holds the long-term prisoners of the Cluster. Holding at present nearly 1,000 inmates, the prison population is about evenly divided between hard-core criminals and political prisoners.

THE PRISON STAFF

The prison staff of 300 lives on the asteroid, in a separate, isolated section. The "town" is complete



with living quarters, stores, entertainment facilities, and a bar. The Staff is almost entirely male, and, it is unfortunate to note, they rely on the prison population for their “companionship.”

SYSTEM DEFENSES

The asteroid’s anti-ship defenses are minor, for it relies primarily on the cruiser for protection. It does have 10 turbolasers mounted along both ends of the central tube.

The cruiser is always in orbit near the prison. It is virtually impossible to reach the prison unchallenged, but it *is* possible for a fast ship to land on the planet with the asteroid is on the other side of the system. However, there is often a TIE fighter on patrol around the planet, about half of the time). If the approaching ship refuses to obey its orders and turn away from the planet, the TIE will call the cruiser and attack.

If the ship makes it through the TIE to the planet below, it will find the cruiser waiting in orbit for it when it leaves the planet’s surface.

The commander of the cruiser, Captain Dulrain, is a difficult man to con. The PCs will have to have some excellently-forged documents and a very good line to have even a chance of getting his permission to land on the planet



| | | | | | | | |
|----------|-------|----------|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---------------|
| 6 | 4 | -1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 |
| WEAPONRY | POWER | MANEUVER | DEFENSE (FWD, PORT, STB, AFT) | | | | PILOTS |
| | | | TOTAL TROOPS | | | | SYSTEM STRAIN |
| | | | 51 | | | | 35 |

Hull Type/Class: Light Cruiser/*Munifex*-class (“Class 1000”)

Manufacturer: Kuat Drive Yards

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 2, Backup: Class 12

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Long

Ship’s Complement: 660 Officers, Pilots, and Enlisted Crew

Encumbrance Capacity: 600

Passenger Capacity: 200 troops

Consumables: Two years

Price/Rarity: 7,250,000 (R)/7

Customization Hard Points: 2

Weapons: Ten forward, six port, six starboard, and six aft medium turbolasers (Fire Arc Forward, Port, Starboard, and Aft; Damage 10; Critical 3; Range [Long]; Breach 3; Slow Firing 1).

Three forward, three port, three starboard, and three aft medium ion cannons (Fire Arc Forward, Port, Starboard, and Aft; Damage 6; Critical 4; Range [Short]; Ion).

INTREPID

The *Munifex*-class or Class 1000 is manufactured by Kuat Drive Yards and was originally used by the Trade Defense Force. It gained its nickname from the number of ships initially ordered.

Relatively heavily-armed for its size, but not boasting the fastest hyperdrive, it is not as prominent in the Galactic Civil War as ships like the *Carrack*-class cruiser and the *Star Galleon*-class frigate, and may be found primarily in relatively low-priority sectors.

THE GESARILS

These small, heavily-furred, six-limbed creatures have some strange affinity for the Force, and a few individuals among them able to use it to great effect. They are highly sensitive to emotion, and greatly fear anger and aggression.

When the Empire's scouts first landed on Gesaril, they were very aggressive and treated the natives harshly. It is believed that the Gesarils combined their strange powers to crash the scout ship as it took off. Later, when other ships came to investigate, they apparently dragged them out of orbit and brought them to the ground. This is a speculation – no one knows for sure...

In truth, the Gesarils don't mind if people land, as long as they are not full of hate. The GM will have to decide how they view the PCs. If the PCs display negative emotions when they go to the planet, the Gesarils will attempt to make their ship crash. The ship will experience inexplicable mechanical malfunctions with no apparent cause. The pilot must make a Hard (◆◆◆) Piloting (Space)

to bring the ship down safely, an Average (◆◆) to escape back into orbit.

The Gesarils are very friendly with visitors who are not fearful or aggressive, but can be extremely skittish around those who are moody or violent. They are hyperactive and constantly race around chasing one another playfully. Individuals can be identified by their fur markings and colors. Though they cannot speak Basic, their psychic sensitivity allows them some limited communication with visitors.

The Gesarils are excellent carvers, and enjoy making masks and small statues out of wood. The carvers somehow imbue their carvings with psychic energy, for when they are held, the emotion the crafter was feeling while making the carving can actually be felt. This makes the carvings potentially extremely valuable trade items (as long as the Empire doesn't find out where they came from, of course.

GESERIL [MINION]



Skills (group only): Athletics

Talents: Force Rating 1

Force Powers: Sense (The user may spend 1 to sense the current emotional state of living targets within medium range.

STORY IDEA

Assuming the PCs have kept their noses clean and do not have criminal records, they are given the chance to win the Imperial contract for supplying the prison. The contract requires them to make one cargo run every 50 days, carrying 100 tons of good from Travnin to Gesaril, for which they would earn 3,000 credits per run. On each run they are accompanied by an Imperial official, who may be escorting a prisoner to or from the asteroid and who ensures that they do not break into the cargo and

steal anything. This contract provides an excellent opportunity for the traders to get in contact with members of the Rebellion inside the prison, particularly by passing messages via the prisoners they carry. The contract also gives them a chance to learn about the forbidden planet.

The PCs hear rumors that one of the ships that was destroyed on Gesaril was equipped with a cloaking device, a great reason to try to make a landing. By speaking with crewmembers of the Intrepid who are on leave at the prison asteroid, the traders may be able to come up with a plan that will get them onto the surface of the planet – a hint of the schedule of the TIE fighter patrols would be enough.

Note: This subplot is essential if the PCs hope to succeed in the final adventure of the campaign, the rescue of Drun Cairnwick from the prison.



KARIDEPH

Astronavigation Data:

Karideph system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 204 days per year/19 hours per day

Government: Feudal clan structure

Population:

88,000,000,000 (possibly more; an accurate census is impossible)

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Gardens, mountains, urban

Major Cities: Capital City

Areas of Interest: University of Universal Thought

Major Exports: Servo-neuro motors for droids, small machine parts

Major Imports: Food, communication devices, minerals

Trade Routes: Triton Trade Route, Rimma Trade Route

Background: Karideph was a planet located in the Karideph system of the Minos Cluster, a star cluster and sector in the Outer Rim Territories. The planet's surface was covered by rows upon rows of carefully tilled gardens, including the sides of Karideph's mountain ranges and the coasts of the planet's oceans. By the time of the Galactic Civil War, none of the planet's original wildlife or flora remained, as it all had been cultivated, and the crop fields were dotted by several massive cities. The upper levels of these cities had to be pressurized because of their incredible height, but the majority of Karideph's native Kari lived in the extensive tunnel systems beneath its surface—the deepest of which reached twelve kilometers, almost breaking



through the planet's crust. Karideph was located at the far southern end of the Rimma Trade Route hyperlane, and the Triton Trade Route branched off of the Rimma to connect several important worlds in the Minos Cluster and the nearby Kathol sector.

HIGHER LEARNING

The University of Universal Thought is the only true college on Karideph. Built on a philosophical model of the Kari group personality, offworlders may find studying at the University to be a challenge. Successfully completing courses there can be seen as a testament to the offworlder's dedication to their education.

KARIDEPH

This world is one of the most wildly overpopulated planets in the galaxy. Essentially, it is one giant city, and the number of creatures that live upon it is not entirely comprehensible to the human mind. It is fortunate, then, that the inhabitants, the Kari, are not human.

The surface of Karideph is covered by endless rows of carefully tilled gardens, filled with tightly-crowded plants. There is neither wilderness nor any wildlife left anywhere: every centimeter of and is in some way cultivated. Even the sides of the mountain ranges are terraced from tip to bottom, and the sea is as carefully tended as are the fields.

The planet is dotted with a number of enormous cities, with buildings so tall that their upper extents need to be pressurized. Despite the size of these buildings, however, most of the Kari live underground, in huge tunnel systems which criss-cross the planet. Many of the Kari have never seen the light of day, living and working entirely within the teeming warrens. The Kari have dug some of their tunnels as far as 12 kilometers in depth, nearly breaking through the planet's crust to its mantle.

ECONOMY

Considering that the planet's population rivals that of the other planets in the sector combined, it is not surprising that Karideph is one of the economic hubs of the Cluster, importing a staggering amount of raw material and foodstuffs. They'll take literally whatever protein they can get.

The Kari primarily manufacture small appliances and machine parts for export, especially droid parts of all types. Because much of their energy must be concentrated upon keeping their own populace fed, they do not have the export potential that might be expected from such a gigantic population, though their exports are extremely large by Cluster standards. There is definitely work to be had hauling cargo to and from this planet.

BLACK MARKET TECHNOLOGY

The most money to be made on Kari is through the black market. The planet is relatively low tech, only recently entering the information age. Most of the Kari's expendable wealth is spent purchasing knowledge to improve the planet's technology. This is not easy. Fearing their tremendous birth rate that, if they were allowed off-planet, they might quickly spread over the galaxy, the Empire has refused to allow the Kari to develop or purchase space technology. The Kari bitterly resent this, and they have a very strong desire to expand beyond the gravity well of their planet.

THE TUNNELS OF KARI

If a foreigner wishes to venture forth into the tunnels of Kari, some sort of guide is essential, for the cities are far too complicated and labyrinthine to navigate alone. Usually, this is a Kari who is carefully taught a single destination by its Hatch, but is virtually an idiot



otherwise, able to do little more than guide the visitors here.

Complicating the problem, the crowds in the corridors are so thick that it is often necessary to hire an entire Hatch to push everyone else out of the way so the huge, clumsy visitors can get by. A single guide costs 20 credits, while an entire Hatch costs at least 80. Guides can be obtained at various expatriate-owned establishments who have developed close relations with certain Kari Hatches.

The Empire has constructed a number of droids (looking vaguely like the Kari) for their own use. These droids are capable of guiding them around the planet. Though the Empire carefully guards access to these droids, they are often stolen by the Kari guide Hatches to keep them from cutting into the Hatches' business.

THE KARI

The Kari are an insect-like species standing approximately one meter tall, with a black exoskeleton covering much of their body. Kari have two powerful rear legs which enable them to make the impressive leaps which are their primary mode of locomotion. They also have two front limbs that serve as secondary appendages. Their vision is far from acute, but they have an uncanny sense of hearing.

KARI [MINION]



Skills (group only): Athletics, Perception

Talents: None

Abilities: Acute Hearing (add 1 to all Perception checks involving hearing). Hive Society (as group size increases, add 1 to all Intellect-based checks for every 5 Kari in the group). Leap (add 2 to all Athletics checks made to perform vertical or

horizontal leaps). Poor Vision (add 1 to all Perception checks involving vision).



KARI SOCIETY

Kari society is a great deal like most other galactic cultures, with the same systems of leaders and workers, complex hierarchies, and religious structures so common to so many other societies. The base group in Karian society is a "Hatch" which is a family of 20 to 30 Kari. Hatches each have unique personalities; they are the individuals of Kari. All members of a Hatch share a single name.

KARI SONGS

The most important individuals in Kari are the singers. Each Hatch has at least one singer, and the larger or more important Hatches may have hundreds. The singers gather and pass on information from Kari to Kari, and from Hatch to Hatch. They are significantly smarter than the average Kari worker, with intelligence approximately equal to that of a dull-witted human.

The best singers in Kari society are called "bards;" they communicate to Kari all over the planet through the broadcast networks. They and their Hatches comprise the top echelons of the leadership structure, for they directly guide the thought processes of the entire planet.

All Kari, not just the bards, sing to one another constantly. They communicate through a complicated series of clicks and whistles which can carry a huge amount of information each second (the language compares favorably to the beeps and whistles that many droids communicate with). The constant song of the Kari forms the interwoven mental processes of the group brain.

KARI AND OUTWORLDERS

One of the worst insults an individual Kari can utter is a high-pitched screech, which means, "You take up too much room!" When aliens are about, this is a common complaint, for indeed they do take up too much room and don't understand the simple courtesy



of jumping out of the way of large vehicles. Aliens who are holding up traffic often get trampled upon; on this planet you can't sit still, you have got to always be moving.

It is not known whether the Kari really understand the concept of individuals, or whether

they assume that all aliens are actually parts of group minds, like themselves. There is evidence that they think of each species as being one consciousness, as one entity. Some radical alien scholars who have studied the Kari have fashioned a theory of culture which uses that as a base assumption: society is a conscious creature. They have founded a small university on Kari, called the University of Universal Thought. They are currently engaged in an extended and highly-abstract discourse with the Kari group mind, through one of the most respected Hatches.

THE KARI AND THE EMPIRE

Many singers among the Kari, especially those in the ruling Hatches, see the Empire as the group mind of many creatures, though dominated by the sub-unites called human. They view this entity as schizophrenic, and extremely dangerous. In their songs they are beginning to speak of a new concept, "insanity." The songs describe how the Empire Entity is no longer able to communicate with itself properly and is edging toward self-destruction. These Hatches seek to limit all contact with the Empire, fearing contagion with its insanity.

Another group of Hatches, however, holds a very different view. These Kari see all aliens as basically clever animals.

They cannot help but look upon individual beings as inferior to the Kari group mind, and argue that the Kari should learn all they can from these animals, and then assume their rightful place in the galaxy as master of them all. They will happily collaborate with the Empire, knowing that they are superior to it, and, when the time is right, they believe that the Empire can be dealt with. These Hatches

simply cannot believe that a group of individual beings could ever cooperate sufficiently to stop them. (They're wrong, of course; but then they've never seen the entire Imperial Navy in action. If the Kari ever step too far out of line, they'll be squashed like...bugs.)

The conflict between the two factions is irreconcilable, and it is beginning to echo throughout all of Kari society. It is a war of the mind, a battle for the thought-

things as simple as possible, otherwise you could be stuck in the same conversation for months.

THE SPACEPORT

There is an Imperial enclave around the spaceport (which takes up far too much space!), where all the expatriates live and work. It is governed by the Imperial Consular-General, and is guarded and patrolled by 200 stormtroopers, who do not hesitate



processes of the group mind.

Kari interactions with humans are very complicated. To speak with the Kari requires a complicated machine which can process the information from up to eight different songs simultaneously (Kari usually listen to many songs at the same time). In addition, at least 20 members of a Hatch must be gathered together before any difficult concepts can be understood. Once an idea has been explained to them, it is a matter of time, at least hours – and usually days – while the group talks things over under the direction of a singer and gives its response. When you speak with the Kari, you want to keep

to push their weight around. It is virtually impossible to get in or out of the spaceport without being subjected to a rigorous search.

STORY IDEA

The PCs first meet the University of Universal Thought when they are hired to ship some equipment to the top of a building in the city on the far side of the planet (for 500 credits profit). On a later trip, one of the scholars approaches the PCs and tells them that one of the most important Hatches on Kari wants to speak with them.

The PCs are invited to the Hatch's "high-home" which is located atop the towers of Capital City (which



surrounds the spaceport). Once there, the PCs are offered 5,000 credits if they will go to a city on the far side of the planet, travel down to its lowest levels, and eliminate the members of a certain Hatch – it is to be a “surgical procedure, to eliminate a cancer,” as the scholar later tells them. If the player characters refuse to take the job, they will not be allowed to return to their ship. Until they agree to go on the mission, they will be lost in the middle of the city.

Once they agree to the mission, they are assigned two guides and sent on the long subterranean journey to the other Hatch. One guide knows how to guide them to the Hatch-home, and the other knows how to guide them back to their ship from the other Hatch. The PCs need to descend deep into the hostile city, perhaps facing opposition on the way, and, upon reaching the diseased Hatch-home, they must kill a group of Kari who all have painted red marks on their heads.

It is a very strange and eerie experience as the traders probe deeper and deeper into the weirdest and most crowded environment they’ve ever encountered. Eventually the PCs reach their targets, only to discover that there are Imperial agents secretly aiding and directing the Hatch which the PCs are supposed to eliminate.

The Imperials have gained control of a faction of Hatches (who misguidedly agreed to work with the human animals in return for technology, but the entire lead Hatch was ensnared by the Imperials’ brainwashing techniques). The Imperials are using the Hatch to drive the ruling Hatches out of power.

The Hatch is using a song of strength to gain power, a song which exalts in violence and ruthless domination and tells of how the Kari can only succeed in getting off the planet if it emulates the Empire. This song is attracting wide attention throughout the Kari Mind, for it is entirely new to their way of thinking. Large numbers of singers are now singing different verses of the song.

Somehow, the PCs must destroy or free the enslaved Kari, drive out the Imperial spies, and help battle the song which is reverberating through the Kari mind, and even now, is beginning to batter at the ruling Hatches’ consciousness.

MESTRA

Astronavigation Data: Mestra system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 611 days per year/45 hours per day

Government: Corporate controlled

Population: 18,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Asteroids

Major Cities: None

Areas of Interest: None

Major Exports: Minerals

Major Imports: Food, communication devices, minerals

Trade Routes: Luxury items, machinery

Background: The Mestra system, in the Minos Cluster, contained no planets but had one of the most expansive asteroid fields in the galaxy, including the asteroid Jarvis-12. At least some of the asteroids on Mestra hosted mining operations. Though no accurate count had ever been made, it was estimated that there were at least 100 trillion sizable chunks of rock in the system, hundreds of them the size of small moons. The Mestra system had some of the richest deposits of duralium ore, one of the more valuable metals in the galaxy, for it was essential in the construction of hyperdrives.

ANY PORT IN A STORM

The Jarvis 12 spaceport was the only asteroid in the system with any sort of landing beacon or starport. Jarvis-12 also had the only ship repair and refuel services available in the system (for which the charge was an even 200 percent of list price). The Jarvis 12 spaceport consisted of a series of domes and caves on one of the largest asteroids in the system. Jarvis-12 was roughly egg-shaped, and about 400 kilometers across. It was located on the edge of the asteroid belt. All spin had been taken off of the rock, and the spaceport faced directly away from the belt, making it fairly safe from asteroid hits.

MESTRA

The Mestra system contains one of the largest asteroid fields in the galaxy. There are no planets in the system at all; at some time in the past, every one of them was turned into rubble.

The entire area around the Mestra sun is littered with asteroids, some quite large, most as small as dust. Though no accurate count has ever been made, it is estimated that there are at least 100 trillion sizable chunks of rock out there, hundreds of them the size of small moons – and some of those rocks are full of ore. The Mestra system has some of the richest deposits of the duralium ore, one of the more valuable metals in the galaxy, for it is essential in the construction of hyperdrives.

ORIGIN OF MESTRA

It is thought that all the planets that once made up this system (and there would have been a number of them) were blown apart in some ancient war. Whether this is true or not is open to considerable speculation, but the legends of the miners speak of ancient alien artifacts of immense value found in caves on certain asteroids. They call it the “big haul.” Making such a strike is every miner’s dream, especially if the “big haul” were a weapon he could turn on the Minos-Mestra company “police.”

MINOS-MESTRA CORPORATION

Mestra system is controlled and managed by Minos-Mestra, a corporation specializing in mining and large-scale manufacturing. At one time, Minos-Mestra was owned by VernanGroup, a diverse and wealthy megacorporation with holdings across the galaxy. When the economy of the Cluster began to fail after the fall of the Republic, VernanGroup sold its operations here to local investors. Now Minos-Mestra is run purely for short-term profits, and it has become even more harsh and ruthless than it was under VernanGroup.

Most of the miners working the Mestra belt are freelancers in name, but, as Minos-Mestra is the only organization in the system licensed to buy or sell ore, and has a monopoly on most vital goods and services in the system – medicine, food, oxygen, and so forth – the miners are more indentured servants than they are freelancers. Minos-Mestra Corporation owns the Mestra system, in fact if not in law. They patrol it with their own armed ships and control all exports and imports, especially all export of ore.

THE LAW

Minos-Mestra is charged with “maintaining the Emperor’s peace” in the system. It provides the police, the emergency services, and all of the armed forces. The company police do little to prevent claim-jumping, theft, or violence; as long as the company gets the ore, it doesn’t much care what else happens.

In fact, the company police have become some of the worst claim-jumpers in the system, driving off or killing miners who find rich strikes and either working them themselves or selling their location to other unscrupulous (or merely desperate) miners. The best way to describe the Mestra system is to say it’s a weird mixture of prison colony and wild frontier, with the worst aspects of each highlighted.

SMUGGLING

The company’s corruption and regulations lead to a great deal of smuggling in and out of the system; traders can make a fortune bringing in luxury items and even bare necessities for the miners. Basically, they can charge up to double the normal price for an item, and still be well below the price charged at the company store. There’s even more money to be made smuggling out ore. However, smuggling is quite dangerous; unlike even most Imperial Customs officials, the company police tend to shoot suspected smugglers first and never ask any questions.



MINING ORE

The company has a fairly simple system for buying the minerals from the miners: it offers one-fourth the current market value of the ore to the miners, but then subtracts half of that money to cover the processing of the ore.

Since only one in a thousand asteroids has more than trace amounts of the valuable ore, it can be a long time between strikes. Unless his strike is very rich indeed, the miner won't gain much of a reward for his labor – but of course the risk is part of the job. And if he *does* hit the right vein of ore, he'll be rich, even after the company takes its huge cut. Miners are incredible optimists, living from meager strike to meager strike, and always looking for that very long shot.

THE POUNDIES

The company owns a number of immense smelting ships which actually pulverize an asteroid, suck in the debris, and then extract the minerals from the fragments. Groups of “poundies” run these ships for the company; they comprise their own unique subculture in the system. The miners hate the poundies almost as much as they do the police, because of the number of times the poundies have cheated miners out of their fair share of a claim by the simple expedient of crushing an entire asteroid – claim marker and all – without any warning, giving the miner just enough time to get off the asteroid before it is pulverized.

THE SPACEPORT

Only the company headquarters on one of the larger asteroids, Javis 12, has any sort of landing beacon or starport. Javis 12 also has the only ship repair and refuel services available in the system (for which the charge is an even 200% of list price). Despite the outrageous prices they charge, most ships still land at Javis 12 to do their trading, it being illegal to do otherwise.

The Javis 12 spaceport is a series of domes and caves on one of the largest asteroids in the system. Javis 12 is roughly egg-shaped and about 400 kilometers across. It lies on the outskirts of the asteroid belt. All spin has been taken off of the rock and the spaceport faces directly away from the belt, so it is fairly safe from asteroid hits.

Though the company will buy nearly any cargo at the spaceport (for resale to the miners later), it offers very poor prices. The only way to make a decent profit is to purchase a seller's permit from the company (for 500 credits, good for one trip only) and visit one of the numerous “burgs” spread through the trans-orbital belt.

This, of course, means navigating the belt itself, and the only way any sane person would attempt that is to have a pilot who is intimately familiar with the



patterns and streams of rock in the belt. There are many pilots – broke miners for the most part – willing to hire out their services, and for a mere 20 or so credits a day, a pilot can be obtained.

Attempts to go through the asteroid belt without a knowledgeable pilot can be very dangerous; the clouds of dust found in certain areas can do immense damage to a ship's sensors – to say nothing of the damage which could be done by the sudden impact of a rock the size of Jabba's sail barge or larger.

THE HIGH SOCIETY OF MESTRA

There are a number of extremely wealthy people in the Mestra system, mostly miners who have struck it rich and who chose to stay in the belt. Many of them

stay because they still have friends among the prospectors, while a few others have become major shareholders in the company and remain to keep a close eye on their investment. This group of *nouveau riche* has set up a sort of mock high society and import a variety of different luxury goods to live in what they believe to be the style of real “high-class folk.” They aren’t real good at it; they more resemble the rustic hillbillies who get rich and move to the big city than anything else.

Each of the families in this “high society” owns their own private asteroid which has been placed in orbit somewhere near Javis 12. Usually, the miners have built a palace of some sort on the asteroid. These palaces are often extremely ornate and ostentatious, embarrassingly so.

The mining families have adopted many of the traditions of the nobility of the Galactic Core (as shown on popular holos from Adarlon), and they will often host formal-dress balls, coming-out parties, and other sorts of mindless but expensive entertainments. Indeed, parties are the focus of their lives, and if the PCs make the right friends, they will be quickly invited to one. These people are very rich and very bored, and are always looking for something new.

In keeping with their need to spend as much of their money as possible in the shortest amount of time, the rich of Mestra system are quite faddish and any new foodstuff, drug, or shiny trinket is likely to bring a price as high as the demand. It may be possible to trick the ex-miners into a bidding war for a few luxury items (for instance, hand-carved wooden tables from Yelsain), but the traders will have to be careful. These rich folks get bored quickly, so a second load of the same item may not sell at all.

THE MINOS-MESTRA EXECUTIVES

The ex-miners are held in complete contempt by the Minos-Mestra corporate executives, the other wealthy group living on the asteroid. The execs, on assignment here from the main corporate headquarters on Shesharile 5, view the ex-miners as bumpkins, the miners as scum, the traders as crooks, the corporate police as brainless goons, and their present assignment as a choice slice of hell.

THE VIGIL

Some of the older mining families have sent their children to school, on Adarlon or one of the other local systems, and some of these children have returned to Mestra to live. Recently, they have set up a secret organization, called “The Vigil,” to fight the company and the injustices it perpetrates on the miners.

As of yet, it is more of a rich boy’s club than anything else, and the members have done little more than talk. However, this would undoubtedly make an excellent nucleus for a Rebel organization in Mestra system.

STORY IDEA

After a few trips into the system, the traders begin to make contacts with the various citizens of Mestra. One day, a nearly incoherent prospector begs the PCs to help him protect his claim. If they question him, they discover that he has found an artifact on his stake, and he offers them half of everything he makes if they can help him remove it from the asteroid intact, get it out of the Mestra system, and then sell it.

Examination of the artifact reveals that it is an extremely advanced weapon, but one which requires immense amounts of power. Mounted on a ship with powerful enough drives, this weapon could conceivably destroy a Star Destroyer. There are few potential buyers for such a weapon: mega-corporations, the Empire – or the Alliance.

While aiding the prospector, the PCs end up on a processing ship, trying to stop the demolition of the artifact when the “poundies” attempt to steal the entire claim out of hand. If the asteroid is demolished, the weapon will explode and likely devastate a large proportion of the asteroid field.

Once the artifact is recovered, the PCs must get it out of the system and then find a buyer. The Empire is likely to impound the weapon and not give them anything for it; the corporations are likely to try to steal it; the Alliance will pay for it, but they’ll offer much less than they could get from the corporations. Once again, the PCs must balance their greed against their common sense and their honor.

PERGITOR

Astronavigation Data: Pergitor system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 291 days per year/34 hours per day

Government: Authoritarian theocracy

Population: 2,000,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Ash-desert, volcanoes

Major Cities: None

Areas of Interest: None

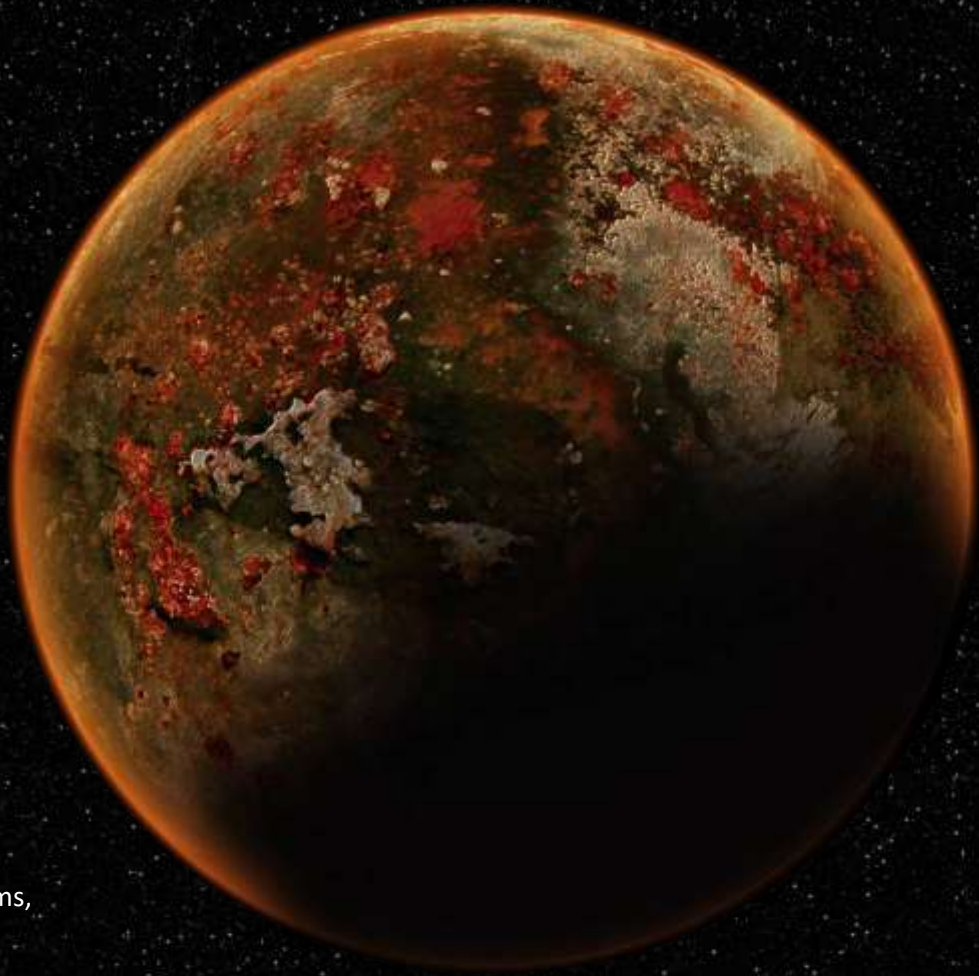
Major Exports: Minerals

Major Imports: Smuggled luxury items, machinery

Trade Routes: Rimma Trade Route

Background: Pergitor was a planet in the Minos Cluster settled by Jesa Corporation miners. Excessive mining resulted in volcanic eruptions that poisoned the atmosphere and destroyed the ecosystem. The inhabitants were forced to retreat to sealed cities.

After having been ruled as a despotism for years, 37 years prior to the Battle of Yavin, a group of young liberals overthrew the government, resulting in a disorganized democracy. However, just before the start of the Clone Wars, the Church of Infinite Perception launched a counter-coup, installing a theocracy. Due to its nebulous affiliation with the Galactic Republic, the Republic could do nothing to stop the bloody revolt.



LITANY OF SINS

Under the control of the Church of Infinite Perception, Pergitor has some of the strictest laws and punishments in the galaxy, including prohibitions against simple luxury goods and medications.

Not only does this result in a strong black market, but the Church itself is one of the largest operators – buying and selling – in that black market. The upper echelons of the church enjoy the creature comforts that they deny the planet's population.

PERGITOR

The world has a semi-toxic atmosphere, though once it was known as a garden planet. Though once it was quite advanced, now it has a decaying economy and a repressive political system – survival and religion are about all most of its populace have time to worry about.

Pergitor itself was once a lush tropical planet, before a deep bore mining project caused an enormous volcanic eruption nearly a century ago. The planet was covered with ash for a number of years and the atmosphere was permanently tainted with pollutants. The resulting scandal and loss of revenue forced the Jesa Corporation, which owned the planet, out of business, leaving the system with a devastated economy. Now the air is unbreathable – gas masks must be worn at all times when outside, and all buildings must be air-tight.

HISTORY

First settled because of the extremely rare mineral deposits found in its volcanic regions, Pergitor quickly



became a thriving mining and manufacturing planet. Established by the Jesa Corporation, the planet was made the corporation's major training and research center. It became the home for a large community of technicians and scientific researchers.


However, Jesa was founded by a woman of extremely rigid moral principles and strange personal beliefs, and most of the company officials came to share those beliefs. Many of the early immigrants were recruited because they were of like mind. At its earliest inception, the planet's population was strongly united by its fundamentalist ideals. Later waves of immigrants were not so religious and did not necessarily join the main sect, but, for the most part, they accepted the laws and traditions of the conservative society they had joined.

For years after the mining accident, Pergitor was a tightly-controlled planet, with little open dissent, because people were more interested in survival than anything else. About 30 years ago, however, the young began to rebel. They experimented with a plethora of synthetic drugs smuggled in from off-planet, they protested against the repressive government, and they watched the holos that had been prohibited since the planet was first settled.

Some of the younger members of the royal family (which is descended from the founder of Jesa Corp) became involved in the movement. A great wave of liberalization came to Pergitor, and for 15 years, its younger citizens reveled in long overdue new freedoms.

But then the backlash came: the once sleepy Church of Infinite Perception gained new power from the disenchanted conservatives who flocked to it. The Church, under the leadership of a man simply called "the Preceptor," staged a revolution, overthrew the liberal government, exiled the royal family, and established a religious fundamentalist state.

Now the days of "liberal decadence" are long gone, and in its place is a rigid, authoritarian, fundamentalist theocracy. It is strongly supported by



the Empire, and in return it is a strong supporter of the Emperor. It is through that by some among the Pergitor Resistance that the Empire masterminded – or at least aided – the revolt against the old regime.

The Church has the constant support of 600 stormtroopers stationed at the starport, who have been used in harsh crackdowns on political demonstrations when the local armed forces were perhaps reluctant to fire upon their own people. In return for these services, the local government allows the Empire to recruit heavily from the youth of Pergitor for the Imperial Navy.

THE CHURCH AND INFIDELS

The Church has some very firm and harsh laws, and every time a ship lands, an envoy reads to its crew a list of “state crimes.” It is possible, and fairly common, for any violation of a state crime to be punished with summary execution. This is a dangerous world

Here is a paraphrase of the list that is read to each arriving crew:

1. The use of any drugs or artificial stimulants, including any and all forms of medication is strictly forbidden.
2. It is illegal to exhibit or use any sort of paranormal ability (e.g. the Force).
3. No public entertainment is permitted – this includes any sort of singing, holos, or telling jokes (people have been arrested for laughing in public).
4. It is forbidden to import any sort of luxury good, including jewelry or precious metals. (They are therefore in high demand on the black market.)
5. Sacrilege of any kind against the Church of Infinite Perception is a capital offense.

The Church has its own inspectors, and after the Imperial inspector is done, they will search the ship as well. Objects frequently get stolen or damaged during such inspections. The Church controls everything, and through the group “confessions” which everyone on the planet is required to attend each week, they learn almost everything that goes on. It is almost impossible to keep a secret on this misbegotten planet.

TRADE ON PERGITOR

The merchants of Pergitor are a peculiar lot, and insist upon making the final arrangements for trade agreements at their own homes over the late afternoon meal. This will give the traders a first-hand look at the merchants' strange religious rituals and customs. If the PCs wish to establish any kind of lucrative trade with this planet, they will have to either develop a close relationship with the government, or find a contact in the enormous but highly-secretive black market. Working through normal channels will yield only tiny profit margins.

Surprisingly, the Church itself is one of the largest operators in the black market. It organizes regular secret shipments of certain luxury goods, which are then distributed to the various temples. The Church hierarchy has become decadent and does not abide by its own harsh restrictions. This is not yet public knowledge and it would greatly weaken the Church if it became known.

STORY IDEA

Through one of the merchants they deal with, the PCs come in contact with members of the Pergitor Resistance. They were the leaders of the liberalization movement of 30 years past, but are now in hiding. The Resistance asks the PCs to get involved in the black market network, which can give them immense profits but will be very risky.

After several trips, the Resistance also asks the PCs to smuggle in weapons so that an attempt at a revolt finally can be made. (If the revolt is to succeed, however, the Imperial troops must be dealt with, and perhaps that is something the PCs can also help with later on.)

While they are engaged in preliminary discussions with the Resistance, the PCs are introduced by another merchant friend to one of the procurement agents for the Church. After a great deal of obscure references and side-stepping of questions, the traders realize that he is asking them to smuggle in luxuries for the Church officials, and will arrange that their ship is never searched by local customs



officials (though he still can't do much about the Imperials). With luck, the traders can become involved in smuggling for both the Church and the Resistance at the same time.

The PCs are in a very lucrative position here, for they are well paid for the materials they import for the Church, and since their ship is never searched, they can freely smuggle in things for the Resistance as well.

QUOCKRA-4

Astronavigation Data: Quockra system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 402 days per year/31 hours per day

Government: None

Population: 10,000,000 (droids)

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Flat featureless deserts

Major Cities: None

Areas of Interest: None

Major Exports: High technology, large machinery

Major Imports: Droids

Background: Quockra-4 was a desert world, flat without much differentiation of terrain. It never rained and there weren't any oceans, though there were several extremely large salt flats. It would become hot during the midday hours, making it dangerous for unprotected Humans. At night the temperature was cold, and protective clothing was required. There was only one city, located near the spaceport. It was built largely underground to escape the extremes of temperature. This world was assumed by the galaxy to be populated entirely by droids of a thousand different varieties. Many of the droids were of Imperial manufacture, but some were of unknown design.



BEHIND THE DROIDS

Their presence unknown to the galaxy at large, the native Quockrans use the droids that are believed to make up the planet's population to deal with offworlders so they don't have to. The odds of encountering a Quockran are astronomically long, as they will do anything they can to avoid contact with aliens. Given the depths of their xenophobia, any encounters with them directly could be quite dangerous.



QUOCKRA-4

This is a desert world, flat without much differentiation of terrain. It never rains and there are no oceans, though there are several extremely large salt flats. It can get extremely hot during the midday hours, making it dangerous for unprotected humans. At night it gets very cold, and protective clothing is required. There is only one city, located near the spaceport. It is built largely underground, to escape the extremes of temperature.

This world is populated entirely (or so most people think) by droids of a thousand different varieties. Many of the droids are of Imperial manufacture, but some are of unknown design. Some of the Imperial models can speak with the PCs, but

will not be able to tell them much about the world except that they really don't like it much.

"Why certainly sir, I'd be glad to help, but I must tell you that I really don't know very much about this place. You see, we're all droids here."

THE ALIEN DROIDS

The alien droids appear to be in charge here. They do not speak any recognizable verbal language, but can communicate through the beeps and whistles of machine language. They do not discuss their origin with anyone.



There is apparently a hierarch within the droid community, but it is a very confusing system. In general, the yellow repair droids with three arms seem to give the most orders, the red worker droids are in the middle, and the Imperial droids are on the bottom. The yellow alien droids conduct the trade, using Imperial droids as interpreters.

THE NATIVES

Though most people do not realize it, there are living creatures on Quockra-4. These creatures are native to this desert planet, though they evolved when it was much more moist. Living deep under the ground, they come to the surface only at night (for they loath contact with aliens) and conduct all of their affairs through the alien droids, who in fact are their servants. The Quockrans are enormous black-skinned creatures. Something akin to giant intelligent slugs, they are one of the strangest alien species to be found in the galaxy. The Quockrans may give quite a shock to visitors who are given to midnight strolls, when they emerge from their tunnels to loll about in the cool desert sands.

THE QUOCKRANS

The Quockrans are a slug-like species. They live beneath the surface of Quockra-4, emerging only at night. They dislike contact with aliens and will avoid it if at all possible. They are completely indifferent to the affairs of the galaxy, and will not, in any imaginable circumstances, get involved in alien politics (such as the Rebellion).

The Quockrans built the droids to deal with the aliens so they wouldn't have to. If somehow cornered and made to communicate with aliens (by being captured and put aboard a ship, for instance), the Quockran will be quite surly and uncooperative. Their most basic desire is to be left alone.

QUOCKRAN [RIVAL]

| | | | | | |
|-----------|---------|-------------|---------|--------------------|----------|
| 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| SOAK | AGILITY | INTELLECT | CUNNING | WILLPOWER | PRESENCE |
| SOAK 6 | | WOUND 12 | | DEFENSE 0 0 | |
| | | | | HANGOVER MULLER | |

Skills: Coercion 1, Mechanics 4, Perception 2

Talents: Droid Commander, Supreme Speaks Binary 3

Special Abilities: Internal Organs (Quockrans have no differentiated internal organs, which increases Soak by 4 – already reflected in stats). Xenophobia (add bb to all Social checks targeting the Quockran).



STORY IDEA

A researcher from one of the systems near the Galactic Core is attempting to discover the “real natives of Quockra-4.” He offers to pay the traders up to 3,000 credits for information leading to the builders of the alien droids.

This will probably require a trip into the tunnels beneath the planet, and all kinds of amusing run-ins with single-minded droids who either ignore them, command them to leave, or simply attack.

Once they do discover the Quockrans, they’ll be further stymied by their non-communicativeness. They’ll have to be incredibly pushy and obnoxious to get anything out of the slugs.





SHESHARILE 5

Astronavigation Data: Sheharile system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 377 days per year/26 hours per day

Government: Democracy (controlled by organized crime)

Population: 12,000,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Urban

Major Cities: Gallisport

Areas of Interest: None

Major Exports: Munitions, illegal spice

Major Imports: Food, illegal spice, luxury items

Background: Shesharile 5 was a moon of a gas giant in the Shesharile system, located in the Minos Cluster. Its government employed the Legally Authorized Law Authorities, a private law enforcement agency headquartered in Gallisport, the moon's crowded and run-down industrial capital city. Dutan Mining Supply Exports was also based there.



SHESHARILE 6

Astronavigation Data: Sheharile system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 377 days per year/26 hours per day

Government: Democracy (controlled by organized crime)

Population: 12,000,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Moon-wide garbage dump

Major Cities: None

Areas of Interest: None

Major Exports: None

Major Imports: None

Background: Shesharile 6 was a moon-wide garbage dump. The entire moon would become almost unbearable due to the smell produced by the first spring heat activating the bacteria in the underground waste-sinks.

SHESHARILE 5 & 6

This system has two populated moons circling the same gas giant, both ruled by the same system-wide government. They are commonly known as the Twin Planets throughout the Cluster. Heavily-settled, both moons are thickly overlaid with industry. Never being terribly high-tech, the twin planets have been increasingly left behind in recent years. Industry is becoming quite outdated by galactic standards, though the cheap cost of labor offsets this somewhat.

On both moons, it is impossible to escape the filth and the pollution – these are garbage planets. There are resorts on Shesharile 5 for the very rich, but even there things are very dirty by galactic standards. In their headlong pursuit of wealth, the people of Shesharile system have ruined the environment of their world, but they have become so accustomed to filth that no one notices it any more.

THE DECLINE OF SHESHARILE

When the PCs first visit Shesharile, it is a thriving commercial and industrial system – people have money to spend, and the whole planet is a hive of life and activity. Only later, after the PCs have visited it several times, do they notice its fall into decline. This decline is a direct result of the Imperial pullout and Shesharile's loss of the military contacts (the Empire is spending much of its money on the new Death Star, not on conventional weaponry, and certainly not on industry in the Minos Cluster). The Rebellion could certainly benefit from

having a defunct munitions plant on Shesharile begin production for it, but under present conditions that would be impossible.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

When the economy of this planet becomes stagnant, it slides into the worst depression the Cluster has ever seen. The PCs will likely be taken by surprise by this change (unless they actively keep up with economic news), and they could lose their shirts on the cargo they are carrying; it could become instantly worthless and they might not be able to get enough on it to pay their port fees (this is an excellent opportunity for the GM to relieve the traders of excess credits).

Many system economists are concerned that this depression could spread to other planets, but since most of its exports were to the Imperial military, this is unlikely. Things look very poor for Shesharile, however. The natives are in shock, and local organized crime has begun to take control of the cities.



The spiral of inflation is terrible. Prices are doubling virtually every day, and Shesharile credits are now worth about one-fiftieth of their face value. Many merchants insist upon being paid in Imperial credits or precious metals.

THE GANGS

The streets of Shesharile 5 are now ruled by its gangs, who are paid by the various city governments to keep law and order, and who, in many cases, actually control the city government. The largest city on Shesharile 6 is completely ruled by the leader of its organized crime, Yerkys ne Dago (see page 77), who brooks no interference from anyone.

SPICE SMUGGLING

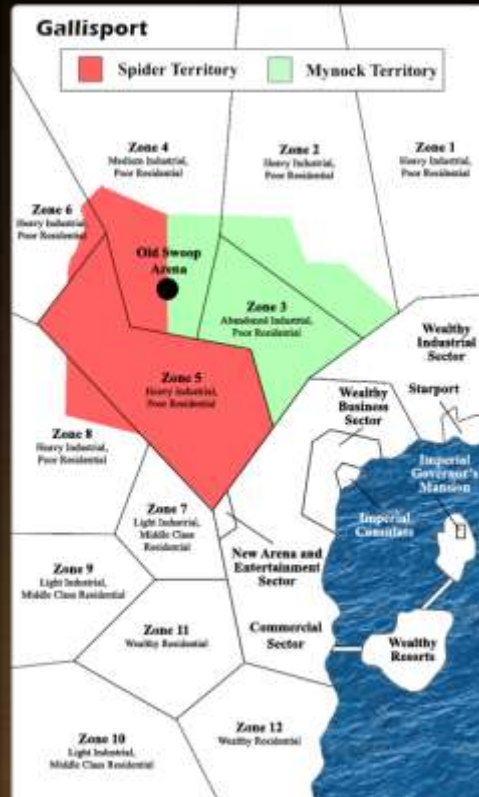
A major problem for the Twin Planets are different varieties of narco-spice, which are quite popular on Travnin ad Adarlon, as well as on Shesharile 5 itself. Though produced by the underworld, they have still become a leading export, and the player characters are bound to run into the spicerunners after spending any time on the planet.

THE SPACEPORT

The spaceport has an extremely tough customs area, and it is run entirely by local officials. An arriving trader must bribe these officials to be let through quickly, otherwise it could take weeks or even months. Most traders also bribe the laborers to unload quickly, and the truckers to carry the loads quickly, and so forth.

The planet is corrupt, and it can get very expensive if you are in any kind of a hurry. However, even with a failing economy, there are credits to be made. A trader merely needs to know where to look.

Gallisport is the capital city of Shesharile 5. Large portions of the city have fallen into complete lawlessness, under the control of warring swoop gangs, the Spiders and the Mynocks. At the center of their turf war is the city's old swoop racing track. Visitors are advised to avoid these areas at all costs.



STORY IDEA

After the economic collapse, a group of poor people come to the PCs with a request to be transported to Mestra system where they hope to become asteroid miners. They can pay with their family heirlooms: jewelry and such. The PCs much switch over their ship so the cargo hold can contain people. Do the PC's get greedy and try to pack too many in?

At some point in the journey, there might be an attempted mutiny. Near the end of the journey, they see a rat-trap ship, one that can hardly fly, being attacked by pirates. The other ship is also full of immigrants, people trying to escape Shesharile, and they are being victimized by the pirates.

What do the PCs do?



TRAVNIN

Astronavigation Data: Travnin system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 325 days per year/26 hours per day

Government: Imperial governor

Population: 140,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Mountains, desert

Major Cities: Travnin Spaceport

Areas of Interest: The Grand Design

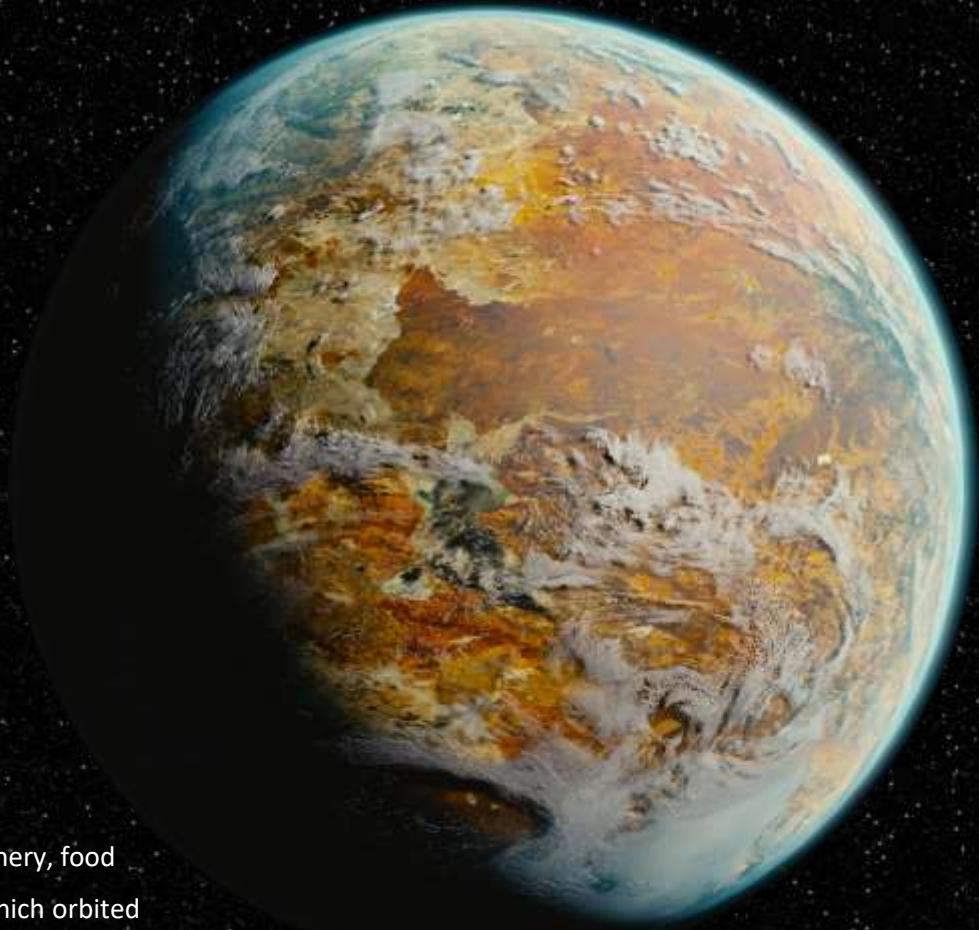
Major Exports: Minerals

Major Imports: Luxury items, machinery, food

Background: Travnin was a moon which orbited a gas giant in the double-star Travnin system. It was the sector capital of the Minos Cluster, covered in deserts and mountains with intense winds. The main settlement was Travnin Spaceport.

It was the location of a Sector Interdiction office as well as the headquarters of Delgad the smuggler. The local underworld was controlled by Tecknel Shnick. Its spaceport contained The Grand Design. The Empire built a swoop racing arena on Travnin, but it fell apart. When the Empire withdrew, the moon's economy plummeted.

It was the closest, coreward, of the Minos Cluster's inhabited worlds.



ONE STOP

Despite being the center of Imperial control in the Minos Cluster, Travnin has only one settlement, an extension of the spaceport. Because of this concentration of the population, anything can be found in the spaceport, legal and illegal. Despite this concentration of the population, information about the reclusive Moff of the Cluster remains scarce, as he leads a reclusive life on Travnin.

TRAVNIN

This desolate, wind-swept moon circles a gas giant which is the only planet in its double-star system. The terrain is extremely rugged and nearly barren of life. There is only one city of any note on the planet, and that is centered around the starport. There are also a number of towns along the small ocean some 300 kilometers away.

Travnin is the location of the regional offices of the Empire for this Cluster. This is where the headquarters for Imperial Fleet of the Cluster is located, and where the reclusive Moff for the Cluster lives.

The planet has been in dire straits ever since the Empire began to reduce its presence in the Cluster. More and more people have lost their jobs, and now nearly one-third of the population is no longer employed.

THE NATIVES

The humans who inhabit this planet are here only because of the Imperial base, and were brought in long ago to manage galactic affairs in the Cluster. Almost everyone here works for the Empire in one way or another, many of them serving as clerks, stevedores, navy personnel, entertainers, and so forth. The vast majority of Imperial officials in Minos Cluster come from Travnin, and the natives of this planet are nearly universally disliked across the Cluster.

Corrupt and servile to their superiors, these people are terrified of the Empire which they serve. Many of them suspect that they have “sold their souls” to a force of evil, but they believe that they have no choice but to continue to serve the Empire. Though they may realize the extent of the evil they do for the Empire, and aof the corruption and decay which accompany it, they are too fearful for their own lives and livelihoods to do anything about it.

THE ARENA

A decade ago, the Empire built a swoop racing arena to entertain the populace, as part of a program to raise the morale of the Imperial workers. However,

because of the flimsy materials used in its construction (a result of Imperial corruption), it collapsed during the opening ceremonies. Not it is in ruins.

In the substantial network of tunnels that wind through and below it, much of the underworld of the planet resides. If you want to buy or sell anything illegal, or want to get anything shady done, you have to go to the “arena” and take your chances in its dark and dangerous maze.

THE GRAND DESIGN

The spacers’ bar is located just a short distance from the spaceport. Called “The Grand Design,” it is rather famous for its original décor. The entire bar, built in a circular building, revolves – not only the building itself, but everything inside, as well. Individual booths and tables, holo screens, and even the drink glasses twist in circles, as do certain chairs (which the regulars know enough to avoid). The bar resembles nothing less than a complicated version of an amusement park ride. No one but spacer folk are welcome in here, and it is a great place to openly trade and gain information.

STORY IDEA

There are five light freighters, all at the spaceport, and their crews meet each other at the Grand Design. There they get into bragging and insult contests and generally have a good time carousing and trading information. Then a local merchant makes a “secret” proposal to each of them in private. He sells each of them the same cargo: a load full of exotic fruit bound for Mestra.

The PCs get a full load at a cheap price, and through the work of some of the merchant’s accomplices, get conned into thinking it’s great cargo. However, when they take off from Travnin, the other ships follow them. Subspace chatter reveals that they are all carrying the same cargo, and the traders’ experience tells them that whoever gets to Mestra first will get the best price. It becomes a race to the finish, winner take all.

YELSAIN

Astronavigation Data: Yelsain system, Minos Cluster, Outer Rim (The Slice)

Orbital Metrics: 249 days per year/24 hours per day

Government: Anarchist democracy

Population: 4,500,000,000

Languages: Basic

Terrain: Forests, mountains

Major Cities: Tradetown

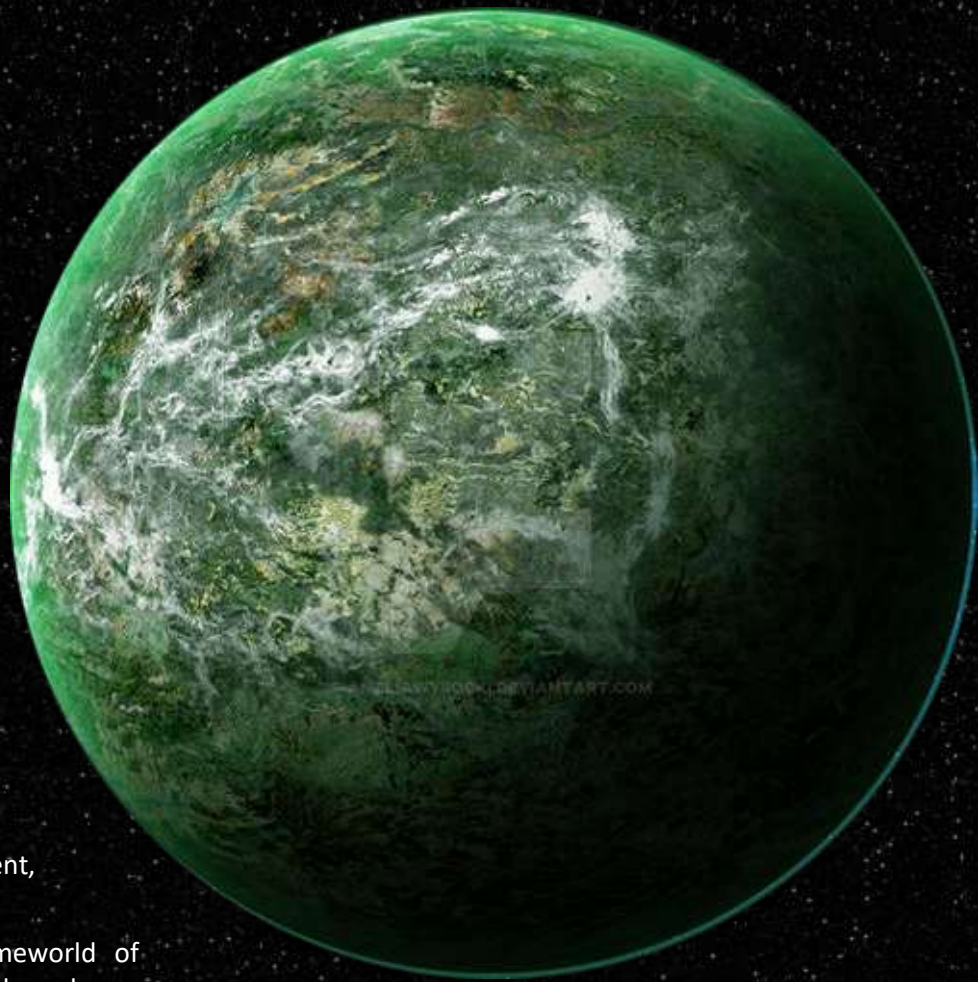
Areas of Interest: None

Major Exports: Wood

Major Imports: Mechanical equipment, electronics

Background: Yelsain was the homeworld of many Jedi. It was a forest planet, and was home to massive trees, some as tall as 400 meters. The atmosphere was high in oxygen, so offworlders tended to become dizzy at first, particularly when they exerted themselves. However, they did not get as winded as they normally would. The high oxygen content also helped create the spectacular weather for which Yelsain was famous, with immense thunderstorms practically a nightly affair. The animals which inhabited Yelsain were large, averaging twice the size of a Human, and the carnivores were dangerous. The two most dangerous creatures were the trogliths and the garaths.

Under the Empire, the population suffered systematic denial of basic rights.



LIFE IN THE TREETOPS

While the citizens of Yelsain enjoy a simple life, they are not ignorant of all the galaxy can provide and are, in fact, among the most educated people in the galaxy. Their universities are second to none. They revere nature, and some have even been known to believe that the trees' life forces can "speak" to them, and some of the best woodworkers on the planet claim that the wood itself guides them in design and construction of objects made from Yelsain wood.

YELSAIN

Yelsain is a very large planet, but has lower than average gravity because of the absence of heavy metals. Almost no metal can be found anywhere on Yelsain, both because of the composition of the planet's crust and because of the peculiar values of the inhabitants, who restrict its import. Almost all the settlers live in the northern continent, for the southern islands are plagued by both tremendous hurricanes and dangerous wildlife.

Yelsain is a forest planet, and it sports some truly immense trees, some as tall as 400 meters. The atmosphere is high in oxygen, so visitors tend to get dizzy at first, particularly when they exert themselves. However, by the same token, they do not get as winded as they normally would. The high oxygen content also helps create the spectacular weather Yelsain is so famous for, with immense thunderstorms practically a nightly affair.

The animals which inhabit Yelsain are extremely large, averaging twice human size, and the carnivores are very dangerous. The two most dangerous creatures are the trogliths and the garaths, as practically everyone in the galaxy knows from holos which have been made about this planet.

THE POPULATION

By galactic standards, Yelsain is very rural and backwards – the settlers (as they call themselves) actually till their fields with animals pulling wood and metal plows. Yet, at the same time, the settlers make use of high tech items, including communicators, air-cars, and advanced medical techniques, and they are among the most educated people in the Cluster.

Yelsain's schools of higher learning are second to none. Almost everyone on the planet has advanced training in a specialized field, and people come here from off-planet to go to one of the many prestigious

universities of Yelsain. The inhabitants of this planet are a rustic and backwards people because they want to be, not because they have to be.

Visitors quickly learn to be polite on Yelsain, for virtually everyone carries a weapon of some kind, and duels are common.

THE TREE DWELLERS

Most people live high off the ground, in houses in the gigantic trees, to avoid the dangerous ground life. Most communities are built



high in the forests as well, with extensive wood and rope pathways adjoining the intertwined branches. Even the universities are up in the trees. There are few towns and no cities on Yelsain; most folk are farmers who raise or hunt for their own food.

Yelsain was settled by colonists from Adarlon who got fed up with the opulence of that place and wanted to escape what they saw as the poisons of technology and the chaos of city life. They rejected the easy life on Adarlon because they thought it was

making them decadent, and they wanted to recover their natural past.

Yelsain's close connection with Adarlon has served to make it a favorite topic for the holo industry. The early settlers' skirmishes with the trogliths and the garaths and stories about the brash, outgoing Yelsain tree-rangers are well-loved across the galaxy. The people of Yelsain hate this popularity and one of the most dangerous things a visitor can do on this planet to ask a settler where the tree-rangers are.

Almost every tool or device to be found on this planet is constructed from some kind of wood, and the settlers have an almost religious reverence for it. Wood is everything to them, and metal and plastic are avoided like the plague, except when absolutely necessary. Even the air speeders are constructed of wood as much as possible. Nature is revered on Yelsain, and technology is despised.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The government of Yelsain can only be considered anarchistic democracy, for its constitution allows for no taxation or paid government officials. Essentially, government itself is forbidden by law. Despite the absence of organized government, the planet is largely free of crime, mostly because the settlers ensure that justice is carried out in their neighborhoods. Offworlders who break a law are brought to the attention of one of the "meetin's," a drumhead court composed of settlers who are all armed, dangerous, and "rarin'" for a showdown.

The worst crimes on Yelsain are murder (not including fair fights), rape, armed assault, pollution, and theft – in that order.

The people of Yelsain look very unfavorably on offworlders despoiling their planet, and they are very eager to punish those who pollute the environment. Punishments range from beatings to one year's hard labor on someone's farm to banishment on one of the thunder islands in the south seas, alone and without weapons (a virtual death sentence). Despite the romantic portrayal of these vigilante courts in the holos, the justice they dispense can only be described as harsh and somewhat brutal – though effective.

THE SPACEPORT

The small settlement around the spaceport – mostly made up of offworlders – is the only town of any size on the planet. Named Tradetown, it is the commercial hub of the planet, and for all of that, it's usually a very quiet place.

The people of Yelsain avoid purchasing items from off-planet except for goods which cannot be manufactured here, mainly the aforementioned metal and electronic devices. Their largest single import is repulsoircraft and speeder bikes, the primary form of transportation on the planet.

When trading with the people of Yelsain, it is critical to remember that duty and honor are vitally important to a Yelsain. Their word can always be trusted, and they absolutely expect the same from others. They're not stupid, either; if anyone attempts to cheat them, blood is almost sure to be spilled.

THE MOOT

Once every year, for a week's time, a grand moot is held in a huge open field a few hundred kilometers north of Tradetown. Merchants from all over the Cluster are invited to land their ships there and trade goods with the settlers. Almost half of the world's population attends this huge gathering, and much drinking, singing, fighting, boasting, gambling, carousing, hunting, trading, and spouse-seeking goes on. It is a prime opportunity for a free trader, and if he is carrying the right cargo, he could make a fortune. (Tyrellian ale ran a little dry by the end of the last moot and was selling for 200 credits a barrel.)

YELSAIN AND THE EMPIRE

Up to a few years ago, the young men and women of Yelsain used to volunteer to join the Republic Navy in huge numbers. It was considered a way to sow wild oats and repay the Republic for helping found the colony and keeping the peace ever since. Those days are long gone, however. These days, Yelsain is vehemently anti-Imperial; hatred for the Empire and the Emperor is as open as it is widespread – the settlers fear nothing. Many Jedi were recruited from Yelsain, and there are said to be people still living

deep in the forests who have some small knowledge of the Force.

Yelsain is technically under direct Imperial governance because of its refusal to pay any taxes. The Empire doesn't bother trying to force the tax-dodgers to pay up, however; instead it simply imposes a 20% tax on all incoming and outgoing trade products. This doesn't net them twice as much as the standard Imperial tax would, but, after a few aborted experiments, it was discovered to be far more cost-effective than sending troops into the woods after well-armed and hostile humans without a trace of fear in them.

There have been some attempts to curb the famous anti-Imperial rhetoric of the Yeslainians, but to no avail. If they can't force the locals to pay taxes, they certainly can't force them to shut up. The right to free speech and free movement are central to the beliefs of the settlers, and they will fight to protect them. They are renowned as great warriors, and would be an excellent addition to the Rebellion.

STORY IDEA

A rare type of wild animal once thought extinct, has been seen on one of the southern islands. A zoologist

from Adarlon living at Tradetown hires the ship and its crew to help her obtain the beast and then to transport it back to the zoo on Adarlon. She gives them 1,000 credits right away, and if they succeed, they will get 8,000 more. Though she has an Imperial permit from the Imperial governor at Tradetown, the locals would be very incensed by the nature of this venture if they were to learn of it.

Unfortunately, as the player characters are about to take off for the southern isles, word of what they are doing and where they are going leak (try to make it the PCs' fault) and they are pursued by nearly 100 young settlers on speeder bikes who are willing to go to the ends of Yelsain to stop them. Do the PCs go through with it, or do they give up in the face of such dedicated opposition?

The settlers will try to teach them their attitudes about the environment when and if they catch them, and if the PCs start to see things their way, then they will have made some firm and fast friends. But if they push through to the end to get the money, they will have made some volatile enemies, and had better avoid Yelsain in the future (which could be interesting later on in the campaign, when Yelsain becomes important to the Rebellion).







PEOPLE AND SHIPS OF THE CLUSTER

“Hey, I don’t have the money yet, but I’ve got this simple little spice run to Quockra....”

-tramp freighter captain

All types of people are drawn to life in the Minos Cluster...willingly or unwillingly. From Imperial personnel being shuffled out of the way, to those born there who can’t escape, to those taking advantage of the relative lack of authority, to those just looking to make a living, they all have one thing in common: a desire to survive.

Surviving in the Cluster takes a certain strength of spirit, and the tools to operate better than the competition. Certain personalities push their way to the forefront of activity in the Cluster – for better or for worse. They are the ones that many prominent

developments orbit. Some may not seem like much. Some may, in fact, seem repugnant. But all of them can be seen as emblematic of the unique nature of Minos.

Welcome to their worlds. Knowing them means knowing how to survive.

CITIZENS OF THE CLUSTER

AXTOR BRIDGEMAN

Axtor is an older human. His hair has been graying for the last 20 years, so the only signs that he's aging are the lines in his face. Axtor has the large, strong hands of a mechanic. Axtor simply wishes to pay off his debt to the Twi'lek loan shark, Yerys ne Dago. While he has been able to cover the interest charges, a sizeable loan is still outstanding.

Axtor's first contact with live aboard a freighter came when a ship owner named Bridgeman offered his father a position on a vessel in return for his excellent repair work. Axtor's father accepted immediately, and soon found himself advancing through the ranks. Later, Axtor was given the opportunity to accompany his father on a trip, and that brief experience of life among the stars sold Axtor on that livelihood.

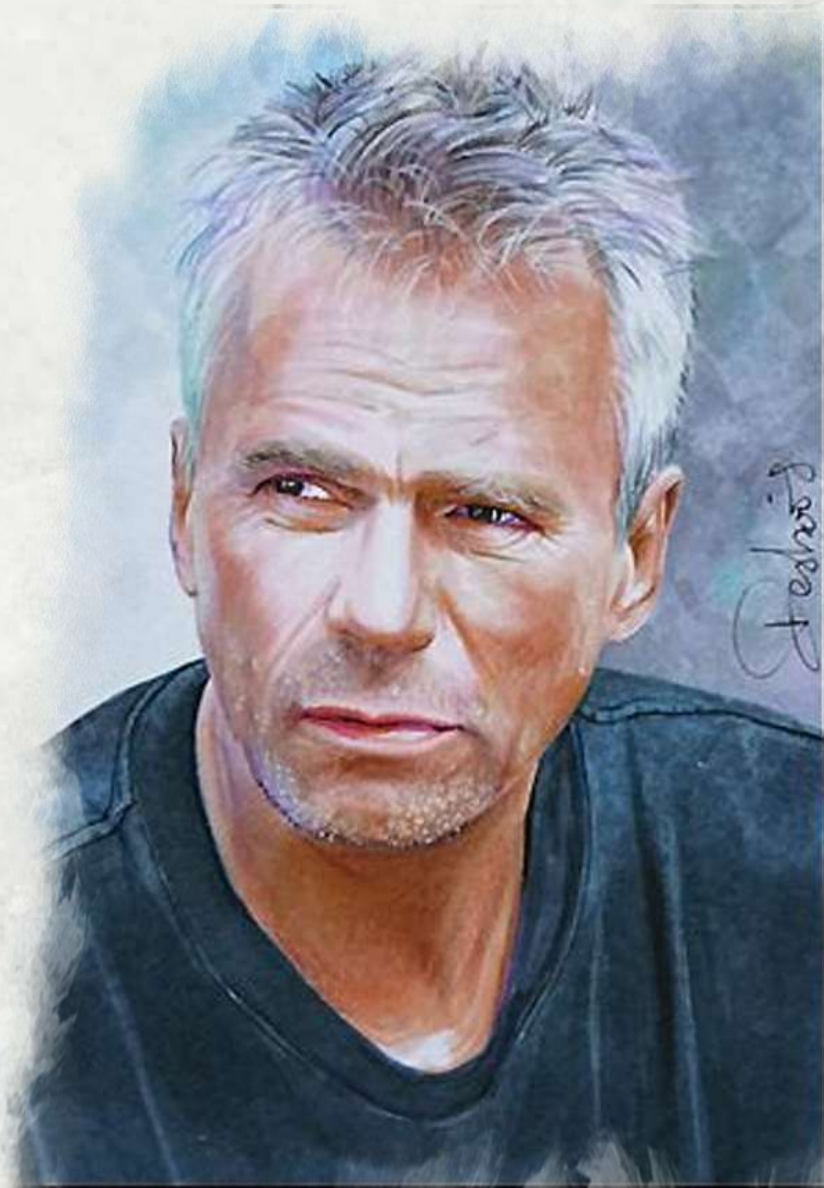
Axtor, however, did not desire to work for a large corporation and sell his freedom for a salary. He wanted the kind of freedom which the galaxy can only offer an independent man. He gambled and borrowed from a loan shark to buy his own stock light freighter, the *Dynasty*. His luck runs either very hot or frigidly cold, but overall he has been unable to dent the original loan.

Axtor is an easy-going man, one not given to following rules and regulations. He has accepted his odd streaks of bad luck and good luck, and seems to enjoy both equally. ("Yeah, I'll sell for that price if it's the best you offer. I'll find some way to recover the lost money and meet my interest payment.") If he somehow became wealthy, he might be tempted to quit the freight business. But that would send him to the grave years earlier than his life among the stars would, and he knows it.

AXTOR BRIDGEMAN [NEMESIS]



Skills: Astrogation 3, Brawl 1, Computers 3, Deception 4, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Leadership 4, Mechanics 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 3, Xenology 1
Talents: Adversary 1, Dodge 3, Improved Full Throttle
Abilities: I'll Find a Way (add 1 to Axtor's Negotiation checks equal to opponent's ranks in Negotiation).
Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), flight uniform (Soak 1), datapad, the *Dynasty*.



CHORDAK

Chordak is a Rodian pilot. His tapir-like snout is a bit longer than normal and his skin is perhaps a shade darker because he spends so little time in sunlight, but he is average in most respects. Chordak has command of one of the fastest ships in the Minos Cluster, the *Oo-Ta Goo-Ta*, and he wishes to carry on his trade practices, but hopes to catch the attention of the Empire so he will be trusted with more valuable cargo (Imperial diplomats, messengers, the regular run to the prison on Gesaril, etc.).

Chordak grew up on Rodia, and was bred to the Rodian lifestyle and philosophy. However, he had little taste for killing for the sake of killing, something most Rodians accept as normal. Unable to ignore his questionable Rodian tendencies completely, he didn't mind putting his deadly abilities to work in another trade. With the small ship *Oo-Ta Goo-Ta* at his disposal, Chordak took to the trading lanes. Sometimes unwilling to play completely by the rules, Chordak plays the pirate and steals from other tramp freighters. His normal tactic is to use his superb demolition skills to rig the target ship with explosives and follow it through hyperspace until they reach a remote location. He then triggers the bomb and cripples the target.


Though Chordak is a bit more cultured than most Rodians, he has not lost all his Rodian tendencies and will not hesitate to use violence. He is a dangerous opponent because he is tenacious when pursuing a goal.

CHORDAK [NEMESIS]

| | | | | | |
|-------|---------|-----------|---------|-----------|----------|
| 2 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| BRAWN | AGILITY | INTELLECT | CUNNING | WILLPOWER | PRESENCE |
| SOAK | WOUND | STRAIN | DEFENSE | | |
| 2 | 14 | 12 | 0 | 0 | |
| | | | RANGED | MELEE | |

Skills: Astrogation 2, Brawl 2, Computers 2, Gunnery 2, Mechanics 1, Negotiation 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 3, Skulduggery 2, Stealth 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Improved Dodge 3, Keen Eyed 2

Special Abilities: Going Somewhere? (add  to Mechanics checks to set explosives to disable competitors' freighters).

Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), four frag grenades (Ranged [Light]; Damage 8; Critical 4; Blast 6; Limited Ammo 1), the *Oo-Ta Goo-Ta*



EMIEL SKOFF

Emiel is an aging human male historian. He is always dissheveled (scraps of paper are tucked in every pocket) and he only rarely takes the time to groom himself properly.

Using proof from past history, Emiel hopes to show that despite less technology and fewer resources, the Rebellion can defeat the Empire. Emiel had been a respected educator at Darakin University, known for carrying his researches beyond what was needed to teach his courses. When the Empire assumed control of the curriculum, he packed his bags and left to continue his studies. He now searches for the means by which the Rebellion can defeat the Empire and restore order to the galaxy.

His studies have demonstrated that even the most heavily outnumbered forces can prevail. He has learned of a planet in the Gesaril system which the Empire has declared off-limits. Emiel is certain there is information there which could help the Rebellion

Though tough-minded, Emiel is nevertheless a naïve intellectual alone in a dangerous galaxy. He enjoys being busy and immerses himself in research. ("Assuming my translation is accurate, this ancient text from the planet Forntay relates how the primitive inhabitants rose up and defeated superior oppressors. Sadly, the natives are now extinct.")

EMIEL SKOFF [RIVAL]



Skills: Astrogation 2, Computers 2, Knowledge (Lore) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 4, Negotiation 3, Perception 4, Ranged (Light) 2, Streetwise 3

Talents: Know-It-All

Special Abilities: Immersed in Research (add b to social checks).

Equipment: Holdout Blaster (Ranged [Light]; Damage 5; Critical 4; Range [Short]; Stun Setting), ink stylus and hard-copy notepad.



KORKEAL HAI

Korkeal is a human female with a slender build. She combats her failing eyesight with a pair of plosspecs rather than with medication. Korkeal Hai loves to modify her ship, the Riff-Raff, so that “it is the best light freighter in the galaxy.” (Which is a somewhat dubious label.)

Korkeal spent her formative years in the Shesharile system constructing a light freighter from spare parts. Unable to handle all of the finer technological points herself, Korkeal used a large chunk of her earnings to import an old high-grade computer (a relic of the Clone Wars) which assisted in the construction effort by offering advice.

The ship was completed a few years ago, but Korkeal didn’t leave the computer behind. It is installed in the ship now and constantly nags the poor woman about the disarray on board.

Korkeal is hyper-kinetic and never tires of trying new combinations of parts or going through the piles of machinery strewn about her ship. (“No, I wo

n’t throw away my Torshkin M-2 intergyrons. I’ll figure out some way to use them to make this ship even better! What do you mean, ‘Better than what?’ Izzat some kind of crack?”

KORKEAL HAI [NEMESIS]



Skills: Astrogation 2, Computers 3, Gunnery 2, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Mechanics 4, Negotiation 3, Perception 1, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Piloting (Space) 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Contraption, Gearhead 3, Natural Tinkerer, Redundant systems

Special Abilities: Box of Scraps (once per session, spend 1 Destiny point to have a component necessary for a Mechanics check).

Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), datapad, tool kit, the Riff-Raff



PORGO GOO

Porgo Goo, a native of Chortose, is short, plump, and furry. He loves above all to fix whatever needs fixing.

Porgo Goo and his brothers discovered a latent talent for engineering and starship repair at an early age. They all possess a strange, intuitive understanding of the workings of technological devices. They don't have the education to understand the theory behind the devices, but they still seem to be able to figure a way to make them work.

Together with his brothers, Porgo runs a small repair shop where ship owners in the know bring their vessels for repairs. The Goo brothers, given the proper motivation (not money, but dares and bets usually work), can complete a repair in as little as a third of the normal time. They charge the standard amount, but are frequently able to provide a little extra power or performance. They are also perfectly willing to install devices considered illegal by the Empire, provided they think the device is "cool."

Porgo is playful, not at all embarrassed by his lack of understand of how technological devices function, and a lover of social gatherings particularly in crowded (often dangerous) cantinas.



PORGO GOO [RIVAL]



Skills: Computers 5, Mechanics 5

Talents: Bad Motivator, Deft Maker 3, Gearhead 3, Natural Tinkerer, Tinkerer 2

Special Abilities: Rule of Cool (a client can bet or dare Porgo using an opposed Charm check when hiring him for repairs or upgrades; if successful, reduce time by 1/3; spend \times to reduce completion time to 1/3.

Equipment: Astromech droid, commlink, datapad, tool kit, work coveralls

ROLLO MORSAI

A very beautiful woman in her prime, Rollo is now somewhat gaunt and lethargic from inactivity and



despair. Her objective is fairly simple: survive. She also has a burning desire which she expects to never fulfill – ruin Babel Torsch like Torsch ruined her.

Certainly Rollo Morsai is not very well known, but Jona Reeten is certifiably famous. Jona was Rollo's working name for many years, the years when the woman was a famous actress in the Adarlon system. A life which was the product of talent and a bit of luck was felled by one stroke of bad fortune. Rollo was the hottest actress in the holo business when the tyrannical Imperial Officer Babel Torsch began an investigation of the holo industry, and her career was

destroyed when it was discovered that she had played a Jedi fighting in the Clone Wars in a holo many years before.

Blacklisted and unable to find acting work, Rollo did the only thing she could think of: she converted her expensive space yacht, the *Gilded Lily*, into a light freighter and she now attempts to make a living through trade runs. Prone to fits of despondency, much of the work is actually done by Rollo's pilot and former valet, Tiebo.

Rollo has accepted what has happened to her without too much bitterness. She believes that there is more pain to come in her life and she is not eager to meet it head-on.

ROLLO MORSAI [NEMESIS]



Skills: Astrogation 4, Brawl 3, Deception 4, Gunnery 2, Negotiation 4, Piloting (Space) 1, Ranged (Heavy) 2

Talents: Adversary 1, Biggest Fan, Convincing Demeanor 3, Improved Distracting Behavior 2

Equipment: Blaster rifle (Ranged [Heavy]; Damage 9; Critical 3; Range [Long]; Stun Setting), datapad, flightsuit, the *Gilded Lily*

TIEBO [RIVAL]



Skills: Astrogation 4, Cool 1, Gunnery 2, Perception 5, Piloting (Planetary) 3, Piloting (Space) 3, Ranged (Light) 1, Survival 1

Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting)

TRYNIC

Trynic is a Devaronian: humanoid, with a pair of dark horns atop a hairless head and red-tinted skin. His most significant feature is his piercing eyes. This is very unnerving to those who communicate with him, making it more difficult for anyone to try to con him.

Trynic is considered to be the best of the tramp freighter captains in the Minos Cluster and pilots the modified YT-1300 light freighter the *Solar Flare*. His shrewd bargaining skills and quick mind help him turn an immense profit and then reinvest in all sorts of ventures.

Dubbed “the Devil” by the other tramp freighter captains, trynic lives up to this name by making clever, precisely executed business deals. Trynic is a shrewd individual who is prepared for practically any eventuality, and inevitably gets the best of anyone he deals with. He loves the life as a small cargo handler and uses the well-known Devaronian wanderlust as an excuse to remain in space.

TRYNIC [NEMESIS]

| | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| 4 BRAWN | 3 AGILITY | 3 INTELLECT | 3 CUNNING | 2 WILLPOWER | 4 PRESENCE |
| SOAK 6 | WOUND 17 | STRAIN 14 | DEFENSE 0 0 | | |
| | | | RANGED | MELEE | |



Skills: Astrogation 3, Brawl 3, Coercion 1, Computers 1, Deception 2, Gunnery 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Negotiation 3, Perception 1, Piloting (Space) 4, Ranged (Light) 3, Resilience 1

Talents: Dodge 3

Special Abilities: Fire Resistant (add 1 1 to all fire-based attacks that target Trynic). Piercing Eyes (add 1 to all Deception checks that target Trynic).

Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), the *Solar Flare*

IMPERIAL FORCES

BABEL TORSCH



Babel Torsch is a pudgy, dark-skinned human male whose main goal is to fulfill his duties efficiently. A man with a distinguished past (in the eyes of the Empire), Babel proved himself early in his career. After a brief stint as a bureaucrat, Babel was transferred back to Adarlon as an advisor to the Imperial Consular-General. He immediately attacked the holo industry. He instituted bans of all kinds, and at the pinnacle of his short-lived holo-career, he managed to blacklist many fine performers by claiming that they were Rebels or Rebel sympathizers.

The powerful holo industry eventually managed to blackmail Babel's superiors, and he lost his post. However, he had proven his worth to the empire and was promoted again. After brief retraining, Babel was appointed to head the Imperial Office of Customs in the Cluster.

Babel now travels from world to world aboard a customs corvette, which he commands to make sure that the planetary customs offices are doing a proper job. He does an excellent job of rooting out corrupt Imperial officials and tracks smugglers like a hound.

Torsch has a huge ego. Many customs officials fall prey to bribery, but Torsch will not tolerate the slightest infraction of Imperial rules or laws. Truly a smuggler's nightmare, Torsch will check every last paper and credential a freighter captain has. ("But your papers indicate that only 20 cubic meters of spice is aboard your vessel. I'm just eyeing it, but I'll guess there are at least 22 cubic meters. I suggest you recalculate your load, or else you could be found guilty of defrauding the Imperial Office of Customs.")

BABEL TORSCH [NEMESIS]

| | | | | | |
|-------|---------|-----------|---------|--------------|--------------|
| 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| DRAMA | AGILITY | INTELLECT | CUNNING | WILLPOWER | PERSEVERANCE |
| SOAK | WOUND | STRAIN | DEFENSE | RANGED MELEE | |
| 4 | 15 | 14 | 0 | 0 | |

Skills: Coercion 2, Cool 2, Deception 3, Knowledge (Computers) 1, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 3, Knowledge (Xenology) 2, Leadership 3, Perception 4, Ranged (Light) 2, Vigilance 2

Talents: Adversary 2, Baleful Gaze, By the Book 3, Dodge 2, Improved Nobody's Fool 3,

Special Abilities: Stickler for Detail (add ■■ to Perception checks when inspecting a vessel and its contents against identification and/or cargo manifest).

Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), datapad, Imperial ID, Imperial uniform (Soak 1)

DWIN ARNAE

Dwin Arnae is a mousy, wiry little man. His straight, jet-black hair is cut short and is beginning to thin. Considered a perfectionist by his crew, Dwin's uniform is always spotless, his words are carefully chosen, and his crew must be ever attentive.

Dwin hopes to set an Imperial record by apprehending and successfully prosecuting the most customs violators, regardless of the degree of infraction (even if it is very minor). Arnae intends to scour the trade routes in the cluster to protect it from Rebel infiltration.

Dwin joined the Imperial Navy at an early age to make himself useful and give the Empire the benefit of his "extraordinary" abilities (Dwin's own opinion). Recognized by his superiors as a competent but essentially unspectacular individual, Dwin advanced as far as staff sergeant. But when Dwin uncovered information about some minor infraction perpetrated by his superiors, he showed the bad judgment of taking the information over their heads. The general only laughed at the information which Dwin revealed and then reported the incident to Dwin's captains. Dwin was removed from his post in the Imperial Navy and sent to work in the Sector Interdiction Office. He is now captain of one of the customs corvettes and spends most of his time on patrol.

Dwin is dedicated to his job, far more than anyone else in the SIO. His desire is to collect as many fines as possible from tramp freighters to prove his worth to his superiors. ("You tramp freighter captains are all the same. You think Imperial law applies to everyone but yourself. I will demonstrate that this is not so.") Little does he realize that his superiors care almost nothing for such "margin haulers," and are more interested in the Rebellion.

His crew hates him and will often overlook infractions they discover while searching a ship simply to irritate him. For this reason, tramp freighters are almost relieved to discover it is Dwin who will conduct a search of their ship.

DWIN ARNAE [NEMESIS]



Skills: Astrogation 3, Coercion 1, Knowledge (Computers) 1, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 1, Knowledge (Xenology) 1, Leadership 1, Vigilance 1

Talents: Adversary 1, Nobody's Fool 1, Prepared To Be Boarded!, Something To Prove, Starship Adversary 1, Unrelenting Skeptic

Special Abilities:

Irritation (if crew under Arnae's command are inspecting the PCs' ship, a single PC may make a check of his choice [subject to GM approval] opposed against Arnae's Leadership; if successful, the PCs may choose a single infraction for Arnae's crew to overlook).
Uninspired Rhetoric (add Ⓛ to Arnae's Leadership checks targeting his crew).

Equipment:

Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), datapad,

Imperial ID, Imperial uniform (Soak 1), 2000 credits



AGENTS OF THE REBELLION

DRUN CAIRNWICK

Drun looks older than his years. Once tall and broad shouldered, he has lost much of his strength in recent years. He is gentle in both voice and mannerisms, yet he has a strange magnetism. Drun's most important objective is to free the Minos Cluster from Imperial domination, and in turn to free the galaxy as well.



When the Republic was overthrown by the Emperor, Cairnwick was just reaching the stage of training to become a Jedi Padawan. The arrest of all of his teachers, however, prevented him from ever being able to pursue this noble course, so he returned to his home world of Adarlon and began agitating against the Empire. Finally, Imperial agents moved against him and his supporters, By the time they got to the popular front headquarters, however, he was gone, and was never seen again. Now an mature man, Drun still opposes the Empire with all his might and is an active member of the Rebellion. A year ago, he was finally arrested and taken to the prison asteroid in the Gesaril system. His aim was to create an uprising among the people of the Minos Cluster, and to either mold it into a safe haven for members of the Rebellion or cost the Empire a great deal in time and

resources in reclaiming it. If the Rebellion in Minos Cluster is to succeed, he must be rescued. The people of the Cluster trust and believe in him and his cause, and they would follow him if he asked them for aid. In short, he is the key to the Rebellion and the future of the Cluster is tied to his existence.

Drun Cairnwick is a very charismatic and influential man, who became famous years ago for his opposition to the Imperial takeover of the galaxy. ("We are not truly free, if it is simply given to us – we are only truly free if we have given it to ourselves. The Empire made us slaves, and now it is time for us to give ourselves our freedom. The time for revolt is now!" He became something of a hero, and is now a part of popular folk lore. He is a genial and soft-spoken man, yet he is extremely charismatic and can have a great effect on people.

DRUN CAIRNWICK [NEMESIS]



Skills: Charm 3, Cool 3, Deception 4, Knowledge (Computers) 1, Knowledge (Xenology) 4, Leadership 4, Perception 1, Ranged (Light) 4, Streetwise 4, Vigilance 2

Talents: Adversary 2, Beginners Luck, Dodge 3, Force Rating 2, Sense Emotions, Will of the Force

Special Abilities: Interrupted Training (Cairnwick has no learned Force powers; once per round, he may spend a Destiny point to use Enhance, Influence, Move, or Sense with all upgrades).

Equipment: Datapad, false credentials, heavy blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting; GM may spend t t or y to make heavy blaster pistol run out of ammo)

K-M2

K-M2 was a typical third-degree spaceport control droid: tall, awkward-looking, with a dome-shaped cranium and a slightly protruding mid-section. He was painted bright red.

M2 is the result of a Rebel experiment in using droids to penetrate the Empire at vital points. K-M2 has specially implanted and hidden back-up power batteries and memory storage units. Thus he was able to survive Imperial memory wipes and reprogramming. K-M2 can even override the hindrances of a restraining bolt. The Rebellion made certain that K-m2 found his way to an out-of-the-way Imperial base so any malfunctions would not jeopardize major missions.

K-M2 wishes to resume contact with the Rebellion and provide current information about the Imperial forces in the sector such as the size of enemy forces, current assignments, and so forth. ("The Star Destroyer is incapable of hyperspace travel and the shields on its port side are not functioning due to a timing flaw in the sublight drives. If we are to attack at all, we must do so now.")

Displaying tremendous ability to do his duty, thanks in part to programming by the Rebellion's best slicers and engineers, K-M2 has risen to take over spaceport control on Travnin.

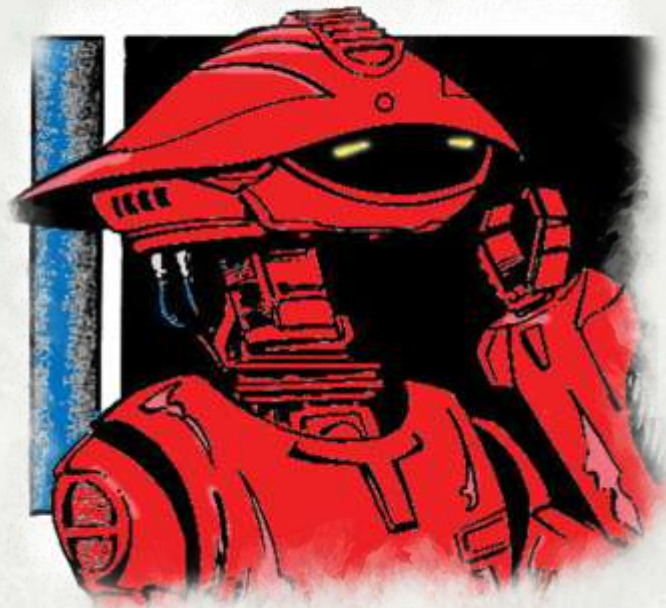
K-M2 is very organized. He performs his spaceport duties with great skill and care, but is very cognizant of his position in the Imperial hierarchy, so he does not overstep his boundaries. He is surprisingly compassionate, and Rebel programmers fear that K-M2 may someday sacrifice his excellent mole position to save an endangered person.

K-M2 [RIVAL]



Skills: Astrogation 3, Deception 3, Knowledge (Computers) 3, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 2, Mechanics 2, Perception 2, Piloting (Planetary) 2, Piloting (Space) 4, Stealth 1

Special Abilities: Backup Memory (in the event of a memory wipe, may spend 1 Destiny point to access a full memory backup). Command Override (ignore effects of a restraining bolt). Droid (does not need to breathe, eat, or drink, and can survive in vacuum or underwater; immune to poisons or toxins).



NEENA

Neena, a 19-year-old human female, is almost always described as “cute” by those who meet her. She has an impish nature that is endearing to those around her, and she can usually smile her way into virtually anyone’s heart.

Neena grew up in the household of Bail Organa on the world of Alderaan. When she began to display musical talent, Organa sent her off-planet to school to master her art. This meant she was away on the fateful day when the Empire used the Death Star to destroy Alderaan. In shock, Neena tried to seek out her friend Leia, but without the money provided by the Organa family, Neena was stranded.

Out of necessity, she began to play gigs on spaceliners. She tried to choose trips which might take her near people she knew, but after a few months of trying, she gave up and soon found herself playing for the entertainment of decadent men and women on the far-flung planet of Adarlon. She earned a good living, but soon grew bored. That was when Drun Cairnwick recruited her and sent her to Travnin.

She is now attempting to build a reputation on the planet so that she can perform aboard the *Chariot*, where the Cluster Moff is rumored to live. She hopes she can learn something which will be valuable to the Rebellion.

Neena is introverted but friendly. The horrible memories she carries of the loss of her friends makes it difficult for her to be close to others. But she believes in the Rebellion and respects the individuals who, like her, risk their lives to combat the tyranny of the Empire.




NEENA [NEMESIS]

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

Skills: Charm 2, Cool 3, Deception 2, Knowledge (Education) 2, Perception 1, Ranged (Light) 1, Resilience 1, Stealth 3

Talents: Adversary 1, Congenial 2, Kill With Kindness 2

Equipment: Datapad, fancy clothing (add  to checks to perform or attract attention), holdout blaster (Ranged [Light]; Damage 5; Critical 4; Range [Short]; Stun Setting), work clothing

DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD

ICEMAN

The bounty hunter known as Iceman is tall, athletic, and appears glacially calm at all times. His skin is smooth and almost glassy. Smiles or other emotional displays ever cross the face of

Iceman. In fact, he is unable to demonstrate such emotions.

Iceman is determined to maintain his perfect record as a bounty hunter.

Other than the fact that he hails from the distant Nord system, little is known of this reticent bounty hunter. Many think that his name is derived from the way he puts his targets "on ice," but it could be a reference to his reserved bearing. (On one occasion, he calmly walked into a pirates' hideout and, without a word, shot all 12 pirates.)

Iceman has very little personality. He is always focused on the task at hand and has no interest in associating with others. Iceman has no mercy and believes in killing his quarry without any warning.

ICEMAN [NEMESIS]



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

Abilities: Adversary 2, Dodge 3, Improved Parry 3, Quick Draw, Unarmed Parry

Special Abilities: Cool as Ice (may always use Cool for Initiative rolls).

Equipment: 5 Binders, blaster rifle (Ranged [Heavy]; Damage 9; Critical 3; Range [Long]; Stun Setting), combat knife (Melee;

Damage 4; Critical 3; Range [Engaged]), comlink, heavy blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 7; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting, GM may spend t t or y to make pistol run out of ammo), Imperial bounty hunter certification, the *Sudden Death*.

SHLITH-DAN

Shlith-dan is an Arcona, his skin dark gray striated with brown streaks. His gold eyes attest his addiction to salt. Shlith-dan became addicted to salt at an early age and later became a dealer as a means of supporting his habit.

Shlith-dan wishes to discover an organic shortcoming in another species which could result in physical addiction (much as salt does to the Arcona) so he can make a great deal of credits.

As he grew older, Shlith-dan saw the fortune that was to be made in the black market with the right product at the right place and time. Using the connections he established on Arcona, he sought out virgin territory and eventually brought the black market to the Minos Cluster. Most of the operators who were already in the Cluster resisted Shlith-dan's arrival, but his smoothly-run organization quickly dominated the scene. The only competitor he has been unable to supress is Yerkys ne Dago, and Shlith-dan does not want to mess with such a powerful individual.

Shlith-dan hopes to discover a biological weakness in one of the species of the Cluster which would addict them to a common substance like salt. In order to find such a weakness, Shlith-dan will often offer discounts to traders buying on the black market who will agree to test some substance on a native of a planet.

Shlith-dan is a calculating individual. He takes enormous risks, but his business savvy and competence usually save him from any ill effects.



SHLITH-DAN IN THE CAMPAIGN

Late in the campaign, Shlith-dan makes his discovery, perhaps with the inadvertent help of the PCs. He finds an uncommon, but cheap fungus which is addictive to the people of the two Shesharile worlds. The fungus is the final straw in the collapse of the worlds.

SHLITH-DAN [NEMESIS]



Skills: Charm 1, Knowledge (Computers) 2, Deception 4, Melee 2, Negotiation 2, Perception 3, Ranged (Light) 3, Skulduggery 2, Stealth 3, Streetwise 4

Talents: Adversary 1, Convincing Demeanor 2, Second Chances 2, Up the Ante 2

Special Abilities:

Arid/Hot Environments (remove b imposed due to arid or hot environmental conditions).

Mood Reader (add a to any Charm or Negotiation checks).

Equipment:

Comlink, false credentials, heavy blaster pistol (Ranged

[Light]; Damage 7; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting; GM may spend t t or y to make pistol run out of ammo), small pouch of salt.

TOR SKYLOW

Tor is a tall, physically fit woman, with shoulder-length red hair. She is known for wearing lavish and ornate clothing befitting her role as an evil plunderer, but she actually prefers a simple military uniform when not “performing.”

As a member of the Imperial Navy, Tor convinced the crew of her patrol ship to rebel against the Empire. Those unwilling to join Tor were dropped in an escape pod and left to float in space. Imperial propaganda reports declared that the men were left to die, but Tor actually called the Imperial base on Travnin and informed authorities of the pods’ location.

Tor and her crew then took her ship to a remote part of the Yelsain system where they modified the customs craft to that it was not instantly recognizable as an Imperial vessel. The crew then took to pirating, renaming the ship the Counter-Puncher.

Mostly they interrupt Imperial shipments, but they have been known to waylay light freighters they feel are serving the Empire’s needs.

Some of the goods they capture are sold on Yelsain for bargain basement prices. In return, authorities on Yelsain help hide the crew and ship in times of extreme emergency.

Tor is the archetypical noble thief and is also a born leader. Those who know her well cannot help but appreciate her honesty and contagious confidence.



TOR SKYLOW [NEMESIS]

| | | | | | |
|-----------|---------|----------------|---------|--------------|----------|
| 3 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 3 |
| BRAWN | AGILITY | INTELLECT | CUNNING | WILLPOWER | PRESENCE |
| SOAK 4 | | WOUND 16 | | STRAIN 13 | |
| | | DEFENSE 0 0 | | RANGED MELEE | |

Skills: Astrogation 2, Brawl 2, Deception 4, Gunnery 3, Knowledge (Computers) 1, Knowledge (Outer Rim) 4, Melee 3, Perception 3, Piloting (Space) 4, Ranged (Light) 4

Talents: Adversary 1, Congenial 2, Consider Our Options, Dodge 3, Parry 3

Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), cybernetic left arm, flashy clothing

(add   to Social checks), vacuum suit, 2000 credits, the *Counter-Puncher*

TOR SKYLOW’S PIRATE CREW [MINION]

| | | | | | |
|-----------|---------|------------|---------|----------------|----------|
| 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| BRAWN | AGILITY | INTELLECT | CUNNING | WILLPOWER | PRESENCE |
| SOAK 4 | | WOUND 5 | | DEFENSE 0 0 | |
| | | | | RANGED MELEE | |

Skills: Cool, Gunnery, Mechanics, Melee, Perception, Ranged (Heavy), Ranged (Light)

Equipment: Blaster carbine (Ranged [Heavy]; Damage 9; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), heavy blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 7; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting; GM may spend tt or y to make pistol run out of ammo), vibroknife (Melee; Damage 3; Critical 2; Range [Engaged]; Pierce 2, Vicious 1)

YERKYS NE DAGO

Yerkys is a very physically fit Twi'lek. He is usually well-dressed and makes daily changes in the ornamental painted designs on his lekku. Yerkys does make use of his lekku. The right one gestures and points to add flair to his speech while the left tail flexes when he is angered and quivers when he is content. Yerkys ne Dago wishes to drive the small Rebel presence and the Empire in the Cluster against each other. The chaos caused by frequent conflicts opens many doors for smuggling and other criminal operations.

Yerkys ne Dago has publicly told the interesting tale of his life. Few would have guessed a Twi'lek capable of gaining as much power as Yerkys, but he is one of the most powerful and richest men in the Cluster.

Ryloth, the Twi'lek homeworld, is a haven for criminals and slavers. Yerkys himself escaped slavery by allying himself with a band of smugglers, and eventually took control of them. Conditions on the planet were deteriorating quickly so he decided to escape while he could.

Since his arrival in the Cluster, he has established a criminal network of black marketeers, smugglers, and other undesirables which is practically unrivaled in the galaxy. Most of the beings in debt in the Cluster owe their lives (and a lot of money) to Yerkys.

He is currently on Shesharile 5, but is known to change locations frequently for security reasons.

Superficially, Yerkys is very gracious and courteous, but he is actually a very base, corrupt, and evil individual.



Skills: Coercion 4, Cool 2, Deception 4, Knowledge (Xenology) 3, Leadership 4, Negotiation 3, Ranged (Light) 1

Talents: Adversary 2, Altered Deal, Black Market Contacts 3, Convincing Demeanor 2, Disarming Smile 2, Discredit, Nobody's Fool 2

Equipment: Blaster pistol (Ranged [Light]; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Medium]; Stun Setting), expensive robes (wearer adds $\leq a$ to the results of Negotiation checks they make), 5000 credits

YERKYS NE DAGO [NEMESIS]



TRAMP FREIGHTERS

DYNASTY

The *Dynasty* was a modified YT-1210 light freighter owned by Axtor Bridgeman, who took out a sizeable loan from Yerkys ne Dago in order to buy and upgrade it. He upgraded both the main and backup hyperdrives, added a dorsal-mounted turret laser, and forward- and aft-facing concussion missile launchers. By the time the modifications were complete the *Dynasty* was seven meters longer than a stock YT-1210.

Bridgeman operated the *Dynasty* in the Minos Cluster, trying to make enough to pay off his debt to Yerkys so he would own the *Dynasty* free and clear. The *Dynasty* served him well, and he completed many jobs, both legal and...less so at the ship/s controls. Unfortunately, due to the nature of his personality, even completing those jobs seems to leave him just as far from paying off the debt as he began.

THE *DYNASTY*

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------|------|-------|---------------|---|----|----|----|---------|---|
| 4 | 4 | -1 | DEFENSE | 1 | -- | -- | 1 | ARMOR | 2 |
| SENSE | TECH | MANEU | TOTAL TONNAGE | | | | | SYSTEMS | |
| | | | | | | | 20 | 12 | |

Hull Type/Class: Freighter/Modified YT-1210
Manufacturer: Corellian Engineering Corporation
Hyperdrive: Primary Class 1, Backup Class 5
Navicomputer: Yes
Sensor Range: Short
Ship's Complement: One pilot, one gunner
Encumbrance Capacity: 100
Passenger Capacity: 4
Consumables: Two months
Price/Rarity: 175,000/10
Customization Hard Points: 3
Weapons: Dorsal turret-mounted medium laser cannon (Fire Arc All; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close]).
One forward and one aft concussion missile launcher (Fire Arc Forward and Aft; Damage 6; Critical 4; Range [Short]; Blast 4, Breach 4, Guided 3, Limited Ammo 3, Slow Firing 1).



GILDED LILY

The *Gilded Lily* was a *Baudo*-class luxury yacht that began its service by functioning as designed for holo-actress Jona Reeten. When Jona crossed Babel Torsch and he succeeded in having her blacklisted from the industry, she took much of her savings and converted the yacht to function as a freighter.

Many of the luxury amenities were removed to make way for more practical functionality, the passenger capacity halved to make way for cargo, the ship was armed, and the hyperdrives upgraded. The outside remains a sign of elegance and indulgence, but the inside is now all business.

Rollo uses the non-threatening exterior appearance of the *Gilded Lily* to its full advantage, as it appears to be a simple pleasure craft at a glance; no one looking would be likely to consider that it is just as likely to be smuggling illicit goods throughout the Cluster.



Hull Type/Class: Yacht/Modified *Baudo*-class luxury yacht

Manufacturer: Mendel Baudo

Hyperdrive: Primary Class 2, Backup Class 7

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Short

Ship's Complement: One pilot, one gunner

Encumbrance Capacity: 100

Passenger Capacity: 4

Consumables: One month

Price/Rarity: 350,000/10

Customization Hard Points: 4

Weapons: Dorsal turret-mounted medium laser cannon (Fire Arc All; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close]).

THE GILDED LILY

| | | | | | | | |
|----------|-------|-----------|-------------|----|----|----------------|---|
| 4 | 4 | +1 | 1 | -- | -- | 1 | 1 |
| MANEUVER | SPEED | SHIELDING | DEFENSE | | | ARMOR | |
| | | | MAX TONNAGE | | | SYSTEM STAMINA | |
| | | | 26 | | | 10 | |

OO-TA GOO-TA

The *Oo-Ta Goo-Ta* was a heavily modified Corellian Engineering Corporation YT-1300f belonging to the Rodian pilot Chordak. The modifications were designed to increase the ship's speed and maneuverability, at the expense of its cargo handling capabilities.

Much of the aft space was removed for the addition of external engines, replacing the YT-1300's typical "fan" engine bank and the cockpit was moved to the mandible notch, eliminating access to that forward cargo hauling ability.

The modifications allowed Chordak to keep pace with potential targets in the Minos Cluster. The pilot hoped that the *Oo-Ta Goo-Ta's* flair and his actions would attract the attention of the local Imperial forces who would, in turn, contract his services, ideally for well-paying jobs ferrying diplomats, messengers, or the lucrative Gesaril prison run.

OO-TA GOO-TA

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|--|----|----|----|---|
| 4 | 4 | -1 | DETERMINE FORD, POINT, CONSIDER, QUALITY | | | | 3 |
| 1 | -- | -- | 1 | -- | -- | 1 | |
| HULL TONNAGE | | | | | | 22 | |
| SYSTEMS DRIVERS | | | | | | 15 | |

Hull Type/Class: Freighter/Modified YT-1300f

Manufacturer: Corellian Engineering Corporation

Hyperdrive: Primary Class .5, Backup Class 5

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Short

Ship's Complement: One pilot

Encumbrance Capacity: 120

Passenger Capacity: 1

Consumables: Three weeks

Price/Rarity: 120,000/10

Customization Hard Points: 3

Weapons: Dorsal and ventral turret-mounted medium laser cannon (Fire Arc All; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close]).

Ventral turret-mounted light blaster cannon (Fire Arc All; Damage 4; Critical 4; Range [Short]; personal scale).



RIFF-RAFF

The *Riff-Raff* was a modified CorelliSpace Gymsnor-3 freighter owned by Korkeal Hai, who operated in the Minos Cluster. Korkeal is constantly tinkering with the ship, so its features may change from day to day.

When she began work on the ship, Korkeal installed a Clone Wars-era high-grade computer to help her with the technical aspects of the work. Although the primary work is long done, she kept the computer installed. It constantly nags her about the omnipresent clutter and disarray aboard the ship.

Korkeal intends to build the reputation of the *Riff-Raff* being “the best light freighter in the galaxy.” This rather dubious distinction is still out of her reach, but she continues to add and remove modifications to see which combinations might help her achieve her goal.

Hull Type/Class: Freighter/Modified Gymsnor-3

Manufacturer: CorelliSpace

Hyperdrive: Primary Class 1, Backup Class n/a

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Short

Ship’s Complement: One pilot

Encumbrance Capacity: 160 (20 encumbrance is filled with junk, scrap parts, and various other unidentifiable pieces of mechanical debris)

Passenger Capacity: 4

Consumables: One month

Price/Rarity: 80,000/10

Customization Hard Points: 3

Modification: Constant Modifications (at the start of a session, Korkeal Hai may select one ship modification to be installed until the end of the session).

Weapons: Dorsal turret-mounted heavy blaster cannon (Fire Arc All; Damage 5; Critical 4; Range [Close]).

THE RIFF-RAFF

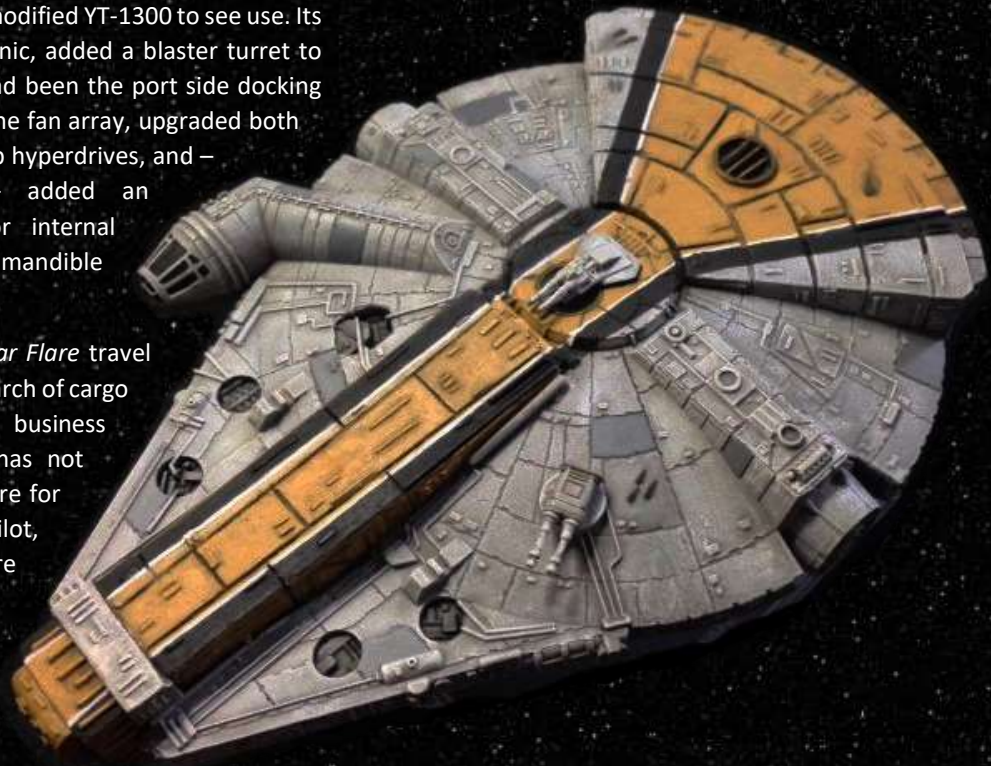
| | | | | | | | |
|------------|-------|--------|---------------------------|--|---------------|--|-------|
| 4 | 3 | -3 | 1 | | 1 | | 1 |
| CREWPOINTS | SPACE | COMBAT | BETTER FIRE ARCHES/COMBAT | | BANDS | | MANEU |
| | | | 26 | | 14 | | |
| | | | HEALTH POINTS | | SYSTEM STRONG | | |



SOLAR FLARE

In the spacelanes of the Minos Cluster, the *Solar Flare* was possibly the least modified YT-1300 to see use. Its owner, “The Devil” Trynic, added a blaster turret to the exterior of what had been the port side docking ring, modified the engine fan array, upgraded both the primary and backup hyperdrives, and – most prominently – added an expansion module for internal cargo storage to the mandible notch.

Trynic and the *Solar Flare* travel the Minos Cluster in search of cargo and other business opportunities. Trynic has not optimized the *Solar Flare* for operation by a single pilot, which makes it more difficult for him to handle the ship on his own.



SOLAR FLARE



Hull Type/Class: Freighter/Modified YT-1300f
Manufacturer: Corellian Engineering Corporation
Hyperdrive: Primary Class 1, Backup Class 7
Navicomputer: Yes
Sensor Range: Short
Ship's Complement: One pilot, one co-pilot, two gunners
Encumbrance Capacity: 200
Passenger Capacity: 6
Consumables: Three weeks
Price/Rarity: 110,000/10
Customization Hard Points: 4
Weapons: Dorsal and ventral turret-mounted medium laser cannon (Fire Arc All; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close]).

Port turret-mounted light blaster cannon (Fire All; Damage 4; Critical 4; Range [Short]; personal scale).

IMPERIAL VESSELS

IMPERIAL CUSTOMS CORVETTE

The Imperial Customs Office employed a force of patrol vessels that operated independently from the Imperial Navy in order to spare the Imperial government the expense of assigning ships of the line to monitor shipping, interdict piracy, and perform search-and-rescue operations.

Rendili StarDrive's light corvette was the backbone of this force. Systems with an Imperial Customs branch generally had at least one of these vessels, and more important systems had several. While it was not capable of taking on large warships, these ships were more than adequate for taking on most freighters or starfighters. For boarding operations, the corvette carried a stormtrooper platoon. They were often supported by the smaller

Rendili StarDrive sold the Light Corvette to the Imperial Customs Office by an exclusive contract, but smaller governmental organizations, such as the Rodian Home Fleet, also acquired the light corvette for system patrol and defense. The utility and efficiency of these craft also created a demand from less legal organizations. Pirates often made an effort to capture light corvettes, and smaller shipbuilding operations such as those at shadowports manufactured copies of the design.

IMPERIAL CUSTOMS CORVETTE



Hull Type/Class: Corvette/Light Corvette

Manufacturer: Rendili StarDrive

Hyperdrive: Primary Class 2, Backup Class 8

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Long

Ship's Complement: 52 crew, 6 gunners

Encumbrance Capacity: 2,500

Passenger Capacity: 20 (stormtroopers)

Consumables: Two months

Price/Rarity: 1,200,000 (R)/7

Customization Hard Points: 4

Weapons: Six turret-mounted twin medium turbolaser cannons (Fire Arc All; Damage 10; Critical 3; Range [Long]; Breach 3, Linked 1, Slow Firing 1).



UNDERWORLD TRANSPORTS

COUNTER-PUNCHER

In its previous service under the Imperial Navy, the Imperial Customs frigate that would become the *Counter-Puncher* was commanded by several successive officers, leading finally to Tor Skylow. Skylow convinced most of her crew to rebel against the Empire.

The ship was taken to a remote part of the Yelsain system, where they lightly modified the ship so it was not instantly recognizable as an Imperial ship. Renaming the ship the *Counter-Puncher*, Skylow and her crew then took to pirating.

While the *Counter-Puncher* can mostly be found interrupting Imperial shipments, Skylow and

company will also interfere with light freighters or other ships that they feel are serving the Empire's needs.

COUNTER-PUNCHER



Hull Type/Class: Modified Patrol Boat/Customs Frigate

Manufacturer: Rendili StarDrive

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 2, Backup: Class 7

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Medium

Ship's Complement: Six crew, six gunners

Encumbrance Capacity: 140 (without passengers)

Passenger Capacity: 10

Consumables: Three months

Price/Rarity: 140,000 credits (R)/10

Customization Hard Points: 2

Weapons: Two forward, two aft, one starboard, and one port heavy laser cannons (Fire Arc Fore or Aft or Starboard or Port; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Short])

Forward-mounted light tractor beam emitter (Fire Arc Forward; Damage —; Critical —; Range [Short]; Tractor 3).



SUDDEN DEATH

The MRX-BR Pacifier was a scout vehicle produced by Sydon Vehicle Works.

The Pacifier was the Galactic Empire's scout vessel of choice. It was designed to act as either a high-tech contact vessel or as a powerful assault vessel, successful in both roles. The Empire employed this craft to seek out new worlds and if necessary, deliver a devastating strike to them. Though it normally held three gunners, powerful computer-controlled weapons enabled the craft to inflict maximum destruction with minimal effort with a

SUDDEN DEATH



Hull Type/Class: Modified Scout Ship/MRX-BR Pacifier

Manufacturer: Sydon Vehicle Works

Hyperdrive: Primary: Class 1, Backup: Class 5

Navicomputer: Yes

Sensor Range: Medium

Ship's Complement: One pilot

Encumbrance Capacity: 45

Passenger Capacity: 1, 8 (prisoners' brig)

Consumables: One year

Price/Rarity: 100,000. credits (R)/10

Customization Hard Points: 3

Weapons: Three dorsal turret-mounted medium laser cannons (Fire Arc All; Damage 6; Critical 3; Range [Close])

Three forward-mounted proton torpedo launchers (Fire Arc Forward; Damage 8; Critical 2; Range [Short]; Blast 6, Breach 6, Guided 2, Limited Ammo 3, Slow Firing 1)

single pilot.

The Pacifier was equipped with some of the most powerful sensor arrays built in its era. Its sensors were capable of counting the number of leaves on a particular tree from orbit.

The *Sudden Death* was a modified MRX-BR Pacifier owned by the bounty hunter Iceman. He added an additional proton torpedo launcher and additional prisoner space by converting the passenger quarters into a brig.



IV

THE MINOS CAMPAIGN

“Nobody liked to admit this, but courage had a short half-life. You had to act while you had it.”

-Princess Leia Organa

The climate of the Minos Cluster is perfect to plant and grow the seeds of rebellion against the Empire. The Rebel Alliance has watched with interest for quite some time, and has decided that now is the time to reach out to elements of the Cluster’s population to help in their fight to free the galaxy from the clutches of the Empire’s oppression.

The Alliance can’t do it alone, however, They’ll need the help of some of Minos’ denizens – legitimate

traders, average citizens, maybe even the underworld. Agents of the Rebellion have been in place for a time, looking for the perfect opportunity to bring the Cluster into the Alliance in a significant way.

The time has come, and many of the people of the Minos Cluster will have to decide where they stand. Will they support the Empire’s tyranny, or work to banish it from the galaxy?

RUNNING THE MINOS CAMPAIGN

There are many different ways to run the Minos campaign. You can just use the trading rules in connection with a sector which you've invented, or you can just use the adventure ideas given with each planet. However, it was designed to be an integrated, episodic campaign with increasing tension and a grand shoot-em-up climactic ending (which could lead on to yet another campaign).

This campaign is, at its base, about awakening the hearts and minds of the people of Minos Cluster to the possibility of Rebellion. If the Rebel Alliance is to succeed in its struggle against the Empire, it must win the support of the common people. The Rebels cannot hope to beat the Empire unless every hand in the galaxy is united in opposition to it. But in the Minos Cluster, this will be difficult to do, as everyone is basically apolitical and has adapted to Imperial rule. They must be given a clear vision of the future and belief in the possibility of change.

The climax of the campaign combines an attempt to do just that with all the work and effort the PCs have put into their trading, as well as a climactic space battle. If they win, Minos Cluster will have begun its rebellion against the Empire and increasing Imperial resources will have to be directed toward it. Additionally, the entire galaxy will hear of this uprising and enough people might gain new hope that other sectors will join together to oppose the evil forces of the Emperor.

Getting the traders involved in the Rebellion is really quite easy. You just get them to hate the Empire, as a matter of business. Over the first few stories, the player characters should have made an enemy of at least one Imperial official, and should resent all the rest. Over the course of the campaign, this enemy should hound the PCs and cause them no end of trouble. You will also need to play up the collapse of Shesharile, perhaps even contriving to have the PCs lose a lot of credits. Every time pirates waylay them, you should casually mention that there didn't used to be so many pirates, but that was before the Empire withdrew three-quarters of the patrol vessels. You should also describe to them the effect the Empire has on each planet they visit, detailing all

the misery and suffering it has caused. You can lay it on thick if necessary, but hopefully your players will catch on to what you're doing and will have their characters play along. You want their characters to be money grubbing, but not entirely soulless. Manipulate events so that this becomes so.

EMPLOYING PERSPECTIVE

The grand scope and galactic proportions normally found in a Star Wars campaign have been shrunk for the purposes of this supplement. In the Minos campaign, the player characters start at a very low level, as small-fry free traders – at first their only worries will be about where their next cargo (and the money to pay for it) will come from. Only gradually will things begin to change, and their horizons broaden. Exposed to the evil of the Empire, the PCs will likely become full-fledged members of the Rebellion by the end of the adventure. The PC involvement in the Rebellion will always be a matter of choice, and thus they will be true heroes.

Although this campaign starts out with a much smaller scope than is usual in Star Wars, in the end, the *characters'* limited scope gives the *players* a better appreciation of just how immense and important is this war which the Rebellion is waging. Try at first to get the PCs very involved in their trading among the stars, try to get them to be selfish, self involved, and somewhat greedy businessmen – then gradually build in them a sense of how small and petty are their own lives and how unjust the Empire is. Finally, introduce the Rebellion as a means by which they can do something more important and relevant than make a fast credit. You want to encourage transformation in them, to let them *decide* to become heroes; make the changes in them a part of the roleplaying. By the end of the campaign, the Rebellion should become much larger and more important than the PCs' own lives.

EVENTS IN SPACE

There are many things that can occur on a space voyage, and you should ensure that the PCs are faced with an occasional crisis or opportunity as they travel

between star systems. While normally nothing very exciting should occur, you should have something special happen every once in a while. Below are several ideas for events that might occur. Feel free to come up with some on your own.

- **Pirates.** The ship is either attacked or pursued by pirates. Make sure you build up to the encounter, giving the PCs chances to use their wits to avoid confrontation.
- **Mechanical Difficulties.** If the ship is overdue for an overhaul, or if some of its components were used before they were installed, or if the ship is simply very old, then there may be some sort of mechanical breakdown.
- **Other Ships.** Scanners indicate that there is another vessel nearby. Does it need help, or does it speed by? Is it adrift or stopped for repairs? Was it looted by pirates? Is the crew engaged in a mutiny? There should be something different about this ship, even if it's only a clue for some later adventure.
- **Damaged Cargo.** Something happens to the cargo; maybe part of it spoils, or a few crates break open during takeoff. The PCs might discover something interesting about the cargo; perhaps someone was secretly using them to smuggle illegal goods.
- **Imperial Ship.** Either a customs frigate or a Navy vessel appears. It may only hail the ship and ask for identification, or it may decide to search it for contraband.
- **Distress Signal.** The PCs receive a distress signal from another ship. It could be a trap, or it could lead to a very lucrative trading run, or a great gain for the Rebellion. Perhaps an important prisoner is being held on board by Imperial troops.

ADVENTURE OUTLINES

The five adventure outlines presented below are not fully fleshed-out adventures – they are only starting points. By adding your own details, NPCs, scripts, and player handouts, you can make each of these outlines into a complete adventure.

While they are designed to be run in the order that they are given, don't run these adventures one right after another – space them out a bit. They have been arranged so that they build in intensity and increasingly pull the PCs into the Rebellion. You should let the traders trade and haul cargo to their hearts' desire, and then give them brief adventures



(like the ones suggested with each planet) to fill in the gaps. Then, when the time is right, have something big happen and play the next adventure on the list below.

You can add whatever descriptions, characters, or events in the plot that you feel are necessary. You must also take responsibility for the story itself, changing or altering whatever you're not comfortable with. This is *your* campaign, so do whatever is necessary to make it exciting and fulfilling for you and your players.

ADVENTURE OUTLINE ONE: GETTING STARTED

The initial adventure of the campaign is very important, for it brings the PCs together and introduces them to the theme of the campaign. Be sure you read the description of the Travnin system before attempting to run this adventure.

BACKGROUND

The PCs all start on Travnin and their ship is docked at the starport. Starting from the point when the adventure begins, the ship begins to accrue docking fees. During this adventure, you will get the PCs started on their career in star-trading by having them make a single trade run to Gesaril. This first trip will not be made on speculation, which can be somewhat complicated, but will be a commissioned cargo.

EPISODE ONE: THE BUREAUCRACY

Before the PCs can do anything else, they need to get their ship ready for space. If they do not already have them, licenses are required for both the ship and the captain, or else they will not be allowed to take off from the spaceport.

Some obstacles to hinder PCs should include: Imperial bureaucrats sending them in circles (“No sir, I don’t know where that office is. Next...”). Frustrate the PCs as much as you can, but don’t bore them to tears. An inspection of the ship might be required for its license, and failing that would mean the PCs would have to make a few repairs – their introduction to the lazy workers of the Travnin shipyards.

EPISODE TWO: THE GRAND DESIGN

The PCs must now obtain their first cargo. An old, blind space hand who hangs out at the port tells them that their best bet is to go to The Grand Design bar, where a lot of spacers hang out.

Some obstacles to thwart the PCs should include: At The Grand Design (described in the Travnin section), the PCs meet a young singer who calls herself Neena (see page 73). During one of her breaks, she comes over and introduces herself, and after a short conversation, asks them if they are the crew of the “new ship” in port. She then asks if they are looking for cargo. If they answer in the affirmative, she immediately introduces them to Tecknel Shnick, a member of the underworld. He has 14 large crates bound for Gesaril, which he will pay the PCs 2,000 credits to deliver – 1,000 in advance.,



the rest to be paid by his agent on Gesaril. During the negotiations, they are interrupted by a very drunk freighter captain, Axtor Bridgeman, who staggers over to their booth and yells something to the effect of, “That damn cargo is mine, but I wouldn’t...” Before he can finish, he is hauled off by two of

Tecknel's toughs, who sit him in a spinning booth and buy him a drink. Tecknel explains to the player characters that the other captain wanted the cargo himself, but that he doesn't trust him because he lost his last three cargoes to pirates. Once the PCs agree to the deal, they are warned not to open the crates. Tecknel says, "If you do, I'll send the Iceman after you got it?"

EPISODE THREE: 3, 2, 1, LAUNCH

PCs should make all the preparations to get off planet, such as load the cargo, pass inspections, pay the port fees, gain the final clearances, make the actual lift-off and get into hyperspace.

Later the same evening, the crates are loaded into the cargo bay (they only occupy 40 encumbrance, so there is still room for other cargo), but before the PCs are able to leave port, two local inspectors come on board to check for proper licenses. They threaten to search the ship, hoping to get a bribe, but soon leave if the PCs do not offer one or react suspiciously.

During the flight out of the Travnin system, you can have the PCs have their first run in with Babel Torsch (see page 69). If the traders are friendly and cooperative, he won't become their enemy; if they make trouble, he will have it in for them. If he searches the ship and opens the crates, the traders will be in a great deal of trouble (see below).

Hyperspace is rather uneventful, but it is a good time for the PCs to get to know one another better, and for some fun roleplaying.

EPISODE FOUR: THE PIRATES

PCs now must find a way to survive the encounter with the pirates with ship and crew intact, and at the same time get an idea of what kind of cargo they are carrying.

When the PCs come out of hyperspace on the outskirts of the Gesaril system, they are waylaid by the pirate Tor Skylow, who tells them to cut their drives, and disables them if the PCs refuse. With an unmodified freighter, they have almost no hope of either outracing or outfighting Tor's ship. Once the PCs cease resisting, part of Tor's crew boards the ship, moves immediately to the cargo bay, takes the crates, and transfers them to their ship. The PCs may notice

that they seem to know exactly what they are looking for, and seem uninterested in anything but the crates. If the PCs don't already know what the crates contain, you can have one of them break during the procedure. They are full of highly advanced electronics, of a variety only used in fire control systems for ship turbolasers. Though the PCs will not know it at first, these parts are destined for the Rebellion.

Regardless of the fact that they were waylaid, the PCs still have the advance payment, and can begin the campaign in earnest. If the PCs investigate, they will find out that Tecknel Shnick doesn't even have an agent on Gesaril. When the PCs eventually get back to Travnin Neena thanks them for their help, saying the shipment proved to be invaluable. She does not realize they were waylaid, but knows that the Rebellion got hold of the cargo. This could open a whole new can of worms, but you'll have to decide what to do next....



ADVENTURE OUTLINE TWO: CAIRN'S FLYING CIRCUS

BACKGROUND

While the ship is on Adarlon, the PCs are offered a three-month contract to carry a small travelling circus to every planet in the Cluster (they were recommended by Neena). This circus will use the freighter both as transportation and as its home base. The PCs will be expected to help with the chores of the circus, such as assist in the raising of the "big top" and the care and feeding of the animals. This will be stipulated in their contract, which offers the PCs a total of 5,000 credits per month.

The circus folk are very exotic, quite talented, can perform all sorts of interesting tricks and are very fun-loving, but there is more to them than can be discerned at first glance. They are actually Rebel spies sent by the No-Holds-Barred group on Adarlon, who are desperately looking for Drun Cairnwick. The rebel organization in Minos Cluster fell into a shambles when Drun was arrested, for he was the only person able to hold it together.

The mission of the circus is to attempt to find out what happened to Drun, reestablish some sort of Rebel network, and to build people's resistance to the

Empire as much as possible through their entertainment. At first the traders won't realize what they are about, but as the PCs get more and more involved with the circus, they will learn the truth, and

will hopefully begin to aid the performers.

This will be the PCs' first real contact with the Rebellion and it sets the stage for their later involvement with it. (If you don't manage to set the right tone and get the PCs involved with the Rebellion early on, it will be difficult to use

the remaining adventure outlines.)

EPISODE ONE: MADHOUSE

This episode should be as wild and crazy as you can make it. The circus is quite large and the ship is not, so the voyage will be a crowded one and tempers will be short. Try to throw so many little problems at the PCs that they get fed up with their passengers. Have fun with this.

The PCs must attempt to transport the circus from Adarlon to Yelsain – without tempers being lost entirely. The PCs should be introduced to all the members of the circus and get an idea of their personalities.



Some interesting foils for the PCs can include: a foul-tempered, regenerating Abyssin, two irascible mutating aliens, three clowns who can never resist a prank, six Af'El lions and their cowardly trainer, and obnoxious Kitonak band that practices at all times of day and night, a haughty but beautiful acrobat and her insanely jealous strong-man boyfriend, a Togorian knife thrower with a penchant for late night snacks, and an overworked ringmaster who enjoys ripping out his own hair – all crowded aboard the same small ship. (The real leader of this Rebel team is actually Terno, the director of the Kitonak band.)

EPISODE TWO: THE GRAND MOOT

The ship lands south of Tradetown on Yelsain, where the Grand Moot will begin in a few days. Here the circus needs to set up the big top and get ready for a parade on the first day of the Moot.

The PCs should begin to realize that something is going on during this episode. This is the first circus

Yelsain has ever seen, so they are going to be very curious about it. When it is time to raise the tent, go on parade, and have the first performance, have so many things go wrong that the PCs can't keep up with it all.

The PCs are made into troubleshooters by the ringmaster, and are sent on a variety of errands. If anyone makes trouble at a performance, the PCs are expected to throw him out as quietly as possible.

What occurs from now on is entirely up to you and the decisions of the players. Try to get Babel Torsch involved at some point, but don't have him actively pursuing the circus – Torsch may be simply curious about what it is (although don't tell the players that). When he attends a performance, the entire circus is afraid they are about to be arrested. One of the clowns is dressed to look like him, and there is a whole skit making fun of what he did on Adarlon. The PCs should certainly be concerned, but unless a mistake is made, all will go well.

ADVENTURE OUTLINE THREE: THE ELIAD CONNECTION

BACKGROUND

The Imperials are engaged in a massive hunt through the Cluster for someone very special, someone so important that they have brought in reinforcements from other sectors. During their journeys prior to this adventure, the PCs encounter a greatly increased Imperial presence, with much of the Cluster fleet out on patrol. Even more startling, the Imperial inspectors at every starport begin to take their jobs seriously, and thoroughly search the PCs' ship both when it lands and before it leaves. Through the grapevine, the PCs might learn that the Imperials are looking for one of the top Rebel leaders, whose ship was spotted entering the Minos Cluster.

When the PCs land on Adarlon, they are introduced to the Rebel leader by their friends with the circus, who ask them to transport a "cargo" to

Eliad ad back. However, all attempts to learn what this cargo is will be ignored, and if the PCs press too hard, they are told in no uncertain terms that it is none of their business. It should be obvious that this Rebel is very tense and frightened.

EPISODE ONE: COLLECTING THE PASSENGER

The PCs are asked to fly an air car to a remote castle on the Natalar mountain range to collect the cargo. On the way, however, they discover that they are being followed and have to find a way to shake the tail. Upon reaching the castle, they find that it is under attack, but that it is still possible to land nearby. When they enter the castle, they meet a Rebel who is their "cargo." It is a humanoid female who is wearing a

cloak and hood so her face is hidden. Then stormtroopers suddenly rush into the room, and there is a running battle as the PCs attempt to make it back to the aircar. They are then chased back to the city by Imperials on airspeeders, but they manage (hopefully) to lose their pursuers with the help of the local police, who are Rebel sympathizers. They then have to sneak the “cargo” into the spaceport, pass inspection (which is very tough), and get off-planet.

The PCs should attempt to rescue the mysterious passenger, and then to get off-planet as quickly as possible. The PCs will have to use all of their cunning and imagination to escape.

There are nearly 50 Imperial stormtroopers attacking the castle, and once they are dealt with, inspectors will be waiting at the spaceport. Orbiting the planet is an Imperial Customs ship, captained by Babel Torsch, which may attempt to prevent the PCs’ ship from leaving the system. However, he will not make an all-out attack on the ship for fear of harming the passenger.

EPISODE TWO: THE TRIP

At first, the mysterious passenger hides in a stateroom, attended by two droids who were waiting for her at the spaceport. But if things heat up, she quickly makes herself known, and emerges to give orders and take over. The PCs finally found out who their cargo is: Princess Leia, who is as demanding, imperious, and as brave as ever.

To survive having Princess Leia aboard the ship (since she is *extremely* demanding), the PCs must demonstrate some restraint and patience. Most players will hope that the GM will throw some serious opposition at them so they can ease their frustrations by blasting stormtroopers into slag. GMs are encouraged to let the players stew a bit; suffering can be a character-building experience.

Additionally, Babel’s customs ship is likely to try to chase them through hyperspace, so if the PCs go directly to Eliad, they will be followed there. Hopefully they will be smarter than that by now, and will stop briefly somewhere else as a ruse. If they don’t, Leia may *politely* suggest that they do so.

EPISODE THREE: WINNING ALLIES

The PCs finally reach Eliad, where the Princess, with the help of the PCs, attempts to convince the nobles there to use their wealth and influence to aid the Rebellion. The Rebellion is in desperate need of financial support, and she has risked everything to come here to beg the cowards of Eliad for their support.

Several different meetings are held, but since all meetings are banned by the Imperials, they are disguised as parties. However, even these parties are monitored, and a number of Imperial officials attend each one. The PCs will have to find a way to take care of these officials (“Another drink, sir?”). While scores of decadent nobles dance and drink in the palace above, Leia holds a secret debate in the wine cellar below.

The PCs should attempt to convince the nobles to give both financial support and their ships to the cause of the Rebellion.

However, Princess Leia has nothing but contempt for the nobles who have betrayed their homes and their positions, and must be constantly counseled to hold her temper in check. The nobles require a great deal of convincing, for they are truly cowards and believe that they have everything to lose if they oppose the Empire. Perhaps there could be a spy or a traitor among the nobles as well, who betrays the

Princess to the stormtroopers. The troopers will then “crash” one of the parties.

EPISODE FOUR: THE GREAT ATTACK

The PCs must lead a group of nobles on an attack on the Imperial ship that orbits Eliad. While the nobles are well-trained in weapons operation, they are inexperienced in battle and none too brave.

The Imperial ship orbiting the planet is crewed by well-paid mercenaries. The object of this mission is to turn over this ship to the Rebellion. The Princess has learned the access code to the ship, and she can provide an Imperial shuttle, so the PCs can get aboard it. She also has reason to believe that the mercenaries will not fight very effectively; however, there are 100 stormtroopers on board to watch over them. These stormtroopers must be eliminated and the ship taken.

ADVENTURE OUTLINE FOUR: THE REVOLT OF MINOS CLUSTER

BACKGROUND

The Rebellion finally learns what happened to Drun Cairnwick, discovering that he is imprisoned on a prison asteroid in Gesaril system. They ask the PCs to attempt a rescue, for without Drun, widespread rebellion in Minos Cluster is impossible. The player characters collect together all the traders they have befriended in earlier adventures (and maybe Tor’s pirate ship, as well) and make a run on the prison asteroid. You may have to manipulate things so they think of seeking aid from the other freighters.

EPISODE ONE: THE GREAT RESCUE

The rescue of Drun Cairnwick is the objective of this scenario. PCs must attempt to spring the Rebel leader from the prison asteroid. The PCs will have to organize their rag-tag fleet and find some way to put

it to effective use to defeat the Imperial forces in the Gesaril system.

The Imperial cruiser guarding the asteroid, the prison space defenses, and even the guards inside (who might use Drun as a hostage) are the major obstacles to be overcome.

If the PCs are clever, they will take a holo crew along to film the whole rescue, so that it can be shown across the whole Cluster. If the PCs are successful, the 500 political prisoners held at the prison will make an excellent nucleus of a Cluster Rebel government, and the prison itself would make a good base.

EPISODE TWO: ROUSING THE RABBLE

The PCs, along with Drun (and perhaps Princess Leia, if the PCs have refrained from locking the acid-tongued Rebel leader in a maintenance locker), travel to every planet in the Minos Cluster, and attempt to

convince the governments of the different planets to join in the Rebellion. Failing that, they try to rouse the population of that system against the Empire. The PCs hope to have every planet working with the Rebellion, the seed of a Cluster government formed, and a declaration of open Rebellion to be signed by the provisional Cluster government by the time they are done. Perhaps the PCs and Drun could arrange for a meeting of planetary leaders on the prison asteroid, which could be roleplayed out with the PCs involved as speakers for the traders and the "Cluster Navy."

ADVENTURE OUTLINE FIVE: OPERATION CHAOS

BACKGROUND

This is the climax to the campaign, and may take several game sessions to complete. Along with all the ships from the Cluster they can possibly muster, the PCs must attack and defeat the Imperial fleet at Travnin before it can be reinforced by the main Imperial fleet. Fortunately, the revolt is taking place in several clusters throughout several sectors, so the Navy cannot send reinforcements immediately. Even so, to have any chance at success against the Travnin fleet, the planetary defenses must somehow be disrupted and the Imperial weaknesses found. The plan is to send a group of infiltrators down to the planet disguised as traders, who will then cause as many problems for the Imperial command as possible. If a weakness can be found, and rumors suggest there is one, the infiltrators have to use their contacts to send a message to the Rebel fleet. Imperial reinforcements are on their way, and the PCs only have three months

There are two Imperial Customs ships that are pursuing the PCs (though carefully, for there is much resistance to them now). There are a number of planets that need a great deal of persuasion before they will join the Rebellion (since many are terrified of the Imperial military). Imperial agents on a planet convince the government to arrest the PCs, or who at least oppose the PCs at every turn. The local Imperial Navy is finally starting to mobilize, so the PCs have to avoid Travnin. Overall the number of obstacles and the scope of their adventures have slowly grown.

before they arrive, so they have to get their job done quickly. They have to infiltrate an Imperial stronghold and bring it to its knees on their own – quite a task, even for certified heroes.

EPISODE ONE: TOUCHDOWN



PCs must now simply get to Travnin, land, and avoid arrest. The PCs will have to establish some sort of base (Neena could be useful in doing that) as

well as make a list of priority targets.

The Imperial Navy at Travnin may be suspicious of the PCs' ship, and may refuse permission for the ship to land – they will have to be talked into giving clearance. If the PCs say they are carrying some cargo essential to the defense of the planet – such as duralian ore from the Mestra system or Shesharilian

vodka – they might be allowed to land. Even then, they will be confined to the spaceport, so they will have to find a way to escape from it and reach the city. Travnin is now on a war footing. The first few hours on the planet will be very tricky as they get adjusted to this new situation – identity papers are a must.

EPISODE TWO: THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

Once they manage to get to Travnin, the PCs must create a disturbance to distract the Imperial defenders. They are to be saboteurs and guerilla warriors, striking the Imperial war machine whenever it is looking the other way. Propaganda is perhaps the most important element of the mission; if the PCs can ruin the morale of the populace, half the battle is won. Thus anti-Imperial graffiti might be more effective than blowing up a supply depot. If they are successful, Drun Cairnwick will call for a grand attack on the fleet.

There are a thousand Imperial stormtroopers on Travnin, and many more of the local populace have been conscripted for the duration of the “crisis.” Every single intersection is patrolled by a stormtrooper or soldier, and every important economic or military installation is guarded. The PCs can attempt to ruin the morale of the populace, kidnap important leaders, blow up important factories, and make it seem like there is a huge Resistance at work, even though there will only be a few of them on the planet.

If all else fails, the Imperial will hire the Iceman to track down the “terrorists” and eliminate them.

EPISODE THREE: FINAL BATTLE

While on the planet, the PCs are given information from Neena aboard the *Chariot*, the *Victory*-class Star Destroyer in orbit about the planet. Its sublight drive no longer functions properly, so none of its weapons or shields can be fully powered. If they can get word of this to the Rebellion, an immediate attack can be



launched to take advantage of this Imperial weakness.

A large space battle begins in the Travnin system, in which nearly 100 small Rebel ships are arrayed against the Imperial Navy. At the last minute, however, the PCs learn that their information about the Star Destroyer was wrong, and that its weapon system are partially operational – they were tricked. The original sublight drive is not functioning, but a new one was secretly installed. However, the parts of the hull that were removed to allow the drive to be installed have not been fully repaired, and so the ship is not fully shielded from attack, if only at this one small point. If the ship can be attacked at this vulnerable point, the Rebels might still have a chance.

The PCs need to get back to their ship, successfully escape Travnin, and then attack the Star Destroyer at its weak point. If the PCs are successful in inflicting damage on the vulnerable section, the Star Destroyer will blow up, and the battle will have been won. If the PCs fail in their attack, they will undoubtedly be killed, and the battle lost. The PCs must wade through the stormtroopers who are guarding the spaceport, and then launch their ship before heavy weapons can be used against it. Once they are in space, they must get by a swarm of TIE fighters in order to get close enough to fire on the Star Destroyer's weak spot. Ten TIE fighters will attack them as they attempt to close on the fleet, in two waves of five fighters each. Fortunately, the weaponry on the side of the Star Destroyer facing the planet is not yet operation, so the ship cannot fire upon them.

If the Star Destroyer is blown up, the battle and campaign are won.

ADVICE FOR THE GM

Don't let the PCs have very much money on hand. Any money they do get should come from their trading, and it should be very hard to make steady earnings from that. The PCs should usually be poor, and when they do have money, try to get them to spend it fast by threatening to have it taxed or stolen. If they screw up, do not hesitate to get them in debt with a loan shark; that is, after all, part of the "fun." Don't make money the reward for every adventure; it's better to provide them with information or devices that will enable them to earn a profit later.

Spread out the traders' contacts with the Rebellion. Don't run all of the stories provided here at once. Run your own adventures in between, and have most of those deal with trading. The adventures dealing with the Empire should be rare, at least at first – though your adventures should always have them lurking in the background (a little trade, an encounter on a planet, then *WHAM!* a Rebellion adventure).

At the start, the PCs shouldn't have much contact with the Rebellion at all, though they may well know about it. In general, the traders shouldn't consider it their fight; try to encourage them to have the same attitude Han did in *A New Hope*. Bit by bit, you must get them more and more involved in the Rebellion. In the latter half of the campaign, the trading will slacken off and grow less important, and the Rebel activities will take prominence.

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