

Character Type: _____ Alien Student of the Force



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ 2D+1

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ 3D+1

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ 2D

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ 2D+1

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ 3D

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ 2D

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control: _____ 1D

Sense: _____ 1D

Alter: _____ 1D

Equipment

one statuette, amulet or other trinket of obscure mystical import
250 credits standard

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

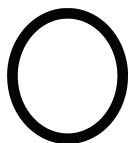
Your race prefers its solitary existence, and has never seen reason to have commerce with the rest of the galaxy. But you have decided to leave your native planet. Perhaps you seek the true Jedi, hoping to learn more about the Force from them. Perhaps you are simply curious. Perhaps the Empire has committed Atrocities on your planet. Choose any of these motivations, or invent another (but clear your motivation with your gamemaster if you make up your own).

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

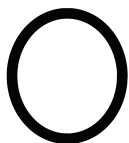
Personality: Think of yourself as a mystic, one of a tradition different from that followed by the Jedi, but of similar nature. Like Yoda, Kenobi or the fully-trained Luke Skywalker, you are calm, a little humble, and treat every living being with respect.

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

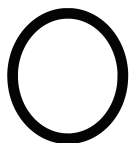
Connection with other characters: You might agree to accept a Brash Pilot or another character as a student. You might be eager to learn from a Failed or Minor Jedi. You might have befriended a Laconic Scout, Smuggler or Gambler in your travels.



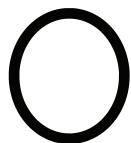
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ **Armchair Historian**



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **3D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **4D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **3D+2**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **2D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **2D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- Rebel uniform
- blaster
- comlink
- 1000 credits standard

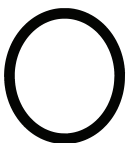
Background: You were a petty bureaucrat in a department (e.g., the Floater Vehicles Department) of the (Planet) government until (Planet) was occupied by Imperial stormtroopers. The Imperials purged the planetary government of anyone whose loyalty was tainted - including you, although you can't imagine why. You barely got warning in time to flee.

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

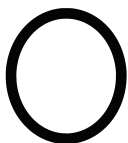
Personality: Dry, a little dull. Although deficient in weapons skills, you're likely to keep your head under fire, and may eventually become a useful soldier.

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

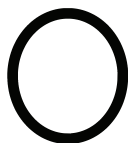
Connection with other characters: You might have been a citizen of any Noble's or Senatorial's planet. You might have suspended a Brash Pilot's landspeeder license. You might have known the Outlaw's family. You have a real love/hate relationship with any military character (Merc, Retired Captain, etc.): You admire the character for his or her expertise, but you are convinced you know more about military strategy and can do better.



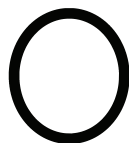
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Arrogant Noble



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+1**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **3D+1**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **4D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **2D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

several changes of clothing in the latest styles
hold-out blaster
one melee weapon of choice
personal landspeeder
2000 credits standard

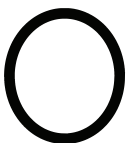
Background: That scum Palpatine. How he became Emperor is beyond you. Why, the man's an upstart! The idea that Palpatine should be your sovereign is completely intolerable. Everyone in your family shares your detestation for the swine.

You joined the Rebellion as soon as you had a chance. There are a some drawbacks to the Rebellion, ot course. All this democracy is quite tiresome. It's really rather annoying to have all these aliens and members of the lower orders as your equals in the Rebellion's military hierarchy. Still, you must steel yourself - noblesse oblige and all that. It is unfortunate, though, that you'll miss out on this year's social season at the galactic core.

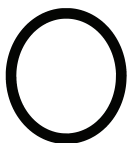
Personality: Gracious with those acknowledge themselves as your inferiors; slightly to insufferably arrogant with anyone else. You fell obligated to follow a strict moral code - always to honour debts, always to fight fair, never to let anyone impugn your honour. You have no patience with commercial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

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

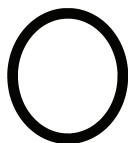
Connection with other characters: Another Senatorial - you're related or a long-term political ally, or a long-time political enemy now united in hostility to the Empire. Loyal Retainer - he or she is your liegeman. Retired Captain - you know him or her by reputation. The Merc - you hired his or her Company once. Any other character - perhaps one or several come from your planet.



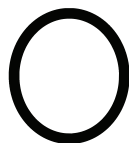
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ **Bounty Hunter**



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **4D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D+2**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **3D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **3D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **2D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- heavy blaster
- hold-out blaster
- blaster pistol
- thermal detonator
- knife
- another knife
- protective vest
- jet pack
- two medpacs
- 1000 credits standard

Background: Blaster for hire. That's you. You're still young at this game but you've already killed twenty-three people - but who's counting? The galaxy stinks, but a (wo)man's gotta make a living.

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

The Empire hired you. You did the job. A good man died. You fulfilled your side of the deal. The Empire didn't. You could have taken them to court - but they own the courts. They laughed at you.

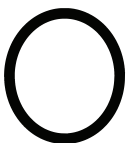
But not for long. Usually you work for a thousand a day. Plus expenses. But this time, it's personal.

You've got a contract. With the Rebellion. For the duration. Your pay is a credit a day. And you fulfill your contracts.

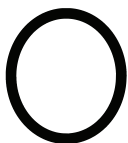
Personality: You don't talk much. When you do, you mean what you say. You're dangerous. You're dependable. You're smart. You don't like being conned. If people play straight with you, you'll play straight with them.

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

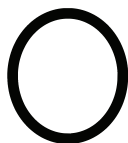
Connection with other characters: Anyone could have hired you once - or perhaps you're employed by another character at the moment. You could easily have met any of the other "lowlife" characters - Smuggler, Gambler, Pirate, etc.



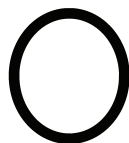
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ **Brash Pilot**



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **3D**

Blaster _____

Brawling Parry _____

Dodge _____

Grenade _____

Heavy Weapons _____

Melee Parry _____

Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D**

Alien Races _____

Bureaucracy _____

Cultures _____

Languages _____

Planetary Systems _____

Streetwise _____

Survival _____

Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **4D**

Astrogation _____

Beast Riding _____

Repulsorlift Op. _____

Starship Gunnery _____

Starship Piloting _____

Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **3D**

Bargain _____

Command _____

Con _____

Gambling _____

Hide/Sneak _____

Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **3D**

Brawling _____

Climb/Jump _____

Lifting _____

Stamina _____

Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **3D**

Comp. Prog./Repair _____

Demolition _____

Droid Prog./Repair _____

Medicine _____

Repulsorlift Repair _____

Security _____

Starship Repair _____

Control:

Sense:

Alter:

Equipment

- blaster
- rebel uniform
- medpac
- vac-suit
- 1000 credits standard

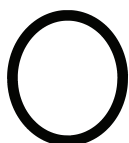
Background: You thought you'd never get off that hick planet! Ever since you were a kid, you've read about starships and heroic battles. Ever since you can remember, you've wanted to be a starship pilot. Your parents wanted you to be a farmer (or a lawyer or a doctor or a miner - who cares which?). But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

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

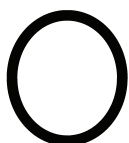
Personality: Enthusiastic, loyal, energetic and committed. Uses lots of exclamation points.

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

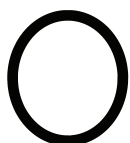
Connection with other characters: A Senatorial or the Retired Imperial Captain might have sponsored you for the Naval Academy. Almost anyone might be a brother or sister.



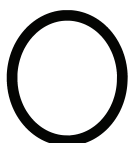
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Ewok



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **4D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D+2**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **3D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **3D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **2D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- spear
- leather backpack
- a collection of shiny objects

Background: You used to live on Endor, the Forest Moon. Then, one day, a big shiny spaceship landed.

You investigated. It was filled with fascinating, shiny things and good things to eat. All of a sudden, everything shook. You didn't realize it then, but the ship had taken off, and you couldn't go home.

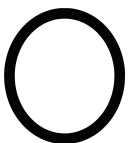
At first, you were frightened. When you learned you couldn't go home, you were sad. But then you made friends with the humans on the ship. They were from

something called the Rebellion, and fight bad people called the Empire. Humans seem to find Ewoks cute. This is very useful; you've never had any problem finding food or shelter. You've picked up a little bit of the human language. You don't really understand the strange machines they use, but you've become a little more comfortable with them. Life out here in the galaxy is endlessly fascinating and fun. You've decided to stay with your Rebel friends and help them out.

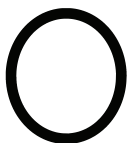
Personality: You like humans. You like good things to eat. You like playing with shiny things. You're cheerful, inquisitive and have a habit of getting yourself and sometimes your companions - into more trouble than you (or they!) can handle.

A Quote: "Kaiya! Gyeesh?"

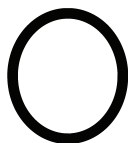
Connection with other characters: Choose any other player character you like; you've adopted him as your mentor. You follow him around and try to get him to play with you. If he consistently ignores you, you can switch to another character later on.



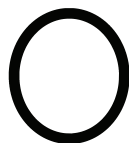
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Failed Jedi



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **2D+2**

Blaster _____

Brawling Parry _____

Dodge _____

Grenade _____

Heavy Weapons _____

Melee Parry _____

Melee _____

Lightsaber _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **3D+1**

Alien Races _____

Bureaucracy _____

Cultures _____

Languages _____

Planetary Systems _____

Streetwise _____

Survival _____

Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D**

Astrogation _____

Beast Riding _____

Repulsorlift Op. _____

Starship Gunnery _____

Starship Piloting _____

Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **3D+1**

Bargain _____

Command _____

Con _____

Gambling _____

Hide/Sneak _____

Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **2D+2**

Brawling _____

Climb/Jump _____

Lifting _____

Stamina _____

Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D**

Comp. Prog./Repair _____

Demolition _____

Droid Prog./Repair _____

Medicine _____

Repulsorlift Repair _____

Security _____

Starship Repair _____

Control: _____ **1D**

Sense: _____ **1D**

Alter: _____

Equipment

Lightsaber

robes

bottle of rotgut

250 credits standard

Background: A long, long time ago, back in the days of the Old Republic, you were an aspiring Jedi. Sure, you remember Skywalker and Kenobi and all that crew.

But you failed. You couldn't hack it. The Dark Side kept calling, and things never worked quite the way you wanted them to. You turned to drink, and things went downhill from there. Then, the Empire came, and suddenly it wasn't healthy to be a Jedi, or even to know anything about them.

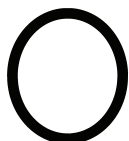
You spent a lot of years drinking heavily. It's not very pleasant to remember.

Okay. You've got one more chance. You've got a kid who wants to learn about the Force. You're not sure you can teach him much, but you can try... Try to do something worthwhile before you die.

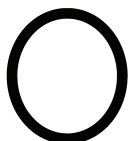
Personality: Cynical, foul-mouthed, and pessimistic - but with a heart of gold.

A Quote: "Kids. Gah. Kids. You wanna learn how to use the Force? Listen when I talk to you. (Wheeze). Damn kids. Where's the whiskey?"

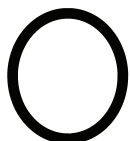
Connection with other characters: Choose another player character as your student (by mutual agreement).



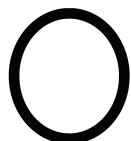
**Force
Points**



**Dark Side
Points**



**Wound
Status**



**Skill
Points**

Character Type: _____ **Gambler**



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **3D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D+1**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **4D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **2D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D+1**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- deck of cards
- hold-out blaster
- two sets of flashy clothes
- 1000 credits standard

Background: The galaxy is your oyster. You can go anywhere, do anything. You're never down and out permanently - all you have to do is find an honest game of chance, and there's gambling everywhere. Money comes and money goes, but the game goes on.

Love 'em and leave 'em, that's your philosophy. You've never seen any point in settling down, not when there's a starship leaving in an hour, a gambling table in the lounge and new worlds to explore at the other end of the journey.

It's a good life. There's always something new to do, always another game, always a fine meal or a top-notch wine. You've seen the cream of society and the dregs of the galaxy, and you're comfortable with both.

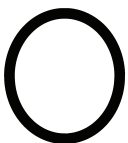
How'd you get mixed up with the Rebellion? Well, it's more that you got mixed up with the Empire. A little misunderstanding, and presto! You're wanted on thirty planets. Tough to handle.

Well, why not? The Rebellion looks pretty hopeless right now, but its always got a chance... Hey, you're a gambler, right?

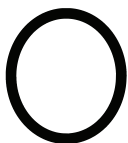
Personality: Charming, unfailingly polite, insouciant, and insincere. You do extremely well with members of the opposite sex.

A Quote: "Anyone for an honest game of chance?"

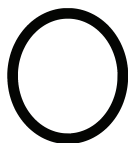
Connection with other characters: You've kicked around the galaxy a lot, and could have become friends with - or swindled - anyone of them.



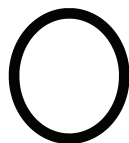
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Kid



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **2D+2**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **3D**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **3D+2**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **2D+1**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D+2**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- two bottles of fizzyglug
- one packet candy
- a small stone
- length of string
- a small animal (dead or alive - your choice)
- 250 credits standard

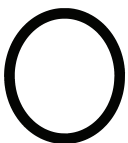
Background: You're somewhere between 8 and 12. You've got a big brother or sister in the Rebellion, or maybe you're an orphan who's been semi-adopted by another character. You never let anyone leave you behind, and whenever the danger is greatest. You charge the enemy and butt them with your head, or bite them in the leg or beat them with your arms.

You're a regular little hellion whom no one can discipline. The bad guys never take you seriously, which is why you get away with so much.

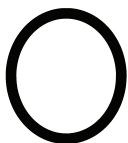
Personality: Constantly cheerful, you always side with the underdog. You're completely loyal to one other character (you choose which) and tag along with him.

A Quote: "Oh, boy! Let's get 'em. C'mon guys!"

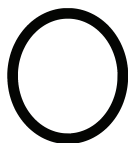
Connection with other characters: Choose another player character as your older sibling/adopted parent/idol/whatever. You don't have to get the other player's permission. In fact, if he or she is annoyed, that's entirely appropriate for the character - who likes having a kid brother or sister tag along?



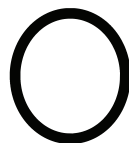
**Force
Points**



**Dark Side
Points**



**Wound
Status**



**Skill
Points**

Character Type: _____ Laconic Scout



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **2D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **4D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **3D**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **2D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **3D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **3D+1**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- 2 medpacs
- blaster pistol
- backpack
- week's concentrated rations
- knife
- 1000 credits standard

Background: Never talked much. Never seen much reason to. Fact is. most of the time you don't have anyone to talk to. You're out under the high, wide skies of a virgin planet, pitting yourself against the wilderness. After you come the settlers, the big corporations, the traders - civilization. But you're the one to open planets. You find out what the dangers are, and how to deal with them. You find out how to survive the strange weather, dangerous beasts and rugged terrain of a whole new world.

You'd be doing that still. But they won't let you. The Empire has cut back on exploration; says it's too expensive.

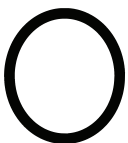
You know the truth, though; freedom is an artifact of a frontier. You can't control people when they can always up and move. If, say, one wanted to impose tyranny on a galaxy, there's only one way to do it; stop them from upping and moving. Close the frontier.

Okay. So the Emperor wants to destroy your livelihood. He doesn't leave you with any alternative but joining the Rebellion, does he? You'll be an asset, you know. You know a dozen planets like the back of your hand, and you know how to survive - in comfort - anywhere. Need to set up a base on, say, an ice planet? You know how.

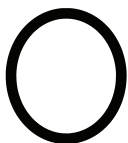
Personality: You're laconic. Close-mouthed. You have a strong sense of humor, which shows through frequently. You're tough. Proud of your abilities. You take a perverse delight in tormenting "greenies."

A Quote: "You call these bugs? Back on Darnos V. they got sting insects the size of a house."

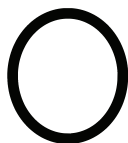
Connection with other characters: Anyone from a recently-settled planet (like the Brash Pilot) might know you as the Scout who opened his or her world for settlement. You might have met and made friends with any of the lowlife characters (Gambler, Merc, Smuggler, Pirate, Bounty Hunter) between jobs.



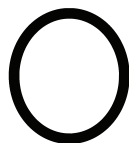
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Loyal Retainer



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **3D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D+2**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **3D**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **3D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **3D+1**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **3D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

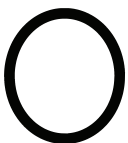
several changes of clothing for just about any occasion
hold-out blaster
comlink
1000 credits standard

Background: For centuries, your family has served the House of (Demesne). The (Lords) of (Demesne) have ruled your planet for as long or longer, and they have been good to their people. The planet has achieved prosperity, peace and plenty under their wise and beneficent rule. Yet evil has fallen upon the galaxy; an evil man has usurped the Imperial throne, and both peace and the nobility are endangered. Your liege has chosen to join the Rebellion. Your whole planet may suffer for that choice, yet you know it is the correct one - and you know your planet will loyally stand with their (Lord) when the shooting begins.

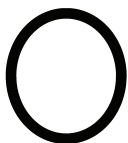
Personality: Hard-headed, sensible about money matters, loyal unto death, and sometimes a bit overprotective. Your loyalty is to your lord, not to the Rebellion.

A Quote: "Certainly, m'lord. Yes, m'lord. As you say, m'lord,"

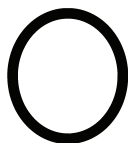
Connection with other characters: Ask the gamemaster for the name of the family to which you are loyal and their title ("Demesne" and "Lord" are just examples). If another player character is a Noble, you may be his or her personal servant. Otherwise you are on detached duty, under orders from your lord to serve the Rebellion.



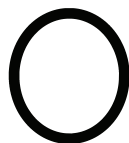
**Force
Points**



**Dark Side
Points**



**Wound
Status**



**Skill
Points**

Character Type: _____ Minor Jedi



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **3D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____
- Lightsaber _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **3D+2**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **2D**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **3D+1**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **2D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **2D+1**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control: _____ **1D**

Sense:

Alter:

Equipment

lightsaber
1000 credits standard

Background: You'd like to call yourself a Jedi Knight, but you are not, really. The name of that great order has gone out of the galaxy. You received a little training at the hands of one of the last of the Jedi, one of the less powerful of that order, before he was betrayed and executed by the Empire. Since then, you've lived the life of a fugitive. At times, you are convinced that the Empire, Darth Vader in particular, is hunting you fiercely. At others, you're convinced they've decided you aren't worth the trouble. In a way, not being hunted would be as bad as being hunted - because that would mean that the Empire has such contempt for your abilities that they don't think finding you is important.

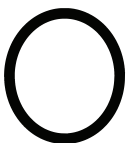
Still, you have the fondest memories of your master. And there's still a chance, no matter how slim, that the Rebellion can overthrow the Emperor and his minion Vader. You'll work to help that happen, and you hope that, one day, you can help reestablish the Jedi Knights and pass on the little knowledge you possess.

Personality: Tired, a little cynical, but still completely faithful to the Jedi Code (see page 69). You're a little paranoid about being pursued by the Empire.

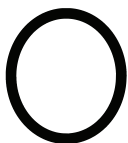
A Quote: "Scoff if you like, but it's true. The Force surrounds us, holds us, binds everything together."

Connection with other characters: You're happy to serve the Rebellion in whatever capacity. You'd gladly accept a Brash Pilot or another character as a student.

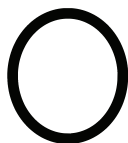
You'd be fascinated by the Alien Student of the Force's alien view of the Force, and be eager to learn from the Failed Jedi. You could easily have become friends with any of the other characters.



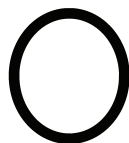
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Mon Calamari



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+1**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **3D+1**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D+1**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **2D+1**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **3D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **3D+2**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- blaster pistol
- comlink
- uniform
- 1000 credits standard

Background: It was the Empire that taught your people the meaning of war. The Mon Calamari are a peaceful and gentle race. Your civilization stretches back thousands of years, back to the first beginnings of agriculture in your native swamplands. Over the centuries, you gradually built a technical civilization and a high culture. Exploration of nearby stars was well underway - and then the Empire came.

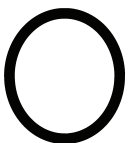
They saw only an undefended prize - an advanced technology that could be forced to feed the Imperial war machine. They invaded - and enslaved your people. At first, you did not understand what had been done. The idea of slavery was incomprehensible - and the brutal efficiency with which the Empire went about its task left no time to learn. You tried to appease the invaders, but nothing worked. Eventually, Calamari began to fight back - and when they did, the Empire reacted with incredible ferocity. Whole cities were obliterated. Then, virtually the whole Mon Calamari rose as one, and destroyed the occupiers. The war industries the Empire had forced its slave laborers to build are now used for another purpose - to fuel the Rebellion.

You were on Calamari when the Empire came, and when the uprising succeeded. Now, you are part of the Calamarian armed forces, a part of the Rebel Alliance against the Empire. You work well with aliens (including humans), and are frequently assigned to fight with small, irregular groups.

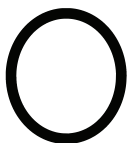
Personality: In general, Calamari are gentle, reasonable, and soft-spoken, but there is as much variety among them as among humans.

A Quote: "Our people have a saying: do not dive before testing the depths."

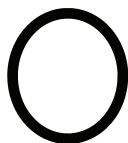
Connection with other characters: You could have seen action with any of the other characters before the game begins. A Gambler, Smuggler or other low-life might have visited your planet before or during the Imperial occupation.



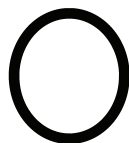
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Old Senatorial



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **3D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **4D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **3D**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **4D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **2D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **2D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

hold-out blaster
spartan clothing
comlink
2000 credits standard

Background: You're getting too old, too old for this nonsense. You've been a Senator for more years than you care to count; you've gotten white-haired and dried up in that time. It seems like your struggle with Palpatine and his henchmen has gone on forever. A never-ending struggle for the very soul of the Senate and the galaxy, a struggle which consumed the years of youth like butterflies in a flame.

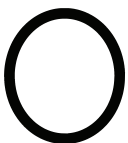
You'll not give up yet! The fight has passed beyond the Senate chamber into the hard vacuum of space.

You can't fly a starship or fire a laser cannon, but determination, an understanding of your adversaries, and an ability to command still count for something. Still, still... you yearn for the old days, for men like Talon, Kenobi, and (heaven help us) Skywalker. There were giants in those days...

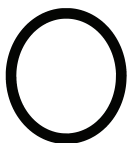
Personality: You're no-nonsense, brisk, brusque and capable. You can talk your way past a barricade and have Stormtroopers saluting the August Senator in no time. Your stamina isn't what it used to be, and you have no stomach for violence - but you never display weakness.

A Quote: "And snap to it, young man!"

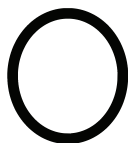
Connection with other characters: You may know the Retired Captain or other Senatorials or Nobles socially and politically. You may know the Bounty Hunter or Merc as a former employee. Practically any character might come from the planet you represented as Senator.



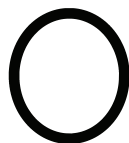
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Pirate



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **2D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **3D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **3D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **2D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **3D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- flashy clothes
- comlink
- lots of rings & things
- vacuum suit
- blaster
- 2000 credits standard
- saber (just for show - damage code is STR+1D+1)

Background: You were just a kid, and when you were offered a position in the crew of the (Ship), you jumped at the chance. Finally, a way off the hick planet where you grew up! You realized the ship was a little disreputable but you hadn't realized you were hooking up with the genuine article - desperate, grizzled pirates thirsting for gold and the blood of innocents.

Arrrr, matey.

Well, it isn't quite like that, actually; pirates are not much like the vidshow stereotype. No one actually says "Arrr, matey:" Certainly no one wears an eyepatch or a wooden leg - give modern medicine some credit.

And you've never known a pirate who made anyone "walk the airlock." After all, the point of piracy is to make a profit, not cause bloodshed. Atrocities might make a captured ship's crew resist.

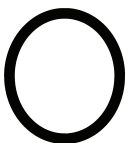
Maybe piracy isn't the most honorable profession in the world, but Imperial oppression has driven most of the small traders out of business. Spacers who don't work for the big corporations don't have many options: bankruptcy, retirement, or... piracy.

The Empire creates pirates - and then destroys them. Most of your shipmates are in the spice mines of Kessel now. You barely escaped by the skin of your teeth. You plan to revenge them. You hope that one day, you'll be captain of your own ship - a privateer in the service of the Rebellion.

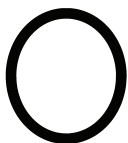
Personality: Wears colorful clothes, laughs a lot, likes to carouse, cheerfully amoral.

A Quote: "Arrr, matey. Make 'em walk the airlock, har har har. (Chuckle.)"

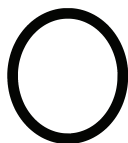
Connection with other characters: You might once have raided the ship of any of the other characters. A Retired Imperial Captain or Bounty Hunter might once have pursued you. A Smuggler might have out-run you. You might be related to a Brash Pilot or Kid - or you might be the black sheep of a Senatorial's



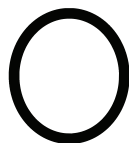
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Quixotic Jedi



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **2D+1**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **3D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **3D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D+1**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:

Sense: _____ **1D**

Alter:

Equipment

duelling sword (it'll have to do until you find a real Lightsaber - damage code is strength+1D+1)
1000 credits standard

Background: You claim to be a Jedi. Actually, you're not. You've read all about the exploits of the great Jedi Knights - so much so that you don't quite realize they no longer exist. If truth be told, you're a little crazy.

You've learned of the atrocities of the Empire and of Darth Vader, and have decided to leave your comfortable existence and venture forth into the galaxy on a great quest to restore the Jedi. You've read as much as you can about the Jedi training methods and their powers, and you've tried to train yourself as best you can.

Everyone thinks you're crazy. They think the Jedi were legendary, that it's all a bunch of hokey pseudoreligious nonsense.

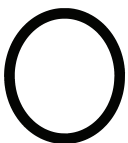
But sometimes - just sometimes - you can feel the Force. Sometimes - when you're in great danger, or when things are breaking your way - you can use Jedi powers.

In any event, you fight for the Rebellion and try to right individual injustices whenever you come across them. You're basically a good fellow, so who cares if you're a little touched?

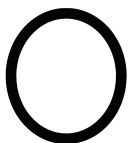
Personality: Elaborately courteous, unfailingly cheerful, and basically nuts. You come up with complicated, hare-brained schemes which invariably fail. You adhere to the Jedi Code (see page 69).

A Quote: "I feel... a disturbance in the Force." (yeah, sure, pal).

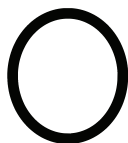
Connection with other characters: A Brash Pilot or Tongue-Tied Engineer might actually believe in you. He'd apprentice himself to you, and fiercely defend you against the sarcasm and scepticism of others. An Alien Student might scoff, but offer to teach you. A Failed Jedi might become close friends, and may give you a few pointers. A Smuggler or Pirate might keep you around for amusement value.



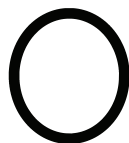
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Retired Army Drill Sergeant



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **2D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **3D+1**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **3D+1**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **3D+1**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D+1**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

Army uniform (slightly out of date)
blaster rifle
blaster
2000 credits standard

Background: You've lived the military life for as long as you can remember. Your parents were career military, and you knew how to field-strip a blaster by the time you were six. Enlisting in (World's) army was second nature to you. Your world wasn't peaceful like those softskins on Alderaan. You fought for your place in the galaxy like so many others during the Clone Wars.

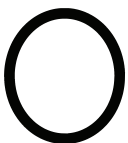
Afterwards, the Empire destroyed all that. Your comrades were gone, replaced by those Stormtroopers. Your world rebelled. The Empire quelled it. So many dead, so many non-combatants.

You may be old, but you can teach these young pups in the Rebellion a thing or two about organised warfare...

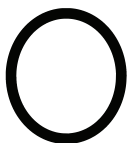
Personality: Gruff, abrasive, and loud. You're not used to taking orders, but by the Supreme Being, you WILL obey them. You've a caustic wit, a nasty sense of humour, and a heart of gold - although you rarely show it. You're extremely loyal to your fellow comrades.

A Quote: "YOU CALL THAT A SALUTE? You (expletive)! Drop and give me twenty NOW!"

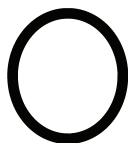
Connection with other characters: You may have fought alongside the Merc or Tough Native. You may have served with the Retired Imperial Captain. Any other character may have been a conscript you trained.



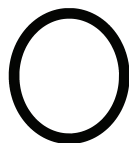
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Retired Imperial Captain



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ 2D+2

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ 3D

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ 3D+2

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ 3D+1

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ 2D+1

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ 3D

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:

Sense:

Alter:

Equipment

Imperial Navy uniform (slightly out of date)
blaster

2000 credits standard

Background: You gave your life to the service, and gave it gladly, The Imperial Navy was your job, your life, and your passion. You rose through its ranks, from enlisted swab to petty officer to command of a starship.

You saw action several times and were highly decorated, but you remember the times of peace better than the times of war - the calm routine of shipboard life, the riotous shore leaves, the hard study, the unexpected dangers of galactic exploration.

It was a sad day when you retired, but you were glad, in a way. Your spouse had suffered for your frequent absences, and your children grew up strangers. It was a shock to discover upon your retirement how people thought of the Empire; something that had been clean and virtuous in your youth had gone very wrong, and you hadn't noticed. Things have gone from bad to worse and now, you hear, that madman Vader is running things. You wouldn't like to be under his command.

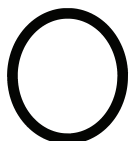
Your spouse is dead now, and you're getting bored. You can only sit and read in your garden for so long.

You've got a few years left, and you'd like to do something worthwhile - maybe something to fight the monster the Empire has become. Maybe the Rebellion can find a use for this old soldier.

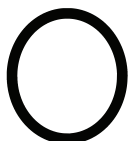
Personality: Soft-spoken, intelligent in command. You're extremely knowledgeable about antiquated military equipment, somewhat less so about modern weapon systems.

A Quote: "Orders of the day, gentlemen?"

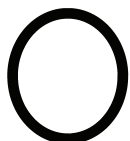
Connection with other characters: You may have seen action with the Merc, or have sponsored the Brash Pilot for the Naval Academy. You may know any Noble or Senatorial by reputation, or socially. You may be irritated by the Armchair Historian. You may have been outrun by the Smuggler or the Pirate.



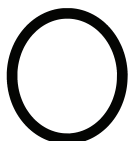
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Smuggler



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+1**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **2D+1**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **3D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **3D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **3D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D+2**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

stock light freighter
heavy blaster pistol
comlink
2000 credits standard
25,000 credits in debt to a crime boss

Background: Your parents called it "gallivanting around the galaxy," but as far as you're concerned there's no better life than a free trader's. Travelling as your fancy takes you, trading a little here and a little there, looking for a sharp deal, bargaining and seiling... New worlds to see, always a new planet at the end of the journey.

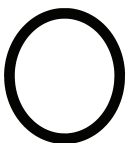
That's how it's supposed to be, anyway. But... the Empire is more and more restrictive by the day. Goods that used to be legal are now contraband, Even contraband is harder and harder to come by. Customs inspectors are like bloodhounds. Bribes have become your major expense. You keep on dreaming of making one big killing and getting out ... but you don't want to get out. To you, your ship is home, transportation, and freedom, all in one package. The idea of losing it kills you.

But you may very well lose it. To keep on operating, you had to borrow money from a mobster, a real slimeball crime king. You're pretty deep in debt now, and they keep on making nasty jokes about breaking your kneecaps. Damn the Empire, anyway! It's their laws and their corruption that brought this all about.

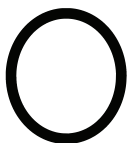
Personality: You're tough, smart, good-looking and cynical. You're a fine pilot and a good businessman. Mostly you want to hit it big and be left alone by scum, both criminal and official.

A Quote: "I don't have the money with me."
Connection with other characters: You need at least one other person to run your ship. a partner. This could be the Alien Student, the Brash Pilot, the Gambler, the Merc, the Minor Jedi, the Mon Calamari, the Wookiee, or anyone with decent mechanical skills.

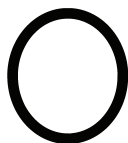
You could have encountered virtually any of the other characters in the course of your (frequently shady) business dealings.



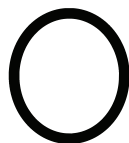
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ The Merc



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **2D+2**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **2D+1**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **3D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **3D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- uniform of your unit
- blaster rifle
- melee weapon of your choice
- comlink
- backpack
- protective helmet
- 2000 credits standard

Background: The Company meant everything to you. You joined up as a kid, raw off the farm, eager to find the camaraderie you'd only known from vidshows. It was everything you thought it would be. You fought with the Company through two grueling battles, surviving more by luck and with the help of friends than by skill. Blooded in combat, you became a full-fledged member of the finest body of men and women in the galaxy - loyal, dependable, and true. Someday, you hoped to be everything that they were.

Then came the battle. The Empire hired you to defend a base and told you there'd be reinforcements if there was trouble.

Then the Rebels came. You fought desperately. Men and women died. Again and again the call went out for reinforcements. They never came.

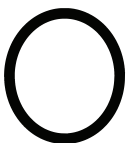
Later, you learned you'd been betrayed. They never planned to rescue you. Mercenaries, they figured, were expendable.

So many friends gone. So much lost forever. Your whole future - destroyed. This time, you won't fight for pay. This time, you'll fight for revenge.

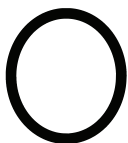
Personality: Inclined to depression and nostalgia for lost comrades. You're an individualist (the Company taught you that), but you work smoothly as part of an organization (the Company taught you that, too). You get along well with just about everyone.

A Quote: "Sergeant Harbon told me something about a time like this on Ferton,"

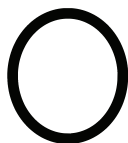
Connection with other characters: You might have been hired by the family of any Senatorial or Noble at some time. You might have helped occupy the planet of the Armchair Historian, Brash Pilot, Outlaw, or Mon Calamari. Your Company may have hired the Smuggler or Bounty Hunter at one time, or have been swindled by the Gambler.



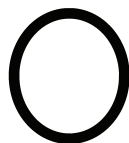
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ The Outlaw



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **4D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **3D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **2D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **3D+1**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **3D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

heavy blaster pistol
1000 credits standard

Background: They killed your family - clean wiped 'em out. They torched your house. They destroyed your life. You'll make them pay for what they done.

You killed those who did you dirt. But they're only a part. The whole rotten structure has got to fall.

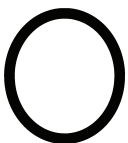
Ultimately, the Emperor is responsible. And you won't rest until he's dead - dead for what he done.

Personality: You're deadly, dangerous, and deranged.

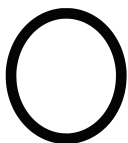
You're driven by revenge. You have no fear and no pity; you have nothing to live for and no reason not to risk your life.

A Quote: "The Empire made only one mistake. They didn't finish the job."

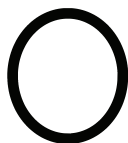
Connection with other characters: If there's any emotion you can still feel, it's parental love. Younger characters (Kids, Brash Pilots, etc.) may be adopted as surrogate children. You may feel a bleak kinship with similarly driven characters, like the Merc and the Bounty Hunter, which might ripen into true trust and affection.



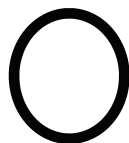
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Tongue-Tied Engineer



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **2D+1**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **4D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **2D+1**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **2D+2**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **4D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

pocket computer
1000 credits standard
R2 unit

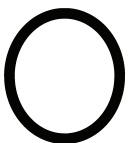
Background: You carry a pocket computer at all time. Your clothes always look bulky and awkward. You're clumsy and drop things a lot. The idea of shooting a blaster at someone makes you distinctly nervous. You have difficulty holding a conversation - any conversation - unless it's about math, machines or computers.

You find it easier to deal with Droids than with humans - Droids are predictable and stable, People don't pay much attention to you - until something needs to be fixed, or they need to know something, or they need someone to break into a computer. You can do any of that in nothing flat.

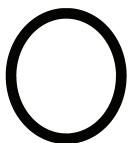
Personality: Clumsy, awkward, painfully shy, but with a flair for technology.

A Quote: "The integral over the surface rho with respect to v is, umm, let's see, del cross negative B, plus the partial derivative of ..."

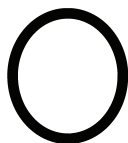
Connection with other characters: You might be related to the Brash Pilot or Kid. A Smuggler, Merc, Laconic Scout, or Outlaw might have taken you in tow. You can have fallen (secretly and inarticulately) in love with any of the younger and more glamorous characters (Young Senatorial, Smuggler, Brash Pilot, Gambler). One of the characters with Force powers might have decided to train you.



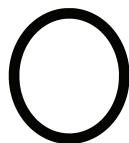
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ Tough Native



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY ____ **3D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE ____ **2D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL ____ **2D+1**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION ____ **3D+2**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH ____ **4D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL ____ **2D+1**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:

Sense:

Alter:

Equipment

- sword (damage code is strength+1D+1)
- black-powder pistol (see page 52)
- powder horn
- large, floppy hat
- extravagant clothing
- 500 credits standard

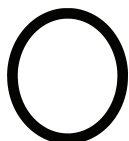
Background: Your native planet was settled a thousand years ago by shipwrecked spacers. It lost contact with the galaxy, and its technology regressed. Only a few years ago, your planet was rediscovered by free traders - smugglers, actually. You're a little dazzled by all these starships and rayguns and such - you're much more at home with honest technologies that normal human beings can understand, like sailing ships, rifles, zeppelins and gas lamps.

You grew up as an honest farmer's child, taught to fear the deity, love your parents, and serve your monarch. You joined the Queen's Own Grenadiers as a youth, and saw a little action on one campaign. Your Queen sent you (and others of her servants) to find out more about the galaxy and what contact with it might mean. You send her reports weekly - but you're increasingly worried. The Empire would crush your planet like an insect. Joining the Rebellion may be your planet's only hope.

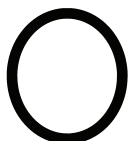
Personality: Loyal to your Queen; pious; and more than a little flamboyant. You get into fights frequently, which you enjoy, and also enjoy drinking others under the table.

A Quote: "En garde!"

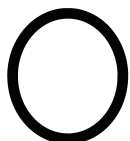
Connection with other characters: A Smuggler or Pirate might have visited your planet, or transported you from it. Any noble or senatorial might have visited it on a diplomatic mission. You might have met any of the lowlife characters (Gambler, Bounty Hunter, Smuggler, Pirate, etc.) in a bar. The Laconic Scout might have discovered your planet. You might be nobility on your planet, and the Loyal Retainer yours.



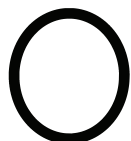
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points

Character Type: _____ **Wookiee**



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **2D+2**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____
- Wookiee Bowcaster _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **2D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **3D**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **2D**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **5D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **3D+1**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

bowcaster (see page 52)
250 credits standard

Background: You're big. You're furry. You talk in grunts and stuff. Your race lives a long time - centuries, even. You hate to lose. You like to rip the heads off stormtroopers (heh, heh).

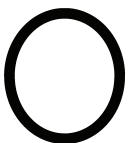
Personality: You're extremely loyal to your comrades. You get frustrated sometimes and bang things. Since you don't realize the full extent of your strength, this can be a problem. Someday you'd like to return to your home planet and mate, but in the meantime you'll stick with your friends.

A Quote: "Roooarrgh ur roo." (Translation: "I have a bad feeling about this.")

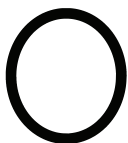
Connection with other characters: Choose one other player character as your friend and partner. He or she speaks your language. When he's around, you can talk with the other players freely (assume that your friend is translating). Protocol Droids (like C-3PO) can also translate. When no translator is handy, follow this procedure:

1. Make a noise like Chewbacca. ("GRRRRRwun. Hun·uck-chuh")
2. That's a sign to the other players that you're trying to say something. Anyone who wants to can make a Languages skill roll. The gamemaster assigns a difficulty number - normally this is 15, but the gamemaster can increase or decrease the difficulty number if you're trying to say something simple (like "Watch out!" or "Ouch!") or complex (like "the lateral thrusters need servicing").
3. If anyone makes a successful language roll, you can tell him (in English) what you're trying to say. If everyone fails, too bad.

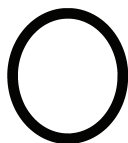
Incidentally, before you choose to play a Wookiee, please try saying "Ooorarrgh" or something a couple of times. If you sound really lame as a Wookiee, we suggest you play a different character. A player who sounds like Chewbacca contributes to the game's atmosphere - but one who sounds like a malfunctioning carburetor just makes everyone wince.



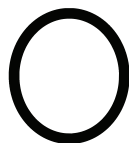
**Force
Points**



**Dark Side
Points**



**Wound
Status**



**Skill
Points**

Character Type: _____ Young Senatorial



Character Name: _____

Player Name: _____

Height: _____ Weight: _____ Sex: _____ Age: _____ Rank: _____

Physical description: _____

DEXTERITY _____ **3D**

- Blaster _____
- Brawling Parry _____
- Dodge _____
- Grenade _____
- Heavy Weapons _____
- Melee Parry _____
- Melee _____

KNOWLEDGE _____ **4D**

- Alien Races _____
- Bureaucracy _____
- Cultures _____
- Languages _____
- Planetary Systems _____
- Streetwise _____
- Survival _____
- Technology _____

MECHANICAL _____ **2D+2**

- Astrogation _____
- Beast Riding _____
- Repulsorlift Op. _____
- Starship Gunnery _____
- Starship Piloting _____
- Starship Shields _____

PERCEPTION _____ **3D+1**

- Bargain _____
- Command _____
- Con _____
- Gambling _____
- Hide/Sneak _____
- Search _____

STRENGTH _____ **3D**

- Brawling _____
- Climb/Jump _____
- Lifting _____
- Stamina _____
- Swimming _____

TECHNICAL _____ **2D**

- Comp. Prog./Repair _____
- Demolition _____
- Droid Prog./Repair _____
- Medicine _____
- Repulsorlift Repair _____
- Security _____
- Starship Repair _____

Control:
Sense:
Alter:

Equipment

- stylish clothing
- hold-out blaster
- comlink
- 1000 credits standard

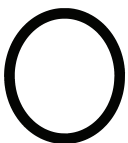
Background: For three centuries your family served the Republic. Innumerable senators have borne your name. For centuries, your family has selflessly sacrificed for the good of the state and society. You have served loyally and well, and because of it, the citizens of your home planet are loyal to your house. Since the Empire was established, your family has tried to fend off its evil ways, to hold the Emperor to his promise to promote the public good. Even now, you are reluctant to turn against the galactic government which your family helped establish so many years ago.

Yet you have no choice. The Empire has truly become a tyranny. Your home planet is occupied by stormtroopers. If civilization is to be saved, you must act now. Your family will provide leadership to the Rebellion, as once it did to the Republic.

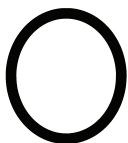
Personality: Intelligent, confident, and energetic. You are more interested in getting things done than in theory. Sometimes others are awed by your lineage, and you are proud of it; yet you do not consider yourself class conscious. Great men and women come from all walks of life, and everyone can contribute to the Rebel Alliance.

A Quote: "Here's the plan."

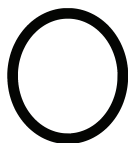
Connection with other characters: You could know any Senatorial or Noble socially or by reputation (the Retired Imperial Captain as well). Since you're well known in the Alliance, a Mon Calamari or Merc might have served with you before. Since you're attractive, intelligent and rich, people have an annoying habit of falling in love with you, but you haven't found anyone with whom the feelings are reciprocal.



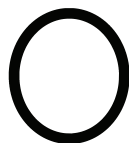
Force Points



Dark Side Points



Wound Status



Skill Points