

STAR WARS®

ROLEPLAYING GAME

Triplet Threat

A Free *Star Wars*
Miniadventure For Any Era

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“Triplet Threat” is a *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* mini-adventure for four heroes of 9th level. The adventure is set during the Rebellion Era, but can be modified to work in any time period.

The scenario can be modified for heroes of higher level by increasing the number of underlings in the combats and by giving the named characters extra vitality points. In addition, raise the DCs of any skill checks by 1 point for each level the average character level in the party exceeds 10th.

The scenario can be modified for heroes of lower level by reducing the number of underlings in the combats, lowering the Osajis’ vitality points and reducing all skill check DCs.

Background

The Osaji Syndicate has done business on the Perlemian Trade Route for generations and is little different from hundreds of other such family-run operations, making credits from legal cut-rate shipping operations and illegal activities such as smuggling and gun-running. While the family isn’t well known, Osajis have made the HoloNet of late: Clan patriarch Osaji Shimka was assassinated on a buying trip to Axum three years ago.

With Shimka’s death, control of the syndicate passed to his three eldest children, who are fraternal triplets. The most visible is Osaji Varane, who has set himself up as a major importer-exporter on Tirahnn, where he oversees most legitimate Osaji affairs. Illegal Osaji endeavors are supposedly directed by Osaji Uhares, said to be an engineer by training. It’s said the new family boss is Osaji Hux, a recluse who prefers to communicate through Uhares.

A shadowy figure hires the characters to perform a straightforward task: Kill the triplets. Uhares is in hiding after a shady deal went bad, but Varane should know his whereabouts—and Uhares, in turn, should be able to lead the characters to Hux. Two things will complicate the characters’ mission, however. A unit of stormtroopers is seeking to bring the triplets in for questioning. And just who hired the characters, anyway?

Getting the Heroes Involved

Serving as contract killers isn’t a job for the squeaky clean of galactic society. If the characters are rogues used to life in the shadows, such employment may be natural for them. Or perhaps some misadventure on the Perlemian has left them with a need for quick credits outweighing any anxieties about where those credits come from.

More upright citizens could be on assignment from an intelligence agency, or on a clandestine military mission. While the Osajis aren’t Hutt-level crime lords, they’re certainly guilty of any number of illegalities up and down the Perlemian—reason enough for some government entity to target them. The Alliance also might be gunning for the Osajis: Fear of detection was always a concern for Rebel cells, and some were aggressive in moving against any who threatened to sell out their secrets. Or perhaps the characters have some personal score to settle with the Osajis.

In any event, the characters find themselves conducting a clandestine rendezvous in a shadowport cantina in the

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TRIPLT THREAT

Colonies, with the thrum of departing starships loud enough to drown out any number of dirty deals and double-crosses going down over the mugs of Lomin ale.

Prologue: Meeting on Shulstine V

Don't read the italicized text below out loud to the players word for word. Instead, use it as a reference. During the cantina meeting, the heroes need to learn the information given by their mysterious employer, but they should be allowed to interact with the scene as well.

Across the table, in the dim light of what may be Shulstine V's sleaziest cantina, a hand hidden by a long, cracked leather glove emerges from the voluminous cloak shrouding the man who's hired you. The hand holds a holoprojector: a twist to the base and three small columns of blue-tinged light flicker into existence, the figures within them rotating slowly.

"The Osaji triplets," the man says. Actually, the speaker might not be a man—a vocoder distorts the voice into an electronic buzz. But even through that buzz, you're certain you recognize hatred.

The fingers dance over the holoprojector's controls and one column of light expands as the others dissipate into nothingness. The man rendered by the hologram is tall and thin, his head bald and pale above a black military jumpsuit.

"Osaji Varane," the voice buzzes. "Your first target. An Imperial sniper in his youth, or so they say. Today he fancies himself a merchant prince on Tirahnn. Usually never leaves The Heights, but my agents say he'll be at street level. Apparently, he doesn't trust his employees to keep the credit chips honest at the Great Tirahnn Fair. I expect you to make that a fatal mistake."

Another flick of the leather-clad fingers, and Varane is replaced by a hulk of a man in a simple white shift, his dark hair tied back in a ponytail. One of his hands is a cylinder of metal ringed with a halo of spinning tools.

"Osaji Uhares," the voice says. "Droid researcher. He's dropped out of sight, but Varane will know where he is. Make sure he tells you before he dies."

A third twist of the fingers and Uhares disappears, only to be replaced by a blank outline of a man.

"Osaji Hux," the voice mutters. "No one knows what he looks like, or where he is, but they say he's the boss since the old man wound up looking down a DL-44. Hux and Varane don't get along, they say, and communicate only through Uhares. Find Uhares and you'll find Hux. When you find Hux, kill him."

A last snap of the wrist and the holoprojector goes dark. The hand slaps it and a credit chip down on the table between you before vanishing back into the cloak.

"Each of the brothers wears a pendant with a green stone around his neck—a hideous family affectation. Bring the three pendants here in a month's time and you'll be paid. Sixty thousand credits—10,000 up front on that chip, and the rest on delivery.

"Cross me, and there's no rock in the galaxy I won't turn over to find you."



TIRAHNN

Planet Type: Terrestrial
Climate: Warm
Terrain: Plains, forests, mountains
Atmosphere: Breathable
Gravity: Standard
Diameter: 22,100 km
Length of Day: 28 standard hours
Length of Year: 272 standard days
Sentient Species: Human, many alien species
Languages: Basic
Population: 9 billion
Species Mix: 60% Human, 40% other
Government: Mercantile oligarchy
Major Exports: Luxury items, agricultural goods
Major Imports: Many
System/Star: Tirahnn

Planets	Type	Moons
Marjune	Barren	0
Tirahnn	Terrestrial	9
Kirian	Terrestrial	3
Ijol	Gas giant	24
Kes	Frozen rock	0

Tirahnn is the sector capital of the Zeemacht Cluster, a knot of stars that is home to a number of ancient spacefaring species. Tirahnn's bazaars have been famous for millennia, and the summer-long Great Tirahnn Fair draws crowds from throughout the galaxy. (Both "summer" and "fair" are relative terms on Tirahnn, where the weather is mild year-round and even the smallest village is built around a bazaar.)

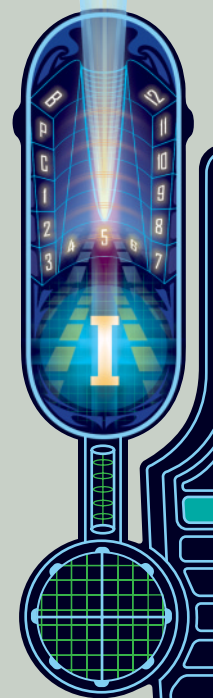
The precincts of the planet's largest city, also known as Tirahnn, stretch for hundreds of miles in all directions and are divided into a multitude of levels. Street level is a lively place of endless bazaars separated by warrens given over to craftsbeings' shops and neighborhoods. The higher you go in Tirahnn's emerald skies, the richer the residents get: The merchant princes who rule the planet work in skyscrapers rising kilometers above the ground and, after work, descend only slightly to their palatial home towers in the Heights. Some of Tirahnn's elite boast that their feet haven't touched the ground in decades.

Despite having been inhabited for eons, large swaths of Tirahnn remain countryside, with forests and farmers' fields alternating with small settlements.

Scene 1: Osaji Varane

Tirahnn is a trade world on the Perlemian where dealmaking is an ancient art. Osaji Varane is one of the planet's elite, and he normally conducts his business from Tirahnn's vertiginous spires. But the Great Tirahnn Fair—and his reflexive distrust of his own employees—leads Varane down to the rough-and-tumble precincts of street level.

The characters really have two missions on Tirahnn: kill Varane and find out the location of Uhares. If the characters act precipitously, they may succeed at the first only to fail at the second.



Varane can be found from early morning until late evening within a crowded casbah of stalls run by Osaji-backed merchants. Seemingly everything—greelwood, pirisi sepulcher stones, mardinu hides, succulent gufta roots, and more—is for sale in the casbah, and Varane likes to wander the stalls quizzing merchants about their wares and performing spot checks on their books. He is attended by five bodyguards (treat each as Thug 2), but they're more used to fending off supplicants than assailants and aren't particularly wary.

The characters can spend hours tailing Varane and observing him at relative close quarters. The Osaji merchants will certainly notice them if they're around for more than a day or so, but the natives are busy and will accept any half-decent cover story. Even cursory observations (DC 10 Spot check) will reveal that Varane is never more than a few meters from a thin Duro taking notes on a datapad. This is Harn, his personal secretary and keeper of his secrets—including where Uhares is hiding.

Eyes in the Sky

Law enforcement on Tirahnn is somewhat casual: It's impossible to prevent petty crimes in a bazaar the size of some countries, and no rich Tirahnnite goes far without armed retainers. The credit-strapped district prefects rely on airborne spy eyes to track suspects, but the drones are old and frequently malfunction—something any Tirahnnite knows. A DC 25 Computer Use check from any public terminal will allow the characters to tap into the spy-eye net, and a DC 30 Computer Use check will let them take control of an individual unit.

"Stand Thou Aside, Grubbers!"

Tirahnn is a popular stop for rich offworlders seeking bargains and the thrill of rubbing elbows at street level. Tan Dicum is one of them, except that this jaded princeling from Sifuchi can think of few things more horrifying than rubbing elbows with anybody. Dicum is attended by four Yuzzem who bark a single warning at anyone in their master's path before shouldering the unwary aside. Objections bring forth axes, which Dicum loves to see employed. The characters may run into Dicum and his muscle at the worst possible time.

Tan Dicum: Male Human Noble 4; Init 0; Defense 13 (+3 class); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 17/10; Atk +3 melee (1d4, knife) or +3 ranged (3d4, hold-out blaster); SQ Coordinate +1, favor +2, inspire confidence, resource access; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 3; Rep +5; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 9, Cha 13. Challenge Code C.

Equipment: Hold-out blaster, knife, comlink, encrypted datapad (DC 30), credit chip (17,250 credits), space yacht (*Ryntail*).

Skills: Appraise +8, Diplomacy +8, Entertain (ode) +8, Gamble +8, Knowledge (Core Worlds) +8, Ride +7, Sense Motive +6.

Feats: Fame, Trick, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, simple weapons).

4 Yuzzem Guards: Male Yuzzem Soldier 3; Init +4; Defense 12 (+4 class, -1 Dex, -1 size); Spd 10 m; VP/WP

27/17; Atk +6 melee (2d10+3, vibro-ax or 1d8+3, claw/bite) or +2 ranged (3d8, heavy blaster); SQ Fearless, scent; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +0, +4 against fear; SZ L; Face/Reach 2 m by 2 m/4 m; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +1; Str 16, Dex 9, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 8, Cha 8. Challenge Code C.

Equipment: Heavy blaster, vibro-ax.

Skills: Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Ragna III) +6, Repair +6, Read/Write Yuzz, Speak Basic, Speak Yuzz, Treat Injury +5.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (Light), Cleave, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, blaster rifles, heavy weapons, simple weapons, vibro weapons).

Stormtroopers? Here?

One sight at street level will startle everyone: A sextet of white-armored stormtroopers and a black-clad Imperial lieutenant moving briskly and confidently through the crowd, pulling shoppers and merchants aside for hurried interrogations. The Empire's hand usually rests lightly on Tirahnn, with Imperials making occasional visits to whatever merchant prince bears the honorary title of governor. At this point in the adventure, the stormtroopers should be used for dramatic effect, perhaps showing up just as the characters make their getaway. The heroes will run into them again.

Bagging Varane

Most anything except serious military hardware is for sale in Tirahnn's precincts: Allow the characters access to most anything they want in crafting a plan to hit Varane. While even a frontal assault may work on Varane's ill-prepared guards, the key is to capture Harn alive and spirit him away. Ten rounds after an assault begins on Varane and his party, 12 more Osaji toughs (treat each as Thug 2) rush to the scene.

Harn is a competent employee, but not particularly brave: If he fears bodily harm, he quickly surrenders the codes to his encrypted datapad. (Otherwise, a DC 30 Computer Use check is needed.) It may not take much: Harn knows that Uhares is holed up on Centares, having paid the fixer Merl to find him a hidey-hole. If the characters kill his boss, Harn sees little reason to risk his life keeping secrets.

Osaji Varane: Male Human Noble 3/Scoundrel 4; Init +1; Defense 15 (+6 class, +1 Dex, -2 multiclass); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 24/11; Atk +5 melee (1d4, knife) or +6/+1 ranged (3d6, blaster pistol); SQ Favor +4, illicit barter, inspire confidence, lucky 1/day, precise attack, resource access; SV Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +5; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +6; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 15. Challenge Code D.

Equipment: Blaster pistol, knife, comlink, credit chip (7,110 credits).

Skills: Appraise +11, Bluff +15, Computer Use +8, Diplomacy +14, Gather Information +15, Knowledge (Tirahnn) +11, Profession (Trader) +12, Sense Motive +8, Speak Duro, Speak Herglic, Speak Huttese, Speak Twi'lek, Spot +11.

Feats: Influence, Skill Emphasis (Bluff), Skill Emphasis (Sense Motive), Trustworthy, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, simple weapons).

Scene 2: Osaji Uhares

The characters' next stop is Centares, in the Maldrood sector on the outer edge of the Mid Rim. Centares' largest city and biggest spaceport is Muracie; Merl's cantina is a dive in Old Town, an ancient, largely lawless welter of narrow streets and stone buildings that hunkers in the shadow of the docking bays.

Meeting at Merl's

Merl is a bearded Human who favors garish robes and matching skullcaps; he can generally be found behind the bar, serving drinks and making shadowy deals. (If desired, use the cantina floor plan in the *Galactic Campaign Guide*.) Merl's enforcers, Uri and Glocken, are quick to draw blasters if anyone threatens their boss.

Despite such protection, Merl hasn't lived as long as he has by taking unnecessary risks. The cantina owner makes a good business arranging hiding places for the desperate, delivering rations to them, and keeping his mouth shut. But if anyone shows up making pointed inquiries, it's not his fault—and the Osajis' instructions about who may or may not come calling for Uhares were decidedly vague. A good enough performance (DC 20 Bluff check) will convince him that one of the characters is an Osaji emissary. Lower the DC to 15 if the character has Harn's datapad, with its entries about Merl and expenditures approved for "the Centares unit."

Should subtlety fail the characters, there's always the physical route. If the characters have the presence of mind to ask and Merl fears for his life, he reveals that messages from Uhares are sent to Tirahnn and to a planetoid in the Colundra sector. Note that if Merl believes the characters are Osaji emissaries, such questions alert him that he's been had. He knows nothing of the feud between Varane and Hux.

Merl: Male Human Diplomat 6; Init 0; Defense 12 (+2 class); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 0/11; Atk +3 melee (1d4, knife) or +3 ranged (3d6, blaster pistol); SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +6; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +2; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 11. Challenge Code B.

Equipment: Blaster pistol, knife, comlink, credit chip (550 credits). Mobquet Overracer speeder bike.

Skills: Bluff +9, Computer Use +5, Diplomacy +14, Gather Information +13, Knowledge (Centares) +9, Sense Motive +10, Speak Duro, Speak Gotal, Speak Twi'lek.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Diplomacy), Skill Emphasis (Gather Information), Trustworthy, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols).

Uri: Male Gotal Thug 5; Init +5; Defense 13 (+2 class, +1 Dex); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 0/13; Atk +4 melee (2d6+1, vibroblade) or +4 ranged (3d8, heavy blaster pistol); SQ Energy reading, low-light vision, uncanny dodge; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +1; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 12. Challenge Code B.

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, vibroblade, comlink, credit chip (350 credits).

Skills: Climb +2, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Centares) +2, Profession (Bodyguard) +5, Read/Write Gotal, Speak Gotal, Speak Sakiyan.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, simple weapons, vibro weapons).



CENTARES

Planet Type: Terrestrial
Climate: Temperate
Terrain: Plains, mountains, urban
Atmosphere: Breathable
Gravity: Standard
Diameter: 17,900 km
Length of Day: 22 standard hours
Length of Year: 402 standard days
Sentient Species: Human
Languages: Basic
Population: 1 billion
Species Mix: 85% Human, 15% other
Government: Imperial Governor
Major Exports: Industrial goods
Major Imports: Luxury items, foodstuffs
System/Star: Centares

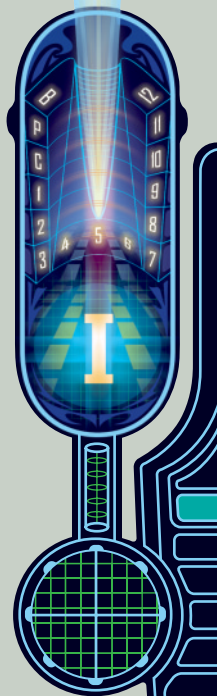
Planets	Type	Moons
Filo	Gas giant	1
Ussuis	Toxic ocean	2
Lioch	Asteroid belt	—
Centares	Terrestrial	0
Qasqi	Gas giant	11
Nizon	Barren	2
Ithoon	Barren	3
Far Qasqi	Gas giant	8

In the last days of the Old Republic, Centares billed itself as "the jewel of the Mid Rim" and was a common destination for traders and tourists alike. But that was before the Empire remade it into a factory world, tapping its plentiful lava beds and strip-mining its verdant prairies. A decade of exploitation left Centares polluted and disheveled; with its resources finally exhausted, the Empire moved on and left behind a dingy trade world, distinguished from dozens of others on the Perlemian only by a once-proud history.

Centares has struggled to rebound, and now calls itself the last civilized stop before the wild and woolly Outer Rim. The planet still has teeming cities and busy spaceports, none more so than Muracie, but it's been a generation since tourists came to the world. Perhaps no spot is sadder than Rubyflame Lake, once famous for shallow, crystalline waters warmed by subterranean lava beds and tinged red by suspended silica. Those waters retain their color, but are now clouded by foul-smelling pollutants strong enough to dissolve flesh in minutes, and the lake's elegant guest towers are abandoned.

Glocken: Male Sakiyan Scoundrel 7; Init +3; Defense 18 (+5 class, +3 Dex); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 29/10; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1, baton) or +8 ranged (3d8, heavy blaster pistol), +9 ranged within 10 m (3d8+1, heavy blaster pistol); SQ Darkvision, illicit barter, lightning reflexes, lucky 2/day, precise attack +1; SV Fort +2, Ref +10, Will +2; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 2; Rep +2; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 11. Challenge Code D.

Equipment: Heavy blaster pistol, baton, comlink, datapad, credit chip (2,310 credits), all-temperature clock, electrobinoculars.



Skills: Balance +11, Bluff +10, Escape Artist +11, Gather Information +10, Hide +11, Intimidate +7, Listen +8, Move Silently +15, Read/Write Sakiyan, Search +7, Speak Sakiyan, Spot +7, Tumble +9.

Feats: Far Shot, Point Blank Shot, Skill Emphasis (Intimidate), Stealthy, Track, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, simple weapons).

Tower Showdown

Uhares is hiding in one of the half-ruined guest towers that ring Rubyflame Lake, a short ride west of Muracie in a rented speeder. The towers rise from the bottom of the lake; zig-zag walkways of ancient timber connect them to the shoreline.

Uhares has enjoyed his time in hiding, tinkering with droids and using Merl's couriers to relay messages between Varane and Hux, whose mutual antipathy he views as childish. He has rigged motion sensors at several points along the walkway, and it will be impossible to surprise Uhares unless the characters have a particularly ingenious plan for approaching the tower.

Uhares collects old droids and has repaired two models from the Clone Wars as defenders. His major line of defense is a refurbished droideka (see chapter 15 of the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook), which emerges from the tower and confronts the characters at the halfway mark of the walkway. Uhares has installed a communicator on the droid's chassis and interrogates the heroes himself. Unless bluffed into believing they've been sent by Uhares or Hux (DC 30 check), he orders the destroyer to open fire. The destroyer pursues the heroes as far as the shoreline, switching between wheel and tripod mode as events warrant.

One way to take the droideka out of the fight is to knock it off the walkway while it's in wheel mode. The GM should reward ingenuity. Perhaps the characters misalign or remove a timber or stage a well-timed bantha rush. Contrary to legend, Rubyflame Lake's acidic waters can't dissolve metal, but they are corrosive enough to scramble a droideka's sensitive instruments, eliminating it as a foe. Flesh is another matter: A character who contacts Rubyflame's waters (such as by failing a Reflex save if within 3 meters of a splashed droideka) takes 1d10 points of acid damage, and one who falls into the lake suffers 2d10 points of wound damage per round of immersion and 1d6 points of damage for 1d4 rounds after climbing back out (DC 15 check to do so).

The droideka can't climb stairs, but Uhares has a squad of 12 Baktoid B1 battle droids (see chapter 15 of the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook) as a backup. They exit the tower and join the fight if any character gets past the droideka. Uhares himself sleeps on a simple cot in his workshop on the top floor. He plunges into combat with a fury, using his cybernetic hand's weapons and tools, and fights to the death.

His workshop contains a variety of mechanical parts and a transmitter that, if shut off or destroyed (DR 2, 5 wound points, DC 14 Strength check), deactivates any remaining droids.

Hiding under the cot is Fijil, a terrified urchin who just delivered a week's worth of dried Kommerken steaks and powdered ootoowergs to Uhares and received a message for Hux. Fijil can't read the message, which is written in a

private Osaji code (and is mundane if decrypted), but he does know Uhares's messages go either to Tirahnn or some place called Muskree.

Osaji Uhares: Male Human Tech Specialist 5/Noble 8/Crimelord 1; Init 0; Defense 16 (+10 class, -4 multiclass); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 53/10; Atk +11/+6 melee (1d8+1, cutting torch) or +10/+5 ranged (3d8, built-in heavy blaster); SQ Contact, coordinate +2, favor +5, inspire confidence, research, resource access; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +11; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 3; Rep +10; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 14. Challenge Code F.

Equipment: Cybernetic hand with custom double-tool mount (available tools include cutting torch, various instruments and clamps) and weapon mount (heavy blaster), comlink, encrypted datapad (DC 30), credit chip (21,250 credits), space transport (*Droid Caller*), swoop bike.

Skills: Astrogate +12, Bluff +13, Computer Use +12, Craft (Droids) +22, Diplomacy +15, Disable Device +12, Gather Information +12, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Droids) +15, Profession (Droid Mechanic) +9, Repair +18 (+22 with cybernetic hand), Sense Motive +10.

Feats: Gearhead, Infamy, Influence, Kit Bashing, Skill Emphasis (Repair), Trustworthy, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, simple weapons).

Who Are Those Guys?

Don't let the characters leave Centares without another glimpse of the stormtrooper unit. Perhaps the characters must avoid them in Old Town, or perhaps the troops rush the docking bay just as the characters get clearance to depart. The characters should get away without a fight, but begin to worry how long they can avoid the troopers; think of the implacable yet remote posse from *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

Scene 3: Osaji Hux

It's highly unlikely that the characters have ever heard of Muskree, but that's what naviputers are for: The planet is a barren red dustball an hour off the Perlemian, beyond the Tion Cluster. Muskree's entry in the *Spacers' Information Manual* warns that it has no starport services—just an automated beacon—and only a single settlement.

The characters approach the beacon over Muskree's endless, rust-colored flatlands, eyeing the pitiful little grid of buildings below. A half-disassembled freighter sits 100 meters from the edge of town. As the heroes fly overhead, a few tiny figures struggle to pull a tarp over the ship.

By the time the characters set down and make their way into town, the freighter has been covered and Hardscrabble appears deserted. A chilly wind is beginning to pick up, blowing dust devils and forlorn tangles of scrub across the main street.

The italicized text below represents the ideal way for this scene to unfold. Use it as a reference as you guide the heroes through the scene.

A cloaked figure strides into the street 10 meters away and turns to face you. The figure reaches up with cracked leather gloves and adjusts something within the shadows of its cowl.



MUSKREE

Planet Type: Terrestrial
Climate: Arid
Terrain: Dry plains
Atmosphere: Breathable
Gravity: Standard
Diameter: 6,200 km
Length of Day: 24 standard hours
Length of Year: 382 standard days
Sentient Species: Human
Languages: Basic
Population: 400
Species Mix: 100% Human
Government: None (Town council)
Major Exports: None
Major Imports: None
System/Star: Simus Minor

Planet Type	Moons	
Simus Minor 1	Barren	0
Simus Minor 2	??	0
Muskree	Terrestrial	0
Simus Minor Belt	Asteroid belt	—

It's a big galaxy, and stories like Muskree's are all too common. Fifty years ago, a droid team found mineral deposits in the Simus system that suggested hidden riches. Contract miners and their families filed for a transfer, the minerals proved hardly worth digging up, the mining concern went broke, and the stranded families were left to eke out a living.

Today, Muskree has a few hundred souls who scratch crops out of its sickly red soil or graze skinny nerfs. All except a few deranged prospectors live within a few kilometers of the motley town of Hardscrabble.

"We meet again," buzzes the sound of a vocoder. "Good to think of the galaxy with two fewer Osajis, isn't it? Still, there are at least three things most people don't know about the family. One thing you've probably figured out—for siblings, they sure get along poorly."

The figure reaches up into the cowl and casts the vocoder away in the street.

"The second thing," says a high-pitched voice, "is they love getting others to do their dirty work."

The figure shrugs off the cloak, and a wiry woman with red hair stands before you, twin blasters on her hips, a pendant winking green against the hollow of her throat. All at once, the rooftops bristle with a dozen thugs of various species, blaster pistols trained on you.

"The third thing," Osaji Hux says over the whine of the rising wind, "is we like to wash our dirty laundry away from prying eyes."

As you look down the barrels of all those guns, there's a sonic boom. A dot resolves itself into an Imperial landing craft that streaks low over the town, causing everyone to duck involuntarily, before it settles on its landing gear,

just out of rifle range. The craft's ramp descends and a deadly-looking steel-blue groundspeeder emerges—an Imperial troop carrier.

A fierce gust whips Hux's hair sideways as she watches the troop carrier.

"And they said I'd be bored here," she says with a grin.

The Battle of Hardscrabble

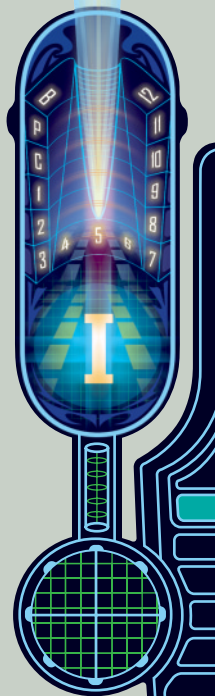
Before anyone can fire, the wind flings a curtain of red dust across Hardscrabble's main street—the perfect chance for the characters to flee the ambush. (Ask each player separately what his or her character does, and keep track of their resulting positions.) The last thing they hear before the storm drowns everything out is the troop carrier's engines throttling up.

The vehicle is a Siemar Reconnaissance Troop Transporter (full stats appear in the sidebar below). It carries six stormtroopers, who stand on side racks, plus a pilot and Lieutenant Arhul Crace, the team's commanding officer, who ride inside a two-person cab. The transporter arrives in 3 rounds and opens fire on anyone foolish enough to still be in the street, after which the six stormtroopers and Lieutenant Crace disembark. Two rounds later, the dust storm slams into Hardscrabble with full force and doesn't let up for 90 minutes.

Unless the characters have planned carefully or are very lucky, they find themselves caught in a chaotic, four-sided battle conducted in terrible visibility. The metal content of Muskree's dust renders comlinks and sensors useless, including any enhancements to normal sight.

- Hux and her 12 thugs (use the statistics for low-level thugs from chapter 14 of the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook, with an occasional mid- or high-level thug thrown in) find themselves locked out of Hardscrabble's buildings and hunt the characters and troopers.
- Sixteen townspeople take advantage of the storm to ambush Hux and her minions.
- The six stormtroopers try to stay in formation behind Lieutenant Crace, only to discover that they can't see or communicate with one another. (Five of the Imperials use the statistics for low-level stormtroopers from chapter 14 of the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook, their sergeant uses the mid-level stats, and Crace has unique stats, below.)
- The player characters are caught in the middle.

Because of the howling dust, consider all combatants disguised during the battle. All combatants encountering someone they haven't been in close contact with must oppose a DC 15 Disguise check with a Spot check to judge if they've encountered friend or foe. If a combatant fails by 5 points or fewer, the combatant is unsure of whom he or she has encountered; missing by more than 5 points results in an incorrect identification. The following bonuses and penalties apply to these Spot checks:



Characters Hux's Thugs Townspeople Imperials

Characters	Hux's Thugs	Townspeople	Imperials
+5	-6	-6	+2
-2	+3	-1	+2
+1	+6	+10	+7
+1	+6	+10	+7

In addition, use the rules for concealment from page 163 of the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook, with concealment ranging between one-half, three-quarters, nine-tenths and full (roll d4) round by round. One exception: Any combatant within 1 meter of the eastern side of a building operates as if targets are only one-quarter concealed.

Any combatant wearing goggles gets a +2 bonus on Spot checks during the battle and reduces his or her targets' degree of concealment by 1. All of the townspeople are wearing goggles, but neither Hux nor her thugs are. (Because their sensors are scrambled by the storm, the stormtroopers aren't considered to be wearing goggles and don't gain equipment bonuses to Listen or Spot checks.)

Make the battlefield as complex as you like. Hardscrabble can provide a host of obstacles (such as water troughs used by nerfs; recharger stations for speeder bikes; wells; and stacks of barrels, containers and discarded equipment) and locations for ambushes (including the grain silo, the water tower, the cemetery, the nerf corral, and the town's several equipment sheds).

Furthermore, plot the battle carefully and use your imagination in considering the various sides' tactics and how they may go awry.

The Townspeople

The townspeople have the biggest advantage, plotting hit-and-run attacks and ambushes in a town they know intimately. They won't knowingly fire on the Imperials; whether they fire on the characters or not depends on what happens in initial encounters.

The Stormtroopers

The stormtroopers try to fall back to the center of the main street and the cover of their carrier. (The pilot—a mid-level stormtrooper with no armor and Pilot skills instead of Intimidate skills—remains inside trying to raise the troops on his comlink.) The troopers have difficulty telling the other three factions apart and may wind up firing on all comers.

Osaji Hux and Thugs

Hux and her thugs know that all involved want them dead; she hunts her enemies with ferocious glee, but her minions panic.

The Player Characters

What the characters do is up to them. If they were separated when the storm hit, they shouldn't be allowed to act in concert unless they can regroup or have abilities unaffected by the dust.

Osaji Hux: Female Human Soldier 6/Elite Trooper 7; Init +6; Defense 19 (+9 class, +2 Dex, -2 multiclass); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 77/12; Atk +14/+9/+4 melee (2d6+1, vibroblade) or +16/+11/+6 ranged, +17/+12/+7 within 10 m (3d8, heavy

blaster pistol [3d8+3 within 10 m]); SQ Can't be flanked, uncanny dodge; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +6; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 2; Rep +3; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 16. Challenge Code F.

Equipment: 2 DL-44 blaster pistols, vibroblade, comlink, datapad, credit chip (15,600 credits), space transport (*Perlemian Wanderer*).

Skills: Astrogate +6, Bluff +7, Diplomacy +10, Forgery +6, Gather Information +10, Intimidate +19, Jump +9, Move Silently +10, Pilot +8, Repair +6, Sense Motive +10, Spot +7.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Blasterslinger, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Low Profile, Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Quick Draw, Shot on the Run, Trick, Weapon Focus (blaster pistols), Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, blaster rifles, heavy weapons, simple weapons, vibro weapons), Weapon Specialization (blaster pistols).

Lieutenant Arhul Grace: Male Human Soldier 4/Noble 3/Officer 4; Init +1; Defense 16 (+9 class, +1 Dex, -4 multiclass); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 57/12; Atk +10/+5 melee (1d6+1, baton) or +10/+5 ranged, +11/+6 within 10 m (3d8, blaster rifle [3d8+1 within 10 m]); SQ Favor +2, inspire confidence, leadership, requisition supplies, resource access; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +6; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +4; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 15. Challenge Code E.

Equipment: Blaster rifle, baton, frag grenade, code cylinder, comlink, datapad, electrobinoculars, credit chip (7,500 credits), stormtrooper armor, space transport.

Skills: Astrogate +7, Bluff +14, Demolitions +8, Diplomacy +16, Gather Information +12, Intimidate +18, Pilot +9, Profession (Stormtrooper) +7, Repair +7, Sense Motive +14, Treat Injury +4.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Armor Proficiency (powered), Blind-Fight, Imperial Command Training, Persuasive, Point Blank Shot, Starship Operation (Space Transport), Toughness, Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster pistols, blaster rifles, heavy weapons, simple weapons, vibro weapons).

**SIENAR RECONNAISSANCE TROOP TRANSPORTER**

Class: Speeder [ground]

Size: Huge (6.4 m long)

Passengers: 6

Cargo Capacity: 30 kg

Speed: 60 m

Max. Velocity: 150 km/h

Cost: Not available for sale

* Provides full cover to crew and one-half cover to passengers.

Weapon: Twin light blaster cannon (fire-linked); **Fire Arc:** Any;

Attack Bonus: +2 (-2 size, +2 crew, +2 fire control); **Damage:** 2d10; **Range Increment:** 100 m.

These groundspeeders are used primarily for patrols on occupied worlds, though some elite units favor them for search-and-destroy missions. A pilot and gunner (or commanding officer) ride in the two-person cab, while six stormtroopers ride on the sides of the vehicle in exposed "traveling racks" that spring open for deployment.

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TRIPLET THREAT

Typical Townsperson: Human Expert 2; Init +0; Defense 10; Spd 10 m; VP/WP 0/10; Atk +1 melee (1d6, club) or +1 ranged (3d6, sporting blaster rifle); SQ None; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +3; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10. Challenge Code A.

Equipment: Sporting blaster rifle, club, goggles.

Skills: Handle Animal +5, Knowledge (Muskree) +5, Profession (Farmer/Rancher) +5, Repair +5, Survival +5, Treat Injury +5.

Feats: Weapon Group Proficiency (blaster rifles), Weapon Group Proficiency (simple weapons).

Wrapping Up

What happens when the dust clears? That depends on who's still alive and what identifications, if any, were made during the fighting—with the distinct possibility that the chaos made figuring out who shot whom impossible.

Crace's team was sent to bring the Osajis in for questioning. Unless one of the Imperials can attest to being shot at by a character (and even then, allowances may be made), the surviving heroes are free to go. True, they've been double-crossed, won't get paid, and have destabilized a family with criminal connections. But at least they're still alive. Considering how things stood before the storm hit, they should consider themselves lucky.

About the Author

Jason Fry is a writer and editor for a newspaper Web site. He is the "Bookshelf" columnist for *Star Wars Insider* and one of the authors of *Coruscant and the Core Worlds* and *Geonosis and the Outer Rim Worlds*. His favorite obsessive-compulsive pursuit is making sense of *Star Wars* geography. He lives in Brooklyn, N.Y.

